

BFES SCEA Association

NEWSLETTER & JOURNAL - WINTER 2019

SEASONS GREETINGS

Issue 44

A Message from the Chair

I am writing these comments a matter of just two weeks since our superb reunion at the Military Academy Sandhurst. The turnout for this event, as well as the messages of thanks which have been received, confirms that the selection of Sandhurst proved to be very attractive to members of the Association. Despite the problems of acoustics in the Indian Memorial Room making the conducting of the AGM somewhat difficult, it really was a grand setting for our lunch. The guided tours of Old College also added to the sense of enjoyment experienced by all who attended this reunion.

My attendance at this reunion had been preceded just one month earlier by the excellent reunion lunch in Corpus Christi College Cambridge which was again a superb setting for our gathering. This event was superbly organised for us by Paul Macardle. Considering the fact that he had only returned from a visit to Russia the day before it is amazing that everything ran so smoothly.

With regards to the planned AGM reunion next October at the Defence Sixth Form College Welbeck, members will be aware that we sent out an email to assess the level of interest in this venue and the idea of gathering the night before for a dinner in a nearby hotel. I'm delighted to say that at the time of writing over 60 members have responded positively to this planned reunion and, almost without exception, everyone has declared an interest in meeting on the night of Thursday, 8th October



Shackleton School Fallingbostel



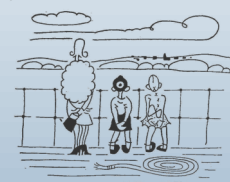
In May 2008, then CEO *David Wadsworth*, introduced a publication researched and compiled by *Paul Macardle* which celebrated the achievements of the education of Service children in Germany over the previous sixty years.

To quote David *"It sets those achievements against a backdrop of developments which have taken place in the military context and in the national system of education, and it charts the impact on the service of the transition from Foreign Office supervision through to Ministry of Defence agency status at the (then) present time."*

Forthcoming issues of the Association Newsletter will dip into Paul's publication to reveal the changes and developments which affected jointly the work of our schools and the lives of the teachers, and of the Educational Service staff, who formulated such success.

This is a story that will appeal to anyone who has had a close association with BFES, SCS (NWE) and SCE - hopefully revealing the personalities whose commitment, energy and vision made that story such a success.

YOUR JOURNEY TO GERMANY
SECOND EDITION



Goodbye England!

A Message from the Chair

for a dinner in the nearby hotel. To evaluate the two possible hotels in question a college governor with whom I have remained in contact has visited both hotels and let me have his valuation of both of them as possible venues. Sue Adams for her part has followed up by making contact with both hotels and our aim is to get a discounted price for dinner bed-and-breakfast for all members. More details will follow in the Spring newsletter.

Having read the initial draft copy of the Winter newsletter I would like to thank Ian Stoter, Derek Ebbage, Jeff Harris, and Mike Bennett for their respective contributions to this newsletter. Their efforts have all helped Tom Nielsen-Marsh, our editor, in putting together yet another very interesting newsletter. The contents will certainly bring back happy memories for all of us who worked together in Germany. The extracts from Paul Macardle's book on the history of Services schools makes for very interesting reading and makes all of us realise that the service we were members of does go back over a number of centuries.

Finally, you will again find brief obituaries recording the death of members of the Association. Sadly this includes Fred Rose who has died at the age of 97 and as such he must have been one of the oldest members of our association. I still recall meeting him at the Gutersloh reunion I organised last year, as he was such a wonderful, lovely, sparkling individual. His 96th birthday happened to coincide with the magnificent dinner night which was organised for us in the Artillery officers mess in Mansergh barracks. It really was a very special way for him to celebrate his birthday, with a card signed by all those attending and a cake baked for him by Carol Jones. When announcing his death his daughter stated that in the very week that he died he was still talking about how much he had enjoyed the visit to Gutersloh.

My hope is that members leaving our future reunions will have similar feelings of enjoyment.

Life after SCEA

Jeff Harris recalls that - seventeen years with SCEA in Singapore and Germany had not really been the most appropriate preparation for life after SCEA.

Our initial contract of two years in 1966 had somehow stretched and I was getting used to the rather comfortable life! Then things started to go wildly wrong. Our children, born in BMH Singapore, were now 16 and 14 years of age and living in a pleasant four bedroom quarter on the edge of an accommodating village in Germany. I was a Senior Teacher, the Wise One was the resident School Nurse and the kids were settled pupils in the school. Out of nowhere the Wise One decided it was time for us to leave and to live in the UK. I resisted, listing all the excellent features of our somewhat amenable life but as I have always said of our relationship "I have her just where she wants me".

Later that year, it was my misfortune to succeed at an interview and became the Senior Teacher of a so-called high school in Lowestoft. Just as long serving prisoners say – one adjusts – and I did and even grew to like the shabby, "trying very hard but rarely succeeding", school. Seventeen years somehow came and went and SCEA still remained with me.

I advanced towards retirement, or thought I was, because the memory of those sweet moments overseas with enhanced income and fulsome social life came flooding back. Before the first September of retirement was out, we were on the flight to Saudi Arabia. Why? – why not - Lawrence, sheikhs, kasbahs, yashmaks they all poured into mind? It was not to be!

Saudi is a "closed country" – no tourists, no casual visitors – no fun, only those with work visas are admitted – slowly! After two flights we arrived in the northern military town of Tabuk (don't look for it on the map - it won't be there). We were allocated a villa (here, a breach of the Trades Description Act would have been readily applicable) – a large two bedroom wooden construction, which actually turned out to be OK – eventually.

Next day, pre-term staff meeting. The school had 72 pupils ranging for 4 to 16 and 14 members of staff. Nearly all the children were Muslim from various countries in the Middle East being the children of the senior medical staff at the large local military hospital. **Wonderful pupils**, bright, hard working, ambitious with highly supportive well heeled parents and with my largest class of ten pupils, it was a rewarding dawdle.

Saudi is the strangest, most weird country I have visited. The birthplace of The Prophet (pbuh) and the home of Islam – religion is all dominant and demanding. The nation is called to prayer (salah) five times a day, everything stops for 20 – 25 minutes. If one is in a long banking queue, eating in a restaurant or browsing in a shop, you are obliged to leave, stand outside whilst the place closes and the inhabitants pray. Then back to abnormal.

Although alcohol was forbidden (haram) on the pain of flogging or imprisonment, there was a healthy home wine making community – some of it was over twenty minutes vintage before being gulped!

I bought a jeep and drove up through miles of featureless desert to Jordan on three occasions – visiting **Petra** and enjoying the seaside at **Aqaba**. One half term we flew to Sri Lanka – much of which reminded us of Singapore in the Sixties.

The year ended, by which time I had foolishly slipped back into romantic mode again, and had unfortunately been successful in applying for the job of Director of Studies at The British International School in **Bucharest** (capital of Romania for those whose geography is iffy). Another strange country, which had just escaped from the frightening grip of 44 years of fearful Communist rule but had maintained a healthy interest and investment in corruption. Bucharest is made up of a huge circle of ugly crumbling Soviet style concrete blocks of flats with a centre still retaining the original boulevards and pre-war charm. We managed to get a flat here. The school unfortunately was owned by permanently smiling Turks, who had but a singular aim – to fleece the rich parents of the pupils. I tried to compromise but failed and eventually handed in my notice.

Dr Stuart Dyke

It was with great sadness and shock that we learnt of the sudden death of Stuart Dyke in July 2019.

In the summer of 1982 Stuart arrived at **RAF Gütersloh** with his wife and family to take up his appointment as **Language Development Officer** based in the Teachers' Centre, Mansergh Barracks, Gütersloh. As Stuart stepped off the plane the RAF Red Arrows in full display formation arrived with immaculate timing and seemed to set the pace for him to begin his new career. His larger than life and sparkling personality soon earned him many friends and respect as he set out to establish the new Language Centre. Over time he developed regular short and long courses for primary teachers and encouraged guest speakers from the UK including **Pat D'Arcy** and **Professor Andrew Wilkinson** of the University of East Anglia who was Stuart's tutor for his PHD qualification.

Stuart was also regularly invited to participate in school-based staff development for teaching and learning, aspects of language teaching, reading and writing skills and spelling. He further encouraged teachers to share ideas in consortium clusters. He worked well with advisory teachers and inspector advisers therefore making a valuable contribution to the advisory service.

He had a gifted talent and sense of humour which was evident in his style of communication with teachers and his infectious enthusiasm became an essential feature with all who worked with him.

Stuart will be sadly missed by all who knew him for his love of life and his contribution to making life fun.

Still unsettled later that year we drove to a job in southern Spain, only a short distance from a village house we were in the process of buying from the loot garnered in Saudi. In addition to my successful telephone interview, the Wise One was to be appointed as School Nurse. The school was set on a hillside looking down on the Med and after a few days we moved into a flat less than a half a football pitch from the ocean and surrounded by trimmed lawns and palm trees inhabited by parakeets – paradise at last – no! The school's organisation was a chaotic mess, no staff room, no bells, half the staff were uncooperative Spaniards and the remainder jaded and waiting for the return of the hot summer. The pupils, being offspring of loaded, prematurely retired parents, were indifferent to all attempts to educate them. The adage "the rain in Spain etc" was proven false, as my umbrella became my best friend. I left asap, sold the house, and finally decided to throw in the chalk. **I had finally retired.**



A picture of some "stalwarts" of yesteryear (1981?) at Kent School. It is the cast of "Journey's End". We won the **Forces Drama Prize** that year, took the first act to Luxembourg to the Euro Anglophone Drama competition and won best play, best actor - Danny Strike, Best Set; Nathan Perck aka Alan Roach. **Back row left to right** - Headteacher Ron Ion, Alan Roach, Austin Welsh, Danny Strike, Carl Thompson, Roger Featherstone. **Front: Article Author Jeff Harris**, Barbara Stainsby (Producer) and Tony Martin. I drove there as a passenger in Austin's Volvo pulling the school open trailer, on which was barbed wire, leather gloves, wooden guns etc for the set. We were hauled in at the border as the IRA were bombing in Germany. Very suspicious



Inspection and Advisory Service Staff Photo - May 1994

Stuart - pictured extreme right in the yellow jumper - retired in 1998 but remained in the community as the dependant of his wife Jane Clarke, advisory teacher in Early Years, headteacher in Naples and finally deputy headteacher of Ayios Nikolaos school in Cyprus. He used his time to work as a supply teacher in many locations in the Fallingbostal area of Germany and finally in Cyprus until they both retired in 2017 to the Isle of Wight, their chosen place to live.

Oswin Hall - October 2019 (former colleague and Inspector Adviser)



The Ghosts of Christmases Past or Boxes with Delights?

An article written by your magazine editor that first appeared in the *Leipziger Zeitgeist* ...



Few places, if any in the world, are more evocative (at this time of year) than Germany's winter markets. Smothered in glass baubles and wooden toys and topped with stars or angels, Christmas trees mingle with rows of stalls selling wooden toys, glass ornaments, gingerbread & sweets together with Nativity figures and other yuletide handicrafts such as brushes and brooms. German *'oompah'* music can often be heard accompanied by squeals and laughter from folk on the carousels, fairground rides and Ferris wheels or from those skating on temporary ice rinks. Everyone is wrapped up against the cold, with scarves and gloves and woolly hats, tucking into miles of bratwurst with chips and mayonnaise all washed down with glühwein.

Our very first experience of a European Christmas was flying into Munich airport – en-route to a small Austrian town in the Wildschönau – in December 1971. Approaching through patchy cloud we were *mesmerized by two spectacles* – a sea of white lights

The Closure of King's School - Summer 2019 - Ian Stoter

Ian Stoter joined *King's School* in September 1973 as Head of RE. He remained there holding a variety of positions, namely Head of Integrated Studies, Head of Humanities, Professional Tutor and finally Acting Deputy Head, before returning to UK with his family in 1996.

The visit to Germany by former SCS teachers in 2018, which was organised by Ken Jones, was a particular highlight for all those involved. Visits to various schools elicited many memories, with the dinner in Mansergh Station Officers' Mess in Gütersloh being a celebration never to be forgotten. Having met Jo when we both lived in the Officers' Mess and marrying her in 1977, this made the event even more poignant for the two of us. There was a feeling, which was shared by many, that this was the final visit to remember those special times.

However, when it transpired that King's School had arranged a programme of events in June 2019 to mark the closure of the majority of the schools in Germany, due to the withdrawal of British Forces from Germany, there was a decision to be made. Should we make the journey to Gütersloh for one last time, or would it be better to hold on to the memories of 2018? Would one further visit detract from that marvellous experience?

The fact that we have friends who settled in Gütersloh over forty years ago tipped the balance for us and consequently we decided to make one last visit. We made our plans to travel, with a journey similar to those we had used in the past, driving to Folkestone, relaxing as we passed through the Eurotunnel, and then continuing our drive across Europe to Gütersloh. Accompanying us in the car was *Carole Ann Eastgate*, a former Deputy Head at King's, who was willing to fit in with any travel plans we made. The increased traffic throughout the drive, and in particular the stagnation experienced around Antwerp, made us regret not arranging a more leisurely drive and taking advantage of an hotel break. However, once we had settled into our accommodation at the Park Hotel in Gütersloh, travelling was quickly forgotten, and we were soon conversing with friends not seen for many years.



Wendy Watson (key event organiser) singing with her daughter Eleri on the playground stage

A special mention should be made of *Wendy Watson*, the key organiser of

events at King's, who had been in contact with over 400 potential visitors for the closure, using Facebook for general publicity and emails to answer individual queries.



The programme for the four days of celebration was a comprehensive one, starting on Friday 21 June and finishing on Monday 24 June. This allowed flexibility for visitors to see King's and Haig Schools in action on either the Friday or Monday, depending on travel plans. The format for the tours was similar to that adopted for the 2018 visit, but with an added attraction in King's Gymnasium, where a marvellous display of photographs and school records had been assembled. It was amusing to see how many ex-pupils inspected the detention books to see if their names had been entered!

Saturday was scheduled for the major programme of events, commencing at 11.00 and featuring pupils from King's School, as well as younger pupils from other schools which had not yet closed. Gütersloh Music Centre began proceedings with a variety of ensembles, namely String, Classical Guitar, Keyboard and a Rock and Concert Band. This was followed by a Band Day Performance to an appreciative audience, continuing with a Big Sing! Performance. Tears were in the eyes of several for the next part of the proceedings, the Closing Ceremony. It is possible to view the Combined Schools Choirs' Song—Singing Goodbye—on YouTube, but seeing this live and hearing every single Service School which had existed in Germany over the years mentioned in the song was spell-binding. (Search Mansergh Music School final concert June 2019 on YouTube to find this beautiful song, together with the reaction of the audience). Great credit should be given to Dave Reeves from the Music Centre for composing this and putting on such a moving rendition. Speeches followed, with Auld Lang Syne once again moving all present to reflect on what had been achieved over many years of Service Schools Education. The National Anthem brought the King's Hall part of the proceedings to a conclusion, to be followed immediately by a **playground rendition by the RLC Band.**



twinkling from Christmas trees in the gardens of every house and a river of white headlights as a myriad cars snaked along the autobahns. Christmases in Europe were to offer very different experiences from those of our **childhood Christmases in Wales.**

In those far off days German winter markets were extra special – with traditions going back as far as medieval times - and most were small and intimate with local stalls. The aromas of freshly baked lebkuchen (gingerbread), sizzling bratwurst, roasted almonds and spicy glühwein still hung in the frosty air and (church) choirs – supported by the oompah' bands - sung carols by candlelight in market squares.

Since that first Austrian experience – Christmas has become synonymous with Germany, and Germany, for



forty plus years, has given meaning to all our Christmases.

In 1973 we moved to JHQ Rheindahlen – a small garrison town on the Dutch German border where the beginning of Advent heralded a real start to the winter markets and the appearance of a cornucopia of evergreen wreaths, red apples, smoking



men & Nutcrackers sold by groups of small stalls. Here we first encountered the **Advent Wreath** with its four candles – a tradition we have followed ever since. Trips into nearby Holland revealed additional strange delights - chocolate letters, Black Peter and St Nicholas arriving by boat on a canal.

A move to divided Berlin in 1977 saw us living near the Funkturm – the home then of **Berlin's Advent Market** where we first encountered helium-filled balloons and bought smoking men that still grace our window-sills each Christmas. Here we experienced for the first time real winter with snow lasting from November to May - deep-frozen lakes, blue skies and intense cold.



1980 and a move to the Lüneburger Heide facilitated visits to winter markets in Bremen, Bremerhaven, Hannover and Celle. It introduced us to violent snowstorms, “themed” Christmas trees and toys from the Erzgebirge still sold by small market traders. By 1984, and a move to Bad Oeynhausen, the Christmas season was starting earlier and earlier. Though the florists maintained their start to Advent in keeping with tradition, the supermarkets

King's Dance Club and the BFG Dance Academy also provided inside entertainment, which was followed by performances on an outdoor stage from a Military Wives' Choir and an Anglo German Brass group.

Sustenance had not been forgotten, with food such as fish and chips or bratwurst, which had been cooked in King's School kitchen, being available at low cost. A Naafi Van was also positioned in the playground, near a traditional German Pils Bar, and both did a roaring trade in the hot weather. Throughout the day there were numerous opportunities to converse with former colleagues and pupils, some from the 1960s and 1970s actually retired like us and many others nearing retirement, which gave us quite a reality check. It was a challenge to try to put names to faces, but an outstanding feature was the love for King's School from so many pupils and an appreciation of how it had helped them in their lives. According to the majority, it had been by far the best school they had attended. **A star attraction** emerged over the weekend in the shape of **Mike Johns**, who had taught at King's School from 1966 until 1992. His pastoral roles in particular had brought him into contact with so many over the years, and requests for photographs with him seemed to be endless. He loved his time at King's and, like ourselves, was not embarrassed when tears rolled down his cheeks at several emotional times over the weekend.

A different format for the Closing Ceremony commenced at 5pm. An ex-student, Caroline Kelly, opened proceedings with her recollections of King's in the 1960s. This was followed by performances on the playground stage



by current teaching staff, joined by some past and present students, performing Songs from the Musicals. These were songs which had featured in productions over the life of the school, such as The Mikado, Oliver, Grease, Bugsy Malone and many more. Around 6pm, Emma Bryson, Headteacher of King's, reflected on her time at the school and its **closure after 59 years** of education provision. **A large number of Fijians have served in Gütersloh** in recent years, with their offspring attending service schools, so it was fitting that they provided some colourful dancing in the playground. Finally, a live band, the Dizzy Dudes, took to the stage but this was the signal for us to depart, having enjoyed a most moving and entertaining day. Trying to converse with former colleagues over the noise of the group proved nearly impossible, so while younger participants seemed to enjoy the proceedings, we decided to make our way back to the hotel.

I will digress for a moment to reflect on our experience with the Guard Room, who controlled our entry on to the Barracks site to visit King's and



Haig Schools. On the first day, Wendy had complied with military requests to provide all visitors, who had to register beforehand, with a named identity card. This was required to be visible at all times, with a car pass also needing to be clearly displayed. On the second day, a new decision had been made, declaring that identity cards, which had taken Wendy and her team considerable time to produce, were no longer needed. Instead, passports were to be deposited at the Guardroom after signing in. These were to be kept in alphabetical order, being returned to visitors when they signed out. This proved to be slightly more problematic than intended, although to be fair, it only took a couple of minutes to locate my passport. Jo's took considerably longer to find, and initially, she was given the wrong passport. The photograph inside was eventually accepted as being that of a different human being. Although we share the same surname, this important document was discovered after a



Ian & Jo Stoter left and colleagues



Mike Johns with Carole-Ann Eastgate

while, having somehow separated itself and migrated to a different alphabetical letter! Nor were we the only ones trying to reclaim our passports with a certain amount of panic!

Perhaps this was the reason for a third system to be foisted on us on Sunday, the third day! There was only one guard sitting in the Guardroom and a long queue soon formed outside, as he had been given the task of signing everyone in individually, but without the need to deposit documents. Fortunately, we had arrived early for the King's School Closing Service, with the hot sun already causing the temperature to soar. Seating had been arranged on the playground in front of the previous day's stage, where the band played and the service was to be conducted. Then came the not surprising statement that the service would be delayed, as too many people were still attempting to sign in at the Guardroom! By this time, along with many others, we had sought some tree shade from the excessive heat. We were still able to participate in the service, but unfortunately not as one united congregation in front of the padre, Graeme McConville. He conducted the service with a touch of humour and meaningful comment, with hymn singing once again causing a few tears to flow. Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Redeemer, Lord Of All Hopefulness, Dear Lord And Father Of Mankind and How Great Thou Art echoed for the final time around the school grounds, with a King's School Staff And Community Choir



were introducing Christmas earlier and earlier and chocolate-covered gingerbread and Spekulatius were on sale in October. By 1996 and a move to Düsseldorf, the start to Christmas had moved to late September, the large department stores had Christmas markets of their own and the traditional town markets seemed to sell the same things from the same stalls wherever you went.

Visits to **Rothenburg ob der Tauber** and **Dinkelsbühl** (a favourite of Queen Victoria) acquainted us with the **Reiterlesmarkt** and restored to us for a while that atmospheric beginning of the early 1970s. Rothenburg is of course home to the German Christmas Museum and **Käthe Wohlfahrt's Christmas Village**, the largest Christmas shop in Europe. Whilst the town is a good place to pick up decorations including candles, nutcrackers, marionettes and traditional German Christmas pyramids it has lost its magic through commercialization and its identical shops in almost every town. The Rothenburg specialty 'snow ball', an almost inedible snack made by frying sweet dough and covering it in powdered sugar, gave us endless amusement and since then we have visited markets across Germany - Würzburg, Bielefeld, Nuremberg, Köln, Düsseldorf, Aachen, Rothenburg, Quedlingburg, Seiffen, Leipzig and Munich as well as lesser known towns which perhaps only have a market for a few days each December such as Kaiserswerth on the Rhein.

Do we have favourites? Aachen for sure with its magical location in front of the Cathedral. Dinkelsbühl for its intimacy, atmosphere and tradition. Seiffen tucked in the snowy Erzgebirge with its story of Engel & Bergmann and Quedlingburg, with houses dating back to the 12th Century hosting a living Advent Calendar.

Tom Nielsen-Marsh

Cambridge Reunion 2019



singing well received renditions of Fix You by Coldplay and The Lord Bless You And Keep You by John Rutter. A lesson was fittingly read by **Bryn Banks**, who had been Deputy Head and also Acting Head at King's from 1983, before he took up an administrative role in SCS BFG from 1997 until 2009. After the service, a curry lunch was produced by the school kitchen, bringing an end to the organised part of the proceedings as far as we were concerned. However, many others remained in the area, as they had booked in



for guided school tours the next day. Whether a new and fourth entry system to Camp was adopted, I am not certain but it is interesting to speculate.

We managed to spend a fair amount of time in both Gütersloh and Wiedenbruck, bringing back further memories of special times in these locations, including their variety of interesting restaurants. Although shopping areas showed a certain amount of change, many churches and historic buildings were still as we remembered them. The long drive back home on Monday, via Antwerp, met with further congestion, but it allowed time to reflect on a most worthwhile visit and one which provided a different perspective to the trip made 12 months previously.

As a postscript for those not familiar with Facebook, it contains a King's School site with over 5500 members, including ourselves. A large number of former teachers use this facility, although the greatest membership comes from former pupils. Here, the love for King's School and what it did for so many comes over strongly, and countless friendships have been renewed as a result of memories made available. A bonus for anyone who is not yet a Facebook member is the number of photographs of the King's Closure event which are visible, as well as many more wide-ranging photographs from the past. It is possible to comment on any postings you feel are relevant to you on Facebook, with both former teachers and pupils coming out with some fascinating snippets of information. This has also led to a **King's School reunion** being scheduled for **26 September 2019 in Derby**, and at the time of writing, this is gathering momentum and is likely to be very well supported.

Reunion Lunch - Corpus Christi College, Cambridge - 7th September 2019 by Derek Ebbage

We have enjoyed several lunches with our former colleagues, mainly in the south-west area, but this one was truly exceptional. Cambridge is more than well served by a very efficient Park & Ride system, and we chose to use the one from Trumpington as the new double decker buses stop within a few

hundred metres of Corpus Christi College and close to the centre of Cambridge.

We enjoyed the magnificent grounds of the College and explored its own Chapel. Having read some interesting notices about the opportunities for new students, we progressed to the Old Combination Room and were staggered by the architecture and paintings.

Following a glass of sparkling wine and exchanges of news with ex-colleagues, many of whom we had not met since our time in Germany, we moved to the art deco New Combination Room, famed for its wooden panelled walls. Following the Corpus Christi grace, eloquently performed by Ken Jones, the atmosphere was conducive to a most relaxed lunch which was served professionally and politely. We were treated as honoured guests as we thoroughly enjoyed our Chapel and Swan smoked salmon and lamb rump which was beautifully tender and tasty.

After coffee and mints, and further chatting, we moved to the College's Chapel and were most fortunate to sit and listen to a most professional conductor rehearsing a new choir for a church service on the following morning. His knowledge and the easy methods in which he described the way in which he required his finished product to sound were enlightening.

After a night's B&B in Great Shelford, we returned to Cambridge the next morning to visit more Colleges, especial Christ's College with its extensive three Courts, to view the punts on the River Cam, to visit the Church of St. Mary the Great, and to spend a few hours in the Fitzwilliam Museum. We also drove a few miles west to be moved by the Cambridge American Cemetery, and gaze in wonder at the meticulous settings of the thousands of graves.

None of this memorable weekend would have been possible without the skilled organisation of Paul Macardle. We received an email invitation, a confirmation of our booking and menu choices and a most detailed planning document with maps and a history of Corpus Christi College with photographs. His warm welcome at the College and the elegant name badges enhanced this event; I am sure that everyone who attended was most impressed and grateful.

I understand that this event is to be repeated in March or April next year. However full your diaries, I am tempted to write a phrase that was sometimes used in our profession: I recommend this event "without reservation".

Fussballspiel in Deutschland 1960s - 1990s

Now in his ninth decade former HT Mike Bennett reflects on his other love ... Part 2

... **by now** we had two children and for a while I travelled back to Bad Salzflun twice a week, each time bringing back some of our possessions in the Variant. The Variant was an interesting model. Like the Beetle it had an air-cooled rear engine which meant you had luggage space back and front. It also had a very clever heating system separate from the new efficient main one. It operated from a small petrol fed engine and could be used when the ignition was turned off. It was very useful if Fran and the children were dutifully watching me play on a cold day. Equally the timer could be set and as the car heated up, the frost would melt from the windows. I think at one time, Saabs and Volvos had similar systems. By the time we had a Quarter I had moved so much that I did not need to bother



Derek Ebbage - and fellow guest

Cambridge Reunion Photographs



the military. However, we still needed assistance and one Saturday in June we formed our own convoy; the Variant plus loaded caravan, the trusty Beetle with Fran and children, Mike Denton and my head George Andrew in their cars, also packed with boxes. I went to school with Mike who taught with me at Fleming, and I still see him as he lives locally. On arriving at our lovely new home with a large garden I brought in chicken and chips and bratwurst from the Imbiss. We once had an "on loan" piano (loot from the War, I suspect) delivered on the back of an open two tonner. The squaddies finished in hot water for driving through the centre of Herford, playing and singing out of tune. At least this move had gone more smoothly -



or so I thought.

The next day, Sunday, having unpacked that same TV set I'm sitting on a crate watching Germany play Holland in the final of the 1974 World Cup. Just as Holland scored the doorbell rang and two RMPs informed me that one of my female staff had been injured after her subaltern boyfriend drove his sports car into the guardhouse at the end of Queens Avenue. I needed to go to the Medical Centre and sort out the paperwork for her to enter the BMH and be operated on. Talk about in loco parentis. This incident reflects the responsibility headteachers had for staff disciplinary matters etc. Germany won 2 - 1.

After playing for the Post I was keen to join another German club. Gloucester School was an option and for many years I enjoyed driving across the Bergen-Hohne Ranges when no shooting was in progress. I don't think the Germans were allowed on the NATO Übungsplatz until the 1990's. The Ranges came into existence after conscription was reintroduced in 1934 and more land was needed on which to train the expanding Wehrmacht. The sparsely populated Luneburg Heath was considered ideal and despite protests, eleven villages were evacuated between 1936 and 1938. Fruit trees and the stark remains of farmhouses and outbuildings showed where the villages once stood. Signs such as ehem. Buchholz indicate that once Buchholz was there. It could be eerie returning home alone in November as darkness approached especially when with my sense of direction I would take the occasional wrong turning, only to be reassured when I came across one of those familiar "former villages". One spin off from the sad fate of those former residents and their homes was that despite the firing and manoeuvres, wild life and plants flourished.

Playing for the Post had whet my appetite for mixing with the host nation and I much preferred my way rather than the formal Anglo-German clubs. Whilst still playing for Gloucester I sought out the watering ground for the Fallingbostal team. Every club had its Stammkneipe - favourite pub, with a function room, sometimes bowling alley, but always good beer and food. The walls were covered with photos of teams going back for decades and lots of trophies displayed. Germans love their trophies, something that appealed to the souvenir collector in me. The Stammtisch was the table reserved for the regulars, often to play the card game called Skat, which required the cards to be splatted on to the table top, as loudly as possible. Postcards were pinned behind the bar showing how far the Germans travelled for their holidays. The atmosphere of the Stammlokal is fixed in my mind by Peter Alexander's hit record "Die Kleine Kneipe" which has become a standard.

Fallingbostal Sportverein made me very welcome and I began 20 years at various levels appearing for several clubs in the Niedersachsen Fussball Verband eV. Before I could make my debut for Fallingbostal I had to be transferred from the Nordrhein-Westfalen FV eV. Germany efficiency meant that my player's pass arrived quickly, showing that I had no debts to the Post club or outstanding suspensions.

For several years I played for the first team in the Kreisliga (District League) but as increasing years, decreasing speed and skills took their toll I moved down to the second team in the K L (Nord). I was also entitled to play for the *Alteherren* (the Old Men), specifically for the over 40s but where two over 35s were allowed. Sometimes I turned out for two teams on the same day and often on Sundays as well. Considering that in my 20 years in Fallingbostal I participated in over 500 Volkslaufen (running events from 10 - 25 kms and including 9 marathons) I think I was reasonably fit in

those days. Being young comes only once in life; the trick is to make it last as long as you can.

In Fallingbostal there was a clubroom cum hostel for the Spanish Gastarbeiters who worked in the Kraft factory and elsewhere. I played for them for several years



Fallingbostal Alte Herrn 1976

and can still recall the distinctive aromas of that clubroom as the kitchen produced food to make the workers feel at home. Usually, in the team that played “friendlies” there were me, a German and a Dutchman (we all played for the Fally team) plus 8 Spaniards. We were kitted out in shiny national colours of red and yellow, made from some material which clung to your body. The Spaniards were temperamental and it was not unusual for us to finish with 9 men. In 1982 the World Cup was played in Spain and the club house reverberated with the catchy tune “Viva Espana”).

Here is perhaps the opportunity to compare playing in England with my experiences in Germany. At teachers training college I played in the lower regions of the Newcastle-under-Lyme District League, changing in outbuildings, pubs, miners’ institutes and similar makeshift premises. Often, we had to wend our way through the streets to the recreation grounds where most of the pitches were created on grassed-over slag heaps (Schwarze Erde?). One pub in Burslem where we changed was called enigmatically, “The Swiss Chalet”. It was only after I’d played there one gelid, snowy February day with the slag heaps resembling mini alps, that I could see the connection and the black humour. The jog to the pitches wore down the wooden studs on those old boots, exposing the nails which held them in place. The sharpened nails could damage your shins, especially if they were only protected by pages of the New Musical Express stuffed down your socks. Our opponents looked forward to the return fixtures. Our college might only have been, in the main converted Nissen huts, part of a second World War naval training establishment but Nelson Hall had 350 females in residence. I was one of only 32 in the first intake of men, another 32 arrived the next year. By then I’d cemented my place in the team and knew where the prettiest girls were accommodated. The college had its attractions for me and I’m sure it did for the lads from the potteries.

After qualifying, it was the Grimsby District League for 3 years. Again, the facilities were virtually non-existent unless you played against teams representing firms such as Findus, Birds Eye or Ross Group. One council owned ground we played on regularly, had a brick pavilion with its windows covered over to protect against vandalism (in 1960?), no heating and one outside tap to wash your boots under - and all this for four pitches. 30+ years later I played cricket on the same ground. The pavilion and tap had gone but as we played a stolen car raced round the boundary until its occupants set fire to it, and ran off. Why did I ever leave Germany? Those of you who worked there might remember even small villages having well presented football pitches as part of a sports complex including a restaurant which was often the hub of the community. Can you recall the dome-like structures covering indoor tennis courts, and that’s not forgetting indoor and outdoor swimming pools? Fallingbostal’s Heidmarkstadion was on the edge of the town and surrounded by trees. It had a club house and a running track round the pitch. In winter we played 7-a-side in school halls large enough for this type of game and sometimes with retractable tiered seating. Clubs like Fallingbostal, supported by the local authority did not take fees from children or over 40s. This encouraged me to extend my playing days. My Ladybird World Cup ’82 book informs me that with a population of 61 million, West Germany had 3,611,431 registered players. I was that one! In contrast, with a population of 56 million, England had 505,000 registered, and not many of them practised penalties.

As the years slowed me down further I found myself moving from the “Over 40s” to the Uralten (the Prehistorics) which was for the over 50s. It was, as expected well organ-

Cambridge Reunion Photographs



Fred Rose



With great sorrow the Association learnt of the death of Fred Rose in September 2019. Fred, pictured above with daughter Di in Gütersloh, celebrated his 96th birthday in great style at the Officers' Mess in Mansergh Barracks during the Association visit to Germany in 2018.

Fred served with BFES from 1966 to 1972 accompanied by his late wife Freda and their two daughters. Freda taught in Osnabrück, and Gütersloh before taking up the post of headteacher in Renhold Lower School in Bedford. Fred was DHT at Haig School from 1967 to 1972. Their daughters Di and Helen both attended Trenchard school; Helen later attended Kings.

Fred had been reminiscing earlier in the week he died about the reunion in Gütersloh, such a wonderful time and he was so proud and happy to have been able to go.



ised in leagues, fewer than in the younger age ranges and only 35 minutes each half instead of the normal 45. Nowadays in England we have walking football for the elderly, but that's not for me. The Uralten played in the Altliga Sud and to find teams to play against we had to travel further afield. I moved from Fallingbostal, after 16 years to Hodenhagen having been head (or was it foot?) hunted by the captain of the team who was part of the family who owned our favourite *Kaffee and Kuchen* restaurant and bakery in a lovely, quiet village called *Krelingen*. His mother-in-law would fascinate us relating how she and her sister had fled from the East as the Russians approached, hiding in barns and haystacks and eventually reaching Lubeck where she met and married a fellow refugee, who was a qualified baker. Now they owned three bakeries and supplied local coffee shops and other businesses. Listening to her was like absorbing a living history of Germany in the 1940s and 1950s. She was very much the German equivalent of the grand dame, sitting in her special place and telling us how much she enjoyed watching the adaptations of Rosamunde Pilcher novels on TV. I knew we had been accepted as preferred guests when we were invited inside the family home whenever the cafe itself was full. On our last visit we had a tasty cold platter of meats and salad, followed by Mohnkuchen (poppyseed cake). And they would not let us pay.

Travelling to away games suited me. I discovered places I would not have gone to otherwise. Once I was late setting off for the rendezvous to meet and drive to *Buchholz*. I looked up Buchholz and dashed off up the A7 hoping to catch up with my colleagues, but I did not. With some difficulty I found the Buchholz sports ground on the outskirts of Hamburg. It was empty and locked. The next Saturday I found out I should have been at another Buchholz, only 20kms from Fallingbostal. Another time we started a game with only 8 players (the others were on their way). When I received the ball from the kick-off I ran back towards our own goal, towards the corner flag and whacked it as far as I could into the nearby woods. After we had used this tactic a few times, the missing players arrived. My team mates thought Mike, Der Rector (the headmaster) was very cunning and they laughed long and loud afterwards in the Stammlokal over beer, bockwurst and sauerkraut. The tolerant co-operation of wives and partners was very important if their menfolk were to enjoy their soccer senescence. The wives were made to feel very welcome after games, especially in the summer months when local festivals included football tournaments which concluded with evening barbecues.

Read the final instalment of Mike's journey through BFES in the Spring 2020 Issue of the Association Newsletter ...



The Origins of Education for the Children of Military Personnel - 1675 -1945 Researched and presented by Paul A Macardle MA

The first known school for the children of soldiers can be traced back to 1675 when a school was established in **Tangiers**. By the eighteenth century a few isolated schools, paid for by the officers, had been established across the Empire so that the regiment would have a source of future recruits already able to read and write. These were staffed by the 'school-master' a sergeant of good character and abilities, (Regulation's of the Rifle Corps 1800) who provided lessons for children after he had completed instructing the NCOs.

Early in the Nineteenth Century the **Duke of York** successfully persuaded the

Secretary at War to fund the schools from the public purse and ordered the Colonel of every regiment to establish a school for the instruction of young soldiers and their children. The order required the school to be provided with a room, with an allowance for fuel in the winter months, and to be supervised by a Sergeant Schoolmaster, who would be a member of the regiment and receive the same pay and allowances as the Paymaster Sergeant, (War Office Circular No.79, 27th December 1811). The Duke of York immediately issued a General Order stating that the monitorial method (as prescribed by one Dr Bell) was to be used in the schools and that tuition should be given to **girls as well as boys**.



By the end of March 1812, eighty-seven selected sergeants had completed training in Dr Bell's monitorial system at the **Royal Military Asylum** at Chelsea. On their return to the regiment they taught reading, writing and arithmetic, as well as morality and religion. The Regimental Chaplain was given the responsibility of supervising the schools and the conduct of the Sergeant Schoolmasters.

Little change occurred for the next thirty years until the appointment of the Reverend **George Robert Gleig**, as Principal Chaplain to the Army in 1844.



Having been in front line action and experienced at first hand the living conditions of the ordinary army private, he set out to improve their welfare and devised a scheme for their education. On his appointment as the first Inspector General of Military Schools, in 1846, he expressed two immediate concerns; the quality of the teachers and the inadequate facilities.

In his first year in post, he ensured that a Royal Warrant was signed, establishing the Corps of Army Schoolmasters with membership restricted to

qualified teachers who were trained at the Normal School, the Royal Military Asylum in Chelsea.

The Royal Military Asylum, commonly called the **Duke of York's School** as he was its chief patron, admitted 700 boys and 300 girls, the children of soldiers who had died, or were toiling, in the service of their country. The boys, who wore red jackets and blue trousers, were educated in reading, writing, and the useful parts of arithmetic; and the girls, who wore red gowns, blue petticoat, straw bonnets and white aprons, in needlework and the different branches of household work.

In 1848, **Queen Victoria** granted permission for regiments to engage Army School Mistresses to instruct the female children of serving soldiers, their curriculum being deemed inappropriate for the Sergeant Schoolmasters to deliver.

The Rev Gleig produced a series of books with the general title of 'Gleig's School Primers', which were published by Longmans in 1850, to provide suitable texts for use in the classrooms. Despite the Secretary at War's order to provide a suitable room for school use most operated in very poor conditions with few resources. Rev Gleig instigated an idea of building an Army-Chapel-School on every garrison, which would be used for Church Services and school work; despite his efforts only a few were established. He resigned his post in 1857, coinciding with the War Office's decision to take military education

Facts

Tangiers was given to the Crown as part of the Portuguese Princess Catherine of Braganza's dowry on her marriage to Charles 11 along with Bombay (present day Mumbai) in 1661 and protected by The Tangier Regiment of Foot (Public Records Office (PRO) Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1661-1678, Entry book 47) Richard Reynolds, Master of Arts and Fellow of Sidney Sussex College (Cambridge) was employed in the Kings service as the schoolmaster.

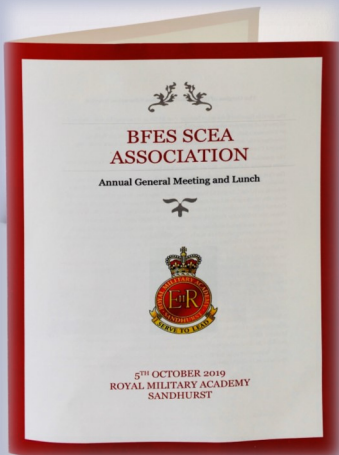
Army accounts for 1812 include an estimate of £20,000 to cover the expenses of schools for soldiers' children. It is worth noting that Parliament did not approve funding for Elementary schools in England until 1830.



With the cessation of hostilities and the gradual post-war reconstruction, British Service personnel pressed for accompanied postings and the creation of a British education service for their children in Germany.

In the Spring 2020 Issue read more about SCE and how it all started.

Royal Military Academy Sandhurst - BFES SCEA Reunion lunch/AGM October 5th 2019.



91 members and their guests attended the AGM and reunion lunch in the splendid building of the Old College at Sandhurst this year.

The day started with tea and coffee served in the Wellington Room - dominated by a large oil painting of the Battle of Waterloo.

This was followed by the AGM and lunch in the spectacular Indian Memorial Room, originally a chapel, the room is now used regularly for functions and as the cadets' dining room. Preceding lunch we were fortunate to be given a tour of the Old College and appreciate more of the history of the building and in particular the RC Chapel and Le Marchant room. The final flourish after lunch was a visit to the Royal Military memorial Chapel where we were given an introductory talk by Peter Beaven, the chapel organist, followed by music to demonstrate the digitalised organ. The whole day was very enjoyable thanks to the Sandhurst Charitable Trust who kindly gave permission for our reunion.

What better way could there be to celebrate the Association's 50th Anniversary?

**Sue Adams -
Events Coordinator**

away from the clergy and place it under the control of a military officer so severing the link with the military chaplains. Lt -Colonel J.H.Lefroy was appointed as his successor who having worked with Gleig had a good knowledge of the schools. His first report (1859 HMSO) records that approximately twelve thousand children aged between 5 and 12 were being educated in either regimental or barrack schools. These were mainly children of 'other ranks' as it was usual for officers, ordered abroad, to leave children of school age at home, whilst tradition dictated that the families of 'other ranks' should follow the drum. Attendance at school was not compulsory but the tone of Lefroy's report made it clear that the military hierarchy expected children to attend school regularly as



illustrated by the following extract;

'should any parent fail to do so, and at the same time neglect to provide otherwise for their children's education, leaving them to idleness and vice, to the annoyance of others, it would undoubtedly be competent to a commanding officer to withdraw from such parent the indulgences allowed to the well conducted married soldier.'

The migratory nature of the soldier's life and its impact on the children's well being was formally recognised in the report, which stated that:

'Irregularity of attendance arising from truantsip is probably not more frequent than in all common schools, but there are other causes of irregular attendance peculiar to Army schools, which operate unfavourably on the progress of the children; such are the incessant changes in the stations of the troops, the movement of detachments, and the transfers of old soldiers from the service to depot companies, and vice versa, and it due to these that few children advance beyond the elements. The same causes on the other hand develop their intelligence while the discipline in which they are brought up gives them an early notion of obedience, order and cleanliness. Instances of misconduct are not frequent....'

In 1860, the Council of Military Education took over responsibility for inspecting and reporting on the work of the schools. The following regulations taken from Army Orders 1882 provide an interesting perspective of school life as it had developed.

Inspectors of Army Schools are empowered to select the most suitable time for each inspection providing that a period of six months shall elapse between each inspection. The attendance at school for children between the age of 4 and 14 is obligatory. Children over the age of four years of age will be taught knitting, darning, sewing and needlework. Boys will be taught patching and sewing on strings and buttons. The last quarter of an hour ...will be devoted to drill. No corporal punishment is to be inflicted without the written authority of the Commanding Officer.....Such punishment is only to be administered for acts of actual misconduct and never for stupidity.

The schoolmistress' day will comprise an attendance of not less than five hours.

A schoolmistress wishing to marry must apply for permission through the Commanding Officer to the Director General of Military Education.

The following extract, taken from the set examinations, provides an indication of the standards expected of an eleven year old and how the curriculum had developed.

'What were Noah's prophecies about his three sons, and how were they fulfilled?

Parse completely the following sentence: The Prince of Wales concluded a two years' truce with France, which was become requisite, that he might conduct the captive King with safety into England.

Find the simple interest, at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, on £385 12s 0d for two years 146 days.

Define the following terms, and illustrate each definition by four examples, one from each of the four great divisions of the globe: Island, peninsula, plain, tableland, straits, gulf, and lake.

Give some account, with dates, of Caesar's two invasions of Britain. Name the Romans who subsequently commanded armies in Britain, and give a short account of the exploits of each.

The last quarter of the century saw many political changes; financial cut-backs affected the social structure of Britain and impacted upon Army schools. It was recommended that instead of small regimental schools, with small class sizes (averaging 25) garrison schools were to be created enabling large numbers to be educated in a class and hence becoming more cost effective. 'Payment by results' was introduced into the English education system with a common curriculum established.

The migratory nature of the Army population posed problems for the implication of these changes; the result was that Army schools selected and made compulsory core subjects; reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, recitation, physical exercise drill, English grammar, Geography, English History and instead of 'Payment by Results' it was decided that surprise visits and annual examination, by age, of every child on its register would be sufficient to determine the effectiveness of an Army school and its teacher. The crucial role of the schools in supporting military life was recognized by the high command resulting in the Corps of Army Schoolmasters being transferred to the jurisdiction of the Adjutant General in 1903. In the following year, the Harris Committee reported that;

'We are convinced that the existence of Army Schools is appreciated by the married men as a reward for their long and good service, and by the children as tending to encourage in their minds the feeling that the Army is their home, and by the Service in general as in many ways raising its tone.'

In 1920, with 170 schools operating across the Empire, the Corps of Army Schoolmasters was replaced by the **Army Education Corps**. The Army Schoolmistresses were retained as a separate unit before gaining the patronage of Queen Mary in 1928 when they became the Queen's Army Schoolmistresses. Between this period and the mid 1940's, schools continued to operate throughout the world in areas not directly threatened by conflict. With the end of hostilities in Europe and in Germany in particular, a major need for schools to support British and allied families was identified.



Sandhurst Photos



Departed Friends

The Association has recently been notified that **Mary Looseley** passed away in March this year. She is survived by her husband Keith. Mary taught from 1969 to 1975 in various schools in Germany. She lived in Huntly in Scotland.

The Association also learned that **Annette Stringer** passed away on September 10th 2019 in the James Paget Hospital after a long illness. A memorial Service at St Marks Church, **Oulton Broad** was held on October 21st at 2 p.m. (Donations, if desired, to the Nook Appeal.)

There is additional information online, with photographs, on the Rotary Club website. Annette taught in York School Muenster from 1974 to 1979.

Recently Joined

The Association extends a very warm welcome to **Mrs Anne Wilson** (pictured centre below with Mike and Fran Bennett) who worked in Fallingbostel, JHQ and Episkopi, Cyprus from 1992 to 2015. Anne now lives in Devizes in Wiltshire.



The 2019 AGM

To mark the 50th anniversary of the Association the AGM was held on 5th October 2019 in the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst at 11 am. Ninety one people attended. The meeting was short as the day was

packed with events - a tour of the Academy, lunch and an organ recital. It was also short because the acoustics in the hall were exceptionally poor and it was hard for many members to hear clearly despite moving the table and everyone trying to raise their voices when speaking.

The committee was re-elected and the 2018 minutes agreed as being a correct record. The events of the previous year were outlined and commented upon. It was agreed that every event had been very successful. The only disappointment being the planned weekend to Holme Lacey which had to be cancelled due to small numbers. There was also some discussion about the closeness of the dates for the Cambridge and Winchester events. This had led to many members only attending one rather than both lunches. It was agreed that the dates would be further apart in future years.

The programme for 2020 is looking exciting with lunches planned in Winchester and Cambridge and the AGM planned to take place in Welbeck College. It is hoped that this event will be preceded by a stay in a local hotel with dinner for all those interested.

A GDPR item was part of the agenda and it was agreed that this item would appear on every AGM agenda in the future. The issue of blind copying of emails was raised. It was agreed that the committee would discuss blind copying at their next meeting and that members should be aware that blind copying should be used whenever and wherever possible. There were many members who were saddened by this discussion as they indicated that they liked to look at the names on distribution lists - one to see who they knew and two to find out who might be attending an event. There was a general consensus that if blind copying was essential it would be sad.

The storage of log books was also raised. Walter Lewis stated that all log books were now held in the National Army Museum and would remain confidential for one hundred years.

The meeting closed after forty minutes as the tour guides came into the room to take everyone on a very exciting tour of the Academy.

Lynn Marshall - Association Secretary



Association revellers enjoying a post-AGM lunch at Sandhurst

From Arwelfa Davies by e-mail

Dear Tom,

In response to the request for any photographs taken during the Reunion Lunch at **Sandhurst**, please find enclosed two photographs, one of our little crowd and one of the groups at the end of the Sandhurst Tour.

It was an excellent event and the team responsible for the arrangements is to be congratulated. Everything went like clockwork.

In the photograph we have from L. To R.:-



Euan & Mollie Scroggie from Edinburgh, Jenny Midwinter with John her husband on the end from Virginia Water and Jean and Eurfryn Davies from Llandegfan on Anglesey.

Mollie, Jenny and myself were in Osnabruck from 1964 – 1969 and we have been meeting regularly practically every year since with very frequent attendance at the Reunions.



We hope that we may be able to make next year's Reunion but can't make a firm commitment at the moment due to family circumstances.

Many thanks once again for the team's efforts.

2020 Reunions & the AGM



Paul Macardle reports that we have secured Corpus Christi College, Cambridge on the **14 March 2020** at the same price as this year - £48pp for a three course lunch, welcome drink, wine and tea/coffee. Further information, including details of the menu and a booking form will be sent to Association Members in the New Year.



The **2020 Curry Lunch** is being held in The MacDonalld Gallery at The Gurkha Museum, Winchester on **Saturday June 27th 2020**.



Defence Sixth Form College Welbeck

The **2020 AGM and Reunion** will take place at Welbeck on **Friday 9th October**. Further details and a booking form will be published in the spring newsletter.

Late breaking news ...

The Association has just learned of the passing of former HT Mike Bridge, who died on **14th May 2019, aged 77**. Mike served in Bielefeld 1964 - '69; Muenster 1969 - '73; Spandau 1973 - '77; Sek Kong 1977 - '81 and Herford 1981 - '91.



The Fall of the Berlin Wall 30 years ago this month (November 2019) has featured prominently in recent news stories. Many Association members will have vivid memories of living and working in the divided city. The spring newsletter will devote some of its pages to BFES in Berlin and your editor invites stories, memories and photographs from members. Please send your contributions to -

bfes_scea_newsletter@yahoo.co.uk
by 28 February 2020

The Spring edition will also feature further photos of the Sandhurst reunion. Members who have yet to submit photographs are urged to do so to -

bfes_scea_newsletter@yahoo.co.uk
by 28 February 2020



Focus upon Walter (Wally) Lewis - the hon archivist for the BFES/SCEA/MOD Schools Association.



In 2013 HQ SCE stated to schools that "the BFES/SCEA Association was accepted by MOD & the National Archives as the sole recipient of historical archives of all British Service Schools".

On taking over the voluntary role of archivist in 2011 I was surprised to discover that no-one, the MOD included, kept any formal records that our schools had ever existed, once they closed. Most of our deposits at that time originated from individual ex-members of staff, but over the past few years we have developed efficient communication with the remaining schools themselves and HQ SCE, when it existed, so that their histories are kept securely for future generations to research. So, we have been able to receive significant historical items from all the recently closed schools in Germany.

After initial annotation, I list and deposit all our memorabilia with the professional archivists at the **Institute of Education, University College London**, where they safely store, catalogue and place on-line all our items. The IoE is Britain's largest depository of all British Education material; our collection is one of their largest.

As members may be aware, there are some items which remain confidential, and have a "lock" on them for up to 100 years. The Association has around **90 School Log Books** and has arranged, via the IoE, to have these transferred to the **National Army Museum (NAM)** where they are kept safe and confidential for the correct period of time. I visit the IoE at least twice a year with the next collection of deposits and have also now established a working relationship with the NAM.

The Association has a very active web-site which will give you a flavour of our association and which is open to membership from anyone who has been, or is still, involved in the education of the children of British Forces personnel from 1947 to the present day. MOD Schools has been through a number of names over the years since 1947; firstly, British Families Education Service -BFES (only in Europe); amalgamating to become Service Children's Education Authority (SCEA) from the late 1960's (world wide); to become Service Children's Schools (NWE); then onto Service Children's Education (SCE) - then, more recently MOD Schools.

Hence our Association!

An e-mail to the editor from Jane Tull



The other day I started what I hope will be a big clear out and I came across a holiday diary written in 1975. One part of the diary is about our stay in Kashmir. "Our" refers to **Pat Grumbridge, Sue Bishop, Julia Wilson** and myself. As Kashmir has recently been in the news I wondered if excerpts from my diary

would be of interest to readers of the Newsletter. Please let the Editor know!!

I think we flew from Delhi, in a very small plane, only 5 seats in each row. There were great views of the countryside and all the tourists on the plane naturally

took out their cameras to take photos. We were immediately told "**No Pictures No**

Pictures “. We were flying over a military area and we were landing in a military zone. (I had to laugh to myself because I have written, “I am glad we were told this as I would have taken 10 pictures.”) All my pictures were slides and because of the expense I probably only took 3 rolls of film with me for the 3 week holiday. How things have changed!!

The plane began to climb and the mountains in the distance were over 21,000 feet high. I make no mention of landing or if there were soldiers around, just state we were met by two taxis. The journey took us past paddy fields, apple orchards, new housing developments and through the outskirts of Srinagar, where there were lots of tourist stalls at the side of the road. After about 15 minutes we arrived at a metal gate. Mr Butt, an old bearded gentleman was at the gate. He welcomed us to “Charmont,” where all his house boats were moored along the banks of Dal Lake.

He hustled us into his office to show us pictures of all the rich and famous people who had stayed on his boats since the first one was built in 1942. These included George Harrison and Earl Mountbatten. Our stay in this magical place began with a walk through a splendid garden. It had been designed for one of the Moguls and the back wall was once part of the Palace. English summer flowers were in full bloom.

Mr Butt showed us our boat and we went aboard. He boasted that it was the biggest and most elaborately furnished of the 7 boats he owned.

The sitting room had an old fashioned English Bureau type writing desk, a swing around bookcase, two sofas ,armchairs, four occasional tables and a long foot stool. The curtains and covers were all Indian chintz - but the patterns were all sewn on and not printed. Through the door at the end of the sitting room, (I really felt it should be called a Drawing Room - rather like the room in Downton Abbey), was quite a magnificent Dining Room. (Not to everyone’s taste now but it was straight out of the time of the Raj.) There was a gorgeous Persian rug on the floor, a leopard skin on the wall and a **big brown stuffed bear holding a lightbulb!!** The bear was rather frightening but we got used to him. There was a walnut oval table in the middle of the room six matching arm chairs and a sideboard. Beyond the dining room were two bedrooms each with their own bathrooms. We felt we had arrived to stay in a stately home. The view from the house boat was breath-taking. Lake Dal was just like smooth glass and the towering mountains were the perfect backdrop.

Afternoon tea was served under the trees and then Mr Butt encouraged us to look at the many guest books that were placed on the tables around the drawing room. These dated back to 1942. I found the books fascinating. Most of the guests had written at least a page or drawn sketches of the scenery and some of them had been moved to write poems. (I can’t remember if they were any good.) I was surprised that there were only about 20 British signatures. Lady Manning stayed three or four times and gave her address as Hampton Court Palace or c/o a Rajah. (I couldn’t read his name.) There was also a Field Marshall who was the GOC of the Gurkhas at one time. Most of the other British guests were Lords and Ladies. (Not a SCEA teacher among them ‘til we arrived.!!)

After this history lesson Julia and Sue decided to go for a row on the lake.

I became the lady for the trip and sat in the boat while they did all the work.

We were served supper in the dining room with the light bulb in the bears hand switched on. The food didn’t quite match up to the surroundings.

Kebab and steamed pud!!

GDPR

If you receive the Association Newsletter by email or by post you will have given the Membership Secretaries your name and address and/ or your email address, which is personal information.

Your information is maintained and used by the Membership Secretaries, but it is shared three times a year for the purpose of distributing the Newsletter. The Editor will keep all personal information safe and secure and will use it only for the legitimate purposes of the circulation of the newsletter.

When the Association Newsletters are sent out by email all personal information – specifically a member’s e-mail address - is hidden in a BCC posting.

The Newsletter Editor will keep your information only for the specific purpose of this distribution; it is then deleted securely. A fresh and up-to-date distribution list is sent to the editor just before the date of distribution: namely in July, November and March. You may, of course, at any time ask to see what information the Association holds about you, to amend that information, to be removed from the circulation list and/or for your information to be deleted. The Association does not share your information with any other organisation.

If you are unhappy about the way your personal information is stored or used and you cannot resolve the issue in discussion with the Membership Secretaries, you can apply for help to the office of the Information Commissioner (ico.org.uk).

Contact Us

Chair

Ken Jones OBE
01691 828468
ikenrickjones@hotmail.com

Secretary

Lynn Marshall
0118 3274128
lynnmarsh6@aol.com

Archivist

Walter Lewis
07774 625574
bfesarchivist@gmail.com

Membership

Secretaries

Hugh and Christine
Ritchie,
01227470763,
bfes.scememb@gmail.com

Treasurer

Janet Bradley
01788 891850

Events Coordinator

Sue Adams
01823 663195

Web Manager

Mike Chislett
mwchis@gmail.com

Newsletter & Journal

Tom Nielsen-Marsh
bfes_scea_newsletter@yahoo.co.uk

We're on the Web!

<http://www.bfes-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.

Shackleton School Fallingbostel - Winter 1987



Shackleton School Fallingbostel - Autumn 2019

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

bfes_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.

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