

THE JOURNAL OF THE BFES SCEA ASSOCIATION

Issue 54 Summer 2023

Editorial

The Value of the Journal

In a previous life I always kept a detailed record in the form of a journal. Even if a journal is simply a series of informal, private notes, or a detailed planner, the common purpose is to ensure that learning continues and memory is augmented. I now keep a fairly detailed record about my illnesses and my cancer treatments.

So, in various formats I've kept a personal/work journal for almost five decades (off and on, in many different notebooks and computer programs). I now use Apple Notes which allows me to easily add photos. The Association Journal is produced using Microsoft Publisher. The sum of this experience convinced me long ago of the value of the practice, and it seems to be consistent with what I – as a former educator – think I know about experiential learning.

My English master (yes a **very** long time ago) used to explain that a memory is something stored in the brain and then accessed when used. He didn't believe in rote learning.

Over time I have come to realise that one's memory about something is only as good as one's last memory about it ... so for me - the Association Journal has a very explicit purpose ...

It invites - perhaps compels one to access memories of an experience, it creates another, more recent memory of that experience, and it creates a physical record of those memories to which we can return in the future. In the case of a professional journal such as ours, it also exposes the sum of 1+2+3 above to a much wider audience, produces a tangible record (see page 19 for an example) to which we can return in the future and adds spice, purpose and focus to reunions both large and small. That record also brings to mind my role as AEO and the significant opportunities it provided to me in the course of developing and managing policy, and in particular - with my colleague Steve Wallace - managing SCE's closure.

If a physical record is to both continue and develop' it needs all the support it can get from those memories stored in and by our collective membership.

In the next few issues of the journal I hope to focus upon experiences shared through such sources as school magazines, philatelic collections, and tales from life in the earliest days of living, moving, working and even marrying in the SCEA realm. Please do delve into your past lives and experiences and (briefly) share them with our membership. Photographs optional – but very very welcome.

Tom Nielsen-Marsh

Editor



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A little bit of history was made at **Antwerp School** on Saturday 25th November, 1972. For the first time, the three Belgian Service children's schools of Antwerp, Liege, and S.H.A.P.E. met in friendly sporting competition.

At Antwerp we have gone to considerable trouble and expense to obtain sporting fixtures for our children. We travel a two hour journey to R.A.F. Bruggen for the annual 6-a-side football and netball competition and to Rheindahlen for annual inter-school athletics and swimming.

We have our own very comprehensive school physical education programme including all year round swimming in local Belgian pools for 70 per cent of the children in the school. Competition in the swimming sphere with local Belgian schools during the summer term led us to bring back both girls and boys trophies

in a relay competition within our age group.

It seems impossible to obtain local competition for our netballers but our footballers have enjoyed many games with nearby Belgian boys' clubs. These games lack the interest and exchange of ideas present when playing British children in our own age group. When I attended a meeting of the P.E. Discussion Group in Rheindahlen in September it seemed obvious from the general climate that in view of difficulties with sporting transport we could not expect any reciprocal football-netball fixtures with our German neighbours.

Hence the idea of our own Belgian Football and Netball competition crystallised. The idea was put to Liege and the British element of S.H.A.P.E. International School and it was enthusiastically welcomed.

It was decided to run a 6-a

-side football and netball competition simultaneously; 10 minutes each way with a 3 minute break, on a knock-out basis. To make up the necessary fourth member for such a competition Antwerp, as host school, entered two teams in each competition and the programme was so arranged that Antwerp knocked itself out in both football and netball to avoid the possibility of an all Antwerp final.

As the hour for play approached the fog lifted from the Antwerp Ordnance Depot and we enjoyed a fine sunny morning. Parents, teachers and children from the three schools turned out in force and were treated to a marvellous morning's sporting entertainment, interspersed with oranges for all half-time breaks. Hot soup, cheese straws, coffee and cocoa were served for

players and spectators alike at suitable intervals throughout the morning. *Many old friends from Singapore amongst the children, staff and parents met up again over a mug of cocoa!*

On completion of the games it transpired that S.H.A.P.E. won the football and Antwerp the netball competitions. There were, however, no cups and medals to be won; instead commemorative pennants had been made up by the Antwerp school ancillary staff and senior girls. These were presented to each team by Lt. Col. Rivers. Commanding Officer of the Ordnance Depot. Antwerp. We wanted, above all, to have a good, hard-playing morning's sport in a friendly atmosphere of sportsmanship. From the many comments we heard we believe we achieved our aim.

Mr B Burns Antwerp School -
Belgium -
November 1972

Action in the final game of the Netball Tournament

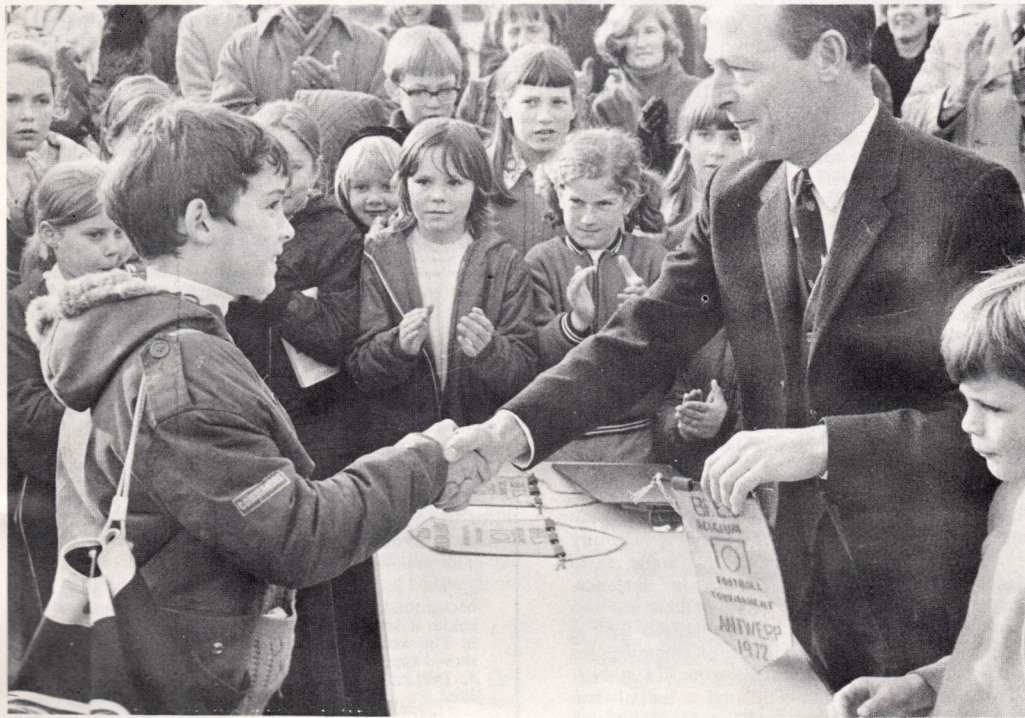


Hot soup, cheese straws,
coffee and cocoa

BFES SCEA
Association



Football Teams Antwerp 'B' and Liege (NOTE the female *secret weapon* of the ANTWERP Team, wearing a *Football Academy Award!*)



A hard-earned pennant presented by Lt. Col. B. E. Rivers, Commanding Officer, Ordnance Depot Antwerp.
(Photographs by Mr. Michael Woods, Headmaster, Antwerp School)

One cold winter evening in November as my father was driving me home from my music lesson the news was broken. We were going to Singapore! My first thoughts were those of joy and happiness at the chance to travel around the world to another country. But the more I thought of it the less happy and more miserable, at leaving my friends, grandparents and other relations, I became. By the time I went to bed I needed comforting.

The next month was spent in the business of packing, getting rid of things and settling accounts. I needn't describe that month as most of you reading this will know what it is like.

The news of our departure was a family secret until late November then I was able to tell my friends. That day I went to school and said to my friends 'I bet you don't know where I'm going.' No matter how hard they tried they could not guess it, and at last implored me to tell them. I told them and I think they were rather shocked. '

Then came the task of goodbyes and on the eve of our departure I went round to see my closest friends. The next day the last of our baggage was taken up and we set off for St. Margaret's Station on the first leg of the journey. We travelled by Southern Railways to Victoria Station in London. Then we boarded the first half of the 'Golden Arrow' and went roaring through the British countryside to Dover. As the train pulled up at the

station in Dover we heard the loud cries of the porters and soon our baggage and ourselves were going up the gang-plank of the 'Maid of Orleans'. Soon the ship was gently rolling on the almost calm sea and the 'White cliffs of Dover' slowly faded away and I have never seen England since.

Soon France came into sight and in a few minutes we were boarding the 'Golden Arrow' again and roaring through the countryside but this time in France.

We arrived in Paris and made a quick change onto the 'Simplon Express'. That evening as we sat eating our supper, I thought of our journey so far. That night I did not sleep very well and awakened in the middle of the night to find snow outside and a Swiss customs official walking along the corridor. That night we had travelled through France and into Switzerland where we stopped in Lausanne then went speeding on over the Italian border and down to Milan. As the train roared on, we received an Italian breakfast.

In a few hours we drew into Venice where we were met by a man from the 'Lloyd Triestina' Shipping Company. He told us to travel by one of the water buses to the shipping office. The morning was spent filling in customs forms, baggage labels and seeing our baggage was properly dealt with. Just before lunch we were taken out to the liner 'N.V. Victoria' and shown aboard. We were immediately taken into

lunch and were soon eating a good wholesome meal.

That evening we were sailing down to Brindisi, on the south-eastern corner of Italy. The following day we arrived and were allowed ashore. Brindisi was just a small shipping town, quiet, and clean, and shining in the warm winter sunshine. The most well-known things to be found in Brindisi are the massive pillars which mark the end of the Appian Way which was built by the Romans. We stood there looking at the lovely view and studying the beautiful, clean, cream-coloured buildings.

The next day the seas gradually became steeper, and the waves grew larger. That morning we had boat drill and we had to go up on deck with our life jackets. In the afternoon we got a good view of the snow-capped Greek Mountains. The next day the storm grew worse, and a lot of people were sick. The whole ship was buffeted and hit by the massive waves and a lot of the chairs in the saloon were broken. In the dining room a waiter put down a pile of plates for a moment and turned to attend to a passenger. At that moment there came the most massive wave and the ship pitched harder than ever. There was a resounding crash and turning round the waiter found the plates smashed into a million pieces.

The next day we found ourselves anchored just off Port Said at the Northern end of the Suez Canal. It

was much calmer than the day before. That morning we came into the actual port and soon had large numbers of traders aboard. From these we bought each other Christmas presents. After lunch we went for a short stroll around Port Said and soon after we were ashore, we decided to make it even shorter due to the miserable impression the place gave us. For the town was quite the opposite of Brindisi, dirty and rather smelly due to the heaps of rubbish lying about. The worst thing was the persistence of the beggars, adults and children alike, who just would not take 'no' for an answer and kept following us wherever we went.

The next day we woke to find desert all around and it was not until we went on deck and leaned over the side that we saw the water of the Suez Canal. That day we travelled through the desert along the narrow channel. As evening drew near we came out of the canal and started steaming down the Red Sea.

The next three days were spent playing deck games and swimming in the swimming pool, as the ship steamed on down the Red Sea. On Christmas Eve we came out of the Red Sea and turned toward Aden. During the afternoon the port came into sight and soon we were dealing with the traders who came out to the ship. They were not allowed on board, but they threw up lines to us and we pulled up the goods.

Unfortunately, we were not allowed ashore, so we were unable to see the town.

On Christmas Day we woke to find ourselves at sea once more. After an ordinary breakfast we attended the Christmas Day Service and then had a swim. When we entered the dining room for lunch the main table was arranged with beautiful ornaments and models. Among these things were roast pigs in one piece; models of houses and windmills made of icing; birds cooked in their feathers; whole joints of meat with coloured paper around them. The centre piece was a large model of Father Christmas in full colour made of butter and colouring. The meal itself was one of the most wonderful I have ever had - soup, trout, turkey, pork, lamb, steak, ham, pheasant, duck, chicken, potatoes, carrots, and peas were just a few things from the menu and for dessert there was fruit, ice cream and cake. Helped down by some Italian sparkling wine. In the afternoon there was a children's party where we ate more lovely food. That night when we went to bed we were all feeling rather full!

The next day we spent working off the large amount of food eaten the day before and in the afternoon we were allowed to visit the engine room. There were two ten-cylinder engines each turning a propeller shaft. The maximum number of revolutions was 120 and the cruising speed 18-19 knots, or about 110

revolutions per minute with 16,000 horsepower. These massive motors ran on fuel oil and then diesel oil when entering port for more accurate manoeuvring. The next afternoon we were allowed onto the bridge and were able to see the radar scanners wheel and all other parts in the control centre of the ship. The following day we arrived in Karachi which was once the capital of Pakistan. After we had docked we went to see a young friend of my father's. He showed us the 'Empress' market there. It was one of the most disgusting places I have ever seen. The flour, sugar, rice, and other dry goods were kept in sacks and you could not see the goods inside for flies which the storekeeper did not even attempt to keep off. The fruit was just in piles on the floor which was very dirty and the worst thing of all was to see people buy and then eat it. Entirely disgusted we went and had a cold drink and then wandered around the city. One of the things that sticks in my memory were the stalls along the roadside just outside the English church. These had numberplates hanging from any convenient place and if you looked in you could see a man sitting at a table with a large pile of different numbers and letters and a smaller pile of screws with which to fix them on. Wherever you looked there were beggars, many crippled, asking for money. Fortunately they were not as persistent as those in Port Said although considerably more

numerous. After lunch we visited the museum where we saw some interesting Eastern pottery and books.

After another day at sea we arrived at Bombay in India. We went on a conducted tour around the area and among the places we visited was the massive 'Gateway of India' built for ceremonial purposes. We also visited the Taj Mahal, the Hanging Gardens and the racecourse. The Hanging Gardens are large, terraced gardens built over a reservoir. Here they had some wonderful models of animals cut out of the hedges which bordered the flower beds.

On New Year's Day there was another feast like that at Christmas, but the centre piece was a model of a fountain which was made of Syrup and butter.

On January 4th we crossed the equator and had the usual ceremonies. My brothers and I were taken up to King Neptune together and my brothers were handed over to his barber and me to the doctor. My brothers were covered in eggs and flour and I was rather embarrassed by the doctor who pretended to cut me open and then produced a doll and declared that I had had a baby. After our treatment we were thrown in the swimming pool by two of the

Tritons.

Two days later we arrived in **Jakarta** and in the afternoon we went on a conducted tour of Jakarta which is rather like Singapore. It was interesting to see the rather extravagant half-finished projects started by Doctor Soekarno and stopped by the political crisis. This was shown up even more by the very poor houses and their inhabitants who were ragged and poor too.

Two days later we found ourselves moored against a modern quay with people of all races working or just watching our ship. Soon we were off the ship and speedily dealt with by Customs, and moving along the Nicoll Highway to start our new life in Singapore.

John Marsden 1G

Bourne School Magazine
Singapore
1967





Peter Hall

On reaching school leaving age I had no idea what job I would do. I loved making models of buildings and thought I could be an architect - I'd even started making a balsa wood model of the Dover Boys' Grammar School building but never quite finished it.

All I really wanted was to be an actor.

I suppose this was because I'd had some success in performing in school plays. I'd even applied for a place at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, but was dissuaded by a careers' adviser:

"Young drama students" he advised me, "would be living in dowdy accommodation with no income and with little hope of gaining much employment for many years". The adviser suggested going in for teaching - "You could act in front of your class!"

During my last term at Grammar School, I was one of several students who were given the chance to spend three weeks as

temporary members of staff at a local primary school. I found the three weeks to my liking and came away from that experience with a good report and was advised to apply for a place at a teacher training college.

Allow me to quote from my headmaster's report: "It was quite clear in his later years that he was hoping to take up teaching and he undertook a period of teaching practice in a primary school and the splendid report which that school's Head had given him".

Following two years' National Service with the Royal Artillery I was accepted at King Alfred's Teacher Training College in Winchester. I joined the college's dramatic society - "The Irving Club" and performed in two plays thus satisfying my desire and, building on previous experiences, I eventually became immersed in a



succession of stage-related performances in addition to the necessary periods of teaching practice.

The Giant Snufflegobbler or

"All I really wanted was to be an actor."

See also Peter's article in
Newsletter/Journal number 36



January 1981 Jack and the Beanstalk -
The Sennelager Players

After a long illness Peter passed away peacefully at home on 9th April 2023 aged 91 ...

1940 - By now I was a pupil at Christ Church Primary School in Dover but about to be evacuated to Pontnewydd in Monmouthshire. This evacuation was a government decision because of the German threat of bombardment — we had already heard the sound of guns being fired 21 miles away in Calais.

This picture (left) was taken on 2nd June 1940, the day before my 9th birthday. I was accompanied by fellow pupils and two teachers on the way to board a train from Dover bound for South Wales. The destination had been kept secret until the previous day. We each

carried our requisite gas masks, a small suitcase of essential clothing and some sandwiches. It was a very hot day and the journey, via Reading and the Severn Tunnel to Cwmbran, took all day and everyone was soon suffering with thirst.

My father, being a teacher, was obliged to come but my mother, who was unwilling to remain in Dover, came as a welfare helper. My brother, being at the grammar school was sent to Ebbw Vale. On arrival in Cwmbran everyone was sent for a medical examination and thence to a Methodist chapel in Pontnewydd, where the local populace **came to choose children** to be

The Giant Snufflegobbler or

“All I really wanted was to be an actor.”

billeted. My parents were taken to live with a retired headmistress who didn't want children in her home. At length I was the one remaining unchosen child, and an elderly lady took pity on me saying she could only have me for a few days.

When I told the good lady it would be my birthday tomorrow, she kindly picked a few strawberries for me from her garden. A few days later I was moved to another billet, and, after a few months, the retired headmistress relented and allowed me to stay together with my parents.

Eventually we moved into a house whose occupants were away for the duration of the war and in 1942 I had my first experience of witnessing a stage performance of a pantomime; “The Sleeping Beauty” at the New Theatre in Cardiff. I was enthralled and knew that all I ever wanted to do was to become an actor.

I had, of course, seen a good many films such as “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”; Laurel and Hardy films; “The Wizard of Oz” and various cowboy and Indian films but live theatre was in my mind as a future career. At this time, I had a model theatre

with scenery, on the backs of which were the scripts of several different plays such as Robin Hood, Cinderella, William Tell and Bluebeard. Appropriate scenery accompanied each play such as a forest for Robin Hood, and separate scenes for a kitchen and a palace for Cinderella. By moving the cardboard figures in front of the scenery I was able to read the scripts and project the different voices for each of the characters being portrayed. I was invited to give a performance to a class of infants, and this gave me the confidence I needed to proceed, together with elocution lessons, to being cast in plays.

Eventually, I became a pupil at the County Grammar School for Boys in Dover.

1944 - Now, as a pupil of Dover County Grammar School for Boys, I was living in Ebbw Vale. Lessons at school were held in various places such as a chapel and a corrugated iron structure named the Tin Tabernacle. Some lessons were taken in a large house in which classes were held in various rooms. My class was in the kitchen and, because

it had an old-fashioned range, we were able to bring potatoes for baking in the oven.

One day in November the headteacher came into morning assembly excitedly waving a letter. “Good news!” he quoted: “As the war is nearing its end, we shall be able to return to our homes in Dover!” This was greeted with spontaneous applause and cheering. The head said: “Instead of a hymn I think it would be appropriate if we sing “There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover””. Everyone sang with gusto although some were overcome with emotion to the point where a few were moved to tears. We were all so happy to be returning home by Christmas.

Back in Dover the school was accommodated temporarily in the School of Art and some rooms behind the town hall but now I was delighted to be in the amazing building which had been built in the early 1930s and opened in 1934 by the Duke of Kent - eventually King George VI.

The school stood on a hillside site overlooking the town and the harbour. It had all the latest facilities within the one building. I suspect its first headteacher might have been involved in the school's de-

sign and possibly been influenced by his own experiences of college buildings in former days. In addition to the nineteen form rooms and three smaller sixth-form rooms there were laboratories for physics, chemistry and biology. There were specialist rooms for art, geography, woodwork and metalwork. There was a spacious dining hall with adjacent kitchen and kitchen-staff room.

There was a library, staffroom, headteacher's and secretary's offices, a prefects' room and a visitors' room. On the ground floor was a gymnasium with changing room and, close by, a large playing field. Beyond it at the foot of a steep slope, there were two more playing fields and cycle sheds. Overlooking the main playing field were changing rooms with showers.

Within the building were several store-cupboards for books. The school was heated from an oil-fired boiler and there was a small house for the resident caretaker.

The playground was on the roof above the dining hall and the craft rooms. Adjacent to the playground were spacious cloakrooms with drinking fountains,

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washrooms and toilets. There was a tuck shop from which prefects served milk and other refreshments at break times. On the top floor adjacent to the assembly hall was an outdoor terrace reserved for sixth formers.

At one end of the assembly hall was an organ behind a gallery for the fifth and sixth formers. There was a stage with brown velvet curtains and a switchboard. The stage floor had a trapdoor leading to a large costume and scenery store. I was so excited to be in such an unusual building and started developing an interest in architecture.

1948 -

This year I was cast in the role of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night".

(For us boys the wearing of tights was a new experience but for me I was awarded the Rookwood Dramatic Prize.) by Kent Education Committee.

By rehearsing a group of 1st formers in 1949 I produced "The Dear Departed" by Stanley

Houghton and "Thirty Minutes in a Street" by Beatrice Mayor.

These were much appreciated by Miss O.M. Rookwood, one of the first members of staff when the school opened. She had been in-charge of the Prep Form of 9/10 year old boys. On returning after the war in 1946 she was a great inspiration to me, and I still remember much of the poetry and literature she taught. In those days prizes were awarded for English, Science, Maths and Crafts, so I am sure the Rookwood Dramatic Prize was probably the first of its kind and hopefully continues to the present.

For this year's Dramatic Society's performance, a decision was made to stage W. P. Barrett's "Saint Joan". I'd attended reading sessions but wasn't picked for an acting role. So, I



decided to take on stage management which included some special Z effects and props..

1949

Now that my school days were ending, I had to start thinking about what to do next. My mind was soon to be made up because the Government had decreed my having to spend two years in National Service. I was sent for an Army medical examination at Chatham and soon learned that I was to join the Royal Artillery. I was posted to an initial training unit in Oswestry for three months.

I learned how to fire a rifle, a Sten gun and heavy artillery guns. I was interviewed by a captain with a view to my doing officer training. I told him that I was not keen on handling firearms, so I was sent on a regimental clerks' training course at Woolwich.

After two years firing guns with the Royal Artillery and working in an office dealing with soldiers' personal files and attending weekly pay parades I remained as a gunner. Now I was free and remembered that, when at school, a careers' adviser had suggest-

ed my going in for teaching. I had, before the end of National Service, applied for a place at King Alfred's

This year I was cast in the role of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night".

Teacher Training College in Winchester. Here I joined the college's Drama society: "The Irving Club".

During my first term there, I was cast in the part of an abbot in "The Ascent of F 6" by Auden and Isherwood. The plot involved a mountaineer, a female character, a military officer and half-a-dozen monks. My costume included a large wig and I had to learn an enormously long speech - about two and a half pages.

During the following year I acted as one of two bawds shouting vulgarities from an upstairs window. I'm sorry I have forgotten both the title and the play's author. I was invited to join the Winchester Operatic and Dramatic Society to take

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The Giant Snufflegobbler or

“All I really wanted was to be an actor.”

(Continued from page 8)

part in Baroness Orcz's "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in which I played Armand St. Just on the stage of Winchester's City Hall.

1954 -

Following my two years of teacher training I was appointed to the staff of Aldermoor Primary School in Southampton.

In those days there were no teaching assistants. Teachers were in complete control of their classes and needed to deal with everything related to the daily routine including marking attendance and school meals registers, dealing with misbehaviour, accidents in the classroom, marking books, ordering stock, doing playground duties and actually teaching, especially the teaching of reading, writing and basic maths -

I survived!

I was becoming interested in teaching elsewhere in the world and was interviewed for a post in New Zealand. I was unsuccessful but advised to widen my experience by transferring to a different school.

So I moved from Aldermoor and joined the staff of Wimpson Junior Mixed School.

An aerial view of the school shows three funnel-like structures on the roof which led to it's being nicknamed The Queen Mary School. It certainly had the appearance of an ocean-going liner with its rows of windows. That famous Cunard liner was sometimes to be seen berthed in a dry dock close to the school and was clearly visible from the classrooms.

Here I was in charge of 30 first-year Juniors. There were only twelve classrooms but thirteen classes. I had my class in the dining hall with its accompanying clatters and cooking smells. This meant that I had to take my class for PE and music lessons elsewhere whilst the dining hall was being prepared for lunch.

Rounders was becoming a very popular sport at both primary and secondary schools. My colleague Janet and I joined the local Rounders' Association and were training our pupils to compete in inter-school matches and at annual tournaments. Both of us passed the examination qualifying us as recognised umpires.

In **1964**, whilst living in North Baddesley, (3 mi east of the town of Romsey and 6 mi north of Southampton) I joined a

group of local residents who were keen to form an amateur dramatic company. We performed a one-act play on the stage of the Village Hall starring our close friend Jo Jessup together with Mrs. Lessey, Mrs. Ridout and myself.

Sadly I have forgotten the title of the play which was set in a sitting room using our own furniture, pictures and ornaments. It looked as if we had moved into our own house.

After a year of teaching in the dining hall I was allocated a classroom on the first floor with a class of twenty-five 2nd year Juniors.

This was one of the best classes I'd ever had

Having expressed an interest in teaching children with learning difficulties I went for an interview at a

I was not the lucky one, but my head teacher offered me a post for teaching a class of twelve "Educationally Subnormal" pupils. As there was no proper classroom, I had a partitioned-off half of the staffroom. This suited me well as I could always be first for coffee at morning break times. I continued training my rounders team who were becoming increasingly successful - winning the Southampton inter-schools tournament and the annual cup for the most successful local team.

1965

A few members of this class had been troublemakers in other teachers' classes but now, in such a small class they were easier to handle. For me the main benefit was fewer



special school near Gosport - I was one of two being interviewed.

books to mark and the overall control of

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

behaviour.

Despite having a special class with its attractively increased salary I continued to search for a better-paid post abroad. Plenty were advertised and I was particularly interested in jobs in Canada and the Bahamas.

Then, one day on reading the Times Educational Supplement, My wife Janet noticed: "Teachers required with the **British Families' Education Service**, including Foreign Service allowance, London Allowance and free accommodation.

This attracted me. I was interviewed and was successful.

We now had three months in which to sell our house, pack our belongings into wooden crates, arrange for storage of our furniture and prepare the family, including our four-month-old son, for the upheaval of moving to a foreign country.

Follow Peter Hall's assault on British Forces Germany and in particular on the British Families' Education Service in the Winter Edition of the Association Journal.

In September 2022, I thought it would be an interesting challenge to assemble a short focus on the BFG Secondary Schools in 1982..

2022 represented a 40-year-old snapshot when **nine secondary and six (9-13) middle schools** together provided (at its height) the secondary-phase of education as part of an integrated 5-18 school system for approximately 29,000 children of Service and civilian personnel.

The outlines of the **Secondary schools** (pages 12 - 15) inevitably lose some detail, including some of the important differences which contributed to their individual uniqueness: the **moment-in-time** quality of a pen picture inevitably fails to distinguish between changing and constant features of the schools and of the school system.

What is evident in this pen-picture is the basic similarities of the organisational/curriculum approach of the schools to their professionally recognised and shared educational task. Equally evident was the unique approach each school took to its very mobile pupil population

Windsor School, Hamm, BFPO 103

Roll 350 including a sixth form of 50:Staff 35.

Windsor School, an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive boarding school with some day pupils, was formed by the **1981 amalgamation** of the separate Boys' and Girls' Schools but would, because of a policy of reducing full-time boarding costs, close in July 1983.

There was no intake of first year pupils in September 1982: staff and pupils were to be accommodated in other SCS schools.

Windsor School Hamm

was housed in converted German barrack blocks with the addition of some modern accommodation. Most teaching was on the ex-Boys' School site which had sports' facilities.

Academic organisation was via faculties of related departments. Pastoral-academic organisation was via tutors grouped in lower, middle and upper school sections and through the central and strong structure of six boarding houses staffed by residents and matrons assisted by teachers who performed boarding duties.

The curriculum was a steady progression with increasing subject setting

to become, in years four and five, *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some Windsor School subject additions. In 1982 the Sixth Form offered a range of GCE A level courses together with a variety of one-year courses in Business Studies and for City & Guilds Foundation Certificates.

Edinburgh School, Munster, BFPO 17

Roll 600 including sixth form of 60; Staff 40.

Edinburgh School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school with, from September 1982, weekly boarding pupils. The main pupil intake was from primary schools in Senden, Dulmen, Hamm, Wulfen and Munster and, at 13 + , from Derby Middle School Osnabruck.

The school was housed in ex-German blocks in **Nelson Barracks** with a recently built gymnasium and a new replacement hall. Extensive remodelling was planned to match the then increasing pupil numbers.

Academic organisation was through departments: pastoral care was based on tutor groups in a year system within lower, middle and upper school sections.

There was a steady curriculum progression from a mixed ability first year teaching/pastoral organisation through years two and three, in which

Service Children's Schools Secondary Education in North West Europe - Autumn 1982

setting was introduced on a subject basis to become, in years four and five, *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some Edinburgh School subject additions. The Sixth Form offered a range of GCE A level subjects and a variety of one-year courses in Business Studies and for City & Guilds Foundation Certificates.

Kent School, Hostert, BFPO 40

Roll 1150 including sixth form of 210; Staff 82.

Kent School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day and boarding school. About one quarter of the pupils, chiefly from the **Low Countries**, were weekly or termly boarders. The main pupil intakes were from fourteen primary schools in Birgelen, Dusseldorf, Erkelenz, Geilenkirchen, Hubbelrath, Hostert, Ratheim, Rheydt, Viersen, Waldniel, and Wildenrath.

At 13+, from Dalton, Cheshire and Rhein Middle schools and from AFCENT International School. Teaching accommodation and a weekly boarding house occupied converted hospital blocks with modern additions within extensive grounds offering sports facilities.

Academic organisation was through departments grouped in faculties. The

unit of pastoral organisation was the year group with years one and two grouped to form a lower school section.

There was a steady curriculum progression from an unstreamed first year organisation, through increasing subject setting in subsequent years, to become in years four and five, *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some Kent School subject additions. The "Open" Sixth Form offered a wide variety of courses, including GCE 'A' level, CEE and the one-year Foundation Certificate of the City and Guilds.

Cornwall School, Dortmund, BFPO 20

Roll 940 including sixth form of 65; Staff 60.

Cornwall School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school located close to the Bundesstraße 1 arterial route from Duesseldorf to the Polish border. The main pupil intake was from primary schools located at Iserlohn, Hemer, Menden, Wetter, Soest, Werl and Dortmund itself.

The school was housed in a purpose-built "CLASP" design and accommodation opened in 1964 together with more recent additions including, because of increasing pupil numbers, part of neighbouring Alexandra Primary School.

There were extensive adjacent school and garrison sports areas.

Academic organisation was through departments. Pastoral organisation was through house-based tutor groups within lower, middle and upper school sections. In year one pupils were taught in mixed ability groups. In years two and three pupils were taught in three broad ability bands with increasingly specialised teaching and setting. Years four and five followed *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some Cornwall School additions.

The Sixth Form offered a range of GCE 'A' level subjects and one-year City & Guild Foundation Courses.

Prince Rupert School, Rinteln, BFPO 29

Roll 920 including sixth form of 80; Staff 63.

Prince Rupert School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school with, from September 1982, a small number of weekly boarding pupils from Hannover and Nienberg. The main pupil intake was from primary schools in Bunde, Hameln, Lubbecke, Herford, Lemgo and Minden.

The school was housed in purpose-built accommodation opened in 1972 with its own sports areas close

by. Academic organisation was through departments. Pastoral organisation was through a year system within lower, middle and upper school sections. Pupils in years one to three were placed in mixed ability tutor groups and some teaching took place with these groups although, for most lessons, pupils were taught in broad ability bands with increased setting for some subjects. In years four and five the *SCS agreed common option scheme* operates with some Prince Rupert School subject additions. The sixth form offered a range of GCE 'A' level subjects and a variety of one-year courses including Business Studies.

Gloucester School, Hohne, BFPO 30

Roll 855 including sixth form of 60; Staff 60.

Gloucester School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school with a main pupil intake from primary schools in Celle, Fallingbostal, Soltau, Munsterlager, Verden and Bergen/Hohne. In 1982 the main school was housed in purpose-built accommodation opened in 1965. Due to an expansion in numbers a lower school annexe was

(Continued on page 14)

Service Children's Schools Secondary Education in North West Europe - Autumn 1982

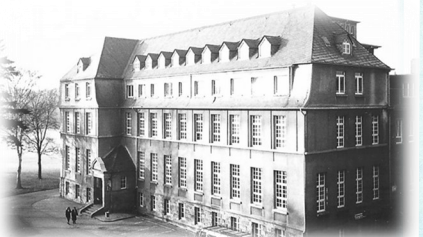
Research and Text - Tom Nielsen-Marsh - Summer 2023



Windsor School - Hamm



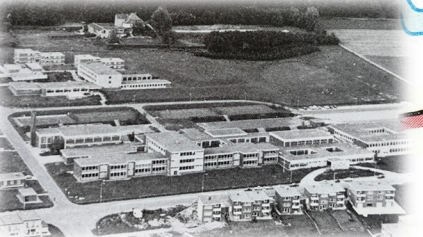
Edinburgh School Munster



Kent School Hostert



Cornwall School Dortmund



PRS Rinteln



- ### KEY
-  International Boundary
 -  Garrison Boundary Hohne
 -  Garrison Boundary Osnabrück
 -  Garrison Boundary Paderborn
 -  Garrison Boundary Gütersloh
 -  Garrison Boundary Herford
 -  Garrison Boundary Rhine

 GARRISON TOWNS

 MAJOR TOWNS

 Coastline

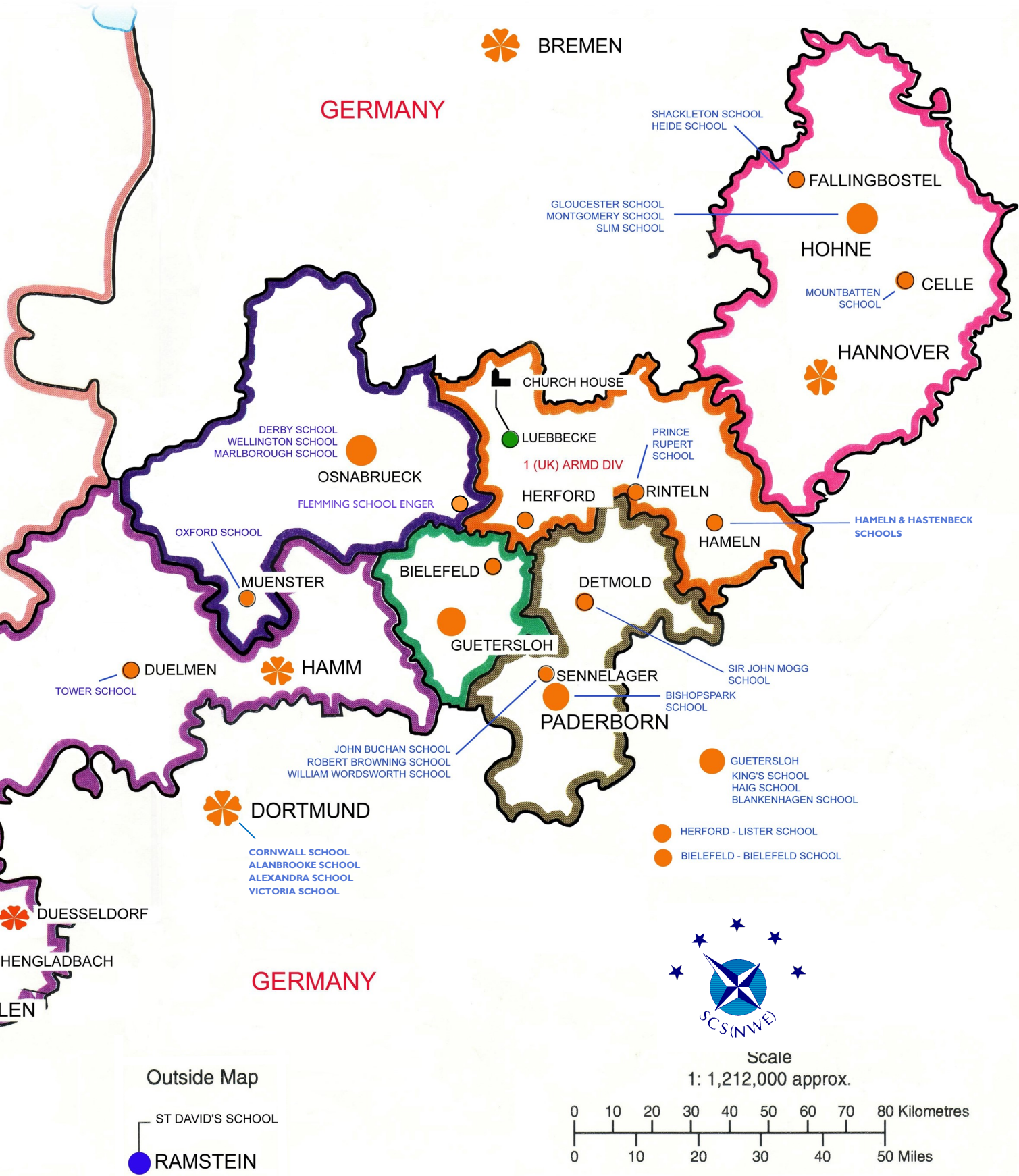


Outside Map

SHAPE SCHOOL

MONS

Photo Credits - Brian Davies. Tom Nielsen-Marsh & SCEA Bulletin



This map shows the spread, and some locations, of SCS NWE facilities - it shows many - but not all - of the schools open in 1982 and is intended to support the text on pages 11 through 15. For example Windsor School Hamm, formed by the **amalgamation** of the separate Boys' and Girls' Schools would, because of a policy of reducing full-time boarding costs, close in July 1983.

Service Children's Schools Secondary Education in North West Europe - Autumn 1982

in use in a converted barrack block about 2.5 Km distant. The school had its own sports' area and access to Hohne camp facilities. Academic organisation was through departments. Pastoral care was organised through a mixed ability tutorial system with years one and two forming a lower school section.

There was increasing specialist teaching and setting and, in years four and five, *the SCS agreed common option scheme was followed* with some Gloucester School subject additions.

The Sixth Form offered a range of GCE 'A' level subjects and a variety of one-year courses in Business Studies and other subjects.



Queen's School – Rhin-dahlen – BFPO 40

Roll 900 including sixth form of 140; Staff 65.

Queen's School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school with, from September 1982, some boarding pupils. The main pupil intake was from six local primary schools which, with Queen's, served the compact JHQ catchment area and Mönchengladbach.

The accommodation consisted of a new purpose-built block plus a refurbished earlier building and stood adjacent to a school sports area, and close to garrison facilities. Academic organisation was through departments grouped within faculties. The school was pastorally organised into lower, middle and upper sections for study, welfare, discipline and guidance purposes.

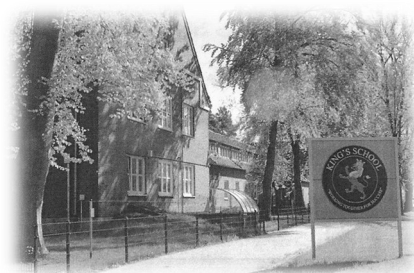
There was a steady curriculum progression from an unstreamed first year teaching/pastoral organisation through increasing subject setting in subsequent years to become, in years four and five, *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some Queen's School subject additions.

The Sixth Form offers a range of GCE 'A' level subjects and a variety of one-year courses including Business Studies subjects.

King's School, Guetersloh, BFPO 47

Roll 1260 including sixth form of 135 Staff 82.

King's School was an 11-18 co-educational comprehensive day school with a main pupil intake from primary



King's School

schools in Bielefeld, Oerlinghausen, Detmold, Lippstadt and Guetersloh and, at 13 + from John Buchan Middle School, Sennelager.

The school was housed in converted German barrack blocks and a new six classroom "offra" block within Mansergh Barracks. Adjacent to the campus were school and station sports areas. Academic organisation was through departments grouped in faculties. The school was pastorally organised through three vertical houses with, in years one/two and at sixth form level, overlaid horizontal lower and upper school sections. There was a steady curriculum progression from an unstreamed house tutor/teaching group organisations in the first year, through years two and three in which pupils were grouped in two broad ability bands with all three years supported by a remedial unit. Years four and five followed *the SCS agreed common option scheme* with some King's School subject additions. The Sixth Form offered a wide range of GCE 'A' level subjects and a variety of one-year courses in Business Studies and for City & Guilds Foundation Certificates.

Research and Text - T NM



On **December 31 1981** a familiar set of initials disappeared from the official vocabulary of British Forces Germany, and since then pupils, parents, teachers and the military are gradually remembering to say **SCS** (Service Children's Schools) instead of BFES (British Families Education Service).

BFES, from its beginnings in 1946 grew rapidly in the sixties and early seventies to keep pace with the fading out of National Service and the development of a fully professional Army and RAF for whose personnel facilities for accompanying families had to be developed. An extensive primary and secondary building and conversion programme which was needed for the expanding pupil population was catered for by both new build schools and modernisation of German barracks. In the Seventies, open-plan primary schools, five purpose-built middle schools and two extensive secondary school projects were planned and opened with considerable speed as the total school population rose to over 35,000 in 1976. Since that year a number of factors, but

(Continued on page 15)

1982 - The Year of Reorganisation

Nolan T Clamp BA - Director SCS (NWE)-

(Continued from page 14)

predominantly a fall in national birth rates, have brought the total school population down below 30,000 and continuing decreases are anticipated for the rest of the Eighties. As a consequence a number of school closures have already taken place and plans have been made on both educational and financial grounds to take account of the continuing effects of a declining school population. Perhaps the most striking example of this has been the decision first to amalgamate Windsor Boys and Windsor Girls schools at Hamm and then to end boarding at Hamm completely, establishing weekly and full boarding houses attached to day secondary schools.

All these changes have been taking place with the support of an administrative structure set soon after the end of the 2nd World War by the Foreign Office to cater mainly for the schools needs of the families of Control Commission Officials. At that time widely scattered primary schools needed administrative support from a number of regional offices while the few, mainly boarding, secondary schools were directly administered from HQ BFES. When the Ministry of Defence (then the War Office) took over responsi-

bility for the schools in 1952 little was changed and the name of the Service, its civilian direction and administrative structure were retained.

30 years later however the Service has changed more fundamentally than the mere expansion and decline of its pupil population indicates and so has the educational context within which it operates. Secondary education is now largely provided locally in day schools and most boarding will be relatively local so that children can return home at weekends. 9-13 middle schools, positioned outside the traditional primary/secondary divide have by their very existence brought schools of all phases into much closer co-operation. Curriculum development and co-ordination have become activities of major importance. The notion of schools' accountability in its widest sense is recognised as being equally important to Service schools as for schools in the UK. Finally financial economy has meant a far-reaching re-examination of traditional approaches.

1982 therefore is the year of reorganisation. The new title, Service Children's Schools, North West Europe, reflects more accurately the organisation's current task within the Service Children's Education Authority. Its new

Headquarters, collocated with Education Branch in HQ BAOR, demonstrates its place within the military hierarchy. From September there are proposals to form a Schools Advisory Committee for British Forces Germany which will be concerned with local policy and represent Army and RAF concerns on school matters. However more substantial changes are taking place in the allocation of responsibilities down the line and in the development of new initiatives.

The aim now is to provide a more local administration which would have an overview of education from age 5 to 19 in 3 newly created Areas based on Rhineland (Western), Gutersloh (Central) and Minden (Eastern), with special arrangements for Berlin. Area Offices, concentrating wherever possible Area Education Officers, Advisers, Child Guidance Staff, Teachers' Centres, Advisory Teachers, and Careers Advisers in one location, are being created to answer the immediate needs of local schools. Clearly there will be a need to restructure procedures and day to day administration. Changes in the allocation of responsibilities for the provisioning of schools are being worked out.

The Advisory Service, which will concentrate its attention on the education

of children aged 5 to 13, will be supported by short term visits by Secondary subject advisers from Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Lincolnshire, 3 authorities with large numbers of Service children to educate. At the same time there is likely to be a flowering of schools' advisory committees at Formation level and the initiation for the first time for Service Children's Schools of local Committees equivalent to Governing bodies and School Councils in the UK. The challenges of falling rolls, staff redeployment and school closures in a financially cold climate, and in an area stretching from the Low Countries to the East German border, require a local administration that can deal speedily yet sensitively with the management of schools.

It is said that the health of an organisation can be judged by its ability to respond to the need for change, and the changes that have taken place in the administration of Service schools in BFG will go a long way towards creating an organisation that can meet the demands of the next decade.

Nolan T Clamp BA
Director

(See also photograph
on page 16)

**For the first time
since 1977**

Headteachers from SCEA Secondary Schools in Germany, Cyprus and Hong Kong came together at the Headquarters Mess RAEC, Eltham, during the weekend 19-22 March 1982.

Together with senior schools' administrators from the Ministry of Defence and Germany they discussed aspects of concern under the general theme of "The Secondary Curriculum in a period of falling rolls and economic constraints".

The conference format provided opportunities for formal and informal discussions stimulated by a series of presentations.

The Controller SCEA and his deputies outlined the demographic and financial environment in which policy and planning decisions have to be made and a number of headteachers presented papers highlighting specific problems currently being faced in some SCEA schools and possible solutions.

Visiting speakers addressed the conference on current practices in the United Kingdom and suggested trends for the future. Their contributions, detailed below, added significantly to the level and the range of discussion on future curricular developments within SCEA:

Mr Peter Cornall
(Senior Inspector of Schools, Cornwall LEA)

—The Experience of Falling Rolls in UK

Mr Maurice Plaskow
(Curriculum Officer, Schools Council)

—Curriculum 11-16:
Aims and Content

Mr Brian Arthur (HM Inspector of Schools)

—Examinations at-16 +

Mr Michael Bell
(General Inspector, London Borough of Croydon)

—Staffing for the Curriculum

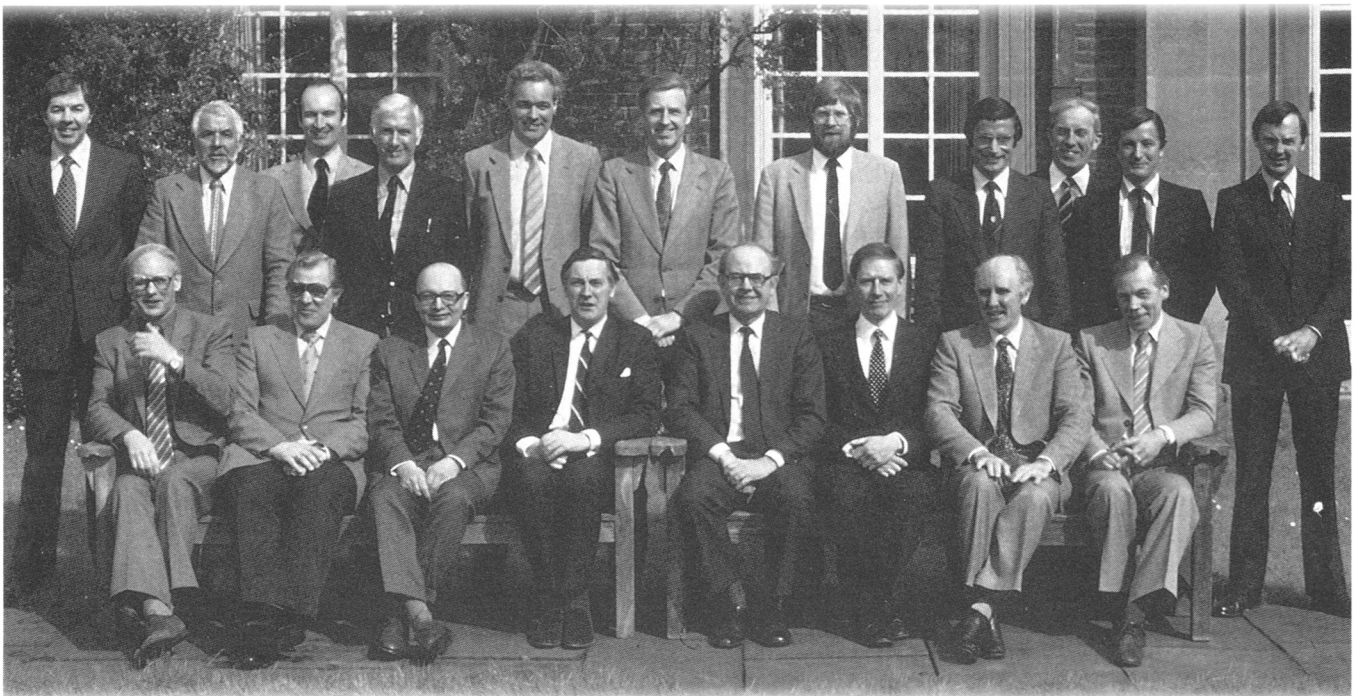
Mr Arnold Ashbrook
(HM Inspector of Schools)

—The Curriculum 16-19:

Strategies for Overcoming the Problems of Fewer 6th Formers

The conference being residential provided opportunities for social occasions, foremost being the cocktail party given by Major General and Mrs Trythall and the conference dinner attended by the three Service Directors of Education.

The headteachers, appreciating the opportunity to exchange views and ideas with colleagues from the United Kingdom and other overseas locations, voted the conference a resounding success, and it is hoped that in future such gatherings can be biennial..



Back row l to r:

Mr G Harrison, Cornwall School, Dortmund; Mr K Thomas, King Richard School, Dhekelia; Sqn Ldr R D Barwell, MOD SCEA; Mr D A Ellery, St John's School, Episkopi; Mr J H N Lovegrove, Queen's School, Rheindahlen; Lt Col D J Frost, Deputy Controller SCEA; Mr D W Bracher, The Havel School, Berlin; Mr I Duncan, Deputy Director Schools (NW Europe); Mr H S Anderson, Edinburgh School, Munster; Mr J B Suart, St George's School, Hong Kong; Cdr P G Rowe, Deputy Controller SCEA.

Seated l to r:

Mr M W Back, Gloucester School, Hohne; Mr P Gysin, Windsor School, Hamm; Gp Capt J V Firth, Controller SCEA; Brig D E Ryan, Commander Education HQ BAOR; Maj General A J Trythall, Director of Army Education; Mr N T Clamp, Director Schools (NW Europe); Mr R M Ion, Kent School, Hostert; Mr T R Kirchin, Prince Rupert School, Rinteln.

On the whole I felt accepted ... Monika Gruber concludes her story of life in the USA

BFES SCEA
Association

You can find the start of Monika's Story on page 3 of issue 47 - Xmas 2020

On the whole I felt accepted from the first day on. I was "passed round" a lot, invited to parties, dinners, outings with families, but also to meetings of all sorts of clubs and societies, where they always wanted to know "How do you like America?" "Is it what you expected?" To the latter I came to answer "Not quite, because where are the Indians? I, like most German children, have read so many books and stories about American Indians that I hoped I would meet some at last". Once in a while a person, usually a man, would come up to me after my talk to tell me he was Indian! How fascinating - one of the heroes of my childhood, but they never looked the way I had imagined they would!! So that was one of MY silly prejudices. During my wonderful year with my American family, they sometimes had to deal with strange German customs, I'm afraid, the most absurd being getting a "Lebensbescheinigung" (a certificate to prove the person applying for it is still alive) for me. As a so-called "Kriegshinterbliebene" (people, mostly children or widows, who had survived the war, but had lost their breadwinners) I was entitled to a tiny sum of maintenance money from the State. In Berlin I had

to go to our police station with my identity card once a year to get certified that I was still alive and my claim legitimate. Since there aren't any such places of registration in the States, we had to go to a notary. My foster-mother was very kind and understanding about it and bore the procedure with equanimity.

In the beginning I had to get used to so many new things that sometimes I was completely exhausted at night. It took some weeks, before my new life became more of a routine, which I could handle more easily. After a while I had got used to some strange customs, which had upset me terribly much at first. One was that as a girl I could not go anywhere without a "date", unless you met up with other girls. Otherwise you had to be asked by a boy to accompany him to the movies, to parties, even later on to our graduation ball.

At Die Waldschule we were used to going out in a mixed group, and now I felt terribly lonely and left out at first, because sometimes even talking to one of the boys was looked upon with suspicion by the respective girl, with whom the boy "was going steady". I am afraid I let on at first how silly I thought that custom was.

Only gradually I came to accept that special way of American teenager life, until at the end of my stay I was ready to join in. It wasn't only local clubs I was invited to, but the Friends kept arranging highly interesting, even enlightening meetings for their exchange students in the area. We were quite an international mixture, who met from time to time in various schools to be presented as guests and then made to answer questions. Most of those schools were Friends' schools in Pennsylvania, but once in a while we were taken to places the Friends wanted us to see and experience something new, unwonted there, e.g. racial segregation. It was the time of Martin Luther King and Rosa Parks. So at one time our European group spent a whole day in an all-black school near Washington DC. I learned then what it means to be "different" - one white girl among about 1,000 black students. I am also very grateful for having been able to attend at least some Quaker meetings, "whose worship is based on silence and inward listening to the Spirit, from which any participant may share a message". At my first meeting I thought "doing nothing" for a whole hour would be unbearable - but it wasn't, I came to enjoy the peace



and quiet there and the chance of pondering over how lucky I was to have been able to come there. The Friends also offered so-called "Seminars for high school students", Americans as well as exchange students in Washington and New York. We visited embassies in Washington and went to the United Nations in New York. In Washington we had a choice of various embassies to go to for a small reception, information and talk. I chose New Zealand and the then Soviet Union, quite a risky choice, because it was the McCarthy era, when America was suffering from an absurd kind of anti-communism, when even the fact that train, underground, and tram companies in Berlin were public, not private, made some of my American friends shudder with horror, when I told them. Thus the "real" Americans in our group, who had decided to visit the Soviet embassy, were warned by the Friends that they might find their names in some file one day, when they would apply for a job. Luckily that did not apply to me, so I enjoyed a wonderful film of the
(Continued on page 18)

(Continued from page 17)

Russian ballet "Swan Lake", had some Russian snacks and was given a very positive description of life and happiness in the Soviet Union. All propaganda, of course but presented in a very friendly, confidence inspiring way.

In New York we visited the United Nations in their highly modern building. I must say I entered it with awe and was struck by its architectural beauty. We had a guided tour through the rooms of the General Assembly and the Security Council, learned a lot about the world-wide work of the UN (the 2 Germanys were not members yet) and were introduced into the equally important, but not so obvious every-day work of the staff. I was fascinated by the challenging job interpreters were doing. I was even given the chance to try simultaneous interpretation in one of the soundproof cabins. My English was rather faulty at first, especially when it came to everyday vocabulary.

Nowadays school kids in Germany have wonderful, interesting English textbooks, purpose-made for children of all ages. From the very beginning they are taught words and phrases from the fields of family, their homes, traffic, school etc. We, on the

other hand, learned how to retell the contents of the "Four Swans" and discuss the Norman Conquest! What we did learn thoroughly though was grammar, including irregular verbs. I was firm in that, so much so that when we had grammar lessons at Radnor, my classmates always asked ME for help. Punctuation was another field I was perfect in. One day we were given about 30 sentences without any punctuation. We had to "correct" those sentences. One was a quotation from Robert Burns : "Oh my love is like a red red rose". One girl added the missing commas " Oh my, love is like a red, red rose". Oh my!! Since I did not hear nor spoke anything but English, I soon became much better.

Having a lot of homework to do every day helped, too. For my English class I had to write an essay every other week, no given topic, but at least 300 words. Talking to my classmates brought me up-to-date with high school vocabulary. One of the first words I learned was "cute", quite a handy one, because you could use it for almost everything, be it animals, dresses, a smile, girls, boys, a song. Television helped too.

I loved watching TV, it was all new to me (we had our first TV set at home in 1966). Like today

we had our favourite series, some rather silly, but watching them improved my English, which mattered a lot to me, but not so much to my family, my classmates, the people I met elsewhere: Since hardly anybody spoke any foreign language at all (except the kids from Wayne's Italian community), they were highly impressed by that exchange student from Germany being able to make herself understood, no matter what her grammar and accent were like. Though the largest ancestry group in Pennsylvania is German, hardly anybody still spoke German in my time. I believe that was due to WW II, when Americans of German descent refused to be identified with Hitler's Germany. An exception then were and still are today the special people of the Pennsylvania Dutch communities, who have always spoken their own kind of German. So by and by I began to fit in and became more or less used to the American way of life. I eventually learned how to cope with almost everything which had upset and puzzled me in the beginning. I eventually managed to handle our dishwasher and washing machine, I even enjoyed eating those huge strawberries and blueberries, which looked like paintings, but tasted of nothing, I got used to

drinking beer once in a while, which had so little alcohol even a few glasses of it didn't do me any harm. I accepted that some Americans liked their wine with ice cubes (horror) and ate strange kinds of meat like sweetbread. I came to like those comparatively new ready-to-eat-meals, which were easy to prepare and good to eat in front of the television, but had no taste at all (please, do keep in mind that what I am writing about what happened about 70 years ago!!). But then after almost 4 months in my new home, Christmas time was approaching and with it yet other striking differences between Berlin and Wayne, which made me a bit melancholy, even homesick. Christmas in Berlin was (then!) much quieter, you were not continually exposed to blaring carols in shops, in the streets. Christmas trees had real candles, not electric, possibly many-coloured ones. Trees were real trees, not artificial ones. By today, i.e in 2022, we have become quite Americanised, of course, but in 1954 I did miss that certain German Christmas spirit.

Besides I had noticed that my family, like most of our neighbours, were terribly scared of fires caused by burning candles. Did that have something to do with their houses all being

On the whole I felt accepted ... Monika Gruber concludes her story of life in the USA

(Continued from page 18)

clapboard, i.e. wooden ones? So when I tried to introduce the German custom of lighting candles on a so-called Advent wreath, which I had struggled to make from fir tree branches, I was not allowed to light the candles. At least the family admitted that the wreath was a nice decoration. What I did like about the American Christmas though was the sending and receiving of Christmas cards and the way they were set up on the mantelpiece. I decided then and there to adopt that custom, and to this very day I love all the cards I am still getting

every year.

Thus I have been able to stay in touch with a lot of my American (and English! friends) because even if you hear from each other only once a year, it helps to keep old friendships alive.

My exchange year was an early turning point in my life. I came to realize I wanted to be a teacher to possibly pass on all the "wisdom" I had acquired by living with people I had never met before, whose language I did not really understand at first, whose customs were sometimes alien to me and who expected me to fit in and live their way of life with-

out arguing. I complied with all that, enjoyed the challenge thus managing to meet the most wonderful, unforgettable, warm-hearted people, who influenced my further life by just being what and who they were.

I graduated from Radnor High School, took my Abitur in Berlin about half a year later, then went to university in Berlin to become a teacher of English (and Latin) and as such happened to meet **Sue Adams and some other British teachers here in Berlin**. So without my year "over there", I would not have been asked to write this paper.

Monika on a hot tin roof - It shows me in 1947 sitting on the flat part of that roof with some of the broken tiles in the background. We used to sit up on that roof quite frequently used it as a sort of balcony - unthinkable of today, but then people even had large window boxes up there to grow tomatoes etc.

I am wearing a dress which is typical of the time then : "Make one from two", i.e. I had outgrown one dress and it had been cut apart in the waist and the material of another old dress had been put in to make it fit again, same with the sleeves! You could not buy any new material then. - My shoes were made of straw, only to be worn at home though, they would have soon fallen apart if worn in the street.

Photo Credit - Page 17

A pretty unsufferable child - Alec Berry

I came across the BFES-SCE Association website by chance.

My father was stationed in Germany at the end of the Second World War, and decided to stay on. First with the military administration of the British Zone of Germany and then with the (civilian) German Control Commission.

My mother and I joined him at Lemgo, I think, in the latter part of 1946.

I attended the BFES school at Lemgo in 1948-49 and the BFES school at Bad Salzuflen in 1948-1950. I do not know the reason for

the move. In both cases I must have been one of the earliest pupils. The family returned to England towards the end of 1950.

I cannot claim to have any recollections of my school days in Germany; but I believe that there were scarcely more than a handful of young English children at Lemgo at that time.

I must have been a pretty unsufferable child.

Having come this far, I thought that I would try to jot down my recollections of that period, such as they are - though I suspect that my memories stem mostly

from stories told and retold within the family, or even are figments of someone's imagination.

I think it right to begin by recognising that my family lived more comfortably - probably much more comfortably - in Germany than they would have done in the Britain of the late 1940s. I do not doubt that the British army appropriated for British use a good deal of the best of what was available - particularly as regards accommodation - whereas I believe that rationing in Britain was at its strictest in the early years after the end of the

War. And the winter of 1946-47 was brutal both in Germany and in Britain.

As was usual in those days, people for the most part made their own entertainment, exploiting the possibilities to hand. My parents enjoyed the round of dinners and dances at the various Army and RAF messes in the locality. I suspect that these were more simple than grand affairs, though liqueurs seem to have been in good supply. There were local football matches and, probably occasional, local race meetings. I do not think

(Continued on page 20)

A pretty unsufferable child Alec Berry

(Continued from page 19)

that there were any grandstands at the race-course. The track was marked out by simple railings. The start was in open ground, and the track passed through the forest before returning to the start. I recall that that the field were followed by two red-coated riders, presumably to help anyone who fell when out of sight of the crowd.

Another week-end diversion for the men was deer-shooting. My father would sign out a Lee Enfield rifle for himself and - highly irregularly - another for his German driver Hermann.

(So much for non-fraternisation.)

As a result, one commodity that was definitely not in short supply, at least among the British community, was venison. My family also recalled the novelty of (unpasteurised) milk being delivered direct from local farms in churns on a cart, being ladled into your own pails, and I assume being boiled before use. The alternative was distinctly unpalatable tinned condensed milk.

My two sisters (who were born in Germany) and I were looked after by our nanny, Hermann's girlfriend Emmy Schultz. They were classed as internal refugees, because they ended up the War in the 'wrong' Lander - something we continued to find strange.

My first two playmates were Rolf and Eckhart, who lived in the next street. So, I do not think that there can have been any great or general animosity between the British and German communities. In the winter of 1946-47 we built an igloo of what seemed to us huge snowballs - though in reality probably only 18 inches or so in diameter - which did not melt until well into the summer. I must also have done some skiing. I recall waxing my skis, which were red and made of wood; but I have no recollection of ever using them.

At that time many British goods were produced for export only. By some bureaucratic quirk, sales to NAAFI shops in Germany constituted 'exports'. This meant that some British goods which were not on sale in the United Kingdom could be bought in Germany. This made it possible for the older of my sisters to have an early flexible plastic doll. It was about ten inches high and mustard yellow in colour. The head, and the plump arms and legs, could be pulled off and pushed back on. All the parts were hollow, and could be squeezed. Today, this would be an unprepossessing toy. But the alternative in those days would have been a limp rag doll, or a doll with a stuffed cloth body and a fragile

china head. And I do not doubt that my mother knitted some baby clothes to fit.

The British forces ran some leave centres, including Bad Harzburg where we stayed one summer after I had had a tonsillectomy operation. I caused a panic when I was spotted seemingly spewing blood. In reality I had simply over-indulged in wild loganberries. Far more important to me was that, during my convalescence, I was allowed the rare treat of ice-cream (quite possibly courtesy of the Americans). Bad Harzburg was also a winter-sports centre. There was a wooden ski-jump which ended at the top of a cliff, enabling the intrepid to leap over the road at the foot of the cliff and to land further down the hill. I recall climbing the decidedly rickety ski-jump, which swayed in the breeze, to watch the hares in the undergrowth below.

I do not have any clear impressions of how the German population lived, But I believe that a summer school holiday activity for the town's children, in which I may have joined, was collecting sack after sack of beech nuts which were sent to some sort of refinery. A few months later a box of some sort of ersatz margarine would be received in return. Family lore has it that groups of family would band together

as informal building co-operatives. They bought building materials from their wages, and, after the working day, built first one house, then another, then another - with the eventual aim of each family having a home. My father did occasionally speak of sailing down the Rhine at the end of the War and, for mile after mile, not seeing a single building left intact after the bombing. I do not think that Lemgo was an industrial town; but there was a German army barracks in the town and I do not doubt that, in one way or another, there was a good deal of destruction. For a few years after our return to England Easter was marked by the arrival of a parcel of treats from Emmy. She would send us 'fried eggs' - white and yellow icing on top with a dark chocolate base; and dark chocolate Easter hares. I have no doubt that children today would, to put it mildly, be decidedly underwhelmed - and in truth I have no doubt that I would now find the chocolate in particular barely edible. But in those days, even leaving aside the question of money, sweets were still rationed.

That is, I think, quite enough from me - and in any case I do not think that I have more to add.

Regards

Alec Berry

Mike Bennett reviews

Comeback: Germany 1945 - 1952 by Anthony Mann



Mike & Fran Bennett

Former teacher and headmaster Mike Bennett continues his occasional review of books that connect to his time in Germany. He hopes that they will be of interest to Association members wherever they served.

His latest review, of **Comeback, Germany 1945 – 52**, coincides in time and place with **Alec Berry's** excellent article (pages 19 & 20) referring to his schooling in Lemgo and Bad Salzuflen, and his visits to Bad Harzburg.

Mike reflects that such contributions underscore the validity of Tom's editorial: that memory can indeed be stimulated by other people's recollections. Here, Mike takes a trip down memory lane having met wife Fran in Dortmund in 1963; Fran later taught in Lemgo. As a married couple, they lived in Bad Salzuflen and frequently visited Bad Harzburg to ski in the shadow of the Brocken and the 'iron curtain' border fences.

Having studied the Plantagenets for A Levels and at College, Mike was relieved to learn that there was such a thing as modern history and in Germany he was part of it.

In 1964, a German friend showed him round the new building of Bochum University. He worked for BBC (Brown Boverie et Cie) and

was involved in its construction. He took Mike to Villa Huegel in Essen, the ancestral home of Alfred Krupp, a convicted

War Criminal released to become, at one time, the fifth richest man in the world.

Mike took children from Victoria School (Dortmund) to the excellent Mining Museum in Bochum. Mentioning places can stimulate so many memories. A few years ago, he read 'The Arms of Krupp', 872 pages, having lost count of the times he said, 'I wish I had known this when I was in Germany'.

All of us have unique memories to share so why not treat yourself to a trip down memory lane and help maintain the high standards of our Journal?

Anthony Mann was a Daily Telegraph correspondent who after capture in Narvik in 1940 was interned in Denmark until the end of the War. From 1945 - 1952 he was based in Germany.

His book is informative and enriched by his own experi-

ences. He tells of interviewing German generals and field marshals in Werl gaol. Their treatment did not reflect well on the British authorities.

He captures the awful plight of the German population after 1945, the political situation, the obstructiveness of the French, miffed at not being included in the decisions made at Yalta and Potsdam, plus the bloody mindedness of the Soviet Union.

He exposes the folly of enforcing reparations. Much of the machinery taken by the Soviets was left to rust. On the plus side, the German economy benefitted from replacement by up to date equipment. The Soviets held POW's long after 1945. I remember seeing memorials in German villages with a name inscribed 'Missing Russia 1943' and then a later welcome addition 'returned 1949'.

Initially, the Allies did not allow anyone who held a Nazi membership card to be employed, except in menial tasks. That excluded most Germans. In contrast the Soviets used captured generals to train their own armies, which probably explains why even today, the Soviet forces march with a goose-step.

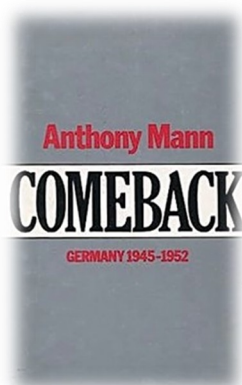
The Soviet Union and Americans 'encouraged' nuclear scientists such as Werner Braun to work for them. The Soviets deported specialists to operate their industrial plants in Chemnitz and Jena, which were now considered their property.

Not that the British were innocent in this area. Many members of the notorious Waffen SS were carelessly screened before being taken to the UK to work in undermanned factories and farms.

Germany was indeed a scene of absolute devastation. 2,340,000 dwellings had been destroyed and another 3 million severely damaged. In the Ruhr furnaces could not be fired up for lack of coal and miners to dig it out. All the bridges over the Rhine and Weser had gone, and 23 over the Main. And, of course 1947 was an awful winter, and still worse to come.

Initially, the Allies were unable or unwilling to adequately feed the population and refugees from Poland and elsewhere* I recall in the 1960's the Displaced Persons' camp adjacent to Alexandra School in Dortmund. Immediately after the War 900 calories per person per day were seen as sufficient. After all, the victors in Britain were also on ration books. Economics went hand in hand with politics. Food was a political weapon in the Soviet controlled areas where it was used to enforce communist principles.

Gradually the West adopted a pragmatic view to those once classified as Nazi sympathisers and allowed them to work in more productive positions again. More controversial was the early release from prison of industrialists such as Alfred Krupp and Friedrich Flick,



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each of whom had used forced labour in their factories. When Flick died in 1972 he was possibly the richest man in the world, let alone Germany. The Cold War had influenced the Allies action. The West needed their know-how to organize and restart the arms industries.

By 1950 the situation had improved, rationing ceased,

although not yet in Britain. In February 1950, 50,000 bottles of German Sekt and French Champagne were consumed at the Rheinland Karneval in Düsseldorf. In Herford, the British deputy governor instructed British clubs to open their premises to the locals; their response was 'the food is ghastly'.

"Comeback" contains memorable black and white photographs, one depicting women clearing rubble in

Berlin in 1945 and another from 1952 showing a packed open-air Kurfurstendam cafe. The Germans were on the way back. They were helped by the Allies, the Marshall and Schuman Plans, but demonstrably they helped themselves and deserve credit for the Wirtschaftswunder - the Economic Miracle. An amazing **Comeback**.

* *Other Losses James Bacque, published 1989.*

This controversial book used verified research to accuse the Supreme Military Commander, General Dwight Eisenhower of allowing his hatred of Germans to lead to the death through exposure and starvation of hundreds and thousands of prisoners and civilians.

Did you ever wonder - a Brief History of Secondary Education in Berlin

Research & Text Tom Nielsen-Marsh



official opening might seem a little strange, especially when there had been a school in the buildings since 1946.

Perhaps a brief history would be appropriate. In 1946 a small Secondary School was opened in accommodation that had once been used as quarters for trainee pilots of the

German Luftwaffe. This school, with only a handful of pupils, was under the leadership of Mr Hugh Pollard, who moved on to Chichester.

The **original secondary school** was opened officially by **General Sir Neville Brownjohn GBE, KCB, CMG, MC** during the Berlin Airlift of 1948/9. Since that time the character of the

school changed almost as frequently as the seasons! It was, variously, an all-age school, a 5-13 school, and since 1972 a 9-13 middle school then back to an all age school and finally a secondary school.

The decision to re-admit children through the entire secondary age range for the first time since 1972 was taken in 1978. It was recognised that the facilities existing in the then Berlin Middle School would be inadequate to meet the needs of such pupils, and a complete refurbishing programme was begun. This started under the direction of three people, whose influence upon the school was quite considerable.

Lt Col A F P

Petrie was SOI Ed in Berlin at the time and it was his responsibility to maintain the momentum of the project.

Mr Peter Reyniers, the

architect primarily responsible for the design of the new facilities and the Area Architect with the Property Services Agency (PSA) in Berlin.

Mr Peter Gaskell, who at the time was Deputy Director, HQ British Families Education Service and who monitored many of the education aspects of the redevelopment.

It is, perhaps, fitting that the three main buildings of the school were renamed in recognition of the contribution which these three people made to The Havel School.

During 1979 the ground floor of what was to be the Allan Petrie Building was restructured to provide Science Laboratories suitable to the needs of all secondary pupils in the school as well as two well-equipped Art rooms, with a pottery area and kilns, to enable the artistic talents of

(Continued on page 23)

On 5th October 1981 Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Gloucester, who was visiting Berlin in her capacity as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Army Educational Corps, officially opened The Havel School.

Considering that The Havel School had been in existence since September 1979, this



(Continued from page 22)

all the pupils to be fully developed.

In addition, the first floor was redecorated to a high standard, with the eight classrooms used by senior pupils. The following year the Peter Gaskell Building underwent similar major 'surgery'. The first floor contained a suite of six classrooms and a large open resource area for use by the youngest children in the school who spent much of their time, as in any primary school, in this area being taught by their class teachers. This floor also contained classrooms for the 12 + year group.

The ground floor was converted into a Creative Studies "suite", with Wood and Metalwork shops, Needlework and Domestic Science rooms, and a small "bed-sit" flat to enable home management skills to be taught.

This building, at the centre of the school, also housed the administrative department, with the headmaster's office, the main entrance, the Bursar's offices and the Staffroom.

The final phase was the conversion of the old 'A' Block into the Peter Reynier's Building where the Assembly Hall had been redecorated and semi-open plan areas

created for pupils.

A new and well-appointed Library/Resources area was established as well as a Music and Drama area. All of this was finished and furnished just in time for the staff to mount displays of the children's work for the Official Opening.

A great deal of time and effort went into the preparations, adjudged to be that it was worth it.

The school looked at its best, the weather was kind and the day a very memorable one, especially for those many pupils with whom Her Royal Highness talked as she toured the school. However, as the Headmaster, Mr Bracher, said in his welcome address, just having a beautiful school is not enough. It is how these facilities are used that counts. The staff had worked hard to fuse the somewhat differing philosophies of a middle and a secondary school, necessary to ensure that all were working towards common goals.

The facilities at The Havel were intended to enrich pu-

pils experiences, and the contact between children of widely differing ages, in so many ways, benefited them all. The standards being achieved by all the pupils, from the first external examinations taken to the language work in the intake year, from those seniors undertaking varied Work Experience programmes to middle years creative activities, are comparable to those of any other Service Children's School or school in the United Kingdom, and this reflected great credit on the industry of the children and the staff.

The Havel School closed in July 1994 - see amongst others pages 6 & 7 of the Association Journal and Newsletter - issue 45.

Notes: Page 22 Top photo - Katrina Astley presents a posy. Lower photo - HRH performing the opening ceremony with DAEd and HT David Bracher. This Page - aerial view of the Havel school showing the three "wings" of the building and the "Berlin Airlift Aeroplane.

Monthly Email Bulletin: The Association also sends out a monthly email Bulletin to all members - those without an email address get their copy by post - and we all hope that you enjoy reading the shorter stories and news items that the Bulletin contains. It is usually sent out between the 12th - 15th of each month, so if yours does not arrive in your inbox, first check your spam/junk folder and if it is not there, let the membership secretaries know so that they can resend the message for you. The Journal usually contains longer, historic articles and reviews, whereas the Bulletin focuses upon shorter, more personal items and updates related to events and reunions. Both publications rely upon members sending in documents, photographs and stories to share with members, so do not hesitate to share your memories and news items. And, if you have any thoughts about what you would like to see within either publication, they would be welcome too.



'Our Association's 2023 AGM and lunch will be held on Friday 22nd September at the Royal Air Force Club, London. See August bulletin for details or visit www.bfposchools.co.uk

Provisionally, the Association's 2024 AGM and lunch will be held on Friday 20th September at the National Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas in Staffordshire. The 'ARK' School (JHQ) memorial (2013) entitled 'Posted' - commemorates the experiences of Service families posted to overseas locations - where they were supported by Service Children's Schools, is located here.

<https://postedark.wordpress.com/>

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Members with headship experience gained in the twentieth century will remember school logbooks. Almost invariably dark blue and hard covered, these were introduced in England and Wales in 1862 and their keeping provided evidence of entitlement to receipt of governments grants for the school. Entries were supposed to be never less than weekly, and the hand-written record was intended to cover significant events in the daily life of the school.

Essentially, the logbook was the headteacher's semi-private journal and, apart from major illnesses, significant events, records of school organisation, corporal punishments, visitors and inspection reports, the content was left up to headteachers. County and inspection officials would 'check' the logbook and occasionally initial an entry. Acting heads might complete the record during a headteacher's absence, but they were generally unknown to most other teachers.

Logbooks survive in archives in England (including those online at The National Archives) and provide rich pickings for researchers. I have a complete copy of one covering 1884-1896 that I found in Castle Cary, Somerset: it represents a detailed, lively and

occasionally heart-rending social history of that village and time as well as a critique of the educational mores and fashions which the head had to deal with. Once lodged in a county archive, logbooks are typically embargoed from public examination until they are 100 years old, although the legal basis for this is unclear to me. Wiltshire have politely declined to satisfy my curiosity about what I wrote during my first headship (Upavon, 1984-88). Apparently, I can see the first entries in 2084.

Wally Lewis, our archivist, has worked for years to retrieve logbooks from our MoD schools overseas. Those saved are entrusted to Chelsea Army Museum (CAM) and kept in an atmospherically controlled store in Hitchin. Access is possible on request, I believe, although, depending on the entries sought, some redaction might be needed to protect anyone living.

I have copies of a very few of the oldest logbooks that passed through my hands in the years leading to BFG's closure. One of these dates from 1947 and details the trials and tribulations of establishing a school in a barrack block so soon after the war. This school stayed in the same

building until 2019. We may be able to include some extracts in a future journal. Here is a taster:

22 Sept 47 - *German boy admitted - son of a deceased German soldier, widow married British sergeant (example of early fraternisation, which had been banned in 1945/6);*

14 Oct 47 - *blowing up of old 'pill boxes' elsewhere on the camp breaks windows and brings down ceilings; there follows a saga of trying to source putty to mend panes.*

Oct/Nov 1947 - *several weeks of water supply failing (needs an emergency tanker) and lack of coal for the heating furnace in 1947's hard winter - coal is stored in the boys' toilets. The same log details trials with pupil transport, which is often a 10t truck, with no supervision.*

CAM's Hitchin store holds logbooks for 60 of the schools that once existed in NW Europe, which means many are lost. I wonder if any still languish in attics of retired heads and gather dust - their significance unrecognised by others? Any clues to those missing will be gratefully received!

Mike Chislett

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.