A M D G

BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW
AUTUMN 2020

Never in our lifetimes have we seen such a large-scale restriction on our ability to move freely and see friends and family and conduct daily life and business. The preservation of public health has deservedly been the overriding principle in the international lockdown efforts. Nevertheless, the impact on our lives has been immense. In January 1945 the REVIEW appeared for the first time in four years because of paper shortages (not quite the run on loo paper) and commented that despite the difficulties of the wartime threat of raids, the blackout and rationing, life had gone on with little interruption. Congestion on the railways, had on occasion brought about an early end of term and transport caused problems for some of the

games' fixtures but on the whole life had continued as normal. That of course was not the same for the BU with no diners, plays and game and society meetings It was at last a case of catch-up on friends and news after a very long absence.
At least we are not quite in that situation and we can keep in touch and plan for when our lives will return to near normality. Sadly, in the meantime, the Committee must inform you that the 2020 lunch is cancelled.
A grandfather and great grandfather of OBs wrote with foresight :-
"it is a fair even-handed, noble adjustment of things that while there is infection and sorrow there is nothing in this world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humour. (Charles Dickens).

NOTICES

The 2020 LUNCH.

Appropriately for The Caledonian Club: "Lochaber No More".

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY 8th November.

We still plan to gather at the War Memorial for Mass and particularly commemorate the end of the Second World War. Let us hope that we can at least enjoy a drink afterwards. It is most unlikely that there will be lunch at St John's. We will keep you informed.

GOLF
The BUGS V OGGS: our annual match against Downside scheduled for 29 September at Denham hangs in the balance.

OBITUARIES
I regret to inform you of the death of **Michael Marshall (62),** one of life's adventurers and poet: eldest of the Marshall brothers. **William "Beefy" Thomson (58)** and **John Bidwell (65)** "Bon viveur". See The OBITUARIES dropdown.

Fr Gerald "Gerry" O'Mahoney, who as a scholastic taught at both St Johns and Beaumont in the late Fifties early Sixties.

Elizabeth wife of Cedric “Cid” Sheybeler (65) died in April Last year.

Tributes: John Bidwell.

Ed: Although most tributes to John are in the Obituary section here are a couple of comments from his friends:-
Damian Russell: “John died last weekend of a heart attack shortly after his 73rd birthday. Ever cheerful, slightly cynical, he and his wife Juliet cheered me through many of life’s weary hours. Sadly missed. In many ways he was one of the Jesuits’ sacrificial victims; but he enjoyed life, even if it was after a fashion they had not intended. *Ab auditione mala non timebit”.*

John Flood: “I am so pleased that on 12 August last year I went down to Rye, picking **Bill Gammell** up en route, and together met John for a very enjoyable lunch at an excellent fish restaurant in Rye. John was on very good form although his mobility was seriously impaired and he had suffered from poor health for several years.
Celia remembers him well and how gracious he was when he and Juliette came to the lunch at our home. John was certainly a bon viveur and always most appreciative of the arrangements made for our gatherings. I hope many of us will have the opportunity to raise a glass together in his memory.”

NEWS

Patrick Burgess OBE, GCStJ, DL is standing down as Chancellor of The Order of St John his term of office expired.

Patrick has been the first Catholic to hold high office in The Order of St John: a Royal order of Chivalry first constituted by Queen Victoria in 1888.

Priory News interviewed Patrick, Chancellor of the Order of St John, who will stepping down from the role on St John's Day after six years of service. Here, he shares his many memories as Chancellor and explains what his work has involved.

Patrick, what have been the highlights of your time as Chancellor?

Some of the more memorable, and touching, highlights of the last six years have included being swept up in the magnificent panoply
of pageantry in St Paul's on St John's Day and in the US investitures I have been asked to attend. I also travelled overseas to conduct investitures in places as varied as Gibraltar, Charleston, Malta and, finally, Singapore - where my duties included inspecting, in full robes and a humidity of nearly 100 per cent, the magnificent long lines of an extraordinarily smart parade. I recall one particular occasion, as the debates on renewal were getting tough at Grand Council in Hong Kong, when HRH The Duke of Gloucester, the Grand Prior, had quietly slipped in and taken a seat beside me! His constant interest and support have been of great value to us all. It was also a special privilege to visit the work we are doing in the townships in Cape Town, where I found myself in the presence of none other than Archbishop Desmond Tutu. I have a host of other fond memories: of warm welcomes to savour and truly remarkable skills and attitudes to admire.

But, in my mind, these are all against the backdrop of what has really enhanced these years for me - of being privileged to work as part of a team of very committed,

inspirational people in a role that is about service – to our Sovereign Head, to the Order and to all our thousands of brothers and sisters in St John around the world. And in a special way, if I may say so, one thing which gave me great pleasure was when the late Sir Malcolm Ross accepted office as Lord Prior. He was a decisive leader with natural grace and, when he assumed the role, it marked a fitting culmination to the intense work of constitutional reform - new Statutes, new Regulations and, in due course,
a new Honours and Awards Review - which have all come together to make significant changes for all of us in the Order, restoring and refreshing our old roots, and bringing the way we express these into a contemporary setting. So now in the Order worldwide we have clarity charity and confraternity: a wonderful platform for our skills going forward.

What else can you tell us about your work with other Orders?

In the course of the period, our relations with the other Johannine Orders - one of the Chancellor's many and varied roles - carefully nurtured from delicate beginnings by Professor Mellows, have continued to flower into full blown cooperation in a number of fields and into real comradeship in our work. All of this sits alongside the work which our very skilled and resourceful staff have been doing in the International Office and the thoughtful leadership of our new Lord Prior - yes, teams are very important but so is leadership!

What are your thoughts on the future development of the Order?

Thanks to the Order's renewed initiatives in diversity, in the much closer involvement of our younger people, and in shared governance across the regions - augmented by our Priories 'godparenting' our smaller establishments - I believe our future is bright and full of promise. And don't forget that we are still one of the few organisations which, round the globe, can say we are already there 'on the ground' and you can bet that our impact will be still more strengthened when, through our youth initiative, we learn what is their vision of our future and mission and how to deliver it in a world that is going to be different in ways beyond our comprehension – in communications, in transport, in medical technology throughout the Order - twenty years on. Twenty years ago when I was the Chair of
the St John Council for Sussex, we adopted the mantra 'The Order is the soul of the Ambulance and the Ambulance is an expression of the spirit of the Order', and with the many manifestations of that which I have been privileged to see
and experience round the Order on my travels in the last six years I am convinced that that crucial symbiosis is where our strength and our future lie.

Can you sum up your activities as Chancellor in a couple of paragraphs? What sort of things do you get involved in?

Since my appointment as Chancellor I
have hardly ever had a dull day. I've been involved in preparations for the quarterly Executive Committee and Honours and Awards Committee meetings – and for Grand Council. Then the meetings themselves crowd out something like thirty full days in every year. Every day there are other things to address
as well – small crises in establishments, over policies or personalities, questions about awarding (and, sometimes, removing) Honours, questions about ceremonial and etiquette, constitutional queries, and travels
to investitures. All these can fill one's Chancery days, and that is in addition to the recent five years of constitutional revisions which have been nearly all-consuming and would have been impossible to carry through without
the heavy involvement of our Honorary Legal Counsel and the Secretary General. Being Chancellor is not without its burdens- including the task of bearing other people's anxieties - but serving as a Great Officer brings friendships and fun as well as seriousness and solemnity, and a certain sense of fulfilment. I am particularly grateful to the Priory of England and the Islands - the Order's mother Priory, as I like to think of it - for all the support they have given to the Order and its Great Officers in these years of change and renewal.

What are your personal plans and ambitions now, following St John's Day?

I am a born fidget, so, when I slip my moorings, I shall get down to helping locally and with some of the other charitable things I have been involved in over the last fifty years. Also reading, and painting, and improving my piano playing (very rusty), and tending our demanding garden, and walking with Maggie across our wonderful Downs, and seeing more of our grandchildren - all will fill the time more than adequately.

Ed: At least Patrick has not had the ordeals that have beset the Sovereign Order of Malta. In 2017 Fra' Matthew Festing (Grandfather, **Cuthbert Riddell OB**), resigned as Grand Master after he dismissed the order's Grand Chancellor, Albrecht Freiherr von Boeselager (**Gt Uncle Wolbert OB**), for insubordination over his role — which Boeselager disputed — in the distribution of hundreds of thousands of contraceptives by the order's humanitarian arm, Malteser International; Boeselager then appealed to the Vatican and was reinstated. Forcing Festing's resignation.

WEBSITE: SCOUTS

There remain various sections on the Website I would like to complete and an obvious omission is the SCOUT GROUP.
If you have any photos please email them to me.

FLOODERAMA.

John reports

The “Class of 60 Zoom” each Thursday afternoon has now grown to a total of 20 registered members with the maximum single attendance so far being 15 of these. Typically, it lasts up to 2 hours and includes 2 from the States (for whom it starts at 7 and 10am), 1 from Ireland and 1 from Scotland. At least 2 members joined as a result of your reference to the Zoom gathering in your last Review. Conversation includes a mixture of nostalgic memories, topical matters and weekly updates on American politics from Arthur Cope in Indianapolis and Simon Li in California. Having been denied the opportunity for our Diamond Jubilee dinner at the Rag in June, it has been a good substitute for keeping in contact and, in one or two cases renewing contact after a substantial absence. We hope to hold the dinner in 2021.

John further informs us that he had a haircut booked for 8am on “Break-out Saturday” and was flying to Menorca but having to go via Milan on the first available flight: I hope that he and Celia didn’t end up in Timbuktu.

Extreme Lockdown

Peter Peake went out to Australia in December last year and as I write and 14 cancelled Flights later, remains “Down Under”. With no disrespect for our friends out there, “Transportation to the Penal Colonies“ has taken on a new meaning**.** I hear that Peter has taken up the banjo during his confinement: Can we expect a rendition of “the Jolly Swagman” the next time we have a B U Lunch?

MORE BOOKS

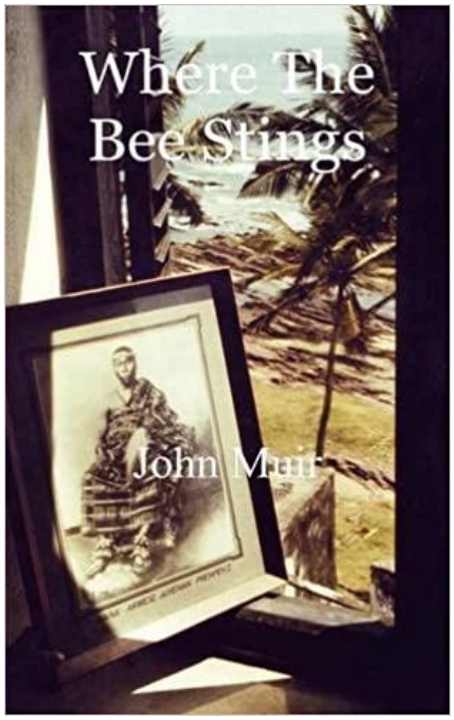
“Where The Bee Stings”

New to the BU readership but has been available since 2012 from the pen of my regimental chum **Johnnie Muir (65)** who wrote**:-**
Congrats on your Summer 2020 Beaumont Review. If I haven't said it before, you "refresh (like the Heineken ad I once worked on) the parts that other 'editors' cannot reach.'' And I particularly appreciated your kicking off with Browning's alleged touch of light relief.

Smarm over...By happy coincidence, I have unearthed from my cellar (at the very moment I see you've plugged a couple of OB literary masterpieces) a copy of that simmering best seller 'Where The Bee Stings'.(see attached, and currently offered by Amazon via 'Phatpocket book Shoppe' at the knock down price of £8.95) or better still contact direct johmuir0@gmail.com

Which doesn't mean the copy I'm poised to send you requires your instant perusal... rather, given its asset value, you should accept it as a nest egg for the next leg of the QE farago.

And perhaps bill it in your next Review as the roman a clef which ''refreshes those parts that other roman a clefs cannot reach.''



'Beware! Beware! The Bight of Benin! There's few come out though plenty go in!' When Randolph Stoup III keels over in front of Carlton Rollover on the terrace of Malachite City's Hotel Splendide, could this be the moment when their fortunes pull out of their nosedives? Possibly...but probably not. Stoup's contractual arrangements with Chief Isaiah Wiski for supplying mechanical voting machines for Equatoria's upcoming election are anything but transparent... and Carlton's personal arrangements for his tryst with French letter sales missionary Yvonne are similarly opaque. So when US Special Agent Strange and Azeri-exile Armwrestl move in on Malachite City to pursue their own agendas for re-arranging President Obese 's deckchairs, it's obvious even to Ambassador Ankle that it's only in Equatoria that everything is possible... Because only in Equatoria does a prick make the difference between life and death. Only in Equatoria...

Johnnie describes himself “As a freelance journalist. At times in his career he has been an armoured tank commander, advertising agent, teacher, merchant banker and broadcaster in Africa, and publisher and photo journalist covering foreign direct investment in Eastern Europe and Central Asia. He is married and lives by the River Severn.
Ed: I might add that he was a Troop Commander, worked for **OB Sir Patrick Sergeant** and in politics founded the Albion Party. He has also moved to higher and possibly safer ground in Herefordshire.

Review

Johnnie allude that this book has emerged from the cellar and that like a good vintage is ready to be enjoyed… well having received my copy, I thought I would let you have my "tasting" notes.

"Was this a bombastic vintage swaggering about, demonstrating its obvious qualities, or is it a small, cunning, cowering, timorous vintage made, by the skin of its teeth and with huge effort and costs? Well, some might describe it as a "cheeky little number" and some noses might be put out: terroir is evident and strong on the palette. Rich and fruity on the expressions with overtones of exotic and spicy cynicism. If you enjoy spoof and a high literary alcohol level of satire then this is good quaffable reading: It certainly made me chuckle".

Drink now rather than laying down and it does carry a "health warning".

"CROSS BETWEEN THE ANTLERS"

You will recall that in the last REVIEW I mentioned that I was editing the Sporting Recollections of **Fr Francis Fleming SJ OB** during the Great War and that I was looking for an illustrator. I heard almost immediately from **Hubert de Lisle** to say that his brother **Bertie** was more than qualified. I'm glad to report that Bertie has agreed to help the project and is busy with his sketch pad: work in progress.

Big Birthday

Most of the year of '58 enjoyed their 80th this year. John Tristram sent a couple of photos that include several of the Octogenarians.

From St John's 1951-2:

Back row: Anthony Synnott, Steven Oliver, me(John Tristram), Anthony d'Ombrain, Frank Staples, Richard Bellamy, Michael Wood, Anthony Paton-Walsh.
Middle: John Miller, J Smallman, John Newling-Ward, Fr O'Neil, Anthony Stevens, query Adrian Stephen, Nick Warren.
Front: Nick Walter, Patrick Pritchard, Simon Stevens, Richard Walker, Martin Bulfield, query Julian Murphy, Gerard de Lisle.

School Play

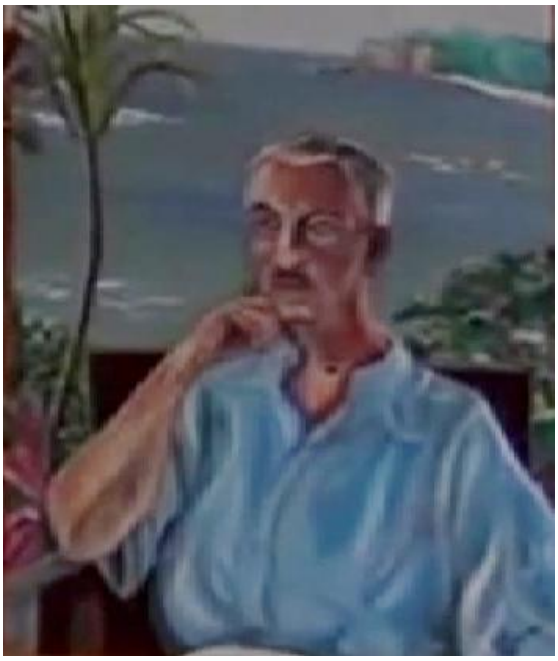
Cast: Warren, Patterson, de la Grange, Oliver, Paton-Walsh, Guinness, Danby, Pertwee, Parker, Bates, Martin, Tristram. Pupils: ? , Newling-Ward, Scott, Walter, Bingham

CHARITY.
I wouldn't normally advertise a charity as we all have our own particular cause but if you are interested in following a really tough challenge then visit the website for **"The Great British Paddle 2020"**. Jordan Wylie who shares a Leg in a horse with me is attempting to paddleboard around the UK to raise money for a School for refugee children in the Horn of Africa – **"Frontline Children".**

ARTICLES

"WHAT A STORY TO TELL"
As we all know the internet has become a great source of information: some appearing for the first -time others being removed which is often frustrating. When I was researching Dunkirk for OB connections, I had failed to find an OB who commanded one of the "little Ships", that is until now. I had also had a plea from **Hans- Christoph Massenbach** to write about Beaumont's connections to India. It was unlikely that I would end up combining both, added to which are the whiffs of scandal, the aristocracy and high society. Well – what a story to tell. At the centre of

this tale is **Victor de Mauny (11),** but we start with his parents and his father in particular.



Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande, whose real name was Maurice Maria, was born on March 21, 1866, in Le Mans, France. His father Felix Talvande worked as a banker at Portet-Lavigierie et Talvande which became the Banque Talvande in 1882. The bank and Talvande himself went bankrupt in 1889. The following year, his mother Margeruite de Mauny applied for legal separation from her husband, and thereafter she resided with her mother at Domaine du Bourg in Pontvallain, their family home, which had been in the possession and ownership of the de Mauny family since 1859.On the death of his mother, Maurice inherited this family residence. He then sold it and shared the proceeds of 17,000 francs with his brother Roger and sister Suzanne-Marie.

He self-styled himself as a Count and went by the name of "*Comte Maurice de Mauny-Talvande*". He adopted the prefix of "*de Mauny*" from his mother, Mme Marguerite de Mauny, and the suffix from his father, Felix Talvande. Later he anglicized his name to "Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande."
On June 24, 1898, the so-called Count married Lady Mary Elizabeth Agnes Byng, daughter of the fourth Earl of Strafford, Henry William John Byng. Strafford was Equerry to Queen Victoria and was in attendance when she visited Beaumont for the third time in 1897. Two years later, Strafford suffered an unfortunate death when he was decapitated by a train at his local railway station Potter's Bar. (Ed; Strafford's half brother was Julian Byng of Vimy: His Field Marshal's Baton is in the possession of my regiment and holding it is the nearest I ever came to that exalted rank! I might add topically that the Byngs made claim for compensation at the abolition of the slave trade for the 157 they "employed" in Jamaica) .

Returning to Maurice: Seweryn Chomet in his biography suggests that Maurice may have met Lady Mary through his friendship with her brother, George Byng, with whom Maurice briefly attended the same fashionable Jesuit-run school in Canterbury in the early 1880s. Lady Mary was 33 years old, and Maurice was 32.

(Ed: the Byngs were certainly not Catholic and the nearest they got to Canterbury was when their father was MP for Chatham. You may well ask what was this fashionable Jesuit school. This had nothing to do with the English Province with Beaumont and Stonyhurst but came about through the banning of education by the religious orders in France in 1879. The French Jesuits found refuge for a school at what was called St Mary's, Hale Place to educate the scion's of the most important families in France with up to 300 places. As such it was in competition with Beaumont: it closed in 1928.)

It was a glamorous 'high society' wedding in London for de Mauny, attended by the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian and Prince and Princess Saxe-Weimer followed by a dazzling reception at Wrotham Park, in Hertfordshire, the bride's family's 18th-century mansion.

After their wedding, the new couple lived at the historic *Châteaux d'Azay-le-Rideau*, let to them by the Marquis de Biencourt.
Châteaux d'Azay-le-Rideau built on an island on the foundations of a medieval fortress in the heart of Touraine, in the Indre is a part of the current region of Centre (Val de Loire). Created by Gilles de Berthelot, a wealthy financier liked by Louis XII, the Châteaux d'Azay-le-Rideau stands in the centre of a romantic park. This 16th-century architectural masterpiece preserved with the passing years with all the refinement, elegance and grace of an exceptional Renaissance château is now on the UNESCO's World Heritage list. (Ed: having been there on several occasions it is well-worth a visit)

Maurice turned the château into a kind of academy or "*university*" for young Englishmen (teenage boys) from "*good*" English families.
In late 1898, a leading New York newspaper published a vituperative article criticising *Châteaux d'Azay-le-Rideau* for being "not a university, but a mere boarding house" where the main subjects taught were "cricket, polo and football". The locals resented the "English take-over" of the historic castle.
In his book, *Count de Mauny – Friend of Royalty*, Seweryn Chomet, a Physicist and Visiting Research Fellow at King's College, London, reveals that there were rumours of homosexuality and sexual advances made by Maurice to some of the aristocratic adolescents entrusted into his care. Eventually, Maurice had '*owned up that it is so*'.
By late 1898, the owners of the château, alarmed by mounting local dissent and the dark rumours of (then considered) *criminal activities*, precipitously cancelled the lease.

The de Maunys moved on to Cannes where on April 19, 1899, their first child, **Victor Alexander Christian Henry George** was born. Later they moved to San Remo and finally landed in England.

Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande possessed charm, intelligence, natural style and an uncanny skill to cultivate the friendship of the rich and famous people. His aspiration to mingle with the élite of the society; his fondness for grandiose, wining and dining; as well as his conscience-free disposition to deploy the financial resources of other people, whether morally acceptable or otherwise, surfaced in the early stages in his marriage and drove him into financial difficulties. But it seems that he never mended his ways even after his downfall and bankruptcy.

Author William Warren has suggested in his book "*Tropical Asian Style*," which showcases contemporary residences throughout Southeast Asia, that Count Maurice de Mauny Talvande's dwindling financial status, along with the many marital problems he was facing, must have forced him to move to Ceylon.
It was Sir Thomas Lipton, the tea magnate, who first invited the Count to Ceylon in 1912. During that visit, Maurice was deeply impressed by his first experience of the tropics and the serenity and beauty of the country. He vowed to return to the Island.

However now is the time to discuss the young Victor who entered St Johns at the age of 8 in 1908 destined for the Navy he would have been in the specific Navy Class leaving in 1912 for Dartmouth to train as a midshipman. At the outbreak of War in August 1914 he was posted to the battleship *HMS London* part of the 5th Battle Squadron and was at Sheerness in November when *HMS Bulwark,* loading ammunition, blew up killing over 700 crew including **Geoffrey Rose Bartlett (08).** He with others from the *London r*escued as many survivors as they could. Only a couple of months previously his contemporary *Geoffrey Harold (11)* had died on *HMS Hugue* when sunk in the Channel.

HMS London

HMS London was deployed to the Mediterranean where Victor assisted with the landing of the Australians at Gallipoli spending time at what became known as Anzac Cove. The *London* with sister ships *Queen* and *Prince of Wales* took on the 600 men of the Australian Division at Mudros. On the 25th April at 0300 hrs, the men embarked in launches and commanded by the midshipman including Victor then aged 16 headed for the beaches. Writing to his parents Victor wrote:

"Landing our troops on the peninsula, they had a pretty hot time of it as the Turks were ready and waiting but they eventually took the ridge with the bayonet. I was a shore helping with the troops and un-loading stores. There was quite a lot of shrapnel flying about and sniper fire and I was lucky to remain untouched though others were and we had some narrow escapers including a shell that landed beside us but failed to explode. We were ashore for several days when we were relieved. It was good sport except we had to live on biscuits and corned beef". Captain John Armstrong, later Rear Admiral, commented that he was well-pleased with young de Mauny.

The Anzacs coming ashore 25 April

Following the Dardanelles deployment London was deployed to the Adriatic to support the Italian Navy against the Austrians. In 1916 she returned to Portsmouth for a re-fit and Victor was posted to the new battle cruiser *HMS Renown,* he fastest capital ship in the Navy but when his promotion to Sub-lieutenant came through he asked for a posting to destroyers and joined *HMS Midge* and finally *Prince* but he saw no further action. In 1919, he resigned as a Lieutenant and went to join his father in Ceylon. Victor started working for the Rosehough Tea Company

Meanwhile Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande travelled several times between Hampshire and Colombo during and after the Great War.
When the First World War ended, he came to Ceylon on a mission to find the spot which, by its sublime beauty, would fulfil his dreams and hold him there for life.

His skills as an expert furniture maker and a gardener in Ceylon, and, later on, his writings, may have provided him with the necessary finances to supplement his travel and living. There are accounts from people who knew him in Ceylon that he also used to receive remittances from overseas, probably sent by his wife, Lady Mary, from time to time for his upkeep and living.

Ferguson's Ceylon Directory for 1920-21 listed him as residing with his 21-year-old son Victor Alexander at '*Ascot*', Albert Crescent, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo 7; the very élite and high-society area of Colombo.

Maurice had a furniture factory and workshop in Colombo. The furniture crafted most admirably had the designs of French styles of that period. A number of de Mauny-Talvande furniture pieces that survived in the hands of private owners are now highly valued and cherished in Sri Lanka.
In 1925, Maurice launched the “Weligama Local Industries” in Weligama. He claimed that he gave employment to over 200 carpenters, carvers and inlayers. By 1930, the enterprise succumbed to depression. However, Maurice restarted it in 1936.
Though Maurice had first visited Ceylon in 1912 it was in September 1927 that he saw for the first time and by chance, the rocky outcrop covered with lush foliage rising out of the sea, just beyond a broad sandy beach, at the centre of the arc of the Weligama Bay. It was the *Galduwa* islet. Ten years later, he recalled: *“a red granite rock, covered with palms and jungle shrub, rising from the Indian Ocean – an emerald in a setting of pink coral*.”
Entranced by the site, he waded across the sparkling clear waters to the islet. Ten years later, he recalled:
“*There was nothing between me and the South Pole … I sat for a long while on a boulder overlooking the sea wishing that this island lost in the Indian Ocean were mine; picturing and planning what I should do with it. … I felt my heart beating with the overwhelming desire to find peace in it, the nearest thing to happiness. Yes, it must be the home which I had dreamt of so many years past.*“
Having found his own island paradise, he chose to build his house on the islet and live his dream of peace and tranquillity, close to nature.

Local records show that Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande purchased the island in 1925 for a sum of Rupees 250 in the name of his son, Victor Alexander. It remained in Victor’s ownership until sold by public auction, in 1942, for Rupees 12,000.

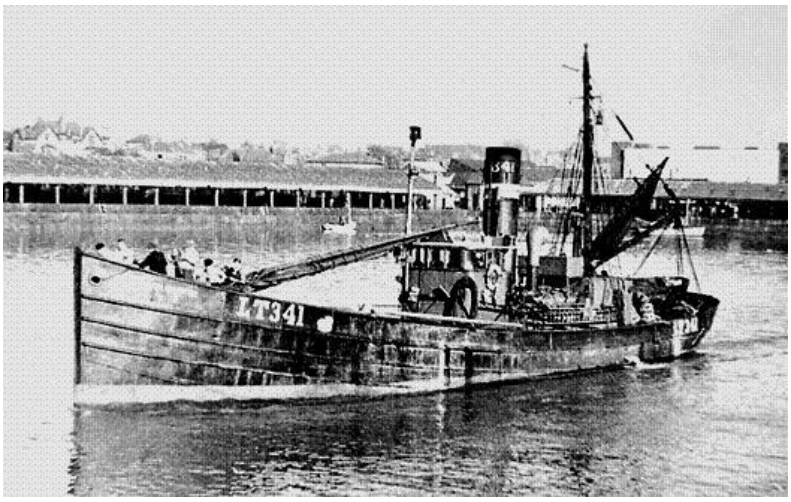
Maurice named his private island “*Taprobane*” based on the ancient name for Ceylon given by the Greeks and because of his island’s similarity in shape to Ceylon.

The foundation stone was laid on February 1, 1927, for an octagonal fantasy stone mansion in pseudo-Pompeian style with five *en-suite* bedrooms, and verandas in every direction. Small gardens extending through the foliage to the overhanging edges, fully occupied the crest of the island.
The spilling out verandas that embrace the landscaped garden, stepped terraces hovering over the ocean, and a stunningly clear 'infinity pool', create a sensation of living on a landscaped cruise boat.
Maurice encouraged people to visit his islet. He received a constant stream of visitors. He has hosted heads of state, famous authors, and many business elites. His historical visitor's book brimmed with names of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Duchesses, aristocrats, Prime Ministers, and other famous personalities who visited Taprobane Island.

In the 1930s, Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande served as a member of the Weligama Urban Council. Though he possessed a natural skill to cultivate the friendship of the rich and famous, his penchant for grandiose, as well as his conscience-free disposition to marshal the financial resources of other people, whether morally acceptable or otherwise surfaced very often. Writer Joe Duncan wrote about the count's negative traits:
During a visit to Sri Lanka last year (2002), I came across a reference to 'Count de Mauny' in an as-yet-unpublished family memoir. The late writer, a prominent Ceylon civil servant during the 1930s and 1940s, mentions encountering the 73-year-old Maurice in his bathing shorts at Weligama early in 1940 and recalls having 'fallen out' with him on an earlier occasion. The memoirist had refused permission to the local Government Headman to decorate the Weligama beach with lighted coconut shells and to hold a procession of dancers and fireworks, all at government expense, to entertain Governor Caldecott on a private visit to 'Taprobane'. If Count de Mauny had himself offered to pay the villagers to put on such a display, comments the memoirist, there could have been no objection, but instead, he had expected the local taxpayers (in effect) to cover the cost of what was strictly a private visit.
The above anecdote certainly ties in with certain less attractive characteristics mentioned in *Count de Mauny – Friend of Royalty*, by Seweryn Chomet.
In 1931, the Count was residing at Weligama, and his son, Victor Alexander, was residing at "*Boxmead*", Turret Road (now Dharmapala Mawatha), Colombo.
The book, "*The Gardens of Taprobane*" by Count de Mauny, edited by Bernard Miall, and published in London in 1937 by Williams and Norgate is all about his Taprobane Island home. It includes several black and white photos of the villa and the gardens. He has also authored two other books titled "*The Peace of Suffering 1914-1918*" and "*Gardening in Ceylon*."
Many renowned writers such as Paul Bowles, Robin Maugham, Shaun Mandy and Norah Burke have also given graphical accounts of the Taprobane Island.

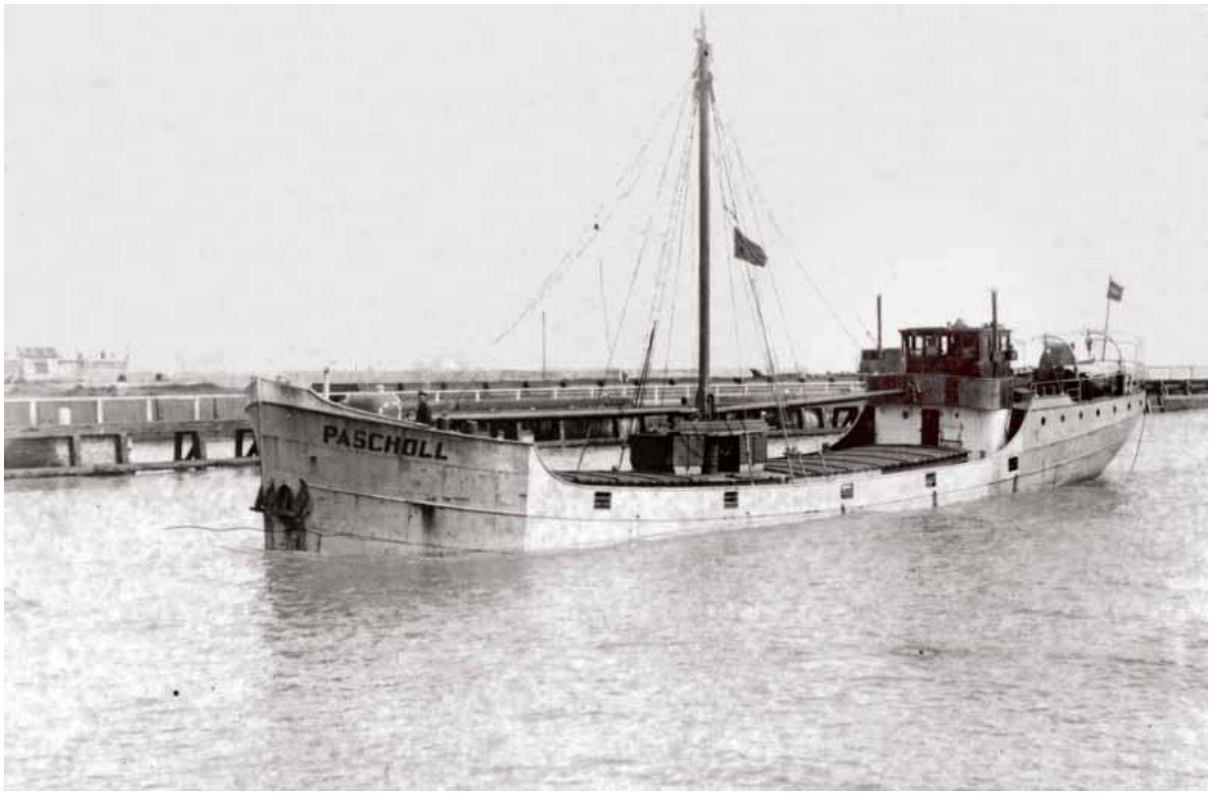
Victor Alexander Christian Henry George de Mauny (Source: christies.com)

With War coming, Victor was recalled as a Naval reservist and was posted to *HMS Fervent* the shore establishment based at Ramsgate in the old “Merrie England” amusement arcade. Once it became evident that the BEF would have to be withdrawn from Belgium and France, preparations (Operation Dynamo) were put in place and Victor was given command of *HMS Ocean Breeze* a 112 ton Drifter used as a contraband control vessel. His “salty bosun” George still wore his privateer’s gold earrings below his steel helmet as they set out on their first run on the 30th May.



HMS Ocean Breeze

Ocean Breeze ferried 259 men off the Bray sand dunes north of the town on two trips across the Channel. Victor also commanded the motor launch *Haig* bringing out a further 60 men. Next he took the Dutch Skoot *Pascholl* over: Skoots were Dutch motor coasters, flat bottomed and ideal for the beach evacuation. De Mauny was able to bring back a further 695 men, 300 of which were on the final journey on 4th June.



The Dutch Skoot *Pascholl*

For these actions, he was mentioned in dispatches (*The London Gazette* of Friday, August 16, 1940). The recommendation states:

"Between Noon on 30 May and 0815 Hours on 4 June 1940, Lieutenant De Mauny was continuously engaged under way on evacuation duties without any intermission. He commanded in succession Ocean Breeze, Haig and then as Navigator of a group of Skoots, commanding the Pascholl. He brought back more than 300 troops from Dunkirk beach in surf conditions on two separate occasions and was notably more successful than other small craft working in the same areas. On 31 May, when he was eight hours off the coast, his ship was subjected to continuous air attack. He displayed great devotion to duty under fire, and marked initiative, and was favourably reported upon by his Senior Officers on more than one occasion."
In October 1940 Victor was promoted to Lt-Commander and posted to the destroyer *HMS Brighton*. This ship was originally the USS Cowell built in 1918 and was part of the lend-lease scheme of 1940. She joined the 1st Minesweeper Squadron in the North Atlantic approaches and was also involved in convoy duties. In August 1941 he was given command of the *Saltburn,* a mine sweeping sloop but they were not deployed and were attached to the Navigation School at Portsmouth. It was not until 1943 that he went on operations again, in command of *HMS Mallard* built in 1936 as a patrol vessel with a 4inch main armament eight other subsidiary guns, depth charges and a top speed of 20knots. She had a crew of sixty and was part of the

Corvette Flotilla deployed in the North Sea on escorting Coastal Convoys. For his services in *Mallard* including enemy action Victor was awarded the DSC. He finished his service in command of the destroyer *HMS Impulsive* with the rank of Commander.
Victor now retired from the Navy for a second time and returned to Ceylon where he became Chairman of the Rosehough Tea Company. He married Kathleen Dixon whose family were in Colombo but they had no children though tittle-tattle being what it is, there was strong rumour of an illegitimate son from an indigenous liaison.
Meanwhile his Father had died in Victor's absence and his island home sold
On November 27, 1941, Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande died of a sudden heart attack at 3 o'clock in the afternoon while visiting a friend at the Chelvarayan Estate, Navatkuli, 3.73 miles (6 km) south of Jaffna in Ceylon.
John Lambert, an English solicitor at the Chelvarayan Estate, is registered as the person who buried the body of Count Maurice de Mauny-Talvande at St Mary's Burial Grounds in Jaffna, Ceylon, with none of his family members present.

The Ceylon Daily News, in its edition of Friday, November 28, 1941, printed the following in its obituary column:

"The death has occurred in Jaffna yesterday of the Count de Mauny, who had resided in Ceylon for over twenty years, making his island home, Taprobane, off Weligama, one of the most attractive showpieces of the kind. A French Catholic, the count became a naturalized Englishman.
This though, is not the last of The Count as some think that he haunts the Island
Sir Philip Christopher Ondaatje, a Sri Lankan born Canadian-English businessman, philanthropist, adventurer, and writer thinks so.

"I first heard the scream in 1946. Actually, it was more like a repeated plaintive gasp than a scream, and this was followed by a long low hissing noise, somewhat like air being released through someone's teeth. I was only twelve years old and holidaying with my parents, two sisters and my brother Michael on Taprobane Island off the coast of Weligama, a fishing village on the south coast of what was then Ceylon.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and we children had been sent to our rooms for an afternoon nap – quite a normal thing to do in the tropics. It was a very hot November afternoon. We had been playing and swimming most of the morning on the long crescent shaped Weligama beach only a few yards from the tiny Taprobane Island on which Count de Mauny Talvande had built a unique and magnificent house on the red granite rock covered with palms and jungle scrub. He bought the Island in 1925 and it remained in his possession until he died.

I didn't know it then, but the Count had died in 1941, only five years before we rented the Island from the subsequent owners who had bought the extraordinary island for

Rs.12,000 at an auction in 1942. It really is a magical island, only about two acres in area, and the Count christened it Taprobane because its original pear shape looked a little like a miniature Ceylon. He ignored its local name which had always been Galduwa. The first stones were laid out in 1927 and despite the fact that the island had been used by locals as a cobra dump (he eventually got rid of them) he set about building an enormous octagonal central hall which was thirty feet high and twenty feet at its widest point. The so-called Hall of the Lotus was lined with eight panels of inlaid wood which were dyed a dull gold and eau de nil, and bore a design of lotus buds and flowers.

The dome is supported by eight square pillars of Wedgwood blue, 24 feet in height, and on either side of these two light columns, 12 feet in height making sixteen in all – terra-cotta with gilded capitals support a white stone traverse which join the pillars with an arch of 10-feet span. This is hung with curtains of soft eau de nil silk, a deep brocaded border of art nouveau design at the bottom, black and gold on a cream ground. These curtains are kept open during the day, drawn only at night.

All the rooms converge into the hall through eight arches; nothing interferes with the full view of the interior, nor with that of the terraces and gardens which are seen through the carved mullions of doors and windows. A frieze inspired by the Sigiriya frescoes runs along the white stone walls. After Count de Mauny had finished building and decorating his building one could look from the centre of the hall through wrought iron and brass gates northwards to the entrance through towering palms and a vast array of tropical foliage. To the east one could see the Italian gardens the Count had created. The land sloped down to a well fed by a spring below sea level. East, and overlooking this garden, was the Count's own bedroom.

He loved the sunrise and, looking southwards, there was nothing between the small triangular lawn outside his bedroom window and the South Pole. Every morning the Count would lie in bed and listen to the gardener raking the leaves off the gravel path with an ekel broom. Everything, the house, the garden, and furniture of his own design and making, was in perfect harmony. There was a marvellous view up the palm-fringed Weligama bay to the north-east, and at low tide one could easily walk the few yards to and from the shore. However, at high tide the water was chest high and women and children used to be carried by servants to the small pier that led to the entrance steps. After a restless and turbulent life in France and England the Count spent many happy years in his unique island home – less a fortress than a pavilion.

As I said, I first heard the scream in 1946. It was late in November and I was having a nap in the room next to the Count's old bedroom. In those days there were no doors to the bedrooms – only the thin silk curtains which we pushed open and shut along solid brass curtain rings. I knew no one was in the Count's bedroom because my mother and father, who had been sleeping there, had driven to Galle with a tea-planter friend of theirs, H.L. 'Tank' Roche who was also staying on the island. We were left in the charge of our ayah or nanny. The others were still asleep, and I

heard the gasping cry very clearly so I got up and looked into the Count's bedroom, only to see his large empty ebony bed. And then I heard it again – a long plaintive repeated gasp. A sudden queer sensation passed over me and I felt a little faint. But this disappeared quickly. Far from being terrified I entered the room and looked on either side of the bed for something or someone who could have made the anguished sound. I saw nothing so returned to my room next door to wait for the others to wake up.
I told no one anything about the scream until two evenings later when we waded across the water to the Weligama Rest House for an early evening dinner of fried prawns and fish curry – my father's favourite. In those days the main road ran behind the Weligama Rest House and not in front of it. At low tide, one could run down the front steps of Taprobane and literally run across the shallow surf in bare feet, over the wide sandy beach and across a little bit of scrub grass to the Rest House. The food was marvellous and the Rest Housekeeper, Jayakody, was very kind to all of us. While we were having dinner – in fact, we had almost finished and were having a second helping of buffalo curd and kitul panni or honey, that Jayakody jokingly said to me, "*Did you hear it?*"
"*What?*" I said, not even remembering the scream.
"*You heard nothing? Nothing at all? What bedroom are you in?*"
I told him. And then I remembered my experience and told him that I had indeed heard rather a horrible scream or groan a couple of days earlier. My father was actually quite annoyed that I hadn't told him anything about it.

"*Ah yes*," Jayakody said. "*That's the Count.* He died two days ago, you know, on November 27, 1941, of a heart attack. Angina pectoris. He was visiting a friend in Jaffna on the Chelvarayan Estate in Nawatkuli. And then they buried him up there in St. Mary's Burial Ground which is a Catholic cemetery. It was a real shame. He always wanted to be buried on his island. He came here with practically nothing, but he built this fabulous house. It was the only place he was really happy. He was deeply in debt, which is why his island was sold. But he wrote a remarkable book about it, "*The Gardens of Taprobane*" which is very difficult to get. None of his family went to the funeral which was organised by an English solicitor whom he didn't even know. He often comes back but usually at this time of the year. And his awful gasping for breath and his last sounds are usually heard by the gardener outside his open bedroom windows. It is quite a usual occurrence and no one pays any attention anymore. He was seventy-five years old and died a little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon."
During the early part of the night, we made our way back to Taprobane Island with flares and torches. We children were still in high spirits and enjoyed being carried over the high tide by the servants who made several trips to and from the Weligama beach to collect us. My father and mother were unusually quiet. Not surprisingly they didn't sleep in the Count's bed and bedroom that night or on any subsequent night. They simply collected their bags and clothes from the Count's

bedroom and moved to the spare guest room over the servants' quarters facing the Weligama beach.

Back to reality and The island changed hands to various people, and none of them have lived there long as the Count did. It passed from writers Paul Bowles (American) to Shaun Mandy (Irish). Then to the de Silvas – Sri Lanka's Ambassador to France and then his son Sir Desmond and his wife Princess Katherina.
We now return to the Beaumont connections for after neglect for many years, in the 1970s writer Thadée Klossowski de Rola, the younger son of the Polish-French modern artist Balthus, held court there and captivated many a young visitor! With him was his wife born Loulou de la Falaise the muse of Yves St Laurent and the daughter of **Comte Alain de la Falaise (15),** writer, translator and publisher**.** The island now belongs to entrepreneur George Dobbs.
Ed: It would be nice to go a complete circle for **Alain de la Falaise's** elder brother Henri later film director, actor and one-time husband of Gloria Swanson was serving with the 12th Royal Lancers as part of the BEF was taken off the Beaches at Dunkirk. Through Alain, he later published "Through Hell to Dunkirk" a memoir of his war experiences. (Notably handsome and universally known as "Hank," the marquis was admiringly described by the actress Lillian Gish as "a real war hero. In his bathing-suit he presents a graphic picture of what modern warfare does to a man – he is so cut-and-shot and covered with scars.)
The chances are that his rescuer was not **Victor Alexander Christian Henry George de Mauny who died in 1978, one of "the little ship heroes"; but who knows?**

The Rotherams

The unusual case of three non-Catholic brothers that were at Beaumont in the 1930s

Their father was Auston Morgan Rotheram born on 11 June 1876 in Sallymount House, Fore, Co. Westmeath, third son of Edward Rotheram and his wife Maria Louisa Rotheram (nee Cooper). The family later moved to Co. Meath when his father inherited the Rotheram family house Crossdrum House, Oldcastle. Rotheram was educated at Cheltenham and Sandhurst. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars in August 1896, serving with his regiment in India. He was promoted to lieutenant in June 1898 and was appointed aide de camp to the Governor of Madras 1900. He resigned his commission in1901 and the following year returned to Ireland. In 1904 he joined the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, the predecessor of the North Irish Horse, with the rank of major and commanding D Squadron (Dundalk). He remained with the regiment until August 1907, when he resigned his commission.

Rotheram was accomplished at polo, captaining North Westmeath and playing for Ireland in the Patriotic Cup against England from 1903 to 1908. He also played in an All Ireland team at the 1908 London Olympic Games, winning a silver medal. Also in that team were OBs **Percy O'Reilly (84)** and **John McCann (97).** Other Irish internationals he knew and played with included John's brother **Arthur McCann (94), Leonard Morrogh-Ryan (94) and Vere Brudenell-Murphy (94).**

He rejoined in the 4th Hussars on 10 December 1914, being appointed captain in the Reserve Regiment. He embarked for France on 18 October 1915.

Rotheram was invalided home from France in early 1916, where he joined the 10th Reserve Cavalry Regiment at the Curragh. During the Easter Rebellion in April 1916 he commanded a company near the Guinness Brewery in Dublin and took the surrender of the Volunteers at South Dublin Union and Marrowbone Lane.

On 16 July 1917 he was appointed temporary major while serving in the Reserve Regiment of Cavalry. He resigned his commission in 1920.Rotheram left Ireland in 1929 and died on 13 November 1946 at Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.

At some stage during his military and sporting career Auston married and had three sons, Ronny, Sisson and Geoffrey all destined for Cheltenham his old school. Founded twenty years before Beaumont, it had quickly gained a reputation for the military including many recipients of the VC and for sport: it was also over twice the size. Ronny had been in the main school for a year when his mother converted to Catholicism and she naturally hoped that the rest of the family would follow suit. To this end she persuaded her husband that the boys should receive a Catholic education. The family are unaware of how she achieved this but when it came to the choice of establishments Auston was influenced by the fact that so many of his polo playing friends had been at Beaumont. Fr Weld, the Rector at the time was happy to accept the boys in the belief that they would eventually convert.

Ronny,a few y ears before he died, wrote this appraisal of his time at Beaumont

Memories of Beaumont - Ronny Rotheram (32-36) under Fr Weld

After the usual difficulties of settling into a new school, I rapidly settled down and thoroughly enjoyed my four years at Beaumont. I was at an initial disadvantage as the teaching methods, even the pronunciation, were different from Cheltenham, but there were no outside distractions and my schoolmates were a friendly, if very mixed lot: English, lots of Irish and many queer nationalities from South America and elsewhere. I found the religious aspect very boring, with church every day and twice on Sundays and one-week retreats when we not allowed to speak to one another.

The Eton Match

On the other hand, Beaumont was very keen on games, with the rugby pitches by the side of the Thames at Runnymede and a boathouse with excellent shell eight boats.

Messing around on the river

Up at the Cricket Flats

The Officer Training Corps was professionally run and this aspect I thoroughly enjoyed.

The Jesuits themselves were a great surprise to me, as they were all completely 'with it' and were in sympathy and understanding with the boys both in teaching and in life generally. We were given much more freedom than at Cheltenham and there was no fagging and very little bullying. The one occasion when I had some trouble was quickly settled when I took a swing at my tormentor, after which I was left alone. I did find the boys rather goody goody after Cheltenham, but I was very happy there. The Jesuits used to let us go off to Windsor on our own on school exeats and we were allowed to smoke on those occasions - very advanced. The only form of punishment in the school was a beating on the hands with a rubber strap and I only once suffered this indignity. When I later became a prefect, I found that with our meals we were supplied with unlimited quantities of cider, which was a most unusual privilege.

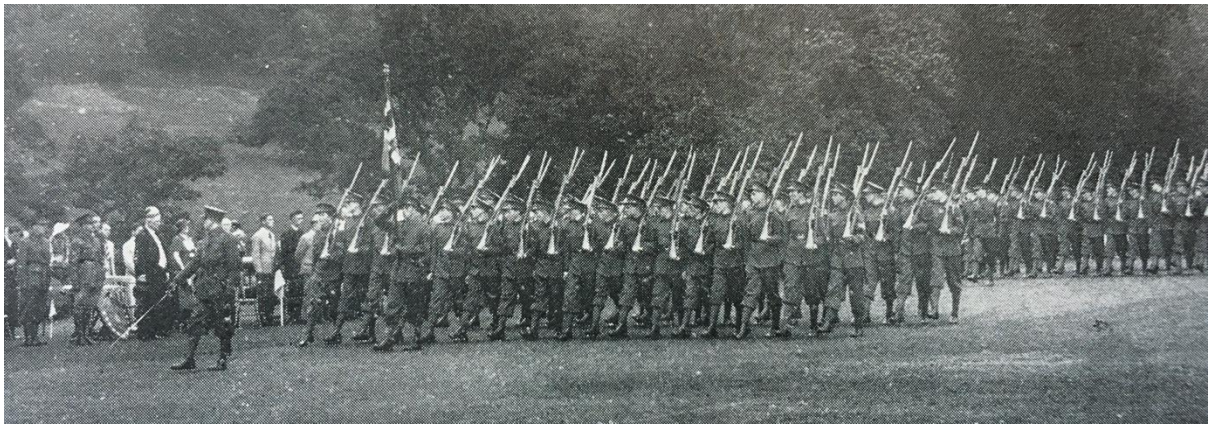
My four years at Beaumont passed quickly and happily - the only incident being the breaking of my nose on two occasions, once while diving into the shallow end, and once when hitting a goal post while playing rugby. I eventually rose to No 2 prefect, captain of the rugger team and chief-under-officer of the cadet force, quite a paragon.

Below are various photos of the Corps at Camp at Tidworth

Morning Parade and Roll Call

Break in weapon training

The Band marches into camp



Commanding the Trooping of The Colour Parade.

We cadets lined the route in Windsor for funeral of King George V. It was bitterly cold and we had to borrow Army greatcoats to put over our OTC uniforms. The procession was extremely impressive, with many crowned heads in full formal uniforms. The Scots Guards were playing 'The flowers of the forest' as they passed us and I nearly cried with emotion.

My last two years at Beaumont were dominated by my preparation for the entrance examination to the RAF Cadet College at Cranwell. After I had sat the School Certificate examination and obtained six credits, the Jesuits put me in an individual stream with special tuition and in 1935 I had my first try at the exam, which also entailed an interview in Burlington House. As there were some 400 applicants for 35 places, the competition was fierce and I failed on my first try. In pre-war days, cadets were expected to pay £200 per year for the privilege, which was a big sum in those days. I was fortunate in obtaining a Kitchener Scholarship, which paid for all my expenses during my two years at Cranwell. For my second try at the entrance exam, the Jesuits brought in an ex-Naval Commander who gave me a crash course in nautical navigation and such delights as spherical trigonometry and it was thanks to this and other cramming that I got into Cranwell on the second attempt. I spent the last two months at Beaumont mucking about the science block making model aircraft.

Ronnie was selected for The VIII but work preparation for Cranwell prevented him rowing as the season progressed. Instead he sculled:-

Sisson Ede Rotheram (39)

Sisson was born in Ireland in 1921. He went to Beaumont (34-39). Like Geoffrey and Ronny, Sisson became a pilot in the Royal Air Force. Sisson joined up in 1940 and undertook his pilot training in Bulowayo, Rhodesia in 1941. He was posted in 1942 as a Sergeant Pilot to 221 Squadron in North Africa, flying Wellington bombers on anti-submarine missions and strikes against Axis shipping convoys. Sisson was commissioned in 1943 and posted to 38 Squadron, another Wellington squadron based at the same airfield as 221. In May 1944 Sisson was posted as a Flying Officer to 172 Squadron at RAF Chivenor in Devon, flying Wellington XIVs on anti-submarine patrols. These Wellingtons were fitted with special radar, additional fuel tanks and a searchlight known as a Leigh Light for night time anti-submarine patrols. The missions were very demanding and hazardous. The patrols, over the Atlantic Ocean and the Bay of Biscay, were of ten hours duration and the aircraft was flown at an average height of only one thousand feet above sea level. The U-boats had powerful air defences and many aircraft were lost while attacking them. 172 Squadron were losing one or two aircraft a month, the equivalent of the loss of an entire squadron of aircraft and their crew in less than a year. Late on the evening of 14 June 1944 Sisson set off on his second mission with the squadron, flying as second pilot to the squadron commander. Early in the morning of 15 June the aircraft reported a radar contact in a position some twenty miles off Lorient, an important U-boat base in Brittany. That was the last that was heard from them and the aircraft failed to return to base. The crew was reported missing, presumed killed in action. There is no German record of a U-boat or night fighter shooting down an aircraft that night so we do not know exactly how the aircraft was lost. Sisson was 23. He is listed on the RAF memorial at Runnymede, Panel 209 and on The Beaumont War Memorial.

Geoffrey Crofton Rotheram (39)

Geoffrey was born in 1924. He attended Beaumont like his elder brothers Ronny and Sisson. In 1942 he joined the Royal Air Force as an air gunner. He was in 76 Squadron, first in Wellingtons and then in Halifax bombers, and took part in 17 operations over occupied Europe. After the war he transferred to Transport Command and was stationed in North Africa. In 1947 he left the RAF, and in the same year he married Joan Harling. Their daughter Shelagh was born in 1954. The family lived in Worcester until they emigrated to Australia in 1958. They lived in Melbourne for 18 years while Geoffrey worked for Hoechst Chemicals. Geoffrey then set up his own chemical shipping company. Meanwhile he bought a small farm north of Melbourne. It was there that he lost a hand in an accident while blowing up a tree stump. The farm eventually failed following an extended drought, and Geoffrey moved to a 40-acre holding at Moe, some 100 miles east of Melbourne, where he kept Long-haired Highland cattle. Following the dissolution of Geoffrey and Joan's marriage, Geoffrey married Wilga Tannock in 1980. Geoffrey died in 2004 at the age of 80.

Wing Commander 'Ronny' Rotheram

The Daily Telegraph Obituary 5 July 2010

Wing Commander 'Ronny' Rotheram, who has died aged 92, won a DFC during the Battle of France while attacking the bridges across the Meuse at Maastricht in order to deny their use to the German Army.

The Blenheim squadrons of No 2 Group had been thrown into the battle in an attempt to stem the rapid German advance. Rotheram was a member of 107 Squadron, which on May 12 1940 was ordered to attack the Maastricht bridges.

Led by its charismatic commander **Basil Embry (Father of Mark and Paddy)** and described by Ronny as the most inspiring leader he ever met, the Squadron attacked from 6000 feet and was immediately engulfed by heavy flak. Five of 12 Blenheims were lost in the attack and Rotheram's aircraft was hit repeatedly leaving his windscreen shattered and his observer wounded.
As he turned away from the target after dropping his bombs, Rotheram found that the controls to his port engine were severed and, as the starboard engine was damaged, he started to drop out of formation. At that moment two Me109s attacked, but he found a small patch of cloud and managed to evade them. Shortly afterwards the propeller of the port engine detached and he made a skilful forced landing which all three crew survived, although his gunner was injured.

After the crash, Rotheram and his observer were driven to an underground fort at Tildonk where they were brought before the King of the Belgians and Sir Roger Keyes, Churchill's personal emissary to the King, and questioned about the state of the bridges. Rotheram was flown back to England. He later discovered that the main bridges were already down at the time of the attack and that traffic was instead pouring over two pontoon bridges.
Rotheram was back on operations with 107 Squadron 10 days later and by the end of the month had taken part in 11 more daylight missions, nearly all against heavy opposition. His aircraft was hit on four more occasions and losses among the Blenheim force were heavy. By the end of the month, he was operating in support of the Dunkirk evacuation when he was rescued from the attentions of Messerschmitt fighters by the timely arrival of Spitfires and Hurricanes.
Ronald Cooper Rotheram was born in Dublin on August 27 1917, the third of seven sons of Major Auston Rotheram, who had been a subaltern in the 4th Hussars with Winston Churchill in India and was a member of the Ireland team at the 1908 Olympic games. Five of the brothers served in the RAF; two lost their lives in service. The Rotherams, like many Anglo-Irish families, left Ireland in the 1920s. Ronny

attended Cheltenham College and later Beaumont College, and entered the RAF College at Cranwell in 1936 where he gained his full colours for rowing.
Rotheram was posted to 107 Squadron on leaving Cranwell. In April 1940 the Squadron was engaged in the Norwegian campaign including a low-level attack against the recently occupied airfield at Stavanger. After the Battle of France, Rotheram was posted to 101 Squadron, a training and reserve unit. He returned to operations in January 1941 with 105 Squadron as a flight commander and took part in shipping strikes and bombing raids on Germany and occupied Europe.
In May 1943 Rotheram was appointed Commanding Officer of 244 Squadron, an anti-submarine squadron based at Sharjah. The squadron was equipped with the Bisley, an underpowered variant of the Blenheim which was prone to crashing due to sand getting into the engines. Many aircraft were being lost and morale was understandably poor. Rotheram arranged for regular engine changes and had the armour and heavy turrets removed, which greatly improved the aircraft's reliability and flying qualities. Many hours flown on patrols without a sighting were finally rewarded when a sergeant and his crew sank the U-533 in the Gulf of Oman. Rotheram was appointed OBE for his time in command of 244 Squadron. In 1944 he attended the Middle East Staff College at Haifa.
Rotheram continued in the RAF after the war. He completed the Army Staff College course in 1947 and his later service included an appointment in Copenhagen with Sir Hugh Saunders's mission to the Royal Danish Air Force and two years as Officer Commanding RAF Kai Tak, Hong Kong. He retired from the RAF in 1972 having flown 37 aircraft types, from the Avro Tutor biplane to the Vampire jet. He later worked for Associated Books at Andover.
Ronny Rotheram, who died on April 8, married, in 1946, Catherine Askelund, the daughter of a marine engineer of Norwegian descent. She died in 1971, and in 1990 he married Audrey Danny, who survives him with a son and daughter from his first marriage.

Ed: I am most grateful to Ronny’s son Patrick and his grandson Charlie for providing all this information.

PHILIP RICHARDSON: “INSPIRING DANCE”

When one considers the careers of OBs we tend to think of the Services, the Law and Medicine to mention the most obvious: dancing is hardly likely to feature but **Philip Richardson was not only one of the founders of British Ballet but also the driving force in Ballroom Dancing that would result in one of the most popular shows on Television.**

Philip Richardson (1875-1963), was born at Winthorpe in Nottinghamshire. He was at Beaumont from 1884 to 1891.

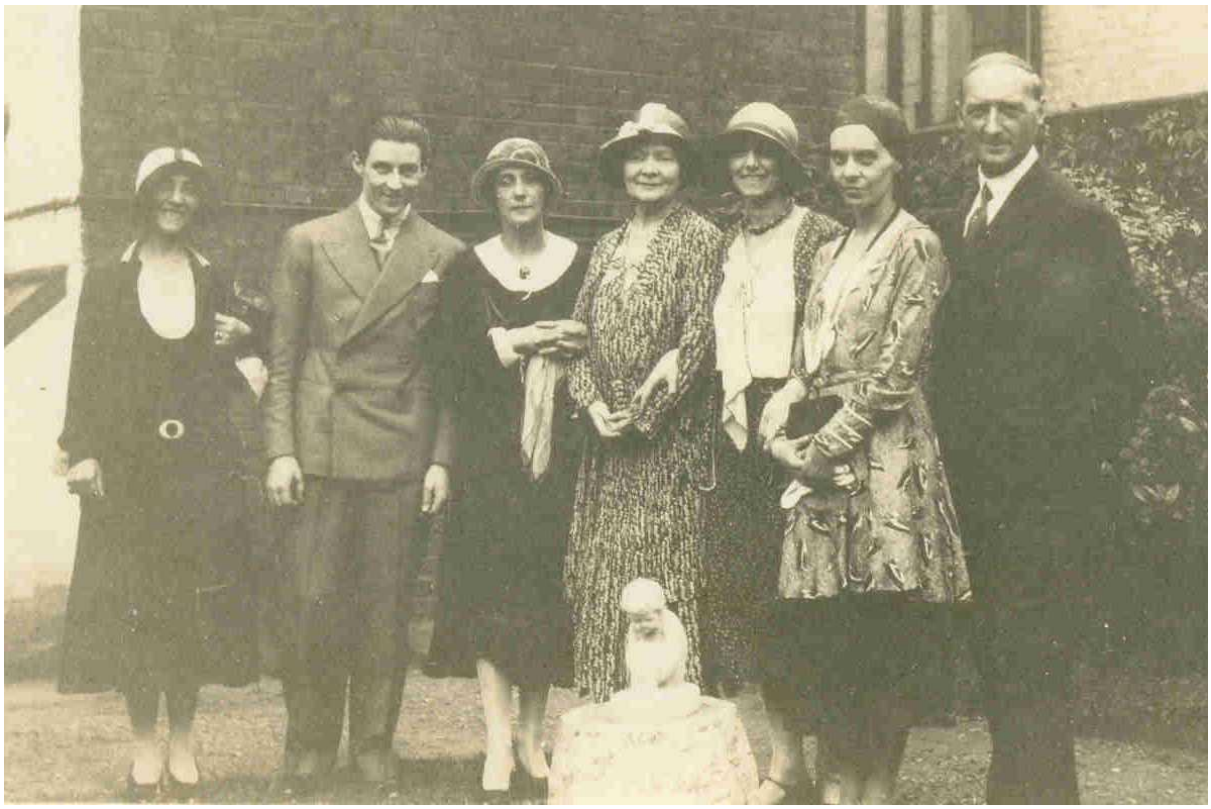
In 1910 he bought the *Dancing Times* magazine with publisher T.M. Middleton: this journal was first published in 1894 as the house magazine of the Cavendish Rooms, London, a ballroom dancing establishment and is the oldest monthly devoted to dancing in all its forms. Philip immersed himself in the developing British ballet scene and became the driving force behind the establishment of many influential committees and associations, including the Association of Teachers of Operatic Dancing of Great Britain (later the Royal Academy of Dance).

At the turn of the twentieth century, ballet in Britain existed primarily in Music Halls. Danish-born Adeline Genee was the star of London's Empire Theatre between 1897 and 1909 and it was here that Phyllis Bedells became the first British ballerina to hold the position of Première Danseuse in 1914. Bedells was also the first to resist the pressure upon English dancers to Russianise their names after the status of ballet began to change in 1911 with the appearance of Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in London, and in 1912 the celebrated Russian dancer Anna Pavlova made London her home. Both Diaghilev and Pavlova employed English dancers disguised with Russian-sounding names such as Alicia Markova (Lillian Marks), Anton Dolin (Pat Kay) and Hilda Butsova (Hilda Boot).

Audiences began to appreciate the artistry of fine performers and the production of great nineteenth-century repertory works alongside new ground-breaking choreography, design and music. By the 1920s strong moves were afoot to establish a British ballet tradition, spearheaded by Richardson

On 18 July 1920, Richardson gave a dinner for eminent dance professionals at the former Trocadero in Piccadilly. The diners included five special guests, representing the principal methods of ballet training in use at that time.

Phyllis Bedells - English Method. Lucia Cormani - Italian Method. Edouard Espinosa - French Method. Adeline Genee - Bournonville Method, Denmark.Tamara Karsavina- Imperial Method, Russia.



Judith Espinosa, Anton Dolin, Tamara Karsavina, Adeline Genée, Phyllis Bedells, Ninette de Valois and D G MacLennon

Other guests included Ninette de Valois, the founder of England's Royal Ballet company, and Anton Dolin, the co-founder of English National Ballet. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the poor quality of dance training in Britain at that time.

Richardson, at the second meeting (with some 70 attendees) three months later proposed formally the formation of an association of English teachers - Edouard Espinosa proposed and Miss de Moroda (famous Grecian classical dancer) seconded the formation of an Association of Teachers of Operatic Dancing, with Adeline Genee as President.
An elementary examination syllabus was first presented to a crowded gathering of teachers at the Grafton Galleries, London where the Association of Operatic Dancing of Great Britain was officially founded.

In 1921, the Association established headquarters at the offices of *Dancing Times* magazine in London and the first Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced level examinations were held in the years that followed, with the first Children's syllabus being published and then examined in 1923 and 1924.

In November 1923, The AOD presented its first ‘Annual Matinée’ at the Gaiety Theatre, the object of which was to draw attention to the technical capabilities of the Association’s members. The programme included a divertissement by Philip Richardson entitled “No English Need Apply”, which satirised the prejudice felt to exist against British dancers at the time and the assumed greater success of dancers from the continent.

Established artists such as Phyllis Bedells and Tamara Karsavina presented their own individual programmes of ballet during the 1920s, but it wasn’t until 1926 that bookseller and publisher Cyril Beaumont attempted to establish one of the first British ballet companies. The Cremorne Company – (named after the famous pleasure gardens of the early nineteenth century) – debuted at the New Scala Theatre on March 11 of that year.

Both Ninette de Valois and Marie Rambert had established studios in London. The Marie Rambert Dancers, including Frederick Ashton, appeared in a London Revue called Riverside Nights in June 1926 presenting Ashton’s first choreography – A Tragedy of Fashion; or, The Scarlet Scissors. Meanwhile, Ninette de Valois was pursuing her idea of establishing a repertory ballet company at Lilian Baylis’ Old Vic Theatre.

Earlier in 1928, Queen Mary consented to become Patron of the Association. Over the next decade, the Association grew in size and influence. At the last Privy Council Meeting of King George V in 1935, it was granted a Royal Charter and became the Royal Academy of Dancing.

Following the death of Serge Diaghilev in August 1929, the Ballets Russes Company disbanded. Philip Richardson encouraged the founding of a society whose aim would be to produce regular programmes of ballet in London. The ‘Camargo Society’ was formed in January 1930 and the committee included Richardson, Arnold Haskell, Phyllis Bedells, Lydia Lopokova and Edwin Evans as chairman. The first performances were given in October of that year and included choreography by Frederick Ashton, Ninette de Valois and Penelope Spencer. In 1932 the Camargo Society presented a season of ballet at The Savoy Theatre in conjunction with the recently formed Ballet Club and Vic-Wells Ballet, set-up by Marie Rambert and Ninette de Valois respectively. The three companies for a short time-shared dancers, choreographers, composers and designers. In 1933, following two Gala performances at the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, the Camargo Society was closed and the remaining profits and repertory works were handed over to the Vic-Wells company, later to become the Royal Ballet.

The English Ballet Company in Copenhagen, September 1932. (Ninette de Valois is in centre front with Adeline Genée partially obscured behind her. Phyllis Bedells and Philip Richardson can be seen to the left of Genée).

In 1932, Adeline Genée arranged for an 'English Ballet Company' to travel to Denmark to appear at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. The company was made up of members of the AOD and Phyllis Bedells appeared alongside other famous British ballet names such as Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin and Ruth French. Ninette de Valois directed the performances and the programme included repertory from the Camargo Society and the recently formed Vic-Wells ballet company. Although it was not intended to be a permanent company, the 'English Ballet Company' was an important step for the promotion of British Ballet on an international level.

When WW2 broke out, British ballet was only a few decades old, and few had imagined that it would establish roots in a nation long thought to be unresponsive to

the genre.

Photo by] *[Roger Wood*

Madame Rambert
with Sally Gilmour and Walter Gore, before the departure of the Ballet Rambert on an E.N.S.A. tour of Germany.

Nevertheless, the War proved to be a boon for ballet dancers, choreographers, and audiences, for Britain's dancers were forced to look inward to their own identity and sources of creativity. Instead of withering during the enforced isolation of war, ballet in Britain flourished, exhibiting a surprising heterogeneity and vibrant populism that moved ballet outside its typical elitist surroundings to be seen by uninitiated, often enthusiastic audiences.

Ballet proved to help boost morale, to render solace to the soul-weary, and to afford entertainment and diversion to those who simply craved a few hours of distraction.

In 1951 Ninette de Valois was appointed a DBE and Philip Richardson an Order of the British Empire (OBE) in the New Year Honours list, and in the Birthday Honours list, Margot Fonteyn awarded a Commander of the British Empire (CBE) and when Queen Mary died in 1953 the present Monarch agreed to become the new Patron.

Dame Darcey Bussell is the current President of the R A D. and was a Judge on "Strictly Come Dancing".

Ballroom

Philip Richardson was not just interested in Ballet but in all forms of dance and especially ballroom and a couple of months before he called together "the Great and the Good of Ballet" he made the first move to rationalize the world of social dance. On May 12th 1920 the *Dancing Times* magazine held an "Informal Conference" of teachers of ballroom dancing in the Grafton Galleries. Any who were interested could attend and some 200 turned up. Philip as, Editor of the *Dancing Times* was elected to be Chairman, a position he would hold till 1959. This original conference led to three further gatherings resulting in a report in 1921 establishing the basic forms for One-Step, Foxtrot, Waltz and Tango. A fourth conference was held in 1922

Over the period of the next seven years three more conferences were held setting forth rules for guidance in such matters as amateur status. This informal committee continued its work and in 1929 adopted the title of "Official Board of Ballroom Dancing" that in 1985 changed its name to " The British Dance Council".

The work of the BDC covers all aspects of social dance. It grants the right for individuals or organizations to run dance championships either open to the world or restricted to Britain and Northern Ireland in Professional Ballroom, Latin, Sequence (Old Time and Modern) as well as corresponding amateur events.

The major championships are the British Open Professional and the British National Professional in both Ballroom and Latin. Richardson's organisation flourished and

was to popularise dance to such an extent that ***Come Dancing*** the British ballroom dancing competition that ran on and off on the BBC from 1950 to 1998, became one of television's longest-running shows. It was created by Eric Morley, the founder of Miss World, and began in 1950 by broadcasting from regional ballroom studios, with professional dancers on hand to offer teaching. In 1953, the format changed to become a competition, with later series seeing regions of the United Kingdom going head to head for the coveted trophy.

In 2004 The show was re-launched as ***Strictly Come Dancing*** (informally known as ***Strictly***) as a contest in which celebrities partner with professional dancers to compete in mainly ballroom and Latin dance. The format has been exported to over 40 other countries, licensed by BBC Worldwide, and has also inspired a modern dance-themed spin-off *Strictly Dance Fever*. The *Guinness Book of Records* has named “Strictly” to be the world’s most successful reality TV format

The Richardson Archives

Richardson’s interest in the history of dance led him to be an astute collector of resources and his personal library contained some of the finest and earliest printed books on dancing. He also acquired some rare documents, press cuttings and illustrations in relation to his research on social dance in England. These valuable, historical resources are held as part of the **Philip Richardson** archive collection at the **RAD**, where he served as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer until his death in 1963.

And Another OB Dance Connection.

Richardson was not the only OB connection with Ballet and it came from an unexpected person: **John Farmer** MC wartime SOE operative and later MI6 Agent. Apart from that, he was an excellent all- round sportsman both on the athletics track and the rugby field. He was also a promising actor and dancer and was talent spotted by Dame Ninette de Valois when he danced the role of Puck in *Midsummer’s Night’s Dream* in London at the age of twenty- one.

GISS - GOSS

GISS – GOSS is THE REVIEW gossip column with tittle-tattle gleaned from various sources.

SNIPPETS

Where were you when the closure of Beaumont was announced:-

Adrian Naughten

You remind us of 55th Anniversary of Announcement that Beaumont was to close. Where was I?? I was at Sennelager with The Irish Fusiliers doing our Annual Infantry Camp. I had just come in at about 2230 from a Night Shoot and was having a drink with the Battalion 2ic(Major Tony Brady) whose 2 sons had been put down for Beaumont entering in September 1966. The U.K. papers had arrived that day. Whilst having our Nightcap I happened casually to flick through the Daily Telegraph headlines- and read about the planned closure! As a Paid Up member of BU I had not heard this news. I distinctly recall saying to the revered 2ic who would have had an interest in this piece of news: " Presumably you know about this??" We had to have another Nightcap because as a prospective Parent He had not been told!!! Hardly top marks to The Jesuits

Ed replied: I remember Tony Brady - on one occasion he came to judge the Drill competition when we were preparing for the Guidon Parade in '65. He stayed for Lunch – I think we allowed him to go home after Dinner.

Adrian:- Tony Brady started life in the Army in 1940 as a Guardsman with The Micks. Had an excellent War (decorated etc) and rose to rank of S/ Sgt- then Commissined into The Faughs. His daily ' tipple' at Lunchtime was 2 x cold lagers plus 3 Gin & Waters!!! On a famous occasion in Catterick (to where we returned Post

Celle) we had a Clay Pigeon Shoot on lawn of QOH Mess. Their 2ic was Mark Hewer a renowned whiskey consumer: our 2ic was the bold Tony Brady (drink preferences as above) and the Faugh UPM was one Harold Bryant. Pre prandial account as follows:

Hewer: 11 Whiskey & Water
Brady: 2x Lager Plus 8x Gin & Water
Bryant: 8 pints of Bitter

After a suitable afternoon rest the gallant trio were back in the Ante Room by 6pm for further Refreshment!!!!

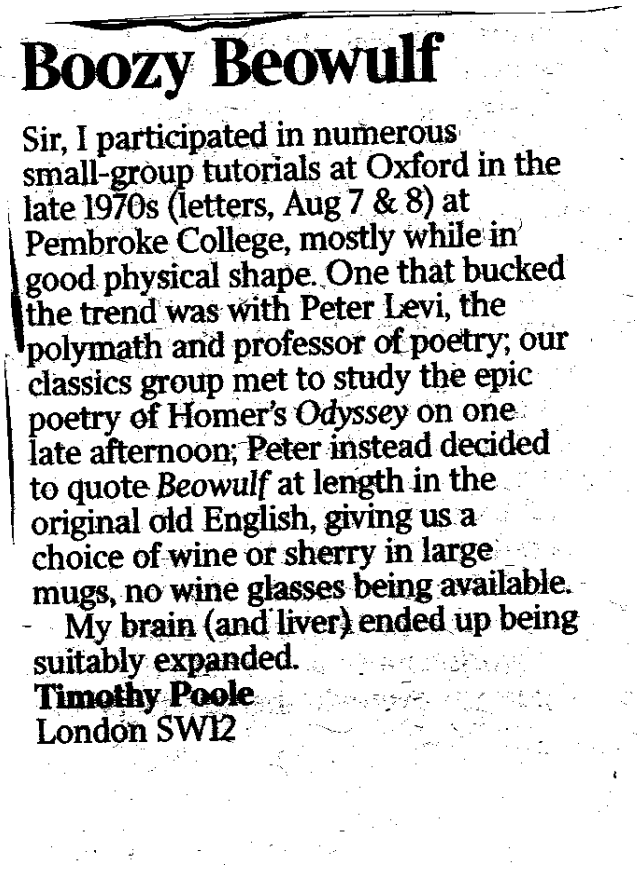
Ed: Brady it would seem was well qualified to be an OB parent!!

St Mary's Shaftsbury.

Perhaps the same question will be discussed by SOGS the St Mary's Old Girl Association following the abrupt news in July that the school was to close at the end of term. I think we can feel for all those involved especially the Staff and pupils left "high & dry" - at least at Beaumont we had a two year lead in and anyone who wanted a place at Stonyhurst could have one. Shaftsbury are the country cousins of Ascot founded by the Institute of The BVM but both are now are independent trusts. Shaftsbury had a good academic record and good facilities but was probably too small, just over 200, to be viable today. Lewestonn, down the road has 400 and is now taking boys.

"The Beaumont Style"

Henry Haywood spotted this letter in The Times 12th August:-



Boozy Beowulf

Sir, I participated in numerous small-group tutorials at Oxford in the late 1970s (letters, Aug 7 & 8) at Pembroke College, mostly while in good physical shape. One that bucked the trend was with Peter Levi, the polymath and professor of poetry; our classics group met to study the epic poetry of Homer's *Odyssey* on one late afternoon; Peter instead decided to quote *Beowulf* at length in the original old English, giving us a choice of wine or sherry in large mugs, no wine glasses being available.

My brain (and liver) ended up being suitably expanded.

Timothy Poole
London SW12

Spanish tit-bits

The death occurred in March of the Marques de Grinon from Covid. Lovers of gossip and wine might have taken note. Carlos Grinon was the four times married famed wine producer, he was also the son of **Manuel Falco de Escandon (14).** Manuel was a great friend of the Count of Barcelona and so Carlos was a childhood friend of King Juan Carlos. He also inherited El Rincon a 123-hectare estate with a medieval-style palace built in 1892 by José Manzanedo, first Marquis of Manzanedo and Duke of Santoña (father of 2 OBs). A home that entertained King Alfonso XIII and Queen Victoria Eugenie, who attended the annual hunts that were held on the estate. The property came into the hands of Carlos as part of the inheritance from his aunt Paloma Falcó widow of **José Mitjans y Murrieta, 4th Marquis of Manzanedo (29).** She was the one who restored and refurbished the palace and gardens of the estate where there are also vineyards, and where Carlos Falcó established his main residence in 1999. Carlos's eldest son Manuel is currently Global Group Chairman of Citigroup.

Connections.

Sir Ian Holm the actor died in June and was probably best known for his role as Bilbo Biggins in the Hobbit series of films. However from a Beaumont aspect, he played

OB **Desmond Cussen** in the film “Dance with a Stranger” about Ruth Ellis (see REVIEW Summer 19).Holm was much married and his last wife who he wedded in 2003 was Sophie de Stempel daughter of the disgraced OB **Baron Michael de Stempel (48).**

Sophie from The Royal Drawing School

Sophie de Stempel studied painting at the City and Guild School of Art followed by eight years working for Lucian Freud. She was his model and muse and was one of a string of aristocratic young ladies who posed nude for his iconic paintings.
She has exhibited at the Albemarle Gallery with Pippa Houldsworth and also Rebecca Hossack. She has been in mixed shows curated at the Sigmund Freud Museum. She works from life, drawings and memory, often all in one picture to try and bring about something imaginative and surprising. She has lived in France and Spain as well as four years in Morocco, painting. She was to say
“Drawing is a passion for me. I believe many things, ideas, films start by putting pencil to paper. I have always collected drawings and prints; really it is the beginning of understanding how something could be made, the first steps to painting. A bit like the need to see trees in winter, their structure before full bloom, or understanding the inside of a clock”.

One enquiry leads to another

John Marshall asked me for further details of the **Throckmortons** who I mentioned in “A year like no other”. It seems that one of the brothers who were at Beaumont is buried at St Benet’s Minster, Beccles and was a friend of John’s father **Ronald (35).**

As mentioned in my article, the Baronetcy of this old recusant family whose name will ever be synonymous with the Throckmorton Plot of 1583 and the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, died with the death of **Anthony (33) 12th Bart.** The family home was Coughton Court near Studley Warwickshire and the estate has been owned by the Throckmorton family since 1409. The house has been in the ownership of the National Trust since 1946. The family tenant was, until her death a couple of years ago, Clare McLaren-Throckmoton known professionally as Clare Tritton QC. She was a niece of the 10th Baronet.
However, the Throckmorton buried at Beccles finds himself in the churchyard of the Minster designed by the architect **Francis Banham (79)** which was originally intended to house a small community of Benedictine Monks – hence the official title of St Benet's Minster.

Banham, designed other churches and was also Mayor of Beccles in 1897. His other occupation was fathering children of which he had 11. One of his daughters Winefride married Malcolm Macgregor Marshall: they were the parents of **Ronald.** Malcolm died in 1928 when Ronald was at St John's but in 1939 his mother married again. Her second husband was **Henry Montagu Lyons**, he was the second son of Henry Lyons whose wife Olivia was a granddaughter of the 6th Duke of Manchester. All their sons were sent to Beaumont.

(1).**James Denis Lyons (94),** JP late Capt.13th Hussars, born 1877, married 1908, Mary Josephine, eldest daughter of the late James Campsie Dalglish and Mrs Dalglish Bellasis, *Seat*-Croom House, Croom, Co. Limerick. *Clubs*- Cavalry. Mary Josephine was the sister of **Admiral Robin (93) and Charles (94)** KIA.

(2). **Henry Montagu Lyons (97),** Gentleman, born 1880. *Res.*-3 Brunswick Gardens, London,W.8. He studied Engineering and served with the Royal Naval Air Service in the Great War. It was he who married Winifrede Marshall and according to John provided the legacies that paid the school fees for Mike, Mark and himself.

(3).**John Cromie Lyons (96),** Gentleman, born 1883, married 1925, Dorothy Conton, of NSW.

I pointed out to John that as the Marshalls are the step grandchildren of Henry Lyons and that James Lyons was the "Great Uncle" of my brother in law Michael Goldschmidt we are Cousins "a la mode de Bretagne" (honorary relatives).

John came back to me that in his younger days he knew a Marybell Goldschmidt. I was able to tell him that this was Michael's sister who was married to Roddy Mellotte (Downside and the Royal Surrey Regiment) who dropped dead of a heart attack just over a week after Michael died. Roddy will be possibly remembered by members of the 1st XV of '59 and '60 as being a member of the all - conquering Downside team: **Adrian Naughten** recalls this formidable second row forward coming out of the fog on the first meeting. (Philippa Naughten and Alice Mellotte are great friends from days at Shaftsbury). Unbeknown to John was that his brother **Mar**k is also a friend of the Mellottes having sons contemporary at Downside. As for myself, I have lost two valued friends: we might have had different schools and regiments but we three "musketeers" shared one thing in common: we were dropped on from a great height in our meteoric rise to the Army Board!

Missing from the War Memorial.

A Further look at the Centenary lists and checking on the obituary of **James Lyons** in 1935 and I discovered that his son **Henry** was at St Johns but went to Ampleforth rather than moving up to the College. He then went to Christ Church Oxford and gained a 3rd in Chemistry in 1932. In 1936, Henry married Audrey Margaret Stark in Birmingham. They lived at Erdington and, later, at Coolbarn, Tamworth Road, Sutton Coldfield. During the War he rose to Sergeant in the RAFVR with 100 Squadron when he was lost on February 24th 1944.
On that night, a massive attacking force of 734 aircraft made up from 460 Lancasters, 169 Halifaxes and 11 Mosquitoes attacked the German main production area of ball bearings at Schweinfurt. The plan was to split the force into two halves separated with a two hour interval. Twenty-two aircraft were lost on the first raid and half that number on the second. The majority of losses on the second wave were caused by flak. Three hundred and sixty-two people on the ground were killed in this raid. A total of 33 R.A.F. aircraft were lost with 3 from 100 Squadron, alone.

He is commemorated on the Runnymede Memorial Panel 233.

His name should be on our War Memorial but like several others is absent, however, he will be added to those in our WW2 Archive.

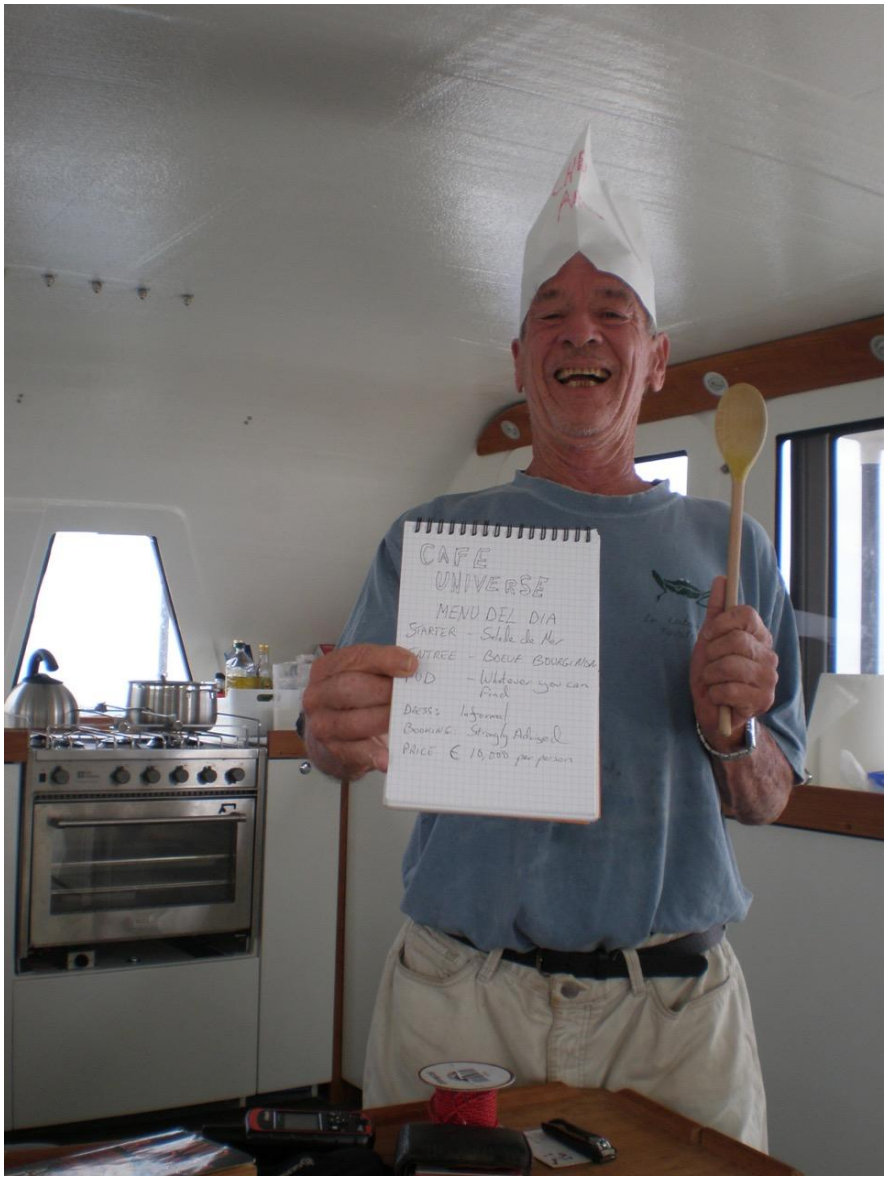
THREE Men In a BOAT.

From Nick Shand:

Ship's Complement: Du Beau Monde sur l'eau

Skipper Tony and Grand Crew (Vintage '67)

At this time, with the viral barriers probably reducing the movements among old colleagues that might normally be the stuff of your next news bulletin we thought that you might appreciate receiving this.
A reminder of a collegial gathering when two of us joined **Tony Newling-Ward** in his delivery of a 50ft catamaran (*The Universe*) from Tenerife to British Virgin Islands.
So it was that **Tony, Varyl Chamberlain and I** crossed over in November, with a short diversion via the Cape Verde Islands for some repairs to the stearing gear. An interesting place but we had a scary entry as the hydraulic stearing packed up at night, with a choppy sea in a channel surrounded by the looming shadows of sheer-falling cliffs.
Later we celebrated our common heritage with a suitable bottle in mid-Atlantic.
As you can see such an exercise requires versatility from every crew member including galley duty under captain's authority as he demonstrates some residial literacy while welding the wooden spoon as effectively as any J could the ferule of yore.
Alas, the crisis has resulted in a drastic fall in demand for such yacht deliveries at the moment. But the memory is still fresh and the vineyards are still busy……



From Tony:

Ha Nick! I've just been asked to deliver a smaller cat from Tunis to Mexico - probably in December by which time hopefully travel to and from pick-up and drop-off points may be easier.

Prior to that I had another cat from St Lucia to Brisbane but that's been put on indefinite hold and similarly a rather nice motor yacht of the gin-palace variety from Cancun (East coast Mexico) to the Mexican West coast which would have involved another Panama Canal transit. Hurry up and find us a vaccine!!

ED: Well, well, well: three men in a boat – if a cat can be so described. Glad to see the right “victuals” were on board and that you weren’t reduced to a pasty & beans with a fling special!

Glad to hear Tony that the market is picking up again – I presume the nautical form of lockdown is hatchesdown which sounds a darn sight more appealing.

From The Skipper again:
Yes, enquiries are picking up (just had 2 in today, a cat from Tunis to Mexico and a monohull from Jamaica to the Great Lakes) but its the travel to the pick up points which is proving problematic as we have no flights or passenger ferries out of BVI. That, and the current (though that changes every day depending on destination) requirements for quarantine, make even the simplest little voyage extremely difficult. Hey ho - things will get better...

And Nick - Retirement? What's that? A. What on earth would I do with myself on this little old rock on the Northern edge of the Caribbean. and B. If I ain't sailing, I ain't paid. Though not in danger of being thrown into a debtors' prison, its nice to be able to enjoy the thrill of paying my extortionate telephone and electricity bills !!

Tales from The Court Room.

Chris Tailby remembers:-
Mention of **John Matthew QC** in the Barristers Dream Team, reminds me of when I was a Pupil Barrister in Victor Durand's Chambers. I was "led" by him in several cases in the role of "Straw Junior" - in those days a QC had to have a Junior Barrister and as a Pupil with my first six months pupillage under my belt I was able to appear in Court. If one of the members of Chambers who should have been the Junior was engaged in another case a pupil was put in to sit behind the QC. Very occasionally the junior barrister might give the "straw junior" part of the fee……Anyway, I was often a straw behind Victor and he was a superb advocate. Also I was led, this time in my own right, by Robin Simpson QC also in Victor's Chambers, who, incidentally, was a keen hunting man. He and I used to ride at the Kings Troop barracks in St Johns Wood where we had instruction from one of the NCOs - jumping without reins or stirrups on the RHA chargers!! Robin used to wear bright red socks in court which he used to "flash" at certain judges to annoy them!! Then, to come to the point - at last, I hear you say! I was a "straw junior" to **John Matthew** in a murder case at the Old Bailey - I think I was taking the place of David Tudor-Price who was then a Treasury Junior at the Old Bailey. It was a short case with the jury being sent out straight after lunch at which point John turned to me and said, " I'm going back to Chambers so you take the verdict". Anyway, the jury acquitted of murder and convicted of manslaughter so I had a walk on part of being able to "call the officer" - that is the case officer who would give the court the details, including previous convictions of the defendant. John was not QC then as the tradition was that Senior Prosecuting Counsel at the Old Bailey did not take Silk but once they stood down from that role they get Silk pretty much automatically.

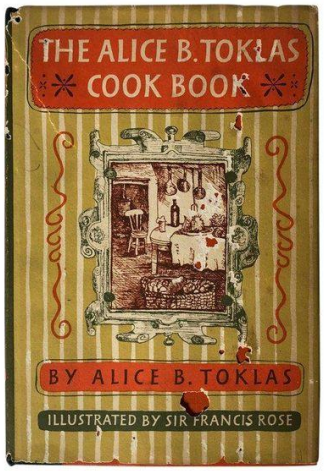
Mention of Victor Durand reminds me of one of the long London Gangland trials (Krays, or Tibbs) when most of the barristers in my pupillage chambers were defending. Victor's Junior in the case had a lucrative "licensing" practice - betting offices, casinos etc - and rarely turned up at the criminal trial. On one occasion after an even longer absence than usual said Junior put in an appearance…..to be greeted by Victor saying to him in a loud voice "the client's name is 'Smith'" or whatever it was….Point made!
Keep up the good work - now back playing golf but I fear Society golf isn't going to happen for a long time. My Reform Club fixture list which I painstakingly put together is in tatters….

Legacy of War.

Some of you may have heard the BBC Radio 4 programme Legacy of War introduced by the actor Sean Bean. On the 14th June I was woken to "the dulcet tones of Francis Becket into my drowsy ear" but seriously Francis spoke movingly about having to come to terms with his fascist father. Unlike his contemporaries at school who could, in the Fifties, talk of our parents' contribution to the War effort, Francis had this unique problem that his father had spent those years in prison as a security risk to the Country. How do you reconcile "a kind and loving father" with the man who held totally abhorrent opinions: a conundrum that can never be solved.

More from The BEEB

BBC Radio 4, in August, explored The Alice B Toklas Cookbook in their "Electric Decade" series.



The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book, first published in 1954, is one of the bestselling cookbooks of all time. Alice B Toklas, writer Gertrude Stein's life partner, wrote the book to make up for her unwillingness at the time to write her memoirs. It was illustrated by their great friend the artist **Sir Francis Rose OB.**

This work is as much of an autobiography as it is a cookbook, in that it contains as many personal recollections as it does recipes. The most famous culinary experiment is a concoction called “Hashish Fudge”. Made from spices, nuts, fruit and cannabis, Hashish Fudge quickly became a sensation in its own right. In the recipe, Toklas says it is called "the food of paradise" and goes on to suggest places where the cook might find the cannabis. She adds that the fudge can liven up any gathering and is "easy to whip up on a rainy day." She cautions two pieces are quite enough and that one should be prepared for hysterical fits of laughter and wild floods of thoughts on "many simultaneous planes."

Friends.

I heard about the death from cancer of **Beefy Thompson (58)** from John Fieldus. John had known Beefy since the age of two and both went to the Oratory Prep, they then parted, Beefy for Beaumont, John for The Oratory but that didn’t alter their friendship and they have always been in touch regardless of distance. Beefy came to the ’59 Lords Lunch which John organised last year: he had already been diagnosed with cancer. Hearing that Beefy didn’t have long to live, John, who is in a wheelchair, had a driver take him from Sussex up to Nottingham; he arrived in time for them to say The Hail Mary together and as John made the Sign of The Cross on Beefy’s forehead he breathed his last. What a marvellous friendship.

Rich List.

I don’t think too many of us are concerned about who is included in The Rich List but may have picked up on the news that James Dyson heads the list. This is of passing intertest as Dyson lives at Doddington Park

The house was built by James Wyatt for Christopher Codrington. The family had made their fortune from sugar plantations in the Caribbean and were significant owners of slaves. (Mea Culpa). **Sir William Robert (84) 6th Bt** and his two brothers were at Beaumont followed by his son and successor. **Charles Roskell (69)**, (the

first Beaumont Boy): his cousin was married to Sir William's father and **Philip Collingwood (49)** married Sally the daughter of **Sir William Richard (16) 7th Bt.**
If you think that is confusing: the Codrington's have two Baronetcy's within the same family and Charles Roskell's father and grandfather married the two Kaye sisters: don't go there!

Various Links

Richard Sheehan came across a couple of references to BU members recently – you may already know them.

- A propos an article about Cornwall, one of the writers mentioned was Daphne du Maurier whose eldest daughter Tessa married **Major Peter de Zulueta [46].** After they divorced, she married David Montgomery who had a connection with **Nicholas Carver [60 -].**

- My local church in Thame, Oxfordshire was established in the early part of the last century by **Herman Grisewood [90**] when he lived at the Prebendal in Thame. Interesting place which later became the home of Robin Gibb.

Ed reply: I have just opened my latest Country Life and the "Duty Bird" revisited is Daphne de Maurier. She was always a bit rude about the Zulus and of course Peter was an alcoholic like her husband and both working for Prince Philip who seemed to be unaware!
Interesting about The Prebendal and its connection to the Grisewoods- I think (but had forgotten) that my late brother **Christopher** who also went to church at Thame , mentioned it. He moved to the Isle of Man in the early '80s.
Nicolas Carver (not in touch with the BU) I see was the son of Lt Colonel John Carver.
I take this to be the brother of FM Ld Carver both of whom were Montgomerie's stepsons.
Monty needs to adopt a low profile at the moment as he was pro-apartheid and called homosexual rights a "Buggers" Charter".
I have been mulling over writing about whether Beaumont had anything "they" would like us to grovel for – somehow I don't think the Gollywog would survive scrutiny.

Harman Grisewood remembered.

There was a community of prebendal monks at Thame, recorded first in the thirteenth century. Part of the endowment of land was given to the prebend by the Bishop of Lincoln.

The last prebendary relinquished his lands and rights at Thame into secular hands in 1547, following the Reformation. At som stage before the Great War it was acquired by Harman.

In 1912 and 1913 he organised public Mass within the ancient chapel in the grounds of the Prebendal House, where the mass had presumably not been heard since 1547, a gap of 365 years.

Harman Grisewood

The man behind the story and that of his brothers:-

Before the Battle of the Somme I July 1916 it was decided to put in a diversionary attack the day before known as the battle for Richebourg, a village ominously close to Aubers Ridge, where a salient had been formed in the shape of a boar's head. Holding that sector was the 116th Brigade formed from the 11th, 12th and 13th (South Downs) Battalions of the Royal Sussex Regiment. These were "Old Pals" and known affectionately as Lowther's Lambs after the man that raised them.

In command of the 11th Bn was Harman having left Beaumont in '90, he went on to Downside before Oxford and joining the Army. He was commissioned in the 4th

Hussars and had been an ADC to Lord Curzon during the Boer War. Harman was described as handsome, somewhat unreliable and a social wanderer. In 1914, he produced a book on “Land and the Politicians,” probably not a best seller when the mind of the nation was preoccupied with more weighty matters. Harman had four younger brothers – **Francis (93)** had followed his brother to the school but then left for the Oratory, **John (93) and Paul (93) and George (06);** only George seems to have stayed the full course at Beaumont. He became a regular officer in the Grenadier Guards and was a Captain at the outbreak of War. When Harman was asked to command and train the 11th Bn, George transferred to assist him as Adjutant. Meanwhile, John was ranching in Australia but returned to sign up in his elder brother’s regiment and deploy with them to France in 1915. Three months before they went into the line at Richebourg, George died of pneumonia at the front and his death was a great loss to Harman.

When the battalion commanders were briefed on the assault, Harman was concerned that if his untried and inexperienced troops attacked over unfamiliar ground, a disaster might occur. He commented; “I am not sacrificing my men as cannon fodder.” His remarks were reported and he was relieved of his command by the Divisional General. The attack on the Boar’s Head salient went ahead. The Germans were waiting for them; the Southdowners took the first line of trenches and held on for about four hours but without reinforcements, supplies of ammunition and with the superiority of the enemy in numbers, they were forced to withdraw.

“The Lambs” had gone to the slaughter with appalling casualties and amongst them was **Lt Francis Grisewood.** The next morning, the General asked a sentry what he thought of the attack. “Like a butcher’s shop, our own trenches have been knocked silly and all the area of the attack has been turned into Aceldama” (the field of blood bought with Judas’s 30 pieces of silver). In their home county, it is known “As the day Sussex died”. Harman’s youngest brother Paul succumbed two months later to TB while serving as an Able Seaman with the Public Schools Battalion of the Naval Reserve.

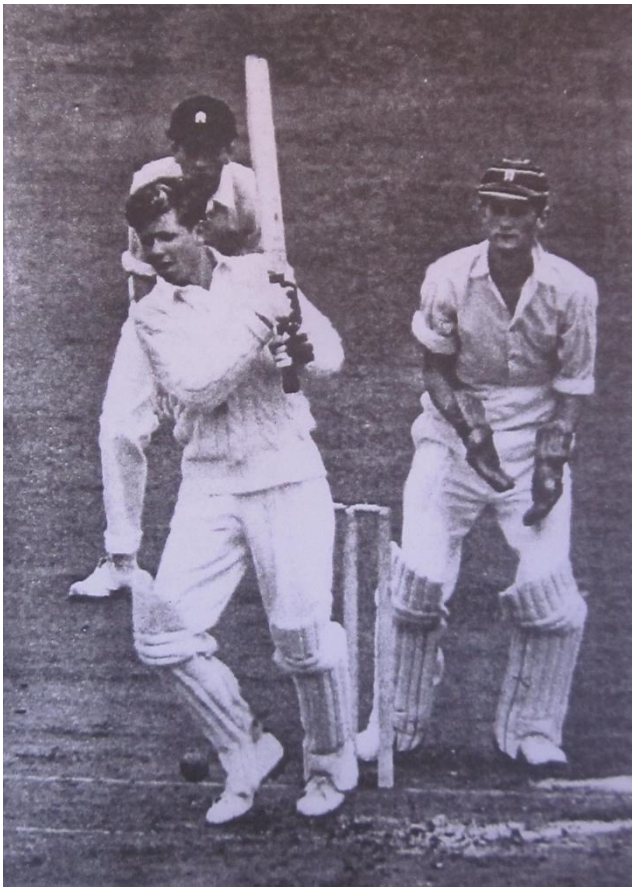
At the time of the attack, Harman's judgement was questioned and there was an inference that he had lost heart. My view is that like a good commanding officer he expressed an opinion on behalf of his men at useless sacrifice but it was not thought correct at the time. To a certain extent he was vindicated, being given command of a Manchester Battalion and was badly wounded in a gas attack later in the conflict.

SPORT.

Not much sport this summer and we didn't have much to shout about back in 1960!
From THE SPHERE. 13 August 1960
BEAUMONT V The ORATORY

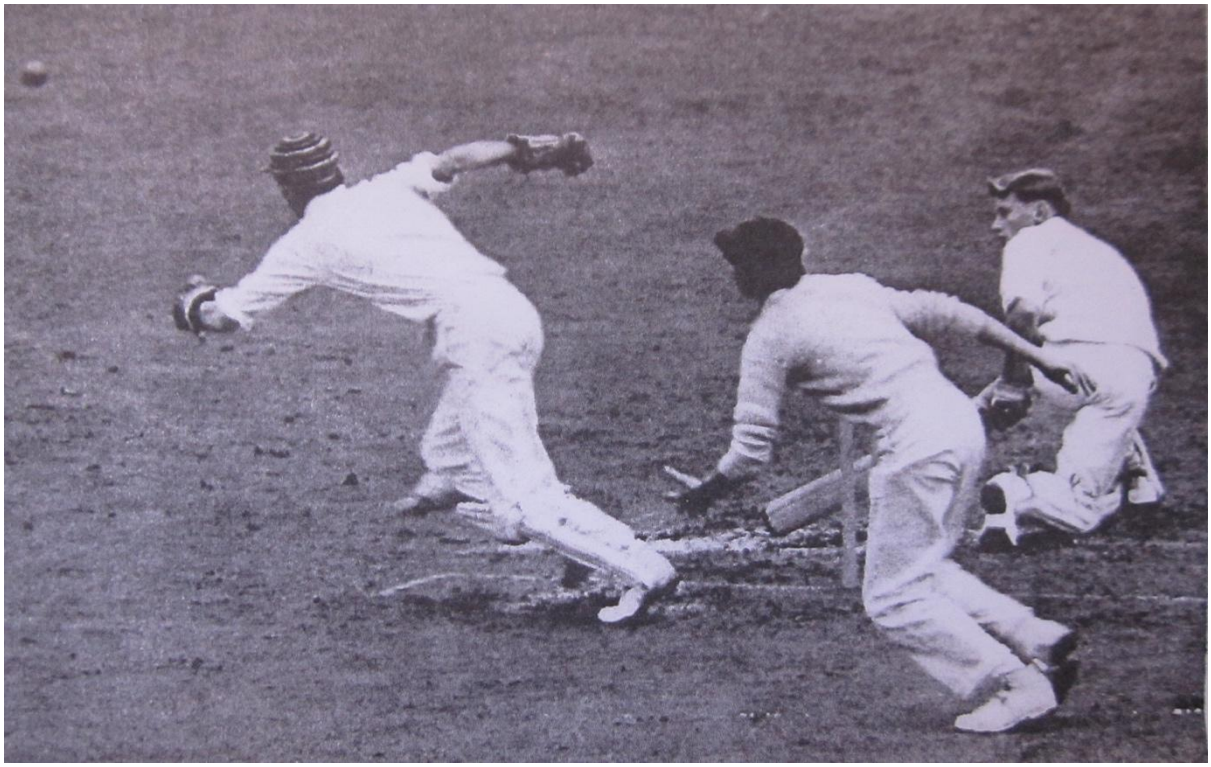
JMPW leads the side onto the field

Beaumont, with most of last year's young side retained, won the toss at Lord's on July 23, and their captain, J. M. Paton Walsh, put Oratory in to bat on an easy-paced wicket.



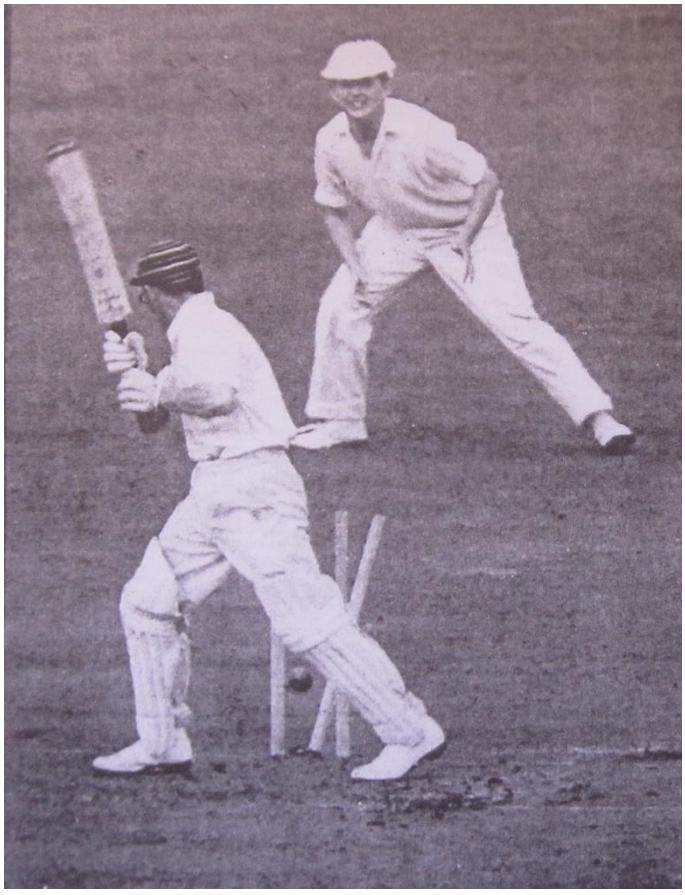
Daverin drives a Ball from Pat Haran

The Oratory opening pair, D. Daverin and J. Fountain, played the fast bowlers confidently, but Fountain was out, when he had scored 27, to T. Scanlan, a leg-break bowler. Daverin stayed at the wicket while the score went to 59 for four. Before he was bowled by M. J. Hywel-Davies for 54, Daverin had two useful partners in D. Lyons and P Hawkes.



David Collinwood sprints after a “snicked “ball from Hawkes

After lunch the remaining batsmen fell quickly as the wicket became more lively, and Oratory were all out for 147.
Beaumont should have been able to reach this total, as they opened their innings 3.15 p.m. But Paton Walsh was caught off the first ball, and P. V. Peake and C, F. Halliday went soon after.



Not much arguing about that Charles.

Northey was the most dangerous bowler for Oratory. J, C Murphy was Lbw. to Lyons, and Beaumont found themselves struggling far runs. With the score at 65 for eight, P. Haran came to the rescue with a fine innings of 46.

Julian Murphy plays to leg

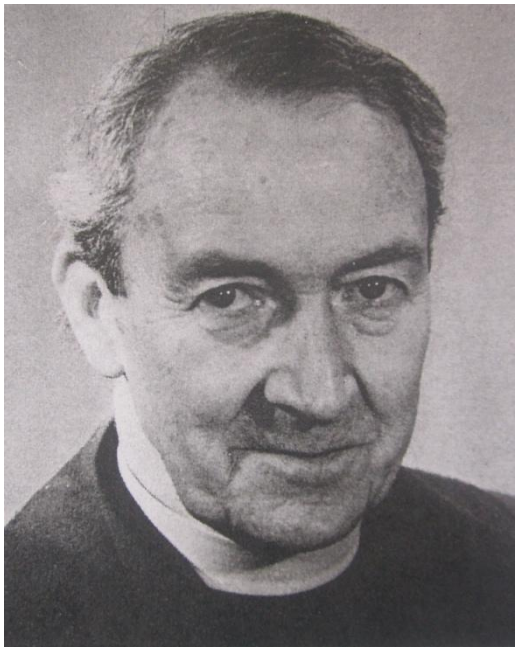
At the other end was M. Addison, who helped to make up a ninth-wicket partnership of 51.A run-out closed the innings at 121, leaving **Oratory the winners by 26 runs.**

Past Victory ‘59

THE LORDS REUNION LUNCH JULY 2019

Left to right: **Collingwood, Haran**, Langan (o), Balcomb (o), **Paton Walsh, Peake, Naughten, Martin.** Fieldus (o) seated.
Ed: I reported on this Lunch last year and an article on the Reunion has now appeared in "The Oratorian". – a reminder that we handed out defeat to our old rivals in their Centenary year. We should not be too cock-a -hoop as they returned the compliment in Ours!

FR LESLIE BORRETT
Continuing the series of Masters that influenced our lives.



Leslie John Mescal Borrett was born at Norwich on February 1, 1903, and died on his seventy-first birthday. He was educated at the City of Norwich School and later, after working in business for two years, at Campion House, Osterley. He joined the novitiate at Roehampton on September 7, 1925, and, after studying philosophy at Heythrop College (Oxon) and teaching for two years at Wimbledon, he went to lyons for theology. Ordained on August 24, 1936, he returned to England in the following year to teach for a year at Leeds and then went to Paray-Le-Monial for his tertianship. He took his last vows on February 2, 1940. From 1939 to t954 he taught at Beaumont. Then for the next three years he taught English, French and Pedagogy to the scholastics at Manresa College, Roehampton, then an integral part of the London Institute of Education. With the closing of Manresa College in 1957, he returned to France, this time to Versailles, to teach English at the Ecole St Genevieve. He returned to Beaumont in 1958 where he taught for another nine years. This was the end of his teaching career, and in. 1967 he joined the parish staff at Boscombe, and a year later was appointed chaplain to the convent at

Lechlade, Gloucestershire. It was in the summer 0f 1972 that it became clear that he was suffering from an inoperable tumour. He returned to his duties at Lechlade however, though it became increasingly clear that his strength was failing. He was anointed twice in 1973, and eventually was admitted to St John's Nursing Home at Kiln Green, Berkshire where he died on February I, 1974.
It will be seen that the greater part of his active life was spent as a master at Beaumont - close on twenty-five years; and it is as a fellow-member of that staff that many of his closest friends will remember him. There was little of the spectacular in his life, and he never expected that there should be. On entering the Society, he embraced a way of life which he saw clearly outlined in the rules, and those who were privileged to work in close association with him could think of few whose fidelity to that rule and to the tradition that lay behind it was so obviously the inspiration of their lives. Nature had already made him scrupulously, even fastidiously neat and orderly; and on that firm foundation with constant fidelity to prayer, he built his life of service to Our Lord in the unglamorous environment of a classroom of adolescents. It was fascinating to watch his hold over them develop as the years went by. There was never any nonsense when he was about, and there was no escape from work. But a certain reverential awe gradually gave way, not only to gratitude for the obvious competence and effectiveness of his work for them, but even - to his and their great surprise- to a shy, I had almost said a shamefaced, affection. If he was some-thing of a martinet in the classroom they knew that he was as strict with himself as he was with his pupils; and, of course, anything he said or did was always softened and sweetened by his unique, his unfailing sense of humour.

In dealing with LJ.B.'s sense of humour one is faced with the difficulty of which no one was more, conscious than himself - to know when to stop. His conversation was a delight-witty, refreshing, not infrequently on the *risque* side, but never malicious. Others in the course of this notice will give examples of this; suffice it here to say that he was one of the very few who could tell the same story over and over again leaving his hearers avid for a repetition of it. There was, for example, the sad experience of the zealot (he had a cleft palate) at a revivalist meeting in the Albert Hall who found salvation all right in the course of the meeting, but had the misfortune to fall off the platform and break his neck at. the end of it. I have heard him tell this story- usually by request- over and over again, and enjoyed it more each time I heard it. The essentials of the story remained the same, but the telling of it was always new.
Fr D. Hanshell writes:
"I suppose references to his story-telling, and to the sort of stories he used to tell, must have reached you from all sides. Everywhere among the Jesuits in France, where he did his theology, he was renowned for this. I remember his recounting that in one of the entertainments in which as a scholastic he took part over there, he had to do with a somewhat scatological episode concerning a dromedary. It was excused by the Rector when he heard that Mr Borrett. /was at the back of it (as you might say).

“Certainly, many a tea-time at Beaumont was rendered entertaining by those stories of his. And he could make the appropriate comment. Once when I fatuously remarked that while Oxford was my spouse, Cambridge was my mistress, “I suppose”, he re-joined, “you’II be sending the offspring to Ampleforth” At another time when I had no less fatuously erupted in the White House, where I was in charge, “the blond beast of Belsen” was his title for me.

“These things perhaps don’t sound so amusing when you didn’t know the man. He liked to talk, and latterly no doubt what had once been a liking became more of a necessity for him. In his prime at Beaumont, certainly, his role of raconteur did not obscure for anyone with eyes in his head the serious and orderly side of his life. He regularly chugged off on his motor-cycle to his nuns, and the exhortations and so forth that he gave must have been well into the hundreds. He could always be relied on for such behind-scene operations as doing the make-up for the lower-line plays. And when one had occasion to take his class one was struck by its atmosphere of quietness and discipline along with a very pleasant rapport. For middle-rate boys in the middle school he was the best man possible, indeed with a touch of genius.”

Fr J. Costigan writes:

“My memories of him at Beaumont cannot be separated from the memory of Dick Ezechiel, Edwin Sass, Edward Merrell, and of a community and staff that was stimulating, united in friendship, and full of character. To this he contributed teaching that was meticulously planned and given, and a friendship that expressed itself especially in comment and report that was extremely funny, and which could Iift the spirits of a Common Room sunk in the gloom of a Monday afternoon in the winter. The boys he taught were certainly grateful for the expertise and high standard of his teaching, but I think his diffidence kept him from any close personal contact with many of them.”

Another of Ours writes:

“Everyone will no doubt have stressed the fact that he was a born teacher; he was a model of thoroughness, his classes always most carefully prepared, themes marked. The boys had great confidence in him and, for all his reserve, liked him. He was always a very welcome member in any group of old boys, for he was a good raconteur. He often entertained us too in the community with his anecdotes, many of which were decidedly French! He was an eccentric; he at one time affected a soup-plate hat, liked old-fashioned collars and often wore pince-nez. He loved France and spoke the language so perfectly that he could easily have been taken for a Frenchman.”

Throughout his life he was dogged by ill health. I doubt whether he ever ate a square meal, and he suffered continually from insomnia. Sometimes, when his vitality was low, and the weather was bad, and prospects were looking correspondingly grim., he would suffer from a depression that it might take him some days to shake off. Those of us who thought they knew him best feared that, when he realised that his days were numbered and that he could not hope to recover, this might get the better of him. How wrong we were. He accepted what he knew to be a sentence of death, as he had drilled himself to accept so many trials throughout his life, without solemnity-

his humour would never allow him to be solemn about himself-but with a deep-seated calmness and serenity, until the last few weeks when, with his poor exhausted frame, he could do no more than wait with patience for the end. Here Providence, which, it must be admitted, had given him a pretty rough run so far, came to his aid by directing his steps to St John's Convent, Kiln Green, where the Sisters nursed him with the utmost devotion and did all that was humanly possible to support and strengthen him in his last hours. He was blessed also by the constant attention of the community at Oxford to which he officially belonged, so that he had no sense of being cut off from his fellow SJ.'s.

Fr B. Winterborn writes:

"Since August 1972, Fr Borrett had known he had only eight months to live, and he accepted his death sentence with such heroic holiness that he became an inspiration to all of us who knew him well and knew how much he dreaded it. One American priest on sabbatical at Campion Hall who frequently went over to say Mass with Fr Borrett when he was too weak to offer it on his own, reckoned that the privilege of knowing Fr Borrett during this time was the most important thing he got from his year in England.

The day before he died we all saw him and he was anointed and given the Last Blessing by Fr Dooley who had ministered to him all through his sickness

"On the Monday evening after Fr Borrett's death, six priests concelebrated when his body was moved to Lechlade. On the Tuesday amongst the priests (44 were present) was a strong contingent from old Beaumont days: Fr Copeland, Fr Nassan and Bro. Higgins, who had served with him at Beaumont; Fr Dunphy, Fr Costigan and Fr Boyle, former Rectors. Fr Boyle, who had also been Fr Borrett's Prefect of Studies, preached the panegyric.

"The quite extraordinary courage and equanimity and quiet humour with which he endured at times very great suffering and almost continual discomfort over so many months when he knew the end was inevitable was a source of quite unusual edification and encouragement to all who came in contact with him, and accounts in part for the great numbers who made such efforts to attend his requiem. It was, as one diocesan priest remarked, the most moving funeral he had ever attended."

Fr Costigan continues:

Don't think that those of us who were present in Fr Dooley's room at Campion Hall when Fr Borrett told us of the doctors' verdict will ever forget it. He had been in hospital for an examination, and, when the doctors said they could do nothing, he had asked how long they gave him to Live. They had said until April or May-about six months. He told us this in his usual precise way with the usual quizzical look, adding that it was nice to have some time to prepare-and went on without a pause to give an hilarious account of the nuns who had come to visit him and had brought a book which proved to contain some very un-expurgated limericks. He had to sit on the book so that the nurses should not see it -and he then parcelled it and sent it Reverend Mother."

Fr T. Dunphy, who was his Rector in the last Beaumont days, writes:

“Let me simply say that he was wonderful company, the kind of man who is essential to any community. His stories, his manner, his idiosyncrasies were covers for a man of great sensitivity and, I imagine, insecurity. Faithful to his Jesuit life, the maturing effect of grace became more and more obvious as he became more and more an invalid. All that Father Winterborn wrote so movingly in *Chaplains' Weekly* was, surely, the result of his constancy in his religious Life. Singleness of purpose perhaps sums up his Life. He seemed not to want others to know his seriousness and so put on a great act which kept us all laughing, though we knew his goodness beneath it all. Others will write of his excellence as a teacher. I know scores of Old Beaumont Boys who were very devoted to him, and grateful too. He wrote the nicest letters of thanks if one had visited him or done anything for him.”
A character indeed. A great humourist who found it almost impossible to take himself seriously, and yet showed in his last years a capacity for endurance that approached the heroic, May he rest in peace.
J. D. BOYLE, S.J.

JESUITICAL THINKING or was it - MACHINATIONS.
The Editor's View
How often I hear from you, how grateful you are for your Beaumont and Jesuit education to which I must add my name. But then I say to myself “hang on a moment perhaps you should put away those rosy coloured spectacles and think back to what you felt at the time”.
How do you describe those who moved up in the B stream from Ruds B to Syntax II? – certainly not the quickest nor brightest of students but not among the slower of our fraternity. We probably had masters to match starting with Fr Bamber and ending with Fr Toby Murray but they did their best with what they had been given.
I took my “O” levels and managed to pass both English papers, Latin, Maths, and of course History the only subject at which I excelled.
French was a notable absentee but I don't think that would have raised an eyebrow from Fr Leslie Borrett – a master of whom I have fond recollections despite the fact that I was often found waiting outside the First Prefect's office on his behalf. Many of you will recall that he would regularly have a blitz to try and rid us of our stupid and unnecessary mistakes that would certainly lead to failure with the Oxford & Cambridge Board. Having given due warning, he would arrive at class bearing two piles of homework: those that had followed the true path and those who would find “Un panneau de signalisation” indicating that some painful points had been added to your “permit de conduire”. On one lunchtime visit to Fr Brogan, I said that “I was here for three but could I have six” “Why” demanded Brogie. “It would save me coming back later in the week”. “Wilkinson, we do not do ferulas on credit!” (I was back a week later).
A well- earned summer hols or so I thought, and I returned for the start of my “A' level courses. What a surprise; no History but geography – where did that come from and to add insult to injury FRENCH.

Surely a mistake had been made and so off I go to see Fr Tom Smalley then Assistant Headmaster, to rectify the situation– History was I felt a guaranteed pass with flying colours and as for French…..
"Robert" says Fr Tom, for reasons unknown I had been accorded a Christian name, "Robert, we know you love History and will study it all your life so there is no need for you to take it for "A" level and as for French, we think that you are just idle and as your twin brother is taking the subject we thought it better to keep you together".
My "Cri de Coeur" was ignored, Idle indeed, well there was probably some truth in that but I think M'Lud, aptitude should have been taken into consideration before sentence. Today, I would probably be knocking on the door of Ofsted.
Within a matter of months, I together with my brother Richard were back in front of Fr Tom: The Wilkinsons had been summarily removed from the French Course by Mr Hayward for a practical joke that resulted in "OUT, OUT, Never Come BACK !" and with that exodus there would be no "A" level entry to Sandhurst - our intended objective.
Not that we deserved it, but we received a sympathetic hearing from Fr Tom. The only solution was the Civil Service Exams: a different syllabus which also included Physics, Chemistry and Maths: we needed an all-round tutor but no master was available or would possibly wish to take us on. A Pontius Pilate moment when the J's would wash their hands of us but as a last resort **Pip Hinds** the then Captain of the School was asked if he would like the challenge: he did.
Thanks to Pip, we passed all the necessary examinations; no Jesuit involvement so, to a final year of just geography with Tony Scott as a token to "A" level education.
Postscript.
Many years later, I was discussing my seemingly unsatisfactory "French experience" at Beaumont with Fr Michael O'Halloran (ex Rector Stonyhurst) at Farm Street, to which he replied: "Robert, where are you living?" "France, Father". "Do you speak French". "Yes Father, but probably not as Fr Borrett would approve". "Robert, you have no cause for grievance, we Jesuits knew that you would need French one day and it seems to me that all you did was your level best to thwart us!"
On reflection: No arguing with that……. I thought better not to raise the History saga.
So overall am I grateful to Beaumont and the Jesuits – **Yes, because Education is not necessarily about Academic results but about a preparation for life and I certainly learnt my lessons there.**

Concinamus Gnaviter **Philip Stevens continues his life story with his time at St John's:-**

The opening words of the St. John's and Beaumont school song. It is not translatable from Latin into any known language. If this first line means anything, it means 'We study assiduously.'

So far, all of life was the overture before the first act proper. The real story starts in September 1953. In that month, a small, doubtless sniveling, if not crying outright,

child, one month past his 8th birthday, arrived for his first term at St John's, Old Windsor, the prep school of his father and great-uncles before him.

St John's in 1918, when my father was there. He had followed his uncle, I followed him. The view remained unchanged.

St John's was small by modern standards, but typical of the many private prep schools of its time. About 78 boys lived and worked in a community run by priests and scholastics, - aspirants yet to be ordained as priests - of The Society of Jesus, the Jesuits. Life had been libertarian until now, but if there was a new liberal spirit of modern education, it had not penetrated St John's. A highly-regimented life began every single morning with Mass in chapel, was punctuated by a prayer before every lesson, Grace before every meal and afterwards, another visit to chapel after lunch, and always night prayers in chapel. Just in case one might not have prayed enough, the last moments of the day, in bed waiting for the dormitory lights to go out, were taken up with two last prayers, De Profundis and Last Thought. De Profundis is the prayer of despair that begins Psalm 129 – "Out of the depths I have cried to thee O Lord; Lord, hear my voice." Not one person who was at school with me has forgotten the Last Thought, the final sound of the human voice every night as the lights were extinguished in the dormitories; 'Death is certain, the time and manner are uncertain, whether by a long disease or by some unexpected accident. Be therefore ready at every moment, seeing that you may die at any moment.' Heady thoughts for eight years old and away from home for the first time.

The chapel, at least three, often more, visits every day.

Not surprisingly, after just one term of this régime, my parents felt the need to consult a child psychologist. Certainly, a solitary visit to Miss Nevill, the chosen expert, was no great help; in politest terms she confirmed that I was simply an attention-seeking little boy, wanting to be the centre of everything. She hoped that in due course I would grow out of the phase without intervention. If this insightful lady was being paid by results, my father might have cared to claim his money back! However, she did offer one thought that was accurate: “He has no difficulty in detecting absurdities at an advanced level.” (The full version of Miss Nevill’s report is being withheld for reasons of professional confidentiality.)

Mealtimes had their own rituals. Frantic scrubbing of hands and rubbing with pumice stones to remove any trace of ink or other stains. Finger-nails scoured with nail-brush. Then join the queue outside the refectory, in silence. Hands were inspected, backs first, then palms and finally nails. One filed in silence to the allotted table, stood for Grace before meals and then ate in silence. A code of hand signals was used for asking for anything that might be needed, one finger for bread, two for butter, and so on. Towards the end of the meal the announcement would be made; ‘Leave for talking. Talk quietly please.’ For perhaps five or ten minutes we were free to talk, only to those on either side of us or immediately opposite, and only in hushed half-whispers. It was a rare meal in which a few individuals or whole tables were not deemed to have made excessive noise and condemned to silence again.

Food was certainly fuel and not for pleasure. Occasional feast days of various Jesuit saints, or celebrations of the great mysteries of the Church, were marked with a whole day or half-day holiday and a somewhat better meal than the usual run of the lowest quality raw materials that could be bought from Kearley and Tonge, the school food suppliers. It was received wisdom that a rich potato merchant who had a son at St John's supplied both schools with top quality potatoes, which were traded by the

kitchen staff for lesser quality goods, the profit being shared amongst those in the know.

Outbreaks of food poisoning were hazards, as bunkers are hazards on golf courses; you know they're there, you want to avoid them but your turn will come. One great outbreak in about 1956 affected almost every boy in the school, and having started at about 11 p.m. had exhausted every scrap of lavatory paper in the place by the early hours. A supply of old exercise books was raided and scraped into service, which in turn blocked up lavatories one by one. With masters sleeping in rooms at the ends of dormitories, or near them, and 78 boys running to and from the increasingly disgusting lavatories, it seemed at the time a mystery that not one master was woken by the night-long pandemonium. On any other night, a single boy creeping silently to the lavatory in the night would inevitably meet some prowling priest, including one scholastic – trainee Jesuit priest - so dedicated to his patrolling of the dormitories that he had glued green baize, cut from the remains of old billiard-table cloth, to the soles of his shoes, to ensure that his footsteps would not keep the boys from their sleep. It was only later in life, long after leaving the place, that we learned to understand something of the reasons why middle-aged bachelor school-masters, like this one and others to great or small extent, behaved as they did.

One intrepid boy, subjected to attempts by one Jesuit scholastic to achieve a degree of friendship that would today earn six years in prison, fought back. He told his parents, who sided with the school in their denial of the events. He decided to get himself expelled. On the last day of term, as parents arrived to pick up their sons, this courageous boy crept up into the top-floor room of the trainee man of God, and one by one threw out of the window onto the drive below a collection of glass-topped boxes containing hundreds of specimens of butterflies, collected over many years, the pride and passion of the would-be priest. The heroic boy achieved his object of being expelled. It is clear to me now that others were less brave.

It is not extraordinary that in about 1920 my father, CP, took a photo of his cubicle in the dormitory where first-year boys were accommodated at St John's. However, it is extraordinary that in the 1950s my cubicle was identical to this in every single detail, from crucifix over the iron bedframe, to scrap of threadbare carpet on the floor.

Meals would always be supervised by a single member of staff. Many were bored by missing their own meal, but normally they would use the enforced silence, or seek to make meals less boring, by reading a few pages of some book, that would begin at the beginning of term and run through until the end. In this way we came to know Kon-Tiki, Don Camillo, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson and others. Biggles was in fashion for a while, and all the time we received the benefits of being force-fed literature of rather higher quality than the food provided.

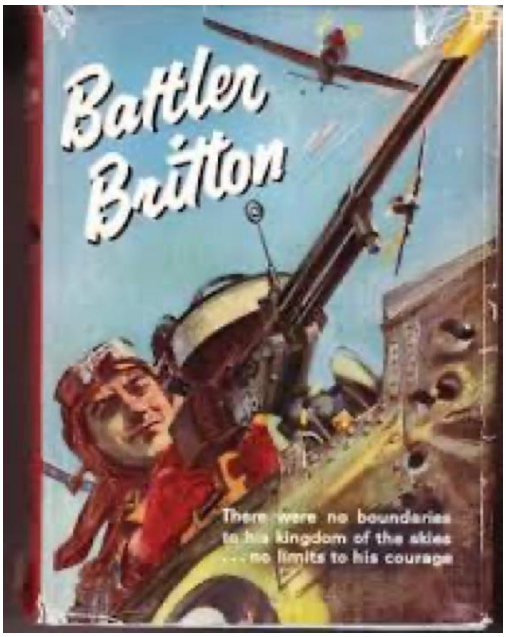
Mrs. Scott taught us as our form teacher in the second year. Of all things we learned at St John's the most abiding for me was the love of words and language. She enjoyed reading to us in class, and asked us to read books out loud, passing the passages from one to another round the classroom. Forty years later she and I bumped into each other in the Crush Bar at Covent Garden, where I immediately recalled those days of early discovery of the English language, and was able to tell her how much I had always thanked her for them.

The Jesuits had my measure. My school report for the Christmas term of 1955 has the headmaster's summing-up: "I find it hard to know what to say about Philip – he is a capable boy but a very annoying one who is noisy and interfering in everyone's business." Two terms later: "One gets the impression that Philip makes hardly any effort whatever to work.... Still very noisy..."

I owed a special debt of gratitude to Charlie Broome, the PT master, an ex-Commando. During the polio outbreak I had suffered a part-collapsed left-side rib-cage and the arches of both feet had also weakened to leave me with very flat feet.

That decent and dedicated man gave up his morning break, day after day, to oversee a programme of exercises in walking and strength-building. Perhaps my early career after school gave him some satisfaction to see that he had achieved a real difference to one child's life. I never thanked him once, and regret that the only time I saw him again, many years later, was at a dinner where I never thought of his lasting and generous contribution to my wellbeing. No boy of that period left St John's unable to march, undertake basic military foot drill to a high standard and stand up straight on parade; Charlie saw to that.

We saw the realities of Charlie's Commando life on one notable occasion. For reasons that I have never understood, perhaps a guest speaker had not arrived, Charlie gave a talk and demonstration that must have been taken straight out of commando training manual. Stalking a sentry and silently killing the unfortunate German, always German, this was less than ten years after the end of the War. Securing prisoners to prevent their escape. Dealing with attacks by an enemy armed with rifle and bayonet, all was graphically explained and demonstrated. Given that our preferred light reading was the heroic Battler Britton, an Air Force hero who seemed simultaneously to be a senior officer in every one of the armed services, aged about 25 or ageless, depending on that week's illustrator, Charlie's lecture was just everyone's perfect evening. We went back to fighting the Dinky Toy wars with greater enthusiasm than ever. There were no boundaries to his kingdom of the skies. No limits to his courage.



In Japan, the music teacher, Tommy Clayton would certainly have been awarded the status of a Living National Treasure. He had been music teacher when my father had been at school, and by the end had taught music at St John's and Beaumont for well over fifty years. He taught us to sing, about the diaphragm and singing through the head and not the neck, but above all he taught us sea shanties. By the time we left St John's we could sing about Tom Bowling, drunken sailors, weeping willow trees, the Camptown Races or Boney as a warrior. Tommy also taught piano, in effect the only instrument teaching on offer. I was not an apt pupil, and try as he might over many years Tommy never considered me good enough even to be allowed to sit Grade One exams. In the end, even the Jesuits could not reconcile it with their consciences to allow my parents to go on paying for music lessons.

At age eleven one was allowed to join the Scouts. This gave a weekly chance to get out into the Beeches, a row of very fine old trees that lined the brow of a hill behind the school, where each patrol of the scouts had a den. It was a chance to glimpse once a week a world that I understood, and to be outside the one that I knew all too well. Many of us were distressed when one day we realised that the beeches were all being felled and that our dens had gone with them.

During the five years at St John's there were some modest successes. The Poetry Competition was an annual purgatory. Every boy in the school attended, and every one of us was required to deliver a verse or two of some piece that they had chosen. The majority chose to recycle something from the repertoire of having to learn a few lines of poetry every day of term-time as part of morning studies. As a result, we suffered the tedium of sitting through the first round of the competition to hear verse that we already knew inside out. A few did try for something a little more ambitious, but the rules required that delivery be made standing still, arms by one's side, entirely focused on verbal presentation. In my last year, never having shone in this event in any previous age group, I chose Byron's histrionic The Destruction of Sennacherib and to my astonishment won the competition. It was the only first prize I ever won in anything.

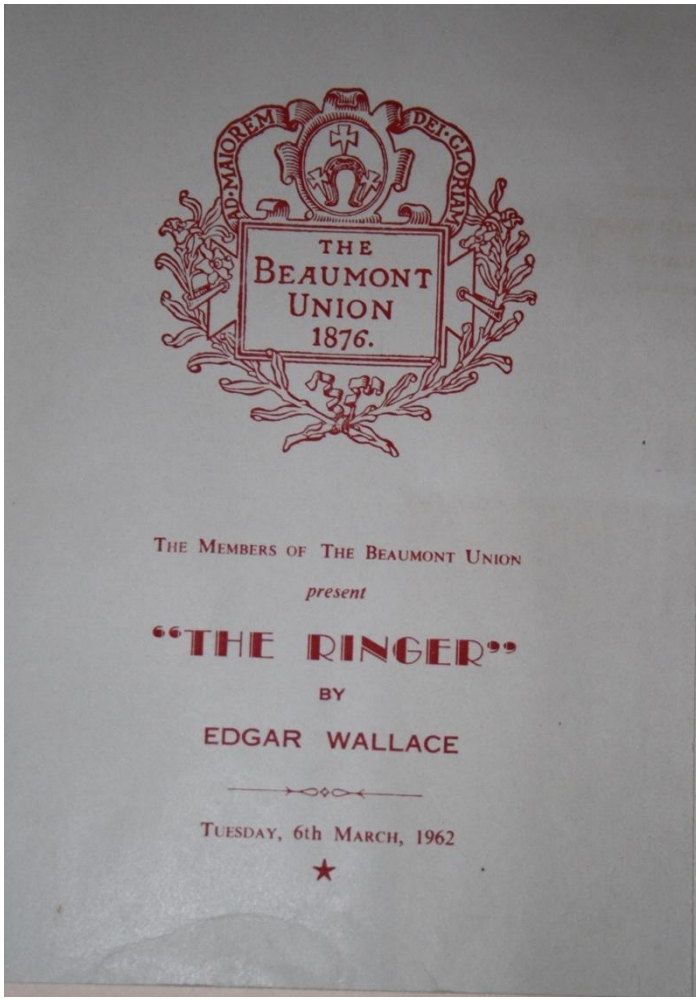
The result of my poetry competition win was that I was chosen for an important role in that summer term's school play, to be delivered as the final of Sports Day. The play was Julius Caesar, and I was to be Calpurnia. In rehearsal it was found that Byronic histrionic delivery was inappropriate to a Shakespearean tragic female, and halfway through rehearsal I was replaced by the runner-up in the poetry contest. One feature of the play seemed to be the decision that costumes could be made by wrapping cut- down white sheets round everyone and calling them togas, although Julius Caesar himself did get a toga with a trimming of purple ribbon. Of the rest of

the production I remember almost nothing except the relief of knowing that I was not part it after all.

In the last year, school officials were appointed, Captain of the School, Vice-Captain, four Officials – assistant to the Captain - sacristan, librarian and so on. With no expectation of any preferment I was somewhat surprised to be an Official. After years of having hands inspected before meals and being told off for running in the galleries, I found myself doing the inspecting and supervising decorous movement around the building.

In this year, the headmaster instituted an experimental regime. Much more would be delegated to the captain and officials, including a disciplinary board system that probably worked well in the Royal Navy of his National Service, but which was entirely unsuitable for boys of 12 and 13 to administer. It was all very formal, with Articles of Conduct and Procedure, weekly hearings of cases referred by the officials, who also took turns to form the board that heard the cases, and a tariff of penalties laid down in the Articles. It was beyond parody, and today I can only assume that the headmaster was so bored after many years in the role that he wanted to conduct this experiment as a way to cope with boredom. William Golding's book The Lord of the Flies had been published a couple of years previous to this experiment; perhaps the urge to road-test the thesis of the novel was too much to resist. The experiment lasted for less than one year.

One annual highlight was on Shrove Tuesday. Weeks of preparation by the oldest boys went into devising and running the Mission Fair. Complex and simple sideshows were created to separate boys and our visitors from their money, all in the cause of raising money to assist the Jesuits in their work in the overseas missions. By far the most lavish spenders at the fair were the group of old boys of Beaumont College, the school to which we all expected to graduate at 13 years old, and whose grounds were adjacent to those of St John's. These members of the Beaumont Union, and their wives, sisters and girl-friends, stayed at Beaumont every Spring, rehearsing for the annual Beaumont Union Play on Shrove Tuesday evening. The OBs and the cast of the play came up the hill to St John's and spent their coppers freely at the stalls and side-shows. They seemed to know no rules about being quiet in the classrooms, and had no inhibitions about buying crisps and Tizers in the tuck-shop for all passers-by. The finale of the morning was when the whole school gathered in one long gallery and the visitors stood at one end, throwing handfuls of sweets into the crowd for us to scramble to get one or two each. My father's school-friend Freddie Wolff, one of these larger-than-life beings, was to play a large part in my later life.



The school was definitely a boarding establishment; I recall only two day-boys at St John's, both the children of staff members. The rest of us boarded from the first day of term until the last. Parents came on three prescribed weekends each term to see their sons, and we were allowed out on either Saturday or Sunday of visiting weekends, from about midday until 6.30 p.m. Most boys lived too far from home to get home and back in such a time, and therefore did not see their homes at all during term time. In the summer term we had half-term, an extended day out that lasted from after High Mass on Whit Sunday had ended at about 11 a.m., until 9.00 p.m. on that same day. The school closed for this ten-hour break, and boys who lived close by were persuaded to invite the less fortunate ones to join them for the day out. Living only a dozen miles from school, I always seemed to have a reluctant visitor in tow on these days. As a throwback to an earlier age, visiting weekends were called Guestrooms. In the days when the school was first founded parents who came to visit were not expected to have to take their children out for the day, and two Guest Rooms were set aside, where the families could spend their visiting time.

The Whit Sunday break in 1958 saw me as reluctant host at Greenlawns to two St John's boys whose parents lived too far from the school to take them out. It ended as

we got back to St John's before 9 p.m. as required. One of my small group of close friends had gone home for the day, but would not be coming back. He had used his

day on chemistry experiments seeking the optimal explosive mixture created from ingredients taken from his mother's kitchen and his father's garden shed. The result was unstable and very effective, blowing up as he mixed the ingredients in a bowl, over which he was crouched. He was badly injured, in intensive care and for the rest of the term we were to dedicate our daily prayers towards his recovery. This was the first year in which I wrote a diary. Now, I began to write every day. The entries were always just two or three words; 'Not better, said prayers.' 'RG not here' and frequently 'Bad dreams about RG accident.' Even now I recall that long half of a term when my thoughts were always elsewhere. He did return for the September term, but we had looked into the dark places and had been affected.

The diary is – I still have it, along with 65 others – a Letts School-Boys Diary. Each week's page contained a piece of education selected by the publishers as being interesting to schoolboys. The entry for Whit-week 1958 tells me more than I needed to know about "Royal Palms" (sic) growing in ornamental avenues in Rio de Janeiro. The following week's entry was more interesting, being about Squadron Leader Upham. He was the only man to win two VCs during World War 2, only the third in history to do so. Much more to the taste of the schoolboys of the Battler Britton generation.

Guy Fawkes Night was also memorable in the Christmas Term of that year. A parent had donated a complete display, all packed into a suitcase. The display began well, and ended better when a stray spark landed in the open suitcase and set off the entire display, rockets, catherine wheels, the lot. Whoever the generous parent was, they gave again, and a repeat display on the following weekend was altogether successful and therefore less memorable.

Sport was played on Wednesdays and Saturdays. In the Christmas and Easter Terms it was rugby, in the Summer Term it was cricket. One team represented the school, and all other games were against each other. With only 78 boys in the school, it was inevitable that we played against each other week after week. We were taught rugby by a succession of Jesuit priests who had not played the game for years, were completely unqualified to teach the game and in some cases clearly did not know the first thing about it. Being too slow, unable to catch a ball and equally unable to pass it, and still weakened by the after-effects of polio, my natural position was to be hooker, concealed in the scrum, only required to walk from scrum to line-out and back to scrum. In those days, hookers did not throw in at line-outs, so there was no call for me to have any actual skill of any kind. Such was my rugby career, for five years, and it was mirrored by my cricket career and my membership of the boxing club. These were the only sports that were played against other schools.

I forget exactly the circumstances of the occasion on which I was packed into the car to return to school for the new term, probably sniveling all the way from Maidenhead to Old Windsor, to arrive and find the school even colder and less welcoming than usual. For some reason Granny Betty had got the date wrong and we were a week early. The Jesuits were less than pleased to see us, and we returned home, mother managing to conceal her delight at having my company for another week, self not even trying to conceal relief at the reprieve.

After Grandpa died, Grandma moved from Glandore, back to England, to Tunbridge Wells, where her close neighbour was grandmother of another St John's boy in my year. Perhaps it is normal that grandmothers live an active and competitive, if second- hand, sporting life through the achievements of their grandchildren, but in this I was a certain disappointment. My grandmother's rival by proxy was a naturally excellent athlete, who could play any sport better or run any race faster than I would ever hope to do. In fact, he was by a very wide margin the most gifted athlete that the school had known for a very long time, and usually won every event for which he entered at the annual Sports Day. His grandmother's reflected sporting prowess was a constant source of reproach, rarely unspoken, that I was not doing my best to excel, to give Grandma stories with which to reply. Grandpa had been a notable athlete in his army days, and she had cups, medals and trophies to prove it. Could I not win at least one cup, give some small triumph to hurl back at Kevin's grandmother? No, I could not.

Punishment at St John's was frequent and occasionally random. The ferula, a heavy strip of flexible resin, was used to beat the boys, hard, on the hands. The rituals associated with awaiting the appointed time to deliver oneself for beating, the event itself and the soaking of hands in a basin of pre-run hot water afterwards, and receiving the sympathy of one's colleagues, ensured that the school ran with an ever-present under-current of awareness of the consequences of misdemeanour.

Bullying was routine at St John's, a constant background activity, where masters bullied boys, larger boys bullied smaller, and everyone bullied a few unfortunate boys who were found for some reason to be so suited to being bullied that it became their natural state of existence. I have never forgotten, and never shall forget the true horror of meeting some years later the mother of one boy who had been at the bottom of the bullying hierarchy in those times. I asked her how her son was doing since leaving school. "It took time but we did eventually find him a sheltered home where he has been able to come to terms with the destruction of his life." I have also never doubted that at least one of my exact contemporaries, who killed himself in later life, did so as a direct result of his terrible life at St John's and Beaumont. His class-mates had persecuted him mercilessly for about eight years, for the only reason that his mother had an unusual Christian name. The fact that he learned to box, and became good at it, to defend himself from the worst of his tormentors, merely added spice to the persecution, because there was the ever-present chance

of a volcanic out-pouring of temper, whirling fists and physical risk to all in the vicinity.

Five years of this odd upbringing from age eight to thirteen led to many reactions in later life. Friends who went through the same place at the same time recall it with mixed feelings, some with horror, and some with affection. One friend recalled recently that almost fifty years after leaving that school he met, but could not bring himself to speak a word to one of the staff of that time, who had, in a planned way, made his life miserable. Another told me that he finally stopped having nightmares about the place in his mid-forties. Others recall happy times, and in truth moments of calculated beastliness were interspersed with others of generosity and care.

Over fifty years later, I am still unable to decide whether the school was a unique anachronism, a relic of some Dickensian system, or whether it was simply another prep school trying to survive in a fast-changing social climate, where money was short and the pre-War certainties crumbling. Many friends have claimed that their schools

were equally adept at casual cruelty, calculated oppression and malnutrition, so perhaps the answer is somewhere between unique and normal for the times. However, it is unquestionably unimaginable that any school could be run on such lines today.

(As an after-thought, it is worth noting that thirty years or so later my two older sons went to that same school, where they were fortunate to be educated by a decent, humane and thoroughly professional cadre of teachers and support staff who were in the early stages of turning St John's into the school with the most competition for access for many miles around.)

Apart from instilling into us a lively recognition of the random nature of justice, which is why so many of my fellow-pupils went into the law as their profession and succeeded at it, the school did well at beating the Common Entrance into reluctant scholars. Perhaps being more reluctant than many, I needed more beating than many, but the end result was a totally unexpected scholarship to Beaumont College, Old Windsor, Berks.

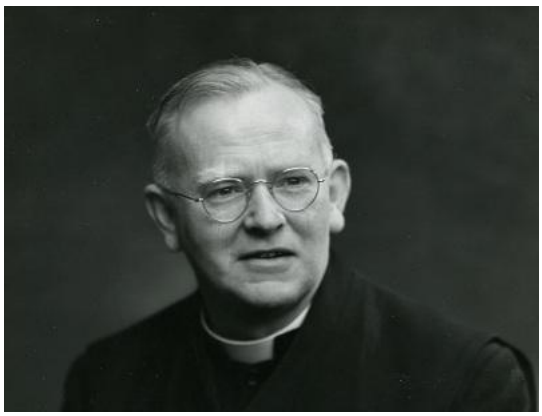
In the end, for my leavers report, things had improved: 'Philip will get on very well, if he works."

- oOo -

Fr BASSETT "A Story teller"

John Joss writes:

Peter Levi writes elegantly, indeed. both of us were, I believe, trained by Bernard Basset--to whom I owe a life-long debt of gratitude for his literary discipline and unfailing love. The last time I saw Fr. Basset, here in California, he asked me to remind him of my name (I told him he had often said I would come to a bad end--I was joking), and when I told him who I was he dropped to his knees and held my hand. He was so kind and caring, and embraced my wife so graciously. RIP.



Bernard Basset SJ

Bernard Basset was born in London in 1909. He was educated at Hodder and Stonyhurst and entered the noviciate in 1927. He spent some years as a teacher both at Stonyhurst and Beaumont and in parishes at Bournemouth and the Scilly Isles (where he became friends with Harold and Mary Wilson). He was described as "one of the great priests in England and Wales in the 50s. He certainly put the laity on the map. Many of his actions were in advance of the Decree of the Apostolate of the Laity of the Second Vatican Council". He was very popular as a retreat director and preacher. He was well known for producing successful pantomimes in many of his educational postings. He wrote at least 10 books of popular spirituality, and a comprehensive history of the early British Jesuits. He suffered a heart attack in 1984 and died in Oxford in 1988. One of his best loved books was'***The Seven Deadly Virtues – and other Stories', published by Sands & Co. London. 1947.*** The stories are a delight to read and not too long, and I offer you one that I think you will enjoy and appreciate; an antidote to the current helping of gloom and doom.

Mr. Bumbleby's Outburst

The Church recommends that we should spend fifteen minutes in making our thanksgiving after Holy Communion, and the story is told of St Philip Neri that he once sent two altar boys with lighted candles to escort a culprit who had darted off the moment Mass was done. Of course, we all agree with the Saint, and would not ourselves cut away without a suitable thanksgiving, but if two acolytes with lighted candles came and stood by us while we arranged our thoughts after Holy Communion, we might better appreciate the honour which is ours.
As it is, we must all admit with some confusion that our knees are often more impressionable than our minds and hearts at that time of the morning, and that with

the best intention in the world we find it very difficult to pray. That at least is what we think, and when five minutes have taken half an hour in passing, we find it hard to believe that it is worthwhile struggling with distractions and hunger any more. Perhaps it might help someone if I set down Mr. Bumbleby's views on thanksgiving after Communion, for though I know all the theory and was already a weekly communicant on paper before I talked to him, yet he certainly helped me a great deal. Up to that time, Marjorie and I, suffering from the common complaint of inability to feel holy or prayerful before breakfast, had alas, become remiss about going to early Mass.

For six days in the week we proudly grouped ourselves among the regular congregation for the eight o'clock Mass on Sundays, and I would even stay in bed a wee bit longer on Saturdays to compensate for rising early on the next day. Yet by Saturday evening I invariably had a scraping feeling behind the nose, or a tooth which might give trouble, and I would decide after much humming and hawing that it would be inviting trouble to go to early Mass.

Marjorie used to laugh at my complaints but she too had a battery of excuses on occasion, the children looked peaky, or she was so behind with her housekeeping, and after all, she must sometimes think of cook. Why cook should have a figure in our spiritual pie was a question that I could never answer, but Marjorie seemed satisfied, and in the end, after a long discussion, I would announce that we'd better go to late Mass just for this once, while Marjorie would say, "No, let's leave it till the morning and we'll see what the day is like." We both know what that meant.

Now Mr. Bumbleby was the newsagent from whom I always bought the Sunday papers on my way home from Mass. This was easy, for Mr. Bumbleby had no shop but used to open his pitch on the pavement not far from the church. His glaring posters were strapped to some railings, his stock of papers screamed their headlines at you from the tarpaulin cover on which he had laid them, while Mr. Bumbleby sat by the side reading all about the latest murder, hoping that no purchaser would remove the last copy before the police had inspected the body. I had seen Mr. Bumbleby inside of the church on occasions, for he was a Papist, but usually he was already doing a brisk trade on the pavement before we arrived for Mass.

It so happened on the particular Sunday in question that I had for once overcome the temptation which beset me, and had struggled from bed to early Mass. Either the children were looking peaky or cook was being thought of, for Marjorie had remained at home. I remember feeling that I might as well have stayed at home myself, for after Holy Communion I found it almost impossible to pray. And this disturbed me, for if you firmly believe as a Catholic that Our Lord is truly present on the altar, and that He comes to you in the literal sense at Holy Communion, then it is very humiliating when the mind pops off on to trivial subjects at the most sacred moment of His arrival.

Well, my mind was certainly on the spree that morning, though I clutched firmly at my prayer book, rattled my rosary, compiled a long list of petitions to be asked for, and generally set about the duties of prayer. I thought of Marjorie and cook, Jimmie's bad leg, Joe Stalin and Tottenham Hotspurs, and then returned with shame to my own

lack of gratitude and respect. Unfortunately my rosary on the seat in front served admirably as a rough map of the Mediterranean, and in the midst of remorse I was planning naval dispositions. Within five minutes it was clear to me that progress in prayer was no longer possible, and following the mood of the moment I swept the Mediterranean coastline into my pocket, seized my hat and went.

Mr. Bumbleby was in position when I bounded across the road to greet him, but he was not reading the paper as I had expected, but was sitting on his heels beside his posters with a huge prayer book in his hands. He was so busy that he did not notice me until I had said good morning, and then he shut his book and whipped off his glasses.

"Hello" said I, speaking without purpose or consideration. "don't tell me you are saying your prayers?"

Mr. Bumbleby was not in the least embarrassed by my stupid question, but replied with alacrity that was exactly what he was doing, for what with the blooming trains running late, and the R.C.s going to church so early, he'd had the very dickens of a rush to open up in time anyhow, and that he had had to cut away from church with his thanksgiving half unsaid.

"What's more" he added, pointing menacingly at the newspapers with his glasses, "it ain't 'arf 'ard to be saying your prayers squatting on the public pavement with all them latest London editions to be read."

Partly from surprise, partly as a result of my own experience in church that morning, I agreed that it was very difficult to make an adequate thanksgiving after Holy Communion, but my admission seemed to affect Mr. Bumbleby in a most unexpected way.

"That's just where you're wrong," said he, looking fiercely in my direction, and then he flung open his battered prayer book, licked his forefinger and began turning over the pages as though they were treasury notes.

"I used to think it was hard," he said, " in the days when I was always fussing about my own feelings, because if I didn't happen to be in the mood, then my prayer was a washout from the start. That's what you think too, and you're wrong. After all we'd never get nowhere in ordinary life if we only thought of ourselves. When the Master comes to us in Communion, He's not thinking of Himself, is He? No, He's out to give us a big help and pleasure, and so we in our prayers shouldn't think about ourselves but about Him. It's because we're always watching ourselves, worrying how it's going, wondering if it's doing us good and can we possibly fill up the quarter of an hour, that we get all knotted up in five minutes.

"Let Him look after me, and I'll look after Him.' That's how I see it now, but mind you, I've not always 'ad the sense to see it. And then there's far too much asking in our prayers. Of course, He told us to ask, that's just like Him, and we have every right to do so, but it seems to me that we oughtn't to overdo it, because 'Hallowed be Thy Name' comes well before 'Give us this day our daily bread' in the Lord's Prayer. Our first job in prayer is to stage a sort of reception, such as a town might give to His Majesty, the King, God bless Him, with a guard of honour, streamers, flags and the like fluttering about. Now we can't be waving no flags in church I know, though the

flowers and vestments and our best clothes are for the same purpose, and there are one or two prayers that take the place of 'God Save the King.'"
Mr. Bumbleby had been turning over the pages of his book while he was speaking and at last he found the required place.
"Ever heard mention of the song of the three young men in the furnace?" he asked fiercely, and then went on without giving pause for reply.
"I can't rightly pronounce their names, not being educated, and I ain't ever been in a fiery furnace myself either, but it seems to me that it is 'ardly the ideal place for a spot of quiet prayer.
Well, there they were those three, all crammed into the blaze because they wouldn't worship no idols, and instead of calling on God to help or preserve them they started singing about His glory for all they were worth. If they could do it then, we can do it in the cool of the church or even out here on this blooming pavement, and we can use their very words. That is what Holy Church thinks anyway for she gives their song in full for the priest to say after Mass.
"And that is what I was doing when you came along, for it's an easy prayer to say when you're stuck for words or don't feel able to make much effort, for you've only to run through the list of hills and seas and mountains, and say O.K. to each one of them and see how good and how powerful God is to have made them all. 'Mountains and waters bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all for ever; all ye priests bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all for ever; Ernest Bumbleby bless the Lord, praise and exalt Him above all for ever'."
Mr. Bumbleby slammed the book and began fishing about for my Sunday paper.
"That's prayer," said he, "real prayer, and it don't matter a hoot what you feel while you're saying it because you are calling on the mountains and other creatures to praise God, and mountains don't have no moods like you and me. Just you stick to the song of the young men, whose names I can't pronounce though I've said them every Sunday morning this last decade, and when that song is sung then move on to the next psalm in the prayer book, all about praising God with harps and cymbals and the rest of the band.
"We forget that we all look one way in church, Jesus Christ from the altar looks the other way. What does He see? He sees Mrs. Somebody in the front bench praying for a whole list of odds and ends and maybe He gives her some of them', and further back He sees Mr. Somebody else and a crowd of others all asking for things, and because He's so kind He listens. But right at the back or even out here on this blooming pavement He sees an old sinner like me saying 'Glory be to the Father' over and over again, and you may be sure that He'll give me what I need too.
"Now I don't say He isn't pleased with all the others, because He's bound to appreciate their effort, but I know what sort of prayer would give me most pleasure were I in His position, and what I would like best He would like best also, for Jesus Christ is God, but He's a human being after all."
Mr. Bumbleby resumed his prayer, and as I walked away I did not read the paper but I opened my missal and called on the mountains and waters to praise and exalt the Lord. It was certainly easy and I dawdled as I read so that I was very late for

breakfast and Marjorie had to fall back on her favourite admonition, “We must think of cook, sometimes.”
ED – I hope to publish another of Fr Basset’s “Deadly Vitues” in the next edition.

60 Years Ago. THE REVIEW October

Ex Cathedra.
Among those joining the Staff, Gerald O’Mahoney SJ from St John’s, Henry Richmond SJ and Kevin Donovan SJ (OB) both from Campion Hall.
David Allen was with us for the summer teaching in the Labs and coaching on the river but has now returned to Oxford and the Balliol Eight; we hope to see him back with us after his final year.
Fr Gillick has left after nine years as Senior History master, RD in the Sixth, Rhetoric master, running the Sodality, the pilgrimage to Lourdes and Walsingham. He was also senior cricket coach and finally photographer. (Ed – they didn’t include in the appreciation where he moved to.)

Wing-Commander Kettlewell is the new assistant Bursar but has also joined the ranks of cricket and rugby coaches.
Assistant Music master Michael Bush and his Neri Orchestra performed at the Edinburgh Festival.
Terrence Leggett has been awarded the Brackenbury Scholarship at Balliol, Charles Outred one at Cambridge and John Paton Walsh has one in Law at Trinity Cambridge.
Martin Haddon won the Inter-Collegiate Junior Latin Prize and Peter Tolhurst the Heathcote Essay prize.
The Midsummer Ball was held at Ousely Lodge in June organised by Basil Bicknell
Speech day was modified this year to its pre-War order. Luncheon, Benediction at the War Memorial before tea. This year with rain tea was in the Lower Line refectory with the Guards band playing in the Minstrel's Gallery.
Beaumont Entrance scholarships were awarded to John Hayward, Nicholas Patterson, Brian Bell, Colin Glennie and Brian Craig-Waller.
St John's Entrance awards: Christopher Goldsmith and David Danson.

Valete

38 left and of these the following are still in touch:
Messrs Addison, Attlee, Brindley, Conner, Cronly, Fitton, Forbes, Gammell, Gracie, Haran, Hollamby, Hughes, Martin B, Martin D, O'Connor, Paton-Walsh, Peake, Pritchett, Ruane, and Tolhurst .
We know the following have died: Dake, de La Boutresse, Fiennes, Francis-Flores, Gilmore, Hamilton, Kenny, and Patmore .
Unaccounted for: Alez, Burnand, Gatti, Griffin, Kerr, Milward, Noble, Peyton, Sullivan and Wood-Power. NEWS WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE.

Speech Day Programme

Madrigal – "April is in my Mistress' Face"; The Choir
Initium et Finis – Initium: Bruce, Finis: Stibbs and Haddon.
Polichinelle (Rachmanininoff) – Attlee.
Extract from Henry V – B Martin, D Gilmore, R Fitton and j Gilmore.
The Other Face – Intro: B Martin, readers: Flores, Tarkowski, Morris and Russell.

CCF

The Corps Trooped the Colour on 23rd June in WET battledress: Salute taken by Commander Rothwell RN (described as "a local man" and duly impressed!)
The Colour, now rather tattered is we hope to be laid up and new Colours presented prior to the Centenary. This will require two ceremonial parades and certain individuals have been relegated to the "Extra- practice Squad": (The new Colours were never acquired and our "remnants" are proudly displayed at St John's)
Ed: will anyone admit to being in the Extra Practice Squad.
Camp is to be at Catterick. Champion Company – No 1 under U/O Paton Walsh, No 2 Company The Shooting Cup U/O Peake. In the absence of Cridland the individual BNest Shot was awarded to P Hinds.

The U/o's dinner "went with a swing" at The Round House Beaconsfield: rubber duckling was on the menu and Philp Critchley was a guest from Sandhurst.
The Royal Centenary Parade of Cadets took place at Buckingham Palace: we were represented by Cpl D Martin and L/Cpl P Fane-Gladwin.

Choir.

There was an alarming and progressive depletion as the result of broken and breaking voices. It is greatly to the credit of the survivors that the complete programme was fulfilled not without credit, although there was an inevitable loss of volume .
Good Choir Day was spent in bright sunshine at Brighton: it had been well -earned.
Goodbyes to John Paton Walsh as treble then bass he had been in the Choir for 7 years. Jeremy Attlee and Kieran Gracie not far behind as Altos and basses for 6 years: our grateful thanks. Mr Clayton has now completed his fifty-first year.

Music Society

Hon Sec: L Kenny
Hon Treas: C Tarkowski.
Board: Attlee, Creek, Gould-marks, J Martin and J Haddon.
Active term though little after Whitsun as the weather is not conducive to staying indoors . We had an interesting lecture from Dr Frank Harrison on the Concerto with special reference to Mozart. We have a new gramophone and have increased the record collection including a complete recording of *La Boheme* . The Society has joined "The Classics Club" and its subsidiaries – "The Jazz and Opera Clubs" and are hoping to obtain some first class recordings from them next term.

Scientific Society.

Hon Sec: M Patmore
Hon Treas.: A Flores.
Mr Merrell gave a talk on Oil and we had films from Esso Petroleum and a Ronald Searle cartoon on "Man's need for power".
New appointments were made for the Autumn term with Cridland as Secretary and Murr as Treasurer. To end the season we had a talk on Practical Electronics by W Hinds: all fairly technical.

Photographic Society.

Hon Sec: F Neckar.
Hon Treas: M Cronly.
Despite cricket and boating we made an expedition to Pinewood Studios at Iver and the "shootig" of the latest Norman Wisdom film. We were not able to produce an exhibition for Speech Day. We are purchasing a thermostatically controlled glazer which we we hope will not leave us in "the red": better to invest in good equipment than leave the money in Fr Brogan's bank.

Carpentry Club.

Hon Sec: A Flores
We will be losing many of the corps members at the end of term. Furniture making is the main pastime - Pritchett with a Desk filing-cabinet, Lesher with radio cabinets and Flores with shelves of Japanese oak .

The most ambitious projects are the *Venturer* light dinghy by M Sullivan - just over 11ft in length and will take an outboard engine. He will be making space for the even larger catamaran for which all the timbers have been purchase by C Lowe.

Hobbies Club

President: J Sweetman
Vice Pres: S O'Dea.

Radio is the dominant interest with transistor sets made by A Stevens, C McHugh and P Richardson, Lazar has been model boat building and Stleman a flourishing printing press. O'Dea, Burgess and Ullyatt have put together a formidable army of model soldiers and an exhibition was mounted on the lawns for Speech Day.

Motor Society

Hon Sec: W Ardagh
Hon Treas: E Williams.

Several films were shown during the term including the 1959 East Africa Coronation Safari.

The Term's highlight was a visit to the British Grand Prix at Silverstone. It was sad that Graham Hill who had been with us last winter term retired with his BRM when 20 miles from victory.

Scout Notes

Camp at Toft Monks, Beccles.

Name of Toft Monks is familiar to past and present members of the Troop, for nearly all have camped there and enjoyed the experience. This year's camp in-creased our debt to the site and to its owner, Col R. B. Freeland. With its pleasant clumps of trees, endless wood for fuel and gadgets, handy water-supply, swimming facilities, and its acres of rolling bracken ideal for stalking, wide games and other activities, the site has wide games and other activities all the amenities, and comments on all sides left no doubt that they were well appreciated.

East Anglia has, to, a way of offering that commodity so dear to campers but all too rare this year, continued fine weather. After enjoying a fortnight of almost unbroken sun-shine, it was odd to receive sympathy from people living elsewhere, because of the 'dreadful weather' we were thought to have experienced. One of the best tributes to our weather must have been the sales of ice cream by the itinerant van which called on us almost daily.

It was a pity, under the circumstances, that our swimming gala was fixed for the only really chilly afternoon we had; so much so that the thing had to be called off after some two-thirds of the programme had left sundry competitors blue and shivering and the Panthers fairly comfortable winners. Other-wise swimming was very popular with, norm-ally, two swims a day. Boating too became ally, two swims a day. Boating too became further in his debt by the permanent loan of a rowing-boat.

Another popular, and necessary, activity was cooking; and the all-round standard was remarkably high. It is true that the Eagles disinterred a fork from their '5-minute pudding' and that a certain Squirrel (he of the hat) is alleged to have fried a jam-jar full of dead wasps; but these were minor distractions in a most satisfying culinary

fortnight. The cooking-competition was won by the Squirrels, with Eagles and Lions tying for second place close behind.
Two ‘Night Ops’ were held, both much enjoyed, especially the first in which the unfortunate Attlee (disguised as Mr Lumumba) was dragged across much of the rougher country of Norfolk by a party of alleged Congolese.
Other operations included an ambitious pioneering programme, comprising a tree-lift, monkey-bridge, tree-shelter (in which P. Hinds spent a night) and aerial runway-in short, an elaborate device for starting at one level and eventually returning to it!
There was a fairly tough ‘assault course’ lasting most of one day, won by the Squirrels and there were tracking and stalking programmes through the bracken and over a swamp.
Lest it be thought that we never left the camp-site, we must record a very pleasant afternoon spent in Great Yarmouth, to the evident enjoyment of the Scouts and the immense profit of various ‘side-shows’, etc, and hikers went all over the county, even as far as Norwich, with six members completing mammoth ‘Venturer’ hikes.
Camp fires proved enjoyable and melodious, with Philip Hinds distinguishing himself as a spinner of yarns.
A bumper crop of proficiency badges (about 90 in all) testified to the feverish activity that went on in every spare moment; we would award special commendation to A. Geddes and N. Hillier on the splendid hut they constructed, and to M. Lyall, A.Ching, R. Clayton, T. Hickie, A. Stevens, I. Prove, B. Bell, A. Geddes, G. Kelly, B. Pearce and J. Steele on completing the tests for their Scout Cords.
Nor did all this activity lower the standard camping. The visiting District Commissioner wrote on our Camping Standards Certificate: ‘The six patrol sites were wel llaid out, and Patrol System evidently in full use. Pioneering very good. Altogether an excellent camp’. All of which reflects much credit on the Patrol-Leaders and their Patrols. The Squirrels are to be congratulated on winning the inter-patrol camp competition, hard fought as it was, for the Lions were a mere two points behind, with the Eagles and Owls for third place only three more points down; which suggests, what was a fact, that the competition was close and of a high standard all round.
All this was achieved with a pleasant spirit which was as welcome as it was notable. If there was what might be described as one that was surmounted and only helped to emphasize the general air of camaraderie. Every patrol attracted and entertained visitors from other patrols at one time or another, one feature being the informal camp-fire gatherings in patrol corners in the camp-fire
Mention of Fr Sass reminds one to thank him for his immensely successful work with the commissariat, and to congratulate him on the punctuality with which he demanded (and got) his afternoon mug of tea. 1t is only fair to add that the other Scouters and Rovers and many of the Scouts followed his example and descended like a swarm of wasps (of which there were far too many) on the unfortunate patrol of his choice.
Another vast “Thank You’ must be offered to A.S.M. John Paton Walsh for the tremendous amount of work he achieved in almost every department: Our Rovers,

Jeremy Attlee and Philip Hinds, gave him splendid support. Without the herculean labours of this trio, the camp could not have been the success it undoubtedly was. It was perhaps appropriate in this summer of 1960 that, as we left the site, the rain- had hardly touched us at all-should start to fall.

BU

Fr Parker celebrated his diamond jubilee as a priest – 40 of his 60 years have been spent at Beaumont.

Among the dead – Harrold Maxwell Capt. Of the school and Cricket and soccer. WW1 Irish Guards and was wounded. Resident of Dublin and lawyer: senior partner of Welden and Maxwell.

Also Wing – Commander Francis Harrison OBE (10)

Sir William Hope – Nelson has succeeded to the Baronetcy.

Brian Witty (21) has made a large contribution to the New Boat House.

Malcolm Hay of Seaton (97) has written a new book *Prince in Captivity* – the life of Phillipe D'Orleans Duc de Monpensier. The Duc was Malcolm's grandfather.

Lt Col J D Walters CB DSO has retired from the Presidency of The Superior Council of the SVP one time Deputy Serjeant at-Arms Hose of Lords and Registrar of The Privy Council 1940-54.

Births

Daughters for Peter Bulfield, Eugene Carr, Richard de Ayala and Hugh Orme

Sons for Tim Ruane and Paul Shanks.

Engagements

Paul Bohane and Patricia Eyre

Simon Burrough and Lalage Arnold

Anthony Miles and Corinne Vascher

Marriages

Patrick Coffey and Clare Fuller

Nicholas Burgess and Susan Pinkham

Julian Reeves and Maria Barrientos Romana

Adam Kwiatkowski and Jane Trevilian

Christopher Wilkinson and Hilary Unwin.

John Schulte and Evelyn Deckers

Christopher Roberts and Helen Catchpole

Deaths

Wing-Comdr Francis Harrison OBE

Percy Percival St George Lambkin (08)

The Pilgrims

RARELY do cricketers have the opportunity to play on what is undoubtedly. 'one of the most delightful of school grounds and always on a wicket prepared with true craftsman's art. That this is possible is due to the generosity of the Rector and the efficiency of Ken Curtain the groundsman.

It is to be regretted, however, that only a comparatively small number of cricketing O.B.s take adyantage of the proverbial something of a mystery. Like the proverbial question of 'where do the flies go in Winter ? 'no amount of research seems to give the answer to 'where do Beaumont ex-cricketers hide themselves ?' More's the pity as the present state of Pilgrims' cricket indicates that with even a small amount of extra support an even higher standard could be reached, not to mention the fact it would also ease the burden of I suppose you would call him the 'general organizer'! This is not to suggest that the present standard is low-on the contrary, if the strongest side could be picked from all those who have turned out for the Pilgrims it would make even the strongest club side work hard, but extra support would mean that the average standard for each game would be higher. Is it too much of a pipe dream to contemplate that in the future-a Pilgrims' Cn:cket Week might even be held ? This would not be difficult if all cricketers could play, say at least twice.
Our grateful thanks are due to the Scribe, Ian Sinclair: Ian is a modest soul, describing himself in the Downside game as 'quietly accumulating some runs, and even playing some good shots'. A typical under-statement which does not do justice to an innings of aggression tempered with restraint and full of good strokes.
No review would be complete without a special word of thanks to those players whom I call the 'regulars'. There is no need to name them, they are too well known, but without their regular support-you can ring them up on the morning of a match and the gardening will be put off in order to play for the Pilgrims-it would be impossible to raise even one Pilgrim side.

1959 results

Old Amplefordians Lost by 5 wickets
Old Wimbledonians Drawn (rain)
Stonyhurst Wanderers Drawn
Downside Wanderers Won by 74 runs

1960 results

Old Amplefordians won by 90 runs
Old Wimbledonians lost by 211 runs
The following turned out: Messrs J Bedford ,I Sinclair, M Houghton, J Melville, J Murphy, P Burden, D McCurry, M Bulfield, P Parker, R Quinn, R McIntosh, C Ennis, B Berkeley, W Harrington, H Hewitt, J Yates, T Scanlon, M Bessell, P Peake.

BUGS

The thirty- third Summer meeting was held at Worplesdon; twenty – three played.
Results: Russell Bowl - John Walsh Handicap 17.
Blackwell Scratch – Peter Flaherty.
Hayes Cup – John Mathews Handicap 15
Brodie Foursome – Peter Flaherty and John Walsh
Peppercorn Scratch Foursome _ Peter Flaherty and John Walsh.

Cricket: The Eleven

The Season began with high hopes, It was comfort-to have a sound basis of seven of last year's eleven; above all, the return of J. C. Murphy and M. Hywel-Davies meant that the previous season's successful opening bowling partnership would be with us: given firm wickets, we had a splendid attack. There were, of course, a number of problems to be solved: a pair of opening batsmen had to be found, a No. 3, if Murphy was not to be overworked as batsman as well as bowler, and at least two change bowlers.

Some of these problems seemed to have been lessened during the Ambulacrum coaching in the Easter term. The tremendous development in control and power shown by J. M. Paton Walsh and the improvement in relaxation of P. Peake made us hope that here we might have a sound pair of opening bats. C. Halliday was beginning to spin the ball from the off and might make a useful all-rounder; and P. Mills-Owens, if rather raw and unorthodox, might make a No 5 if his technique could be improved. In the first couple of practice matches, T, Scanlan bowled himself into the side and we had a leg spinner.

Within about a week of returning, on a glorious May day, we opened the season with an experimental eleven against the Buccaneers. Inhibited and unable to play the accurate in-swingers of Croker (5 for 26) we were all out for 58 and lost by 9 wickets.

The next week, at Reading, the team looked much more competent. Hostile bowling by Hywel-Davies (4 for 10), Murphy (3 for 20) and Haran (3 for 47) dismissed the other side for 79, a score we made for the loss of two wickets.

Next afternoon, a very pleasant match against Windsor Home Park was drawn, partly because of our inability to score fast enough for afternoon cricket. Halliday made a delightful 58 not out.

The Aldenham game was drawn: a story of catches dropped off the quicker bowlers and insufficient time dropped off the quicker bowlers and insufficient time to make the runs , despite a very promising 43 by Mills-Owens.
Next day, on a pitch so perfect that, in the whole day, the bowlers only hit the wickets once-and that a full-toss, the bowlers were allowed to dictate, and despite a magnificent 76 by Murphy, our batsmen surrendered themselves to the Incogniti tamely for 146. This was far too low a score against a fine batting side and we lost by 6 wickets.
Everyone seemed drowsy against Douai, and although we won, it was an undistinguished match. On the following Monday the team struck form to defeat the M.C.C. most convincingly with three minutes to go.
At Downside rain intervened when Murphy and Hywel-Davies seemed to have broken through (Downside were 43 for 4 in answer to our 196) and made a result impossible. Despite three injuries at Whitgift there was a feast of runs by both sides and some most attractive batting, especially by Peake and Halliday. A miserable collapse followed next day against the Emereti, largely due to Melville (7 for 35) and the absence of Murphy; and it was with a very depleted bowling strength that we met BFAUMONT UNION. Thanks to a magnificent spell by Hywel-Davies (8 for 28), the B.U. were dismissed for 91. But in the second innings the thinness of our bowling was revealed, the batting collapsed and we were well beaten.:
Both our batting and bowling were undistinguished against K.C.S. and Merchant Taylors: it was as though exhaustion had set in: possibly a product of the Exam. Season: but we went to Lord's with a feeling of confidence. A separate report of the match follows: suffice it to say here that the biggest influence on the course of this game was the fatal decision not to have first use of a rain-soaked pitch.
The loss of the match did little to mar the pleasure of the dinner that followed; and with this social event a disappointing but thoroughly enjoyable season came to an end. To all who made it such a success sincere thanks are due; but particularly to our expert scorer, T. Synnott, to lan and Bobby who provided such magnificent pitches and gave such generous and loyal help, to Mrs Ball for the catering; and, of course, in quite a separate category, to Mr Harrington for his superb coaching, his personal interest and his complete giving of himself to the team.
The Oratory match is reported elsewhere.

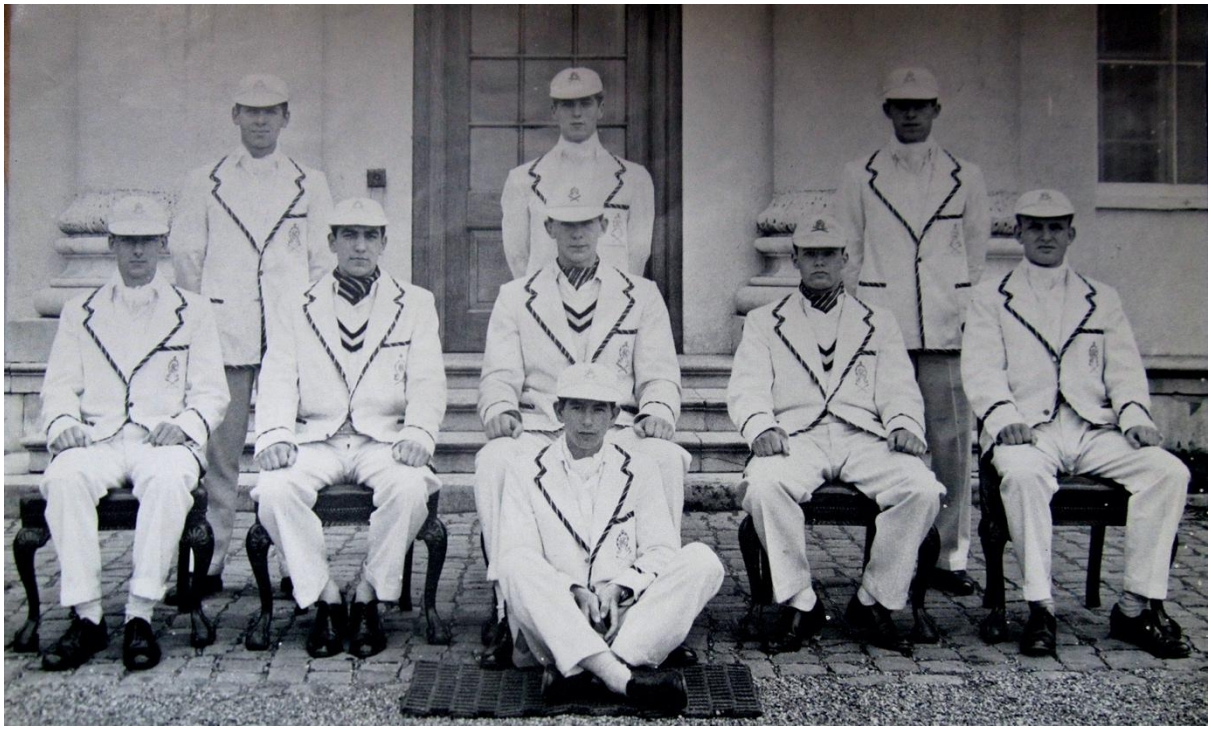
2nd XI

Not a vintage year yet it may be said to their credit that after taking a terrific hammering from every school side almost throughout the season, they came back and almost won the last! Let us get the vulgar statistics, and they are very vulgar out of the way. Of the 7 matches played they lost to The Oratory, Aldenham, Harrow, KCS and the BU. They drew against Whitgift and Merchant Taylors. Nobody made any score worth talking about and the only bowling feats worth a mention were Sawyer's 5 for 9 against The Oratory and Mitchell's 4 for 22 against MT.
Nevertheless, a cheerful side that took their defeats philosophically. Tolhurst captained the side that included, Addison, Bailey, Hinds, Houlihan, Hughes,

Marshall, Mayer, McArdle. Mitchell, Neckar, palmer, Patmore, Sawyer, and Wilkinson-Latham.

The BOAT CLUB
The VIII

The first fixture was within a week of returning to school when they rowed down to Staines to take on the local Club and found themselves expected to row the full regatta course. But with the final bend in their favour did well to hang on and win by ¾ length. Next up was the annual race at Oxford against Lincoln. Which followed last years form with Beaumont coming up the home straight to win by ¼ length. At Twickenham Regatta they won through the first round against Gladstone Warwick but after a very short rest, lost against the eventual winners Bedford Park RC. The race against Eton Excelsior was stopped by The Unpire when Beaumont was a length up (no reason given in The REVIEW). Eton 2nd proved too strong and they lost by ¾ length (a number of this Eton crew went on to win The Ladies plate at Henley a month later)./ At reading Regatta they took on Quentin and St George's Weybridge: they rowed badly losing to the former but beating the latter. When Henley came round they had to row an eliminator against Magdalen College School: they rowed behind for most of the race getting up to win by just 2 feet. Not as good as was hoped for. In the actual draw they took on Bedford School with their usual attacking if rather unorthodox rating and once again were defeated by a better crew. Like many many Beaumont crews this VIII was fast but not fast enough'
However, a pleasant season and a fine spirit of camaraderie with hard but enjoyable work. (The writer Richard Ruane ends by saying " Like many other Beaumont oarsmen, is sad that he is no longer able to be on 't6he wrong end of Scott's megaphone")



Notes,
The Club is going to miss the cheerful energy of Jeremy Attlee (never an oarsmen) but acted as Captain of Junior Boats, Honorary Secretary and often Coach.
A special thanks to Jerry Gilmore for keeping the crew amused on long journeys.
Johnny Johnstone not only looked after the Henley table with draught Guinness etc. but ensured our fitness.
In his second season as Boatman, Mr Bartlett has shown a great interest in the Club and accompanied The VIII to Henley where he did a fine job.

2nd VIII
A bit slow off the mark at the start of the season having shown such promise at the Reading Head. We lost to Sir William Borlase and were outclassed by Eton 3rd. At Both Reading and Marlow Regattas, we were unfortunate to meet the same strong Marlow RC crew. However, we ended the term with a win against Staines RC: ding-dong all the way to get home by 3 feet by sheer tenacity.

3rd VIII

For the first time in the History of the Boat Club the 3rd VIII won a Regatta!
At Reading Clinker they beat in successive rounds Southampton University by 5 Lengths, Abingdon School by 1 and half, Nautical College Pangbourne 1Length, and another Southampton crew in the final by ¾ length putting up the fastest time of the day .
The Crew: Bow and Captain – Kenny, Swabey, Coleman, Kerr, Poels, Corcoran, Hollamby Ching with Burrough cox.

Swimming Club.

A resurrected venture primarily to teach non swimmers: only three were found and they made good progress and none of them drowned - quite -in the process. The most popular development was Water-polo or at least a version of it with rather liberal interpretation of the rules.

Tennis Club

Regrettably only two matches were possible – the much anticipated St Mary's Ascot where the team was remarkably hard pressed to win by 6 – 3 . The other against the BU was fairly close although the score card reads lost 8 – 1.

Eight members went to Wimbledon with the rain but were able to watch well-known figures as Knut Nielsen, Maria Bueno and Darlene Hard,

Ian Swabey and Charlie Hamilton won the Club's American tournament without losing a match.

The Team: Peyton, Murphy, Tolhurst, Gilmore, Connor, Collingwood and Roberts.

FAMILY HISTORY

From Hans - Christoph von Massenbach

A thought came to me just now - have a look at your Beaumont Union spring 2020 journal...a Masterpiece in keeping alive memories people and their times such that would otherwise be lost in the dust of history. It was all of such interest. I was sad to read of the death of **Michael de Bertodano**. When I had him on the phone some ten years ago, he recalled that we had been best friends at Beaumont. I had quite forgotten this to have been the case.

Knowing your interest in all things of the past, I thought the attached might interest you. I wonder whether you have come across families of Beaumont OBs with history in the East India Company and/or British India in the course of all your researches?

ED replies:

Thank you for this piece of history and also your kind words. There are a good number of Beaumont connections to India: from my own family I had a couple of administrators one of whom was knighted and a General who was there during the Mutiny. One the most fascinating father and sons were Sir Michael Filose and his son ***Sir Augustine (OB)*** *both were Chief Secretary to the Maharaja of Gwalior: Michael soldier and architect built the Jai Vilas Palace – the largest in the World. Augustine was at Beaumont at the same time as Gerald son of Sir Gerald FitzGerald Assistant Controller General of India and John son of Sir Dennis Fitz-Patrick Governor of the Punjab. So I have plenty to write about when I get round to it.*

Yes, do find time to write something on these times and the families that played their parts. I find it fascinating that at a time now when, if am right in thinking, the English at home have lost sight of this part of British history, India, the Indians themselves are ever more researching that period that is of course also very much their own history. There are a whole number of books, Indian university studies and other recent publications to be found in Internet.

Best wishes Hans-Christoph

INDIA : Family connections, past and present

My family's links with India have always fascinated me having had a grandmother of a family long and deeply routed in that part of the world and one with history closely linked with the **East India Company** and its activities. This then is the story of the **FOWKE** family of my English grandmother **Dorothea (Dora) Margaret Lady Wallis, née Fowke** and it is for the benefit of my own children and their families that I have pieced this record together. It is also in thought dedicated to the memory of my grandmother.

Lady Wallis, née Fowke, wife of Sir John Power Wallis, Chief Justice of Madras (1914-1921)

The Fowke family had settled in England in the 13th and 14th centuries, coming as knights from northern France. There is record of the family in England dating back to the 13th and 14th centuries with estates in Somerset and Buckinghamshire, later also in Staffordshire. They were Landed Gentry, Gentleman merchants, Knights and Baronets. Amongst its Family seats were Brewood Hall and Gunston Hall, both in Staffordshire, Coudrey in Buckinghamshire (not found perhaps due to false spelling) Boughrood Castle, Powys in Radnorshire and Lowesby Hall in Leicestershire.

Brewood Hall, Staffordshire
(Our line of the Fowke family)

Lowesby Hall, Leicestershire

Gunstom Hall. Staffordshire

At a time when others such as the Portuguese and Dutch had already established their own trading ties in the East, it was London merchants that took the initiative to form a company of their own with stated purpose to exploit trading opportunities in India, the East and south-east Asia. And so it was that on 31st December 1600 the company as „The Governor and Company of Merchants of London“, soon to be known as „The East India Company“ was incorporated by Royal Charter by Queen Elisabeth I. Sole shareholders of the company were rich London merchants and

aristocrats; its directors, often ship owners/ship captains. After 1657 joint stock was established with the government.

In the following two hundred years the company`s trading activities grew to account for half of the world's trade, at a time when the company's rule extended across most of India, Burma, Malaya, Singapore and Hong Kong. Cotton, silk, indigo dye, salt, spices, salt petre, tea and opium were the main commodities traded. By the height of its power in 1803, the company ruled large areas of India and had a standing army of some 260,000 mostly Indian Sepoys. Company rule in India had effectively began 1757 and was to end in 1858 when, with "The Government of India Act", the British Crown formally took control of the Indian subcontinent. The Company as such was dissolved in 1874. That is the story in short but for me, the real interest lies in the lives and fortunes of those who participated in the making of the "British Empire" as it was later to be known, Queen Victoria herself having laid claim to the title "Empress of India" in 1877. In name, the "Company" still lives on with London's East India Docks and the East India Club, formed in 1849 and still alive an going strong at Nr. 16 St. James Square, London.

Those taken-on in the service of the East India Company, so-called Servants of the Company, were originally sent out from London to set-up new trading posts or take over and expand existing trading posts that had fallen or were later to fall into the Company's hands from the Portuguese or Dutch.

Many were young adventurers, mostly unmarried. It was only in 1660s that English wives and single women began to arrive in Bombay and Madras, The English girls that came out with their parents or arrived unaccompanied had come in search of husbands whom they would readily find amongst the employees of the Company. A publication of 2012 titled "The Fishing Fleet: Husband-Hunting in the Raj" focuses on those times. Equally many of the Company's local employees ventured to marry into the local community. The Madras Council in 1680 recorded that there were a sizable number of "Portugues", the term used to describe Anglo-Asian women of catholic religion or local Indian or Malay women, in the Company's society. Such marriages were common and widely accepted by the Company, also at home in England. They were mixed-marriages with brides largely chosen out of local families of higher social standing. The Company stipulated that the children born out of such marriages had to be brought-up Protestant. Many such families were to go down in history as the great Empire builders.

. As time was to prove, many sons would follow their fathers in seeking careers in the Company. This led to a whole number of families, all connected by blood and in the service of the Company being able to further eachothers careers and private trading enterprises. Whilst the interests of the Company had to take first place, many of its Servants proceeded to trade also as private merchants on own account and in so doing, accumulate huge fortunes. The Company disapproved such trading practises but found itself unable to put a stop to it. Many of its so-called "honourable gentleman" merchants were everything but honourable in their dealings, some nothing more than rogues. It led to decline in the Company's reputation, so much

so, that parliament in London eventually decided that it was time for the government to take complete control of the Company's operations and place all under the Crown.

The Fowke family connection with India and the East India Company begins with:

Randall Fowke Esq., born 1673 in Belfast, Antrim, Ireland , son of Dr. med, Edward Fowke, born Brewood Hall, Staffordshire (died Cork, Ireland) and Sophie Randall. The story handed down in the family is that his father had been murdered when he was just a ten year old child. Another story tells of him having died when climbing into a carriage with intent to visit a patient, a tale with no mention of murder.

He set out on his own to arrive 1701 in India aged 28 having joined the East India Company as member of the Madras Council. He is recorded as Factor in 1703; as Councillor in 1711 and as Paymaster in 1775. He is also reported having been active as a diamond merchant, presumably trading also on own account. He retired after 40 years service in the Company and died on 1. October 1745 in Fort St. George, Madras aged 72. He was buried in the graveyard of St. Mary's Church, Fort St. George. There is an inscription in the church with him described as „Member of the Council and an honest man". His wife was **Anna May,** born 1684, "**of Portugal**". One has to speculate whether she had been born in Portugal or been born in one of Portugal's south Asian trading posts. One has likewise to consider the possibility that she herself had been of mixed-blood. They had got married in St. Mary's, Fort St. George, Madras on
21. December 1713. **She died in 1734 in Madras aged 50 years having had six children** – 3 sons and 3 daughters. It is recorded that Randall had had a mistress, Mary Flora, to whom he left a house in his will. **Randall,** who died 11 years after his wife, left his estate to his three surviving sons **Edward, Joseph and Francis.** Whilst Edward and Joseph were to pursue careers in the civil service, respectively in the East India Company, Francis operated as a free merchant**.**

More or less a contempory of his was Lieutenant General Thomas Fowke (1690-1765) of the Gunstone Hall, south Staffordshire line of the Fowke family,. He had been twice court martialled and dismissed out of the army only to end his career as Governor of Gibraltar. His younger brother Edmond rose to become a Rear-admiral in the Royal Navy.

Randall Fowke's son, **Joseph Fowke Esq., born 1718** at Fort St. George, Madras, was one of ten children,. He had been sent back to England to be educated at Budworth's school at Brewood, him having been taken into the care of the Fowkes of Brewood Hall and of Mayfair, London and Bexley, Kent. He joined the East India Company aged 17 and was to remain 56 years in its service, a career full of ups and downs. He had made two huge fortunes, foremostly in the years 1771-1781 as a free merchant trading diamonds, both fortunes that he lost as an invertate gambler at card tables. Once when almost pennyless, his son Frances had offered him a generous allowance on the condition that he cease to gamble. Joseph Fowke responded to the offer saying that he would undertake not to play beyond his ability but that no condition on earth would cause him to cease to gamble.

Whilst someone had recorded him as having been a “sinister and unlawful gentleman“, others spoke of „his conversations sprightly and entertaining, highly seasoned with anecdotes, many of which related to his great and venerable friend Dr. Samual Johnson“. During the trial of **Warren Hastings**, de facto Governor-General of India (1774-1785) Hastings, when put on impeachment trial, had described Joseph Fowke as “of violent and morose temper and while under that influence, too apt to insinuate actions…to base and bad motives in others“. Dr. Samual Johnson, his former Tutor, said of Joseph “he was a scholar and agreeable man and lived very prettily in London until his wife died.“ Joseph was also described as having been an enthusiastic amateur violinist with preference for Geminiani and Handel. There is record that his instruments had been advertised in the Calcutta Press for auction sale by Burrel and Gould in 1787. They were described as „a remarkable toned harpsichord and a very fine Violincello“. Joseph is said to have had an interest in languages and mathematics.

Joseph had started his career in 1735 as a Writer at Fort St. George, Madras rising to become a senior merchant within the Company, second in the Madras Council of five, having succeeded to win high repute. In 1744 he had been elected a Mayor of …..(?) in India. It is recorded that Joseph had kept a creolian slave! He had survived the “Black hole of Calcutta“ in 1756 and having been offered the governorship of Bengal and/or Fort St. George which he declined, he returned to England in the same year with a huge fortune. By 1771 he had lost most of his fortune at gambling tables and so found himself back in India, this time based at Calcutta anxious to repair his fortune, trading as a diamond merchant. This time he succeeded in amassing a fortune even greater than his first one, retiring from the Company in 1788 when he returned to England. Unfortunately, he never did change his gambling habits with the result that he was near pennyless towards the end of his life. The small Government pension granted by parliament in recognition of his long service helped him to keep his head above water. He died in year 1800 in Bath, Somerset.

Whilst there is no record of marriage, **Joseph Fowke** did have nine children with Anne, surname unknown, between the years 1748-1836**.** Records suggest that Joseph had had at least one Indian mistress.

Before continuing with Joseph’s sons, here is the story of Joseph’s and Elizabeth (Eliza)’s daughter **Margaret Elizabeth Fowke (1758-1836).** She had been born and baptised in London only to be more or less neglected by her father after her mother’s death. She was left to educate herself in the libraries of the Clives, the Strachley and **her guardian John Walsh**. She sailed out to India at the age of 17, ending up living in Caluctta with her brother Francis Fowke and father. She was described as “large, not a beauty“, but she was strong willed and she refused to be controlled by her natural father and was said to be interesting in conversation. She had been quick to receive two proposals of marriage when she met **John Benn**. They returned to England together on the “Dublin“ and **married in 1787** soon after landing. Her husband had worked as an assistant to her brother Francis **Fowke**, the Resident in Benares. Her onetime guardian, **John Walsh**, who had never married

yet had had numerous mistresses and one known as an addicted party-goer in London, had left **Margaret** his estate, a considerable fortune with house in Chesterfield Street, London and Warfield Park, Bracknell, Berkshire. They changed their name to **Benn Walsh** in acknowledgement of the Walsh inheritance which included Warfield Park. Her husband had become an M.P. for Worcester and created a baronet. Their son Sir John Benn Walsh was later created 1st Baron Ormathwaite and was to inherite the Warfield Park estate.

Warfield Park, Bracknell
(House since pulled-down)

John Walsh had been secretary to Clive and son of Joseph Walsh, governor of Fort St. George, Madras, whose wife Elizabeth, daughter of Nevil Maskelyne of Purton, Wiltshire whose sister Margaret Maskelyne had married Robert, first Baron Clive. Colonel John Walsh had entered into the service of the East India Company to become the Paymaster for the troops at Madras, proceeding to be- come private secretary to Clive before returning to England in 1759. He had made a fortune for himself in India with his friend Lord Clive. Back in England he acquired the manor at Hockenhull, Cheshire only to sell it again and go on to acquire Warfield Park, into which when taken over by Lady Ben Walsh, née Fowke (Margaret), she put all her energy into expanding and making substantial alterations to the house and grounds. It seems that Margaret had great organising talents as also a love for riding and mathematics. She was also a lover of Indian music and would organise Indian musicians and arrange for the music and words to be written down. She tried to play herself and is recorded as having arranged a concert for **Warren Hastings**. (Relevant are the publications entitled “The Hindustannie Air: English attemptes to understand Indian music in the late 18th century“ and “Music of the Raj“ by Ian Woodfield.) A life size portrait of Margaret Lady Walsh painted by Frederick Yeates Hurlstone is on display in the National Library of Wales.

Margaret Elizabeth Lady Ben Walsh, née Fowke (1758-1836)
of Warfield Park

Margaret died at Binfield Park, not far from Warfield Park, her former residence, on 29. September 1836 aged 78. In 1831 she had rented Binfield Park, described as a large, handsome, commodious, well built mansion with ample accommodation. She invested a lot in the house. Her son recorded that improving Binfield had been a "great amusement & occupation to her" be it that Warfield Park was always to remain nearest to her heart.

Binfield Park, Bracknell

It is time to turn to **Francis Fowke Esq**., **(1755-1819)** brother of Margaret Elizabeth as described above. He was born in India, at Fort St. George, Madras on 28th October 1755 only to be baptised two months later at the St. George, Hanover Square, London and like his sister Margaret, had been pretty well neglected by their parents Joseph Fowke and Elizabeth (Eliza) Fowke, later the Lady Benn Walsh to be. Francis was educated in the household of Sir Robert Clive, whose wife was Francis Fowke's mothers's 1st cousin. Francis joined the East India Company as a Writer in 1770 aged 15, rising quickly to becoming Factor in 1776 and Junior Merchant in 1778 at the age of 23. He was appointed the Resident at Benares 1775-

1776; 1780-81; 1783-1786. The Office of Resident was one of “great importance & emolument“ with control over affairs in northern India. The new residency at Sickroul was larger than the raja’a own palace, the residency becoming an expression of the family’s power and ambition. East India Company members and their families crossed northern India to attend balls and concerts there, including the orientalist Sir William Jones as well as the Mushal Crown Prince, the Shahzhah. **Francis** fell into dispute with **Warren Hastings** and was removed from his post only to be later re-installed, events that are fully recorded in the National archives and those of the East India Company.

It is recorded that Francis was a good musician, well read and a linguist. He spoke Persian and was obsessed by the idea of inventing a universal language in which all books were to be printed. That was one side of him. The other side was his reputation as “a blundering lover“. Indeed, he was known to have had many Indian mistresses, something quite routine as few Englishman at the time expected to be able to return home. It is reported that he had quite a large and growing family of Anglo-Indians at Benares.

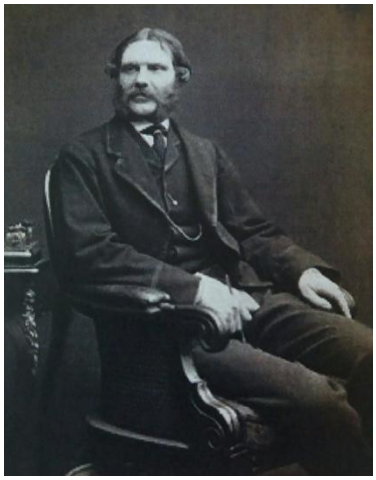
Francis Fowke Esq., of Boughrood Castle (1755-1819)

(One time the Resident at Benares, India & High Sheriff of Radnorshire, Wales)

It is not recorded where and when **Francis Fowke** met **Mary Lowe**, an actress (maybe in India?) who was to become his mistress and mother of some 13 children, all born between 1789 and 1809. There is however record of him having had three illegitimate children before that by a mother unknown: one **William Fowke,** born October 1781 in Benares, India who died of smallpox in Wimbledon 1795. He had been educated by his 1st cousin William Holland.; then **Philip Fowke** who was killed-in-action at the Battle of Chaleanwella, Spain, serving as a private in the army of Louis XXIV. His name is inscribed on a monument in Chelsea Hospital gardens.; then **Jane Fowke** – details not known. Then came the first of the children mothered by **Mary Lowe**: **Francis Fowke**, born Mount Street, Mayfair 6th Jan. 1789 + 3.May

1826 who remained unmarried. He had been educated at Eton and wounded at the Battle of Salamanca, Spain (22 July 1812). He had purchased a captaincy in the 14th Light Dragoons and had made further improvements to his father's house Boughrood Castle; then came **Henry Fowke** who died aged 3; then a daughter **Jane Fowke** (1792-1852**)** who was followed by **John Fowke** born 4th July 1794, died Newcastle 26 October 1851. He had been eductaed at Eton and had served as a Lieutenant in the 68th Regiment. Recorded is that "he could not keep a farthing in his pocket".

John Fowke's son Francis Fowke (1823-1865) had made a name for himself as an architect and engineer. He had served as a captain in the Royal Engineers, had invented the Army Platoon Bridge and had been the designer of Albert Hall Rotunda. He had been appointed superintendent of the construction of the South Kensington Museum, now the Victoria and Albert Museum.



Captain Francis Fowke (1823-1865 here seen with Sir Henry Cole, 1st Director of the South Kensington Museum.

Then came **Richard Fowke,** born St.George's, Hanover Square 27. Nov. 1795 died 1855. He had served as a Royal Navy officer and saw action on Lake Champlain in U.S. War of 1812-1814; then came **Henrietta Fowke** born at St. George's, Hanover Square 22 December 1796, died unmarried Bristol 1860 having lived part of her life with her brother Philip Fowke at Picton Terrace, Carmarthen; then came **Sunderland Clay Fowke** born St. George's, Hanover Square 3. May 1789, died Cornwall 1. July 1873. He had been a Royal Navy officer and been present in the attack on Washington (1813); then came **Edward Fowke** born St. George's, Hanover Square 2th May 1800, died Pennyorth, Breconshire, Wales 9th November 1872. He was a Land Agent by profession in Glanhen, Breconshire having married a housemaid of Boughrood Castle in his first marriage. Next came **Robert Fowke** born St. George's, Hanover Square 4th April 1801, and died in Germany in 1865. Their last child was **Philip Fowke,** born St. George's, Hanover Square, London 8th September 1802 died 1855. He had been a school proprietor whose first marriage had been with a servant girl at Boughrood Castle. On 20th June 1842 he married

again, in St, Mary'a Parish Church, Tenby, his wife being **Frances Anne Baker**, daughter of Edward Jorden (or Gordon) Baker, a Gentleman of Monmouth**.** His wife had kept "a boarding school for Young Ladies" in Landsdown Crescent, Notting Hill, London (1861), at Brighton and in **Balham (1889). Philip and Frances Fowke had four children and it is from this marriage that we are descendents in direct line.**

Francis Fowke had left Benares in 1786 for England . It was only in later life, on 11th July 1801 that he married **Mary Lowe,** this at Gretna Green, Scotland, a marriage that was repeated two years later, on the 19th July 1813 at St. Olave's, Southwark, London. Francis had first set-up Mary Lowe in a Mayfair house only to move her later to a house in Wimbledon. Having returned from India with a fortune, he was able to move into "Boughrood Castle" as he named it in 1817. He had earlier bought an estate surrounding the ruins of Boughrood castle in Radnorshire, Wales close to the English border and the river Wye, there where he built a mansion house in the grounds. The house, described as a pleasant Georgean-type building still stands today. Francis moved-in to now reside under one roof with his "two families" .i.e. that of his Anglo-Indian children whom he had brought with him from India and those of his now legally married wife, Mary Fowke, née Lowe. Himself now set-up as a country gentleman, he took-on the post of High Sheriff of Radnorshire whilst being titled locally as "the Nabob of India". When Francis died in 1819 without will, his son Francis (1789-1826) who had remained unmarried and his remaining brothers and sisters became involved in bitter dispute amongst themselves and in legal battles over the inheritance. The net result was that all the Fowke property in the parishes of Boughrood was sold to Walter Wilkens (later de Winton), esquire of Maesllwych Castle early in the 1831s following the death in 1826 of Francis Fowke junior.

Boughrood Casle , Radnorshire, Wales

The publication " The Fowkes of Boughrood Castle: A study of social mobility" by Eileen and Harry Green gives account of two of Francis Fowkes's darkest coloured Anglo-Indian children having subsequently been employed as servants at Boughrood Castle under its new ownership, a fascinating story of rise and fall!

Here is perhaps appropriate to make mention **of Isabella Henrietta Fowke,** born Boughroood Castle (after it had been sold out of the Fowke Family) 17th September 1838, died 1871. She was granddaughter of Francis Fowke (1825 -1865) and is reported to have worked as a servant girl at Boughrood Castle under the new owners. She married in 1851 Lieutenant Colonel William Clay Watson of the Bengal infantry.

Lieutenant Colonel William Claye Watson and Isabella Henrietta Watson née Fowke

Be it that the Fowkes had long finished their service in the East India Company and/or as government servants in the remaining decades of British direct rule in India, contact with the Indian sub-continent remained in that three of Philip and Anne Baker's six children emigrated to Ceylon, the one son Philip Frances Fowke going on to establish a "Fowke planting dynasty" in the island which remained under British colonial rule until independence in 1948.

It is there in Ceylon that I was myself able to catch-up with the Fowkes of my descent, this when working as tea planter in Ceylon in the late 1950's and early 1960's. I well recall the day when, accompanied by my mother Clare, out in Ceylon on a visit to me, driving over to meet **Philip (Archie) Burstal Fowke** (born 24.4.1911 at the Clifton Estate, Nuwara Eliya, Ceylon.) and his wife Dorothy Joyce, née McKee. He was the last of the Fowkes of Ceylon. He retired from tea planting, returning to England where he died in 1984. Just before he left Ceylon on retirement, I managed to buy some of his silver, unfortunately all robbed when in storage in Colombo awaiting shipment to England. His estate had been in the Dickoya area, I think on Dickoya itself but am not certain. It is recorded that my grandparents John Power Wallis, of Madras and his bride Dorothee (Dora) Margaret née Fowke, spent their honeymoon in Ceylon visiting the Fowkes, the grand parents of Philip (Archie) Burstal Fowke. My grandparents had married on 3rd November 1903 in St. Marys' Armenian Cathedral in Madras. The link with India was further maintained with the birth of my mother Clare Margaret Wallis in Ootacamund, Madras State, British India on 26th July 1906.

This story finds its end in **March 2019 when back in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka,** tracing and following the footprints of my own planting days. Unforgettable remains the visit to the beautifully situated Anglican Christ Church Warleigh, Dickoya, located on the Wanarajah Estate overlooking the Castlereaugh Reservoir, popular in my day with the sailors amongst the tea planters. We saw a number of Fowke gravestones in the surrounding graveyard and a reference to the Fowke family members within the church.

I was able to make full use of the fruits of all the research that my brother **Peter** had made on the Fowke family earlier in his life, as also that of Camilla, his daughter.

Greatest source of information turned out to be the Internet providing access to archives and records of all sorts with reference to one or other Fowke.

I was tempted to write something about the fascinating network of the related Empire-building families, the "Nabobs" of British India but left it at that. There are already countless books to be had on the subject. As can be imagined, much of this story relates to relationships of Fowke family members with Indian and Anglo-Asian women, all of which raises once again questions about the now indisputable source of mixed-blood in our veins, blood that was visable in my mother.

Researching and reading about the Fowke family in India and about other such families, it is difficult not to bare harsh critic on their lifestyle and doings, but then, one has to see them as children of their age and accept the fact that their conduct was every bit the norm of the day.

Yes, I am proud of this family association with India and Ceylon and the historical role played by the Fowkes in the course of events.

Lindau, 22nd May 2020 Hans-Christoph

FINALLY: No, Not the B U REVUE!

(After the last Edition I had a complaint from one Francis Sprocket. Darling , not so much of the « Gauche Caviar » more the « Gauche Haricots Cuits » that he didn't receive due credit. Francis – «*You are the living spoof of our schooldays »*.

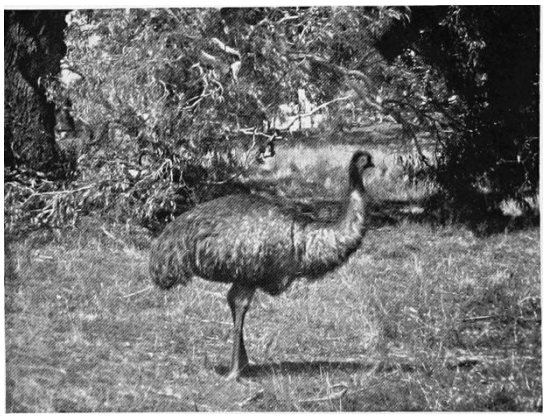
Devotees will recall that in the last exchange of letters mention was made that **Jimmy Cumminseed** had used the contents of an urn that he had found at the back of the potting shed behind the War Memorial as a key ingredient in his "Eau de Vie".

Dear PMCJD,

I have just had a nasty thought about the "magic" ingredient that **Cuminseed** found in the urn at the back of the Shed – Joey! Going back into the annals of school history and a young Australian **Fred "Breaker" Palmer** was one of the first students together with his brothers **Harry and "Dirty" Dick Palmer:** They used to joke about swapping one penal colony for another. Apparently during the summer vac – they took a particularly long one with the weak excuse that there was little wind for the windjammer on the return voyage, but as a peace offering Fred brought back Joey and Matilda.

Riding out on the family sheep farm one day, he stopped and sat down by a murky billabong under the shade of a coolibah tree, why he should have done that in the midst of the Australian winter he didn't relate but while watching and waiting 'til his billy boiled, he found a nest of young Emus that had been abandoned and took a

couple back home with him in his tucker bag. Mrs Palmer said that in “no way” or words to that effect was she going to look after a brace of Emus while the boys went off to Old Windsor for another couple of years: Fred decided to take the birds with him.
So, arriving back at Beaumont somewhat late for the start of the school year – if you call 6 weeks a bit on the late side, the three jackaroos plus emus made their entrance.
Fr Clough the new Rector was a libertarian and a man who had found much favour with the “young bloods” whose extra curricula now included regular racing at Windsor so he wasn’t too surprised by what greeted him in the First Guestroom, though in view of the mess he thought they should find accommodation at the pig sties and he would find somewhere suitable for the emus.
The shock of the voyage and journey to Old Windsor proved too much for Mathilda who expired that night but Joey thrived on the lawns behind the White House and



soon became the College mascot. When Fred, Harry and Dick left Beaumont at the end of their allotted time, Joey stayed on living in the lap of luxury. The boys would romp with him and try and ride him. I gather a “book’ was opened for who could stay on the longest. He had a voracious appetite and would eat anything – damsons including the stones, coinage and apples that had to helped down his neck with outside pressure. He had no enemies and lived for some 15 years but his end was tragic. He would spend the winter nights at the pig sties but one evening a large retriever, whose owner one **Cecil Blyth- Priggott** of Brockley hall was visiting the old school, spent the night in the adjoining ‘en-suite” Joey put his head over the wall to greet his new neighbour only to literally have his head bitten off for good measure. In the open no dog of breeding would have dared such a thing.

Next day, when the “murder” was discovered, Cecil was enjoying “the Full Jesuit” with the Community when the bell tolled and there was weeping in the corridors and some gnashing of teeth: the whole school went into mourning. The beastly retriever, of German origin, and its master “Prigg” left forthwith with the words of the Spiritual Father ringing in his ears “Consider what will most alarm you at the hour of death: the sins committed…Quit, all affection to the joys of the world”.

Joey's remains were brought to temporary resting place on a marble slab in the larder as the coolest place for the body while preparations were made for burial. A deputation was made to the Rector for a Requiem and internment in the College Cemetery: this was denied as totally inappropriate so the boys took matters into their own hands led by those who came from India. Cremation did not exactly have the blessing of Holy Mother Church at the time but seemed the next best option and was felt in keeping with Joey's native origin.
The body was brought from the cold slab and placed on a catafalque in the Hall (the boxing ring) where all could pass to pay their last respects. Poems in tribute were read:

"The glimmering light of new created day
Creeps growing o'er the ocean dark bound wave,
And spark like spreads the rose amid the grey,
The dust of Phoebus' onward dashing steed,
Who in a blaze of glory from the grave,
Of night, in joy to Heaven wend his way".

Rhetoric.

And:-

The thoughts of the late Joey on sex
Were seldom, if ever, complex;
For an emu in need
Is an emu indeed,
And does just as Nelson "expects".

Lower Grammar.

The boys prepared a pyre in the playground and the body was wrapped in a white sheet and carried in procession: It was suggested by several of the Indian contingent that a couple of the geese that kept Joey company and were somewhat aggressive towards members of Third playroom should commit Suttee and join Joey on the Funeral Byre. The First Prefect rescued the birds that were famed for the eggs they produced for "fluffy" omelettes for the Community at Friday supper.

Songs, that were part of the Palmer legacy, were sung by the choir under the direction of Samuel Smith late of the Chapel Royal – Old favourites such as "Humping old Bluey" and "Snake gully swagger" were given much gusto by the congregation with a treble descant which was described as "moving".
The ashes collected by Gravedigger Tomkins were supposed to have been committed to the river but Tomkins felt that the potash would do wonder for artichokes he had in mind. However, he apparently put the urn at the back of the shed and they were promptly forgotten till **Cumminseed** gave the word "botanicals" a new nuance,
PS. P, H and D returned to their native homeland. According to fellow Auss and school mate **Berny "Breaker" Parker (73)** (why are all Aussies called Breaker?) son

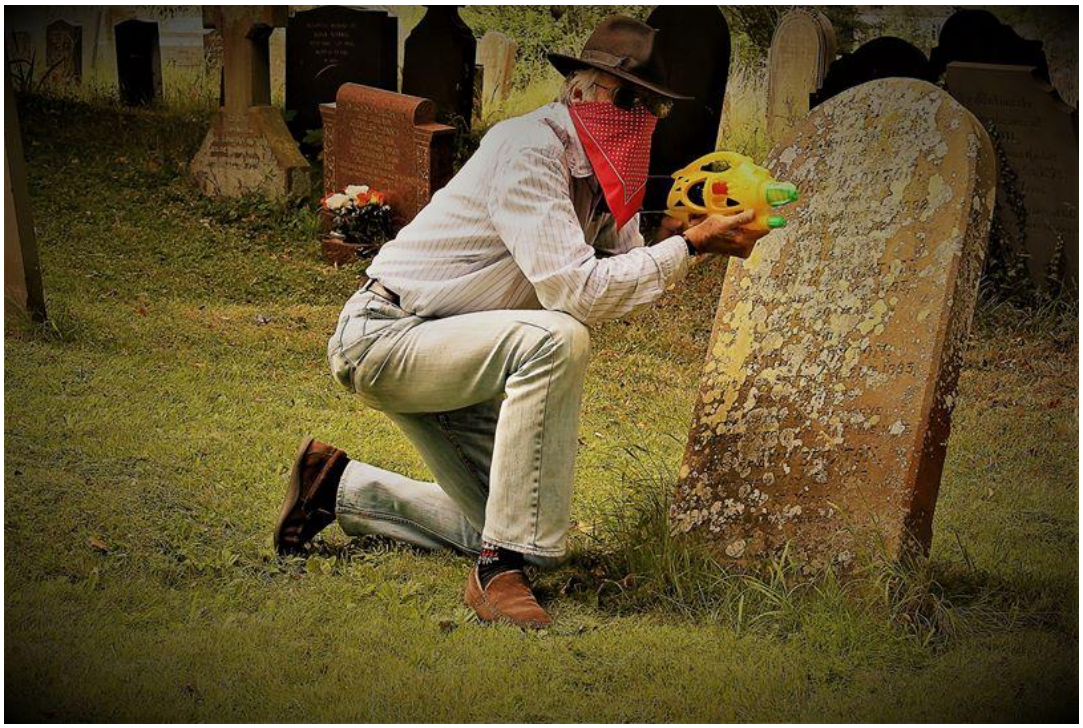
of the New South Wales Premier, the lads all “went walk about” in the Outback where their education proved a huge asset.

In our Time

By our special correspondent: Johnnie Spewer alias the new “Hereford the Wake”.

Lassoing **Lockdown’s** Loose Ends...

’Gun Fight at the (‘I’m not so’) OK Corral’’ ... is a not-so-secret-cinema 30-second water pistol shoot-out between hooded health workers and members of a loosely organized group of mask slipping Lock-down sceptics called the Shower Curtains (mildew-free and loosely hung together by that celebrated sleuth ‘Bedroom Slipper of the Back Yard’) that took place at about 3:00 pm on Friday 13th July 2020 at Gravestone, Greater Monty.



It is generally regarded as the most infamous hand-sanitised-stand-off in the history of the Lock-down's not-so-wild Nanny's North by North West.*

Press release... embargoed until the four horsemen have failed to show up

> '* 'Nanny's North by North West' - Alf Abbott and Hitch Costello (professors of global health at University College London)'s bid to win 'the picture to end all pictures' title - is to be released at Cannes 2021... if it's not been canned by Christmas and replaced by 'Corona's Second Spike', a work-in-progress for the Milligan 'I told you I was corona-ed' tribute band lead by Gilbert Main-Baring on bass guitar and George Wilson on washboard and programmed to headline with Vivaldi's Four Seasons Healthcare to packed beach huts at Wolverhampton-on-Sea's 2021 Festival of Fees, Funding, Furloughs and Favourite Dishes.' End.

ED: Well Lock me down! – what a sniffing story and worthy of a triple hand wash by an appreciative audience.

SPEWER: With a feather? As for 'sniffing and washing'... It's all about 'testing, testing **taste bud** testing...'

ED: Taste Buds of course……..
Nice and wet
Like beads of sweat
And a lovely sweet aroma
Slide right in
Give it a spin
You're about to go supernova
Once you taste
You won't waste
Like a bottle of Corona
Second to none
Sex to the tongue
Like a double choca mocha
I just love honeydew melons (Martin Rushton)

TO BE CONTINUED.

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