

Volume 17

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Thorough

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE KITCHENER SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

News from the KSA Committee

The Committee are very pleased to announce that we have a new Committee Member Ashleigh Mateer. She has kindly agreed to introduce herself in the newsletter and hopefully some of you will get to meet her soon at an event:

I received my scholarship in 2008, just before heading to Cardiff University to study Architecture. My father is currently serving as Quartermaster of the London Garrison and is a member of the Irish Guards. Whilst at university I was a member of the Cardiff Company of Wales University Officer Training Corps.

I left university with my BSc in 2011 and decided to take an alternative career path.

I joined the KPMG Risk Consulting Graduate Scheme two years ago and am just embarking on my final year of ACA examinations. I hope to be a fully fledged accountant by next Christmas.

The graduate scheme is an ideal introduction to business as it provides a platform from which I have been able to interact with a number of high profile companies and build a wide variety of financial experience. I hope to remain with the firm for the foreseeable future.

Upcoming Events:

Remembrance Sunday Ceremony

9th November 2014 10:30: On Remembrance Sunday, a short service takes place at the statue of the Earl Kitchener of Khartoum on Horse Guards Parade, London. Unfortunately this event is now over-subscribed and we are unable to accept anymore requests for attendance.

Hockey in Holland — Jim Watson

Over the last few years I have worked hard at maintaining fitness and playing regular league hockey in the London Veteran League. I have played in various veteran competitions for the South of England and also for Scotland in the European Cup. (my mother was Scottish.)

On this occasion I was playing in The Grand Masters Hockey World Cup in The Hague, Holland, and playing for the international team 'Alliance' made up of international players from around the world. There were various veteran competition age groups — mine was the youngest! The 60+ group, playing about 8 competition matches in the 2 weeks. The 2014 WGMA tournament in The Hague was the largest one ever with more than 1200 players, coaches, managers, judges and umpires, including 56 Teams from 16 countries. During the competition I scored eight goals helping us make it to the semi-finals. I was also selected, in the field as it were, to play for Scotland, scoring one more goal and helping them win their last game. This took my total tally to 9 goals in the competition overall. (including 4 in one game.)

It was a great two weeks in Holland and I really enjoyed playing with and against some of the best and very skilful players from around the world.

South West Scholar Networking Event

29th November 2014 18:00: The Kitchener Scholars Association would like to invite you to our South West of England Scholar Networking event.

The focus of the event will be to help scholars prepare for the work place given the current climate of graduate unemployment that is so prevalent in the news these days; as well as the opportunity to meet other scholars and to have a great time.

The confirmed speakers have an extensive range of experience across a wide range of industries including the RAF, NHS Management and the oil and energy industry.

A selection of cheeses and wines to complement will also be provided.

Email victoriacmanson@gmail.com to confirm attendance.

Kitchener Scholars Association Awards Dinner

6th March 2015 18:30:

Last years awards dinner was a wonderful event celebrating the new intake of scholars. After the presentation of certificates an excellent dinner was served and a brilliant key note speaker inspired all that attended.

We are very pleased to be returning to the same venue in 2015 at the Royal College of Defence Studies in Belgravia.



Sandhurst in the sand - Mike Rennie

In 1984, at the age of 16, I joined the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers as an apprentice technician. I served in Germany working on the Rapier missile system and in Northern Ireland. After nearly seven years and at the heady rank of Lance Corporal, I decided that I would like a change of pace and applied for a degree place at Glasgow University. I studied for a psychology degree and during that time was honored by being given a Kitchener Scholarship. After receiving my Bachelors degree I stayed at Glasgow in order to continue my studies for a Masters, basically since I wasn't sure what else to do. This pattern continued with me by deciding to apply for a PhD place at York University.

By 2007, I was finishing up writing my PhD, and was working as a full time lecturer at Trinity and All Saints College in Leeds (now Leeds Trinity University). I thought I would have the standard

academic career, maybe moving to a more prestigious university, promotion to senior lecturer, eventually a readership and then maybe, one day, a chair; I would never have guessed where my career would have taken me five years on from then.

One day, in a fit of boredom, I applied for a job opportunity at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, not really knowing what the job entailed and not really holding out any hope for an interview, how wrong I was! I was appointed as a Senior Lecturer in the Department of Communication and Applied Behavioural Science: One of three academic departments in the faculty; the other two being War Studies and, Defence and International Affairs. We teach the young men and woman who wish to be officers in the British army as part of the year long commissioning course. In my department we consider a range of topics that we feel equip the officer cadets to be better platoon commanders, for when they leave the academy and take up command. We teach such topics as motivational theory, leadership theory, problem solving and decision making, influence skills and negotiation. One of the great things about teaching at the academy is that it's applied knowledge. Lecturers are often out in the field on exercise, where it always seems to rain, helping the cadets apply the knowledge and skills they have learnt in the classroom. This "pracademic" approach has led to a number of research issues being investigated and the academy is supportive of the research I undertake.

I've also been lucky in that I have travelled the world teaching short one week military courses in such interesting places as Malaysia, Bangladesh, Colombia, and the Democratic Republic of the Congo. These are part of a programme to share best practice with other countries. This has given me some great insights on how culture affects the application of psychology as well as improving my lecturing skills. However, despite all the travel and excitement in my job, I never expected to end up in my current position. About two years ago I was asked if I was interested in working at the Afghan National Army Officer Academy in Qargha, just outside Kabul.



The ANAOA, as it is known, sprung from a discussion between President Karzai and David Cameron on how the UK could support for Afghanistan after the withdrawal of combat troops at the end of 2014. I'm currently based in Camp Qargha to the West of Kabul city, in what my interpreters insist are merely foothills, but at an altitude of 6500ft, I'm convinced are mountains. The academy itself shares a site and is part of the Afghan National Defence University. Nine months into our first year, we now have a full complement of cadets including our first female platoon.

My role is that of mentor to the Behavioural Studies Department and supporting the development of the wider faculty with my colleagues from Sandhurst. At first glance it would seem obvious to just transfer the material from Sandhurst straight over to ANAOA; after all we are dealing with rather general aspects of psychology. Unfortunately, this isn't really possible, and my big challenge is trying to make the subject matter accessible to the Afghans. Part of the issue is that when the Taliban took over the country in 1996, they systematically destroyed the educational establishment, including libraries. A large part of my job when I first arrived last year was negotiating with publishing companies so that we could have permission to translate text books into Dari and Pashtu. Having never really had to deal with publishing companies and contracts for copyrights and so forth, I was on a steep learning curve. Luckily, most of the people I dealt with were incredibly helpful and we are well on the way to supplying text books for the academy.

From an educator's point of view, the challenge is fantastic. We are developing a new course that is tailored to a countries need to develop their future leaders. The material has to consider the cultural background of the cadets. For example, many European military case studies are just not applicable in Afghanistan; there is no history of trench warfare like Europe saw in the last century. What there is however a rich intellectual culture from which to draw from. Militarily, Afghanistan has been at war in some form or another for most of its history, and as I am constantly reminded by my interpreters, often against the British. These two facts give us a wide range of examples to use that are relevant to our students. It does mean however a crash course in Afghan culture and military history for me.

The job can be frustrating, sometimes trying to get people and equipment through the Afghan system can be slow and difficult. After being here for some time now, I have seen the hard work start to come to fruition. My mentee is keen to start developing his own material and we have all the lectures written so are



working on fine tuning the course curriculum. I'm finding that working through interpreters means that I have to think very carefully about some very complex ideas and having to find ways to explain them so that the concepts can be expressed in Dari and Pashtu. This means I have really improved my own understanding in the process. I'm hopeful that this new insight will help me improve my teaching and writing when I return to my job in the UK in a few months.

100 Years Ago - John Ryder



Can any of us even begin to understand the thoughts and feelings of people all over Britain 100 years ago when War was declared? I'm not sure we can, yet some obviously felt a strong sense of duty, or perhaps a thirst for adventure. Within eight days of war being declared, one of my Great-Grandfathers Alfred Dutton, had joined the Army Service Corps and within the first year of the war his two brothers had also joined up. Alfred survived the war, but sadly his brother William was killed during the Battle of Loos whilst their other brother Gilbert was fighting by his side.

Another of my Great-Grandfathers, Harold Remmer (pictured), from Lancashire, but of German descent, joined up as a member of the Salford Pals, the 19th battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, part of the 49th Yorkshire Regiment (which we always found quite interesting knowing the Yorkshire/Lancashire rivalry). Five years ago my Mum, Aunt and Uncle took my Grandpa to Belgium to follow in his father's footsteps. The 49th Yorkshire memorial is at Essex Farm Dressing Station where Doctor John McRae wrote the poem 'In Flanders Fields.'

Harold's brother Carl died following a gas attack, in July 1917. His oldest brother Fred was killed by a bullet through the head on 12th April 1918. On 17th April 1918 the Yorkshire Regiment had defended Kemmel Hill, near Ypres, against a fierce German attack. Things quietened down and the British were relieved by the French – except for the Salford pals who were left behind to help the French strengthen the barbed wire defences.

Then on a foggy misty morning on 25th April after a short bombardment, the Germans launched a surprise attack at

6.00am. Harold had always told how he was in the front trench when a German came round the corner out of the mist, pointing his gun at him. Harold put up his hands and said "Don't shoot Fritz – I'm coming."

By 7.10am the French had been completely overrun and fled down the hill. Harold had been taken as a prisoner of war. That part of the story we always knew. However, having been to Flanders, the following year we took Grandpa to the Lancashire Fusiliers Museum in Bury and met one of the archivists who had done some research for us. He told us that my Great Grandfather was extremely lucky as he was one of about 20 fusiliers who had been taken early in the morning as prisoners of war. Those who hadn't been killed in the initial fight had also fled down the hill with the French, but at 11.00am they were ordered to re-take the hill. Sadly by this time the Germans had quickly got their machine guns in place: it was slaughter.

The archivist then showed us a copy of the Heywood Advertiser which had been printed not long after peace had been declared. It listed all the local men who had been killed in the war and those who had returned home safely. It listed Carl and Fred Remmer, where and how they'd died, and for Harold Remmer, knowing what had happened to so many of his comrades at Kemmel Hill, it read 'missing, presumed dead'. Harold had in fact been sent to a POW camp in East Germany and the Red Cross did not have any information about his whereabouts hence the reason for presuming he was dead. At the end of the war the prisoners in the camp were told 'to make their own way home' – no transport or anything was arranged for them! We've often wondered how they did get home and what state they must have been in.

Harold's parents and sisters must have been distraught to think all their three boys had been killed. The archivist told us it was nearly Christmas before the message finally came through that a few members of the Salford Pals had survived – Harold being one of them.

What a Christmas present for my great-great-grandparents and all the other parents and wives whose 'boys' had survived those horrendous four years and returned home following the armistice on 11th November 1918.

Rupert Harvey is a Kitchener Scholar, the following is the inspirational story of his father's career.

W.F.J.Harvey. My father was born in 1897, his mother was the postmistress of Portslade, and had 5 children. Aged 17, he volunteered to join the British Army on August 3rd 1914 as a dispatch rider.

He volunteered to join the Royal Flying Corp in 1917, and was posted to an active service unit in France in January 1918, No.22 Squadron, flying Bristol Fighters, two seaters, pilot and rear gunner. He was a "Brilliant fighting pilot", with "the real offensive spirit", eventually accounting for 26 enemy planes, and three balloons. By chance, first on the list of winners of The Distinguished Flying Cross, his medal ribbon (which I have), had horizontal rather than oblique stripes, and it was said that it was the hat ribbon of a girl's school!

He was promoted to Captain, and I still have his leader's streamers which were attached to his tailplane in the days before aerial radio. He returned to the U.K. in August 1918, having survived 5 months. In December 1918 he was awarded a Bar to his DFC, "displaying courage and tenacity of a high order". He was 21 years old. In a land fit for heroes, he spent some time in Edinburgh High Street, trying to sell stamp machines.

He became a farmer, volunteered for the Territorial Army in 1938, and spent the Second World War installing searchlights, for which he was awarded the MBE. At the end of the war he was in Finnmark, keeping a German and Russian mountain division apart until they could be repatriated! His medals include the DFC and bar, MBE and the Territorial Decoration and bar. In his latter years he wrote a series of evocative articles on war flying, and a history of his Squadron "PI in the sky", 22 his squadron, over 7, his wing of the RAF, a learned pun. He died in 1972, having done his duty for Kings and country.

In conclusion, it was entirely due to him that I won a Kitchener Scholarship to St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, in 1956.

Epitaph: ".....A young Esquire, Of twenty year he was of age, I guess, And he had been some time in chivalry, in Flanders,in Artois and in Picardy" (Chaucer)

Obituaries

Denis Lambert Sugrue

Dr Sugrue passed away on 23rd July 2014 at home, loving and beloved husband, father and grandfather. Denis Sugrue attended Blackrock College in Dublin and then received his Kitchener Scholarship to study at University College in Dublin, matriculating there in 1945.

Denis was part of Ireland's first international rowing crew and was the cox of the 1948 Ireland Olympic VIII. After his Olympic experience he resumed his medical training and served as a registrar in otolaryngology at Royal Free Hospital in London from 1953-54, then as a senior registrar in the Plastic and Jaw Unit at Basingstone, England in 1954-57. He served as a consultant to The Children's Hospital in Dublin from 1957-67. Dr. Sugrue then returned to training in a different specialty, serving as registrar in venereology at St. Thomas Hospital in London from 1969-70, followed by senior registrarship in the same field at Wessex Regional Hospital in Southampton from 1970-72. He then became consultant at Northern & Mid-Staffordshire beginning in 1972, specializing in sexually transmitted diseases, and he began as a senior clinical lecturer at the University of Birmingham in 1982. He was the author of the book *Sexual Infections*, which came out in 1985, and was a member of the Medical Society for the Study of Venereal Disease.

Dr John Lewis Dunscombe

On Tuesday 9th November 2010 peacefully at his home, Dr John Lewis Dunscombe, aged 89 years, of Penzance. Beloved husband of Barbara and a much loved father.

Frontline Walk—Benjamin Hodges

I recently took part in the 100km Frontline Walk, raising money for ABF-The Soldiers Charity. Our team of 30 left from Wellington barracks in London, which was symbolic of the many thousands of soldiers who embarked for France from there one hundred years ago.

We covered over 30km a day for three days. Our evenings were filled with lectures and talks from local historians. One story that stuck in my mind was from a Peter Smith, who found a blood stained Bible whose owner's war story could be traced through the pages of the Bible by the notes written in it; it still remains unidentified.

Fuelled by pain au chocolat we debussed at Lochnagar Crater at first light. The scale of the site is truly remarkable as you look across No Man's Land from the German front line. Of interest was a poppy wreath dedicated to the Revd Studdert Kennedy AKA Woodbine Willie, one of the inspirational members of the Royal Army Chaplain's Department. Our first stop of the day was the imposing Thiepval Memorial. It contains the names of over 72000 missing British and Commonwealth Soldiers, many of whom perished on the first day of the battle of the Somme. This allowed me to see the name of my 3rd cousin 3x removed (tenuous I know!) Pte Arthur Maddison, killed on 1st July 1916 aged just 18 years.

The second day of walking continued in a similar pattern, passing cemetery after cemetery. We saw the grave of Rudyard Kipling's only son who should not have been fighting on account of his appalling eyesight. It was also interesting to see many of the newer "Pals Battalions" memorials, which of course, has a direct link to Lord Kitchener and his new army that suffered a baptism of fire on the Somme in 1916.

The final day proved to be the most emotional as it was an unseasonably warm day for slogging through the byways and highways of France and Belgium, but our prize was the historic town of Ypres, the Menin Gate and ice cold Belgian beer! Large numbers of folk turned out to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the First Battle of Ypres. Ypres will always have a special place in my heart as I proposed to my wife, Lisa, in St George's Church. I took the opportunity for that personal pilgrimage and said a little prayer.

The walk gave me a tremendous amount of time to think and consider the sacrifices made, as well as raising money for an excellent cause. Should anyone wish to donate, you can still do so at www.frontlinewalk.everydayhero.com/uk/ben

100km done and not a single blister!

Merchandise

Full details of sizes, prices and how to order our wonderful range of merchandise can be found on the KSA website www.kitchenerscholars.org. So show your support for the KSA now with a Hoodie, tie or bag.



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