

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2020



As you well know a great deal of what I write in the REVIEW is past history and when I say past, it tends to be prior to the end of WW2. Beaumont certainly produced some remarkable people in that first 90 years which in itself was extraordinary for so small a school. Indeed, it is easy to be “cocorrico” as there were

so many. But what of ourselves now that the vast majority of OBs have now retired: have we continued their tradition? For a start society has changed, there has been considerable levelling of opportunity whatever certain politicians might say: competition to make one's mark has become much harder. In the 19th Century your family could greatly influence your advancement although in this country being a Catholic was a considerable disadvantage and blocked many a career. Much changed between the Wars and there is no greater example of this than Noel Browne from the workhouse to Irish Government Minister. But of the last 70 years if you think back to your own contemporaries, it is remarkable how many have earned recognition in one field or another and made a significant contribution to society. It was brought home to me by the deaths of Olly Oliver, Michael O'Sullivan, John Okell and Ludo de Vleeshauwer. When Olly died, the flag flew at half-mast on the Council buildings and for Judge Michael people lined the streets as his cortege passed to show their respect, John's contribution to Anglo-Burmese relations has been unique and there have been many tributes to Ludo in the Belgian Press. All of them in different fields and what a legacy.

Having said that let us not forget those who quietly live out their lives selflessly in the service of others without recognition: Unsung heroes. As Mons.Gilbey said "we all come into this world with different tools in our toolbox; it is how you use them that matters".

NEWS.

Diary Dates for 2021

26th May: BUGS Spring Meeting at Westerham

1st-6th June: BUEF to Verdun

21st Sept: BUGS v OGGS at Denham

4th OCT: BU LUNCH AT THE CALEDONIAN

14TH NOV: Remembrance Sunday –

THE CENTENARY OF THE WAR MEMORIAL.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY 8th NOVEMBER.

Our little band of 6 gathered at the Memorial on your behalf: the wreath was laid and the prayers in thanksgiving said for the sacrifice made by OBs in two World Wars, in other conflicts and also for the souls of those that have gone before us especially those that have died in the last year.

We were heartened by the response from all around the world to the *Order of Service* that we had sent to you: Remembrance Sunday at Beaumont remains our most important gathering in the year and we were so fortunate that Andrew Flood (hon) was at hand to record it for us all on Youtube : - https://youtu.be/O7b_Rju5gpM
There were so many comments best summarised by:- *I found it very moving. The impressive monument, the wonderful backdrop of autumnal trees, simple prayers, the wonderfully accurate last post and finally to hear the list of Beaumont boys who have died this year. The panning shots of the building brought nostalgia for lost youth but also many happy memories.*



“YOU WERE WITH US IN SPIRIT”

In the previous week, I had received a letter from **Emrys Williams (60)** with some WW2 Memorabilia. Emrys is one of several OBs whose father (**Emrys OB36**) was killed in the War – **Gerry Ford, Barnaby Capel-Dunn and Alastair Cridland** are also among these. Emrys's father died on Armistice Day 1942: The Squadron War Diary contains the following:-

11th November 1942 – Armistice Day

The Squadron took off on an offensive patrol to a point 15 miles off the Somme estuary. An experiment was being made with new tactics. All 12 spitfires went across at sea level, and when about 15-20 miles off the French coast two aircraft of Red Section went up to 6,000' as a decoy for enemy Fighters while the rest of the Squadron orbited at sea level. The formation orbited for 15 mins but nothing of interest occurred, and they turned back for home. On the way back there was a tragic accident resulting in the death of P/O Williams ("Taffy"). The Squadron was returning in sections line astern. When about 25 miles south of Shoreham at 4,000' the formation ran into towering cumulus cloud. General weather conditions were haze and 5/10 cloud with base at 1,500'. Yellow Section, led by P/O Bower swung away to port and missed the densest part of the cloud. Blue Section entered it still in line astern with about 10-15 yards between the aircraft. The air was very bumpy in the cloud and for a few seconds Blue 3 (P/O Scheidhaner) saw a tailplane just ahead. He immediately put his nose down and to port, noticing at the same moment that about 18 inches were missing from his propeller blades. He had obviously collided with Blue 2 (P/O Williams), the bumpy conditions masking the actual shock of the impact. He decided to dive out of the cloud and came out of cloud base at 2,000'. The last he saw of P/O Williams was his machine going down in a gentle glide at about 2,050'. None of the other pilots were yet aware of what had happened. Then P/O Scheidhaner's engine cut out and he decided to bale out. The abandoning of the aircraft, descent, release from harness, inflation of the dinghy all went quite satisfactory and within 4 minutes he was safely in the Dinghy waving to the other Pilots of the section who were circling overhead giving a fix for Mayday. 10 Spitfires landed at Westhampnett at 1310 hours. A Walrus (No. 277) from Shoreham which had been airborne since 25 minutes after the collision, after being given various vectors, finally picked him up and landed him back at Shoreham at 1440, where he reported the fact of his collision with Williams. A Defiant searched without success for Williams, and a Walrus spotted him floating in the sea. It alighted but found he was dead and he was handed over to a launch which arrived in response to a signal. The loss of such a splendid fellow and skilled Pilot is a sad blow to the Squadron. It is all the sadder when one thinks that he was due to go home on leave a few hours later to see his Wife and the son who was born the evening before.

Scheidhaner later a POW, was executed by the Gestapo having been part of The Great Escape from Stalag Luft 111.

Tragic accidents sadly often occurred throughout the War, another being **Derek Bird (35)** shot down in May 1940.

*“Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I’ve topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark nor ever eagle flew*

*And, while with silent lifting mind I’ve trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.”*

“POST SERVICE “



After Mass we would have normally enjoyed the Hospitality of Giles Delaney and St John’s: Sadly, not this year. BUT John Flood “to our sustenance came” with **Chateau Beaumont** (2016 – a good year). Much enjoyed in the Hotel’s car park!

State of The War Memorial.

Most of you will notice from the Video and the photograph that the Memorial is hardly looking at its best and is in need of cleaning to bring the Portland stone back to pristine condition: there is also minor repair work required.

Under the terms of the sale to de Vere Hotels, it is their responsibility to keep the Memorial in the best condition possible. The matter has been raised with them especially as next year we will mark its Centenary. They are sympathetic, and under normal circumstances would be taking action. Presently, with the

Covid, they have had a difficult year and have had to lay off a large number of staff and there is extensive maintenance and repair work required on the other buildings, particularly noticeable on The White House and the Infirmary – The War Memorial is not high on their agenda.

The Memorial is currently Grade 2* which makes it important and more than of special interest. It needs to be professionally cleaned by Memorial experts.

We will continue to remind de Vere of their obligations and will also advise them to seek funding through the War Memorial Trust and other possible sources and if necessary seek estimates ourselves. We cannot take action on our own though if push comes to shove – we will.

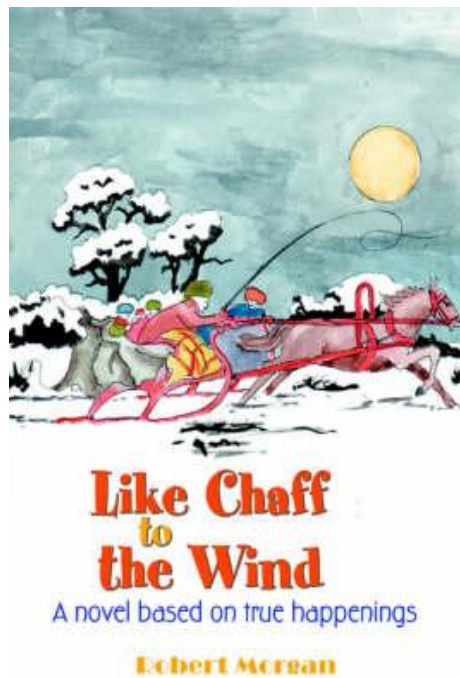
Lords' Memorial Chairs.



Director's Chairs bearing the Coats of Arms of both Beaumont and The Oratory in memory of the Oratory's Centenary year 1959 have been funded by The Oratory for their Cricket Pavilion. A number of these chairs have also been paid for by those OBs attending the Lord's lunch last year.

More BOOKS

The late **Olly Oliver** was a man of many parts and a master of many: he wrote two books one on Heraldry the other a novel which is based on a true story “*Like Chaff to The Wind*” which is still available at Waterstones and elsewhere. He wrote it under the name of Robert Morgan (his second and third Christian names). His good friend **Gregory Hinds** wrote that spelling was never Olly's strong point so there are some bloomers that did not get picked up by proof readers but it is still an enthralling read especially on the First World War. The front cover is the work of Olly.



Robert Henery, a racehorse trainer, is forced by unfortunate circumstances in England to accept a position in Hungary, training the horses for a Count who has a beautiful and self-willed daughter. The chaotic events following the First World War and the Russian revolution soon envelope his life and that of the lovely Elizabet, and their destinies are entwined in the dramatic events that follow, ending eventually in a remarkable denouement in Britain. This is a love story, filled to the brim with adventure, tenderness and dramatic tension, and will hold the reader spellbound.

ED: I am not a natural reviewer of novels and I'm stating the obvious that the test is whether when having made a start and read the first chapter you are intrigued to continue: I did. Stefan's book naturally appealed to me as it covers horses and racing, hunting, The Great War and its aftermath as seen in a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. His description of the behaviour of the Red Guards brings to life a forgotten aspect as the Hapsburg world collapsed. Despite the odd proofing error, it is enjoyable though the use of German

“pigeon” English, although adding realism, does not always make for the easiest of reads. However, he certainly brought to life what is a true story, so overall, a strong recommendation. Stefan, as already mentioned was a man of many parts and it is sad that this was his only venture into Historical novels.

“CROSS BETWEEN THE ANTLERS”

The sporting Memoir of **Fr Francis Fleming SJ (OB)** during WW1: I'm glad to report that **Bertie de Lisle** has completed his excellent sketches. Bishop Richard Moth (Arundel & Brighton and previously The Forces) is writing the Preface. The first draft is printed and the next step will be the publisher.

WEBSITE.

A tentative start has been made on the Scout Group Archive and in the REVIEW you will find an article by **Michael Morris** on the first expedition to Kandersteg in 1960. Any photos that you might have of the Group over the years will be gratefully received.

OBITUARIES.

As previously mentioned I regret to inform you of the deaths of **Stefan “Olly” Oliver (57)** 6th of his family to be Mayor of Bury St Edmunds, **His Honour Judge Michael O’Sullivan (60)** Canterbury Judge and Rugby coach, **John Okell OBE (52)** leading expert on the Burmese language. **Professor Philip Rousseau (57)** authority on Early Christianity. **Royston Sutherland-Fraser (48)** emigrated to Australia. **Fr Bernard Hall SJ** at the age of 99: a one time Provincial 70-76 – he taught at St John’s in 1951 -2. **Baron Ludo de Vleeshauwer (43)**. President of the Belgian Naval War Veterans Association. **Dr John Beatson-Hird (41)** much respected GP. **Sebastian Keep (67)** of whom little is known.

See **OBITUARY Section.** (NEWS Heading and drop down)

In case there was any confusion, and there often has been in the past, the Jill Paton Walsh (Baroness Hemingford) who died 18th Oct was the onetime wife of the late **Anthony (55)** and the sister in law of **JMPW**: his Jill is I'm glad to report in fine fettle.



Farwell to Ludo - described as one of Belgium's National Heroes

John Bidwell's (66) Funeral

John's funeral was on 11th September, at Stone Church in Oxney, Kent, just 10 minutes away from their home. Numbers were limited, but the BU were represented by John's cousin, **Barrie Martin**, and by **Bill Gammell** at the funeral and by **Tony & Annie Outred** at the wake afterwards. John's brother, Adrian gave the eulogy at the church and his two sons, James & Patrick, spoke at the wake when Patrick used several of the tributes we had sent them from John's contemporaries. Juliet stressed how delighted they had all been to receive those tributes. She indicated that she would keep in touch. John was included in the prayers at the Remembrance Sunday Mass at the War Memorial.

“Amuse-Gueules”

Our Correspondent in “The Marches” – Hereford the Wake. Submitted this piece following the announcement of the Boris Barons which included Ian Botham:-



He's opening the batting at Lords today* –
The sun's brightly shining, so time to make hay!
The churchyard's deserted, there's space for a wicket,
If he's caught in the covid... that just isn't cricket!

He's opening the batting at Lords today –
The ball will be swinging, which means he'll be gay!
His facemask's been borrowed, his gloves sanitised,
His box, being bespoke, means his pads are re-sized!

He's opening the batting at Lords today –
The fete was abandoned, those lacklustre sprays!
The peers are all sozzled, the ladies laid out

Bercow's belligerent, Watson's washed out!

He's opening the batting at Lords today –

Cash is to hand, the envelope brown, not grey!

Onward and upwards with willow in hand

Ever to slog in our green and pleasant land!

Thanks to... CJM for photography, Bina for fielding short leg (and looking the wrong way at the critical moment) and the churchyard for providing a sports field, Covid and crowd-free, and as silent as a grave.

- Which I did in 1963 and 1964.

ED: I'm bowled over. Indeed, I'm stumped to come up with a suitable comment perhaps being caught behind in such a pose deserves an appeal. How's that!

BUGS

Our match against the Old Gregorians in September had to be cancelled as with the COVID we were unable to raise a team. (the fact that we would be unable to enjoy the excellent lunch at Denham might have been a deciding factor). **Nigel Courtney** sent a message to the OGS;

“Best wishes for an excellent golf day tomorrow! Please give our best regards to your chaps. We will miss being with you but hope we will be able to provide a challenge this time next year”.

Nigel also wrote to Fellow **BUGS**

Do you remember when Beaumont went down with Asian 'flu? We were all confined to our dormitory cubicles - so there is nothing new about lockdown and social distancing. But the covid-19 pandemic does highlight how attitudes have evolved. Here's how a WWII veteran put it:

1. Can I have more clarity on the “Your country needs you” slogan, it's too ambiguous and I'm confused.
2. Why aren't you doing enough to prevent these air raids?
3. Does the siren apply to everyone?
4. There are only male and female loos in the air raid shelter and I don't identify as either.

5. This respirator haversack has a leather strap and I'm a vegan.
6. Why can't I have almond milk on my ration card?
7. I find the term "black out" offensive.
8. I find the lack of colour options within military uniforms oppressive.
9. Why didn't we have stockpiles of spitfires at the start of this conflict?

Keep safe and laughing.

K9 Colours



What the best dressed pooches are wearing.

Anniversaries.

There are always anniversaries and in September we remembered the end of The Battle of Britain and I hope that we never suffer from "Anniversary fatigue". However, another occurred last June with 70 years since the start of the "Forgotten War".

Remembering Korea 70 years ago.

In June 1950, just five years after the end of the Second World War, war erupted in Korea. United Nations forces, led by the USA, intervened on the side of South Korea, while the (then) USSR and (later) China supported North Korea. Although British forces only made up a small proportion of the troops involved in this conflict, they were involved in heavy fighting.

Korea was annexed by Japan in 1910, and its inhabitants responded by demanding independence. With Japan's defeat in the Second World War, Korea had been divided into two separate zones of occupation, the north controlled by the USSR and the south by the USA.

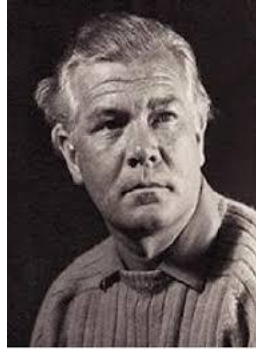
The United Nations attempted to hold elections in Korea in 1948, but the USSR instead established a Communist republic in the north known as the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK). The American zone became the Republic of Korea (ROK). The dividing line between the two new countries followed the 38th parallel.

At 04:00 on 25 June 1950, North Korea, supported by the USSR, launched an invasion of the south. In response, the UN sent a mainly American force to help South Korea. The USA's president Truman regarded this attack as a challenge to American interests in the Far East; Britain, by contrast, had no direct interest in Korea but became involved through its alliance with the USA.

Four million people died during the three-year war on the Korean Peninsula between 1950 and '53, and although nearly 100,000 British troops fought in the conflict it is seen by many veterans as 'The Forgotten War'. Sandwiched between the Second World War and Vietnam, it was fought in an age before television, and the war-weary British public, barely out of rationing, had little appetite for further conflict. The vast majority of British soldiers who served were National Service and once their time was up they often came home, were demobbed and went straight back into the workplace with little recognition of their sacrifice. However as one veteran said:

"You can find certain places and you'd wonder whether it was worth it. South Korea was worth fighting for – look at them today."

I don't have a record of the number of OBs that fought in this conflict but we do know of five, four of whom distinguished themselves and were rewarded for their bravery.



I have written about **William Ellery Anderson (35)** before. He served with the Parachute Regiment in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy, where he won the MC. In the latter stages of World War 2 he served with the SAS, first behind the lines in France, where he was sent to sabotage installations, communications, and railway lines prior to the invasion at Normandy, and then in Norway, where he was responsible for the arrest of quislings. From 1947 to 1949 he served on the War Crimes Commission in Germany. In 1950 Anderson was sent with the Royal Ulster Rifles to Korea. He wanted to carry out SAS type missions behind enemy lines but was refused by the British Command as it was considered too dangerous. He went to the Americans who agreed to his plans, he then specialized in training South Korean guerrillas for behind-the-lines sabotage and intelligence work. After several hazardous missions which he led deep in North Korean territory, he resigned when it became obvious that the Americans were happy to sacrifice his men. The British did recognise his contribution, with the award of another MC and he was appointed MBE: small reward considering the courage shown. After an adventurous life including a Polar expedition and a shipwreck he died in 1992.

Max Hastings, in his book on the War, pays tribute to this remarkable man.



The elder Sir Christopher (95) on his wedding day in 1917

Major Sir Christopher Nixon Bt (36) was the son of **Sir Christopher 2nd Bt (95)**. The younger Nixon together with his brother **Cecil (36)** were both commissioned in The Royal Ulster Rifles. In WW2 both were to be awarded MCs. Christopher was attached to the Indian Army and fought in the Burma campaign. When the Regiment was deployed with 29th Infantry Brigade to Korea, Christopher had command of "A" Company. They arrived in Korea in December 1950 and within weeks were taking part in the defence of Seoul which included The Battle at Chaegunghyon - known as the Battle of Happy Valley: it was the most ferocious and famous battle fought by the 1st Battalion, Royal Ulster Rifle in the Korean War. On the 3 January 1951, the Chinese Army, as part of their Fifth Offensive, made a concentrated attack on the Irishmen with the aim of breaking through the Allied Army and moving south to Seoul. The fighting lasted over 24 hours and involved close-quarter combat with machine-gun, hand grenades and bayonet. Losses were heavy with 157 men killed, wounded or captured.

In April 1951 they took part in the most famous action of the war; The Battle of the Imjin River. On the 22nd April the North Koreans supported by three Chinese armies attempted to break through to Seoul.

Despite facing a greatly numerically superior enemy, the brigade held its general positions for three days. When they were ultimately forced to fall back, their actions together with those of other UN forces, had blunted the impetus of the communist offensive and allowed UN forces to retreat to prepared defensive positions north of Seoul, where the enemy were halted.

"Though minor in scale, the battle's ferocity caught the imagination of the world", especially the fate of the Gloucesters who were out-numbered and eventually surrounded by Chinese forces on Hill 235, Their stand together with other actions of the 29th Brigade in the Battle of the Imjin River, has become an important part of British military history and tradition.

During the battle, "A" Company of the Ulsters under the command of Sir Christopher bore the brunt of the attack on Hill 398 and had to face between 12 and 16 serious massive assaults by the Chinese. However, these brazen daylight attacks were vulnerable to artillery and air strikes and the enemy suffered huge casualties The Irishmen also found they could use their Bazooka anti-tank weapon as a long range grenade and it proved very effective. The Chinese then tried to "burn out" the company using white phosphorus but the Irish dropped into their slit trenches and allowed the fire to pass over them, they then re-emerged to catch the Chinese in the open with their machine guns. Christopher was wounded and mentioned in dispatches for his display of command. He died in 1978 and was succeeded by his brother **Fr Kenneth (38)**.

Four armoured regiments were deployed to the conflict which included the two Irish Regiments: 8th Kings Royal Irish Hussars and the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

With the former was **Major William Hope Nelson** later 3rd Baronet. William was the son of another **William OB** and his aunt was Violet Duchess of Westminster. On leaving Beaumont in 1932 he went to Sandhurst before joining his regiment in Egypt. He fought in the Palestine campaign 36-39 and was MID. As a "Desert Rat" William fought through the North African Campaign. And then Normandy and the advance into Germany. He married in 1945.



Sir William on his wedding day in 1945 to The Hon Elizabeth-Ann Cary daughter of Viscount Falkland.

The Regiment as part of the strategic reserve was sent to Korea to support the British Brigade. They sailed from Southampton to Korea on the HMT Empire Fowey

on 11 October 1950, docking in Pusan on 14 November. Having reached the front, north of Pyongyang all squadrons found themselves in full retreat, regrouping on the Han River. Early in 1951, They were then committed to support the Infantry in the forthcoming battles including the Imjin River. William saw action with the Regiment before joining the Staff as a Lt-Colonel and at the end of hostilities was awarded the OBE for his contribution to the War effort. William who played rugby (Army and United Services) also cricket and boxed for Beaumont was in addition a fine polo player. He died in 1991.

Brig. Paddy Ryan OBE (43). He was commissioned in the Gunners and after his first posting to Ranchi with 2nd Indian Medium Regiment, he went to Korea in 1952 with 74 Medium Battery (The Battleaxe Company) and was in support of 1st Bn The King's Regiment. He spent most of his time on operations attached to the Battalion and following a patrol to point 131 occupied by the Chinese was Mentioned in Dispatches for his part in the action. Paddy was the elder brother of **Kevin (59)** and he married Sue Tolhurst daughter of **John (25)** and sister of **Wilfred (62)** and **Philip (67)**. Paddy died in 2007 at the age of 80.

Michael Huyshe Stafford Webber was the second son of Captain Jack Webber Chairman of The British Show Jumping Association. After Beaumont which he left in 1946, he gained a National Service commission in 5 Innis DG in 1948. His Regiment joined the fighting in November 1952 when the Chinese launched a massive attack on The Hook, a tactically important position held by the British. The Infantry having stoutly defended their positions, were forced back by the overwhelming Chinese attack. Subsequently, the British launched a counter-attack in support as they began the methodical effort to dislodge the Chinese from 'The Hook'; the Regiment, which was armed with the powerful Centurion main battle tank, was part of this attack. Fighting raged on into the early hours of 19 November but, as dawn broke, the Chinese retreated, unable to consolidate their position and hold the ground.

Michael retired in 1953 and eventually became Chairman of the Tinsley Bridge Group involved in many aspects of Engineering. He died in 2013.

Downside monks.

Will Heaven OG writes

The monks of Downside Abbey in Somerset elected a new abbot last Thursday, according to sixth-century rules laid down by St Benedict. The next day, they sent an email notification saying they had voted 'to make a new start and to seek a new place to live'. It was a shock to those who know the place. The monks will leave behind a beautiful abbey church built in the Gothic Revival style — its 166ft tower visible for miles around — a monastery and cloisters, the largest monastic library in Britain and a grand-looking public school with more than 300 pupils.

It's as if a piece of English Catholicism, like a decaying chunk of church masonry, has fallen away. But it has been a long time coming. For the handful of mostly elderly monks left, the decision to leave cannot have been easy. They will have prayed from dawn till dusk. They know that there were enormous failings which allowed child abuse to take place in the school for decades.

The guilty men, as in other Catholic settings, were then wrongly protected by the institution. An unwavering deference from lay Catholics towards them helped. But it was the bonds of loyalty between the monks themselves that led to disaster. These bonds were almost always prized over the safety of the boys in their care.

Nevertheless, the monks' decision to leave is a bold move and the right one now, guided by an outsider: the new abbot brought in from Belmont Abbey. They have put lay Catholics in charge of the school and finally set it free, at great financial cost.

Downside, for all its faults, remains hugely popular with current parents, their sons and daughters, and former pupils who visit, especially at Easter and for wonderful midnight masses at Christmas.

There is no question that, especially in the second half of the 20th century, there was what one former monk called a 'heart of darkness' at Downside, despite its outward signs of success and the positive experience. It has been a painful period especially for the victims of abuse and, I would add, those monks who were good men trying to live their vocations faithfully. But it feels as if the light is finally breaking through.

The Beaumont Union would like to wish our old rivals and friends at Downside all good fortune for the future.

ARTICLES

John Okell: Remembering a 'gentle giant' of Burmese teaching

AUGUST 7, 2020

The British linguist first set foot in Myanmar in 1960 and trained generations of Burmese language students who loved him for his patience, humour and unrivalled expertise.

By LUKE CORBIN



John with one of his students in the early years.

A gentle giant of Myanmar studies has left us. John Okell died painlessly at his home earlier this week. At the time of his death, John was perhaps the English-language world's pre-eminent teacher of the Burmese language. He stood on the shoulders of other giants, but his many textbooks and dictionaries – and his early adoption of audio technology for language learning, including cassette tapes, CDs and MP3s – opened the study of Burmese to thousands of new learners, as did his pioneering work creating the Avalaser Burmese computer font. He also created the most widely used romanisation scheme for transliterating the Burmese language into the Roman alphabet.

John's name graces dozens of acknowledgement sections in theses, articles, books and other publications on Myanmar. He was a true denizen of the scholarly community as well as a much-loved linguist, teacher, friend, father and husband. Simply put, everyone studying Myanmar knew John or wanted to know John. He showed enviable generosity in helping his friends, colleagues and students and was deft in assisting all learners of Burmese in achieving their particular goals.

John was also chairman of the London-based Britain–Burma Society, where he was widely respected as a fair and generous host. I remember, at one of the society's sessions in 2017, a documentary stridently critical of the military regime premiered. John patiently listened to the many complaints from elderly British members who had

had their family's assets expropriated or nationalised. He was always tactful and understood deeply the humanity and sadness of the people living in Burma, who were the real victims of the slide into poverty that the country underwent during the first 40 years of his teaching career. John was committed to teaching Burmese to help Myanmar reconnect with the outside world, whenever it should become politically feasible once more, which it did eventually.

John first began studying Burmese in 1959 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, under Saya Hla Pe and others. He was sent to Burma in September 1960, where he quickly moved out from his assigned university dormitory to a homestay arrangement in Amarapura, near the city of Mandalay. John also lived in a monastery for a time, in a rural village out past Shwebo, north of Mandalay in Sagaing Region, and he even accompanied a theatre troupe for a month, performing in Bhamo, Indawgyi and Mogaung in Kachin State. He roamed to Dawei, Sittwe and Inle Lake, and came back to SOAS a year later speaking fluent Burmese. Being made first Lecturer and Senior Lecturer there, he was eventually hired as Professor of Burmese. John taught or was connected to SOAS in some capacity until his death.

While he did "officially retire" at age 65, John continued publishing on Burmese and teaching for the British government and elsewhere. In October 2016 John taught intensive classes at RMIT University in Melbourne, Australia, for the Australia-Myanmar Institute. It was John's first visit to the country and, at the age of 82, he maintained that he would be getting around only by bicycle. He was unimpressed with Australia's draconian helmet laws, cheerfully describing my home as a "nanny state" for the readiness of its police to stop gentlemen who insisted on riding with a flat cap rather than an Australian Standard-approved bicycle helmet.

John also taught classes in Chiang Mai, Thailand for several years, and beginning in 2009 started teaching intensive courses in Yangon, which he continued for 11 more years. John would make an annual remark about the absurdity that he, a British person, was still being invited to teach Burmese in Myanmar, but there was an insatiable and growing demand by foreigners living in Myanmar for John's inimitable in-person pedagogy.

I had the immense pleasure of working with John while helping administer these intensive Burmese language classes in Yangon in 2017, 2018 and 2019. He used to refer to me as a "brick" (it took me some time to fathom that this was meant as a compliment). In 2017 I assisted John with the typesetting and new digital edition of his Dictionary of Grammatical Forms. Assisting John in his roles as a teacher and as an author was an absolute pleasure. He had an immaculate attention to detail we can only aspire to.

In 2018, the British embassy in Myanmar held an event celebrating the 10th anniversary of the in-country Burmese intensive language course. John and his co-teacher Justin Watkins described the early years of running the course, when Myanmar was starting to “open up” but when it was by no means clear that the radical notion of British linguists teaching Burmese in Myanmar would be tolerated. The surreptitious small class first sat in an improvised environment above an art studio in downtown Yangon, before moving to the French Institute in Sanchaung when the course became official.

The impacts of COVID-19 meant this year’s course had to move online. John still participated as a teacher from his London home but unfortunately fell ill during the first week in June, only two months before he passed away. John was a committed teacher. He taught Burmese right up until he was literally physically no longer able to.

In 2016 John was awarded an honorary doctorate from SOAS. In 2014 he was deservedly honoured as an Officer of the Order of the British Empire for services to UK-Myanmar relations. An incredibly humble person, John was never comfortable with these designations. I asked him several times over the last five years if I could officially interview him for

Myanmar Musings, as podcast of the Australian National University’s Myanmar Research Centre. He always politely refused. “I’m really not that interesting,” he would say.

Well, John, the hundreds of people that have had the pleasure of being touched by your example and conduct, in Myanmar and all over the world, must disagree with you there.

You not only led a phenomenally interesting life, but you have had an incredible, indispensable impact on Myanmar studies since you first set foot in Amarapura in 1960. Your humility, friendliness, openness and patience, your lessons, articles, textbooks and – simply put – your example, will remain with all of us who loved you, for as long as we shall continue to live.



THE TUNNEL: an escape filmed as it happened.

This extraordinary story was retold by the BBC in the last week of October 2019 on Radio 4

Number seven Schönholzer Straße is a narrow tenement one-city block inside what was communist East Berlin. On Friday, September 14, 1962, twenty-nine people walked by twos and threes down this street and through this door. Some had come two hundred miles. All were strangers to this place. They came here past the barriers of the forbidden zone and passed the armed People's policemen on patrol and on post.

Across the vacant lot, they could see the Berlin Wall. They went quietly down these cellar stairs by ladder down a shaft and stood fifteen feet below the surface of Schönholzer Straße. There was a tunnel there, less than three-feet wide and three-feet high. Through this, they crawled—twenty-four adults and five children--one hundred and forty yards to West Berlin, and a free future. Some of the children had to be carried. This is the story of those people and that tunnel as told and filmed by **Piers Anderton (29)** and his team from NBC.

In 1961, Joachim Rudolph escaped from one of the world's most brutal dictatorships. A few months later, he began tunnelling his way back in. Why?

It all began with a knock at the door. Joachim, a 22-year-old engineering student, was in his room at university in West Berlin. He had been studying there for a few months, spending his free time taking photographs, or going to jazz nights.

At his door were two Italian students he knew in passing who had come to ask for his help. They needed to get some friends out of East Berlin and they wanted to do this by digging a tunnel.

This was October 1961, just two months after the Berlin Wall had gone up. Joachim himself had crawled through a field in the middle of the night, making it into the West just as the sun rose. "I didn't want to be part of this new world," he says now. "A world where you couldn't say or think what you want." Now he was in West Berlin, making a new life for himself. But here were these two students, asking him to tunnel back into the country he'd only just escaped from. He could be thrown in prison, even killed. Despite this, he found himself agreeing to help them.

When you're a group of students, who have never dug a tunnel before, where do you begin? Like every good heist, they started with maps. They needed to find a street to burrow under, where they wouldn't dig into the city's water table. They chose Bernauer Strasse, which was a bold move.

Back in the 60s, this street was world-famous because the Berlin Wall ran right down the middle of it. Tourists would go there to take photos of the wall, so it was always busy. Choosing to dig under Bernauer Strasse was like digging a tunnel under Times Square in New York.

Now they had to choose somewhere to start digging. They came across a cocktail-straw factory, set back from the road. They introduced themselves to the owner, who guessed what they were up to. He had also escaped from the East and was more than willing to let them use his cellar.

Next, they needed to find a basement in the East to dig to. They chose a friend's flat, but rather than tell him, they persuaded someone to steal his key and make copies, so the escapees would be able to enter.

Then they started the search for more tunnellers. This was no easy task. West Berlin was full of spies working for the Stasi, the East German ministry of state security. It was the most powerful part of the East German government, combining secret police and the intelligence services.

Eventually, the tunnellers found three other students they thought they could trust, all of whom had recently escaped from the East: Wolf Schroedter (tall and charming), Hasso Herschel (a Castro-loving revolutionary), and Uli Pfeifer (distraught after his girlfriend had been caught escaping by the Stasi).

Best of all, they were engineering students, so they might have a few ideas about how to dig a tunnel. Next, they needed tools. One night they jumped over a wall into a cemetery and stole wheelbarrows, hammers, spades and rakes. Everything was set. On 9 May 1962, just before midnight, digging began at the factory.

“We had no idea where to start,” says Joachim. “We’d never seen a real tunnel. But we’d seen footage of tunnels on TV, ones that had failed, and that gave us ideas about how to dig one. ”Over, the next few nights, they dug straight down, 1.3m exactly. Now they could start digging horizontally towards the East. This was the moment they realised how difficult it was going to be.

“When you were down in the tunnel, you had to lie flat on your back,” says Joachim. “You’d point your feet in the direction you were digging, you held onto the spade with both hands, and you’d use your feet to push it down into the clay.”

It would take them hours to dig out a small heap of earth. They’d put it on a cart, and with an old World War 2 telephone that Joachim had found, ring through to the cellar to alert them that the cart was ready. Someone would then pull the cart up on a piece of rope.

Before long, they established a steady rhythm, spending hours at the factory, digging and hauling carts of clay. After a few weeks, though, they were exhausted. Their hands were covered in blisters, their backs ached, but they had little to show for it. They hadn’t even reached the border. They needed two things - people and money.

Luck again was on their side

NBC News wanted to find a way to tell the stories of Berliners trapped by the wall and attempting escape. One day, one of the journalists in the Berlin bureau came to Executive Producer Reuven Frank with an idea.

"I've got a tunnel," journalist **Piers Anderton** said. Neither he nor Frank could have imagined the drama to follow. They could film it in real time, every twist and turn, not knowing how it would end. It could revolutionise TV news. It had not been long not long before Anderton's search for tunnellers had brought him to Wolf Schroedter, who was trying to raise money for the diggers.

“We brought Piers to see the tunnel,” says Schroedter. “He was really impressed. He told us he wanted to film it. And that’s when we told him our conditions - if NBC wanted to film, they would have to pay us.”

Anderton relayed all this to Frank who agreed straight away. NBC would pay for tools and materials, “and in return we would have the right to film,”

And with that, Frank and Piers had just made one of the most controversial decisions in the history of TV news - a major US news network had agreed to fund a group of students building an escape tunnel under the Berlin Wall.

By the end of June 1962, the students had dug around 50m - almost all the way to the border. They'd been digging for 38 days, eight hours a day.

With the NBC money, they had bought new tools - enabling them to recruit more people to dig - and bought steel to make a rail line for the cart.

The tunnel was soon looking pretty hi-tech, with Joachim its chief inventor. He strung up electric lights, attached a motor to the rails so the cart full of earth would whizz along faster, and he taped hundreds of stove pipes together to bring in fresh air from the outside. Filming all of these contraptions and progress was Piers and his team.

There is no sound in the NBC footage because the tunnel was too small for a tape recorder. On one occasion when they were able to bring down a microphone, you can hear a tram, a bus, and footsteps. "It was incredible," says Joachim. "You could hear everything."

But as they dug further into the East, the sounds above the tunnellers disappeared. Now they were right under the "death strip", a section of land next to the wall, patrolled by armed border guards who were on the look-out for tunnels.

Theirs wasn't the first tunnel to be dug under the wall. There had been others, but most had failed. Only a few weeks earlier, border guards had caught two men digging - shots were fired and one was killed, the other badly injured.

"The border guards had special listening devices that they'd put on the ground," says Joachim. "If they heard something, they'd dig a hole and fire a gun into it or throw in dynamite. So as we dug, we knew that at any time, the ground above our heads could suddenly be ripped open."

Sometimes they could even hear the guards talking. "And we knew that if we could hear them, there was a chance they could hear us. So we couldn't talk anymore when we were in the tunnel."

Fans had to be switched off, which meant it was hard to breathe at the front of the tunnel. All they could hear was the wind and the sound of their own breathing.

"Then there were the sounds that you could never work out," says Joachim. "Was it the Stasi? Were they coming for us?"

One evening, Joachim was digging when he heard a dripping noise. The tunnel had a leak. Within a few hours, water was flowing in. The tunnellers realised a pipe must have burst, and they knew that if the water kept coming, they'd lose the tunnel.

They came up with a risky plan - to ask the West Berlin water authorities to fix the pipe. To their surprise, they agreed. But after it was fixed, the tunnel was still waterlogged. It would take months to dry out.

They had been so close - just 50m away from the basement in the East. All the people they wanted to get through to, were ready and waiting - Hasso's sister, Uli's girlfriend.

It was now July 1962, almost a year since the wall went up. Tripwires had now been added, as well as landmines, electric fences, spikes, spotlights, and should these fail to stop an escapee, the border guards were armed with pistols, machine guns, mortars, anti-tank rifles and flame-throwers.

The 2nd Tunnel

The tunnellers could no longer sit and wait for the tunnel to slowly dry out. Eventually, they heard about another tunnel that had been dug into the East, but left abandoned and unfinished.

The students who had planned this other tunnel asked Joachim and the others if they would be interested in joining forces. They could combine their lists of escapees and get them all through at the same time.

"It seemed too perfect an opportunity to pass up," says Joachim. "We were a group of diggers without a tunnel, and here was a tunnel that needed diggers." They were given just a few details.

The tunnel was meant to emerge underneath a cottage in East Berlin, and about 80 escapees were hoping to crawl through it. A few days later, they went to see the tunnel. "It was a complete shock," says Joachim. "It was nothing like ours."

Joachim's tunnel had lights, telephones, motorised pulley systems, air pipes. This one had no lights, no air pumped in, and the ceiling was so low you could hardly crawl. Every time a car went over the road above, clay would trickle down into the tunnel.

But they decided to stick with it, enlarging it and digging the final few metres until they were directly under the cottage. The tunnel was ready. Now all they needed was a messenger to pass on details to the escapees.

Wolfdieter Sternheimer was another student living in West Berlin. He had heard about the tunnel and had volunteered to help, in return for getting his girlfriend out of the East. Her name was Renate and they had fallen in love after becoming pen-pals.

Sternheimer was useful because unlike all the other tunnellers, he was born in West Germany, which meant he could go into the East whenever he liked.

Over the next few weeks, he went in and out of East Berlin, updating the escapees. The date of 7 August was fixed. The day before, a meeting of the student organisers

was called. Among them was a man Sternheimer says he had never seen before. His name was Siegfried Uhse, and he was a hairdresser.

It was Uhse who stepped forward eagerly when a volunteer to go to the East to deliver final instructions was sought.

But directly after the meeting, instead of going home, he went to a flat codenamed "Orient" where he met his Stasi handler.

Uhse was an informant, who had been recruited six months earlier. The report from that day records what he told his superior: "The breakthrough would happen between 4pm and 7pm" and "100 people were expected."

The Stasi were now onto Joachim's tunnel - the biggest escape operation so far from West Berlin.

Escape day arrived. All over East Berlin, men, women - including Wolfdieter's fiancée, Renate - and children, started to make their way towards the cottage. They set off at different times. Some walked, others took the bus or tram.

Most of them were terrified. They'd hardly slept the night before, spending hours packing and re-packing the one bag they could take with them, squeezing in nappies, photos and clothes. Once they reached the West, this would be all they had to start their new lives with.

As they made their way to the cottage, the Stasi machine kicked in. The commander of the border brigade ordered soldiers, an armoured personnel carrier and a water cannon to meet at a base near the cottage. Then, finally, plain-clothes Stasi agents were sent to the cottage. When they got there, they spread out into the streets and waited. The trap was set.

Back at the tunnel, Joachim, Hasso and Uli were preparing for the breakthrough. These engineering students were afraid. They had never done anything like this before and had no idea if they would even be able to hack into the cottage, or what they would find when they did.

They collected everything they needed - axes, hammers, drills and radios. They had also managed to get hold of pistols and even an old WW2 machine gun.

"We wanted to be able to defend ourselves in case the Stasi were on to us," says Joachim.

Slowly, quietly, they started crawling down the tunnel. When they reached the end, they started hacking into the floor above them.

It was now four in the afternoon and above them, on a street outside the cottage, people were arriving. But when there was no chance of escape, Stasi agents suddenly turned on them, bundling them into cars and driving them away.

Underneath them, Joachim, Hasso and Uli were still hacking into the cottage, unaware the operation had been blown.

“Then suddenly we heard something over the radio from the West,” says Joachim. “They were shouting at us to come back.”

But the tunnellers kept going. “All we could think about were the people coming to the cottage and we didn’t want to let them down,” says Joachim.

They carried on hacking into the floor, until finally they broke into the living room. They held a small mirror up so they could see into the room. It was empty except for a few chairs and a sofa. It was eerily quiet - too quiet. But they had come this far and had to go on. They climbed up into the room and Joachim crept towards the window. He peered through the side of a curtain.

“I saw this man in civilian clothes, just outside the house, creeping under the window. I knew straight away he was Stasi.”

They were terrified. They knew the operation had been blown, but what they didn’t know was that a group of soldiers was now standing right outside the living room door, Kalashnikovs in their hands.

There’s an astonishing moment that’s recorded in a Stasi file. The report states that soldiers were about to burst in to the living room when suddenly they heard one of the tunnellers mention a machine gun. They paused and decided to wait for back-up. They knew their Kalashnikovs were no match for a machine gun.

That pause saved the lives of the tunnellers. They jumped back through the hole into the tunnel and started crawling as fast as they could back into the West, their bags of tools and weapons swinging against their legs.

They knew that at any moment, the soldiers could burst into the room, follow them into the tunnel and shoot after them. It was only a few minutes later when the soldiers rushed into the living room and entered the tunnel, but it was empty.

The Stasi agents were too late to catch the tunnellers. But they had something else - dozens of prisoners to interrogate.

By now, only one person was unaware the operation had been blown - Wolfdieter. He’d been in the East helping out with the operation, and now he was on his way back to the border, excited about seeing Renate. When he arrived at the checkpoint, two men were waiting for him. He knew straight away he had been caught.

First, he was questioned by the police. Then they turned him over to the Stasi. They took him to Hohenschönhausen prison, an old Soviet prison now repurposed by the Stasi. “It was the middle of the night,” remembers Wolfdieter. “I was strip-searched, then given prison clothes. And then the interrogation began. ”In the 1950s, the Stasi

had been infamous for carrying out physical torture. By the 1960s they were relying more upon techniques for psychological torture.

Stasi manuals focusing on how to extract information using these new techniques were published, and senior Stasi officers would teach recruits how to interrogate prisoners at special universities.

The psychological pressure began with the prison itself, which was designed to slowly crush the spirit of its inmates. Prisoners weren't allowed to talk to each other. There was no chatting, no solidarity. In their cells, they had no control over anything - the light switch was on the outside, as was the button to flush the toilet. Then, at some point, the prisoners would be taken to the interrogation room.

"The first interrogation went on for 12 hours," remembers Wolfdieter. "They don't have to beat you. You are tired, there's no water, no food. Nothing."

The transcript of Wolfdieter's interrogation is 50 pages long. His interrogator asks him a series of questions and then goes back over each one, again and again. A few hours later, a new interrogation starts - the same questions, over and over. Bit by bit, tired, hungry and thirsty, he tells them everything.

Wolfdieter was sentenced to seven years' hard labour. And he wasn't the only one. Many of those arrested at the tunnel that night were now in prison, even mothers, separated from their children.

The Second Attempt

You would think that after the operation had been blown, with so many arrested and imprisoned, that the tunnellers would give up. They didn't. They knew the Stasi had no details about their original tunnel and so they decided to try again.

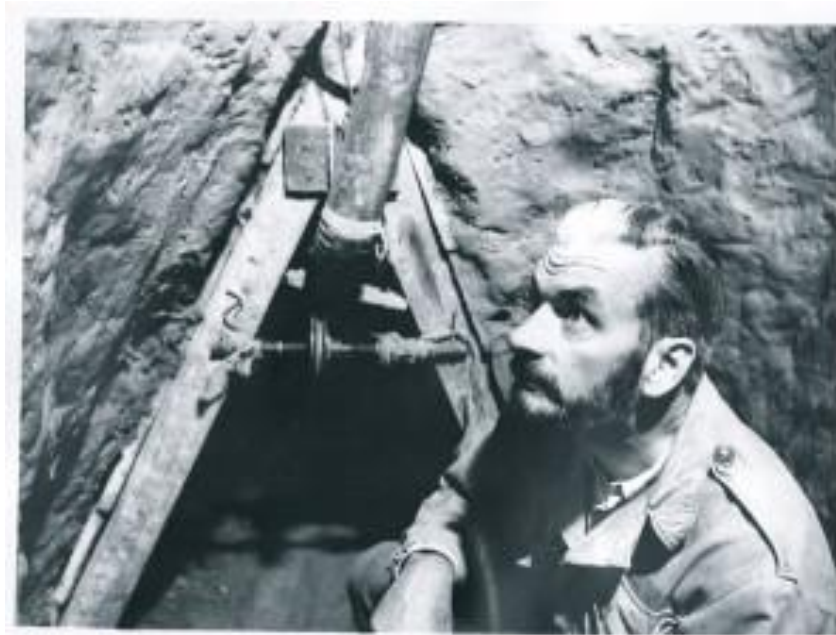
This time, they would keep the details tighter and the group of diggers smaller. It was now September 1962, and the original tunnel had dried out enough to allow work to re-start. But before long, it sprang another leak.

This time, they were too far into the East for the West German water authorities to fix it. The diggers would either have to abandon the tunnel or break through into a random basement.

Using their maps, the tunnellers worked out they were now under Schönholzer Strasse, a street in the East that was so close to the wall it was patrolled by border guards.

Tunnelling up there would be a huge risk - it would be noisy, and what's more, any escapees would have to walk past the border guards to enter the cellar.

It was hard to imagine how it could work, but these diggers had proved they were brave and they were determined to give it another go.



Piers Anderton at the mouth of the tunnel, under a swizzle stick factory in West Berlin (photo courtesy of Birgitta Anderton)

The date was set for 14 September. Some students volunteered to go into the East and tell the escapees the new plan. But like last time, they would need a messenger to cross the border on the escape day itself and give signals, so that the East Berliners would know when to go to the tunnel.

As the tunnel was in its final yards, 18-year-old Peter Fechter was shot trying to cross into the West. He was left to bleed to death at the wall. Those digging underneath the wall pinned Fechter's photograph to the entrance of Tunnel 29 as a reminder of the price they might pay.

Unsurprisingly, after what happened to Wolfdieter, no-one was keen to step forward. But then one of the tunnellers, Mimmo, had an idea - what about his 21-year-old girlfriend, Ellen Schau? Like Wolfdieter, she had a West German passport so she could go in and out of the East, and as a woman, perhaps she would arouse less suspicion? Ellen agreed to do it.

The escapees had been told to go to three different pubs and wait. Once the tunnellers had broken through into the cellar, Ellen was to go to each of these pubs and give a secret signal.

Ellen was filmed as she boarded a train into the East. Wearing a dress, headscarf and sunglasses, she looks like a 60s movie star. You see her check her watch. It's midday. She turns towards the station and runs up the stairs.

Meanwhile, Joachim and Hasso began hacking into the cellar of an apartment on Schönholzer Strasse. Joachim eventually climbed up into the cellar and unlocked the door to the apartment lobby using a set of skeleton keys.

He needed the number of the apartment they'd dug into. First, he went into the hall. No number there. And he realised the only way to find out was to go outside into the street - the street that was patrolled by border guards.

He opened the front door to the building and saw a group of guards sitting in a hut. They were distracted, so he slipped out into the street. "There was a big number seven just above the door," he says.

They used their trusty WW2 telephone to get a message to the rest of the team, who were in a West Berlin flat overlooking the wall. A white sheet was draped from the window - Ellen's signal that the escape was on. From the East, Ellen saw the sheet and went to the first pub to start giving the signals.

"It was really loud," Ellen remembers. "And when I walked in, the men all turned round and looked at me. The signal was for me to buy a box of matches. So I walked up to the bar, and that's when I noticed these people staring at me."

It was a family, sitting at a table. The mother was wearing a dress and high heels, holding her toddler on her lap. Ellen ordered the matches and left. In the next pub she ordered some water - that was the next signal.

When she arrived at the final pub, things didn't go quite to plan. The signal there was for her to order a coffee, but the waiter said they had run out. "It was a terrible moment," she says. "How could I give the signal if the pub didn't have any coffee?"

Instead, she started complaining loudly about the coffee, and ordered a cognac. She drank it, turned around, saw two families waiting and hoped they understood the signal. She left the pub. Her job was done.

As Ellen made her way back to West Berlin, small groups of people started walking towards Shonholzer Strasse. They were doing their best not to stand out, just a few at a time.

Joachim and Hasso were waiting in the cellar, guns in their hands. Just after 18:00, they heard footsteps. "We stood there, hardly breathing, gripping our guns tightly," says Joachim.

The door opened. The mother from the first pub, Eveline Schmidt, stood there, with her husband and two-year-old daughter. They were helped down into the tunnel. "It was dark," says Eveline. "There was just one lamp by the entrance. One of the tunnellers took my baby and then I started crawling."

The Piers and the NBC News team captured some of the most dramatic and moving footage of the Cold War, filming organizers shepherding more than two dozen men, women and babies to the West, where they arrived covered in sand and mud. One

digger was reunited with his wife and new baby who came over through the tunnel; another female escapee wore a designer Dior dress for her escape in order to arrive looking her best.

While the organizers had hoped to use the tunnel repeatedly, it had to be abandoned after two trips due to the leaks.

At the other end, in the West, another two-man NBC film crew were standing at the top of the tunnel shaft. In the footage of this moment, for a long time nothing happens, and then suddenly a white handbag appears. Then there's a hand, and then, finally, Eveline.

She's covered in mud, her tights are torn and her feet are bare. She's lost her shoes somewhere in the tunnel. It's taken her 12 minutes to crawl through it. She looks up towards the camera, blinking into the light. And then she starts climbing the ladder up into the cellar. Just as she reaches the top, she collapses.

One of the NBC cameramen catches her and helps her to a bench. She sits there, shaking, and then one of the tunnellers brings her baby to her. She bundles her into her arms, nuzzling the nape of her neck.

Over the next hour, more people came. There was Hasso's sister, Anita, and others - eight-year-olds, 18-year-olds, 80-year-olds. By 23:00, almost everyone on their list had made it through.

The tunnel was filling with water, but one digger was still waiting. His name was Claus, and he was hoping his wife, Inge, might come.

Inge had been sent to a communist prison camp after she was caught trying to escape with him. She'd been pregnant at the time and he hadn't seen her since.

In the NBC footage, the camera is focused on the tunnel. Suddenly, a woman emerges. Claus pulls her towards him, but she carries on going - she doesn't recognise her husband in the dark. He looks up after her, then hears another noise coming from the tunnel.

It's a baby, dressed in white, carried by one of the tunnellers. He's tiny - only five months old. Claus bends down and gently takes the child, delivering it from the tunnel. It's a boy, his son, born in a communist prison.

Back at the other end, in the East, Joachim was still in the cellar. Twenty-nine people have made it through. With the water up to his knees, he knew it was time to go. "So many things went through my head," he says.

"All the things we'd gone through digging it. The leaks, the electric shocks, all the mud, so much mud, the blisters on our hands. Seeing all those refugees come through, I felt the most incredible happiness."

While the organizers had hoped to use the tunnel repeatedly, it had to be abandoned after two trips due to the leaks.

And what about the tunnellers? Wolfdieter, the messenger caught by the Stasi, was released from prison after two years. Siegfried Uhse was given one of the Stasi's top medals for infiltrating the tunnel and since the reunification has disappeared. Wolf Schroedter and Hasso Herschel worked on other tunnels, and Mimmo's girlfriend Ellen, the brave courier, wrote a book about her experience.

And, finally, what about Joachim? A few years after the escape, he fell in love with Eveline, the first woman who came through the tunnel. Her marriage had broken up and 10 years after he rescued her, he married her. On the wall of their apartment today, there's a pair of shoes that he picked up a few days after the escape. Little did he know when he found them in the tunnel that these belonged to Annett, Eveline's daughter. And so the tunnel that Joachim built, which brought 29 hopeful refugees from the East, also brought him a family.

What about the wall? At least 140 people were killed at the wall before it was pulled down in November 1989. Right now, more walls are being built, dividing cities and countries, but Joachim says there's one thing they have in common. "Wherever there's a wall, people will try to get over it." Or, perhaps, he should say, under it.

Tunnel 29 cost NBC around 50,000 Deutschmarks (about \$150,000 in today's money) and was dealt with "outside the NBC channels." Only Piers and his small Berlin team, the NBC News president, and his assistant knew of the details: no lawyers, no politicians.

The secrecy was, in part, an attempt to hide the planning from Eastern ears. However, the most pressing matter was East-West relations. The risk of potentially sparking an international crisis would have certainly been acknowledged by those in the know at NBC News.

Seeing it as a humanitarian investment as well as a "big scoop," the news channel decided to continue regardless of the politics involved.

When The White House heard about the film and its proposed broadcast so soon after the Cuban Missile crisis, and fearing antagonising the fragile relations with the Soviets still further, they brought all the pressure they could to have the programme binned.

The network quietly put it on the air two months later in December 1962—and it would end up winning three Emmys, including "Program of the Year," and to this day remains a landmark in the history of television. The documentary hauled in more than 18 million viewers, a stellar audience in those days. President Kennedy himself watched it and they said he was moved to tears.

The Los Angeles Times called the program "one of the most profound and inspiring documents in the history of the medium." Anderton and the team produced a fitting tribute to the brave men and women who did all they could to tear down that Wall

Reuvan Frank went on to become president of NBC News but Piers Anderton, would later throw his Emmy in the rubbish bin.

Anderton, who had reported with distinction for the network for half a decade, had been at odds with the State Department all that year, reporting on dangerous (and unreported) dangers for the U.S. in Germany. One State official even raised the issue: was he really pro-American or not?

One month after *The Tunnel* finally aired he went public with some of the administration's attempts to manage the news. A short time later, NBC transferred him to what was then a backwater in network coverage, India. Anderton remained angry about the near-cancellation of the tunnel program. After he won his Emmy, according to his widow, he placed it not on his mantelpiece but on a shelf in the bathroom.

A few years later, when the couple moved to England, he tossed it in the bin.

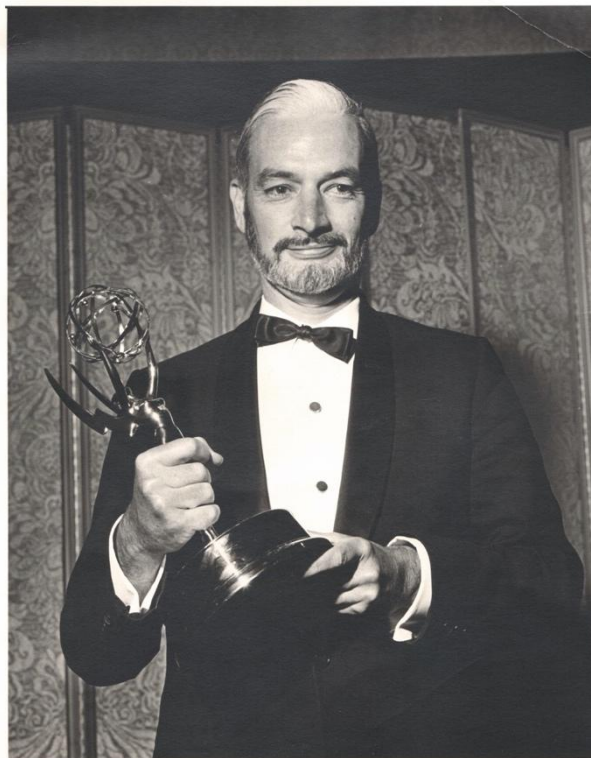


Photo courtesy of Birgitta Anderton

Piers Barron ANDERTON, - Born in San Francisco, CA, September 30, 1918; died in Sussex, England, September 13, 2004, after a battle with cancer. He was survived by his wife of more than 40 years, Birgitta Anderton (nee Kiev); and four children.

Birgitta was Swedish and a renowned textile and tapestry renovator. Piers came to Beaumont with his brother John from San Mateo California leaving in 1929, he then graduated from Princeton in the class of 1938 and served in the Navy during World War II. Following the War, he reported for the San Francisco Chronicle until he became a Neiman Fellow at Harvard in 1954. His career as a journalist included working for Colliers Magazine, writing the news for, and being a foreign correspondent for NBC, a national correspondent for ABC News, and a local commentator for KNBC in Los Angeles, CA. During his work as a correspondent in Berlin, Germany for NBC, **Piers was awarded an Emmy for the Best Programme of the year for his story "The Tunnel" in 1963.** 1964 and he was in the High Himalayas reporting on the Indian Chinese border confrontation and In 1968 he was reporting from Vietnam during street fighting in Saigon and in the same year he was in the Ambassador Hotel and close to Robert Kennedy when he was assassinated. Piers retired in 1971 and had been living in San Francisco and Sussex tending his garden and enjoying life. Memorial Services were held in Sussex and in Uppsala, Sweden where he was buried.

Other awards

The Robert Capa Gold Medal was established by the Overseas American News Agency in honour of Hungarian-born war photographer Robert Capa . The award has been given every year since 1955 to "the best published photo report that requires exceptional courage and entrepreneurship". Exceptionally, in 1962, two photographers, received the Robert Capa Gold Medal. *The award-winning film " The Tunnel "* is about a group of West Berlin students who dug a secret tunnel under the Berlin Wall into East Berlin to save their family and friends. The film was directed by Piers Anderton, cinematographer Peter Dehmel, and cinematographer Klaus Dehmel.

THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

100 years ago, The Unknown Warrior was brought home and **Lt.-General Sir George MacDonogh** as the Representative of King George V played an important role.

It was not until 1920, a few short months before the anniversary of the Armistice when the Cenotaph was to be unveiled by King George V and dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury that David Railton, the Vicar of Margate, wrote to the Dean of Westminster, asking whether he would permit the body of an unknown 'comrade' to be buried in Westminster Abbey. The Dean responded warmly to the suggestion though substituting 'Warrior' for 'Comrade' and wrote to the King. It was now October. The King's initial reaction was discouraging as was made clear in the letter of reply to the Dean from his Private Secretary: "His Majesty is inclined to think that nearly two years after the last shot was fired on the battlefields of France and

Flanders is so long ago that a funeral now might be regarded as belated, and almost, as it were, reopen the war wound which time is gradually healing.”

But the Dean was undismayed. He now wrote to the Prime Minister, Lloyd George, and to the C.I.G.S., Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, who were immediately enthusiastic. Somewhat reluctantly the King gave his assent. An announcement was made in the House of Commons and Lord Curzon, now Foreign Secretary, was appointed chairman of the cabinet committee responsible for the ceremony.

The scene now shifts to France where the selection of the body was to be made.

In October 1920, H.Q. British Troops in France and Flanders was in St. Pol, some twenty miles west of Arras, and the G.O.C. was Brigadier-General Wyatt. As such, it was he who was notified by the War Office about the burial; it was he who issued the necessary instructions and it was he who selected the body.

According to the Brigadier, he gave orders for four unidentified bodies of British soldiers to be brought in, one from each of the main battle areas: Ypres, the Somme, Arras and the Aisne. They were brought in on the night of 7th November and placed in the hut which served as the chapel for the St. Pol garrison. The parties that brought the remains in returned immediately to their respective areas so they had no opportunity of discovering which body had been chosen. At midnight, accompanied by a senior member of his staff, he entered the chapel and selected one of the bodies which lay on stretchers covered by Union Jacks. It was placed in a temporary coffin sent out from England and the lid screwed down. The other bodies were taken out and buried in the nearby British military cemetery of St. Pol-sur-Ternoise.

The next day, 8th November, the body was taken under escort to Boulogne where

It was received by representatives of the British and French Armies and of the French Government. It was then borne by eight Warrant Officers/N.C.Os. representing the R.A., R.E., R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., Infantry (21st Battalion the London Regiment) and the Australian and Canadian Forces into the library which had been converted into a temporary chapel. Here the remains were placed in the special casket brought over from England and banded by two iron straps through one of which was fixed a crusader's sword from the Tower of London.

A guard was provided by 'poilus' of the 8th Infantry Regiment throughout the night. On the coffin was the inscription:

'A British Warrior who fell in the Great War 1914-1918'



General MacDonogh and Marshal Foch salute the unknown Warrior.

At about 10 am on 10th the coffin, covered with a Union flag known as the Padre's Flag, was placed upon a French wagon drawn by six horses and, escorted by the bearer party, was taken to the tollbar where shortly The King's representative, **Lieutenant-General Sir G. MacDonogh. the Adjutant General**, and other British officers arrived followed by Marshal of France Ferdinand Foch. After a fanfare salute from the French cavalry the procession moved off, led by children and representatives of local associations, followed by rank upon rank of French cavalry, infantry and marines. Then came the carriage with the coffin and after it wreaths from the French Government and Armed Services and the Corps of Interpreters. Behind this marched Marshal Foch and **Lieutenant-General MacDonogh**. Through the crowded but silent streets the procession wended its way to be quayside where the destroyer H.M.S. Verdun, lay alongside.

Here Marshal Foch made a brief speech and **Lieutenant-General MacDonogh** replied on behalf of the King. Then, after the two national anthems, the bearer party carried the coffin aboard, as Verdun's white ensign came down to half- mast. The wreaths were placed over the coffin by French soldiers while Foch stood alone by the gangway, his eyes fixed on the coffin. **Lieutenant-General MacDonogh** then embarked and as the band played 'God Save the King' H.M.S. Verdun cast off with an Able Seaman at each corner of the coffin, head bowed and resting on his arms reversed. Ashore the troops stood at the 'Present'. As Verdun headed into the mist a Field Marshal's nineteen-gun salute boomed out; and so the Unknown Warrior began the last stage of his journey home.

Six destroyers of the Atlantic Fleet, H.M.S. Witherington, Wanderer, Whitshed, Wivern, Wolverine (**The command of Cmd. Osmond Prentis (84) KIA 28/4/15 Dardanelles**) and Veteran were waiting out to sea to provide the naval escort and they took station, three in line abreast forward and three in line abreast astern of Verdun. At 3.30 pm H.M.S. Verdun came alongside at the Admiralty Pier, Dover and as she did so a nineteen-gun salute was fired from Dover Castle and the band played 'Land of Hope and Glory'. Six warrant officers representing the various services carried the coffin off the ship and handed it over to six senior officers who acted as pall bearers.

A guard of honour from the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers gave the general salute as the cortege moved off towards the Marine railway station. The body was placed in a special coach which had been previously used to convey the bodies of Nurse Cavell and Captain Fryatt, both victims of German firing squads. At 5.50 pm the special train pulled out.

Three hours later the train drew into Victoria station where a guard of honour from the 1st Bn. Grenadier Guards waited. Behind the barriers packed the crowd and as the train drew to a halt, its coach with the escort and the other with the coffin seemingly covered in wreaths and flowers, there was a deep silence broken only by, as The Times described it, 'the smothered sound of weeping.' Men as well as women wept at the sight of that coach where the dead warrior lay. The body remained in the station in the funeral coach that night, watched over by a guard from the Grenadiers.

November 11th was a lovely autumn day. Early morning mist gave way to mellow sunshine as the crowd began to gather along the processional route and at the shrouded Cenotaph. Troops taking part in the procession and lining the route were from the five regiments of Foot Guards and in addition there were detachments from the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

Just before 10 o'clock the procession started from Victoria led by the massed bands of the Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards and the Pipers of the Scots Guards. The drums were muffled and encased in black. Behind the bands came the Firing Party from the 3rd Coldstream Guards who also provided the bearer party. On either side of the coffin marched the pall bearers: the most senior officers of the three services. The gun carriage, drawn by six horses, came from 'N' Battery R H.A. and on the coffin lay a steel helmet, web belt and bayonet. As the procession moved out of the station along Grosvenor Gardens and into Grosvenor Place a Field Marshal's nineteen-gun salute was fired from Hyde Park. Down Constitution Hill, along the Mall and so into Whitehall they went between lines of troops standing with heads bowed and arms reversed. And behind them stood the thousands who had come to pay their last respects, silent, many in tears, the men bareheaded.

At 10.40 am the King came out from the Home Office accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry (later to become Duke of Gloucester) and the

Duke of Connaught. He took up his place with his back to the Cenotaph, still shrouded with Union Jacks. Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra the Queen Mother and Queen Ena of Spain watched from the Home Office balcony. As Big Ben sounded quarter to the hour the head of the procession passed the Cenotaph, the bands counter-marching to take up their position on the south side. The gun carriage swung round across the road and stopped immediately in front of the King with the pall bearers drawn up in line behind it. The King stepped forward and laid a wreath on the coffin, bearing a card with the following inscription in the King's handwriting:

'IN PROUD MEMORY OF THOSE WARRIORS WHO DIED UNKNOWN IN THE GREAT WAR.

UNKNOWN, AND YET WELL KNOWN; AS DYING, AND BEHELD THEY LIVE.'
GEORGE. R.I.

And now the bands played 'O God, our help in ages past,' while the choir and onlookers sang. It was, wrote The Times, "extraordinarily moving", with the heart-rending roll of the drums rising to a crescendo almost drowning the voices and band. Then the chimes of Big Ben heralded the approaching hour. As the first note boomed out the King turned about and pressed a button which caused the flags to fall away from the Cenotaph. The last note of eleven o'clock died away and everything was still. Throughout the capital, throughout the land, across the Empire and on the seas all stood in silence. The Cornish Riviera express halted near Taplow; the Irish Mail came to a stop near Crewe. The stillness was total, the silence complete.

Then came the clear, haunting sound of the Last Post and as the notes died away the King stepped forward and laid his wreath against the Cenotaph, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister (Lloyd George) and representatives of the Empire.

The procession now began to move towards the Abbey with the King and the Princes marching behind the gun carriage. As the bearer party entered the Abbey with the coffin they passed between two ranks of a guard of honour made up of ninety-six men decorated for gallantry, seventy-four of them holders of the Victoria Cross.

As the choir sang the words from the Burial Service the procession made its way to the grave where the bearer party lowered the coffin, still covered by "the Padre's flag" with the King's wreath and the soldier's sidearms and steel helmet on it. Placing the coffin onto the bars across the open mouth, they then stepped back. The King stood at the head of the grave facing the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean and the Bishop of London; the pall bearers stood on either side while Lloyd George with Asquith and the members of the Cabinet were grouped in rows behind the King. There followed "The Lord's my Shepherd" and a reading, after which the hymn "Lead Kindly Light" was sung. During the singing the bearer party came forward, removed the wreath, side arms and helmet and the Union flag and lowered the coffin into the grave. The service continued, and at the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes . . ."

the King sprinkled French earth onto the coffin (the grave was later filled in with earth brought over from France). After the Lord's Prayer that moving hymn "Abide With Me" was sung with fervour and heartfelt emotion.

The service was now drawing to a close. After two further prayers the final hymn – Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" was sung:

The tumult and the shouting dies;

THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART;
STILL STANDS THINE ANCIENT SACRIFICE,
AN HUMBLE AND A CONTRITE HEART.
LORD GOD OF HOSTS, BE WITH US YET,
LEST WE FORGET – LEST WE FORGET.

The Dean then gave the Blessing. There was a pause and then, very softly at first but growing in intensity came the roll of drums, louder and louder till the Abbey reverberated with the sound, and then it slowly faded to complete silence. Almost immediately the silence was broken by the notes of the Long Reveille. The service was ended and as the band of the Grenadier Guards played a march the King, the Queens, the Princes, Dean and Clergy processed out of the Abbey through the West Door. The Times described the ceremony as "the most beautiful, the most touching and the most impressive that in all its long, eventful story this island has ever seen".



Six days elapsed before the tomb was sealed on the night of 17th November with a temporary stone. In that time over a million people filed past the grave, paying homage to the one who represented all the dead of the Great War; their wreaths they left at the Cenotaph, thousands upon thousands of them. Nearly a year later the American Commander-in-Chief. General Pershing, placed the United States Congressional Medal of Honour at the grave; it can be seen today on a nearby pillar. The Victoria Cross was awarded to the American Unknown Soldier, but not to the British.

The final act took place on Armistice Day 1921 when the permanent stone of black Belgian marble was unveiled by the Dean of Westminster. The Padre's Flag now hangs in the Abbey's St. George's Chapel.

The CENOTAPH.

Another piece of history, the Cenotaph was originally erected as a temporary building of wood and plaster with its elevated tomb to represent those buried overseas. It was hastily built for the so-called Peace Parade in July 1919 when 15,000 servicemen including from the Dominions, colonies and the Allied Nations paraded to mark the end of hostilities and the signing of the Versailles Treaty.



The Indian Army in the Mall

There was one important omission – the Indian Contingent were unavoidably delayed and had to hold their own parade two weeks later. In command of that contingent was **Brigadier Edmund Costello VC, CMG, CVO, DSO (OB)**.

Kandersteg 1960

By Mike Morris

Ed: In answer to my call for photos etc of the Scout Group, Mike has come up with the following which must bring back a few memories.

It's a sunny Sunday morning early in the summer term of 1960. A group of boys are clustered round Father Brogan sitting on the grass under the great cedar not far from the war memorial.

They are all trying to get a look at an unfolded pictogram of the Bernese Oberland in Switzerland.

How do I know this? I was there and I have the actual document on my desk in front of me. The blue twin lakes, Thunersee and Brienersee are in the foreground and the snow-capped peaks of the high mountains above. In a green valley leading up to the left of centre is the ski resort of Kandersteg.

This is the first planning meeting of the August 1960 Beaumont Senior Scouts camp at Kandersteg. There is a covering letter to Fr Brogan for the leaflet from Arnold Glatthard of the Swiss Mountaineering Institute, also on my desk, dated April 1960.

These documents, along with nearly 100 photographs came to me via my younger brother Charles when Father Brogan's effects were made available after his death. Charles spotted me in some of the photos and brought it back for me. Oddly, Brogan stuck a pennant in the front of the photo album which reads "Kandersteg 1959 Beaumont Senior Camp". Adding to the mystery, quite a few of the photos have details handwritten on the back – all dated 1959.



The Scouts' International Chalet, Kandersteg

Fr Brogan's plan, adventurous for that time, was to take a party of scouts by ferry and train to the International Scout Centre at Kandersteg in Switzerland. The centre was housed in an enormous chalet-style building which was originally for workers on the Lotchberg Tunnel which takes the railway through the mountains to the Valais. It opened in 1923 in response to a call from Lord Baden Powell for a place where scouts from across the world could meet.

My first memory is the arrival in Basel after an uncomfortable overnight on the express from Calais. No sleeping compartments for us. We piled out of the train and headed for the station buffet. Coffee like I had never tasted and crisp fresh rolls with delicious cherry jam. Outside, a large Hoover-like machine was polishing the platforms. Welcome to Switzerland!

Next, we took a local train, hard wooden seats, to Thun where, with the same tickets, we transferred onto a lake steamer to Spiez, transferring back to the railway for the climb up the valley to Kandersteg. I was entranced by the blue lake, the high mountains and the neat Swissness of the shoreline villages. Another transport memory was the absence of station barriers. You just walked onto the platform and boarded the train.



Outside the kitchen: P.Hinds (back) M.Houlder The SM, P.Brindley (standing) R. McIlvena

I suppose 'camp' is a bit of a misnomer for this trip. Fr Brogan's title page to the album calls it a 'summer expedition'. We actually slept in bunkrooms in the chalet. There was a choice between wood-fired kitchens and electric ones. We were allocated an electric kitchen, with outdoor dining. We also had an indoor space in the chalet itself. As part of the international vibe, there were joint 'camp fire' evenings in the chalet with each group performing. There was a troop from Scotland who were lively, and of course, lots of jolly German singing. I can't remember what our contribution was.



The complete party (+1 'Pauline') outside our kitchen:

Ian Agnew, Richard McIlvenna, Timothy Brindley, Michael Houlder, David Briercliffe, James Sweetman, Roger Fiennes, Chris Coleman Ian Glennie, Michael Morris ,Hugh Mitchell

Pat Agnew, Rory O'Sullivan, John Prove, Mr McHugh, Fr. Brogan, John Walker, Peter Brindley, 'Pip' Hinds, James Noble,

There were twenty of us scouts. Brogan has meticulously named every one in every photo that he took. There were three adults as well. Father B, Mr. McHugh, who was a Jesuit scholastic, and a chap called John Walker. Walker was a scout, but he wasn't a member of our troop. I think he was a trainee at 'Shell', maybe an OB? (Ed see below) He soon had a poker school going. There is also a photo of 'Mr. C-J' This must be Fr Campbell-Johnstone. But he isn't in the group photo and I don't remember him being there. **Ed: John Walker (53) Shell scholarship in**

Classics at Brasenose Oxford. Joined Royal Dutch Shell, Trained at SOAS and University of Tokio for Japanese.



The Raliegh Patrol on the march I. Agnew Mr. McHugh M. Morris J. Prove R. McIlvenna (something wrong here. I am pretty sure I was in Cook-Wingate joint patrol.

Our scout patrols took it in turns to tackle the peaks. I was in 'Cook-Wingate'. I just loved it. Not everyone was so keen on the mountaineering. Our patrol leader was Rory O'Sullivan.



Rory O'Sullivan P/L of Cook-Wingate

On one climb Rory stayed at the foot of the mountain and sunbathed while the rest of us toiled up to the summit. Hiking destinations included the mountain lake called the Oeschensee, by cable car up to the Gemmi Pass, and a couple of lesser peaks, including First, 7,000 feet – twice as high as Snowdon and Bim Spitzser Stein. This was the highest I got at 9,753 feet. It's a peak on the way to the much higher Doldenhorn.



On the summit of 'First' C. Coleman M.Morris R.Allison R.O'Sullivan Mr. McHugh

Of course, the Bernese Oberland is home to some of the big beasts of the mountain family, including the Eiger and the Jungfrau. More about this famous peak in a moment.

For a few of us who were extra-keen, an opportunity arose to join a more experienced group from St Paul's school. We had got friendly with them as they were in the next-door kitchen. They were tackling the Blumlisalp, 12,000 feet, and invited us along. We hiked up to an alpine hut where we bedded down for the night, full of excitement and expecting a dawn reveille for the assault on the summit.

I woke up and looked at my newly purchased swiss watch- eight O'clock! Apparently, the weather had closed in overnight and the climb was cancelled. Hugely disappointed, we drank our coffee and slouched back down the mountain. In my case, this was probably a blessing. I was ludicrously ill-equipped. I had no climbing or walking boots, and came wearing my smooth-soled CCF boots and the thinnest of ordinary street jackets.



On the 'Plateau' at Jungfrauoch at the foot of the flag-pole (Monch in the background) C.Coleman The S.M. I. Glennie. R.O'Sullivan. Mr McHugh.

Yes, the Jungfrau. An expedition was planned to take the mountain railway to the Jungfrauoch. This astonishing construction winds up the inside of the mountain and comes out on a col near the summit. But there was a snag. If you wanted to do this trip, you had to pay extra and it was expensive. I couldn't afford it so I didn't go. We poor relations had to be content with a rather tame visit to an ice 'palace' in Grundewald.

Many, many years later I represented my employer, Independent Television News at a European Broadcasting Union conference hosted by Swiss TV in Berne. It was the custom on these shindigs for the host to lay on an excursion. You guessed it – they took us up the Jungfrau, all expenses paid and a lavish lunch thrown in. Yay!

There were other excursions. Evidence of the scale of Fr. Brogan's ambition was a day trip by rail to Italy. We took the train through the tunnel to Brig in the Valais changed onto an international train to Stresa on Lake Maggiore. There was lunch in a real Italian restaurant, and time for a swim in the lake and to explore the nearby island 'Isola Bella', then back to Kandersteg in time for supper.

I suppose we all remember Brogan as the ferula-wielding First Prefect. The palms of my hands certainly do. But at Kandersteg he relaxed and appeared more human. Brogan was from South Africa. I remember him talking fondly about his early life in

what he called 'God's Own Country'. He didn't appear phased by the politics at all. The Sharpeville massacre had taken place just a few months earlier. He liked to smoke, and regarded tobacco as one of God's gifts. In the photos he appears startlingly young to me – but then I suppose we all do.



Still on the 'Plateau' - R. Allison. C. Coleman. I. Glennie

Among my fellow scouts, I particularly remember Richard Allison. Richard bought a pair of lederhosen, which he wore constantly. He and I were in the group which Brogan called 'goats' for our ability to skip up the peaks. Also, David Briercliffe. He is the bean pole on the far left of the group photo. We became very friendly, and later I went to stay with him in Chester. My cousin Jane had a thing for him. I suppose they must have met at the centenary ball the following year. Then there was James Sweetman. He and I learned that the only boy to be presented to the Queen on her visit the following summer would be Philip 'Pip' Hinds, the Captain of School. However, Her Majesty was also going to present Queen's Scout Certificates. James and I decided to work together to achieve the Queen Scout badge and get presented. In reality, James did all the organising and I just tagged along. His organising genius led him to become a Colonel in the Royal Signals.

The expedition finally drew to a close, but Brogan had one last surprise. On our way home, we were to spend a day in the Swiss federal capital, Berne. We were all given eight Swiss francs to spend – a dividend on the cost of the trip. I spent mine on a bag of huge and delicious peaches and a souvenir for my Mum – a little salt and

pepper container with a carved wooden bear. The bear being the symbol of the city. Then, all aboard for the train to Calais and, in my case, home to boring old Woking.

P.S. Intriguingly, on the title page of the photo album Brogan wrote “Arranged to correspond with ‘The Kandersteg Log 1960’ produced by members of the party’

I don’t remember ever seeing this document. If anyone has it, or knows anything about it, I would be delighted to hear from them – and have my recollections corrected!

Do email me on mikegmorr@gmail.com.

Ed: John Walker (53) Shell scholarship in Classics at Brasenose Oxford. Joined Royal Dutch Shell, Trained at SOAS and University of Tokyo for Japanese. Eventually left Shell and set up Walker exports. Lover of fine wine and a collector of Victorian paintings. He held a biannual dinner for fellow OBs at his club- The Oriental. RIP 2008. John was a chum of my elder brothers and I recall at Tennis parties at home he would swear in ancient Greek which I found was most impressive!

Richard Allison went to RAF Cranwell on leaving and I recall when I went there with the Sandhurst Equitation Team for a competition I saw Richard wearing a white belt (Confined to Barracks, Restrictions, Stoppages, extra drills and show parades): he was being doubled around the Square. I don’t think he stayed in the RAF for long and is sadly not in touch with the BU.

GISS - GOSS



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

One of the things I most enjoy about running the BU is the correspondence that comes out of the blue, usually asking about a relative from generations past and whether we have any records or photos of their time at Beaumont. One such was from Jaime Arrieta a lawyer in El Salvador.

Dear Robert,

My grandfather **Benjamín Arrieta-Rossi**, a Salvadoran, studied at Beaumont Lodge during the years 1876-1880; his older brother **Joaquin** also studied there before, and also his younger brothers **Reyes and Godofredo** studied afterwards.

Do you happen to have access to a year annual book of the School to look upon if there are photos and comments of those years.

I would appreciate it very much your help, since I am trying to put some family puzzles in order.

Very truly yours,

Jaime

Ed: Regrettably, I was not a great help but it did open up a conversation and I received the following from Jaime: -



Benjamin on the left, Joaquín seated centre, Reyes on right.

With regards to Joaquín Arrieta-Rossi, the elder brother of my grandfather, I do only know that he died when he was very young.

Of my grandfather, **Benjamín Arrieta-Rossi**, I do have some useful information: His father was Reyes de los Ángeles Arrieta and his mother Joaquina Rossi; his father came from Costa Rica, and he was a descendant of the Basque Province (Euskadi) of Spain, and a successful Merchant. His mother was the granddaughter of Coronel José Rossi, who was in charge of the San Salvador Spanish Armed Forces and Interim Governor of San Salvador during the Colony period and he was one of the few people who signed the Independence Act of El Salvador in 1821 representing the Spanish Crown. Benjamin was born on March 30th, 1866, he had six siblings, and he made his notes stating that his father travelled with him to Beaumont Lodge when he was ten years old, where he stayed there for four years and then he was taken to Kalksburg School, run by Jesuits also, in Vienna, Austria, where he stayed for three years, before returning to El Salvador in 1883. He worked for seven years in Guatemala as the General Administrator for well-known landowners, and returned to El Salvador “having made a small amount of capital of his own”. He got married

and had two children, but was then widowed. He was a landowner and worked his own family lands for more than 25 years. He married again to my grandmother María Isabel and they had eight children, later they adopted two more. Two of my father's siblings were catholic priests, one Jesuit and the other one a Diocesan; my father and all of his siblings were educated abroad in Jesuit schools. Later my grandfather brought the Jesuits Congregation back to El Salvador in 1916 (they were expelled from all Latin American countries in the 1870s) and they established an elite school where my father and his younger siblings finished their high school. **Benjamín, my grandfather was a member of the National Assembly, later he was also the equivalent head of todays' Secretary of Agriculture, City Mayor of Nueva San Salvador, and Governor of the La Libertad and San Salvador Provinces.** He was a man of faith, who received it from his parents, and transmitted it to my father and his siblings, quite well I would add since there are not so many parents blessed with two priest sons and in their cases their call comes almost 90% of the faith transmitted to them by their parents: he used to say on Sundays "Mass first and then going to the movies". He really was a good soldier of Christ, as the Jesuits used to call themselves, and a good Beaumont Lodge Alumni worthy to be remembered. He died on March 10th, 1955. His greatest legacy to all of his descendants was the transmission of his faith to all the family members.



Ed: Jaime's great Uncle **Reyes** is not in the centenary lists (There were quite a number of omissions). He went on to serve two terms as **Salvadorian Foreign Minister, Judge of the Supreme Court and Rector of the University of El Salvador.**

However, readers may find the next piece of information of greater interest.

"WRONG GIRL, Fr Bamber"

Any of us fortunate enough to have been taught by Fr Bamber will remember one of his pet phrases was “**and God Bless Marylin Monroe !**”. – which we all agreed with. However, from a Beaumont perspective the appropriate choice should have been **Maribel Arrieta**.



Maribel was the granddaughter of **Benjamin Arrieta-Rossi (80)** and she had more than a passing resemblance to the super star. Now mainly forgotten but in the Fifties, she was considered: -

The most beautiful girl in the world

John Lamperti writes:-



María Isabel Arrieta Gálvez, always called Maribel, was a remarkable young woman, and, as several people commented to me, undoubtedly "the most beautiful girl in El Salvador." There is evidence to back that up. In 1953 she was chosen "Miss Latin America" from among 43 contestants and rode a float in Pasadena's Rose Parade. Then in 1955 Maribel represented her country as "Miss El Salvador" at the "Miss Universe" competition in Long Beach, California. She came in second to the entrant from Sweden, Hillevi Rombin. Maribel was a national celebrity when she returned to El Salvador after the competition, and a considerable crowd, including Enrique Alvarez and his brother Ernesto, was on hand to meet her at the airport.

In fact Maribel's friends had expected her to win the top spot in the contest. One of her classmates from Los Angeles still has a firm opinion:

“She was NOT the second most beautiful girl in the world. She was the MOST beautiful (inside and out). We were all certain that she would become Miss Universe. Why didn't she? She did a very stupid thing. The day before the big judging, she went out on the beach and got a sunburn!!!! Her skin was pink, pink, pink in that swimsuit! In fact, one of the judges did tell her that she lost points for that, and that's what cost her the contest.”

A history of the pageant (found on the internet) confirms that 1955 produced an unusual "scandal" because "a group" questioned the final judgment, insisting that Maribel, described as "the most exact double of Marilyn Monroe," ought to have won. In any case, Maribel had a couple of consolations in addition to her second place finish. First, she was voted "Miss Congeniality" by the other contestants, their own choice for the nicest person among them. She also obtained a short-term contract and acting lessons from Hollywood's Universal Studios, and in November of that year starred in the Mexican film comedy "Nos veremos en el cielo" ("We'll meet in heaven"), which was screened in 1956. Unfortunately, the film was less memorable than Maribel's Miss Universe appearance, and it seems to have been the only one she made.

Maribel was also a serious artist, and studied at LA's College of Art during the early 1950s. In 1953 she received a prize for one of her lithographs and was accepted as a member of the Watercolor Society of Los Angeles. Decades later her paintings appeared in international shows in France, Spain, Belgium, the United States, and Italy. In 1983 one of her pictures won first prize at the International Exposition of Monaco.

One more interesting testimony to Maribel is that she unwittingly played the role of Beatrice for a young Nicaraguan poet in exile:

There in San Salvador, Rigoberto fell in love, with the most passionate Platonic love I have ever seen, with a beautiful young Salvadoran named Maribel Arrieta, the only Central American to win second place in the global contest "Miss Universe."

One day he showed me an exquisitely lettered album full of manuscript poems dedicated to Maribel. I believe that she never came to know Rigoberto personally, since all this happened by way of us.

The Nicaraguan poet was Rigoberto López Pérez, who in 1956 assassinated the dictator Anastasio Somoza García and lost his own life in the act. For many (but of course not quite all) Nicaraguans he is a beloved national hero. The fate of the album of poems written to Maribel is, unfortunately, unknown.

For several years Maribel Arrieta and Enrique Alvarez were frequently together, and friends expected them to marry. Enrique was from a wealthy coffee-growing family;

he was also a leading athlete in several sports and was described as "a divine dancer." Certainly, he was one of El Salvador's most eligible bachelors. Maribel in turn was more than just good-looking; "she was a beautiful person inside and out," says Enrique's friend Antonio Cabrales:

She was fair, blonde, looked something like Marilyn Monroe, that type, but much more beautiful. Marilyn was more sexy, this girl was very humble, very nice--a beautiful girl. She used to come to the games, and that was [Enrique's] girl friend. I used to go with him to give her serenades, guitar playing and love songs, and he'd sing and everything ... I remember all those years.

He really liked this girl. For some reason something happened and he didn't continue with her. Otherwise I think his life might have changed, gotten married ... He never married.

Another friend and colleague, Lino Osegueda, had this to say about Enrique and Maribel: "They were really in love and planned to marry. But her finish in Miss Universe opened for her a year of modeling and touring in Europe, and this led to their breakup. A bit later, Enrique was very upset to read that she was going to marry a nobleman."

And so she did. In December 1956 Maribel was appointed chancellor of the Salvadoran consulate in Amberes, Belgium, where she served until 1963. There she met Jaques Thuret. When the two were married in April of 1961, Maribel herself joined the Belgian nobility as the Baronesa de Thuret. But after the death of Enrique Alvarez 20 years later, Lino received an envelope from Maribel with a photo from the 1950s showing her dancing with Enrique. She couldn't keep it anymore, she explained, since seeing it made her too sad. Lino speculates that the frustrated love affair with Maribel could be the reason Enrique never married, but he isn't sure, and neither is anyone else.

Maribel's marriage with Jaques Thuret produced three children, but their relationship was not a happy one; "Jaques was not a nice man," according to one of her friends. Fortunately Maribel had other interests. She kept up diplomatic work in various positions, and in 1977 became a cultural attaché for the Salvadoran mission to the European Community. Living in Europe also allowed her to continue to study and work as an artist--with considerable success, achieving her first international show in 1974 in France.

Maribel expressed her religious and compassionate feelings by caring for seriously ill persons making the pilgrimage to Lourdes in search of help. She even studied nursing (in Brussels) in order to do this work, and made many trips at her own expense. The Order of Malta in El Salvador honoured her devotion with the "silver

medal of merit Melitense" in 1981, and with the title "Dama de Gracia Magistral" in 1985. Maribel died in 1989 at the age of 55 years.

Another in Touch.

I had a telephone call from **Peter Fane-Gladwin (60)** who has been out of touch with the B U for many a year. He didn't enjoy Beaumont and apart from **Tim FitzGerald O'Connor** (they share Godsons) does not keep up with of his year. Peter was after the details of a **Tim Selby** who he believes to be a cousin. Peter had two brothers at the school – **Dick (60)** Scots Guards killed in a Helicopter accident and **John (62)**. The F-Gs were related to the American **Parrotts** from San Francisco two of whom were KIA in the Great War and are named on the War Memorial.

“Family Silver”



Spotted on ebay by **Peter Savundra**: 1965 Beaumont College vintage silver plate trophy, loving cup. “Good condition, aged look, age related wear and marks” It has **Romain de Cock’s** name on it. Not certain what it was awarded for and whether the condition also refers to the present state of the winner.

Masters (not as we remember)



Well, not quite as we remember them Frs Smalley and Coventry enjoying a pint at St Buenos as young scholastics before the War. The Cove looks positively human!

TREE PLANTING (on a large scale)



Anthony Burton CBE, Trustee (OB 66)

Anthony is a Senior Partner at solicitors Simons Muirhead and Burton. He was Felix Dennis's private lawyer and is a founding Trustee of the Heart of England Forest, appointed in 2003.

"I am committed to helping to deliver Felix's dream of planting a 30,000-acre contiguous broadleaf forest. Trees are of fundamental importance to the environment and the human condition, and the peaceful, majestic and mystical Forest has a uniting and bonding quality."

Anthony's other roles include Chair of the Royal Court Theatre, Chair of the Death Penalty Project and a Council Member of the organisation Justice, an all-party law reform and human rights organisation working to strengthen the justice system.

THOSE INTREPID SAILORS AGAIN

From Nick Shand.

Thank you Robert, for your latest grand oeuvre taking us back several decades. It's remarkable how you manage to dig out so much information. One can imagine the hours dedicated to the task which shows much merit **But it's disappointing to see that our modest offering d'actualité could not be integrated into this edition (- rubric 'Correspondence' ?)**. After all, might it not be of interest to many '67 contemporaries to enjoy the spectacle of their still-living mates indulging in BU conviviality, albeit in mid-Atlantic, raising glasses to residual camaraderie from half century-ago Beaumont?

From The Editor:

Nick, I'm suing you for calumny!!!. You do me a great injustice. If you scroll down the REVIEW you will find in the "Giss-Goss" section "**Three Men in a Boat**" in which your antics mid-Atlantic feature. Far be it from me to suggest that either you are looking at the wrong Review or a visit to an eye specialist is required or possibly both. I'm a reasonable man and am quite happy to settle out of court for a magnum of Ch. Beaumont.

With my best wishes and tongue in cheek,

Nick again: Indeed Robert, my most humble apologies.

Can't think how Summer edition could have been taken for Autumn with no heatwave and the drizzle trickling down.

But no good suing or claiming eye for an eye. The lawyer would quickly hit bottom solvency defending to my last shilling. He'd just claim galloping senility.

Am not even sure where Beaumont vineyard is in fact having only found its product in the local Super when it's 'Fête de Vins' - so romantic even if the contents remain

unsullied. But probably best to leave as such. Not unusual for the 'Chateau' bit turning out to be a large shed.

Do carry on. Only a hundred shopping days before Xmas. That'll require at least a thousand handwashes.

Nick

Chateau Beaumont (for those like Nick are uninformed)



Château Beaumont is a large Cru Bourgeois estate in the **Haut-Médoc** which can trace its history back to 1824. Beaumont was purchased by the GMF Insurance Company in 1986 - 3 years later, GMF teamed up with Suntory to form the company **Grands Millésimes de France** which now owns Beaumont.

Beaumont has 105 hectares of vineyards and the blend typically is 60% Cabernet Sauvignon, 35% Merlot, with a small proportion of Cabernet Franc, and Petit Verdot. The wines are matured in oak barrels (one-third new) for between 12 and 18 months, depending on the vintage.

Beaumont produces medium to full bodied, dry, well-balanced clarets, with firm but supple tannins, and wonderful cassis-scented, sweet, black fruit. **Quintessential gentlemen's claret.**

Tony N-W

Well, Robert - Do you consider that to be a strong enough Grovel? I'd sue him for every penny he hasn't got!!

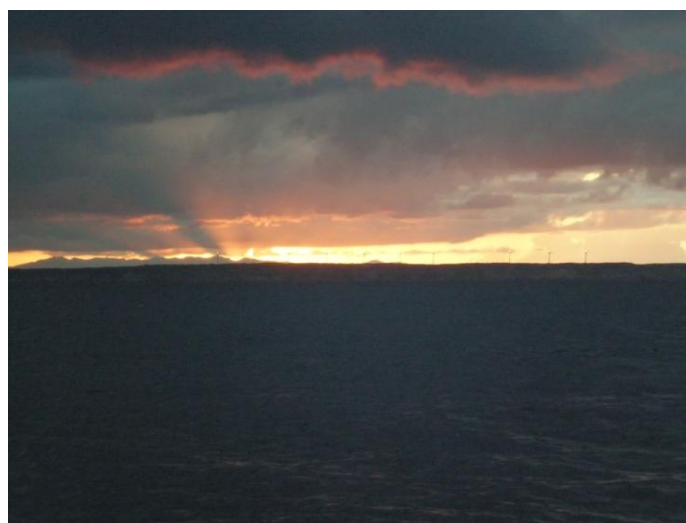
Blessings to all and keep up the hand washing, mask wearing and social distancing. Meanwhile, I have discovered, not a cure or a vaccine, but a way of keeping The Virus away. Its called RUM and is widely available at a reasonable price here and does not require a prescription. I haven't calculated the daily recommended dosage yet but do be assured that I am working on it diligently.

I fully expect that for my efforts I'll be made a Saint and that this event will come early due to liver deterioration: but if I get as much recognition as Marie Curie I'll be content...

From Varyl Chamberlain



I Thought Nick's report (Autumn Review) was succinct and avoided larding the things that broke on board, mainsail and jib halyard, port engine flooding, battery fading because the sodding solar panels were in the sail's shade. Etc!



The meals and booze were top notch, the company great and on many occasions hilarious.

The good fortune of being up for the 4am to 8am watch and seeing the sun rise behind us will be something to remember.

“Of Cabbages and Kings”

The Editor drove up to Leicestershire to meet with **Bertie de Lisle (63)** who is very kindly illustrating the Fr Francis Memoir that we are hoping to have published. I hadn't seen Bertie since leaving school so was much looking forward to a good chin-wag. Bertie had invited me to meet at The Hermitage, the home of monks, now his shooting lodge. I knew I had arrived as young pheasants scattered in front of me going up the drive and horses in the paddocks were contentedly grazing on a warm September morning. I was greeted by Bertie together with a stirrup cup of his damson gin and I enjoyed another while looking at the sketches he had done. Bertie would have liked to have been an artist on leaving Beaumont but in the end settled for the security of architecture. A working life spent in Chelsea with his wife Catherine whom he had known since childhood in France: a son and heir followed with a couple of daughters. Leisure time was spent in Leicestershire with hunting and shooting in the winter months: the de lisle estates of Garendon, Quemby and Grace Dieu lie in the heart of the Quorn country – the best hunting in England and **Gerard** is still the Hunt Chairman. Bertie has now hung up his “swallow tails” and retired from the saddle but still runs the shoot. He is very much a man of “terroir” producing his own vegetables and soft fruit, some of which he distils to make various gins and even a whisky. We enjoyed a most convivial lunch (all his own produce) with of course a bottle of Ch. Beaumont while we chatted nostalgically of times at Old Windsor and country sports both in England and France. I wended my way home in a mellow frame of mind.

FROM SPAIN

In the last REVIEW I mentioned the death of Cedric Scheybeler's wife Elizabeth. What he has been up to since leaving school is revealed in this article:

Cedric Scheybeler is the owner of Quinta de San Fernando and with his late wife Elizabeth founders of *English in the Country*. They also designed, prepared and taught the *EIC* courses. Graduates from Oxford University, both had postgraduate degrees and diplomas in the teaching of English as a foreign language. Their relationship with the world of language teaching is extensive and deep. They were founders of several International House schools, including *International House Madrid*, and their interest was mainly focused on pedagogical issues. They were very used to working with the business world and preparing customized courses for companies.



Quinta de San Fernando

The QSF, where English in the Country teaches its courses, is a place of great beauty. The Saja River flows through the farm, which abounds with trout.



The story goes back to 1926 when Cedric's English grandmother had the idea to turn an eighteenth century mountain retreat into a kind of "country house" where Englishmen would come to fish and play golf in the recently opened Campo de Oyambre. She was one of the few English women who lived in Spain at the time and wanted to make the Quinta a place where the two cultures intertwined; on the outside the architecture of the region was scrupulously respected, but, on the inside, she made an English home. The renovation was carried out by the distinguished Santander architect Lavín Casalís who, in giving form to this idea, was inspired, for example, by the design of the staircase in the one in the Palacio de la Magdalena. The furniture and pictures reflected this encounter between the English and the Spanish and the end result is a remarkable success: the two

traditions merged sympathetically

And so, the QSF has reached our times and in recent years an English garden has been created around the house. But, in essence, the QSF has followed the path set by its founder: an original and friendly English country house, surrounded by an extensive estate in the heart of Cantabria.



After his studies at Oxford, Cedric came to Cantabria in 1976 where he founded *International House* and then, in 1981, *International House Madrid*. Around the exams he has woven a very wide network of Preparation Centres. It was Cedric's initiative to bring the Cambridge exams to Cantabria in 1981.

His hobbies: his garden, landscaping, reading and his two Spanish water dogs.

CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

Editor: hearing that Simon Li was “zooming” on “FLOODERAMA”, I checked up on what he had been doing in retirement. This article was written about “Two Champions of the CMA”.

Julie Evans Donor and Member Communications Manager wrote:



With the establishment of the June and Simon K. C. Li Centre for Chinese Painting Conservation, the Cleveland Museum of Art becomes a leader among US museums to advance the field. The centre is made possible by a transformative \$1.5 million gift from June and Simon K. C. Li, a philanthropic California couple with a passion for Chinese history, culture, and art, as well as a deep appreciation for conservation techniques. Their gift, made through a Schwab Charitable donor-advised fund, matches an equally significant \$1.5 million endowment-challenge grant from the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation.

The June and Simon K. C. Li Centre for Chinese Painting Conservation fills an ever-present void in the United States to care for these centuries-old, fragile masterworks painted on silk or paper. Responding to the urgent shortage of master conservators with the knowledge and skill to preserve these paintings, the Mellon Foundation grant establishes a dedicated endowment fund to support a new generation of conservators.



Photo by Sara Ribbans

Serving as a national training ground for conservators, the center ensures the preservation of Chinese painting masterpieces at the CMA, which has one of the most distinguished Chinese art collections in the West, spanning more than 5,000 years and representing the highest level of artistic accomplishment. “We are pleased to join the Mellon Foundation in establishing the Center for Chinese Painting Conservation,” June says. “We choose to support projects that will preserve and promote the knowledge of Chinese culture and art.”

This is not the first time that the CMA has been the beneficiary of June and Simon’s generosity. In 2015 they sponsored both the hefty 500-page collection catalogue *Silent Poetry: Chinese Paintings from the Collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art* and the derivative focus exhibition *Silent Poetry: Masterworks of Chinese Painting*.

Life experiences have helped shape the couple’s philanthropic choices. June is a respected art historian and retired curator who has spent her career researching, acquiring, and presenting China’s artistic traditions. She was born and raised in Hong Kong and studied art history, East Asian studies, and Chinese art history at the University of Toronto and University of Pennsylvania. After a long career in higher education and museums, she retired in 2014 as the founding curator of the Garden of Flowing Fragrance at the Huntington Library, Art Collections, and Botanical Gardens in San Marino, California, a position she held for a decade. The Chinese garden is one of the largest outside China.

Simon was born in London but spent a portion of his childhood in Hong Kong. He had a

highly distinguished 42-year career in journalism, the last 23 with the *Los Angeles Times*, where he was an assistant business editor, the foreign editor, and an assistant managing editor. In 2010 Simon, now retired, was honoured by his alma mater, Columbia University, with an Alumni Medal for Distinguished Service.



Photo by David Brichford

“When I came to the United States to study, I realized that many Americans had limited knowledge about Asia,” Simon remembers. “In fact, there were many misconceptions because of the Vietnamese conflict. At the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, where I had my first US job as a journalist, I was committed to helping society understand a larger global perspective on life.” That commitment continued in Los Angeles. “With China’s growth and its importance in the world economy,” he says, “it seems more relevant than ever to promote and understand Chinese culture.”

Simon and June agree that Cleveland’s world-class collection of Chinese art persuaded them to fund the centre. “Being a former curator of Chinese art, I understand the importance of the Chinese painting collection in Cleveland,” June says. “The centre will have an impact on preserving the collection and will maintain the tradition of Chinese painting conservation, not just in Cleveland but at other institutions.”

“The Crown Jewels”.

The writer and editor Clive Aslet set himself the near impossible task of choosing 100 English crown jewels. “A thing can be of the utmost value - revered as a landmark, precious as a work of art, totemic as a manifestation of national identity and yet they could so easily be lost”. Lincoln and Ely cathedrals fail to make the list as do the great historic houses such as Blenheim and Castle Howard but the humble **Gilbert Scott Red Telephone Box** makes the cut: “it has little practical use now but it defines our sense of self”.

New British Passport.

I have recently had to renew my passport – a pretty pathetic offering arrived eventually in the post. Those of you who had a 2015 issue of the European variety would have found the visa pages contained 7 tribute pages to “Creative United Kingdom”. One of the pages was of the work of Giles Gilbert Scott.



The new British passport lacks any originality or “presence” and I hardly feel confident that “I will be allowed to pass freely without let or hinderance”. Indeed, I would not be surprised if this document is treated with contempt by foreign officials.

Photos

CORPS of DRUMS 1953 sent in by **John Tristram**



Drum major Lord. Front rank: Burrough, Thornley, McQueen . Left of picture tenor drummer is I think Bird, bass drum Corner. Among the fifes were Nobel winner Leggett and Okell.

A later Generation.

John Marshall sent through this photo of the cast of the Lower Line Play of 1963. "The Town that would have a Pageant". Actually, it is only half the cast as 30 actors were involved.



Back row:

Mike McLean, Chris Garrard, Tim Martin, mules Stapleton

Middle Row: Desmond Craig Waller, Antony Pace, Peter Hammill, Brian Bourke, top of the head of Tom Atlee, Ron Collard, forehead of John Flanagan

Front Row: Robert Clinton, Patrick Stevens, Philip Woollam, Nicholas Hillier

Connections that Strengthen Our Faith by Richard Shullaw.

(Richard has been mentioned in the Press as a friend and supporter of President Bill Clinton who he has known since his days at Georgetown)

As I sat in church in December, surrounded by all the symbols of Christmas, I looked at those around me and reflected on our many connections. Sitting near me were two of my fellow Homebound Communion Ministers. Scattered through the gathering were those Eucharistic Ministers I join at the altar when scheduled to help distribute Communion. Other individuals I knew from the many years I helped facilitate Grief Support sessions. And I also saw those with whom I had served on the Parish Pastoral Council (PPC). My three-year term on the PPC taught me a great deal about the wide range of programs the parish offers, and the magnificently talented leaders who devote their time to make them successful in broadening our faith. When I first became a parishioner in 1977, I sat quietly in my pew with my wife and children, not involved in the programs of the parish. That changed in 1991, after the death of my mother and in 1992 when my wife and I divorced. In that period of sadness, I knew I needed help and to step outside my private self. I got involved with the Grief Support Group,

where I learned from Bill Hocking and Maureen Leventhal, masters of empathy, compassion and caring, to listen quietly to those who grieved, to provide support and let them know that they were not alone and—in the words of Thornton Wilder—that the greatest gift we can give to those we have loved and lost is “not grief, but gratitude.” I also joined the Homebound Communion Ministry. As ministers, we not only deliver Communion, but provide companionship and caring; for some of those we see, we may be the only person they see that week. Sharing the insights found in the weekly readings, learning who they are and letting them know that they are thought of and appreciated as part of the parish community, has been a special grace. My experience has taught me that community requires effort, to go beyond ourselves, to be tolerant and compassionate and charitable in our dealings with others. Parish Life and its varied activities are part of our Holy Trinity community where we share our needs and build connections that give us faith, grace and strength by accompanying one another through the stages of our lives—becoming men and women of faith for others. I am profoundly thankful for all that Holy Trinity has given me, and hope that I have been able to give back in some measure for all the grace that I have received from my fellow parishioners. That grace began in an utterly unexpected way when my then wife and I first arrived in Washington in 1977. I chose Holy Trinity because I had gone to Georgetown University and, before that, to Beaumont College, a Jesuit boarding school in Old Windsor, England. My then wife was Lutheran, and wanted to participate as much as possible in church services at Holy Trinity. We met with Fr. Jim English, who could not have been more welcoming to my wife, and who made her always feel comfortable coming to our services. His emphasis was on the common ties that unite us, rather than differences between our faiths. That meeting and its result has stayed with me over all the intervening years, as a shining example of what makes the Holy Trinity community so very special, each day living up to its mission statement to welcome all to accompany one another in Christ, to celebrate God’s love, and to transform lives.

60 years ago: The Review



Dinner in honour of Sir Charles Russell deep in conversation with Tommy Clayton)

Ex Cathedra;

It was announced that the Queen would visit on the 15th May

40 years to the day that a dinner was held for the 2nd Lord Russell, Beaumont held a similar event for his son the Hon Sir Charles on his appointment as a High Court Judge.

Rhetoric Guests included Sir Allan Lane the publisher of Penguin Books who only the year before had challenged the Obscene Publications Act with D H Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. (Ed: it says a great deal about our Jesuits that allowed senior boys discuss this matter with Sir Allen particularly as the prosecution was led by Beaumont connections).

Less controversial, Sir George Bellew Garter King of Arms and Sir Desmond Morton one time ADC to FM Haig and PA to Churchill.

The Quodlibertarians entertained Prof. William Wimsatt of Yale who lectured on Alexander Pope and Mrs Daphne Levens Theatre Director and critic.

Group II French went to see Moliere's *La Misanthrope* at the French Institute. The same evening the Music Society went to Covent Garden for Rossini's *Barber of Seville*. (ED: this clash of dates resulted in two very disgruntled Wilkinsons playing a prank on Mr Hayward which brought about their permanent expulsion from the French course).

ENTERTAINMENT

Higher Line Play “Heart of Bruce” by Hugh Ross Williamson.

Ian Glennie in the leading role with a cast of 25. Well supported by Colin Russell. There was praise for all from the critic especially for the very clear diction that could be heard quite clearly at the back of the hall. The standard of acting was of a high standard (as well as the both the author and the composer of the *Minstrel’s song* were in the audience). The composer commented that Drostan Stileman’s singing and interpretation was better than that at the Edinburgh Festival. Sumptuous costumes and brilliant make-up as several parts had to age during the play. Another topping production Fr Toby Murray.

Panto “Hansel and Gretel”.

Book by Michael Morris, Martin Haddon, Roger Johansen and Tom Haran. Produced Fr Hanshell, Choreography Fr Murray.

In the view of the Critic amateur Pantos can fail as they try the impossible: Beaumont usually manages to succeed because it is kept simple. This one was, for that reason, a great success: debonaire simplicity. The script was both witty and crisp and the actors well cast to show their talents which are often only known to their friends. There was praise for Tommy Clayton and his orchestra, the singing and the audience who bubbled over with good nature and enthusiasm in the great tradition of music hall.

Class Plays.

A brief look and the Ed. Notes that in the Ruds B production of *The King’s Agent*, John Flood played the prisoner and Simon Potter was especially well cast as the idiot sentry. Ruds A managed to find roles for every member of the class in *The Stolen Prince* – good comic performances by Christopher Newling-Ward and Michael Newton. It is difficult to imagine today that Chris McHugh played the demure maid in the Grammar 1 “Boy Comes Home”.

Choir.

Sung Sunday Mass has made a welcome return. For the High Masses it was Kitson’s “D”, Lasso’s Quinti Toni, Viadana L’Ora Passs, and after pressure from the old hands Perosi’s Missa Pontificalis has been revived.

The Carol Service though a success was probably not to our highest standard as many choristers had bad colds.

SCOUTS.

The Seniors den has been enlarged into another of the old stable lofts. A couple of enterprising Seniors (unnamed) went on a 20 mile hike and camped out the night in December in torrential rain. Plans are going ahead for a summer expedition on a fishing-trawler to the Hebrides and The Western Isles.

The Troop, despite many changes in leadership retained the Poole Ambulance Shield in the

District First Aid Competition. Anthony Northey was awarded his Scout Cord.

Societies

The Quods: most weeks there was a talk by a member or a guest speaker. Among the former were Tarkowski on *“Brideprice in Nigeria”*, Hewins on a neglected dramatist *August Strindberg*, Morris on the *Art of Verse* and Hawkins on *Love Convention*. There was also a piano recital by Hinds to include Beethoven and Chopin. Contributions to *Vril* are being prepared.

Music: The highlight being the visit to Covent Garden otherwise Jazz is proving increasingly popular.

Debating: Prime Minister Morris, Deputy Allison. Opposition Haddon, Deputy Houlder. Hon Sec. Hewins. Serjeant at Arms Hinds. Without Portfolio Tarkowski.

Motions included: *Man in the moon is better left alone*

The House id disillusioned with democracy.

The House prefers the ten gallon hat to the Topper.

The House prefers Rural vegetation to Urban ulceration.

Malt does more than Milton to justify God’s ways to man.

Michael Morris has been elected as Regional Organiser of the Public Schools Debating Association.

Carpentry

New members included Potter who is constructing a wheelbarrow (he started without any drawings or plans). Leshar has been helping Sullivan with his boat (now complete) and is now back to ensuring that he has the best furnished cubicle in the school. Lowe has now laid down the keel of his boat.

Motor. Membership is now up to 150. Various films have been shown and a talk by Ron Flockhart the Jaguar Le Mans driver.

Beaumont is the first school in the country to introduce “The R A C Junior Driver Course”.

Jack Brabham has accepted to talk to the society during the next year.

THE B U.

The Dinner was held at the St Ermyrn’s: Chairman Jim Peppercorn followed by Cyril Russell.

Sandhurst entries: A J Stevens, A J Watt, and P R Doyle.

Dartmouth entry: D Martin

Scholarships: P Clover and H Synnott.

RAF (Tech College Henlow) entry :K Gracie.

The British chase of the Portuguese liner Santa Maria which had been hi-jacked in the Caribbean was led by the Senior Naval Officer West Indies Commodore Colin Shand. The Hi-jacker was rumoured to have been educated at an establishment not unknown to OBs

Lionel Gracey was in contention for the President's Putter at the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society Meeting at Rye.

Piers Southwell has succeeded to the title Viscount.

Peter Levi has completed the Centenary Book on Beaumont to be published shortly.

Halford Hewitt: BUGS lost to Oundle who reached the semi-finals before losing to the eventual winners Rossall. However, retain the title of the best Catholic School. Team: Henning & Meakins. Taylor & Ambrose. Blackwell & Flaherty. Bird & Tolhurst. Russell & Outred.

Other News

Col. Dallas-Waters one -time Registrar of the Privy Council has relinquished his role as President of The SVP. Philip de Vomecourt (French Resistance) hopes to organise an OB lunch in France. L Redmond-Roche is appointed Solicitor to the BBC. Air Commodore Bernard Casey has retired from the RAF, his brother Gerald has settled in the USA.

Trevor Peppercorn is now a Director of Dunlops (photo in the Times) He has been joined in the company by retired Brigadier John Drummond DSO and Eric Cooper-Key MC. Also appearing in the Times – Freddy Wolff (Metal Exchange) with Manuel Bon de Sousa (ALCAN Canada). Alan Russell of Herbert Wagg & Co have merged with Schroeders: he is a Director of the new company. The Hope Brothers are living in Buenos Aires. Walter Sweetman is farming in Rhodesia. Charles Hilterman is in Joannesburg on the Board of Rothmans. His brother James and his two cousins are also out there. Arthur Finlow has emigrated with his family to Australia and Dennis Murphy in Singapore. Col Herbert Purcell has retired from the Army and is involved wth the family business in Dublin. George More-O'Ferral is now Head of Drama at Anglia TV. Peter Wessel is the Organiser of the BBC Transcription Service and his brother Richard has retired as one of the BBC News announcers. Anthony John is Head of the script department of ABC TV. Stephen John (ex Jap POW) is in Durban SA while Noel Kahla is in Beirut with Edmund Asfar. Douglas Seward has retired home from Singapore. Brian Hanafin is another emigrating to Australia

John Tolhurst with his boat *Laherne* was the most successful competitor at Burnham Week. At Arcachon Harry Seward succeeds Prince Philip as the winner of the Duke of Edinburgh Cup in the Dragon class. Lionel Clifford is happy in Mexico City. John Charmant works in St Gallen Switzerland. David White is with his father Everard farming in New Zealand. Patrick Cunningham is working in the USA and Canada but hopes to eventually return to his home in

Rhodesia. Michael de Bertodano is with the family firm in Madrid and often sees Vincente Sartorius. Quentin Macleod is with 1/6 Ghurkas in Jahore.

(ED: One cannot but be struck by the world wide spread of the BU).

Announcements.

Births Douglas Seward , Ian Brotherton , John Jenkins - daughters

Arnold Grogan, Richard Gompertz , Michael McDowell, Hugh Mc Swiney, William Frewen – sons

Engagements. Michael Gompertz, Michael Wood Power, Nigel Found, Simon Nurick. George Hoghton, Michael Coleman.

Marriages. Baron Peter Gemmingen von Massenbach,
Capt. Nigel Magrane.

Deaths.

Gilbert Pownall (94) artist responsible for the mosaics in Westminster Cathedral.

Colonel Harold Stevens CMG, DSO.(00) Famed as “Colonel Buona Sera”and his broadcasts top the Italian people during WW2.

Colonel Justin McCarthy (31). In a traffic accident in the Congo. Led the first ever Irish UN contingent and recorded on a postage stamp



SPORT

1st XV.

After the Indian summer of '60, this year it was the monsoon resulting in a season of low scoring close fought matches. Instead of broken bones on rock hard pitches we had nothing more than athletes foot (Bart Bailey). Of the 12 matches 4 were won , 7 lost and 1 draw. 3 of the loses were against the much heavier and experienced club sides. Against all expectations the most formidable part of the side was the scrum. They might have been light but their play was aggressive: for a low-weight pack they proved highly effective. **(Ed: I note that with the Downside match regrettably cancelled .the side went out for an excellent dinner instead).** Colours – Bailey, Halliday, Allison, Chancellor, Creek, Tolhurst and Trowbridge.

3rd XV

“One fact that must be recorded of the 3rd XV this season is the high quality of its spirit. This was evident in its undaunted acceptance of each fresh challenge, despite depredations of its ranks through illness or the claims of others higher in the socio-rugby scale, and the zest it brought to each practice. Indeed, without such spirit the team would not function or hope to provide a reserve upon which the Second in their hour of need could with confidence draw. If we stress the quality of that spirit, therefore, it in no more mitigation of the physical facts of unremitting defeat. **Ed. As a member of that illustrious band of brothers, I know we were word perfect on the “Dies Irae” which was intoned on each occasion as we came up the drive.**

MASTERS REMEMBERED.

Fr Tom Smalley



Born: 11th October, 1915. Died 11th March, 2005 .

Tom Smalley was born in Bournemouth and was baptised and confirmed at the Sacred Heart, Boscombe, where he was to serve in the last decades of his Life. After

early schooling in Bournemouth he went to Stonyhurst, leaving in 1933 to become a novice at Roehampton, as had his brother John one year before. After first vows he was a junior at Roehampton for two years and then went to Heythrop for philosophy in 1937. Tom then taught for a year at the Mount and in 1941 went up to Campion Hill to read Greats. He achieved a 1st in Mods but then changed over to English. In 1945 he returned to Heythrop for theology and was ordained priest there in 1947. After theology came a year's teaching at Liverpool and then the tertianship in Ireland at Rathfarnham. In 1951 he was appointed to the teaching staff at the Mount, becoming assistant prefect of studies in 1954. In 1958 he taught for a year at Stamford Hill and was then moved to Beaumont where in 1961 he became assistant prefect of studies. In 1966 Tom moved with so many of the Beaumont boys to Stonyhurst, where he became assistant headmaster. In 1969 he moved into parish ministry at Worcester, but only after a year he had to face serious health problems and surgery and in 1970 was appointed to St John's Beaumont. Two years later he returned to Stonyhurst as spiritual father and with some teaching too. In 1980 Tom followed the course in pastoral theology at Marianella, Dublin, and was then appointed to the church staff at Boscombe. In 1997 he had to retire from active ministry and in September, 2003, became a resident at Nazareth House, Hammersmith, as a member of the 'Wimbledon community'. He died there on March 11th.

Both Michael Beattie and Tom Shuffiebotham were boys at the Mount when Tom was there and they both remember him gratefully. Michael had this to say of his schooldays. 'when he gave the homily at Tom's funeral Mass: "As a 'school master he was second to none. He never used notes and could come into the classroom and instil into the dullest of pupils a love for Shakespeare and for classical as well as modern English literature. His knowledge of English literature was encyclopaedic. He had a real flair for communication and {or. engendering the enthusiasm of his pupils. I suspect that he would have found the bureaucracy attendant on modern teaching methods very restricting. He knew his subject and 'his sheer spontaneity was so infectious. You simply caught a love for literature from this great teacher I remember well his Religious Doctrine lessons. Even the most wicked of the boys, among whom I would rate myself became really interested in the content of the Faith and its historical development as presented by Father Smalley. If there are any of his former pupils in church today, I know. 'that they will wholeheartedly 'second' these memories of mine.

For a short while he was a deputy head but administration was not his metier. His place was to be full time in the 'classroom. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be his pupils will be eternally grateful to him for what he gave us all those years ago. It was a dramatic change in ministry when he moved to St George's Worcester and then to Corpus Christi Boscombe. Literature was put to one side and I suspect that many of you will have been quite surprised to hear me speak of his prowess in the classroom, Tom turned his skills to caring for people in every walk of life.

And Tom Shufflebotham writes: "On a happy day in 1951 Tom Smalley, then aged 35, joined the staff at the Mount. A couple of years earlier Noel Stephenson had come. There were

other fine Jesuits in the Community too but with these two I had as a senior a good deal of contact and I have always felt that under God I owed my vocation chiefly to them. They were somewhat different in style but alike in their complete dedication to God and the welfare of the boys entrusted to them.

Very many years later I found myself teaching alongside Tom at Stonyhurst, and my earlier impressions were confirmed. It was not without some envy that I noticed that when boys and parents expressed a preference in the allocation of tutors Tom Smalley would top the list, and with good reason. There was a totality about him: very competent as a teacher (mostly English, especially Hopkins, the subject he had taught me), very well prepared, full of enthusiasm whether in the classroom or in Chapel or faithfully braving the elements to spur on the Rugby team, or pulling his weight in community, or lending a hand to a colleague in need; totally dedicated to the boys' all-round welfare, working minor miracles through encouragement and example rather than hectoring. He was erudite and polished, especially in the field of literature, and we would sometimes pull his leg that it was after his Sunday homilies that a lady colleague would request the written text. Myself, as pupil or colleague, I never heard a breath of criticism of Tom uttered by boy or master. Meeting his standards probably cost him a lot. In those Stonyhurst days there was some increasing nerviness (in the literal, physical sense), but he was far too much a gentleman to take it out on others; the evidence would be limited to a drumming of fingers on the chair-arm.

Some years after I left the Mount I returned for a visit as a scholastic (it was around 1959). I rang the door-bell and it was opened by George Riley, the butler and factotum. Recognising me, he simply said lugubriously, "they've taken our best man away!" Lucky Mount to have had him, lucky other places to have extracted him from the Provincial. In later years I saw Tom only rarely: from this time one memory remains while making my retreat at Boscombe I was eating my supper alone. Tom came in, went over to the bookshelf and brought me a book. "Try that," he said. I did, and it did me good. It was a choice characteristic of him: a deeply religious message but not overtly pious, a true story of a married couple in whom deep humanity was refined through bereavement; a meditation on love stronger than death." Bill MacCurtain has written of the ten years he shared with Tom at Boscombe: "I saw him as a man, of limpid holiness but without piety in the less flattering meaning of the word. He was a very modest man, very humble. He hid his accomplishments from himself as well as from others, Yet he was always generous in his praise. He was an ascetic who. I drove himself in the service of others. Tom was greatly loved by the parishioners. In the local hospital where he was chaplain he was regarded by the staff and patients with great reverence and affection and he was a father to whom they could turn for solace and wisdom. From about 1998 his eyes began to give him considerable discomfort and he could not read easily. He began to feel he was no longer any use in his pastoral work, and suggested that perhaps he should be put in some institution where he would not be in anyone's way. As he became more and more frail and his eyesight failed he would say Mass in our chapel sitting at a small table and I would do the readings. Once or twice he became too ill to carry on and I would have to take over from him. He spent the last years of his life in his little room in Nazareth House in

Hammersmith with only the radio for company. Many would come to visit him there but he did not want them to stay more than a few minutes. Tom Smalley, in a word, was for me everything a Jesuit should be and I felt him to be a gift from God to me at a very difficult period of my life for which I shall always thank Him.

Michael Bossy knew Tom over many years: "I watched Tom in action both at St Ignatius, still at Stamford Hill in the 1950s, when he was a priest and I a scholastic in regency. 'and again in two spells at Stonyhurst, the first when Beaumont had just closed and the second when he returned to teaching after a period of illness.

My first recollection of Tom is on Saturday mornings at Park Lane in Tottenham, next door to the Spurs ground. Tom came to watch the under 14s play Rugby. The terraces were scarcely packed but Tom was there because boys in his class were playing and it was second nature to him to come and watch them. He was quite an exceptional teacher of English and, if pushed, of Latin. Tom, along with Freddie Turner, was the reason why the Province maintained a reputation as first-class educators. He chivvied, corrected, encouraged and enthused his classes. He simply enjoyed being with them. There was never any kind of crisis in Tom's classes, even the more awkward pupils were engaged by his knowledge, his enthusiasm and his genuine care for them. And it was not only the pupils he helped. He was always ready with a brief but apt word of encouragement for a young member of staff or a struggling headmaster.

There are few anecdotes to be told about Tom, He was simply his modest and loving self without quirks or side. I do remember how delighted he was when the then headmaster of St Ignatius (and it seems astonishing that there are readers of *Letters and Notices* who will not have heard of Guy Brinkworth) referred in his Prize Giving speech at the Tottenham Baths to the current exam results as 'a bad retrograde'. Tom often quoted this over the next forty years. If the reader can think of the absolute opposite of the Brinkworth phrase it would suit Tom Smalley perfectly.

There have been many Jesuits who have been, and are, much admired: there are very few like Tom, both admired and loved.

In the funeral homily from which we have already quoted, Michael Beattie spoke of Tom's care for the sick: "His name became a by-word in Boscombe hospital where he was the Catholic chaplain. Everybody knew him. Medical and nursing staff gravitated towards him as their guide, philosopher and friend. He possessed rare qualities of true. 'compassion, patience and gentleness. He had the ability to suffer with those who suffered and to help with intelligence and delicacy and to know just when and how to move away from situations while never deserting those in need . . . He was delighted that the Jesuit Province had decided to build its own nursing home in Boscombe and he told me that he was making a novena not only that the Province would get the necessary planning permission but also that one day he would come back and be the first resident there. In his debilitating sickness he had his sights set on the possibility of being of help and assistance to others.

Michael ended by reading one of the prayers Tom wrote for a little booklet for the use of the sick, prayers to be said “slowly, line by line, not moving on hurriedly”. It is the last prayer in the booklet: “Lord Jesus, you changed water into wine. You walked on the waters and rose triumphant from the tomb. Everywhere we see your transforming power. You lifted people from sadness to joy, from fear to courage, from despair to hope, from misery to peace. Say now the word for me. Say to the sea ‘Be still’ and to the winds, ‘Do not blow’ and there will be great calm. In you, Lord, I can face. I everything. Come, Lord Jesus, be with me” Tom died peacefully in Nazareth House, Hammersmith. Father Provincial presided at the funeral Mass at Boscombe Tom was interred in the Jesuit plot in the local cemetery. ‘May he rest in peace.

TATLER REVIEWS ST JOHN’S



From an early age, boys at St John’s in Windsor – the oldest purpose-built prep in the country – are encouraged to develop independence and, according to the school, those ‘who are

willing to have a go at new challenges' will thrive. The core principle of cura personalis – 'care for each person' – permeates all aspects of school life and wellbeing workshops teach pupils meditation techniques and leads them on mindfulness walks. Boys head on to the likes of Worth and Charterhouse on a healthy number of scholarships, having enjoyed computer coding, creative writing and kick-boxing clubs alongside the academic curriculum and mainstream sports (many rugby teams have enjoyed unbeaten seasons). Rubik's Cubes are a popular preoccupation and boys love building dens in the school's woods and making fires in them 'as a treat'.

GOOD SCHOOLS GUIDE

'THERE'S NOTHING A GOOD SCHOOLS GUIDE WRITER LOVES MORE THAN A SCHOOL THAT SURPRISES THEM...

...WE LEFT WITH THEM BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER, HAVING SPENT THE DAY AT ONE OF THE MOST CONTENTED AND CIVILISED BOYS' PREPS

WE HAVE EVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF VISITING.'

ED: I don't think any of us who were at St John's in the Fifties would have echoed these sentiments: times have changed.

St John's hope to hold a big reunion next Summer (2021) If you would like to be invited to the Evbent please visit:-

[:https://www.sjbwindsor.uk/our-community/old-boys](https://www.sjbwindsor.uk/our-community/old-boys)

SCHOOLDAYS – Philip Stevens continues his life story

That first year at Beaumont was distinguished by my realisation that by accepting a degree of discomfort at the hands of authority, one could avoid doing any work. The Reverend Father John Costigan, the Rector, the head of the Jesuit community and de facto headmaster of the college, tried cajoling, encouraging, appealing to my scarcely interested conscience, and slightly more intemperate beating. It was all wasted: I had decided not to work and work was not to be done. At the end of the first year, disgrace; the school could not maintain a scholarship for a boy who gone from fourth in the top set to an undistinguished middle rank of the second set within three terms. I would no longer be a scholar. It was a bitter disappointment to my parents; educating nine children at public school was not an easy financial task, and to have one child throw away the advantage of a scholar's fees' rebate was not part of the plan.

As bullying had been a part of the fabric half a mile away at St John's, and most St John's boys went on to Beaumont, it was inevitable that the bullying culture survived at Beaumont as well. Senior boys sent juniors to be beaten by the Captain of the School, and that almost unregulated system of control ran alongside another where grievances were resolved by Bootrooms, bare-knuckled and bloody fights run on gladiatorial principles in the dark concrete store where racks of metal cages held rugby boots or whatever other outdoor footwear was required for the term in question. A constant under-current of violence permeated many lives. It may be no coincidence that the Beaumont boxing team was the most feared on the sports circuit of public schools in the South. I have occasionally met people of my own age who recall their trepidation as the day of their fixture to box against Beaumont drew near. One old Etonian, a successful boxer in his day, went so far as to tell me that he only disliked five days in his whole time at school, being the five times that he fought against a Beaumont opponent.

Beaumont was the first place where I experienced the way in which boys can use their numbers and unity to bully teachers. Some staff could control their charges effortlessly, some were not threatened, and some must have hated the thought of going from the Common Room to their assignment in the classroom. It was a matter of small triumph that one new teacher lasted less than a week, and a regular event to cause others to abandon attempts to control their classes.

One St John's and Beaumont contemporary, with whom I found a friendship that only began thirty years later, told me that even at the time he appreciated the incongruity of being beaten for failing to learn by heart the Catechism of a loving and forgiving God. Beatings were as much part of the round of life as they had been at St John's, and created a similar awareness of the random, unstructured and unpredictable nature of justice. It was a very great joy to me, aged fifteen or so, to turn the tables on a fellow-pupil who so over-stated his case for my deserving beating by the Captain of the School that in a rare moment of true justice this awesome figure pronounced that I should receive one stroke of the cane for the original offence, and that my accuser would receive the other five that made up the six that was the normal tariff for the offence.

It was not all bad. In my first term, by dint of not catching 'flu I was last boy treble standing when the parents' Christmas carols concert came round on the last evening of term. I sang the three carols normally sung by three separate treble voices, each more talented than mine. A year later I sang Pitti-Sing in *The Mikado*, in the annual concert production of a Gilbert & Sullivan Savoy Opera. Most of the time was dedicated to lessons, cleanliness and prayer. At other times a range of formal activities and less formal societies was always available.

The Boy Scouts troop was under the leadership of a redoubtable and dedicated Jesuit priest, Father Fizz Ezechiel. We were adventurous, and once the County Ditch, the vague stream that marks the boundary between Berkshire and Surrey, had been dammed, there were endless opportunities to make bridges, rafts, aerial runways and other projects that required

water in which to fall. The scouts had taken over the rooms over some old stables in the grounds, and on Wednesday afternoons Scout Teas were available. Each patrol had its den in one corner, with some safe or unsafe appliance designed to burn bread into something that might pass as toast, and the necessary bread, butter and jam were collected from the kitchens. One patrol had a water boiler that had as its principal component a home-made heating element made out of, among other things, a ruler, a resistor stolen from the physics laboratory and the wire from the coil of an old electric motor, rewound around the ruler. It was crude and effective, and never electrocuted anybody. There was no doubting the worth of being in the scouts, which I enjoyed as being the nearest approximation in my school life to the life we lived at home.

The Scouts had a commercial business, printing school programmes and laundry lists, letterheads, business cards, Christmas cards, wedding invitations and so on. The business premises were in the old laundry buildings at Beaumont. As the school had grown these buildings had been turned into dormitories for the youngest boys in the school, and Father Ezechiel supervised these. He had made space for the Scouts' printing business at one end of his dormitories, and was the resident business manager. Several of us made up trays of type, hand-operated the Adana presses and

learned the trick of turning ordinary ink print into embossed work. Proof-reading a made-up tray of type before printing can be done by using a mirror – the tray is a mirror-image of what will be printed – but it is possible to learn to proof-read mirror writing, and we all tried to master that skill. It was preferable to holding up a made-up tray to the mirrors above the wash-basins in the dormitories. Many parents had their stationery printed by the Scouts' Press, and we had other outside customers as well. A few boys wanted their own calling cards, and we printed these with the solemnity that we gave to the grandest commissions.

The printing business gave us all a number of rules that I have followed ever since, even in the modern home-print world. Chief among them was never to use more than one family of type in any document. Use different sizes of type, use bold and italic variations, but never use more than one family. Keep the margins on either side of the page the same. When there are several pages to a job, number the bottom centre with no adornment, just the number. Never accept an order to print anything in green ink.

Scout camps at St John's had been in the grounds of two smart local convent schools, Woldingham and Farnborough Hill, always with a school atmosphere about them, not least because the scout masters were members of staff, indelibly associated with school discipline. However, Beaumont scout camps were a different story; further afield, far less regimented and far more risk-tolerant; forty years after leaving school I met a former fellow-scout from our Beaumont days who reminded me about one junior scout camp in Somerset. As a leaver after A-levels I was assisting in some Assistant Scout Master capacity. We built an aerial runway – zip-wire - that took advantage of the famous steepness of Porlock Hill. This younger alumnus said that it had been terrifying in its steepness and the speed involved in descending

it. To me it had seemed like a fairly lively but by no means exceptional structure, nothing more to worry about than one would worry about similar constructions at home. In the modern environment it is perhaps more remarkable that no adult scoutmaster or authority figure felt it necessary to inspect the runway before we used it.

One school friend, I had few, had a sister, Jo. She was a year older than me, and we met occasionally at school events like Sports Day, Speech Day and when she came to watch her brother play in inter-school matches. She and I liked each other, and would look forward to seeing each other on such occasions. One summer I went to stay a week with the family, ostensibly to spend time with him. However, Jo's very tactful family left the two of us to our own devices, and as a very naïve fifteen-year old I found the wonderful experience of having my first girl-friend. We weren't left alone too much, and I recall riding bicycles, swimming and my feeble attempts to partner anyone at tennis, a game I have never mastered before or since. It was an idyllic week, and I remember with utmost clarity that first moment of knowing that someone was made happy by my being with her. The ending is less happy; when I got back to school at the end of that summer I was overawed by the experience of having my own girlfriend and for the next several times when she came to see her brother, collect him for days out and so on, I ignored her. The whole experience ended in sadness for both of us when she wrote to me and told me that she loved me and was bitterly hurt by my behaviour. Her brother told me later that he believed that she really had loved me; perhaps that realisation of her seriousness about it all was too much for me to handle at fifteen.

Under the benign command of Major Roddy and the rather harder-edged drill parades of Captain Tom Kelly, formerly senior drill sergeant of the Irish Guards, the school corps taught us to do useful things with huge and heavy portable radios that could transmit a signal across a whole playing-field on a good day. For the many boys from St. Johns, learning to march was unnecessary; we had been drilling to a high standard since the age of eight. We learned to crawl unseen through thick undergrowth, which was represented for the purpose by the immaculately mown outfield of the cricket flats. We learned the use of the Ordnance Survey map, indeed had been learning that for some time, since Major Roddy also taught geography at St John's as well as Beaumont, and considered that it was more useful to be able to read a map than to understand whatever geography our parents thought we were learning. I cannot honestly say that my ability to crawl unseen across a cricket field, or to read a map, at least to the standard that I learned, was ever of great use to me in later life, as we shall see. We attended the annual Field Day manoeuvres with six blank rounds allocated to each and whilst some eagerly awaited the opportunity to fire these blanks, others awaited with equal eagerness the opportunity to trade them for a cigarette or sight of QT, a magazine in which healthy ladies seemed happy to demonstrate that good health definitely begins with an all-over tan.

O-Levels were always going to be a challenge. I was not striving academically and indeed was not striving in any other field either. Father Costigan wrote to my father to say that he

could not allow me to pass into the sixth form with fewer than five O - Levels. Therefore, I recognised the equally clear corollary that I would not need six. The effort put in was exactly enough. Five O - Levels, neither more nor less, passed me into the sixth form to study Physics, Chemistry and Biology, the preferred subjects to be studied by a student aiming to follow his father to the medical school at Edinburgh University.

The winter of 1962, my first in the sixth form, was exceptionally cold. Throughout the whole spring term, we played almost no outdoor sport, and the school turned to ice- skating. The Captain of the School had one unique privilege; there was a small ornamental pond in the grounds and if he and some other number of his assistants could stand safely on ice on this pond he was allowed, once a year to call for a half- day skating holiday. During this Easter Term, however, on several afternoons a week we trooped through the Windsor Great Park to the Cow Pond, where we learned to skate, wearing anything that would slide across the ice. For one single day, when the River Thames had frozen over at Old Windsor, we skated on the Thames. The following day the river dropped, the ice broke and was gone. In due course the ice on the Cow Pond began to thin and crack, and we discovered the attractions of seeing how close to the edges of safety we could reach. It seems now, looking back, that we were living charmed lives; a few fell through the ice, were rescued by colleagues and suffered the penalty of having to go back to school cold and wet. Health and Safety was not as pervasive then as it is today.

Certain limitations now appeared to make my academic choices seem a little unwise. I had not the mathematics to succeed in Physics, nothing like the control of hand to make any success of any of the required dissections in Biology, and no interest whatsoever in any part of chemistry except the bits about making loud bangs. However, the career plan was in place and in due course I was completing university

application forms, the next step on the road that was to lead me to medical qualification. I was invited to interviews, and in due course took the night sleeper to Edinburgh for the first of them. It went very well. The dean of the medical school asked kindly after my father, with whom he seemed to have studied. He took my total lack of interest in work or medicine as signs of a confident and dedicated student with a burning ambition to succeed in the medical world, and offered me a place to study medicine, subject only to the requirement that a half-decent A-Level would be welcomed. However, back at Beaumont, it was perhaps becoming clear to my tutors that a Plan B could be needed, and during that A-Level summer I also sat the Civil Service exam.

The Civil Service did not require one to do clever things in physics, dissect the seventh, vagus, nerve of a dogfish or identify unknown chemicals from a test-tube, and I had sufficient other academic smattering to get a pass. I was, had I known, setting out on a very different career from the one into which I had previously been channeled. In due course the Oxford and Cambridge Examining Board informed me that my three A-levels had been marked, and that I had been awarded three more O-Levels. Edinburgh University wrote a brief letter to say

that their hopes of a half-decent A- Level were not entirely satisfied by three more O-Levels. My medical career was over, strangled at birth by petty rules. I had failed in life.

One memorable event enlivened the catering arrangements in my last term. As each term came to an end, and presumably the school was running out of ready cash, ravioli, a means of disguising packets of the uneatable inside the undigestible became a staple evening meal. One evening, the great trolley containing trays of this mess, one for each table, was wheeled into the senior boys' refectory. The trolley used to arrive by the medium of a lift that rattled into view at one end of the hall. The first table was served its tray, whereupon Patrick put it straight back onto the trolley, with a loud cry "My God - it's bloody ravioli again." Every table did likewise, and as nothing else was on offer, the entire senior refectory refused to leave their places at the end of the time allotted for the meal. The Great Ravioli Riot was under way. In the end, useless shouting by the captain of the school was replaced by more measured persuasion from the Jesuit, Father John Brogan, the Prefect of Discipline was his official title. The riot ended peacefully late that evening, but we never saw ravioli again. In retrospect, the event should be remembered more accurately as 'The Slightly Great Ravioli Sit- in', but the official title still resonates.

I left school at the end of the A-Level season. I had been unable to achieve distinction on the sports field. Hockey was a distinctly minority sport, in which I found that Greenlawns practice matches had prepared me well, so I had at least the slight distinction of being vice-captain of hockey. I had worked hard at avoiding academic work, I had achieved no status as a school monitor or captain of anything, and I had no plan beyond the wish to do nothing that would involve more academic work, attendance at institutions or discipline. On the positive side, I was a competent Boy Scout.

One oddity of Beaumont was the paradox that whilst large numbers of boys were written off academically, and were able to leave the place ill-educated in any formal sense, there was another side to the academic story. If you were identified as having university potential the education was outstanding, and the percentage of boys who

went up to university was extremely high. Of course, having university potential meant Oxford or Cambridge. There were other universities, but for the Jesuits the concept of a decent university was extremely tightly defined. One Jesuit priest, the delightful, when I got to know him years later, Father Herbert Bamber, told a group of us that he was always considered to be of second-rate calibre because he had only achieved a 2:2 degree, not from Oxford, when an Oxbridge 2:1 was scarcely acceptable and a First was the only accepted aspiration.

- oOo-

The Civil Service exam was now revealed in its true colours as the academic entrance exam to The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. I was to attend RCB, the Regular Commissions Board in Westbury, Wiltshire, for some days of aptitude tests and assessment of my latent

OQ, Officer Qualities. My life of tree houses, boats on the river and so on provided exactly the right preparation for RCB, and years of boy scouting had rounded out that preparation. The RCB tested us; got us to solve problems with planks always just too short, barrels always just too small and ropes never quite long enough. I took on the challenges and coaxed the team into getting the tasks done. We also had group discussions, in which candidates hoping to pass the Board pressed forward their personalities and leadership qualities. To anyone with eight brothers and sisters and a Jesuit education the task of shining in these discussions was child's play. Few anxious youngsters of seventeen would enjoy the verbal cut, thrust and bludgeon that was routine to me. One evening we were encouraged to go to the village pub, and to our surprise a couple of our assessors were at the bar as well, fueling the belief that the process of selecting potential Army officers never rested.

The one-to-one interviews were interesting. Colonel Scrope was another Ray Park Avenue resident, a family friend, whom I had joined in taking his daughters to the zoo only a matter of weeks before going to RCB. When I arrived at Warminster, I was surprised to find that he was there, a senior officer in the process that selected cadets for Sandhurst. His greeting at interview was to tell me how much his daughters and his wife had enjoyed the recent zoo trip. He seemed to know all about why I wanted to join the Army, and articulated my unspoken, and unknown, enthusiasm better than ever I could have done. Perhaps it should have been no surprise that I was found suitable to be put forward for officer training at the first opportunity. Having been unaware that I had the slightest interest in joining the Army I was more than a little surprised by the Army's discovery of my potential to be a leader of men and fighter of battles.

I was too young to enter Sandhurst at once, and spent the waiting half-year as a stacker in Maidenhead's most modern, and indeed innovatory, shopping experience, imported from America, The Premier Supermarket. To Granny Betty's distress, I learned that the accepted Thames Valley pronunciation is 'Preem-yer', and to this day have trouble deciding how to pronounce the word when I see it in print. Behind the scenes supermarket life operated according to a strict hierarchy. Shelf stackers were the lowest form of life, at the beck and call of the section supervisors, who were in turn subservient to the department heads of Dry Goods, Butchery or whatever. I stacked dry goods and confectionery; Persil and Dreft in one delivery to the floor, then biscuits and cakes in the next, then tinned food and so eventually back to Persil. In between

times we unloaded the delivery wagons that arrived once or twice a day, and drank vast quantities of tea to wash down the inexhaustible supply of damaged biscuits and cakes that could not be taken up for sale.

We had two instances of panic-buying in my months as a supermarket employee. The first was sugar. That was resolved by our chain's decision to deliver every bag of sugar that was in their warehouses, put it all on the shop floor, taking over large areas where other goods were sold, putting up notices saying Next Delivery Tomorrow and seeing people deciding not

to panic after all. The second was more serious, a salt panic. This was a national issue, only resolved when the chairman of ICI went on TV to say that whilst ICI's plant in Nantwich was working flat-out they remained confident of being able to continue to meet the national demand at current levels for the next four hundred years.

On Friday evening members of staff were permitted to buy damaged goods, such as tins with dents in them, packets of biscuits nicked open by a Stanley Knife cutting too deeply into the outer cardboard bulk box, meat at the limit of its shelf-life. The discount reflected the complete unsaleability of the goods. It took little time for me to realise that a stacker had considerable opportunity to influence his own place in the accepted hierarchy by ensuring that if there would be an accident that damaged goods it would happen when unpacking the biscuits that this colleague preferred, or the baked beans that that one always needed. In the run-up to Christmas there was constant pressure to prepare goods for the floor, and accidents that led to damage to the wrappings of Christmas puddings or mince pies were frequent. As a footnote to this tale of incompetent handling of the goods for sale it is worth noting that there was little absenteeism on Fridays, the day for staff to collect their pre-ordered accidentally damaged goods. As a second footnote, Premier Supermarkets went bankrupt not long after I left them.

The supply chain, 1962 :-

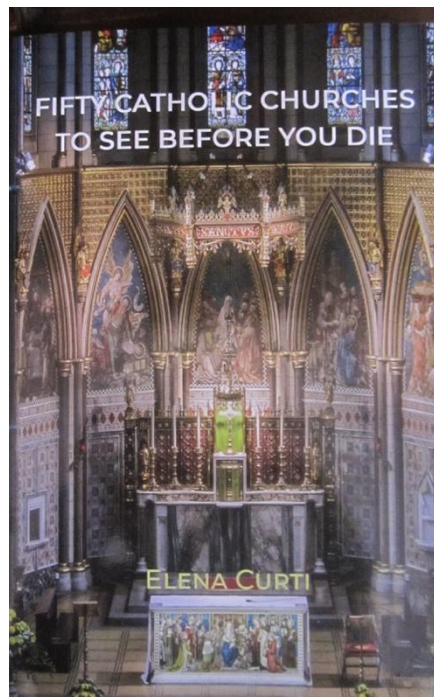


YET MORE READING

Listening to the "Sunday" programme with Edward Stourton on Radio 4, he interviewed Elena Curti about her new book "Fifty Catholic Churches to see before you die". Feeling a little fragile after enjoying a bottle of Ch. N'Import Quoi the evening before I thought I had better get on and order a copy.

Rather like Clive Aslett in trying to select 100 Crown Jewels, it was no easy task for the author. By definition, she has left out our cathedrals but has made a personal selection of ancient, Victorian and modern. Understandably there is plenty of Pugin but a fair amount of our own **Giles G-S** with Our Lady and St Alphege at Bath together with Ampleforth and Downside Abbeys. She includes the great London Churches at Farm St, Spanish Place, the Oratory and Ely Place. There is the French Church in Leicester Sq. where Colonel Remy risked his life in WW2 to have the statue of Our Lady repaired in Paris after it was badly damaged in the Blitz (this episode not mentioned) I note that the Minster built by the **Marshall's** grandfather **Frederick Banham OB** is also selected but nothing of the work of **Adrian G-S..**

Naturally I looked through the book for Beaumont connections especially those churches built by OB families such as the **Lyne-Stephens** Church in Cambridge which does find a place. However what of the **Stapleton – Bretherton's** at Rainhill much admired by Nicholas Pevsner, **The Patmore** Church at Hastings, the **de Lisle's** at Mount St Bernard, the **Tolhursts** at Northfleet and not least my own family at Streatham (**Measures**).



Of course, what this means is that I have talked myself into another series of articles. Starting in the next REVIEW I will include some “Beaumont” churches well worth a visit. Anyone knowing other glaring omissions please let me know.

Press Followers.

Henry Hayward dropped me a line to say that he had read an addendum in the Times to the Obituary of Sir Robert Johnson (barrister) by one of his pupils – **Chris Tailby**. One is pleased to hear that Johnson was courteous to those in The Royal Courts of Justice and rewarded his

pupils, who he also employed as “Navvies”, with an enormous curry.

Remembering Sebastian Keep. (with some geography thrown in).

It all started with an Email from **Chris Tailby** to his year of '67:- I am not sure if **Sebastian Keep** was on any of your radar but I saw his death announced in the Times today. I imagine it is the same guy who started with us at Beaumont as it is an unusual name and the funeral service was at Westminster Cathedral. Memorial service to take place post Covid....I never came across him after I left Beaumont but some of you might have? (ED: Chris obviously keeps an eagle eye on the “dispatch” entries).

A cross-section of replies

Was this the Keep who became a missionary in China? **Varyl Chamberlain**

Sebastian Keep was in our year but left Beaumont at the earliest opportunity, aged 16 I think. He had an ultra-cool aura, willing to argue with teachers. I remember him driving Mr Scott incandescent with rage in a geography class by saying he was allowed gin and tonic at home among other disagreements, causing Mr Scott to climb up onto the window sills, swinging on the sash ropes and foaming at the mouth. Just a normal geography class. Keep was sent out to restore equilibrium. Very soon after leaving Beaumont, **Keep was featured in a Sunday Times colour supplement article confirming his ultra-coolness and implying that he was clearly going somewhere in society without the need of any further education.** Regarding **Sebastian Keep**, I have no idea what he did in life but I am sure it would have been interesting and creative. I hope somebody knows. **Steve Hall-Patch**

Thanks Stephen - I didn't think the Chinese missionary fitted Sebastian.....I do recall the geography class, though. I think it was the same class where **Martin Edwardes** got a “roasting” for suggesting that stuffing went with roast pork..... **Chris Tailby.**

Thanks Steve for the reminder that somewhere our cursus included Geography. Am I wrong though in recalling that every year started off with learning about the Welsh coalfields? And now of course they no longer exist. Did we ever learn about anywhere else? **Nicholas Shand.**

Geography, I remember it well! Major Roddy grabbing my collar and booting me up the arse out the door. And in Rudiments? a lay teacher spouting how privileged we were to be born to rule half the world and how apartheid was necessary as “n.....s” could not become civilised in just a couple of generations, and how the Palestinians did not deserve Palestine because they were only capable of herding goats.. **Nic Coleman.**

**All very interesting but can anyone shed any light on what he did in his life ?
Neil Girkins**

Geography! A few key words were sprinkled about such as "bauxite" and "Africa" and we

were expected to use them as anchorage points to find our way around the subject ourselves at some other time. For 99% of the lesson we were treated to monologues and rants, admittedly usually quite interesting. Steve Hall-Patch.

It's strange isn't it? I remember the name '**Keep**' but can't put a face to the name or remember anything else about him. Even more odd is that I don't remember anything about any Geography lessons although I'm fairly sure I got an O-level in Geography. My Beaumont diaries from around 1964-5 have my class timetables but Geography isn't there! Do you think the 'J's' were pioneers in subliminal learning. Anyway, resquiescant in pace! (I fear that may be the plural though!) **Michael Johnson**

Michael, you were in the main stream, this meant that the Js wouldn't allow your brains to be sullied by studying the humanities. You would have been studying ancient Greek and Latin all day. They must have allowed you a bit of maths and science for those of you who decided to escape from your classical education at the "A" level stage.

Steve Hall-Patch

I remember **Sebastian Keep** ! But the memories are vague ! I am sure it was something creative he was involved in ! Could it have been photography? I believe he was a fun guy ! And a good guy ! In any event RIP Sebastian ! **Jean-Pierre Vuarnoz**

He had impossibly tight drain pipe trousers and longer hair than most. Curly. I seem to remember him running away for a couple of days. A non-conformist aged 14. I still have a clear picture of him. Impressed. **Philip Noble**

I seem to recall Major Roddy as our geography teacher. I've no recollection of any content, bar something to do with the way water disappears into limestone and reappears miles away, plus an account of glaciers which left "moraine" – 55 years later it came in handy to answer a Times Jumbo crossword clue. Thank you, Major Roddy!

David Neckar

Michael, like David, I remember Major Roddy trying to impart his minimal knowledge to us... all I can really recall is that he ripped the map I was drawing out of my notebook a few minutes before the end of class and said 'do it again' or something like that.No recollection of Sebastian Keep. **Philip Woollam.**

ED: Finely, and at long last, **Gino Ciuffardi** seems to have found the man:-

"One-Stop Film Production Service in Europe"

IFILMEUROPE was created through the association of several European line producers.

The original project was based on the visionary idea of **Sebastian Keep**. Sebastian has worked with Production Companies from every continent, and his contacts are invaluable to the success of shoots in all parts of the world. His eye and knowledge of filming around the

world is a huge asset for anyone with an international shoot.

Sebastian joined forces with a small group of European friends to create IFILMEUROPE. The creators have spent the last 20 years working on commercials, features and photographic shoots in every corner of Europe. They have worked for many of the world's top directors and producers.

Based on their long experience of shooting all over Europe, IFILMEUROPE's co-founders have selected the best European partners to create the most trustworthy and reliable network.

Sebastian Keep is possibly the world's most widely travelled location scout. His clients, primarily American and European, include nearly all the major commercials directors. Keep's extensive site research and vast experience coordinating productions start-to-finish have resulted in an unprecedented client offer of dazzling location solutions, both on and off the beaten track.

Ed: Keep came to the school in Oct '62 from Ladycross and started in Ruds "A". he left, we know not when, as there is no Valette entry for him. However, so much written by so many on a person no one can remember.

Colonel Roddy is often the butt of jokes/stories about inadequacies as a master, indeed there is a great deal of truth that at the end of his history lesson " One was an expert on the dispositions at Agincourt but was left none the wiser as to why we were there"..(**Francis Beckett**) In Art, I recall his saying "Wilkinson. the greatest soldiers were also talented artists so learn perspective". (Modestly I can say that I am a good artist but it didn't help my military career). P M Roddy should be given credit as the man that ensured that Beaumont Boxing was second to none. That the CCF was of the highest standard – the '61 Trooping of the Colour impeccable drill and on grass as can be seen on the website video. Finely, his words of wisdom such as "always march towards the Guns" a maxim of Napoleon that you should confront your problems head on. Another, which probably few followed "Never marry for money, but always marry where money is".

Thank you, Colonel Roddy, you may have been a bit of a martinet and your teaching questionable but I passed my "O" level History and Geography for which I remain grateful.

'Orate Fratres'



Another Fr Bernard Bassett Story:

“The early morning Mass was over. The minute server had extinguished the last of the very tall candles, and had retired to the sacristy carrying the missal, the cruets, the altar cards and the extinguisher. He had not dropped anything but he had gone off rattling like a four-wheeler, and the sound of voices in the sacristy led one to believe that the sacristan had told him not once but a hundred times not to do that again. Mrs Reid liked to hear the voices in the distance. It made the church seem less empty and it filled up part of the thanksgiving time. Mind you, she did not tell herself this in so many words, but it was a fact all the same.

The church was now very dim and peaceful, and Mrs Reid felt that the moment had come to get down to her prayers, but much as she loved the Lord she could not get started. What with the - ‘Jimmy Mason’ film she had seen yesterday, and the candles all askew on the high altar, she could neither open nor shut her eyes without distraction. She took up her missal and glanced hurriedly through it, but it was too much like a Bradshaw to give her any consolation except on the very biggest and most straight-forward feasts. Besides it had a map of the Roman Basilicas at the beginning, and only yesterday she had found herself on the Appian Way when the Sanctus bell sounded. Mrs Reid shut her missal with a bang.

Her knees were hurting and so she decided to sit down, but this manoeuvre hurled her umbrella to the ground. Heavens, how the rubber band at the top was worn! She would buy another on the way to the oculist and would also have the button sewn on properly. Mrs Reid picked it up and began to roll it up when she suddenly recalled that she was in church.

“Gracious me, what am I up to?” she whispered, horrified, as she clapped down the umbrella and picked up her other prayer book. “Dear Lord, forgive me, what can I say to You?”

She always brought the other prayer book to church every day though she never knew why. It was stuffed with holy pictures and mortuary cards, and one or two less pious objects. There was a bus ticket and a list of successful candidates for the London Matriculation. Her boy had passed well and his name was underlined in red. Last Sunday by mistake she had taken out the cutting during Benediction, and without thinking had started to read through all the names.

She had got down to the Ks when she saw that odious Miss Perkins looking at her across

the aisle. On that occasion she had audibly whispered a 'Glory be to the Father' and made a Sign of the Cross before putting the cutting away, just to teach the other not to judge her neighbours, but now she felt it was playing with fire to get near the Matriculation results again.

So Mrs Reid fell back on her rosary. She fished it out from her coat pocket – no, it was in her bag after all, funny – and settled down to say her beads. She started correctly but after a few minutes the beads were shooting by too quickly. Hail Marys cannot be said at that speed. Mrs Reid pulled herself up. Where was she, not at the third mystery already? Why she didn't remember whether it was the Joyful or the Glorious.

"Dear Lord, I'm hopeless," she said for the hundredth time before going off on to another distraction.

There was the Canon kneeling on the other side of the church making his thanksgiving after Mass. He knelt so still, with bowed head and joined hands. Never a movement. Mrs Reid stared at him quite openly.

"Dear Lord," she said, "I'm hopeless at prayer; if only I could pray like the Canon. He is a priest so I suppose it is easier for him, because they are taught how to pray in the seminaries. I expect he is having a vision at this very moment. Dear Lord, I am so useless, can't I pray like that?"

Mrs Reid put down her rosary, joined her hands, shut her eyes and tried to pray like the Canon.

Yes, the Canon knelt very still, and he kept his eyes shut, but that was because he had been taught at the seminary that it was not hypocrisy but good example to look devout even when he did not feel it. But as he knelt there his mind wandered from the leak in the roof of St Joseph's chapel to the Archbishop's cold, and from the archiepiscopal cold to the way his server sniffed during Mass. Really, he must summon up courage to tell the boy even if it led to an attack of sulks and no server for a week. Perhaps he could ask Mrs Reid to say the responses, she was always regular in the mornings. The Canon knew she was here now for he could hear her rosary rattling against the bench.

"Dear Lord," said the Canon, "I'm hopeless. Here I am wandering about thinking of roofs and sniffs when I should be thanking You for the honour given me each morning of holding in my hands the living God. Here am I, a useless shepherd, wasting my time thinking of money and temporal trivialities, while one of my own parishioners is praying as I ought to be. O Lord, if only I could pray like Mrs Reid. I'm hopeless."

The old Canon fumbled in his pocket and drew out his rosary beads.

And from on high the Son of God looked down on them with love, for although He now enjoys eternity, He has not forgotten just how long a quarter of an hour can be. And just as it is the time and trouble taken that makes a letter from a friend so welcome, so it is the time and trouble taken that makes prayer acceptable to God. For prayer is not unlike a letter to a

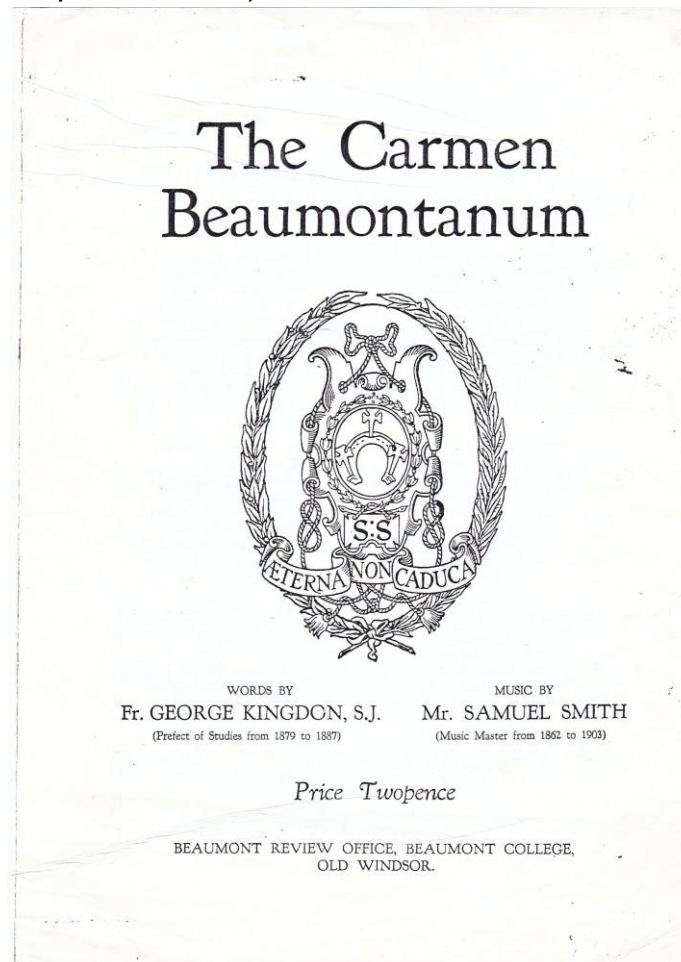
loved one, beginning with a big Beloved and then skipping from triviality to triviality till it reaches the triumphant conclusion "Yours very devotedly". This is what pleases God.'

Sad Mackay Legacy.

Caroline Emmett great-great granddaughter of **Clarence (92)** has been convicted of causing death by dangerous driving. She is also the grand- daughter of Irving Berlin who was married to Clarence's daughter Ellin. Caroline an American citizen who is resident in France, told the court she had never driven on the left-hand side of the road prior to the trip to Scotland for a friend's birthday. On the wrong side of the road she hit an oncoming car killing an 83 year-old Woman. She was sentenced to 500 hours Charity work which started in November.

"Twopence a Copy".

Malcolm Pritchett sent me an original copy of the Carmen – music by Samuel Smith, words by Fr George Kingdon. Perhaps a classist would like to provide a translation to all the verses (a little Covid diversion to pass the time)



CARMEN BEAUMONTANUM.

Concinamus gnaviter,
Omnes Beaumontani,
Vocem demus suaviter,
Novi, veterani.
Etsi mox pugnavimus,
Jam condamus enses
Seu Romani fuimus,
Seu Carthaginenses.

Dum studendi tempus est,
Acriter studemus;
Porro quum ludendum est,
Ludis indulgemus.
Sana mens in corpore
Sic nutritur sano,
Simus ita nomine
Digni Beaumontano.

Nihil non assiduo
Deus dat labori;
Fitque labor strenuo
Facilis amori.
Eia, ergo, pueri
Deum diligamus;
Ad majorem Domini
Gloriam vivamus.

Cultus Dei pristinus
Nobis manet idem;
Nos Mariam colimus
Et Romanam fidem.
Stanislaum, juvenem
Sanctum, invocamus,
Hunc patronum nobilem
Læti celebramus,

Rex Anglorum floreat;
Floreat Regina;
Fausta semper vigeat
Regni disciplina.
Dumque gentes superat
Virtus Anglicana,
Inter omnes splendeat
Domus Beaumontana.

Chorus.

**Nunquam sit per sæcula
Decus istud vanum,—
Vivat sine macula
Nomen Beaumontanum.**

CORRESPONDENCE

From Carol Montgomery (Henry Stevens' partner)

Greetings all, from Florida:



Sunday, 15th November 2020, marks a year's passing since losing the indefatigable Henry Charles Auverny Stevens. Still constrained by the crazy COVID world we find ourselves in, we continue to be unable to gather to celebrate either the simple pleasures of friendship and family, or indeed to meet up to celebrate a life well lived, as I had so hoped to do in memory of Henry, in West Sussex, last summer. Whilst a poor substitute for a proper gathering, I find comfort and even a smile or two, recalling the Eulogy read at Henry's well attended service, written and so beautifully presented by Julian Stevens. I share it below, with love to you all and prayers that soon we will be free to see each other again, and toast to the remarkable life of Henry Stevens whom so many of us adored. xx Carol

From James O'Brien (54) MB FRCP

Since I live on the other side of the Atlantic (Canada) I will *not* be at the memorial service. I will throw in here that I have just published a medical memoir **'He's around here somewhere'**. Though even if you wanted one how you could get a copy, is another matter.

The uncle after whom I was named, Dr. James V. O'Brien, was killed in Ypres in 1916 and both my parents were GPs who continued to practice in London throughout WW2. Given these circumstances if for no other reason, I always wear a poppy on Remembrance day and go to a Remembrance Day service here.

Until a few years ago the leading light of Nova Scotia Veterans in Halifax was the late **Colonel (Rtrd) Bruce Oland** an old Beaumont Boy and what a character he was.

From Tim Ruane (52)

I had a delivery of a case of 12 from Avey's and 3 bottles had the name J. P. Moueix labels. The name Moueix rang a bell, being involved with Ch. Petrus and I looked it up on the internet and "Lo and Behold" there was an appreciation of Petrus written by **David Peppercorn** who I had last met in Cambridge in 1954-7 having dinner as guests of **Mons Alfred Gilbey** with **Tertius Metcalfe**. Not often one sees names one recognises Moueix,

Petrus and Peppercorn.

Ed: When I lived in France I knew J-P's son Christian who is now responsible for the production at Petrus and I last saw **David** a couple of years ago. His father **Jim** helped to get my brother **Christopher (54)** involved in the Wine Trade. Back in the seventies Chris bought a couple of cases of Petrus for a ridiculously cheap price off a man who was not interested in wine and enjoyed them till his dying day: lucky bugger. For those not familiar with David :-



David Peppercorn M.W. und Serena Sutcliffe M.W.

David Peppercorn (born 1931) is a British Master of Wine, French wine importer and author, known for his books about the wines of Bordeaux and long experience in his field, having collected tasting notes since the late 1950s. He is married to fellow MW and wine writer Serena Sutcliffe. They were the first husband and wife team to both earn the qualification of Master of Wine. (Peter and Philippa Carr would later join them as the only two husband and wife MW teams.) Peppercorn's books include *Bordeaux*, *The Wines of Bordeaux*, *The Simon & Schuster Pocket Guide to the Wines of Bordeaux*, *Mouton-Rothschild 1945*, *The Wine To End All Wars* and *Great Vineyards and Winemakers*. Frank J. Prial, wine columnist for *The New York Times*, called Peppercorn "one of England's foremost authorities on Bordeaux". He is a noted critic of the Bordeaux Wine Official Classification of 1855 and the vested interest in the classifications. In his writings on Bordeaux wine estates, Peppercorn regularly focuses on estates that were excluded from the 1855 classification, and maintains that omitted estate Château La Mission Haut-Brion's consistent performance over the last century justifies its classification as a Premier Cru.

Pétrus imperial bottle controversy

In late 1990s, Peppercorn and his wife created controversy when they questioned the authenticity of imperial (6 litre) of Chateau Petrus from the 1921, 1924, 1926, 1928 and 1934 vintages that were served at collectors' wine tasting events in 1989 and 1990. The tastings were conducted from the collection of Hardy Rodenstock a German wine collector who later was embroiled in a counterfeit wine controversy. While Peppercorn's and Sutcliffe's concerns were never proven, and were disputed by Rodenstock, the current manager of Château Petrus, Christian Moueix confirmed that the estate has no records of producing imperials during those vintages.

From Nigel Courtney

The section about Fr Borrett, and the kindly recollections of others, brought back many memories. I'm afraid his teaching method of reading French passages aloud from a set book didn't work for me. So it was no surprise when he wrote in my report: "If this boy passes his French O-level I will eat my hat". In due course, by some miracle, I did pass. At the next Speech Day, he came straight up to my parents, took off his panama hat and munched the brim.

From Gerry Ford.

Robert, writing this from hospital in Cambridge where this morning I had my second knee operation. Therefore, confined to barracks and therefore able to spend time on your website. What an inspired choice/ appointment it was when you took up the job of running the BU Review. You have definitely drawn us remaining members closer and I will now ensure that I attend future events. So sorry to hear about **John Bidwell** I only got to know him through his son Patrick, the ski instructor in Ste Foy, with whom I have had some of the best and hairiest runs of my skiing life, as a young instructor, and English, he was often at a loose end in the afternoons. The photograph of John in the Hotel du Monal in Ste Foy chef lieu is where I first met John. I had often noticed this, obviously English gentleman, enjoying a glass of wine in that corner and one day waiting for the navette back to the station I introduced myself. Well Met. He was always smiling charming and amusing and was well known and liked by the locals. One abiding memory was in another restaurant half way up the mountain with **Philip (Charlie) Poels**, John and Philip incandescent with rage about their time at St John's, most unchristian language. I believe you have touched on this subject before. I went to the Oratory prep school, which I loved, with **Beefy Thomson** and John Fieldus. What a wonderful thing to do, drive to Nottingham, disabled and say goodbye to a dear dying friend. I rang him a couple of nights before he died, he was amazingly, cheerful with such a positive voice. A very brave and lovely man. I reconnected with Beefy through one of my bridge partners who was an early girlfriend of his in London. I have asked Jan to get a copy of his eulogy from one of his sons, It might be worth publishing in the next review, he was an exceptional sportsman considering he left Beaumont before A levels. One more thing! You can see that enforced

blanket drill has opened the floodgates, Mr O'Malley would not have liked the mixed metaphor. You mentioned , my father having the nickname " Florie", I would be grateful for the reference. Reading between the lines of a book, privately printed, about 13 Para I can see that he was a stickler for correctness, he passed 6th out of Sandhurst and was apparently a destined for high command. Perhaps their is truth in the name. I do not remember him at all and all stories are via my mother whose stories I discovered later in life often reflected her wishes and hopes rather than the truth. I was certainly a very inefficient and relaxed subaltern in 2 Para. I have talked long enough, no interruptions! I am sure you will not feel constrained to answer at equal length. Great to meet you at Jeremy's funeral and hear stories of Doggers, who I was fond of at Sandhurst, perhaps a little bit of a snob too? Once he took me to meet Prince Michael, I remember a rather stiff personage in a Large dark room. All the Best, Keep Dancing. Gerry

From John Marshall

We were the fortunate ones to have a type of religious education which is almost moribund. Yet the Jesuits chose to get out of it in the case of Beaumont whereas the Benedictines have been driven out by scandal.

Then there was for me the joy of visiting Stonyhurst and being greeted so joyously by my old Jesuit teachers, Dooley, Smalley, Turner and Dunphy in the 70s. The welcome was not the same under secular leadership.

When I went to teach at St Johns in 1973, at the first staff meeting the day before term started we were assigned what classes we would be teaching. I got Geography and some English and History. Sitting next to me was Fr Boyle and he got Latin to Rudiments. And to think he was my father's Prefect of studies.

And of course think of the example of **brother Mark, who never passed an exam at either St John's or Beaumont** yet chose Fr Dunphy for his wedding and then as long as Dunphy lived there was an anniversary card from him every year.

You had that story about the **De Stempel** girl in the Review. It might have been her brother who was a St John's boy in 1973? I think I told you the remark made to me as the boy walked past me and Fr. Boyle. I think he said "I knew his grandfather and he divorced, I taught his father and he divorced and no doubt he too will marry and divorce."
It's a lost age.

From Edwin de Lisle:

We have just returned from Carteret + Villers Bocage where my cousins live and farm. What devastation the Germans inflicted on their Chateau !

Caroline and I are now in Quarantine !!

Thank you once again for your wonderful Autumn Newsletter. Full of interesting information as always.

“ Cross between the Antlers “ Sporting recollections of Fr. Francis Fleming. SJ OB . **Hubert** proposed that **Bertie** could do the Illustrating of the book ? I look forward to buying a copy when published.

Good Photo of **Gerard** @ St. John`s 1951-52.

Ronny Rotheram (36) of Westmeath. Caroline and I went over there last year for Johnny Bellingham`s 90th birthday and Thomas Pakenham`s 87th ! We toured the lovely estate of Tullynally and its Arboretum.

My ex Sister in Law, Aliba Bellingham was a Joint Master of the Westmeath.

Ulrica Murray-Smith with the Quorn was never late and Aliba was never known to be on time!! (**ED: Gerard** is still Chairman of the Hunt.)

For years I looked after the colourful Lady Caroline Blackwood, muse and beautiful wife of Lucian Freud who escaped to Leicestershire and bought the West Langton Estate from Bobby Spencer. Another of Lucian`s Muse along with Sophie de Stempel, daughter of the disgraced OB, **Baron de Stempel (48)** !! Talking of India, She gave me a lovely picture painted of Clandeboye, their home in Ireland by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava , Viceroy of India .

(**Ed:** Another of Lucian`s models was Bindy Lambton ward of **Bobby de Casa Maury (13)**

I also looked after Lowesby Hall for Sir Nicholas Nuttall, another colourful gentleman !! What a great hunting estate which adjoins Quenby and Baggrave. It was said “ he was bad chooser of wives !”

(**Ed:** I knew Nicky Nuttall as we had horses in the same yard – his wife Julia was also married to two of his brother officers in the Blues – but not at the same time!)

The Fowkes family owned it and I have been given the Title Deeds going back three hundred years of the Shuckburgh Family who also owned Naseby Hall , the hunting box of the Duke and Duchess of York. Now Sir Richard Rowley, my brother in Law.

When at Cirencester (1971). I went over with **Bertie** and Catherine to Lechlade Convent, where Catherine had been at school for one year on an exchange and saw **Fr. Leslie Borrett**.

A cousin, Billy Guinness, who now lives in Acapulco, his mother was Lady Isabel Throckmorton , artist and lived in Arthingworth near Market Harborough. He was also related to Caroline Blackwood.

(**Ed;** Lady Isabel was the daughter of the Duke of Rutland and her Husband was the Uncle of

the Beaumont Throckmortons).

From Nick Warren:

Hi Robert, sorry that we won't have the customary Mass at Beaumont. We look forward to better opportunities next year. Have we made the Deputy Health Minister an Hon. member of the BU? Certainly, the Oxford blue and Windsor brown stripes at least were correct, even if the Cambridge blue of his tie this morning was a trifle à la mode for my taste.

Ed: Nick -I take it this was not Nadine Dorries!

Nick again: Robert, sorry I missed your last response at the time. The BU tie was worn by Jonathan Van-Tam. He was on TV again this morning, in a plain red tie: have you been questioning his right to wear our colours?

Ed: No, but if he did, I would welcome him to our little band of brothers!
(Van -Tam is the Deputy Chief Medical Officer for England)

FINALLY: No, Not the B U REVUE!

The Editor was perusing various archives when he came upon this interesting story concerning the last few years of the school:-

The “THRILL” of *Playroom Magazine*.

The swinging sixties, a time of change for society as a whole. At Beaumont, the ‘old ways’ held sway indeed the only swing was the rhythm of the oars on the river, but a form of liberal thinking was starting to take root: Beaumont was about to *catch a crab*.

A couple of OBs were discussing the world of Beaumont literati when their conversation turned to “*Thrill*”. Good heavens said the younger companion I haven’t had that pleasure in many a year – not since I first got my leg over a bicycle to get to the Meads.

“*Thrill*” was not a journal but one of the stories that appeared in “*Playroom Magazine*” that was produced by Lower Syntax to fill a perceived gap in the market: a Bootroom publication unlike its much remembered, much quoted and highly praised contemporary: “*VRIL*”.

“*Playroom*” with its distinctive Ferret Logo was a journal that caused one or two overheated dog collars in the Common Room. Readers will not be surprised that like many Beaumont publications of the past it was short lived: indeed, shorter than most and was hurriedly placed on the school’s Index Librorum Prohibitorum. This was probably understandable in view of its content. When conceived, it began as a fairly serious publication: Edgy might describe it best, with the Playroom Interview – Mr Do’Lalley on the inebriated antics of Brendan Behan, Rave Allen on “Burning the Bunsen at both end”, articles about Beaumont’s sporting stars and how the 3rd XV had turned defeat into further defeat for another season. It did not sell well and a boost was needed to increase circulation which was when the idea took hold: girls.

Perhaps, it was the good Fr Bamber and his reference to Marylyn Monroe – may she rest in peace, that inspired the Editorial Committee. However, there was a dearth of suitable candidates. What about St Mary's? Previous clandestine visits by various individuals had reported that "some of the young ladies seemed to be shaping up nicely", but photographic shoots were fraught with difficulties as were a Guest room, with a sister who might agree to an artistic pose.

But what of Yvonne said Simon Dotter (Dotty). Mrs Mills' daughter was felt by one and all to be ready, available and might be persuaded to be willing on the pretext that it would launch her in a new career.

So it was, that the now infamous picture (words of the Spiritual Father) appeared in the Gala edition. Yvonne, looking provocative (words of the Spiritual Father) in her party frock astride the Scout Press with the ink roller caused ripples through the corridors of The White House. Although it was rumoured that the literati had an engaging conversation as whether the font on her posterior was Garamond or Times New Roman.

If that picture, described as more Tit-Bits than Tatler, wasn't enough there was that piece of fictional prose submitted by Dotty under the heading of "Thrill":

"She slides off the sofa, and her hips have this easy sway as she walks out the door. Damn it, she's gorgeous— blonde, curly hair flowing down over her shoulders, a pair of those new blue jeans hugging her arse and a white blouse unbuttoned enough to show cleavage. My fingers twitch with the need to touch. I'm going to have to do some serious grovelling to gain forgiveness.

"I know. I know I've been an idiot, and I don't have a good excuse. But touching her and loving her, and knowing that she was planning to leave me, made me crazy. After we made love the second time, I began to think maybe she'd decide to stay with me. I started to think about her and me waking up every day together for the rest of our lives

The new edition sold like pasty and beans in the tuck shop raising funds for *Playroom's* chosen Charity "The fallen daughters of distressed gentlefolk".

Dotty and others were summoned to explain their lewd (words of the Spiritual Father) Publication. Leaving aside the "fallen daughter" of Mrs Mills (words of the Spiritual Father), it was the "A" word that caused particular angst. Defence that it helped in the good Queen's English pronunciation of "Arscot" was cast aside. All Copies were to be collected and burnt. The Rector ordered that members of the Editorial Committee were to receive 6 strokes on the buttocks: As Dotter so succinctly put it as he bent to receive punishment: "Arse not the reason why, Arse but to apply for drama work at Wimbledon High".
Had a new career opened up?

THE BOER WAR, From the June 1902 edition of the REVIEW

Of course, it was reported by no less than Winston Spencer C, correspondent for *The*

Morning Post about that remarkable gathering of OBs that brought the War to its conclusion at the end of May. It was on the high Veldt above Bergendal that four past occupants of The White House came across each other by chance. It was later admitted that they were all temporarily and politely described as “out of contact” with their respective regiments. **Willy “Codpiece” Codrington (84)** later Baronet resplendent in his crimson overalls cried “Hurrah Hussar” when he recognised the man practising his leg sneaks as **Wultrude “Budgy” Meldon (97)**, famed Irish cricketer who before the war had led his side on tour of The United States in which no matches were actually played following an unfortunate incident in downtown Manhattan. Behind an outcrop, Codpiece and Budgy came upon the prostrate figures of **Arty Wood (93)** and **Barty Green (93)** of the Scottish Rifles having a nap: later the well-known Music hall duo. (It was said the news of Arty, her one-time Page going on the Stage, hastened the demise of QV). Having enjoyed a quick “scrum down” as per the Grand Matches of yesteryear, our gallant boys could contain themselves no longer, after which, they burst into The Carmen.

A Boer outrider spying these warlike preparations rode to camp with the news that the British were performing the Izika Zumba which also involved Romans and Carthaginians. These were obviously providing reinforcements and the Commando was going to be heavily outnumbered.

As **Hon Prank Brussel (84)**, a contemporary of Codpiece, laughingly commented at a dinner a few years later:

“Not wishing to inflict further suffering on their men with this incessant singing: now on verse 23, the High command offered peace to Kitchener”. There is no Memorial to mark the spot where one or possibly two of us feel that Beaumont altered the course of history but Arty, in his overzealous choral performance went and left his sword there (it had been a gift from his father the Field Marshal): the sword was re-discovered in the 1950s. However, it was these four courageous boys of ours who committed themselves to having a War Memorial at Beaumont and in view of the appalling privations they had suffered that it should be erected in the Refectory.

Co-respondent.

WARNING: the following contains ADULT content.

From Johnnie Spewer (a junior school squit & Regimental chum)

In a moment of absent mindedness this morning, I found myself tuning into the BBC’s (aka Banal Broadcasting Corporation’s) ‘Lack of Thought for the Day’, which was followed by an ‘UK homophobia statistics’ update from their LGBT Correspondent, who concluded his observations by announcing he was shortly to become BBC LGBT Editor.

Which creates Aristotle’s ‘horror vacui’... and which means yours truly, being one of six applicants in search of (not ‘an author’ but) a meaningful role in today’s empty ‘theatre of the absurd’, intends to apply for the position of BBC LGBT + + + (the wokeness of the position

warrants serial upgrading) Correspondent.

I may have written about BEE Stings in my youth but I sense that I might now come across as an elderly WASP (White Anglo- Saxon Protestant) in any application for a job of such a delicate nature.

In which case I'm seeking a reference from someone like yourself... someone who can endorse how, back (not in The USSR but) in Hohne, and having struggled, Stones-like, with the Freudian challenge of failing to get any satisfaction from the tool schreechers, I found myself finally forced to go 'both ways'... in the back of a NAAFI van in late September 1967, on the edge of Soltau....

Such an endorsement from so sanguine a person as yourself is sure to neutralise any scepticism towards my suitability for this gender-bending position in the BBC's october (sorry, august) lower-archy. And please remember,

As Corporal Kitchener once said, 'He who vacillates is toast'.

Editor Replies: -

My Dear Johnnie or is it now Johnnsie,

I was somewhat surprised to be asked for such an important recommendation - it is sooooo 2020, but delighted to try and give you "a leg up". I remember the words of our tailor Mr Ward of Messrs Ward & Kruger (in association with Jones, Chalk & Dawson) that it is the inside measurement that matters. As far as the job is concerned, you need to get in there before Philip Schofield gets over emotional at the thought of your googlies. So try this for size: -

I have Known (used advisedly) Johnnie Oscar Beardsley Spewer for many years and I am particularly pleased that he has emerged like the "Duncan Grant etchings" from under an unmade bed and rather like The Bloomsbury Group, I am assured, by those in the know, that there are very few positions he could not fill. He is now out of the closet, just at a time when the Government had told us to stay put, but is up and running and he should be considered for this important role: indeed, he needs to be looked at (locked down) and his pose behind the mask admired.

At school, he caused a sensation when starring in a class production of "The Nancy Boys" (by all accounts sensationally TG) and immediately resulted him being offered a place in the 1st XI. He openly flaunted his bat at Lords on at least two occasions. He may not have been appointed the Odd Quod Bod nor the CCF Coy Toy Boy but was more the colourful jockstrap chap of Studies "A".

After some fairly basic training, Johnnie joined the 11th Hussars – the Cherrypickers

(He was especially well qualified with equipment consisting of a large basket at the end of an extensible boom much used to reach inaccessible places.) To quote Pat with Spots and her room-mate Marge (as Ld. Cardigan so delicately put it "Marge for the soldiers but Butter for

