



Special Interest Articles:

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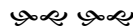
The newsletter of the former pupils of the old Barling School is aimed at all ex-pupils, staff and friends of the school

Again, the editor has to apologise, this time for mistakes in the autumn edition.

Firstly, the edition number should have been 18, so this edition is number 19.

Secondly the lunch dates were wrong and given for Thursdays instead of Saturdays. The correct dates can be seen next to this item.

Additionally, my email account was scammed at the end of November and some of you may have received a strange email requesting help for me in Spain. I am fine, but have lost all my contacts' email addresses, and emails from my inbox. If you sent me anything between November 24th and December 1st it is lost, so please send it to me again.



Reunion Lunches

A group of us meet for lunch every few months to catch up on news, and socialise, but also to plan the main reunion events.

We meet at the Castle Inn, Little Wakering from 12.15 to 3.00 pm

Dates for 2012:

January 14th

April 14th

July 14th

October 13th

All friends and partners are welcome.



The editor would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year

Mick Prior's Memories

As one of the generation which has been bombed, single-parented for years (some permanently), vaccinated, immunised, pasteurised, National Serviced, televised, metricated, decimalised, privatised, transistorised, digitised and computerised, I thought I would try to write some "copy" for "Small Beginnings".

My first dealings with Barling School matters occurred when Sadie Morgan was lodged with us in the early 1940's. My Dad was in the Army like so many other fathers, so we had spare living accommodation.

Being a toddler at that time, I knew her as "Teach" and her friend as "Uncle Reg". He was a bomber pilot in the RAF flying Wellingtons among other aircraft. Sadie tells me that he had a distinguished career and was awarded the DFC.

I still have the Bible she gave me in 1943 and, since her return visit to this area as a remarkably mobile and aware lady of 90+ years, I have tried to keep in touch with her. Sadie returned to Wales before I started school so she never had the task of teaching me.

She was followed by another Barling School teacher, Nora Brown. She also had a friend, Gene, an American over here serving in the USAAF.

I believe he was a radio operator. He made me a Morse key and buzzer rig and taught me the Morse code. He also taught me an impolite way to eat Swiss roll which, when I demonstrated this to my Mum and Nan in Lipton's Tea Rooms, earned me a clip round the ears.

After her time at Barling School, Nora moved to Burnham where she taught in the local school and lived with her husband, John, and her family until her death a few years ago.

Her colleague, Daphne Seager, was lodged opposite my parents' bungalow with the Tillbrooks. She was my teacher when I started school.

My mother had made me a pair of long trousers out of some of my Dad's clothes. She was not a tailor and the trousers had one vital flaw – the fly was too small. Daphne had the unenviable task of having to come to my rescue when I needed to visit the school toilet. Luckily she was careful with the scissors! For years afterwards both Daphne and Nora reminded me of my predicament.

We were lucky with the teachers we had at Barling - Miss Riley for her patience and discipline and Mr Learmond for his total commitment to our education.

In spite of the expression on my face in the website photo of Mr Learmond's 1949 Class (squashed between Ray Mott and Peter Griffiths) I did enjoy my time at "Barling University"

Unfortunately, not all of the pupils in that photo are around anymore but they live on in our thoughts and minds.

Mick Prior

Sad News

We have sad news of two ex-Barling School pupils.

Marion (Brown) Forbes passed away in a nursing home on 20 September 2011 aged 90 years,

and

Cora (Harradence) Waterer, who had moved to be with her relatives, also passed away recently.



Lunchtime Together

Yet another fantastic turn-out at The Castle on the 15th October. It was wonderful to see so many people enjoying the social gathering. Apologies again from me for being so late, as a result of underground and overground trains simply not running that day. It meant that I had less time than usual to have a word with everyone; so I hope that no-one thought that I was being rude.

We decided to have another big reunion next Spring and to hold it in the Village Hall (Memorial Hall) in Wakering. Just watch this space for more details early in the New Year.

Peter Griffiths

Memories of the 1953 Floods.

I was born in London in 1946 and we moved down to Landwick Cottages when I was just 6 months old – my brother Peter was born 15 months later. Although I don't remember much of the first few years, the one date I will always remember is the 1st of February 1953, the day we were flooded. The day before had been exceptionally windy, our parents wouldn't let us play out. However, we thought no more about it. That evening we went to bed as usual, and at 5am we were woken by a MOD policeman warning us that due to the strong wind and high tide, the sea wall had been breached and the tide was coming over. We were told to stay upstairs until help arrived. Dad and Den Driscoll decided to walk over to the police lodge to take a look. It was still quite dark but in the moonlight they could see the water coming across the fields. They came back home and we started to collect as much as we could take upstairs including the primus stove and some food so at least we could have some breakfast.

We sat there and watched as the tide got closer and closer and very soon our homes were under 6 feet of water. After about 3 hours we heard voices calling out to us. We looked out of the window and saw Peter Robinson and another man (dad can't remember who it was!) in a rowing boat – we let out a big sigh of relief. We then had to get down the stairs which were covered in water.

Dad went first then we followed one at a time. He lifted us onto the dining room table which luckily had drifted across the room and ended up by the window. We then climbed out of the window and into the boat, and taken round to New Road where the water had ceased. They made several journeys to collect all the people from the cottages, then once they were satisfied they had everyone, we went to the old school where we were given hot food and drinks. One of our

neighbours was worried about a pair of socks she had left on the washing line!! After a while Ernie White asked Dad if we had anywhere to go. Dad said no so Ernie took us to stay with his family in Alexandra Road. My grand-dad, who had been brought over from Foulness in an Army Dukw, came with us. The next day dad went to collect our dog and also took the neighbour's socks in! After a few days with Ernie and his family we moved on. Grand-dad went to stay with relations at "Lawn Cottage" near the Rose Inn and the rest of us went to stay with our nan and grand-dad in London. We stayed there for several months, then eventually when the houses were ready to move back into, my brother and I felt a bit disappointed as we had made many friends in London and had a really good time. However once we were back home and our friends who been staying with relations were back, we soon forgot our disappointments and went on to have many happy years there. We were like one big family away from the village. I remember the house smelling of sea water which seemed to linger for months.

Although we have now moved on we still live in or near the village and we still talk about the good days at Landwick. As far as the socks go, we will never know what happened to them!

Janet (Mead) Rodwell



My mother wrote this poem a long time ago, about the village. I thought it might be of interest. She and her four brothers and sisters, her two daughters and two sons-in-law all came to Barling School., as did her four grandsons at some time in their school life. *Pearl Ann (Reynolds) Everard*

Our Village

Our village is old
our village is small
but our village is grand
with a W.I. Hall

There's a school for the tots
in this village of ours
There's a pub and a church
to spend many hours

The sea gently laps
on the old seawall
while the children
play in the waters cool

In years gone by
our grandfathers told
tales of smugglers and
tunnels from houses old

I remember the grind stones
up at the mill, as tall as a man they stood
the sails stretching to the sky
to gather the clouds if they could

A.M Reynolds

The village website

contains copies of past newsletters, and photos
from various reunions.

There are also many photographs of people and
events in Little Wakering, Great Wakering and
Barling villages, and Barling School.

It is easy to navigate around and is well worth a
look.

Terry Mumford works very hard to maintain and
add to this excellent website which can be found at
<http://www.barlingwakeringvillages.co.uk/index.html>

(if you are online, click on the address to go to website)

If you would like to contribute to
"Small Beginnings"
please contact:

Lynne Askham
9 Gernon Road
Ardleigh
Essex CO7 7NU

Phone: 01206 231 327

Email: lynneka@btinternet.com