

A M D G

BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW AUTUMN 2018



During this next quarter we will be marking the Centenary of the Armistice and the First World War that cost so many millions of lives came to an end. OBs were not the great “movers and shakers” of that conflict but what an extraordinary part they played. George MacDonogh at the War Office had written the plan to move the BEF to France, then headed the military intelligence network which regrettably was ignored at crucial times. At the War’s end he was responsible for the demobilisation of the Army. Mark Sykes redrew the map of the Middle East and with Hugh O’Beirne brought about the Balfour Declaration. Boy Capel’s considerable influence with Clemenceau on behalf of the British Government. Reginald de Croy and his Belgian resistance ring that included the courageous but incompetent Nurse Cavell. Pierce Joyce together with Lawrence changed the tactics for Desert warfare which would impact into WW2. Osmond Prentis HMS Wolverine fired the opening shots of the war against the Ottomans. At a lower level Harry Butters the first American to join the fight and Henry Pearce who was responsible for what is now known as “The Peace Crater”. Finally Jack Marriott was one of the official witnesses to the Armistice that was signed at 5.12 am on the 11th November. Overall, our war dead was sadly among the highest of any school. Beaumont did indeed “punch well above its weight”.

NOTICES

THE BU LUNCH

As previously announced will take place at the Caledonian Club, Halkin Street, Monday 8th October. The Bar will open at Noon, Lunch at 1pm. Dress: Suits.

'A man who tires of Club Events tires of life ' (to paraphrase Johnson)

Chairman



Captain Christopher McHugh OBE BSc CEng FIMarEST Royal Navy

Christopher graduated in marine engineering at the Royal Naval Engineering College, Manadon and served in the Royal Navy for 31 years. A varied career of eight sea appointments included the marine engineer officer of the last World War II Battle class destroyer, HMS Matapan, senior engineer of the Royal Yacht Britannia and the marine engineer officer during the building of the first “stretched” Type 22 Frigate, HMS Boxer, at Yarrow Shipbuilders on the Clyde.

Ashore, he held a number of appointments in the Defence Staff in Whitehall and in the Procurement Executive and was, for three years, the technical naval attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. Mid-career training included the international staff course at the Ecole Supérieure de Guerres Interarmées in Paris and he is a 1993 member of the Royal College of Defence Studies in London. He was made OBE in the military honours list for the first Gulf War in 1991.

After transferring to the retired list he held several consultancy portfolios including specialist defence adviser to the National Audit Office until 2006 and naval adviser to various French and UK companies in the former Thomson-CSF electronics group headquartered in Paris. Since 2001 he has been the Director of The Maritime

Defence & Security Group (MDSG) Council at the Society of Maritime Industries (SMI). Christopher is a fellow of the Institute of Marine Engineering Science and Technology and a qualified French interpreter.



The Toast to the Chairman will be proposed by:- **Major Robert Bruce OBE RM** following his military career Robert has managed High Goal polo teams, Controller of Arundel Castle, Secretary then Director National Museum of the Royal Navy and latterly Director of the Royal Marines Museum. He was also Chairman of the London Beaumont Region of HCPT.

Ed. Both Christopher and Robert left Beaumont '64 – probably “unstretched”. Both followed Naval careers. Both were awarded the OBE for service in time of conflict: Christopher for the Gulf War and Robert for the South Atlantic (Falklands).

OBITUARIES.

I regret to inform you of the death of **Bernard John Clarke (48)** his Requiem Mass was celebrated at The Holy Apostles Church Pimlico on 30th May. **David Russell Garner (47)** on the 22 March. **Fr Michael Cooper SJ, MBE** historian and Editor Monumenta Nipponica and President of the Asiatic Society of Japan. Belatedly **Sir Berkeley Pigott Bart (41)** in August 2017. **Ely Calil (63)** controversial business tycoon died in an accident at his home 28 May. See Obituaries and NEWS.

I would also ask you to remember Pat Hall who died on 7 July just short of his 88th birthday. Pat was not at Beaumont but as the man who helped to get HCPT started in 1957 he had many friends in the Union and you will find a tribute further on in the REVIEW.

MUSEUM.

It could be said that I have been underwhelmed with offers of “Bits and Bobs” for the museum at St John’s. So far I already have:

Rugby blazer, shirt, and colours jumper but NO CAP

Boating Henley Blazer but NO CAP.

Naturally I'm after Cricket Blazer (pyjama jacket), Colours blazer and caps.

Boating colours blazer (blue), cap and boater

Boxing Colours Blazer.

Squash Colours Blazer (rather rare).

CCF: Badge (lanyard has been offered).

I appreciate that we like to hang onto mementoes especially if we can still fit into them BUT if the "battle of the bulge" has been lost, please consider passing the item on.

NEWS,

LATE NEWS & BETTER LATE THAN NEVER NEWS

BUGS

From your Golfing Correspondent.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us "so wrote Charles Dickens and seconded by most of the BU Golfing fraternity.

We met at Westerham for the second meeting of the Club's reincarnation on 30th May; the weather dry but overcast following torrential downpours of the day before. Henry Stevens even telephoned to ask if we were going ahead so it must have been bad.



Certainly the greens were slow and the bunkers much to the relief of Outred and Marshall were flooded and unplayable which might also describe John Flood who also joined us in the guise of "Drinks Wallah". The meeting this year had added "frisson" as apart from our own competition for the much coveted Mike Bedford Memorial Claret Jug we were also going to contest the Tolhurst Veterans Cup against the Beaumont Casuals aka St John's OBs.



“Woods” at the ready: 1st Tee

Quality not quantity has always been the hallmark of the BU and so it was the following who gathered for a leisured “tee off” at 11am: **David Collingwood, Nigel Courtney, Henry Stevens, Mark Addison, Mark Marshall, Tony Outred and Jim Ingram- Cotton**. I should add that Henry had not played for a year having had bones broken in both his hands by a rearing polo pony and Tony, a one time member of our Russell Bowl Team was returning after a 6 year absence: “its difficult to play with double vision – which ball do I hit”. The BUCS were represented by St John’s Headmaster Giles Delaney with recently retired Senior Master Colin Ballantyne and his son Duncan (Stonyhurst). Sadly we were without **Kevin McArdle (Jury Service) Rupert Leshar (Memorial Service), Clive Fisher (Overseas Service) and Gus Orchard (Home Service)**: the latter generously put his fees behind the bar and we drank every penny of it.

The “OFF” (in boating terminology)



“Threequarters” (Stevens)



“Half” (C Ballantyne)



“Threequarters” (Ingram-Cotton)



“Full” (D Ballantyne)



Outred: “where did that one go”



Collingwood for “The Prix d’Elegance”



Addison “showing the single handed shot”



Delaney; “The BU Casual” stance.



Marshall: “a chip from an old block”

It was a close-run thing with Jim Ingram-Cotton taking 3rd place with 32 points off a handicap of 27. Mark Addison, last year’s winner, came 2nd this time with 35 points off a handicap of 19 and presented the trophy to the victor, Nigel Courtney, who had amassed 37 points off a handicap of 16. Who says that home advantage doesn’t count? Nigel I might add is also Captain of Kent County Golf.

David Collingwood and Mark Marshall were awarded BU golf balls for their good sportsmanship. While Tony Outred and Henry Stevens both received golf balls stamped ‘PROVISIONAL’ for hitting their shots into the lake. Henry had improved after his scrotum’s worth last year. After lunch and a toast to the BU, all present called for the event to be repeated in 2019.



Addison: sending it on its way



Marshall: more Cotton than Faldo

The second match was against the 'BUCS'. This refreshed a tradition from the 1900s when BU golfers competed against friends of the BU, known as the 'Beaumont Casuals' – hence BUCS. During a recent visit to St Johns, I had spotted a silver cup that had been presented to the BUGS in 1962 by Desmond Tolhurst. It has last been

awarded in 1984. Giles Delaney agreed that St Johns Beaumont golfers, as the BUCS, should challenge the BUGS for the trophy.



Courtney: spot the ball

On the day, Jim Ingram-Cotton took on Giles; Mark Addison jostled with Duncan Ballantyne and Nigel Courtney battled with Colin Ballantyne. Duncan, with 38 points, carded the best score of the day and won a splendid medallion. Mark was awarded a sleeve of BU golf balls for being Nearest the Pin on the 11th hole and Jim's Longest Drive on the 3rd hole with a drive of 233m was just the odd metre ahead of Giles. Jim in true gentlemanly fashion proposed that Giles take the prize.



In the end the BUGS prevailed 2 & 1 and John Flood, representing the Tolhurst dynasty, kindly presented the Tolhurst Cup to Nigel, as BUGS Hon Sec.

Ode to our winner:-

“He didn’t hook, he didn’t slice
And very, very rarely missed
Although he did so, maybe twice,
At the BU Meeting when he was pissed,
At Westerham Golf Club he was ranked
The Member who has never shanked.”.

The BUGS match versus the OGGS (the Old Gregorians) will be played on Tuesday 11th September 2018 at Denham Golf Club. The BUGS won last year. The likely team : Mark Marshall (h’cap 28), Mark Addison (19), Chris Tailby (20), Kevin McArdle (13), Rupert Lescher (22), Clive Fisher (15), Henry Stevens (28), and Nigel Courtney (17). Our reserve is Martin Wells (28).

In support The Non –Playing Captain, John Flood (drinks wallah) and Patrick Burgess who I understand on this occasion will be representing himself.

The Mike Bedford Trophy and the Tolhurst Cup will next be played for on Wednesday 29th May 2019, at Westerham Golf Club.



We leave you with Tony Outred “enjoying a bit of rough”



THE BUGS & BUCS

If you would like to participate, as a player or non-playing supporter, at any of these events please contact Robert or **Nigel** [nigel@courtney.net].

THE CLASS OF '60

Those that arrived at the College in 1960 held a (practice) dinner at The Rag on 29th June.



John Flood when he could get a word in edge ways with **Potter** writes:-

On Friday 29th June a dozen contemporaries from those who arrived at Beaumont in September 1960 gathered at the Rag in London for drinks followed by dinner. These were **David Danson, John Devaux, Michael Dickens, John Flood, Henry Hayward, Alan Mitchell, Charlie Morris, Chris Newling-Ward, Michael Newton, Terry O'Brien, Simon Potter and Paul Reynier**. The dinner in the Rag restaurant was excellent and very good value. The following day 7 of those attending along with most of their wives and **Patrick Solomon** joined John and Celia Flood at their home in Epsom for a barbeque and a further opportunity to catch up.

Some happy snaps:-





All of this was a precursor for what it is hoped will be a much larger gathering of the Class of 60 next year in a private room at the Rag. So many of those who would have attended this year were prevented from doing so by other prior commitments,

that the decision was taken while carrying on this year for those who were available, to postpone the main event until May 17th next year, again with a lunch the following day in Epsom. In the meantime some of those absent in June will join some of those who did make it, for the BU lunch on the 8th October at the Caledonian Club.

Charlie Morris came from Kuwait and next May **Stephen Church** hopes to come from Japan and a number of others from the States and from Ireland.

THE OAKS 2018 at Epsom 1st June.

EJTYAH. Bred by **Philip Brown (54)** Winner of her maiden outing in a novice race at Chelmsford last December, she missed the Lingfield Oaks Trial and was a third to Give And Take at York who was also in the Epsom field. She's the sort to progress with experience and is well- liked by trainer David Simcock but the worry was that this was a very stern test at a still relatively early stage of her education. And so it proved: a 25/1 outsider, she finished at the back of the 9 filly field behind Forever Together.

(**ED:** does this sound any different from most Beaumont Vllls at Henley. OBs though have won the Derby and the 2000gns but the Filly classics have alluded them. However **Captain Charles Moore (98)** as The Queen's Racing Manager oversaw The 1957 Oaks Winner Carrozza ridden by Lester Piggott and trained by Noel Murless. Beatrice Countess of Granard the widow of **Bernard (90)** won the other Filly Classic: the 1000gns at Newmarket with Pourparler trained by Paddy Prendagast in 1964.

From **The Daily Mail 29 May.**

Oil baron Ely Calil, 72, who masterminded failed African coup with Sir Mark Thatcher dies after falling down the stairs at his mansion in Holland Park. A close friend said the tycoon 'broke his neck'.

He is best known for being accused of plotting to overthrow the president of Equatorial Guinea in return for cash and oil rights.

The Wonga Coup was led by British mercenaries but ended in disaster in 2004 when a Boeing packed with men and weapons was seized during a stop-off in Zimbabwe. Former SAS officer Simon Mann, who led the mercenaries and served several years in African jails, said Mr Calil betrayed him.

Last night former Etonian Mr Mann said Mr Calil had failed him over the failed coup. 'He was the person who recruited me and failed to back me as he promised,' he said. Ultimately that led to the coup not working.

'He was an extraordinary guy. He was very charming, very clever but also devious and manipulative. There are a lot of stories about him.'



Pictured, Ely Calil on his wedding day with first wife Frances Condron in 1972 at Farm Street.

Scotland Yard said Mr Calil was 'pronounced dead at the scene' and, although his death was 'unexplained', there were no suspicious circumstances.

Mr Calil is said to have been at the centre of the infamous Wonga Coup in West Africa. He was an aggressive litigant and his lawyers forced Mr Mann to remove his name from his explosive memoir about the coup which got its name from the 'Wonga list' of alleged financial backers.

Born in Nigeria, but of Lebanese heritage and holding British citizenship, Mr Calil built a reputed £350 million empire.

He diversified from the family oil mill and groundnut business into property and finance while mixing with those at the heart of British Establishment.

Operating from a £12million Chelsea mansion, and with other properties in Switzerland and Nigeria, Mr Calil was a friend of Jeffrey Archer for years.

As well as Sir Mark and Lord Archer, his powerful circle of friends also included former Blairite minister Lord Mandelson.

He was invited to a Downing Street dinner hosted by the then Prime Minister Sir John Major's wife, Norma.

His friendship with Lord Mandelson drew the former Northern Ireland Secretary and European Union Trade Commissioner into the murky Equatorial Guinea affair. Mr Calil offered his Holland Park flat to the politician when Mr Mandelson was forced to sell his own Notting Hill home after admitting he had received an undisclosed loan from fellow minister Geoffrey Robinson.

In 2004, media reports quoted from a document in the hands of the South African authorities which claimed the businessman and politician met privately weeks after the abortive coup.

The report claimed: 'Calil says that Mandelson assured him he would get no problems from the British government side' and invited Mr Calil to come and see him again 'if you need something done'.

Both Mr Calil and Mr Mandelson categorically deny discussing the coup. And few people had ever heard of the multi-millionaire until tragedy thrust his family into the spotlight.



In 2003 Mr Calil's son George, the eldest of his five children and an actor in the television medical drama *Holby City*, was arrested following the death of his girlfriend and co-star, actress Laura Sadler. The 22-year-old fell 40 feet from the balcony of his £500,000 flat in Holland Park after a cocaine and vodka binge. She lay in a coma for five days before her family made the decision to turn off her life-support machine. George Calil, 33, was released without charge.

In 2006 Mr Calil sold his Chelsea home, Sloane House, for an estimated £30million to Sir Anthony Bamford, the JCB chairman. Despite his success, much of his business dealings remained shrouded in secrecy or overshadowed by controversy. In June 2002, he was questioned by French police over huge payments by a French oil company to a former Nigerian dictator. Mr Calil was accused of taking £40million in backhanders for 'fixing' a giant contract for Elf in Nigeria. He denied wrongdoing, and was released.

In an interview with *The Telegraph* in 2008, Mr Calil broke his silence on the attempted coup and admitted he supported a regime change in Equatorial Guinea. However, he denied masterminding a coup and insisted he only ever backed 'democratic change' in the tiny oil-rich nation. 'There was no coup plot,' he maintained. But he said he had financed plans by Severo Moto, the opposition leader living in exile in Spain, to return to the country.

'Severo's belief was that if he was protected in his home town and could remain alive for a few days a political storm would occur that would sweep away the present regime,' Mr Calil said.

'I am not a coup planner. I don't have a talent in that sense,' he said.

'But yes, I financed Severo Moto's political activities and yes, I introduced Simon Mann to him because of his background in security.'

He also admitted that Mr Mann and his mercenaries had been hired to provide military assistance to Mr Moto but said he knew nothing of the former SAS officer's plot.

'It was his lack of professionalism, his lack of discretion, his lack of judgment that caused this situation,' Mr Calil said.

But Mr Calil and Sir Mark were linked to the plot when police intercepted a letter Mr Mann had written from prison in Zimbabwe.

In the letter, he asked 'Smelly' - a nickname for Mr Calil - and Scratcher - a nickname for Sir Mark- to send 'a big splodge of wonga' (money) to help get him out of jail.

However, Mr Calil insisted that the letter did not mean the pair were being implicated, but that Mr Mann was asking his friends for help.

Mr Calil's private life – friends said he enjoyed 'the best of everything' – was equally complex.

In 1972, aged 26, he married model Frances Condron, daughter of a US tobacco magnate. They had two children.

Later he married Lebanese beauty Hayat Emma Morowa, with whom he had two more children. After their divorce, Ely married Renuka Jaine in 1989. They had a daughter.

Scotland Yard said officers were called to Mr Calil's home on Bank Holiday Monday at 8am to reports of an 'unresponsive man'.



From Harpers Magazine 2009

Ely Calil was born in the Nigerian town of Kano, where his Lebanese parents settled in the 1920s. George Calil had prospered in Africa through a small business empire that was based on the cultivation of peanuts (for consumption and groundnut oil) but also included aluminum and small manufacturing. At an early age, Ely was sent to Lebanon and was privately educated there and in Europe. After his father died of stomach cancer in 1966, Ely—who has five sisters and a younger brother—was chosen to return to Nigeria and restructure the family business. He established close connections with government officials, becoming especially friendly with the transportation minister. At the time, Nigeria was looking for a firm to help its hajj

pilgrims get to Mecca; during one meeting the minister asked Calil if he knew anyone at Lebanon's Middle East Airlines. "The joke of it was that my brother-in-law's sister was going out with a guy who was high up in the MEA hierarchy," he said. "She later married him. So I went to Beirut and met his boss, who was very interested. 'Do you really know the minister?' he wanted to know. He made a huge proposal, and at the end Middle East Airlines got a lot of business and Nigeria was able to transport out its hajj pilgrims in style. We had been making a few hundred thousand dollars here and there, but on this deal alone I made a few million dollars. I thought: 'Screw crushing peanuts to make oil.' This was as easy as putting two people together who needed each other."

After the first OPEC "oil shock" of 1973, Calil became seriously involved in the petroleum business, first trading oil and then obtaining concessions and reselling them. Within five years, oil had become the largest sector of his business. Calil's influence and wealth soared after the Nigerian general Ibrahim Babangida assumed power in a 1985 coup. When I asked Calil about his relationship with Babangida, who still is a power broker in Nigeria, he acknowledged that they were close friends. "I took his kids on holidays and to stay with me in London," he said. "He saw me as a sound independent adviser, not a sycophant. He asked me to handle a lot of back-channel communications, and he sent me out as an adviser to other African governments." But Babangida was forced out in the face of popular protests in 1993, and ceded power to a civilian government. Three months later, Sani Abacha took power; his regime earned worldwide condemnation by hanging an activist named Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other democracy campaigners. Base Petroleum, a firm of Calil's that owned several oil concessions in Nigeria, paid Washington lobbyist Robert Cabelly nearly \$400,000 between mid-1996 and early 1997 to lobby the Clinton Administration on Abacha's behalf.

Following the election in 1999 of Olusegun Obasanjo, who had been jailed for speaking out against the human-rights abuses and corruption of the Abacha regime, Calil's influence in Nigeria waned. (In power, Obasanjo headed a government that proved pervasively corrupt itself.) But by then, his scope of operations had expanded enormously. He became a confidant to Denis Sassou Nguesso, who had taken power in a 1997 civil war in the nearby Republic of the Congo. "Calil became the country's main oil adviser," said Philippe Vasset, of *Africa Energy Intelligence*. "All the traders courted him in order to get contracts."

Calil served as a personal adviser to Senegalese President Abdoulaye Wade, who won office in 2000. Calil befriended Wade when the latter was living in exile in Paris. He provided Wade with an apartment, introduced him to French government officials, and generally promoted him in political and media circles. Wade's base of operations while in exile was at the Paris offices of Saga Petroleum, a small Norwegian firm run by a friend of Calil's.

Calil also became the chief oil adviser to Idriss Deby, a warlord who had seized power (and still holds it) in Chad. He was tasked with recruiting oil companies to develop projects in that country, and he himself, in conjunction with Eronat, landed a huge exploration concession there roughly the size of Texas. In 2003, the two men sold a major stake in the concession to China in a deal sealed, according to a report in the *Evening Standard* of London, at a celebratory banquet thrown at Eronat's estate in Chelsea.

“You’d have an African head of state who would want advice—they all wanted oil to happen in their country,” Calil explained. “Of course you offered the advice pro bono, but you used that to build your network. They’d say, ‘Look at this piece of land and see if it’s worth anything.’ And you’d go to Exxon and get them interested and you’d sell them a part and you’d keep the juiciest part of the concession for yourself. Everyone was happy. The president was happy because Exxon was now exploring for oil, Exxon was happy, and you had the heart of the concession. If you hadn’t been there as the catalyst, the thing wouldn’t have happened. You might call it abusing my role. I call it creating entrepreneurial wealth, and I created a lot of wealth.”

Africa has remained the main focus of Calil’s operations, but he now does business around the globe. In addition to operations in Russia and the Middle East, he owned a Houston-based firm called Nautilus, which obtained oil and gas concessions in South America and Central Asia. He sold Nautilus to Ocean Energy, which subsequently was bought by Devon Energy, now the largest U.S.-based independent oil and gas producer. Calil also won a gas concession in Brazil, which he later sold to Enron. “When buying and selling oil concessions, you’re dependent on your skills and knowledge, but you’re also very much dependent on the goodwill of the local government, from presidents to ministers,” Calil told me. “You end up building a political network to a) build up the business and b) protect it.”

Calil’s social and political networks are astonishing in scope. In Britain, his friends include Lord Jeffrey Archer, the writer and former deputy chairman of the Conservative Party; Lord Peter Mandelson, a key figure in the British Labour Party and currently secretary of state for business, enterprise, and regulatory reform; the Syrian-born billionaire Wafic Said, who made his fortune in Saudi construction deals and once helped broker a mammoth sale of British warplanes to Riyadh; and Robin Birley, an ardent conservative who in 1998 helped coordinate a P.R. campaign on behalf of Chile’s Augusto Pinochet and even arranged his stay at the Wentworth Estate outside London. Birley describes Calil as “ambitious and restless,” a man always in search of a big project. “It’s not so much the money—he wants to build something on an imperial scale,” Birley told me. “He’s not just an average businessman who buys and sells. He’s more a Roman than a Carthaginian in that sense. He’s a seriously clever man.”

When I traveled to Sudan in 2004, Calil supplied me with a cell-phone number for one of the country’s most senior intelligence officials. In Lebanon, I dined with Calil at the mountainside estate of Nayla Moawad, a government minister and powerful Christian politician. She is the widow of former President René Moawad, who was assassinated in a 1989 car bombing likely orchestrated by Syria. Calil is a close friend of Mohammad al-Saleh, the brother-in-law of King Abdullah II of Jordan. “He has the ability to get things done, just about anywhere,” said the former CIA official of his post-agency business dealings with Calil. “We once needed an answer to a question in Syria, which is a very tough place to work. One of his associates talked his way into the deputy foreign minister’s office and got us the information we were looking for.”

In the United States, Calil has relationships with both major political parties, and contacts at the State Department and the CIA. “The minute you get anywhere in the oil business, the U.S.

system becomes interested,” Calil told me. “The embassy invites you over and the attaché wants to know what you’re doing, and it builds from there. People tell you that you should meet someone, whether to impress you or please you or use you, and then it becomes a chain. There’s nothing sensitive about knowing people; it’s a talent, at the end of the day.”

JUBILEE YEAR

I don’t think that I’m the only OB to be unaware up until now that The Holy See had declared a Jubilee year from last 9 March till 9 March 2019 in honour primarily of St Aloysius Gonzaga but also for St Stanislaus Kostka.



Last March Fr. General Arturo Sosa

Wrote (extracts):

“This year, Pope Francis has invited the Church to focus its attention on young people. The October Synod of Bishops in Rome on “Young People, Faith and Vocational Discernment,” and the January 2019 World Youth Day in Panama will be two significant moments in which the Church will concentrate on young people today, to listen to their concerns, dreams and hopes, and to enrich itself with their joys, initiatives and openness to life.

The Society of Jesus also simultaneously celebrates the lives of two young saints in the remembrance of the 450th anniversary of the birth of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, March 9, 1568, Castiglione delle Stiviere, and the death of Saint Stanislaus Kostka, Aug. 15, 1568, in Rome.

Feeling called to give their entire selves, both Jesuits responded with determination and enthusiasm to their vocation and overcame many challenging obstacles that seemed to block their entrance into the Society of Jesus.

Stanislaus Kostka entered the Jesuits in Rome in 1567 on his 17th birthday. His piety was denigrated by his family, who were prominent political figures in 16th century Poland. St. Stanislaus transcended the rejection and physical violence he suffered on the part of his family to pour his energy into prayer and devotion to God. He died at a young age and is said to have foretold his own passing. He is patron saint of Jesuit novices, and is often chosen as a protector of novitiates.

Ed: If you are wondering why he became Beaumont's patron saint, it could be said that he was about the only thing left behind when the Novices left for Roehampton in 1861. We tend to forget that Beaumont was purchased in 1854 as the Society's Novitiate and continued as such till Parkstead House was purchased from the Earl of Bessborough in 1860 (the Society were obviously going through a neo-classical palladian period): Parkstead was renamed Manresa. On moving, most of the goods and chattels went with them, for example, there were insufficient chairs for the first boys and you had to take one with you as you moved from class to refectory to playroom and dormitory. But Stanislaus remained and in the words of an early Rector, the boys were urged "to cherish their cricket laws, their college laws, their country's laws and their Stanislaus".

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

We heard at the end of June that following a minor operation **Thierry de Galard** suffered a stroke and is paralysed on one side and cannot speak. Please remember him in your prayers. Thierry has always been a great supporter of the BU. He has come regularly from Paris each year for the Dinner/ Lunch. He makes the journey every Easter to join the BOFS and is also a supporter of the BUEF to the battlefields. It may be too much to ask for a full recovery but let us hope that he will recover enough to re-join his friends who mean so much to him.

HENLEY 2018

Brothers in Law **Robert Bruce (64), Mike Wortley (65) and John Flood (65)** decided this year to reconvene at Henley for the Wednesday of the Regatta when there are more races in the Princess Elisabeth Cup and had such a good day that they have pencilled in a repeat visit on the Wednesday next year. This year they met **Charlie Poels (62) and Paul Podesta (59)**. ED I heard that **Paul Burrough (62)** was also there.



On the Friday Mike & John were there again, this time for **Patrick (63)** and Maggie Burgess' celebrated picnic, along with **Bertie de Lisle (63)**, **Richard Sheehan (63)** and **Nigel Courtney (63)** with **Diana Corbett**, widow of **Roddy Clayton (63)**.



Equipe de Notre Dame (Teams of Our Lady) 12th International Gathering in Fatima - a chance encounter

In July almost 9000 members of 'Teams' arrived from 76 different countries in Fatima for its 5 day international gathering. While there **John & Celia Flood** were at one of the afternoon activities when a Portuguese lady with her husband beside her, seeing the Union Jack on their badges, approached them to ask whether there was a Team in Birmingham where their daughter had recently moved. In confirming this, John mentioned that he knew Birmingham well, having spent 5 years nearby at prep school. Her husband asked which school, and receiving the response "in those days it was known as Penryn, but is now Winterfold House", he responded "I know of that school and of some of its old boys. I was myself at a prep school in Old Windsor". And so it was that out of 9000 attendees, **John and Don Houlihan (60)** came to meet through a chance enquiry. John discovered that two of the BUGS, **Nigel Courtney (63) and Mark Addison (60)** had recently visited Don in Porto to play golf with him. Here is **Don (near right)** in the crowd of 9000 in the magnificent relatively new Holy Trinity Basilica in Fatima.



Don



Don and his wife Carmel getting “the fickle finger of fate” from Celia Flood.

PAT HALL RIP

Pat was a trustee of HCPT, virtually from its beginning in 1957. When **Andrew Flood (Hon)** visited him less than a fortnight before his death, he did so particularly to tell him what a huge part he had played in the success of HCPT over the whole of its history and that, whereas the Trust, had Brother Michael to thank for founding it, it was he to whom the whole of HCPT should be most grateful for all he did to sustain and develop it.

Pat was given a magnificent ‘send-off’ with about 140 at the Vigil Mass (including 11 concelebrants) and something between 400 and 450 (with 10 concelebrants) at the Requiem Mass. Fr Gregory and Fr Howard from the West Indies spoke at the funeral and wake respectively and both were inspirational. Brother Michael (the 95 year old founder of HCPT) and **John Flood** spoke for HCPT at the wake, and others spoke for the Catenians and for the family. Pat’s son, Fr Simon, was the main celebrant and homilist at the Vigil and also spoke very well at the end of the Requiem. Pat had himself planned his funeral and declared that there should be no eulogy, but that of course did not apply to the wake! Fr Gregory’s homily was very much about Pat and how magnificently did he and Fr Howard capture what an exceptional and humble man he was! Despite his health and the SNCF strike he made it to Lourdes this Easter for his 60th HCPT Easter pilgrimage.



Arthur Cope (66), Pat and Patrick Solomon (66) In Santiago have completed 100 miles of The Camino when Pat “led the way” at 84.

Pat founded at least 2 English groups and the 1st International Group, in the West Indies, as well as being instrumental in a group being set up in Croatia and, in the millennium year starting the Old & Bold.

Robert Bruce (64) described Pat thus "To me he was one of the world's exceptional inspirers, always so full of infectious enthusiasm, boundless energy, enormous warmth and consideration, such gentleness and kindness too but underneath serious spine to get things done".

ARTICLES

Space Shuttle: The World's Biggest and Costliest Glider

Another “incident” in the life of Joh

This is no ordinary launch. No flap setting. No tow plane. No tow-rope hookup. No hand signals. No rudder motion to indicate readiness. No one running the wing. This is the ride of a lifetime, atop millions of Newtons of main-engine thrust, including rocket energy from the two solid-state boosters that will launch us. Some ‘thermal,’ eh!

“ . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . we have liftoff”—familiar words in my headset. I am about to fly the world's biggest and costliest glider, the billion-dollar Space Shuttle—well, actually, the Shuttle Mission Simulator, or SMS—at NASA-

Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center. The SMS can simulate most Shuttle evolutions and is a core element in astronaut training. For me, they have chosen the RTLS (Return To Launch Site), never actually flown except as a simulation. With the Shuttle's impending retirement in 2010, it may never be.

The bird is pointed straight up on the 'launch pad.' Atop the 'stack'—orbiter plus main-engine tank and boosters—I lie on my back in the cockpit, in shirtsleeves, right hand on the stick, feet on the rudder pedals, the gantry visible in the left window. Except for the ADI and compass, the cockpit instruments are unfamiliar, especially the vertical 'ribbon' indicators (I'm still a 'round gauge' or 'clock shop' pilot, though the MFDs—Multi-Function Displays—are handy and I'm learning to like them). Like the first astronauts, I'm the much-derided 'spam in a can' with nothing to do until later. My instructor pilot is in the left seat. If he is anxious about how I will fly, he conceals his emotions carefully.

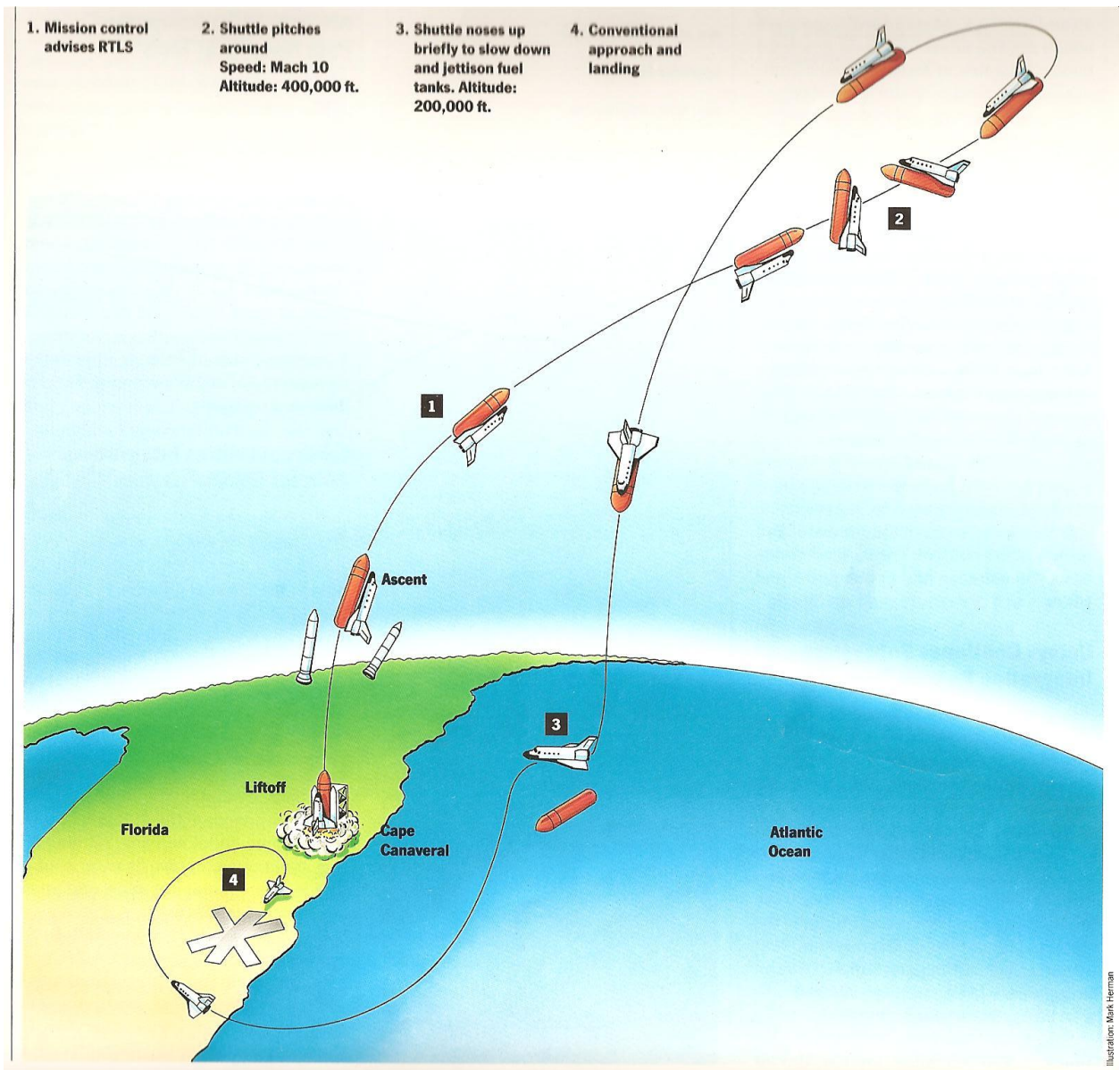
Launch and initial flight are managed by the quadruple-redundant flight-control computers (cynics say those computers had less processing power than a modern cell phone but they took man to the Moon and back successfully). We are just passengers, like it or not.



At an initial 350,000 FPM climb rate, this is somewhat faster than your typical glider departure behind the beefiest tow plane, or in the strongest self-launcher. It makes the U.S. Navy F/A-18 Hornet I flew so long ago at NAS Fallon in Fallon,

Nevada, with a 'mere' 50,000 FPM initial climb rate, seem anemic in retrospect. But this is a test. I am on trial, willingly. I am . . . crazy.

The test: a hand-flown final approach. Here we go again. Repeat after me: "This is only a simulator. Relax. Only a simulator." Yeah, right. The rolling, rumbling sensation of raw launch thrust is duplicated well by the SMS, tangible through the seat, visible in the shaking of the entire cockpit. The sensations of an altered reality invade my mind and body.



As we 'ascend' from launch, a motor fails, as programmed, within the first three and a half minutes. Our 'thermal' has evaporated. Lacking sufficient thrust, we cannot attain orbit nor reach an alternate landing site such as the Azores or Africa. RTL is our only salvation. First we must burn off fuel, flying more nearly vertical to stay

within range of the Cape. Shuttle orientation is now reversed with the thrusters, to point us back to the launch site, timed so that MECO (Main-engine Cutoff) has left enough energy for a safe return. Tank and booster separation will occur over water at least 24 miles from the coast. I will hand fly the final approach.

Now, the cockpit instruments indicate, we are traveling in near space at Mach 10, but backwards (see diagram), to about 400,000 feet altitude, with 'reverse' thrust slowing us down. We stop, literally, and head home. Newton (Isaac: flowing locks, quizzical gaze), at 1G, waiting patiently 24/7, strikes again—we need him now. Reynolds (Osborne: bearded, serious mien) and Mach (Ernst: glasses, frown) are waiting to contribute with their numbers, once enough air molecules flow over our virtual wings. Enough with this historical nonsense. Focus, concentrate.

The flight computer will position us for the landing IP. Ahead: black space speckled with stars there is no time to identify, earth curvature, the Florida coast growing fast below. What a view! We decelerate to subsonic, without boom or aerodynamic buffet, and end up at just below 10,000 feet, at 235 knots—landing gear limiting speed—seven and a half miles from touchdown. I select 'down' on the gear handle and get a satisfying 'three green' indication, then take the air-brake handle in my left hand to adjust airspeed and touch-down point. In the bag? Maybe.

What hath that computer wrought? It has placed us precisely in the energy window that will put us on the numbers at a cleverly simulated, virtual Cape Canaveral, with its 16,000-foot main runway. Can I fly the approach competently, with zero prior stick time? I speculate about and yearn briefly for Edwards AFB's 15,000 feet of concrete, plus 9,000 more feet of Rogers Dry Lake to handle undershoot. I glance at my instructor. He remains impassive, mercifully silent.

The distance/altitude equation yields an L/D of less than 4:1, not conducive to Diamonds, but it's just another glider, right? Through the HUD (head-up display) I note a broken cumulus undercast at ~5,000 feet. The runway appears intermittently at an angle unfamiliar to any pilot who flies sailplanes with 50:1 L/Ds. We punch through the cu and the runway lies ahead, in the clear. I recall carrier approaches from another life: in the groove, ident, call the ball and fuel state, three and a half degrees to impact. But the Shuttle will be flared, not 'flown on,' as we euphemistically describe the violence of a trap on the boat. I want to float it on, if I can—make it as much like the delicate arrival of a sailplane as possible. It's . . . it's just another glider. Not!

Lack of kinesthetic feedback through the stick, negligible 'pull' G forces and absent vestibular sensations in this early SMS makes control motions unnatural, somewhat like a video game. One must rely on visual cues, but the controls respond conventionally. I fly the HUD velocity vector at 185 knots, flare over the numbers, alight on the centerline. The virtual drag chute deploys on touchdown and departs at 50 knots as we decelerate smoothly and roll to a stop.

Long pause. Start to breathe again. Phew! I look over at my instructor pilot. He is smiling.

In real life, the SMS lets Shuttle crews experience complete simulations of entire flights, from liftoff to landing, with full visual representation of the outside world—the launch pad, the sky field with stars in place, the earth-sky interface and essentially every part of Earth that the Shuttle overflies. Crews spend up to 480 hours in the SMS to train for each flight, an initiate-to-execution process that starts at launch minus 480 days—16 months earlier. This is serious stuff.

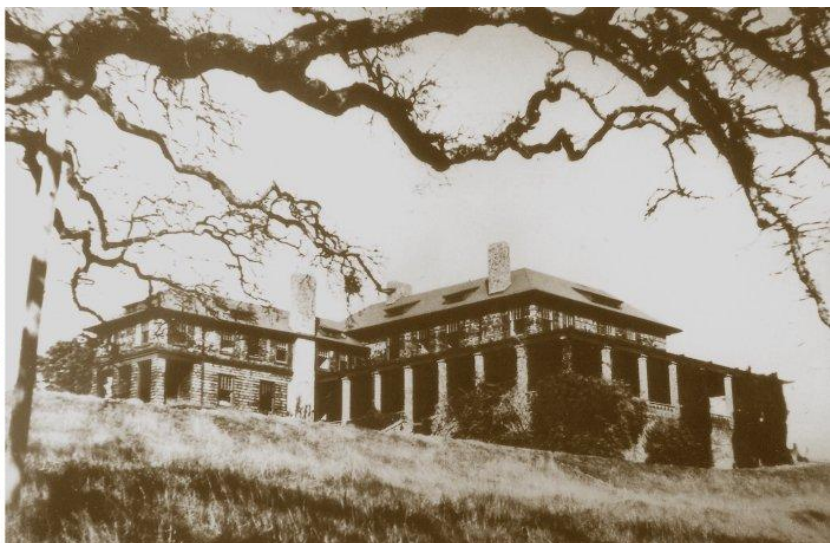
We are down on the ‘runway’ at Cape Canaveral after 22 nail-biting minutes. But, a bit like my real-life flying the U-2, one never really comes down from a space flight, even if only simulated.

The author acknowledges gratefully the brilliant and dedicated professionals at MSC-Houston who made this ‘flight’ possible. I’ll fly, or ‘fly’ with them, any time. Astronaut/astronomer Dr. George W. ‘Pinky’ Nelson said: “This must be the best job in the world.” Or out of it.

(ED: Members may recall that John had an accident on his bike last autumn and I enquired how he was getting on; “I’m about as recovered as I’m going to get. My wife Katherine says: “Go ahead and ride. Just don’t come back. I had a good run--over a million miles around the world. Just as well that I hang it up now and please her. She is the cornerstone of my life and the finest human I’ve ever known”.)

THE “DISREPUTABLE” SHARRONS

Members may recall that in the last REVIEW, I mentioned that The Sharrons were described as “a disreputable American family whose money brought wealth to the impoverished Heskeths”.



Frederick William Sharron at the age of 56 and the guest house at his Menlo Heights property.

Frederick Sharon (OB 71) was the son of the Hon William Sharon a descendant of English Quakers who settled in Pennsylvania in the very beginning of the colony. His father was a prosperous farmer who sent William to Athens College and later enabled him to study law under Edwin Stanton. He was admitted to Bar in St. Louis and later engaged in mercantile activities with his elder brother at Carrolton, Illinois. In 1849, when the California gold fever reached Illinois, William Sharon was affected and left with a group including J. D. Fry, his longtime friend and mentor. The group came to California on the Oregon Trail and incidentally crossed the Sierra in the vicinity of Mount Davidson, where Sharon would years later make his fortune. In California, William Sharon engaged in the mercantile trade and invested into San Francisco real estate. From these activities he made a small fortune of some \$150'000, which he mostly lost in 1862, through untimely speculations in Comstock mining properties. Thanks to the intervention of his friend, J. D. Fry, whose daughter had married William C. Ralston, Sharon was hired to head the new branch of the Bank of California in Virginia City. A strong believer in the coming Comstock Bonanza, William Sharon used the ample funds at his disposal to finance as many mining, milling or supply enterprises as he could. He was backed in this bold policy by Ralston, the Bank of California's active vice president and cashier. Through buyouts and foreclosures, the Ralston-Sharon team and their Bank of California became the dominant factors on the Comstock Lode. They organized the Union Mill & Mining Company, took over the Virginia & Gold Hill Water Company and founded the Virginia & Truckee Railroad. By 1870, William Sharon was the undisputed King of the Comstock. He was dethroned a few years later by the successful group of Virginia City miners and San Francisco stockbrokers known as the Irish Big Four : Mackay (Ed **father of John and Clarence OBs**), Fair, Flood and O'Brien. After William Chapman Ralston failed and drowned in 1875, Sharon got control of his estate and helped Darius Ogden Mills (Ed **Daughter married The Earl of Grenard OB**) re-launch the Bank of California.



Original Palace Hotel, an early engraving

William Sharon took over Ralston's Palace Hotel and also "Belmont", his palatial mansion. He then invested his fortune in San Francisco real estate and thereby considerably increased it. William Sharon served a term in the U.S. Senate as a Republican from Nevada. His large fortune was inherited by his son **Frederick**, a daughter Florence who married Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh 7th Bt, and the children of a pre-deceased daughter.

William's first wife had died in 1875 but In 1883, a woman named Sarah Althea Hill, claimed she was his true second wife and claimed a portion of his estate. She was most likely his mistress, as she had lived with him, but was never his wife. The trials took away the health of William Sharon. The court ruled in favour of Miss Hill and on November 13, 1885, William Sharon passed away at his home in San Francisco after a fairly long illness. It was not until after his death that the California Supreme Court ruled in his favour and left Sarah Hill without any claim on his fortune. Even in death, William Sharon eventually won.

Many cousins and relatives had gone to California to become part of his vast empire and he made them all fairly well off. From a somewhat sickly childhood, William Sharon had shown strength in both body and in convictions. Like most of the men that formed America, he was both a visionary and a robber baron, but he was of the ilk that made America what it is today.

Frederick who took on running his father's businesses did not have his acumen: he was to say "It has never been my good fortune to earn my own living". However he seemingly made a good marriage when he became engaged to Louise Tevis Breckenridge in 1884.



Louise, was the daughter of Lloyd Tevis, president of Wells Fargo and one of the richest men in California. When he became President of Wells Fargo, it was an express (coach) company; when he retired it was a bank as we know it today. Tevis was assessed by the state of California as having a fortune worth \$1,590,000.00. Louise was firstly married to John Witherspoon Breckenridge, son of Congressman, Senator, Vice President, Presidential Candidate and Confederate General John C. Breckenridge but their marriage had ended in divorce.

In preference to William Sharon's 'Belmont', Louise and Frederick Sharon lived in Paris, in New York at their mansion at 323 5th Avenue and at their Menlo Park mansion 'Sharon Heights' after its completion in 1906.

In 1909, Florence Louise Breckenridge, Louise's daughter by her first marriage to John W. Breckenridge, married Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh, 8th Baronet (elevated to the rank of Baron in 1935). Thomas's father, also Thomas was, as previously mentioned, married Frederick's sister. Their wedding presents included a large selection of silver from San Francisco's famous Shreve & Co.

Louise also had two sons by her first marriage both of whom came to a sad end: Lloyd committed suicide in 1901 and John became ill on his honeymoon and was confined to a mental asylum where he died in 1914. Frederick and Louise had a son Henry between them but he died in infancy.

Frederick despite his huge wealth was also to die relatively young in 1915 because of a cocaine addiction.



Frederick's grave at Cypress Lawn Memorial San Mateo

When Frederick Sharon died it touched off yet another hotly contested Will controversy as mentioned earlier.

The following article is taken from an article on the life and home of Frederick W. Sharon, printed in a 1977 issue of the JOURNAL OF THE SAN MATEO COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION:

The death of Frederick W. Sharon (in July of 1915) was to produce a legal drama not too unlike that of his father and the claims of Sarah Hill. After a very lengthy probate, a final distribution of the estate was about to be made, when out of nowhere appeared a young gentleman by the name of Fred Sharon. Flanked by a battery of attorneys, young Fred, a publisher from Tacoma, claimed to be the adopted son of Frederick Sharon and was entitled to one half of the multi-million dollar estate. Fred was, in reality, a son of John Sharon, a nephew of Senator William Sharon. Frederick W. Sharon had indeed befriended the boy as a child but had never adopted him or even seen him for years. Young Fred appeared in court with witnesses that claimed to have seen some adoption papers, which, they also claimed, had been destroyed in the holocaust of 1906. The jury ruled in favour of young Fred. The Supreme Court, however, as in the case of the Senator and Sarah Althea Hill, overturned the lower court decision and the young scamp got nothing. Oh well, just another valiant attempt to grab at the Sharon Fortune that went down the old drain.

The family that were the main beneficiaries of both his money and his art collection were the in England who had not only received a large proportion of William Sharon's fortune but then benefited by Frederick's demise through his wife Louise.

ED; Postscript. In 2004 the current Lord Hesketh decided to sell the family estate: From the Daily Telegraph - As the sale of a private residence, it will be one of the most expensive in British history. Asking price £50 million.

Lord Hesketh said he had reluctantly decided to sell rather than see his family's wealth eroded by the cost of looking after Easton Neston.

"It's the simple fact that if you look at a property like this, it's a bit like owning a very beautiful yacht. The costs of managing it are very significant," he said.

Set in more than 3,300 acres of Northamptonshire countryside, the Grade I listed Easton Neston House is the only country house designed by the architect Nicholas Hawksmoor, who was a protege of Sir Christopher Wren and also worked on Kensington Palace, Blenheim Palace and Castle Howard. It is often claimed to be his masterpiece.

The estate, which employs 20 staff, includes Towcester Racecourse, the jump racing track famous for its stiff uphill finish, and a pheasant and partridge shoot. There are also five lodges, three farms and the entire village of Hulcote.

Until the 1950s, when Lord Hesketh's father and grandfather died, **the upkeep was largely paid for by the fortunes of his grandmother and great-grandmother, who were both American heiresses.** Since then it has been increasingly funded by "a process of slow asset realisation", such as selling a small brewery, the odd farmhouse and rare books.

"Any advantage that has come out of those has been consumed maintaining this place," he said. "The rough number I use is that in a good year it loses £500,000 and in a bad year it could lose £1.5 million."

YOUNG GENTLEMEN AT WAR

With the Centenaries of WW1 drawing to a close here are some thoughts on how "the young gentlemen" were prepared to fight for King and Country.

They were caricatured as nice but dim and hiding miles from the front line, public school officers during the First World War had a bad press. However, their chances of surviving were scant and their bravery unquestionable; it was bred into them. Beaumont was no different as a glance at the Great War Archive shows.

Sous-Lt Comte Daniel Coustant d'Yanville 5eme Dragons. (05) Son of the Comte d'Yanville. A young man of singular earnestness and uprightness of life, his devotion to his Country is exemplified in his final; interview with his father before leaving for the front. The Count had very naturally remarked, "Pray God that you may come back safe". To which the young soldier replied, "No! Pray rather that I may do my duty, and more than my duty". His Colonel; breaking the news of his son's death to his father alluded to him as "a young officer full of gaiety, vigour and courage who rightly looked forward to a brilliant future". He was struck by a shell and killed instantly on the 5 Nov fighting near Heuvelland. Age 24. On hearing the sad news his Colonel hastened to the spot and found the soldiers carrying away the body under heavy fire. This devotion on the part of his men struck him as the best proof of the sincere affection which the young officer inspired in all.

When war came in August 1914 the martial and patriotic "ethos" of Beaumont and the other public schools of Britain was exactly what the country and its allies needed.

Who could withstand the highly drilled militarism of the Kaiser's army better than British boys and in Beaumont's case also French and Americans who believed in courage, country and selfless service?

The Souls no mortal doubt could shake,

No mortal lust mislead,

Were yielded for the Empire's sake,

And won the immortal meed.

(Beaumont Review 1902)

These values may stick in the craw of modern political sensitivities, especially after decades of classroom exposure to "pity of war" poetry, but as a Darwinian survival mechanism the public schools of Britain were unsurpassed. They trained a whole generation of boys to be waiting in the wings of history as military leaders.

At Beaumont it had been nurtured over the years starting with the Militia 1879 inspired by the "heroics" of the Zulu wars, the Rectorship of Sir William Heathcote OB known to the boys as "The General", the private hiring of drill staff from the Guards and the extraordinary numbers of OBs that fought in the Boer War.

The young gentlemen from Beaumont and the Edwardian period public schools paid a terrible price for this concept of duty. It was a funny old world war, the First World War, but there was one unassailable, and surprising, truth about it. The more exclusive your education, the more likely you were to die.

As a rule of thumb 20 per cent of public school boys who fought in the war died, against 13 per cent of those overall who served. There are 1,157 names on Eton's memorial to its Great War dead, so many chiselled on the wall in the cloisters that it is hard to comprehend. Beaumont's number was much smaller in comparison, but at 135 it was closer to a horrifying 22% of those that served..

Some historians have a phrase for this difference between the war's general mortality rate and the public school rate: "surplus deaths".

The reason for the "surplus deaths" of public school boys was simple: They were more likely to be junior officers, lieutenants and captains, in the trenches. Forget the pernicious myth that officers sipped sherry in HQ while they carelessly sent the plebs to the slaughter. By the rule of the British Army, junior officers were the first "over the top" and the last to retreat.

Some officers were very junior indeed when they climbed the side of the trench. They were just 17 or 18. The young officers died in their droves with a revolver in one hand a cigarette in the other; held for a desperate, affected nonchalance as they led their men into the hail of German or Turkish lead. In the worst places, and worst phases, of the war a second lieutenant could expect to survive a mere six weeks before becoming a casualty.

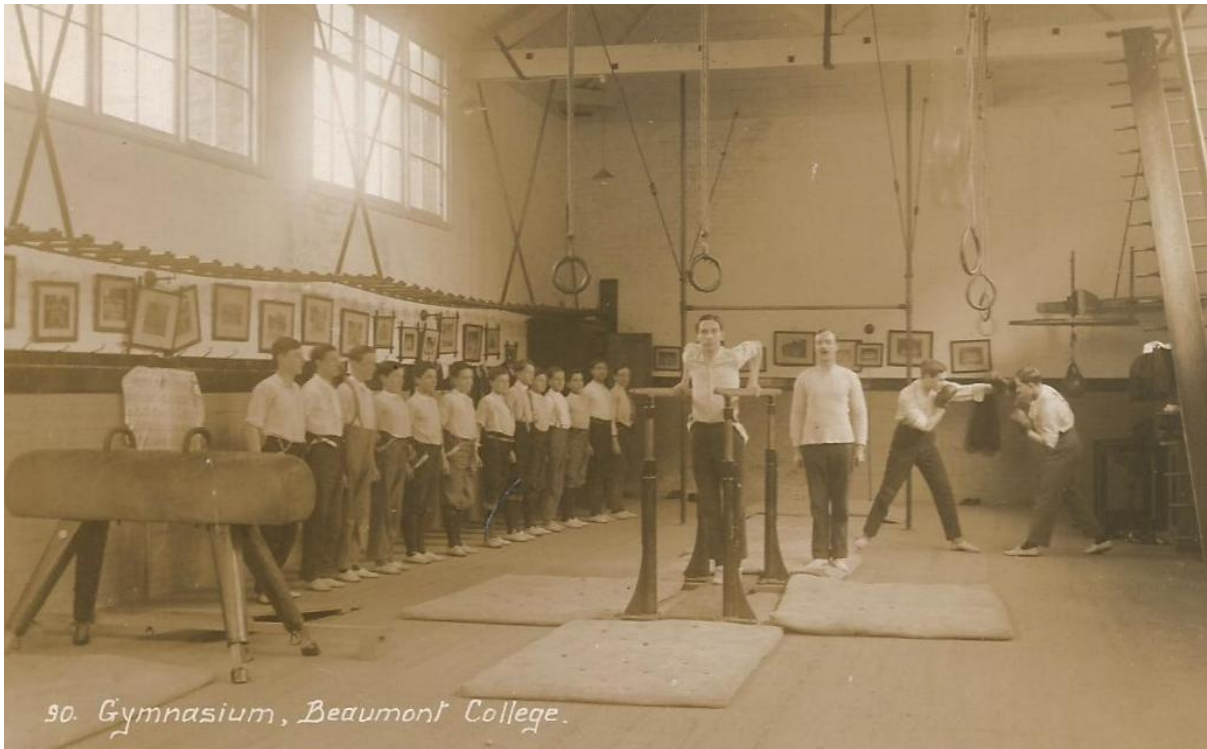
John Gatti (OB 16) was such a man:-

6th July 1918. M.C. to Second Lieutenant John Augustin Stephano Gatti, 2nd Battalion, Irish Guards: "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. After an attack by his platoon, this officer walked along the line within 200 yards of the enemy, encouraging his men in their work of consolidation, under very heavy fire, until he was wounded."



Of course, public school boys were easier for the Germans and Turks to hit. Due to their better diet and general physical fitness they were, on average, five inches taller than their working-class contemporaries in 1914.

One might almost say that public school boys had been physically built up for the slaughter. School sport, as the Duke of Wellington suggested, was a key part in their preparation as incipient warriors. The public schools of Britain had a fitness regime that a Spartan would blanch at: lashings of physical contact sport such as rugby and boxing plus lots of cross-country runs and cold showers.



Besides toughening up the warriors in waiting, sport instilled military skills. After all, most sports contain some DNA of their military origins. What else is cricket but using a shield to protect oneself from a projectile? Above all, schools believed that team sports developed character, leadership skills and loyalty.

Loyalty is an elastic concept. If a boy could be made loyal to his team, his school, he could be made loyal to his country. Although the development of team spirit was important other skills were not overlooked. Riding was becoming a less essential element for a young gentleman with the advent of the motor but the horse still remained vital to the army.



So it was understandable that Riding School was an important part of the boys' education up until the end of the War. Beaumont was almost unique that it had its own stables and instructors. According to "The Bystander" 1910: "The boys are

taught not only to shoot but to ride. The training moreover, is not confined to riding and jumping. The boys are instructed in the points of the horse, shown how to judge its age, and even how to shoe and harness. This is real patriotic training and typical of the Jesuit Order, who, I generally find are walking Union Jacks". The stables were first under the management of a Riding –Mistress who came with her own grooms and horses but it proved so successful that the Rector bought his own horses and engaged an additional groom as Riding Master.



175. Tug-of-War, Beaumont College Sports.

The sport beloved of Wellington, however, was just one of the Holy Quartet of methods by which schools prepared young boys to become officers and gentlemen. There was also curriculum, chapel and unadulterated military training.

Off the playing fields and into the classroom, a boy at Beaumont in 1913 could expect to spend half his week studying Latin and Greek classics, not anything as airy-fairy as Plato's philosophical Republic but action yarns celebrating legendary heroes. Homer's Odyssey was a standard. These classics lessons forged an enduring mental template of aspirational courage.

Not all Beaumont boys were intellectual yet the dim-witted Lieutenant George (Hugh Laurie) in *Blackadder Goes Forth* is a whopping miss. Stupidity was a sin in school. An empire could hardly be run efficiently if the helmsmen were uneducated or inane.

Next in the education of the warrior-in-waiting was the Faith. Boys would attend Mass every morning, and on Sunday there would be three other visits to the chapel including Benediction. What they heard from the Jesuit Fathers was a Faith that emphasised ethics as well as doctrine. Boys seated in the pews were told over and

over to live a life of service and sacrifice. Like the Lord Jesus himself. It is interesting to read the editorial of the last Review of 1914 when the War was four months on:-

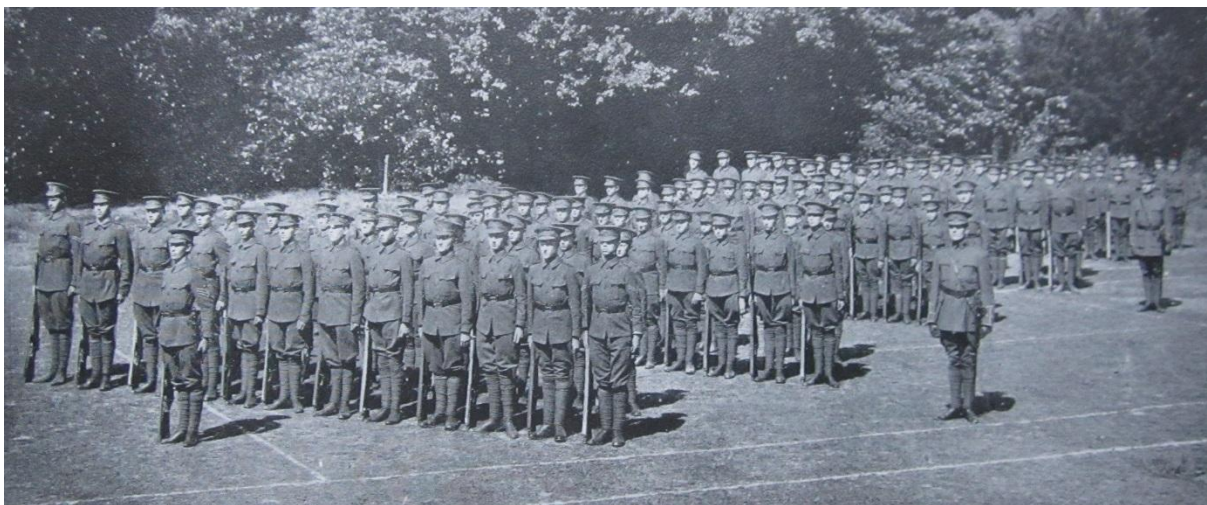
“It will be gratifying to OBs to know that the eyes of present day Beaumont are upon them, that we are proud of their achievements, that we are stirred up by their example, to prepare ourselves when our time comes to uphold with honour, as they do now, the name and fame of Beaumont. It will be especially gratifying to them and to their loved ones left behind to hear that they are constantly in our thoughts and prayers. The Holy Sacrifice is offered daily by one or other of the Fathers for those at the Front – The Roll of Honour hangs prominently at the entrance to the chapel and every opportunity is taken of calling this to the attention of the rising generation to the spirit in which Old Beaumont is making its offering to the King and Country.

The dominant note of that spirit is “self-sacrifice at the call of duty”. We conclude with an exaltation to the younger sons of Beaumont to fit themselves by acquiring here and now by repeated acts that same spirit which will enable them when their time comes, perhaps at no distant date, to uphold worthily the traditions of the school – in the trenches or on the battlefield”.

There was one last corner of the school life in which boys were inculcated with their future martial duty. The Officers' Training Corps was introduced in 1908 by Lord Haldane. Almost all public schools had this form of army cadets, which trained boys to lead a platoon of 50 men. Beaumont took “the Corps” extremely seriously and indeed a Corps was formed shortly after the Boer War and the Colours displayed in the refectory.

It was written: “The Beaumont boy is, no doubt, a decent specimen of his species; but he is still susceptible of improvement, physically and morally; that is to say he needs to be “set up” by drill and given a little of the self- reliance imparted to its wearers by the red coat”.

So it was no surprise that the successive drill and physical training staff were all from the Coldstream or Grenadier Guards. Commanders included Fr Mayo son of a VC, and OB veterans of South Africa Sir Mark Sykes and Monthermer Montague who had fought as a raiding party irregular. Men who were inspirational to the boys.



Everything about public school trained a boy for war. Manliness, duty, love of Britain, stiff upper-lip, self-denial were the inescapable virtues. So when Lord Kitchener asked public school boys to step forward to officer the expanded British Army in 1914 they did so willingly even when each issue of the REVIEW announced more dead and wounded. Something like a tsunami of death was visited on the public schools.

Boys knew what was expected of them. This was a moment they had been trained for during their youth. There was the picture of the Last Stand often to be found above the fireplace at school: the machine gun jammed, the young lieutenant, eyes uplifted, grasps his sword, the little band sing "God save the Queen" and one by one they fall.

Their sacrifice was not in vain. The gallantry of all the young gentlemen helped turn the grinding battles at Ypres, the Somme and Passchendaele. With their Faith still in mind certainly the Catholic public school boys did more than die well. They looked after those under their command.

Long before the Beatles, these young men realised "all you needed was love". By looking after the troops in the trenches, by giving them cigarettes, smiles, encouragement and example, the officers made the lives of the khaki multitude bearable and kept morale buoyant.

Of course, some public school boys were arrogant and selfish. They were not all kindly and brave but by and large, the young toffs delivered the goods splendidly and none more so than those of Old Beaumont.

Times changed; in his poem written at Kut, **Francis Patmore (03)** displayed the theme of Edwardian nostalgia, deepening it to represent a pastoral England and a love of Empire. The dominance of nature in the poem suggests a world whose innocence was already out of reach when he wrote it in 1916, and was finally obliterated when peace returned in November 1918.

*In England the leaves are falling from chestnut and beech and oak,
Where once 'mid mossgrown tree-trunks the ringing echoes woke,
As one brought down a rocketing pheasant, stopped a pigeon in its flight,
Or picked off a swerving woodcock as it sped into the night.*

*O for the smell of the mudflats when the autumn tide runs low,
As over the darkening waters the plovers come and go;
You can hear the whistling widgeon, see the teal as they cross the moon,
And that ray of liquid silver - the splash of a diving loon.*

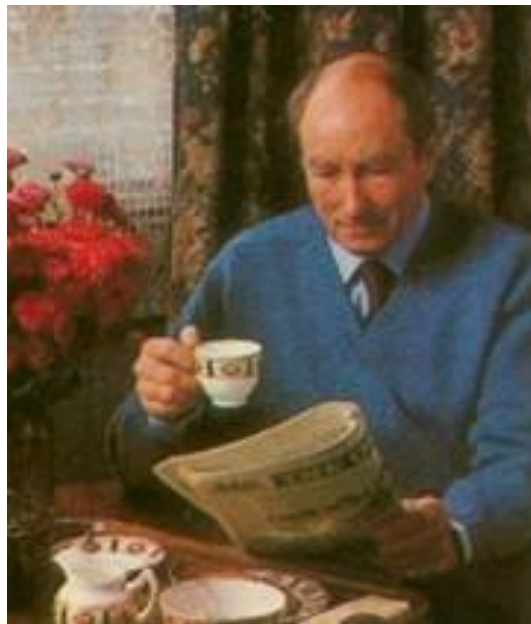
*India too is calling, where the black buck graze on the plain,
Where the peacock struts 'neath the banyan and the partridge calls from the cane,
Where the jackal howls in the twilight and the flying pintail wheel,
Where the geese fly up from the river, and, circling light on the gheel.*

*When the haunting smell of the wood-smoke hangs low o'er the village street,
And the dust drifts gold in the sunset, stirred by the children's feet,
When the kites swing low round the temple, and the egrets fly from the stream,*

Over the silent mangoes where a myriad fireflies gleam.

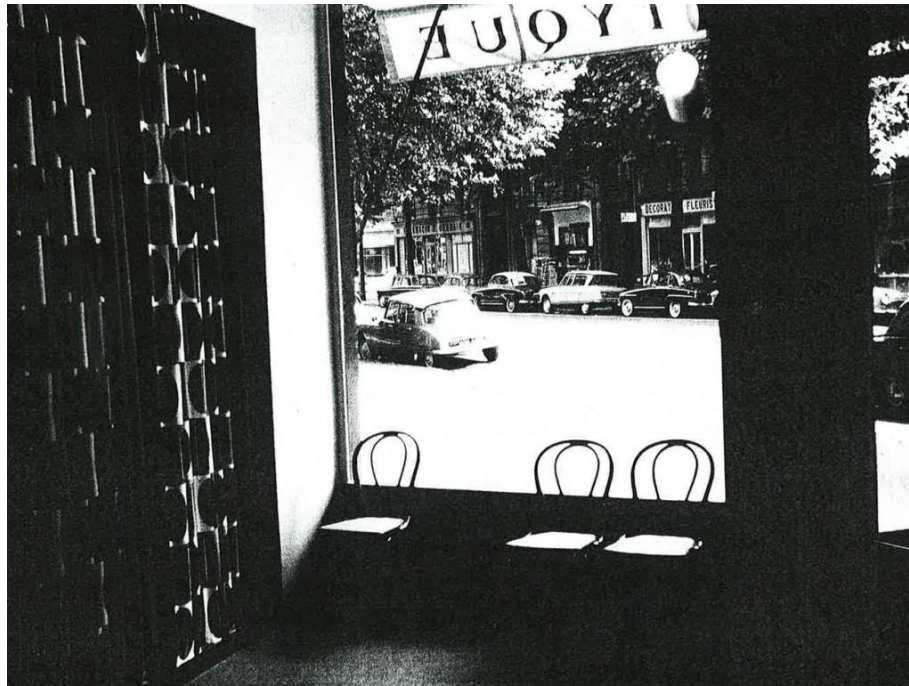
*These things have I known and have loved them - the heat the dust and the sweat,
The rainswept lonely marshes, the tang of dung-smoke, - and yet
If I should no more feel them, nor quaff the breeze like wine,
The memory at least is with me - for ever, for ever mine.*

THE KNOX-LEET STORY continued



Desmond at home

Diptyque was the name of an adventure, that of a true friendship between three artists, Christiane Gautrot, Yves Coueslant and **Desmond Knox-Leet**. They first had to find an “endroit” suitable for their needs and in keeping with their ideals.



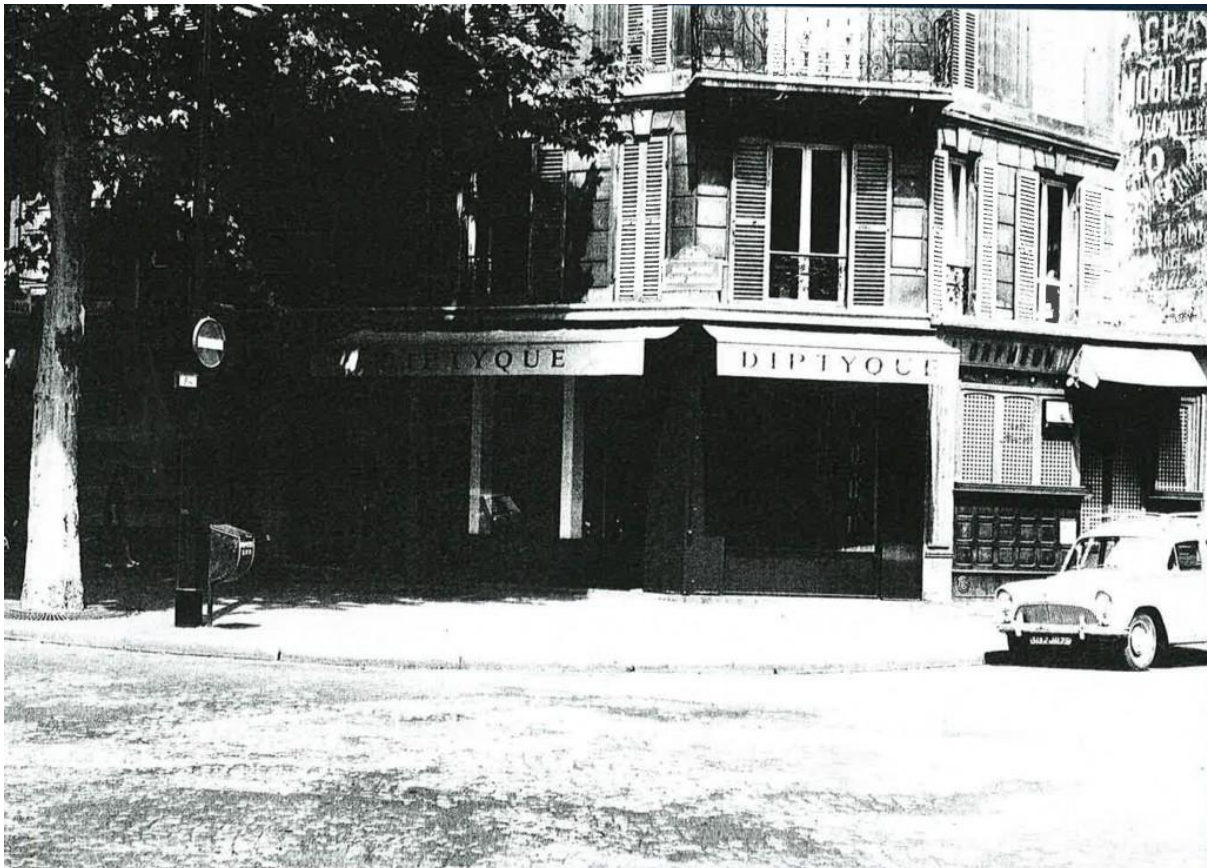
In 1961 the neighbourhood of Maubert–Mutualité where diptyque opened its boutique, was miles away from the Saint-Germain area. Surroundings, activities, lifestyle, social conditions and communities were all different from each other – these were two opposite little worlds.

Boulevard Saint-Germain goes through the 7th, 6th and 5th arrondissements like an uninterested river. At the time Saint-Germain was better-off, more bourgeois, also younger and more intellectual having been in the proximity of the Sorbonne University, other elite and prestigious schools. It was also more rebellious and troublemaking by tradition plus it was more international as it had become the heart of a wonderful cultural blend where all kinds of people would mingle, party and help bring in a new era with the sound of jazz, French songs and up-beating rock'n'roll. Scholars and thieves, well-known personalities and much younger artists and journalists, activists and the curious were giving rise to new intellectuals.

Whereas the Maubert neighbourhood was quieter, less modern and more industrious. There were many craftsmen, ragmen and secondhand shops. Modest restaurants serving savory traditional cuisine. Typical popular bars, little boutiques, boarding houses. A bread, fruit and vegetable market had been in Place Maubert for centuries and the Maison de la Mutualité that had been built in the thirties would often have meetings of the French Left which would strengthen the difference between the two neighborhoods. An Asian community originating from Cochin china and Tonkin of the French Empire had set up in the area providing small Vietnamese restaurants popular for their excellent food. It was a very pleasant neighborhood, bathed in the harmony of the various communities living together. Maubert was lively and a nice place to live in.

From the end of the war to the sixties, the polarity between the two areas evened out. People mixed, goods circulated better, but Maubert still retained its popular identity.

The three friends who founded diptyque were not very well off. It was Yves Coueslant's father who financed their setting up with a limited budget. They liked this area of hard-working craftsmen. The place they chose for their boutique was formerly a bar and a lingerie store. It had the advantage of being in the boulevard and also the benefit of facing the Pontoise swimming pool which was quite busy with students. The die was cast!



Time and loyalties made it familiar. But in 1961, it was nothing but a technical word for art specialists.

The diptych is a picture divided in two hinged panels of the same size. Each panel is painted inside and outside. The real subject of the diptych is depicted within the inside paintings, which interact from one panel to the other. Hence the opening of the panels discloses the topic of the diptych which can otherwise stay shut to keep solemn its religious holiness... or to hide a licentious content. The diptych was very much in vogue in the Flemish painting of the XV and XVI centuries.

So why diptyque? The name sounded obvious to the three founders when they first acquired the space of the 34 boulevard Saint-Germain to create their boutique: from outside, it consisted in two equal sized windows on each side of the entrance, one on the boulevard and the other on rue de Pontoise, as if an opened diptych. Added

to the metaphor, the rarity of the name and its somewhat electric and international sounding convinced them all to go for it.

At the time, there was a nightclub just next to the boutique on rue de Pontoise named the Orpheon. When it came to close down some years later, diptyque acquired the place to gain space. Although the symmetry got broken, the name was kept.

Before it became the boutique, which has changed very little since diptyque started, the space had been a little coffee shop, an office for the swimming pool of Pontoise on the other side of the Boulevard, and also a boutique of ladies 'lingerie.

This area of the 5th arrondissement was quite popular, modest and not trendy at all. There were many artisans' workshops around too. Only the beautiful swimming pool of Pontoise did attract some people from outside: built in 1934 and still open today, it is classified as a historic monument. But this part of the boulevard Saint-Germain remained remote from the mythical Saint-Germain-des-Prés which still was the trendiest place to be where the Parisian intelligentsia, starting with philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, had been mingling for years with artists from all over the world, writers, American jazzmen, stars from the music-hall, singers from the new scene of the French song, not to mention countless wannabes.

The early days of diptyque are humble: on the first floor of their boutique, three artists are creating the fabrics of their liking for their own pleasure... They invent a shop which reflects their tastes and personalities, and start to add to their own products a growing variety of original objects from other periods and other cultures, all of great craftsmanship, that they bring back from all over the world. This is another story to come... But it sure is this meticulous care for an aesthetic quality apart from the mainstream trends that will make the name of diptyque discreetly famous.

To be continued.

GISS - GOSS



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

WW2 BOOK.

I heard from David Walsh (one time master at Tonbridge) who together with Sir Anthony Seldon wrote a book on the Public Schools contribution to the Great War. They are now preparing a similar volume on WW2.

“We very much hope that our book will play an important role in re-evaluating the role of the public schools in the Second World War, and in reminding the nation how central our schools and their ethos were to the winning of that war. Our aim is to cover all public schools without any gaps.

PS. We inadvertently omitted Beaumont from our WW1 book, but would like to include in this one”.

The Editor will try and ensure that our contribution this time is well and truly acknowledged.

The OB Witness to one of the great events in history.

Captain John Peter Ralph Marriott CMG (91)

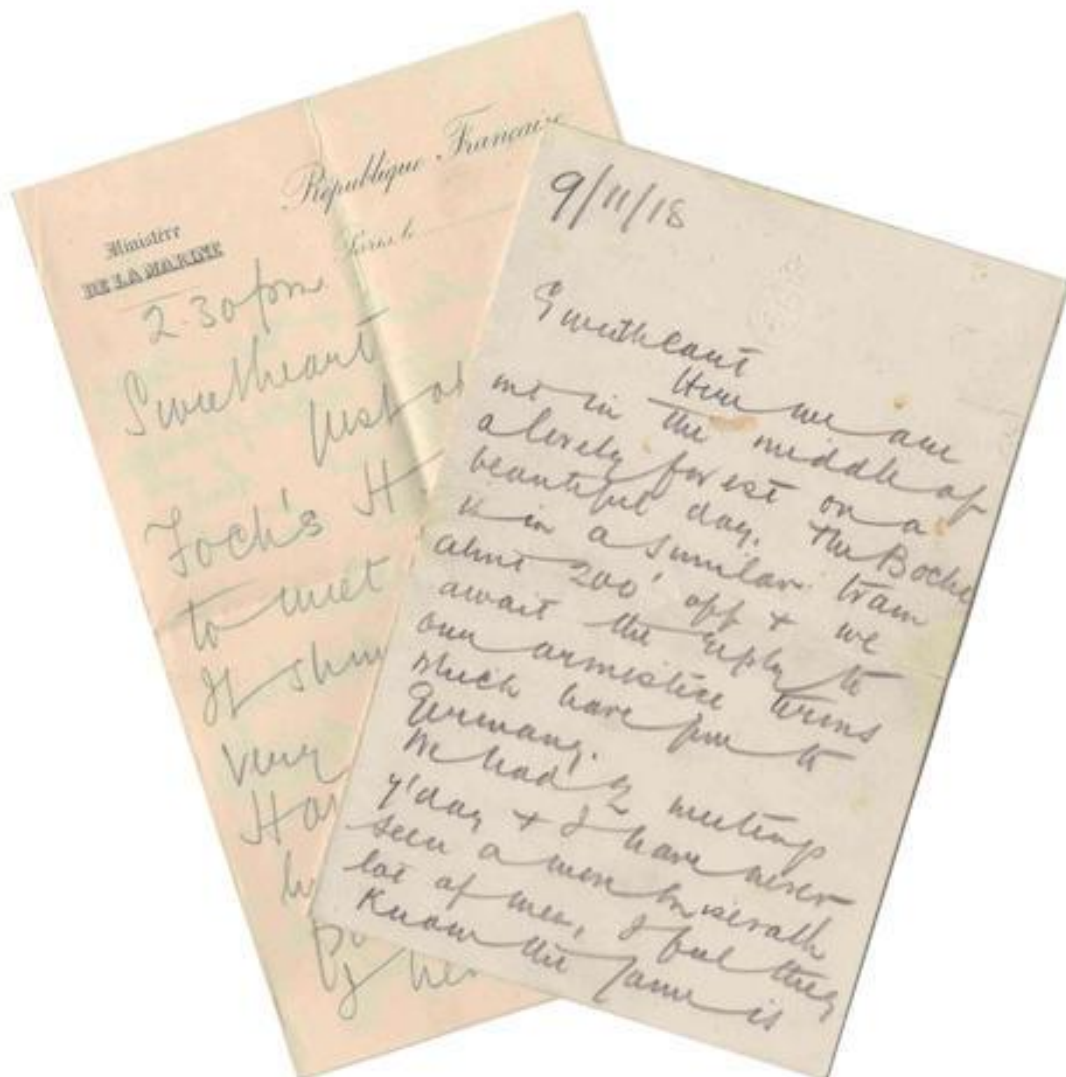
Marriott usually known as Jack was the son of Major Charles Frederick Marriott of the 6th Dragoons and his wife Isabella (née Jerningham). He married Margaret Murray, daughter of the oceanographer Sir John Murray. And his sister married Lord Broughshane lawyer and conservative politician

After Beaumont he joined the Royal Navy and he was promoted to Lieutenant on 1 April 1902. As a junior officer he was posted to the Sloop HMS Beagle on 1 July 1902, serving on her in the South Atlantic. Later, he served in the light cruiser HMS Hyacinth, flagship of the East Indies and Egyptian Squadron, the armoured cruiser HMS Drake flagship of the 5th Cruiser Squadron. For two years he served on the staff of the RNC Osborne.

In June 1914, he was promoted Commander and joined the cruiser HMS Charybdis. In Gallipoli, he was attached to the staff of the ANZACs, and was MID. He then became Naval Assistant to the First Sea Lord Rosslyn Wemyss (whose flagship the *Charybdis* had been), at the Admiralty with the rank of Acting Captain.

Representing Britain at the signing of the Armistice in a railway carriage at Compiègne on 11 November 1918, he was witness to the end of World War I and a marked victory for the Allies.

Centenary Great War Sale Items at Bonhams





This scruffy piece of paper may not look like much but it was used at one of the most significant events of the 20th century

ARMISTICE AT COMPIÈGNE

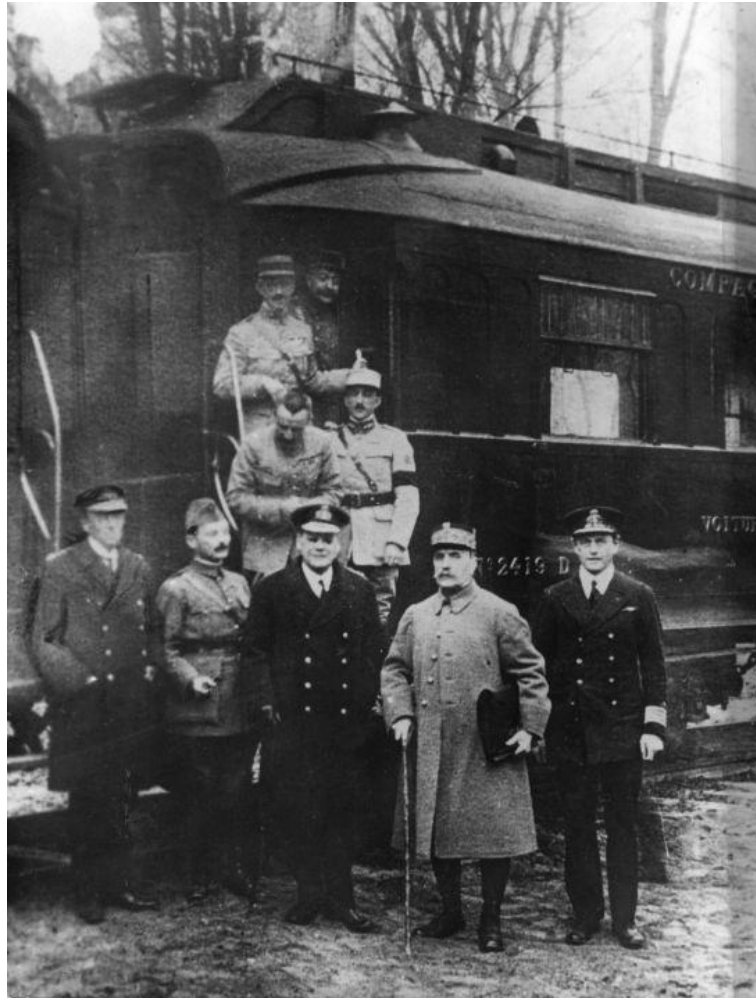
Blotting paper attested by Admiral Wemyss, the British delegate, used at the signing of the Armistice at 5 a.m. in the railway carriage in the Forest of Compiègne by Marshal Foch and Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Sea Lord, on behalf the Allies, and by Matthias Erzberger, Chef de Mission, General Detlof von Winterfeldt, Count Alfred von Oberndorff of the Foreign Ministry and Captain Vanselow of the Imperial Navy, on behalf of Germany; kept with other mementos and a typed account by Captain John Peter Ralph Marriott ('Jack') Marriott, RN, Naval Assistant to Admiral Wemyss, Marriott being present throughout the negotiations held at Compiègne from 7 until 11 November 1918 and at the actual signing; the paper inscribed by Admiral Wemyss: "This blotting paper was/ at signature of/ armistice with Germany 5 am 11/11/18/ in the Compiegne Forest./ R.E. Wemyss"; with two letters from Marriott to his wife inserted; the first announcing "Sweetheart/ Just off to Foch's H.Q. & then to meet the Boches..."; the second headed 9 November 1918: "Sweetheart/ Here we are out in the middle of a lovely forest on a beautiful day. The Boche is in a similar train about 200' off & we await the reply to our armistice terms which have gone to Germany. We had 2 meetings y'day & I have

never seen a more miserable lot of men, I feel they know the game is up and are terrified of Bolshevism. They say they are very hungry in the Country & badly in need of everything. Heaps of sick./ War is a Godless business and I do so hope we shall finish it all by Monday./ We shall be here possibly till then but one never knows anyhow, after this business we are off home again. The old Marechal is the dearest old thing you ever saw I have had long yarns with him & I cannot tell you how valuable my French is. I write alone with a Bosche the proces-verbale of the meetings... Weygand and C.O.S is a ripper too... It is a historic meeting this without a doubt & I shall never forget it, please God we pull it off & as far as I can see I *think* we shall..."; examples of Clemenceau and Foch's visiting cards and a note sent on behalf of Foch to Wemyss during negotiations ("Le Maréchal Foch demande que l'Amiral Wemyss veuille bien fair rédiger *une texte* pour les articles/ 22.26.28/ a modifier/ W"); a post-war letter by General Weygand to Marriott; together with newspaper clippings and Marriott's own typed account ("...At 5.a.m. orders were issued to cease hostilities at 11 a.m. afloat, ashore and in the air, and the period of it to be 36 days./ I was told by Admiral Wemyss to ring up BUCKINGHAM PALACE and inform HIS MAJESTY; the line was dreadful and I must have been cut off about 30 times but finally got Charles Cust (ED: Captain Sir Charles Cust RN Equerry to the King) and informed him./ I also told 10 Downing Street, and Charles Grant at Liaison Headquarters; his message to London is attached./ We then had a glass of port and went for a walk in the Forest which was wonderfully soothing after our busy night..."), *blotting paper loose, the rest bound up by Marriott in 1933, brown morocco, upper cover stamped in gilt 'Armistice with Germany/ 11th November 1918', slightly rubbed, folio, 11 November 1918*

FOOTNOTES

- THE ARMISTICE SIGNED IN MARSHAL FOCH'S RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN THE FOREST OF COMPIÈGNE THAT BROUGHT AN END TO THE GREAT WAR ON 11 NOVEMBER 1918, an occasion of such significance that, when Hitler came to conquer France twenty-two years later, he had the Armistice signed in the same carriage and at the same place (the site was then destroyed and the carriage taken off to Germany, where it perished at the end of the war, with a replica now standing in its place at Compiègne). Admiral Wemyss's inscription has been blotted onto the sheet, presumably from a heavily-inked piece of paper: by this means, a positive image of the writing can be seen when the sheet is viewed from the back; this being the trick used by Watt's sponge-paper copying system (in general use well into the twentieth century, prior to the general adoption of type-writing and of carbon or stencil copying). The writing that has been blotted appears to be in French, with what may be an impression of Foch's signature reversed at the top of the sheet.

Marriott has made the note: "This account of the signing of the Armistice with Germany I had bound in August 1933... It is authentic throughout and the facts are stated in the clearest & plainest language I can command. The only other record of our meetings which were all held in the Restaurant Car are in the Archives of the Admiralty, also written by me./ J.P.R. Marriott/ 22ND Sept. 1933". In the famous photograph showing Foch and the Allied delegation posed outside the railway carriage, Marriott can be seen standing to the left of Foch, with Wemyss on the Marshal's right.

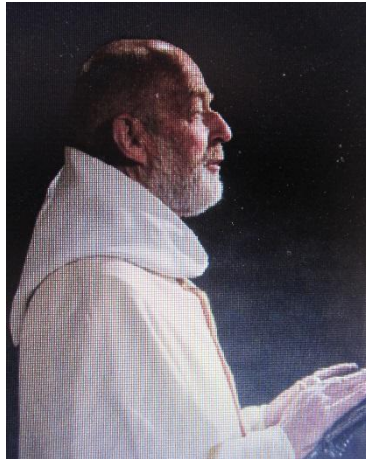


Wemyss, Foch, Marriott.

He later attended the Paris Peace Conference, 1919. In 1920 he was appointed Naval Attaché in Tokyo. He voluntarily retired in 1922 following the "Geddes Axe", **hoping that by so doing he would save from compulsory retirement an officer who was less able to afford it.** He was recalled for special service in Egypt during the period of tension over Abyssinia.

For his war service, he was appointed Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George (CMG) in the 1920 New Year Honours and also Chevalier of the Légion d'honneur, Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, Officer of the Order of the Nile and the Order of the Rising Sun.

Dom Gregory (Peter Corcoran 64) is a Benedictine monk at Quarr Abbey and has recently joined the Emailing list having been out of touch since we moved to the Website. In 2016 he celebrated his monastic Golden Jubilee and the following is from the Quarr Abbey Newsletter. -



“Today it is like being at Woking”

If you are going to London from the Island, at least by train, you can hardly avoid going through Woking, but that is not the object of your journey. No achievement to get to Woking, being on the train which is going further is the important thing. So today we are not celebrating an achievement, we are giving thanks together for a gift. A gift I received and responded to when I entered the monastery in 1964. I have never for a single day regretted that choice. My life has been one of increasing peace, a life of joy. We respond to God's call by his grace, we are each of us called according to his purpose, and given the strength and grace we need to hold firm. Of course, some give precocious evidence of piety, as in my own case. One evening sixty years ago I was kneeling by my bed in our dormitory at home watching my brothers **Chris and Nick** having a pillow fight. Then an irate aunt entered and began to give them a rocket. This was even more to my taste, the best entertainment ever. Sadly, the good Aunt's attention turned to me. “And you, you are supposed to be saying your prayers.” – “ I am Auntie, but it's half time.” There is much in Pope Francis recent writing on marriage that is relevant to monastic life.

(<https://thejoyoflove.com/download-exhortation>). He particularly enlarges on three essential topics that should be often our lips. Firstly, thank you. We need to appreciate what others do for us, to be sure that they know we value them. Obviously today is firstly a day of thanksgiving to God for the gift of our calling as Christians, as married people, as monks and for all the many callings represented here. Then I thank Mary, the Patron of our monastery, who became my mother when I was eight, and who teaches me what it means to say with the psalmist: “I am your servant, the son of your handmaid.” I thank my brethren and my family and all of you who are here today for your support, your prayer and your friendship. The second thing “please”. That means to open a subject to discussion; Is it all right with you if I do or don't do such and such a thing. There are dangers if we give the impression

that there are some things that can't be talked about. Anyway, please go on praying for me. The third word is "sorry". We need to acknowledge our failures. So now I ask pardon because I try the patience of others and I fail to show others the patience I expect for myself. In conclusion as a sign that I was long destined for the Solesmes Congregation by my quest for theological learning I share with you an incident of about my sixth year. Nick came back from his catechism class and Mother asked him if he had learned any new prayers. "Yes, I learnt "Glory be the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit." "Teach it to Peter." " But what does it mean?" "Never you mind, you learn it." So already my mind was set on what I will learn when the train reaches the terminus . . . whose name it would be tactless to pronounce in present company. Please God I will then be able to cross the river.



Ed. A little history: The monks of Solesmes, under their abbot, Dom Paul Delatte, came to Appuldurcome House, near Ventnor in 1901. They were voluntary exiles from the unjust laws against religious life in France. The year before their lease on Appuldurcome was due to run out, 1907, the monks bought Quarr Abbey House, next door to the ruins of the ancient Quarr Abbey. (Dissolved and partially destroyed in 1536)

Queen Victoria had been a frequent visitor to Quarr Abbey House, and her daughter, Princess Beatrice, had spent her honeymoon there following her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenburg. One of the monks Dom Paul Bellot, who was an architect, was commissioned to design a monastery and church.

A small advance party of monks came to Quarr Abbey House to make preparations. Soon, the first part of the monastery, including the refectory, was built and the rest of

the community of Solesmes came across from Appuldurcome, the younger ones on foot. The wooden church from Appuldurcombe was reassembled at Quarr for temporary use.

In April 1911, local builders began the construction of the abbey church. It was completed the next year, and consecrated on October 12th, 1912. The Guest House was finished in 1914, and the first guest was the French philosopher, Jacques Maritain.

During the First World War, the Guest House was used for the convalescence of wounded soldiers. Princess Beatrice came to visit them as Governor of the Isle of Wight. Robert Graves stayed there for a short time and recalls the fact in "Goodbye to All That."

Abbot Paul Delatte retired in 1921, after ruling his community for over thirty years. Dom Germain Cozien was elected in his place and with the situation in France improved, decided to take his community back there. Their return was completed by September 1922, but the community always looked back on their time in the Isle of Wight as one during which they came close to God through a relative absence of distractions.

However, not all of the monks went back to France: twenty-five, with Dom Emile Bouvet as superior, remained to carry on monastic life at Quarr, dependent on Solesmes. Lay brothers were a great support. Gradually Englishmen came to be monks: the first such profession was in 1930, and the first ordination in 1936. The Abbey also has a farm shop which offers a variety of local island products along with Quarr Abbeys own unique range of products which include ale, eggs, honey, jams and chutneys, all made with Quarr Abbeys own allotment – grown produce which is also available to buy.

NB. Apart from her visits to Quarr, Princess Beatrice was with her mother on each of the Queen's three visits to Beaumont.

BBC: Searching for Shergar



The BBC showed a documentary on 7 June concerning the disappearance of Shergar the 1981 Derby and Irish Derby winner kidnapped by the IRA and resulting death has never been explained. The background to the horse and racing in general was explained by **Guy Williams (65)** considered by many a leading authority on these matters. Guy is remembered from school as the cox of the '64 and '65 Vllls. After Trinity Dublin, he was the last of his line to be involved in the family whiskey business (Tullamore Dew) but his heart was with the horses. He rode as an amateur and then trained professionally including an Irish National winner and married into a racing dynasty – the Hartys, his brother in law John rode for him and another Eddie won the '69 National on Highland Wedding and now trains at Mulgrave Lodge. Guy turned to writing and has produced many definitive books on racing including both the Cheltenham Gold Cup and the Irish Derby. He has also restored his grandfather's home in Connemara, the story of which he has also published. His Grandfather was one of the best known poets, wit and author of his day: Oliver St John Gogarty.

RETROSPECTIVE

It is interesting to see how much bearing school life has on one's future and whether you recognise the boy in the man. Having read the obituary of **Ely Calil** I looked back at his time at Beaumont. Ely arrived in 1959 from Nigeria and placed in Grammar II. He played in the Colts XV, cricket for the Schismatics, the Hockey XI and the Tennis team. Ely reached L/Sgt in the CCF and was a member of most of the societies including Debating, Quodlibertarian and Music. Naturally he was the Grand Vizier in the Leaver's Panto. He was appointed to Rhetoric and a Junior Monitor and won the BU Rhetoric Prize for RD. After leaving he gained a place at

Oxford. The impression he gives is of a contributor and team player and a bright individual: probably if it wasn't for "wonga" he would be simply remembered for turning his inherited wealth into a fortune through his business acumen and marrying pretty girls.

A LIFE REMEMBERED: ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

This September will see 500 years since Thomas Linacre founded the Royal College of Physicians. The editor is well aware that he spends much time on men in uniform and scant regard for the men of medicine; he will try making amends.

John Eric Stanley Varley

b.8 June 1928 d.15 October 1993

MA BM BCh Oxon(1955) MRCP(1959) DPM Lond(1963) MRCPsych(1971)

FRCPsych(1978) FRCP(1981)

John Eric Stanley Varley was a consultant psychiatrist at Birmingham Children's Hospital. He was born in Girvan, the son of Eric Ralph Varley, a company director. He was educated at Beaumont College, Windsor, and then went on to New College, Oxford, and University College Hospital Medical School.

He was a neurological registrar at Whittington Hospital, London, from 1958 to 1959, and was subsequently a registrar and senior registrar at Maudsley Hospital from 1959 to 1964.

In 1964 he was appointed as a consultant at Birmingham. He established a first class liaison psychiatry service, ran a regional inpatient unit, convulsion clinic and a busy outpatient service - all single-handedly. He believed teaching was important, and helped set up regional programmes in child and adolescent psychiatry. He was well known in the west Midlands, but less so elsewhere, preferring not to go to meetings away from the area in case he was needed by staff or patients.

He married Georgina, the daughter of a company director, in 1961. They had no children. In 1987 he retired early due to ill health.

From The REVIEW 60 years ago.

Ex Cathedra.

Fr Lewis returned as Bursar having spent a couple of years at Manresa: he replaced Fr Barrett whose "greatest contribution to the well-being of Beaumont was his informed and personal interest in cuisine"(Ed; must have been in the J's refectory, it certainly wasn't ours). Fr Borrett also returned after a year at L'Ecole St Genevieve at Versailles. Michael Campbell-Johnstone who had been "parachuted" in after Fr Lawson's contretemps with his motor cycle stayed on in a more permanent role.

Once again Fr O'Hara's mastery of mathematics is made evident in **Charles Outred's** State Scholarship to Cambridge. 80% in three subjects.

Timothy Brindley is one of the contributors to the Symposium for T S Elliot's seventieth Birthday

The BU Dance was held as usual at Ouseley Lodge: a fine night, spacious marquees on the lawns, good food and cabaret.

There was also a dance in July for Higher line when the girls came over from Farnborough Hill (Ed: I seem to recall other fixtures over the years included St Mary's Ascot and St Bernard's Slough)

The Quodlibetarians' guests included **George More O'Ferrall (OB)** the television producer, Derek Mirfin on Liberalism, R G D Laffin on Maccchiavelli and Prof. Kane on Chaucer.

Edward Barry Bowyer FRICS presented a painting of the Passion by Domenichino (Baroque painter of the Bolognese School) - I wonder how much that was sold for when the school closed.

SPEECH DAY

The Choir's extracts from The Pirates of Penzance (soloists **Drostan Stileman** and **Anthony Synnott**. Piano recitals by **Patrick Agnew** and **Michael Bingham**. Ruds B performing Mr O'Malley's "The Yak" and finally a special piece "The Way we Live" by members of Rhetoric and Poetry.

Some Prizes Rhetoric. Classics- **Pertwee and Bellamy**, Maths & Physics - **Outred**, English – **Mulcahy**.

More Prizes Poetry. Greek – **Attlee**, Physics – **Hywel-Davies**, Biology – **Gardner-Thorpe**

Dixie Cup (NCO's Cadre) **Critchley**.(Future Colonel)

Scholarships; **Meyer £120, Burden £100**.

Royal School of Music. Violin **Anthony Stevens (merit)**, Pianoforte **Attlee**.

AVIFAUNA AT BEAUMONT (final paragraph)

"It will be noted that no mention has been made of oology nor, except for one or two isolated instances, of nidification. Despite the fact that no treatise of this nature can be considered complete without them, insufficient time for observation has rendered their respective inclusions impossible."

VALETE

Among the interesting entries: **Carlton- Morris** Hot V 1956-7, **Mclivenna** Band Badge, **Mulcahy** .22 shot Failed. **O'Connor & Parker** Railway Club (Only members), **Stevens H** Floodlit Soccer finalist. **Wolff** Wrestling Proms and Floodlit Soccer semi-finalist.

CHOIR NOTES

“Choir Good Day was spent at Brighton. The weather was miserable, cold and overcast, but those concerned managed to find plenty of enjoyable entertainment – though swimming under the prevailing conditions was not popular”. (Ed I seem to remember the “What the Butler Saw” was.)

MUSIC SOCIETY.

“Rounded off the year with a visit to the opera for Bizet’s Carmen. In the opinion of those present this production was not considered to attain to that standard which might be expected of the Royal Opera House but it was a pleasant social occasion”.

HOBBIES CLUB.

“Of Wireless there is little to say, though some people seem to waste hours and hours apparently doing nothing. A few crystal sets and “one-valvers” were made but that is about the sum of a term’s work”.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

There was a “whinge” about suppliers charging full price for materials. Could anyone help out – our developers are Promicrol and Cobrol, we mix our own Hypo, and we use Kodak papers.

SCOUT CAMP

A return to Toft Monks near Beccles which started in an unusual way with an odd convoy of a Coach (Windsorian of course), A horse box with all the camp paraphernalia, **Antony Scott** astride a two stoke motor bike with the GSM and **David McIlvenna** as a rearguard in a vintage 1935 Ford: we arrived without mishap. Daily routine of Mass followed by breakfast, inspection, Flag break, activities such as hiking, bridge building, Tree house construction, hewing wood then a swim in the Waverney. Lunch, further activities including more swimming and rafting. In the evening, after supper it’s the campfire, sing-song and the inevitable cocoa. Other highlights include night patrols and the cooking competition. “Each patrol had its oven and mastered its particular idiosyncracies. The eternal frying pan was not over-worked, and roasts, bakes and other delicacies followed in tasty profusion. It was our proud boast that there was a different menu each day of the fortnight. **The cooking competition evoked cries of wonder and admiration from the two ladies skilled in the culinary art.**

The panthers won the inter-patrol completion (**Agnew, Hollamby, Fiennes, Cridland, Mayer, Haran and Bull**). Ed- the last time I saw **Peter Bull** was mooring up after Cowes Week on the Hamble 1972: he was alongside in a gin palace (a possible **de Kerdral** purchase) and preparing to leave for the Med. Peter invited me aboard for a tour – he was particularly proud of the master suite with revolving bed and the opportunity to watch “x” rated films. Peter always “sailed very close to the wind”. Back to the scouts-

Only the horsebox was required for our kit on the return journey: the Scott bike gave up the ghost and the Ford died a sudden death and was “interred at Beccles”. We were back at Beaumont some three hours late tired but happy.

B U

Oxford: **Simon Burrough** was awarded his Boxing Blue. **Howard Lyle** rowed for Lincoln at Henley – his painting of Lincoln Bridge is so good it occupies pride of place in their new boathouse. Also at Henley, **Gilbert Conner** for RMA Sandhurst, **James O'Brien** for Trinity Dublin, **Gyde Shepherd** (Gen, Vanier's nephew who had taken time off from the "deb season") also for Lincoln. **Paul Bedford** for Christ's Cambridge.

Peterborough in the Telegraph noted that in his first formal visit to Cambridge by the Archbishop of Westminster Dr Godfrey accompanied by the Bishop of Northampton, the Anglican Bishop of Ely, the High Sheriff, The City Recorder and the MP for Cambridge, they were all entertained to dinner by **Mgr Alfred Gilbey**.

Brigadier Michael Dewar of that ilk and Vogrie (34), Chief of Clan Dewar, was awarded the CB and **Brigadier John Drummond** (grandson of the 1st Ld Russell of Killowen commanded the parade of 3000 men of the TA in Northern Ireland before the Queen Mother to mark the TA's golden jubilee.

Lt Kevin O'Sullivan was MID for service in Malaya.

Dr Alex Muirhead MC (38) has qualified as a member of the Royal College of Gynaecologists and Obstetricians. He and his troop of SAS were the first to discover the Belsen Concentration Camp.

Lt Richard Hoghton is the Army Light Heavyweight Boxing Champion.

The Russell Bowl was won again by the **BUGS** with Ampleforth 2nd, Stonyhurst 3rd and Downside 4th. At Deal for the Halford Hewitt we beat Merchant Taylors but went out in the second round to Lorreto.

Leon Houdret (Merchant of the Houdret de Grelle & Co) the last surviving member of the 1896 football XI died. Others had included **Francis Plowden** Shropshire Yeomanry KIA WW1, **Walter Meldron**, soldier and Irish International Cricketer. **John McCann** Chairman Dublin Stock Exchange, Polo Olympic silver medallist. **James Stevens** rancher in Mexico (small moustache). **Henry O'Reilly**, Irish soccer international. **Charles O'Brien** Colonel RAMC. **Edward Duggan**, rancher Argentina. **George Wilkinson** (Capt. with large moustache) S. Lancs. Regt Boer War DSO WW1.

Others RIP were **Cecil Johnson (12)** who worked in Rangoon for his Uncle **Sir John Darwood (OB)**. **General George Mathew CB (90)** senior Royal Marines Officer and ADC to King George V. **Richard Shuckburgh MC (35)** Charles Dickens grandson and dramatic artist.

Three more Knights Of the Holy Sepulchre – **Col. Gerald Castelli (14)**, **James Peppercorn (22)** and **John Tolhurst (26)**.

An interesting side line from **Howard Lyle (53)**: "I have just returned from a six week holiday with a couple of friends, in which we drove , in an old car, as far as Athens; we went out via Austria and Yugoslavia, and returned through Italy and Switzerland. It was a wonderful holiday full of memorable incidents. I went, among other reasons,

in order to be away from home when my examination results were published, so that my parents would have time to recover from the shock of my failing to get a degree (I was viva-ed for three quarters of an hour) However a cable at Dubrovnik told me that I had a Second, and so all was well. I never thought I could hoodwink the examiners so successfully.

CRICKET

First XI

“From Lords to the village green, the summer has produced despair among the clubs and like everyone else we had high hopes of firm pitches and a packet of runs but then we had the rain to contend with. As it turned out, for the records we won 6, Drew 4 and lost 2 and abandoned 1.

It was a season of low scores though **Baker** hit a couple of centuries and **Stevens** provided the backbone of the bowling attack. **Bulfield** did splendidly behind the wicket though big scores alluded him. **O'Connor** came to the rescue on a couple of occasions with some hard hitting as did **Paton Walsh** who, with more discretion could become powerful bat. **Mitchell** was the useful all-rounder – fighting rear guard actions and nagging away at the off- stump. The pitches did not suit **Horton's** bowling but he was accurate and steady. **Scott** played in his unique manner. **Bates** captained admirably through adversity and as a spinner of coins he was a genius: he won the toss ten times out of twelve.

Sincere thanks to Mr Harrington and Ken whose pitches have been gashed and torn and wrecked all summer.

Lords: 7th June. Despite our moderate bowling and untidy fielding we WON by 4 wickets. We won the toss put The Oratory in to bat on a benign pitch and when they scored 145 for thee we may have felt some qualms but with the last seven wickets falling for 61 they were all out for 206. We then knocked off the runs untroubled for the loss of five batsmen. **Baker** was caught for 100 (3 sixes, and 10 fours) **Parker** was out for a duck but **Stevens and O'Connor** scored 30 apiece and **Bulfield** gave “the knife its final twist”. Back at Beaumont by 9pm all was peace and quiet. Lower line had Benediction with small boys serving (Ed Sounds discriminatory). Higher line returned, no doubt by the appointed hour. Lord's was over for another year: history had been made.



The Colts record this year considering the potential talent available must be considered mediocre.

The Junior Colts were not a great side and did not win a match all season and the Under 14s a team had immense promise that was never fulfilled.

BOATING

1st VIII

Mathew Guinness's account of the season is one of Drama of a young and inexperienced crew. It started well with a win against Reading School in a borrowed boat but it was evident that the crew was very unfit as punch disappeared. The following week they were well entertained by Lincoln College Oxford before taking to the River. Heading into the final furlong with the VIII drawing level, **d'Ombrein** came off his slide and he smashed his foot through the shell: they managed to get to the landing stage before the boat sank entirely. Chiswick Regatta and the less said the better. Although beaten by Eton, it was an encouraging row with the crew coming up on their opponents at the finish. At Reading Regatta (the pre-Henley) they started well against Magdalen College School and Marlow but coming up to the enclosure instead of the spurt called for there was a general collapse. Was the problem fitness or inexperience? Training intensified with splendid assistance from the kitchens. So to Henley and a draw against a formidable Radley and a "chapter of disasters". Off the stake boat, **Stickney** came off his slide in a flurry of blades the boat swerved and

his oar caught a post and smashed the end of the blade – having said that they still found themselves alongside Radley but thereafter they gradually drew clear without getting away entirely: the final spurt at the enclosures and **d'Ombrein** passed out. The final outing was dinner at the Bells with Guinness thanking Mr Scott for his perseverance and the hope that he would never have to cope with such a difficult Eight in the future.



In the last week of Term the Beaumont Regatta was held with everyone in the Club taking part an enthusiasm that led to 43 past and present rowing at Staines Regatta. The B U Boat Club entered its first VIII organised by **John Hanrahan** and showed well against Molesey: they might not have crossed the line first but they certainly showed style. The Crew: **J Mayle, E Hutchins, J Hanrahan, A Clasen, A Mathews, N Aldington, J Mcleer, Stroke L Chmelar, and Cox P Walker.**

Other OBs rowing were **Bernard** for Maidenhead and **Conner** for RMA Sandhurst. The School crews all made it through the preliminary heats. The Leavers eventually going out to Kingston Grammar school the eventual winners as did the Leavers' IV in their race against Eastbourne College. Best performance was the Colts A VIII winning their event under **Ruane** with **Johansen** at stoke. The B VIII only went down to Ibis by two feet with some tenacious rowing led by **Scott-Moncrieff.**

2nd VIII

They had a highly successful start to the season, remaining undefeated till the Eton race. In fact they deserved to make history by winning the Juniors at Chiswick losing after a re-race against Midland Bank in the final. At Reading, they beat Corpus Christi easily but succumbed to Radley 2nd. At Marlow they drew Canford 1st (Henley crew) and led most of the way losing only in the final third.

An VIII that rowed with vigour and determination.

3rd VIII.

The highlight was Pangbourne Regatta where they took on Clifton 2nd and Bedford 3rd, disposing of the first but losing to the latter. In the losers plate they met Radley 3rd, a superior VIII and “lost in very creditable style”.

TENNIS

The club continued to fulfil its main function of giving pleasure to its members (**Mulcahy, Stevens, Wolff** and others). The standard was fairly abysmal with a thrashing from the BU, so it was probably just as well that the St Mary’s match was rained off: honour intact.

MEMORABILIA

I heard from **Paul Dutton**:

“I used to have a bit but various moves have thinned my memories out. Nevertheless I have a lanyard and whistle though the cap badge has disappeared...I suspect my son made off with it when he was very small.

Much to my disgust I was never considered worthy of sporting greatness but I do have my Schismatics Gollywog if I can mention that these days.

I also have a copy of the history of Beaumont published in 1911 to mark the 50th anniversary. This came from the late Brigadier Sir Geoffrey Hardy Roberts, sometime Master of the Queen’s Household, though why he had it I do not know as, though he was a Catholic, I don’t think he went to Beaumont. (He was a neighbour of my father.) Finally I do have the complete 1966 photo in one piece.

ED: Hardy–Roberts was a 9th Lancer so I telephoned **Michael de Burgh (41)** for more information. “My Uncle Geoffrey” replied Michael “though as an Etonian what he was doing with the book – hardly likely it was on the “good read list of 1911” is anybody’s guess”.

On the Move

Tony Mathews’ white Henley Blazer has been making its way, rather reminiscent of the Olympic torch, to St John’s by a tenuous route. It was collected by **George Stanton** who passed it to **John Wolff** who handed it over to **Richard Sheehan**.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

At a dinner party a few weeks ago, the lady seated beside me, on gathering that I had been at Beaumont, told me that she only knew one OB – **Hugh Wallwyn James**. “He was the perfect gentleman, kind and considerate as well as being the most amusing dining companion: a poet and wit”.

ED: Regardless of one’s moral view point Hugh made landmark history when he died in 2002. From the INDEPENDENT:-

“Homosexual couples were granted the right yesterday to be treated as husband and wife in tenancy agreements in a landmark judgment for gays under the Human Rights Act.

The Court of Appeal ruling opened the door for same-sex couples to claim equal rights to pensions, social security payments, inheritances and housing benefits, lawyers said last night.

The legal challenge centred on a relationship between Juan Mendoza and his partner, **Hugh Wallwyn-James**, who shared a London flat for 19 years. Mr Wallwyn-James died from cancer last year and the landlord served notice of his intention to repossess the couple's property. Because Mr Mendoza was not married to his partner he had limited protection from eviction under the Rent Act.

But the three judges ruled that under the terms of the legislation the words "as his or her wife or husband" should also apply to homosexual couples.

Lord Justice Buxton said that sexual orientation was now clearly recognised as an "impermissible ground of discrimination."

De VERE HOTEL

De Vere Beaumont Estate, in Old Windsor – part of the De Vere portfolio of country estate hotels and modern event spaces – has unveiled the results of its £12million refurbishment, which includes the creation of new luxury bedrooms and a top-to-toe refurbishment of much of the property, including its unique Grade II listed 19th century chapel.

As well as crafting 15 stylish new bedrooms out of what were seven meeting rooms in the property’s Wessex Old School House, work has included the meticulous restoration of the unique chapel which has been returned to its former glory, providing a striking and highly unusual backdrop to events, from weddings, to celebratory dinners and business meetings. The main reception area, 220 bedrooms and all communal areas have also received a thorough refurbishment to bring them in line with the recently re-launched De Vere brand.

Interiors throughout De Vere Beaumont Estate have been transformed and are a masterclass in understated luxury, with a distinctly British aesthetic. In bedrooms, tan leather furniture, warm tweeds and a muted heritage colour palette combine with contemporary lighting and sleek bathrooms to create spaces that are restful and calming; perfect for a country retreat. The 1705

Restaurant & Bar, communal areas and meeting rooms continue the theme, punctuated by a pop of complementary colour through soft furnishings and finished with quirky vignettes, showcasing the building's rich history.

In March, four brand new luxury bedroom suites were unveiled in The White House, the historic heart of the hotel, which also houses a selection of high-spec boardrooms and three characterful lounges – The Larder, a new Burr & Co coffee lounge, The Parlour, a beautiful dining room where afternoon tea takes centre stage and The Pantry, an executive lounge area.

ED: We should have suggested they re-instated “The Captains’ lounge”.

DAVID GARNER

Apart from writing her father's obituary, his daughter Jenny sent me a couple of photos of David:-



The first when he was still at Beaumont and the second with his school friend the Belgian **Andre Dufour** taken in Antwerp just after the War. We have no record of what happened to Andre who spent the War years at Beaumont.

Passing the Baton

Most of us have reached that time of life when achievements are behind us and we look to the next generation. It is always a pleasure to hear about the sons and daughters of OBs and their successes, one such was when I was recently at a meeting at Coutts and over lunch they told me that 600 members of the Bank Staff had an inspirational talk by Alex Danson, Captain of Ladies Hockey and Gold Medal Winner. I was able to add that she is of course the daughter of **David OB**.

I find OBs are exceedingly reticent about "blowing their own trumpet" – understandably it is not in one's nature but perhaps you may be more forthcoming about children or even grandchildren. It is no easy task running a "gossip Column" without gossip. Possibly too many of us agree with Henry Buckle who wrote "**Great minds discuss ideas. Average minds discuss events. Small minds discuss people**". Still your editor could do with a "few crumbs".

Changing Times.

The Bells.

"Avoid like the plague" (TripAdvisor)

Try any other pub on Old Windsor but don't go here... Food was cold, bar staff rude and had the "can't be bothered" attitude... When asking about the popular deserts response was "can't you read!!!"

I'm a resident of Borough and won't recommend it even to my worst enemy!!!!!!

Maintaining Standards

The Arundel and Brighton Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes took place in rather hot weather this year. Our Parish Chairman, who went, reported that despite the high temperatures one gentleman at least retained his sartorial elegance complete with BU tie – who else but that stalwart of the A& B Pilgrimage **David Flood**.

Poop - Poop

I gather that **Mark and Susie Marshall** headed for the South of France this summer in his Triumph TR2 by way of the Le Mans Classic. Apart from the fact that the number of TR2s now left equate to the BU (about 400), the model has the distinction of reaching 120 mph on the Mulsanne straight in the 1955 24hr race. I trust that Mark did not blow a gasket (him or the car) – I have visions of "the Calvin Klein white shirt,

the grey locks flowing in the breeze as he creamed into St Tropez". Oh, I almost forgot the gold medallion.

Of Passing Interest

The Heritage Lottery fund has contributed £1.6 million to a National Trust plan to transform the historic site of Runnymede, but the Trust is currently £300,000 short of its target of £2.1 million and is asking the public for donations. Famed as the serene, reedy location beside the Thames where a beleaguered King John met his barons to sign Magna Carta, the plan is to provide more interpretive material on the event and the site's other monuments, as well as walking trails. The Runnymede logo is "a home to politics and picnics for over 1000 years".

(Ed. We could hardly expect "home to Beaumont rowing and rugby for over 100 years").

"**Apparell'd in celestial light**" is the name given to an unrivalled collection of church vestments which have been gathered over the past 20 years from collections in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, USA, and Britain. The exhibition highlights a golden moment in European vestment production particularly between 1690 and 1720. All items are for sale; prices range from £2000 upwards. For anyone interested in purchasing a *jinjin* a Chinese missionary for of the *biretta* or any other items the exhibition is at Indar Pasricha Fine Arts, 44 Moreton St SW1 September 26 to November 3.

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

Barrington Tristram

(Following up on John Wolff's letter in the last REVIEW).

Grammar 2 class play, directed by Rev Malcolm Clarke Stanhope: **Ralph Bates**, Osborne: **Matthew Guinness**, Trotter: **John Wolff**, Raleigh: John **Tristram**, Mason: **Michael Patterson**. I think that was the whole cast. **Patterson's** memorable line was, in relation to the breakfast he served up 'It ain' t got that smooth wet look that liver's got'. I am still performing in local amateur dramatics, this year, a police inspector, last year, the Dean of Paddington, the year before, giving 'The old bazaar in Cairo' as an item in a music hall entertainment. I don't know how old **Hal Dickens** was in his last appearance in a BU play, but I must be running him close. John

Anthony de Trafford

Changing subjects, I have just learnt that **Timothy O'Brien** was at Beaumont and in the 1st XI. He was killed in action, I think about 1916, so I suppose his name is on the war memorial. (Ed; Yes) His father married my grandfather de Trafford's sister. He was a close friend, as well as first cousin, of my father, who did survive the war.

The father, Sir Timothy O'Brien played Test cricket for England and also captained Ireland. He was able to bowl with either hand!

Ian Prove.

(Wrote as he has moved home in France though still in The Tarn)

When my father died a good few years ago my mother has a sort of fit of clearing away 'rubbish'. Sadly all my childhood photographs were thrown out and even more sadly the included my Beaumont shots between 1959 and 1964 and the worst of all photos of the 1st Eight for 1963, a year when we actually managed to reach the second round at Henley. **Maybe someone has some records of that year's 1st Eight and I would be most grateful if any photos could be passed on to me.** Very best wishes to all and a wonderful read as always.

Ed: John Appleby who came to Beaumont from Ladycross in 1957 (Ruds B with myself amongst others) sent me a couple of 👍 👍 from Duncan B C Canada. At the end he added: Blog www.inklasersite.wordpress.com

Naturally I clicked on to find:-

"I have always written. For as long as I can remember, I have scribbled. In the beginning, my first formed contributions were school essays on something other than the topic that was set – with predictable results. Over time these gave way to short stories, some of which remain mouldering in forgotten files in the basement, and experimental novels in loose-leaf binders gathering dust.

Most of my material is handwritten because I am a terrible typist. Despite efforts in university with portable typewriters, radio newsroom copywriters (all capitals), and ancient newspaper Underwoods (all lower case), nothing broke the habit of hitting two or more keys with one or two fingers at the same time. In our present electronic age my digital deficiencies are amplified, and "suggested" words produce results of a My handwriting itself is, however, not without its own challenges. Over time, it seems to have deteriorated to the point where I cannot read it myself. Of necessity, I have had to revert to a pre- technical era and now use a fountain pen.

One novel, however, defies the foregoing excuses. Despite having been started fifteen years ago, it has not been consigned to the basement, but has been resurrected as a current project. The magic moment that brought it out of semi retirement was a movie based on the biography of the editor who discovered F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and Thomas Wolfe among others. The book was Max Perkins; Editor of Genius by A. Scott Berg. It is not that I aspire to a similar eminence but more that Thomas Wolfe typically presented Perkins with five thousand pages, from which the pair of them would distill a novel. Since I have thrown away much more than that, I think I can produce something suitable so ink scratching will begin anew. Hopefully there will be an editor to make sense of it.

One slight complication exists in that Judy (wife), who has been taking creative writing courses, has embarked on the same path, and may, unforgivably, finish before me. We have always enjoyed a slightly competitive relationship involving, for example, innocent attempts to find the quickest route between two points. At present, I hold the record for speeding tickets, she for automobile crashes. A contest to see who will finish their novel first seems a little less destructive. The thought that she, in her carefully planned, efficient, well disciplined and totally tutored electronic tapping manner, might finish before my free form, ink blotting efforts reach publication is intolerable.”

THE RACE IS ON!

What of the man himself who only spent a year or so at Beaumont before his family emigrated to Canada.



John is a former Victoria stockbroker and business development consultant. In 1990, he moved to Vancouver where he later founded a company specializing in the design and development of a high speed freight transfer system. In addition to this he was the president of a number of community organizations including the Delta Chamber of Commerce and Trails BC, where he was heavily involved in the development of the Trans Canada Trail. He still chairs the Advisory Board for the Centre of Excellence in Sustainability, Infrastructure and Transportation Economics at the School of Business of the British Columbia Institute of Technology.

John spent over thirty years as an army reservist, retiring in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, having served as the Commanding Officer of 11 Victoria Service Battalion and in the appointment of Senior Staff Officer (Administration), British Columbia District.

In addition to the board of Honour House, he has served on the boards of a number of military support organizations including: as president, the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada Regimental Association; as president, the British Columbia Veterans' Commemorative Association; as first vice president, the Royal United Services Institute of Vancouver; and as a member of the City of Vancouver Remembrance Day Observance Committee.

Ed: I think John deserves an extra   

From Charles Halliday

I have been looking at (again for the umpteenth time) at the cine film showing the events of 1961 and 1962 etc.....including shots of that marvellous day when we trooped the Beaumont Colour....what a privilege it was to have been at school on that day....and the drill looks pretty faultless, especially from a bunch of adolescent schoolboys.....a few months later I was being given the hurry-up on the square at New College, Sandhurst.....our Platoon Sergeant (Alamein Company) was Sgt Phillips (Welsh Guards)....."if you don't buck your ideas up Mr 'Alliday Sir I'm going to jump on you from a great heighthhh ...

and a privilege to have had on parade in far-off 1961 the band of the Irish Guards.....

Are you able to tell me, or could you find out for me what is the very evocative piano accompaniment to that lovely video?

Andrew Flood (Hon) who compiled this and several of our other videos tells me that the composer was George Skaroulis the Greek American pianist. "His soothing style and flowing melodies struck a chord with massage therapists, Yoga instructors, spas and the healing arts". To which should now be added the Beaumont Union.

World Wide Appeal?

Dear Editor,

My name is Jenn and I'm an Editor at Jen Reviews. I was doing research on things to do in South Africa and just finished reading your wonderful blog post: <http://www.beaumont-union.co.uk/news.html>

In that article, I noticed that you cited a solid post that I've read in the past: <http://www.sa-venues.com/activities/horse-racing.htm>

I just finished writing a guide that is even more detailed, updated and comprehensive on the 100 best things to do in South Africa. It is over 10,000 words and packed with practical tips and advice. You can find it here: <https://www.jenreviews.com/best-things-to-do-in-south-africa/>

If you like the guide we'd be humbled if you cited us in your article. Of course, we will also share your article with our 50k newsletter subscribers and followers across our social platforms.

Either way, keep up the great work!

Warmly,
Jenn

FINAL WORD

Your committee looks forward to seeing as many as possible at the lunch:-

“If you are going to lie, lie to save a friend. If you are going to cheat, cheat death. If you are going to steal, steal a pretty girl’s heart and if you are going to drink, come and drink with the Beaumont Union.”

L D S