

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SUMMER 2016



There is no escaping anniversaries and as I mentioned in the last REVIEW we are in our 140th year and HCPT have clocked up a 60th. On the national stage we have commemorated The Queen's 90th, Shakespeare's death and are commemorating the three great battles of the First World War –Verdun, Jutland and the Somme. Surprisingly we lost no French OB's in the lengthiest battle in world history though six were killed elsewhere, Jutland at least made a strategic difference

whereas The Somme saw the heaviest loss of life in a single day's fighting in British military history and for a few kilometres of ground. I know I write much about military matters in the Review but there is no getting away from the fact that the vast majority of OBs spent time in uniform most prominently in the Boer War and the two World Conflicts and then there were those that did National Service up until 1960. I would stress the word service as this was part of the Beaumont ethos and for those that escaped the clutches of the military that service has taken other forms in looking after the needs of others. Anniversaries help to remind us of this.

DIARY DATE

THE BU LUNCH WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE CALEDONIAN CLUB, MONDAY 10 OCTOBER: PLEASE NOTE IN YOUR DIARIES.

OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the death of **Nick O'Brien (54)**. There is a tribute to **Michael Bruce** by his brother Robert and I have also included a "life remembered" for **Rory Nicholas (56)**. See **OBITUARIES**.

In Memoriam (Daily Telegraph 19 May 2016).

Geoffrey Max De Baillou Monk MC Middlesex Regiment CDG 5th Battalion The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regt.) KIA, 19th May, 1944. Cassino War Cemetery Number X1.E.20. Remembered always by one of his Middies (57th of Foot).

NEW RECORDING

Added to the **HOME PAGE** you will find the **CHORAL** part of the **1958 BBC recording** for the Feast of Christ the King.

The original service including the lengthy Homily by Fr Joseph Christie SJ was recorded through the auspices of **Gerald FitzGerald O'Connor (26)** and a number of LPs were produced. One of these went with **Peter Foy (59)** to Australia. Peter later had it transferred to CD and a copy sent to **Guy Bailey**: last year it came to me and thanks to **Andrew Flood (Hon)** we have been able to extract the choral part.

I'm biased but I think we sang rather well.

NOTICES

DINNER FOR JESUIT ALUMNI LIVERYMEN & FREEMEN of THE CITY.

If you are among this illustrious group please read on-

From: Steve Hodkinson. Dear Fellow Jesuit Alumni,

I am now firming up the arrangements for the dinner on **Tuesday 5th July 2016** as follows:

Venue: Founders' Hall, Number One, Cloth Fair, London, EC1A 7JQ

Timings: 6:30pm for 7.15pm

Dress: Black Tie and Livery Badges .**Guests invited:** Andrew Johnson – Headmaster Stonyhurst, Lord Alton – Governor Stonyhurst, Fr Michael O'Halloran, Fr Anthony Nye, Fr Nick King.

Cost: Approx £90 per person **Menu:** TBC **Departure :** 10:00pm

I'll finalise menus/wines etc shortly but I wanted to let you know the venue, timings etc. Please also let me know if you have any dietary requirements.

Steve Hodkinson Immediate Past Master **The Worshipful Company of Plumbers** Carpenters' Hall, 1 Throgmorton Avenue, London EC2N 2JJ T: 07801 397 799

E: steve.hodkinson@btinternet.com W: www.plumberscompany.org.uk

ST. PHILIP'S SCHOOL, WETHERBY PLACE, LONDON SW7

Calling all Tibbits boys!

If you attended the school at any time from its start in 1934 to RHT's death in 1967 (or know anyone who did), please make contact with Fran Brunault who runs the OBA. A "Tibbits Reunion" is planned for early 2017 & as the names/details of many pupils from the earlier years are out of date or completely missing, she needs to hear from you! Please contact Fran at fbrunault@btopenworld.com)

Missing Persons;

I have had a request for the whereabouts of **Bill Ardagh (60)**. Information gratefully received.

IN THE NEWS



JOHN FLOOD KSG

John Flood, a long standing member of the Epsom parish, was invested by Bishop Richard Moth as a member of the Order of the Knights of St Gregory in March. This was in recognition of a lifetime of dedicated commitment to the work of HCPT taking disadvantaged children on pilgrimage to Lourdes, in particular Group 24 with which he has been involved for fifty years. The award also recognises John's dedicated participation in the building of St Joseph's church and in organising many aspects of parish life since. We all join in congratulating John and his very supportive wife, Celia, and his family.

Ed: - Probably the only occasion when a recipient was invested wearing a Beaumont rugby shirt. **John** joins his brother **David** as a Knight of the same Order which is also fairly unique. Both **David** and **Patrick Burgess** were present for the ceremony and I confess to being late in failing to pick up on the latter's recent appointments:-

PATRICK BURGESS OBE DL

Missed in the Queen's Birthday Honours 2015, an OBE for services to young people and the community in West Sussex.

Then –

The Lord-Lieutenant of West Sussex, Mrs Susan Pyper announced in November the appointment of the following person to serve as Deputy Lieutenants for the County of West Sussex:

- Mr Patrick Burgess,

Patrick Burgess qualified as a solicitor in 1972; became a partner of Gouldens in the City, and eventually Senior Partner. He is currently Chairman of Intu Properties.

He is Past Master of the Worshipful Company of Feltmakers of the City of London and Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Solicitors. Apart from his OBE, he holds the Grand Cross of the Most Venerable Order of St John. Patrick was High Sheriff of West Sussex, 2013 - 2014

Among his other local activities he is also a past Chairman of the Council of St. John for Sussex, and as Chancellor of the Order sits on Council and Committees overseeing the international activities of St. John. He is a Trustee of the Chichester Cathedral Restoration and Development Trust and Chairman of the Friends of, and a Reader at, the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Arundel.

LOURDES with the BOFS

Over the Easter weekend **Mike Bedford** started to dread the telephone ringing with further cancellations for the Pilgrimage. **Robert Schulte** had to call off as Agnes had hurt her back pushing his wheelchair around the Normandy Battlefields, **Tim FitzGerald-O'Connor** had business commitments that would take him to Paris just ahead of us, **Mike de Wolff** was asked to stay in the Diocese by his Bishop as they needed his administrative abilities (A Diocesan Baron?). The final straw was the reluctant withdrawal of our very distinguished Chaplain on instructions from the Vatican (or perhaps they had heard how much he had enjoyed himself last year). Luckily Monsignor Jim Curry agreed to join us once more. So the depleted group that met **Mike and Mandy Bedford** at King's Cross included **Tony Outred, Richard and Marylu Sheehan, Maureen Mullaly-Clarke (sister of Jimmy and Mike McAleer) and the Editor. Bill Gammell** joined us at Ebbsfleet and **Thierry de Galard** in Paris to enjoy a lengthy excellent picnic (**all thanks as ever to Mandy**) en route to Lourdes. Here we were joined by **Chris and Moira Tailby** at the Hotel Moderne who had an interesting drive thanks to "Storm Katie" and a day later by the **Count and Countess de Toma (alias Tony and Bibi Parish)**.

Now I certainly have no wish to get political but we did somewhat represent the European Union with English, Irish, French and Italian – and we could have had **Robert Schulte** for the Belgians.

As mentioned in the last REVIEW this was the 60th Anniversary HCPT Pilgrimage with the highlight of the Mass celebrated by Cardinal Vincent Nicholls with over 5000 gathered in the underground Basilica from around the world (and an estimated 20,000 following on line).



In typical Lourdes “ify” weather we followed our fairly regular routine. We were soaked on the “high” Stations of the Cross but basked in sunshine for our outdoor Mass at Bartres. Once again we had Mass at the Ukrainian Church and at the Chapel of the Poor Clare’s as well as at the Grotto.



Thierry with the WRONG tie and **Mark** correctly attired

Thursday night is by tradition Beaumont Night as we gathered at Midnight in our usual café. **Mark Lake** had driven down from his Gascon home to join us and we met up with **John Wolff, the Burgesses, Floods and Mike Wortley** to find a noisy reception in progress – however a rousing Carmen and Pater Noster soon quelled any opposition.



John Wolff complete with “Beer Bottle” hearing aid.



HCPT Chairman **Andrew Flood** with **Tony Outred**.



Fr Perry and **Mike**



“**Sir**” John impresses **Richard Sheehan**

Weather prevented our usual trip to the mountains and our picnic at Gavarnie. Instead we went to Pau with its English associations and enjoyed an excellent lunch at La Majestic.



Bill Gammell and “Ferrari” Parish about in Pau



Monsignor Jim prepares for mass at Bartres (the shades came off for the Celebration). After which we had our traditional Lunch in the Village.



Rustic charm "Chez Laurent"



Farewell from the Staff of the Moderne



And a farewell to Our Lady for another year

Sunday morning following Mass we were on our way to Biarritz and our Reception
"Chez Empress Eugenie"



Elegance at the Hotel Du Palais Biarritz.

So our happy band, tired but spiritually uplifted returned home. BUT let us not forget how these annual pilgrimages came about and a return to **The REVIEW of October 1958 in which Fr Gillick wrote:-**

“This year our Lourdes pilgrimage branched off on a new line. Thanks to the devoted efforts of **Mackinlay** and **Bernard**, £150 had been raised to help send handicapped children to Lourdes for the Centenary Year. We therefore arranged to link up with the **Handicapped Pilgrimage Trust** and to devote our pilgrimage to helping the children. To save money and to have a longer time in Lourdes, we also arranged our own travel and accommodation. Helped at every turn by **Harry Hewett**, eighteen of us eventually flew with the worst cripples from Blackbushe and spent a full eight days in Lourdes.

It was a highly successful experiment. It involved us in a great deal of hard work, little comfort and no time off; but the sheer unselfishness called out was sanctifying, and it is not easy to judge who profited most from the contact, the poor handicapped children who found real love, or the boys who gave it- and had their hearts torn out in the process. We hope to make the dedication of our efforts to these crippled children a permanent feature of our Lourdes pilgrimage.



1958 Pilgrimage which included Mulcahy, Wolff, De La Grange, O'Connor, Hewins, Wood, Mitchell, Synnott, Doyle, Mackinley Stephens, Bernard, Haddon, Bingham.

The following account was written by R M who I surmise is none other than **Robin Mulcahy**:-

Our Lady certainly chose a fitting place for penance when she appeared to St Bernadette in the foothills of the Pyrenees. When we went there in Easter week, we encountered almost continual rain, sleet and even snow. On, only two days were our shoes dry: the day we arrived and the day we left, when the sun shone as fiercely as on the Cote d'Azur.

But this hardly mattered: we were not there as tourists, but as pilgrims. Even when we went up to Gavarnie, we made the journey to give the spastic children rides on donkeys. This attachment to the Handicapped Children was definitely a burden. We had to do exactly what the organisers wanted: there were no free days, and we were always on duty. But how infinitely worthwhile! The children, some terribly disfigured and with immense suffering to endure became our friends. There was never any question of going anywhere by ourselves if it was possible for them to come too.

Please God, this association with the Handicapped children has been made into a regular tradition. The ties are too close to break.

We were almost entirely separated from the National Schools Pilgrimage of which the Handicapped Children were officially members. We were affiliated to it to facilitate certain arrangements. We did not stay at a hotel but in the Annexe to the Abri St Michel, the official hostelry of the Hospitalite. There we were comfortable, but lacked all luxuries. Above all, we were away from the hurly-burly of the commercial life of the place- though one of our main crosses was the shop opposite which played a record of the Ave at full pitch from 6 am till 9 pm including Sundays!

The journey was quick and simple. We flew from Blackbushe to Tarbes in about three hours, and so exchanged the tedious hardship of the train for three extra days in Lourdes.

We began in earnest the next morning. Rising at seven, we heard Mass, had a breakfast and then reported to the hotels where the children were staying. After that the children insisted on our getting there in time to get them up! In the mornings we would take the children to Mass, and after breakfast wheel them off shopping or on sight – seeing expeditions, or perhaps a visit to the Bishop of Tarbes, or the High Mass in the Basilica – always, of course, in torrential rain!

In the afternoons we might carry them round the Stations – a tough assignment, as it took three boys to manhandle each wheelchair over the steep and rocky path. Each day, of course, we took them to the Blessed Sacrament Procession and the Blessing of the Sick.

We took it in turns to get some experience of the work of the ordinary Brancardier. Each day a rota of six reported to the Asile at 8 am to pull the sick to the Grotto for Mass, and then after breakfast, to the Baths. It was monotonous work, but rewarding for as one said the Rosary with perhaps a German or an Irishman one realised the true meaning of Lourdes: prayer and penance.

We learned that our petty sufferings are shame-worthy when compared to the really sick. Those of us who were lucky enough to help at the Baths were able to see more fully the terrible effects of disease, and what is more, the patience, courage and humility of the sufferers.

All of us took baths in the freezing waters and our faith rewarded. Why no one ever even gets a chill is one of the miracles of Lourdes.

Above all Beaumont was a unit. We lived and worked and prayed together, made friends and became well- liked by our many benefactors. We were officially welcomed in a speech by the President of the Hospitalite, a great and awesome man. We provided the canopy bearers for the Blessed Sacrament Procession, we formed the choir for the Torchlight Procession, and with the Handicapped Children we were officially received by the Bishop. Fr Gillick, who did so much for us before and during the Pilgrimage, arranged to say Mass for us at the Cachot, the Convent and the Grotto. The last was a lovely ending to the pilgrimage, for it was at 9 pm on our last night. Having said goodbye to Our Lady, we wound up the week with a party in one of the hotels, where we had as welcome guests **Harry Hewett** and his daughter and **Freddie Wolff** and his daughter, who did so much for the children for whom we were providing the manpower and the conversation.

The days were long and hard, but we saw most things: the old town, the castle, all the places associated with Bernadette, the souvenir shops run by profit-makers whose activities we found, on the whole, highly amusing.

The scenery was beautiful, even in the rain, Lourdes is surrounded by hills, many with white peaks, and in the centre of the valley the castle looms high over the surrounding town, on a mound of rock. The River Gave cuts a swathe through the town and runs on through the Domain which lies down the valley, entirely separated from the town. There the triple Basilica and huge processional ramps present an idyllic picture on a backdrop of coniferous hillside, often mysterious with mist.

And the Grotto by the side of the swift flowing Gave.....there we must return. The Grotto is the central point of all Lourdes. Here the multitudes come in silence to drink from the healing spring by the side of the Grotto over which the Basilica towers remotely: here our most vivid memories linger and here is the greatest attraction; for here Our Lady appeared. It is the Grotto that matters: it is untainted and pure.

So the week came to an end. All in all, it was the most remarkable occasion of our lives, one is left with a terrible urge to return to the Grotto, the centre of this little world of its own, and to throw oneself heart and soul into the work of making happy the sick, whose faith has led them in the hopes that they have in sickness at least a wholesome spirit.

Just before going to press **Jerry Hawthorne** sent in his contribution:-

Easter Week 2016 - London Beaumont Regional Auxiliary HCPT Group 729

One of the remarkable aspects of HCPT pilgrimages is that at the end of each Easter Week pilgrimage to Lourdes the view is invariably that "this was the best HCPT week away ever".

The pilgrimage during Easter Week 2016 was no exception. Interesting too that after years of travelling to Lourdes as a children's group, the decision, largely based on the ages of the majority of our former children's group (most of whom had been travelling for 30 years or more) to form an auxiliary group to assist children's groups rather than continue to take disabled children in our own group, is proving a great success.

HCPT Group 729 was fortunate enough for our 2016 pilgrimage to have as a new helper, a 27 year old lay chaplain of an inner London School. The new helper James, signified that not only will he travel again with Group 729 but also that he may bring some V1th formers from his school to travel with us in 2017.

If so then in subsequent years HCPT Group 729 could have a new younger leader, more new younger helpers and even begin inviting disabled children to join us.

As for the latest pilgrimage perhaps the pictures below best illustrate a little of the 2016 pilgrimage

Below right is a photo taken during the Trust Mass on Thursday which is the only occasion when nearly all HCPT pilgrims are together during the Easter Week pilgrimage. The group immediately in front of us were from Krakow Poland - and their red shirts signify the



World Youth gathering there later this year. (**Ed, BU money from the sale of the Runnymede Books helped to set up Polish HCPT**). The total attendance at the mass easily exceeded 5000 people. The Blessed Sacrament Procession at Lourdes is traditionally the time when any miracles of healing do occur. I did not take any photos at that time this year though did subsequently visit the intriguing medical museum for doctors in Lourdes.

The photographs and details of the miraculous cures depicted there are remarkable. However details of one of the most interesting cures, at least to British pilgrims, does

not seem to have survived the museum's change of location. That one showed a British WWI veteran who had survived a shot in the head in the trenches. He received a War Ministry pension. However he was certified after due medical diligence of being cured of his wounds following his pilgrimage to Lourdes and wrote to the War Ministry accordingly. The War Office response to him which the French used to publish in the museum, was to the effect that the British Government does not believe in miracles so insisted that his pension should continue.

The beautiful small Ukrainian Catholic Church in Lourdes is depicted below on the left while the fireworks on the right were set off after the end of the Torchlight procession on Easter Tuesday night to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of HCPT



The Crown Virgin at Night

The HCPT London Beaumont region celebrated mass together earlier on Tuesday though the chapel found for us at the eleventh hour by pilgrimage HQ was almost over crowded



HCPT London Beaumont Mass



HCPT Group 729 Hard at work at St Jean de Luz



Some Groups celebrated Mass on the beach as illustrated above before enjoying their picnic lunches.

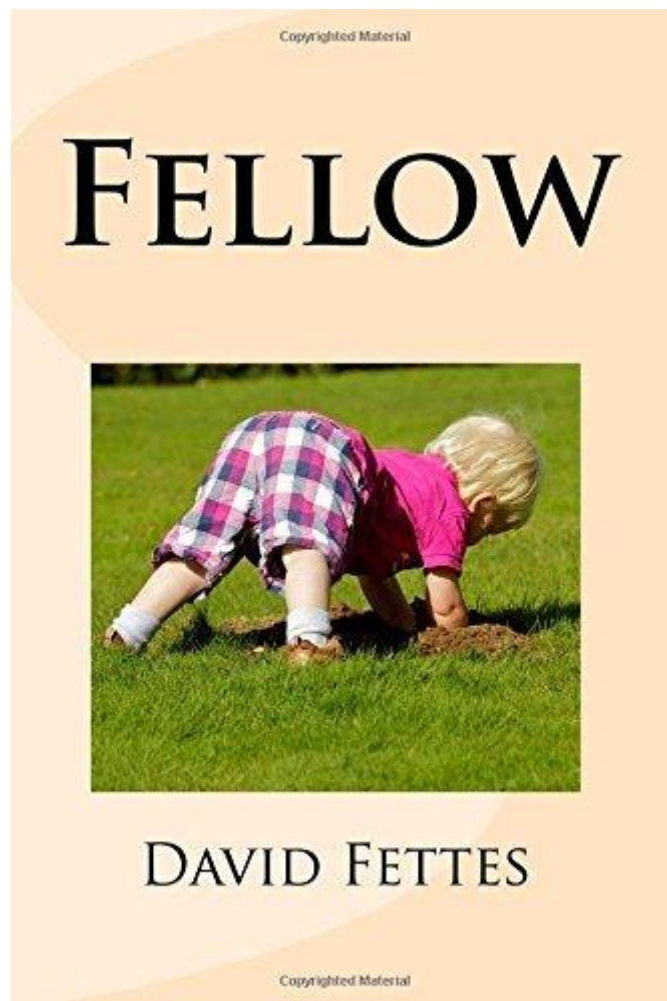
The above pictures and comments cannot do the atmosphere and friendship engendered by the pilgrimage any justice but perhaps provide a little of the flavour

NEW NOVEL from wildlife photographer **DAVID FETTES (67)**



David with chum

Following on from his autobiographical account of life after leaving Beaumont “A GIRL CALLED ADOLF”, David has branched out into fiction with:-

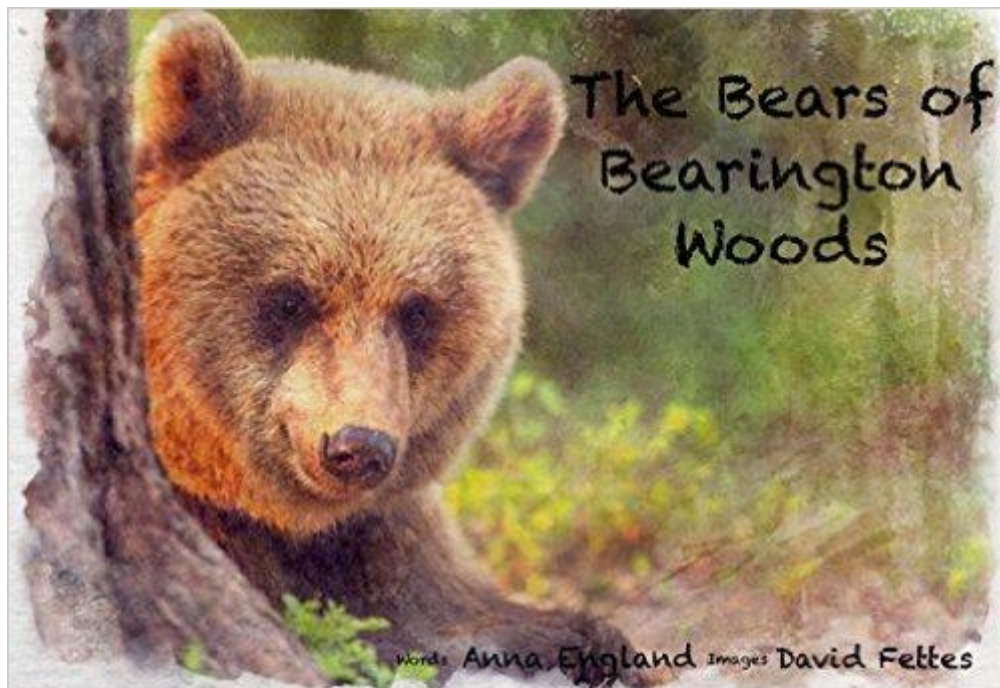


I have not read it as yet, though **Chris Tailby** had it on kindle in Lourdes, but a synopsis reads-

“Education in the 1950's and 1960's was at best, robust, and at worst violent and abusive. We are each a product of our education and upbringing, and the affects of both form our character, creating the adults we become. As the son of an average middle-class family, Ben follows the stereotypical path of boarding school at the age of eight, an expectation and decision that he has no influence over. Like so many who faced the same separation from all that was familiar, the shock is all encompassing. Over time, he learns how to survive the system, building an inner resilience that changes the essence of his character. What part of ten years of incarceration is reflected in the adult Ben, the man who goes out into the world to forge a career, find a partner and have a family? Funny, violent, abusive and at times shocking, Ben is part of a generation that followed in the footsteps of predecessors who went out and built an Empire from the same template, but were any of them the finished product their parents and society expected or hoped for?”

Wether this follows the vein of **Francis Beckett** or **Simon Potter** as yet I cannot judge. David tells me that “it has struck a chord with those of my contemporaries who have read it. A generic statement about the educational system that existed in the 50s and 60s”.

On safer ground, a book that has been recieved with acclaim and illustrated by David



“The Bears of Bearington Woods is a beautifully illustrated and classically written story. The imagery will capture the imaginations of children and adults alike, with the story taking you on a journey from morning to bedtime”.

Any further reviews of both books are gratefully received.

THE LAWN ON SPEECH DAY 1892 PRINT



Katharina von Massenbach (daughter in law of **Hans Christoph**) contacted me about a lucky find in an antique shop “Speech Day at Beaumont 1892”

[Pencil signatures:] H. Jamyn Brooks. E.W. Evans.

London, Published March 18.th 1892, by Mess.rs Dickinson & Foster, Publishers to The Queen. 114, New Bond Street, W. Copyright Registered.

Etching. Proof before title, signed in pencil. Printseller's Association stamp.

Remarque in title area. Plate 431 x 672mm. 17 x 26½".

Others available on the open market are not coloured so this is a rare find. I then heard from Hans Christoph:-

Dear Robert,

Katharina will have told you about her find in a local antique shop. She gave me the print as present and it was my wish that it remained in England in their home. They recently returned the original to me as birthday present. I had it yesterday reproduced as as pdf document as herewith attached. I am sure that not only you but also a number of Old Boys would be delighted to have a copy. This you can now easily made available to all. If you transfer the pdf document on a stick, you can then

go to a local mediashop to have one or more copies made. The print in original size (inside measurement) is 39 cm x 62 cm. It is a delightful print in excellent condition. The copy which I had made here is of excellent quality.

ED If any OB would like a copy please let me know and I will Email the “attachment”.

The CHRIS NEWTON –CARTER TROPHY

As I mentioned in the last REVIEW the race in memory of **Chris (65)** killed in the 9/11 Atrocity took place at Stonyhurst on the last weekend of February and I am grateful to Hugh Dickinson (OS) for this report:-

“Thank you very much for running or supporting the race last Saturday. For the first time the OS and OA competed for the “Christopher Newton-Carter Trophy” - the race was a great success and a fitting way to remember Chris with a total of 70 runners of all ages competing including wives, sons of OS and guest runners. Against all odds the weather was fine with no hint of the normal Lancastrian rain!



Three OS who ran in the inaugural race in 1967 - Chris Fleming-Jones, Edward Sutherland and Richard Barnes attended with Edward the oldest runner competing at 67 years old. Chris’s sister, Teresa, who lives in the States and her friends ran a

course of the same length at exactly the same time and Hugh Thomas another contemporary of Chris at Stonyhurst did the same in Florida. John O'Meara who won the inaugural race could not attend but made a donation instead to the International Red Cross, the charity of choice of the Newton-Carter family which did so much to help in the aftermath of the 9/11 attacks.

David Atkin had flown in from Malaysia so he could race (and attend the Wales vs France rugby match!!) and so did the Beestermoeller brothers from Germany. The Queen's private secretary, Alex de Montford (Old Wimbledon College) also supported the race and attended the dinner - hopefully reporting back to her Majesty that the northern Catholics are behaving themselves!

The OS recorded their first victory ever over the OA by 47 points to 59 with Brian Thursby-Pelham the first OS runner. There should also be special mention of Oliver Hucks (son of Jules Hucks OS) who won the race easily with a very quick time and Hugh-Guy Lorrinan (OA) who came second.

I suspect Stonyhurst had God on their side this time with 2 priests running - Father Philip Connor being guided by his spaniel to 8th place and Father Matthew Power SJ generously taking last place! The victory may also have something to do with the Bailey Arms, in error, serving cider with breakfast rather than apple juice to the OS runners staying there - a fine Lancashire tradition!

We were all duly impressed to find out that one of the OA runners (Dave Lowe?) was listening to Radio 4 (rather than music) to spur himself around the course and to witness my brother Harry, in true gentlemanly fashion, allowing one of the Ampleforth girls to cross the finish line ahead of him!

The current Stonyhurst boys team beat Ampleforth by the narrowest margin 41 points to 42 for their fifth win in 50 years and it was good to see Rory Wylie-Carrick running for the College team even though his father Michael was unable to race this time due to injury. Well done to the Ampleforth girls who came away as winners of the girl's race.

The match tea took place in the extremely smart new refectory where Mark Newton-Carter gave an extremely moving speech and presented the "Christopher Newton-Carter Trophy" whilst the headmaster presented the inter-school trophy.

Many of the runners then retired to the Bailey to watch the England victory before reconvening in the Top Refectory for an excellent dinner which bore no comparison to the school food when I was there!! Father Michael O'Halloran said grace and Simon Andrews, Chairman of the Stonyhurst Association, presented Mark Newton-Carter with a photo of the 1967 cross-country team and a couple of Stonyhurst shields for him and his sister.

At the end of dinner, the College was thanked for hosting such an excellent weekend and flowers presented to Beverley Sillitoe as a thank you for all her hard work in making the weekend such a success. Stonyhurst then toasted Christopher Newton-Carter and Ampleforth and the Ampleforth captain Olly Brodrick-Ward responded with an amusing speech about how the 1967 inaugural cross-country match may have ended a long dispute between the 2 schools over a contested LBW decision! He then toasted Stonyhurst in return.

For those of you who attended the dinner and are worried about Simon Andrews, I understand that although he is still in hospital, he is making a good recovery.

The weekend ended with some rousing singing at mass on Sunday morning in St Peter's”.

The BU contribution came in the form of **Gilbert Connor** who took the race photographs around the course and whose son Fr Philip + spaniel were competing. Brian Thursby-Pelham is the son of **Vaughan (47)**. **It is hoped that the next race will take place at Eton with OEs competing with OS and OA. OBs with OE sons of which there seem to be plenty please note.**

ARTICLES

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND



In 1916, von Poul was replaced by the far more aggressive Admiral Reinhardt von Scheer. He saw the damage the British blockade was doing to the German war effort, and decided to take action.

His plan was to lure the British fleet out of their bases and - by using submarines and surface boats - destroy them.

In May, Scheer ordered Admiral von Hipper to sea with a fleet of 40 ships. Their instruction was to move along the Danish coast - news that quickly reached Royal Navy commander Admiral Jellicoe in Rosyth.

He saw this movement of such a large force as a provocative move and ordered the Grand Fleet to put to sea. The Battle of Jutland started on May 31. On that afternoon, the Navy - led by Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's battle-cruiser squadrons - encountered Hipper's battle-cruiser force long before the Germans had expected. A running battle ensued, which culminated with the British vanguard being drawn into the path of the High Seas Fleet.

Retreating, the fleet lost two battle-cruisers from their force of seven and four battleships.

The battleships, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Evan-Thomas, were the last to turn and formed a rearguard as Beatty withdrew, now drawing the German fleet in pursuit towards the main British positions. As the battle grew, the two fleets – totalling 250 ships between them – directly engaged twice.

Fourteen British and eleven German ships were sunk, with great loss of life; more than 6,000 on the side of the Royal Navy and 2,500 Germans. A tactical victory for the Germans but more importantly a strategic victory for Great Britain.

The two OBs were killed in the action when their ships were blown up with Beatty remarking to his Flag Captain “There seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today”. From the Archive:-



Lt John Malby Bergin Hanly RN. (97) Son of Lt Colonel Edward Hanly of Eaton Square and Avonmore House Co. Wicklow. To Britannia, Sword of Honour. Gazetted HMS Queen Mary was wounded early in the war, but recovered sufficiently to attend his brother John's wedding as best man in 1915. (He married Lady Marjorie Feilding). HMS Queen Mary was a modern battle cruiser. Commis 1913. First action Battle of Heligoland Bight 1914. On 31 May 1916 Queen Mary put to sea with the rest of the Battlecruiser Fleet to intercept a sortie by the High Seas Fleet into the North Sea. John Hanly was the senior Lt. The British were able to decode the German radio messages and left their bases before the Germans put to sea.

Hipper's battlecruisers spotted the Battlecruiser Fleet to their west at 15:20, but Beatty's ships did not spot the Germans to their east until 15:30. Two minutes later, he ordered a course change to east south-east to position himself astride the German's line of retreat and called his ships' crews to action stations. Hipper ordered his ships to turn to starboard, away from the British, almost 180 degrees, to assume a south-easterly course, and reduced speed to 18 knots (33 km/h; 21 mph) to allow three light cruisers of the 2nd Scouting Group to catch up. With this turn Hipper was falling back on the High Seas Fleet, then about 60 miles (97 km) behind him. Around this time Beatty altered course to the east, as it was quickly apparent that he was still too far north to cut off Hipper. This began what was to be called the "Run to the South" as Beatty changed course to steer east-southeast at 15:45, paralleling Hipper's course, now that the range closed to under 18,000 yards. The Germans opened fire first at 15:48, followed by the British. HMS Queen Mary exploded 38 minutes into the battle after being struck by a salvo from the German battlecruiser SS Derfflinger. Queen Mary blew up hit by two 12-inch shells on 'A' and 'B' turret and their respective magazines were detonated. In all, 1,266 men lost their lives. Her wreck was discovered in 1991 and rests in pieces, some of which are upside down, on the floor of the North Sea. From Naval Operations Official History

"For about five minutes she stood it gallantly. She was fighting splendidly. The Germans say full salvos were coming from her with fabulous rapidity. Twice already she had been straddled by the *Derfflinger*, when at 4.26 a plunging salvo crashed upon her deck forward. In a moment there was a dazzling flash of red flame where the salvo fell, and then a much heavier explosion rent her amidships. Her bows plunged down, and as the *Tiger* and *New Zealand* raced by her to port and starboard, her propellers were still slowly revolving high in the air. In another moment, as her two consorts were smothered in a shower of black debris, there was nothing of her left but a dark pillar of smoke rising stem like till it spread hundreds of feet high in the likeness of a vast palm tree. Two such successes were beyond anything the Germans had reason to expect. Admiral Scheer's plan had broken down, and yet they were gaining even more than he could have hoped for....."

HMS Queen Mary is designated as a protected place as a war grave.

John lost at sea 31 May 1916 is **Commem Portsmouth Naval Mem.** Age 28.



HMS Defence at Jutland

Cmdr. Arthur Edward Silvertop RN. (90) Son of Henry Silvertop of Minsteracres. Husband Dorothy Campsie Dalglish. He entered the Navy in 1894. Served as a Lt on HMS Pygmy in the Philippines. Spent three years on the China Station and later was seconded to the War Office to trial Marconi radios in Somaliland 1903 campaign. 1911 commander HMS Vernon as Wireless officer before of staff duties at the Admiralty. 1913 appointed to HMS Defence, an armoured cruiser as senior Cmdr. He saw War service in the Dardanelles and the south Atlantic. The ship then returned to join the Grand Fleet as Flagship of Rear Adm Sir Robert Arbuthnot commanding the First Cruiser Squadron. During the Battle of Jutland on 31 May 1916. The squadron formed the starboard flank of the cruiser screen, ahead of the main body of the Grand Fleet. HMS Defence was just to the right of the centre of the line. At 5:47 pm HMS Defence and HMS Warrior the leading two ships of the squadron, spotted the German scouting group and opened fire. Their shells fell short and the two ships turned to port in pursuit, cutting in front of the battlecruiser HMS Lion which was forced to turn away to avoid a collision. Shortly afterwards, they spotted the disabled German light cruiser Wiesbaden and closed to engage. When the two ships reached a range of 5,500 yards (5,000 m) from Wiesbaden, they were spotted in turn at 6:05 by the German battlecruiser Derfflinger and four battleships who were less than 8,000 yards (7,300 m) away. The fire from the German ships was heavy and HMS Defence was hit by two salvos from the German ships that caused the aft 9.2-inch magazine to explode. The resulting fire spread via the ammunition passages to the adjacent 7.5-inch magazines which detonated in turn. The ship exploded at 6.20 with the loss of all men on board; between 893 and 903 men were killed among them was Arthur KIA 31 May 1916. From the Official Naval History:- "Both the *Defence* and *Warrior* had already hit the doomed *Wiesbaden*. Still Admiral Arbuthnot, in spite of straddling salvos, held on till within 5,500 yards of his prey he turned to starboard. Both ships were now in a hurricane of fire, which the Germans were concentrating with terrible effect to save their burning ship, and there quickly followed another of the series of appalling catastrophes which so tragically distinguish this battle from all others. Four minutes after crossing the *Lion's* bows the *Defence* was hit by two heavy salvos in quick succession, and the Admiral and his flagship disappeared in a roar of flame (6.20). The *Warrior* barely escaped a similar fate....." Arthur is **Commem. Plymouth Naval Memorial** having been lost at sea. Age 38.

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME – RICHEBOURG.



This is not just about a battle but it is also the story of three of the **Grisewood brothers. Harman, Francis, George** were the sons of Lieutenant Colonel Harman Joseph Mary Grisewood and Lucille Genevieve Cardozo of Wormlebury Manor. Their mother was the youngest daughter (3 Aug 1881) of Henry O'Connell Cardozo, and had been brought up in India. The younger **Harman** left Beaumont in 1890 to finish his education at Downside before Christ Church Oxford. He served as a trooper in the Boer War before a commission in the 4th Hussars and acted as ADC to the Marquess Curzon. He later left the Army but rejoined for the War and was rapidly promoted to command the 11th Bn of the Royal Sussex, one of the Southdowners battalions.

Francis left Beaumont in 1893. He was farming in Australia when the War broke out and he returned for a commission in his brother's regiment arriving at the front in 1915.



George left Beaumont in 1906 and was commissioned as a regular officer in the Grenadier Guards. When Harman was given command of the 11th, George

transferred to become his Adjutant. The Bn went to France 26 Feb 1915 but just over a year later he contracted pneumonia and died 27 March 1916. **He is Buried Merville Communal Cem.** Age 27.

Harman Grisewood proved to be a much admired commanding officer by his men. His empathy for the social origins and territorial affinity of the Southdown battalions as part of a citizen's army was reflected in a less than compliant relationship with brigade requirements for raids in the Cuinchy brickstack sector on the Western Front in 1916. After dinner one evening at brigade headquarters a raid was demanded for the following night. Neville Lytton wrote "Grisewood jibbed a bit at the short notice, but said that he would immediately make a personal reconnaissance. This he did, but discovered that the lie of the land was extremely complicated and he informed the Brigadier that the raid would not be successful unless he had three or four days for preparation. The Brigadier was furious and immediately looked for an excuse to get rid of him."

So to preparations for the Battle of the Somme. The battlefields of the First World War are filled with tragedies and lost lives. This is the story of the worst moment in Sussex's military history and the day its men died.

The sound of artillery at the outbreak of the Battle of The Somme could be clearly heard on the Sussex coast. The noise of the guns routinely drifted across the channel and could be heard as far in land as London on some days. The sounds of fighting were particularly loud on 1 July 1916 as men rose from trenches to face the single worst day in the history of the British Army. By sunset, 57,470 men had become casualties, of which 19,240 were dead.

Sussex's worst day had, however, taken place 24 hours earlier.

Preparing for Battle

The Battle of the Somme was not an isolated event. Whilst the main attack was launched on 1 July, the battle had really begun on 24 June with the opening of the artillery bombardment. The guns were charged with breaking the German wire and destroying the fortifications and morale of the soldiers across No Man's Land. Bad weather pushed the infantry assault back by 48 hours to 1 July.

Hiding such a large scale offensive from the German army was not a simple task but British high command was keen to try and draw away as many of the German defenders as possible by launching diversionary attacks elsewhere along the front.

The battle at Ferme du Bois near Richebourg has largely passed out of popular memory. It is not mentioned in the Official History of the War for Britain and, coming a day before the infantry attack on the Somme has become heavily overshadowed by the fighting there. The men of the 11th, 12, and 13th Southdowners that would lead the fighting there were unaware that their assault was a diversionary raid. Their objective was the nearby salient, a bulge in the line, known as 'The Boar's Head' and it was to be 'bitten out'.

Before the attack could even be launched problems were afflicting it. The Southdowns had been taken to a constructed replica of the battlefield from which to train on. This training however lasted only a few days and did not include an hitherto unnoticed wide dyke that flowed through the middle of No Man's Land.

Upon learning of the plans for battle, Colonel Grisewood, commander of the 11th Battalion, famously declared that 'I am not sacrificing my men as cannon-fodder'. Grisewood was promptly relieved of his post. Grisewood had already lost his brother George during the war to illness. He would lose Francis at the Boar's Head. Harman's farewell message to his men:-

"In relinquishing the command I have been so proud to hold during the past fourteen months. I wish to record my gratitude to each and every man in the battalion for the loyal co-operation they have given me in the great work we undertook together and so to express my appreciation of all the assistance each has rendered. The battalion has earned a great name and a splendid reputation and I know they will add to a record of glory and bravery worthy of the regiment to which we belong. The memory of the two years we spent together will always be with me, and to everyone in the battalion I wish God's speed and good fortune."

Attack on the Boar's Head

The 12th and 13th Battalions were given the responsibility to lead the attack with the 11th Battalion, having had their role reduced following Grisewood's dismissal, tasked with providing carrying parties. At 3:05am on 30 June 1916, the Southdowners went over the top..

The Germans had known they were coming for several days and, as would be discovered in 24 hours at the Somme, the artillery bombardment at Richebourg had had little affect on the German wire. As a result, the attack was a disaster.

The discovery of the hidden dyke meant that crossing this obstacle made men an easy target for opposing guns. Those men who managed to clear No Man's Land soon found themselves caught in the smokescreen that was supposed to blind the Germans and were unable to see where they were going. As British soldiers reached the German trenches the fighting descended into brutal pitched hand to hand fighting until the British were eventual driven out.

Aftermath

When the time came to take stock, the casualty numbers were tremendous. The 11th Battalion had sustained 116 casualties whilst supporting the attack. The 12th Battalion lost 429 men either killed or wounded. The 13th Battalion, however, had been almost entirely destroyed with over 800 men being killed, wounded or captured. In total, the three Southdowns Battalions suffered 366 killed and over 1000 wounded or taken prisoner. The majority of officers and Non-Commissioned Officers (NCOs) in these positions were among the casualties. Around 70% of those that died came from Sussex with estimates including up to 12 sets of brothers.

The majority of those Sussex men who were killed are buried at cemeteries around Richebourg. There is no memorial to the Battle of the Boar's Head in Britain.

To finish Harman's story the Regimental diary states:-

"After we were relieved and were resting just behind the line Grisewood turned up again; he had been sent to England on leave, and as soon as the leave expired he returned. They were not at all pleased to see him at divisional H.Q., but he told them that if he were not posted to another battalion within one week, he would demand a Court of Inquiry Of course, he was appalled at the news of our attack, and he was the more depressed that he had always prophesied that some such thing would happen. Our battalion, as a matter of fact, was not very heavily involved, but Grisewood's other brother had been killed, and his heart was very much in his boots. Within a few days he went to take command of the 17th Manchester battalion on the Somme a command he retained till he was severely gassed.

Another of Harman's brothers –**Paul (03)** joined the Public Schools Bn of the RNR but contacted TB and died in August 1916 while on active service. His two sons followed him to Beaumont.

BEDE BENTLEY

In the last REVIEW Fr Kevin Fox drew my attention to an article in OREMUS concerning Bede the son of the architect J F Bentley and his extraordinary pioneering drive to Addis Ababa. Following this success Bede planned the first drive the length of Africa in 1911 and gave an interview before leaving for this adventure. It would seem that it was a failure and no one would succeed till 1926. (Capt Kelsey who accompanied Bede tried again in 1913 but was killed by a leopard in Rhodesia).



From The TABLET 14 January 1911 – an Interview

“It is one of the ironies, of life that there is no monument anywhere to the man who invented the cart-wheel. Other benefactors of the race have given their names to rivers and islands and mountains, and have their memories enshrined in legend and in song. The old heroic story still tells how Prometheus taught the use of fire, or Tubal Cain first found music in the sounds of his strokes on the anvil. But the hero who discovered the cart-wheel, whose invention still moves mankind, goes unhonoured and unsung. The wheel quickly ran round the world—though there are places still where, as in Madeira, it has never supplanted the sleigh; but its evolution was slow. For ages together it knew no improvement, and showed no increase in usefulness. The application of steam to traction gave the wheel a new value, and now the petrol engine opens a fresh chapter of possibilities. Ten years ago the motor-car's speed was limited to that of the man carrying a red flag in front of it. To-day Mr. Bede Bentley proposes to drive the length of Africa in a few weeks. He goes from the Cape to Cairo by way of Gondokoro and Khartoum. What memories those names evoke! When Mr. Bentley gets to Khartoum he will feel that the main difficulties of his tremendous journey are behind him, and that he is once more in touch with civilisation. Only twenty-five years ago Gordon died there, because the whole armed strength of England was unequal to the task of reaching him.

The same year saw the founding of the Congo Free State. How futile the hopes, and how futile the fears, which attended the birth of that great philanthropic enterprise. It is interesting to turn over the pages of this journal of that time and, reading the "interviews" with such men as Stanley and Sir Harry Johnston, to note how the Congo Free State was reckoned the great triumph of humanitarian ideals, and how anti-slavery crusaders pointed to what was afterwards to be known as "the Red Rubber State," as the model of all we could hope for. The formula "Congo the Nile" represented the hope that what had been done for civilisation on the Congo might some day be recreated on the northern river. It is interesting also to note as

illustrating the blindness of human vision, how completely all forecasts as to the future of the vast territories which form the southern watersheds of the Nile have been falsified by events. More than the boldest of the dreamers ever dared to hope for has been accomplished, but the thing has been done on other lines than anyone anticipated. A quarter of a century ago the massacre of the Cairene garrisons scattered over the Soudan was too recent for men easily to look forward to any scheme of re-conquest from the side of Egypt. Statesmen and politicians and philanthropists agreed with practical explorers like Stanley and Sir Harry Johnston that the Soudan was to be saved from the slave-raider only by the formation of a River State which should have as its outlet to the sea not its mouth into the Mediterranean, but a railway to Suakim. By common consent Berber was to be the northern frontier of the new State, and the bond with Egypt was thought to be broken for ever.

Mr. Bede Bentley, after recalling in reminiscent mood some of these great changes which have so transformed the possibilities of African travel for a new generation of explorers, consented to give a representative of this journal some particulars of the expedition in which he is about to start.

"The party will consist of Captain Kelsey, the African big-game hunter, Mr. John Henderson, who has had several years' experience in Central African exploration, and went down the Congo in a "dug-out," a professional photographer, a mechanic, and myself, while the car will be a 25 horsepower Armstrong Whitworth."

"Have you had to make extensive preparations beforehand?"

"Yes. We have been making preparations for several months past. Men have been sent on in advance to see to the laying of depots, of which there are to be relays, one for about every forty miles, containing cases of food supplies, petrol, photographic requirements, and material for repairs." "Is it necessary to have the depots as near as forty miles from each other?"

"Yes ; I shall take no risks this time. Last time I went on a similar expedition I had my depots 100 miles apart and suddenly found that two of them had been wiped out by natives, with nothing left but a few bones, as white as paper, and some empty petrol tins, with spears stuck through them. I and my companion had to spend seven weeks in the desert, with practically no help, till reinforcements came up; and I have always wondered to this day how we ever lived through those seven weeks. We were so thirsty at times that we had to drink the water out of the radiator!

"The expedition will follow, as nearly as possible, the route marked cut for the Cape to Cairo Railway, by way of the Transvaal, British Central Africa, Lake Tanganyika and British East Africa, to Fashoda, Khartoum and Cairo. Elizabethville, which, as you know, is at present the northern railway-head of the southern section of the Cape to Cairo line, will be the first important depot, and we have had laid down 6,000 gallons of petrol, 2,500 of lubricating oil, 46 tyres, 50,000 feet of bioscopic film, and 15,000 cases of food supply. As regards equipment, the car will carry nothing but what is absolutely necessary as, though we expect fairly smooth travelling as far as the Victoria Falls, yet, once the Zambesi is passed, the route will be so rough that

every extra pound will be a strain on the car. That we mean to travel light, you will understand when I say that each man's personal equipment will weigh only 15 pounds. If you throw in a tent with ground sheet, 20 pounds, and sleeping bag, 7 pounds, the total weight of each man's kit will scale at 42 pounds. That is 18 pounds less than the Government weight allowance for soldiers on active service. But we shall also have to carry with us hauling and lifting apparatus, axes, saws, spades, hawsers, flexible steel ropes, a dozen rifles, and, of course, a medicine-chest. Swamps will have to be crossed by laying down blocks of timber cut down on the spot over which the car can run; bridges will have to be made, and as the expedition gets further north, a route will have to be cut through dense thorn jungles. Progress in those parts, under the best conditions, will not exceed two miles a day, and the expenditure of petrol will, of course, be proportionately heavy. During such times, while some of us are with the car, others can move further afield with rifle and kodak to hunt for wild animals.

"Part of the country we shall have to pass through is infested with lions. The bioscope, too, is certain to be kept pretty busy taking pictures of noteworthy scenes and incidents of the route. When the expedition reaches Gondokoro, on the White Nile, it will find a special steamer awaiting it, which will accompany us as far as Khartoum. The steamer will keep pace with the car by day, the latter travelling along the bank, while by night it will put in to the side and all the party will sleep in it, as it would be absolutely impossible to drive by night, with however strong lights owing to the roughness of the ground. The steamer will be especially useful on account of having every facility for developing photographs, while its berths will prove a welcome change after the hardship of sleeping under a small tent in the noisy silence of the tropical night."

"What about the natives?"

"Well, I expect that the natives may give trouble, but we certainly shall not go out of our way to seek it. They will probably look upon a motor-car as the forerunner of the railway, and resent it accordingly; but though a scrimmage or two is likely enough, I hope conciliatory measures and a little baksheesh, judiciously given, will ensure a fairly peaceful passage. Any way, we can rely on the kind offices of the Home authorities, the British South Africa Company, the Egyptian Government, the Sudan Government, and all the English companies in Africa; so there will be ready help if the natives prove troublesome. The only other serious difficulty that I can see will be fever, to which we shall be specially liable in crossing swamps; but I think that inoculation ought to prove a sufficient safeguard against that."

"And about how long do you expect to take over the journey?"

"Well, I expect to cover the 6,000 odd miles in 120 days; or even less, with luck."

"I see an announcement in The Daily News and other papers that a German expedition is to follow yours, starting from Capetown a fortnight after you have left. Are they going to Cairo before you?" Mr. Bentley smiled and said simply, "What do you think?" Then he added, "It is quite true that a party of Germans is going to follow me ostensibly to test the reliability of a German car, and it is said they are helped by

a large subsidy from the German Government. If they try to overtake me it will not be the first time I have had to race against a car. You remember what happened when I drove through Abyssinia. In my report I was able to describe how on my return journey I came across what looked like the remains of a prehistoric car— the metal all red with rust and the rest eaten by ants except parts of the woodwork. However, who knows how it will be this time? At any rate there will be a fair field and no favour. "Should our party arrive safely in Cairo we shall continue to Alexandria, embark for Marseilles, then journey through France to Boulogne in our motor, cross over to Folkestone, and journey on to London, also by motor." Mr. Bentley, who is the son of the architect of Westminster Cathedral, served in the South African War, and also against the Somalis; he has done much travelling in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, in many parts of Africa notably in the Congo, Rhodesia, Soudan, Egypt, and Abyssinia, being the first to introduce the motor-car to King Menelik.



King Menelik sitting in the front of Bede's car.

Perhaps many of our readers remember his exciting race across plain and hill, jungle and river, to reach the King's Court before the two German expeditions that started immediately after him. The surprise of that monarch may be easier imagined than described, as the motor made its strange evolutions in the chief square of Addis Abbeba before the astonished gaze of hundreds of savages—the triumph of two thousand years of progress in a setting of nature still as wild and as simple as she

was in the beginning. It is a scene that Mr. Bentley will not easily forget, and an achievement of which his friends may well be proud.

Mr. Bentley is so young in years, yet so old in experience, and speaks of his past work in such unassuming fashion that it is not easy to realise at once—so simple did he make them seem—the enormous difficulties which will attend his forthcoming expedition. That they will tax the strength of his little party to the utmost we may be very sure. We are accustomed to motoring over especially prepared roads; but think for a moment of the difficulty of motoring across country even in England, over all sorts of fields, over ditches, hedges, down into roads, up banks, through woods, and over rivers, and then we can better imagine the very different hardships of a journey through Africa, where the motor has frequently to be lifted and pulled by human strength, with the aid of levers and steel ropes. Should Mr. Bentley succeed in his task it will certainly be one of the greatest triumphs of British pluck and endurance. But, despite the difficulties before him, we almost share his confidence of success, for he is one of those with whom to begin a thing is to finish it, and those who remember the story of his Abyssinian expedition, which is as romantic as any novel, will have little doubt but that he will drive the length of Africa somehow. If he does he will be the first to falsify the famous prophecy of Cecil Rhodes that no one would ever be able to cross Africa on wheels until the Cape to Cairo railway was built.”

Bentley's other claim to fame was the invention of the Tank:-



“Early on in the Great War, Kitchener was asking for armoured vehicles of some kind, and was shown an armoured car built "at Woolwich". He asked the opinion of a friend by the name of Captain Bentley. Bentley pointed out the vehicle's lack of off-road capability, and Kitchener asked him if he could improve it. Bentley is supposed to have come back to Kitchener with a plan for a vehicle on caterpillar or "pedo" tracks (a phrase we probably wouldn't use nowadays) and a spec that sounds pretty much like a Tank.

This is said to have been three months before Churchill wrote his memo to Asquith. Bentley was then, unfortunately, posted to Russia and thence to German East Africa. On his return he found that the Tank was in existence and Swinton, Wilson, and Sir William Tritton got the credit. How close it was to his original idea isn't made clear, but his claim was supported by another officer named Fitzgerald. Of course, by this time Kitchener wasn't available having drowned with the sinking of HMS Hampshire in June 1916 (together with **Hugh O'Beirne (OB)** his FO advisor).

Bentley later sued for compensation in the High Court in 1925 but his case was dismissed.

THE RUSSELL FAMILY

Colin Russell (62) Emailed me concerning the contribution made by his family to Beaumont over the years and I felt it incumbent on me to expand on what he wrote. If you were going to mention families that were associated with the school over the generations two stand out – the Russells and the Tolhursts and both very much associated with the law and I should also state that no Higher Line pantomime would be complete without native tribes of N'russells and N'tolhursts.



The Jesuits at Beaumont loved jurisprudence and promoted the profession amongst all others and they were undoubtedly pleased when an Irish Barrister Charles Russell sent his first son Arthur to the school in 1871 and by the time his youngest son Bertrand left Charles had risen from Liberal MP, Attorney General and finally Lord Chief Justice of England and died in office in 1900.

Arthur went on to Oriel Oxford (the family split between Oriel and University College) and thence to Inner Temple, He was involved with his father on the Parnell Commission over false accusations made against the Irish politician and became a County Court Judge the year his father died. Although married he had a long standing affair with “Madame Bottle” which hastened his demise.



His younger brother **Charles** left Beaumont in '81 and ten years later founded the firm of solicitors which is known today as Charles Russell Spetchely. He is remembered for sorting out the love affairs of The Prince of Wales later Edward VII, the Behring Sea arbitration and representing the Jockey Club. He was created a baronet in 1916 and was made a KCVO and a KSTJ in 1921 for his war work with the Red Cross.

Cyril was a couple of years younger than Charles and went up to University College before becoming a stockbroker and eventual partner in Herbert, Wagg and Russell. He also wrote novels in his spare time.



While **Frank** was at school he had taken a leading role in the historic "sod" fight leading lower Line in a rout over the senior boys. He left Beaumont a year after Cyril in '84 for Oriel and then Lincoln's Inn taking Silk in 1908. He married the daughter of lord Ritchie a onetime Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer and joined the judiciary in 1919. Lord Justice of Appeal in 1928 and became the 2nd Lord Russell of Killowen. Frank was known for his humour and wit, his zealousness on behalf of a client and his courtesy to an opponent. He was good at golf, probably loved cricket even more and as one would expect from an Irishman an avid supporter of the Pegasus Club- The Bench and The Bar Point to Point. Like nearly all the Russells of every generation he loved acting and was a regular for the BU Play.

The soldier in the family was **Bertrand** who gained a commission in the Field Artillery, served in the Boer War and was an ADC to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in

1906. In the Great War he was wounded three times and was awarded a DSO for courageous action at Fromelles 1915 “keeping his battery in action while under constant heavy shelling”. He retired as a Lt-Colonel and like Frank loved the Beaumont Stage.

The next generation of the family included the four sons of Cyril. **Alec** the eldest went off to McGill University in Montreal in 1912 but returned for service in the RFA and was awarded an MC. After the war he stayed on in the Army to retire in 1930 to breed Horses. He married his cousin Monica (Sir Charles’s only daughter) and succeeded to the Baronetcy by special remainder.



His brother **Gerald** left the same year for University College before also joining the RFA for the War, awarded an MC and like his Uncle Bertrand an Italian Croce di Guerra. After the War he joined the family Solicitors and was its manager at the age of 32. Gerald will be remembered as a fine golfer – the backbone of the Halford Hewitt team and as Treasurer of the BU for many years.

Denis Left Beaumont in '27 again for University College. He became stockbroker and Senior Partner at Hendersons in WW2 he held a commission in The RoughRiders (County of London Yeomanry) and was awarded an MBE in 1945 having commanded a “Phantom” Squadron providing specialist information and intelligence to the Second Army after the Normandy Invasion. He later received an OBE. Denis was a fine cricketer and to quote from Widen “he was four years at Oxford without getting a Blue, although in 1930 he scored 40 and 101 in the Seniors' match and, playing for H. D. G. Leveson Gower's XI at Eastbourne against the University in 1931 after the side had been made up, scored 92. Meanwhile he had made his mark for Middlesex, for whom he made 25 appearances between 1928 and 1932. In 1929 he scored 66 against Warwickshire at Birmingham and 52 against Kent at Dover, while in 1930 he enjoyed a triumph as a bowler, taking seven for 43 against Gloucestershire at Lord's. A right-handed bat, he had beautiful strokes, and with a slightly stronger defence, and perhaps a more stable temperament, he could have been a fine player. He was a slow-medium left-arm bowler who, if memory serves, relied more on length and a bit of pace off the wicket than on spin. He was also an excellent field. In all first-class matches he made 666 runs, with an average of 13.87, and took seventeen wickets at 31.00”.

Alan, the youngest of Cyril's sons left School in '29. In the War he reached the rank of Lt-Colonel in the London Scottish before returning to business in broking and banking. Alan was managing director of J Henry Schroder Wagg (now just Schroders) as well as holding other directorships in the City.



Frank the 2nd Lord Russell had one son **Charles** who was Captain of the School in '26, to be followed by his cousin Dennis and later Alan. He also led the XI on to the field at Lords for the first match held there against The Oratory. Like his father he went to Oriel and was awarded a half Blue for golf followed by Lincoln's Inn qualifying as a barrister in '31. During the War he commanded a battery of the Worcestershire Ye40manry and went in with the 6th Airborne Division on D Day: later he would be credited with firing the first shells onto German soil. When peace came he took silk in '48, raised to the High Court in 1960 and became a lord Justice of Appeal two years later as the 3rd lord Russell.

Bertrand was another with an only son – **Michael** who experienced the first of the war years at Beaumont. On leaving he became a P/O in the RAFVR and then continued his association with the air in peacetime with East African Airlines. Michael's son went to Worth.



Michael's nephew **Charles** was older than he was. The son of Sir Alec, Charles left Beaumont in '35 for University College before joining Charles Russell. He succeeded to the Baronetcy in '38. During the War he was wounded while serving with the RHA and was also mentioned in dispatches. After the War he attended Lincoln' Inn and eventually became senior partner of the Family firm. Like Michael his son went to Worth.

Cyril was Gerald's eldest and a contemporary of Michael. He went into the Irish Guards for the War and was wounded by snipers in an ambush when the Battalion was trying to take the bridge at Valenswaard 17 Sept 1944 while attempting to relieve the forces at Arnhem. He was an exceptional young officer as the following "tribute" shows:-

"Lt. Russell was a commander of No. 1 Platoon and he was very much admired by his men for being "one of us", so they just called him Cyril. He was badly wounded in the arm during the first day of Operation Market Garden and he died in 2005 aged 80. The Platoon re-worded and used to sing the old Rebel Song "Johnson's Motor Car in his honour -

Cyril's Motorcar

Alexander dear, be of good cheer,

*And I'll tell you what we'll do
The SS Troops are plenty full
But the Irish Guards are few.
We've orders from our C.O.,
To assemble on the Rhine
And the Micks are sure to capture it
In Regimental time.*

*The Micks came charging up the Rhine
With rifles and Bren Guns
Said one unto the other
Sure I think we'll have some fun.
But when the Germans saw us
They said Mick you've come too far
And they took us back to Gefängnis
In Cyril's motor car.*

*And when we got to Berlin
The Shamrock was in bloom
We had no time for worries
And we had no time for gloom.
With half a dozen V.C.'s
An MM and a bar
You could see the mucking-in, going through Berlin,
in Cyril's motor car.*

Cyril was another Russell to enter the firm after the war and a partner in the firm and acted for the Colonial office in the Lagos Court of Inquiry 1956 concerning certain bank fraud,

Cyril's younger brother **Alastair** went through the War years at Beaumont before national service in the Coldstream Guards, he then entered the Westminster Archdiocese and went to Rome and the English College for ecclesiastical studies. Alastair served at St Mary's Cadogan St, and at Pimlico's Church of The Apostles which in his words was neither "forsaken nor fashionable". He also spent time as an Army Chaplain where he was highly regarded by all ranks and of all denominations (ED: He Christened my younger daughter while stationed at Detmold).

Colin was the youngest of Gerald's boys and was the last of the "Clan" to be Captain of The School before leaving in '62. He would join his brother Cyril in the firm and the last OB connection. Cyril had two sons who went to St John's but were too young for Beaumont. The youngest **Patrick** -



joined the Firm after Ampleforth and was a partner of Charles Russell LLP from 1982 until his retirement from the firm in 2013. He was Senior Partner from 2006 to 2013 and Managing Partner from 1993 to 1999.

He was the principal legal advisor to The Jockey Club and the HRA and the BHA in the field of regulation, discipline and the Rules of Racing from 1989 until his appointment as the BHA's independent Disciplinary Officer in 2009, a position which he still occupies. He is Chairman of Solicitors Indemnity Mutual Insurance Ltd and a trustee of the Association of Sail Training Organisations [otherwise known as UK Sail Training].

So much for the solicitors but to return to Charles Ritchie 3rd Ld Russell: his two sons came to Beaumont. **Valentine** the eldest left in '56 for Oriel and **Damian** went on to Trinity Dublin.

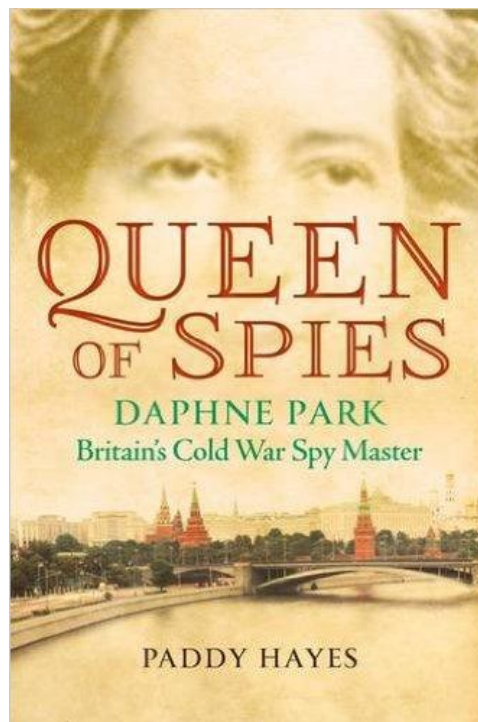
Anthony (51) like his father Denis was a fine cricketer and also like his father he joined Hendersons to become a partner in 1959. For national service he gained a commission in the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, he married well – Charlotte daughter of Sir Ian Bowater but died too young at the age of 32. His son went to Eton.

Finally, it was not just the male line of Russells that came to Old Windsor Eileen a daughter of the 1st Lord, married John Holmes MP and their son **John (08)** was KIA

1915, Charles was awarded an MC & Bar. Another Daughter Lilian produced the three **Drummond** Boys all of whom served with distinction in WW2. Others include **John Charles Mathew QC (44)** son of the onetime DPP Sir Theobald and Phyllis Russell, and the three **Haddons** sons of Brig. Thomas and Clodagh Russell.

(**Ed** as someone who has been involved in racing it is interesting to note that the first and last Russell solicitor acted for the Jockey Club. **Jeremy Gompertz QC** is/was the Club's barrister).

Anomalies of the Post War Era



Browsing the Biography of Daphne Park, Baroness Park of Monmouth), the “Queen of Spies” and a senior controller for MI6 written by Paddy Hayes I came across a reference to **Raymund Maunsell OB**: she claimed that he was an “uncontrollable drunk” and turned down the job as his PA in 1945, but did accept another role he offered in Austria in charge of tracking down war criminals in refugee camps and extracting valuable scientists. She became one of the few women doing the routine work of espionage in Vienna. She witnessed both British and American attempts to keep rocket scientists and chemists out of the hands of the Russians.

Perhaps one should not be surprised to discover that at towards the end of WW2 that two senior officer OBs should find themselves conducting intelligence operations

that on the face of it seemed to conflict. The two concerned were **Brigadier Willie van Cutsem (08)** and **Brigadier Raymond Maunsell (20)**. Willie was one of those bright young men that the army needed to replace the brave but less than competent men that were in senior command positions during the first part of the 20th century. Leaving school, he studied at Heidelberg before attending Woolwich and a commission in the Royal Engineers. During the Great War he was in France then Macedonia and was awarded an MC and a Croix de Guerre. By 1939 he was following in the steps of **General MacDonogh OB** as Assistant Director of Intelligence at the War Office during which he helped set up SOE before moving to head the Political Intelligence Department where he recruited among others **Leopold Clasen (23)** after he had escaped war torn Belgium.



Raymund Maunsell

Raymund's career followed a different path going to Sandhurst and a commission in the newly formed Royal Tank Regiment. His grandfather General Sir Frederick Maunsell had been a veteran of the Indian Mutiny and his uncle Edgar Pentheny-O'Kelly OB had been awarded a DSO with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in WW1. Raymund was to spend part of the inter-war years with the Trans-Jordan Defence Force before becoming a counter-intelligence officer in Egypt before the outbreak of war. He quickly rose in rank to become the Head of Security and Intelligence in the Middle East (SIME) with coups such as the breaking of the "Kondor" Mission. Following victory in North Africa, he returned to England to become Head of an organisation known as The Special Sections Sub-Division. Coming under his auspices was T-Force, their mission was to secure designated German scientific and industrial technology targets before they could be destroyed by retreating enemy forces or looters during the final stages of the War and its immediate aftermath. Key personnel were also to be seized, and targets of opportunity exploited when encountered.

The program was designed to loot the defeated Germany's intellectual assets and impede its ability to compete in the postwar political and economic spheres while giving a boost to the Allies. It was also waged against the Soviet Union, as though unacknowledged at the time the T-Force mission also included preventing advanced Nazi technology from falling into Russian hands, destroying whatever could not be seized and hauled away before Soviet troops arrived.

The British were of course not the only ones to take such an interest in post War Europe, the Americans were also involved. Early in 1945, foreseeing a vastly increased military and civilian interest after hostilities ended in Germany, Secretary of War Stimson had sent his scientific consultant, Dr. E. L. Bowles, to Europe to help set up a single high-level scientific and technological intelligence organization. Later, in April, among his other assignments, General Clay had acquired the job of working with Dr. Bowles in carrying out the mission from the Secretary of War. Since the new organization would have to be combined for as long as SHAEF existed, Clay had selected as its chief Brig. Raymond Maunsell, who as I have already mentioned was Chief of the Special Sections Subdivision, and as the deputy chief Col. Ralph M. Osborne (US). Clay also gave the organization a name, Field Information Agency, to which Maunsell added the word "Technical" to make a pronounceable acronym, FIAT.

FIAT was from the first conceived as a post-hostilities agency. It would inherit from the Special Sections Subdivision a military mission and, in the search for information to use against Japan, also a wartime mission; but in the long run it would be oriented at least equally toward civilian interests. Chief among its interests would be "the securing of the major, and perhaps only, material reward of victory, namely, the advancement of science and the improvement of production and standards of living in the United Nations by proper exploitation of German methods in these fields." FIAT's scope was therewith extended to take in scientific and industrial processes and patents having civilian as well as military applications. Although Clay, Bowles, and Maunsell envisioned FIAT as having exclusive "control and actual handling of operations concerning enemy personnel, documents, and equipment of scientific and industrial interest," they discovered before long that to set up an agency with such sweeping authority in the bureaucratic thickets of SHAEF was not possible. Direct control of operations was already in the hands of various long-established SHAEF elements and would remain there-except for Operation DUSTBIN, which came under FIAT along with its parent agency, the Special Sections Subdivision, on 1 July, and the T Force, which by the time it passed to FIAT (on 1 August) had practically finished assessing its assigned and uncovered targets. The one new T Force operation in the FIAT period was conducted in Berlin in July and August. In its charter, issued at the end of May, FIAT was authorized to "coordinate, integrate, and direct the activities of the various missions and agencies" interested in scientific and technical intelligence. Based at Krasburg Castle nr Frankfurt (where the Nazi Leadership was held prior to the Nuremberg Trials), one of Maunsell's operations was code named "Dustbin". This was a top-secret joint programme to interrogate German Scientists such as Gerhard Schrader, Otto Ambros, and Werner von Braun. This led to the next stage code named "Paperclip" organised by the Americans in which several hundred key scientists were offered posts in the USA and immunity from prosecution. At least one convicted war criminal was spared the noose at the last moment because of his potential use and knowledge.

Maunsell's role was therefore not only to track down information but also personnel that could be of use to the Allies as the Cold War developed. On the other hand Willie van Cutsem's job on the Political side was to Index any writings, literature, music associated with the Nazi regime and to reduce fraternisation to a minimum. The adage was that before the Germans could learn to govern themselves again they must realise that it was necessary not just to defeat the Nazi regime but the

people themselves must be defeated: there was no such thing as a good German as far as van Cutsem's organisation was concerned.

(Ed as to Maunsell's drinking habits, I could not possibly comment: whatever the truth he was undoubtedly highly competent at his job)

Giss - Goss

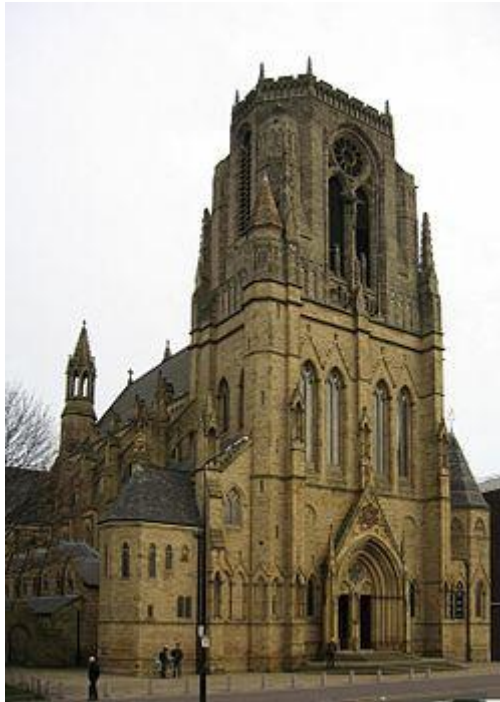


GISS – GOSS is THE REVIEW gossip column with tittle-tattle gleaned from various sources.

Many of you will have gathered that I am a reader of Country Life and it does seem often to have references to Beaumont relations and for a magazine with no obvious Catholic connection. In the edition before Easter there were articles on Walsingham "England's Nazareth" (The Slipper Chapel has a dedication to **Launcelot Cary** KIA The Somme 1916). The Roman Cabinet of Pope Sixtus V at Stourhead and the selected parish church treasure was the High Altar of The Holy Name of Jesus, Manchester.



The Church had been built by Joseph Hansom for the Jesuits in 1869 – 71 at the same time he was building The Beaumont Chapel. The Holy name has been likened to a 14th century cathedral and has a vault rising higher than Westminster Abbey. Its most memorable rector was Fr Bernard Vaughan SJ (brother of the Cardinal). Fr Bernard had taught at Beaumont as a scholastic coming to Old Windsor in 1873 and had stayed for four years. In time he would be considered as one of the greatest of Jesuit preachers and was famed for the debates he held with the Anglican Bishop of Manchester over Anglican claims for their faith to be the successors of St Augustine: Vaughan triumphed.



It was following his death that the massive tower originally wished for by Hansom was re-designed by **Adrian Gilbert Scott** and completed in 1928. The Church now serves as the Catholic University Chaplaincy and the building given Grade 1 status.

Mentioning Adrian Gilbert Scott, few remember that in 1953 he was the 3rd architect after Pugin and Lutyens commissioned to design Liverpool's Metropolitan Cathedral. Adrian's scaled down version but retaining Lutyen's proposed huge dome was not approved. Eventually Gibberd's "Paddy's Wigwam" was built. Sad when one considers that both Gilbert Scott brothers might have shared the Liverpool skyline.

Finally on the subject of the Gilbert Scotts, although they designed the War Memorial, the bronze sculpture of Christ Crucified was by a little known artist whom they chose over more celebrated contemporaries: Miss Frances Bessie Burlison – her CV is as follows:

"Born in St. Pancras, London. She was the daughter of John Burlison (1843-91, born in Bilsdale, Yorks), a stained glass artist who was half of the highly successful partnership with Thomas Grylls. Frances exhibited with The Society of Lady Artists in 1898. In an exhibition review in The Times Frances Burlison's promising "decorative sculpture" is picked out, together with that of Miss Helen Langley. [The Times, Wednesday, Feb 02, 1898; pg. 11; Issue 35429; col F Art Exhibitions.]

Her later works include the bronze figure for the war memorial at Beaumont College: "The memorial, which is 33 feet in height, and constructed of white Portland stone, has been designed by Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A., and Mr. A. Gilbert Scott, M.C. both of them old Beaumont boys. It takes the form of a large Greek cenotaph, embodying a Calvary, with a life-size bronze figure modelled by Miss Frances

Burlison, well known by her work at the Royal Academy. The figure is set in an arch, through which the background of trees is seen, and at the foot of the memorial is a massive stone altar for use in memorial services, and lateral wing walls extending some 50 feet in length." The Tablet, 19 November 1921.

There are at least two works in the Tate collection, including two watercolours by Arthur Boyd Houghton, which were donated by Burlison through the Art Fund in the late 1920s. She died in Hampstead where she had lived most of her life.

BARON JEROME ANZON –CACCAMISSI (02)

There is a name missing from the War Memorial of those killed in WW2 that of **Jerome Anzon Caccamisi**. Little is known of his life and indeed his war service but he is recorded as a member of the French Resistance and an intelligence officer who was deported to the Mauthausen Concentration Camp in Austria. Here he was murdered (sent to the gas chambers) in February 1945.

Jerome was the son of Baron Andre and his wife better known as Blanche Marchesi. Blanche was a well-known French mezzo-soprano who was a specialist in the Wagnerian roles.



Blanche sketched by Singer Sargent

Having originally been a violinist, she did not begin her singing career until 1896 which lasted till 1938 two years before her death. Her own mother Mathilde Marchesi was the most famous vocal teacher of her day and many of the best known sopranos of the late 18th and early 19th century owe their voices to her expertise. Her father Salvatore de Castrone was a key figure in the Italian revolution. Andre was Blanche's second husband as she was previously married to the Austrian Baron

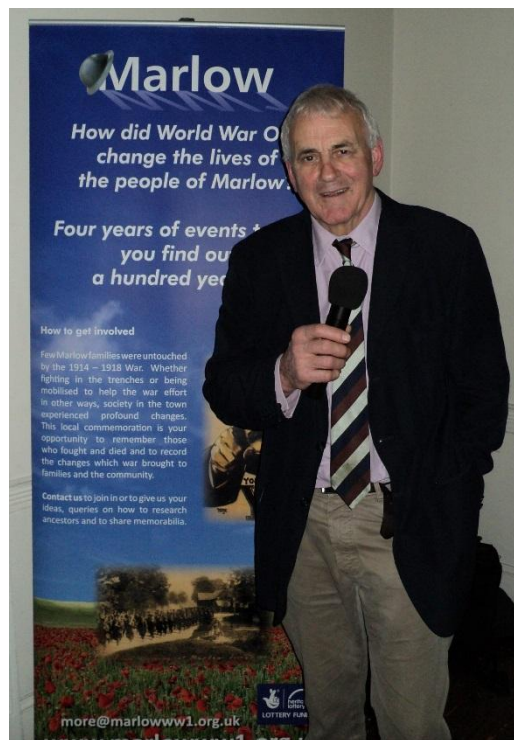
Alexander Popper von Podhragy with whom she had three sons; they all suffered at the hands of the Nazis either deported or murdered.

John Sehmer MBE (22) SOE was also executed at Mauthausen having been captured in Slovakia at the end of 1944.

Chatting with **Tony Parish** in Lourdes, he expanded further on the punishment he received for his day out at the British Grand Prix '58 when he was photographed with the top drivers of the day. Fr Costigan sent him on a Retreat but foolishly in London. Tony claims that by the end of the week he was a connoisseur of the best "Strip-joints" in Soho. However he went on to say that the best strip he ever saw was **Mathew Guinness** performing on the dining room table of the family home in Italy.

I missed the following from The Bucks free Post:-

Former BBC presenter Paul Burden dusts off WWI archive to present to packed audience



A capacity audience gathered in Marlow last night to hear a former BBC presenter host a special remembrance event for World War One.

Marlow resident Paul Burden replayed recordings he made in the late 1980s of senior Marlovians who had poignant memories of the war.

The audiovisual presentation included pictures of the former residents on a big screen to accompany the recordings.

Among the rare pictures, some never published, was a powerful image exactly a hundred years old showing a battalion of troops marching up the High Street, en route from the railway station to their training camp at Bovingdon Green.

ED I also failed to pick up that Paul was unsuccessful in his Council election bid for the LIBDEMS in Marlow North & West in May last year

David Fettes sent me some photos of those destined to be the “last of the few”



What was called Grammar 111 in 1964

(Among them I assume is **Peter Hammett** who has just re-established contact with the BU having “gone to France in the mid 70s on a three month assignment and never made it back”)



Junior Colts X1 1963



The VIII 1967 – Final appearance at Henley

Driving home after the Easter Vigil Service at Petworth I realised that all the readings had been read by Beaumont connections: - Sally Bohane, Phillipa (nee Beatson – Hird) and Sue sister of Nick Warren. Well done the Ladies.

The Queen's 90th puts one in mind of how fortunate we were at Beaumont to not only have her visit us but also that she has been aware our affairs over the years. In her early days she would have had little contact with Catholicism or OBs. A possible acquaintance with **Prince Michael Andreevich** the late Tsar's eldest nephew while he lived at Frogmore might have been a first connection, and she may have been aware of The Corps presence as part of the Windsor Castle guard in the war years. Certainly when **Captain Charles Moore** became the Royal Stud Manager, her passion for racing and breeding took hold and he was held high in her affections. Both the **Duke of Alba** and the **Duke of Palmella** were visitors to the palace not just in their role as ambassadors but also they were personal friends of her parents and entertained them at their homes. It was only when following her marriage and a posting to Malta that she found herself in a "catholic" environment and there is cine footage of her enjoying the company of various prelates on the Island and she may well have met several of the prominent OBs. Following her succession **Peter de Zuluetta** was Prince Philip's equerry and as someone who takes an interest in the Royal farm and its herd at Windsor she would have been aware that their greatest rivals for prizes at the principle local agricultural shows came from **Fr Sir Lewy Clifford's** Beaumont College Farm.



Pip Hinds and Eddie Roberts with HM

In 1957 she sent the gift of a tea service for the raffle at the centenary fund raising fete and later agreed to the school visit in 1961. Unlike the visits of Queen Victoria where the shenanigans to bring about her visits to the school are all well recorded, we have no knowledge as to who were involved in the proposal and arrangements for the raffle gift or the visit.

In that final summer of '67 when the VIII were rowing on the Home Park Reach, she appeared on the tow path and spoke to **Tony Scott** of her sadness at Beaumont's closure: a knowledge that one would not have expected though should one be surprised.



Coming to St John's in 2009 primarily to open the Dermot Gogarty Sports Centre, she recalled her visit to the main school almost fifty years previously. Beaumont has indeed been fortunate in what has been more than a passing acquaintance with our reigning Monarch.

In Dec 2 Country Life "Town Mouse" had been to Purdeys for its annual awards for game conservation. Tweed clad keepers and their employers crowded into the long room where guns used to be engraved and finished and where Eisenhower made plans for D Day. The winners this year were the Leaseholders of Ilkley Moor who have brought back grouse to the Moor after many years absence. The main drive can now be seen from Leeds City Centre. Ilkley Moor was owned by the Middletons as part of their estates – **Marmeduke and Reginald (81) and Lionel (83)** were all said to have suffered mental illness in some form or another. It was Marmeduke who was forced to sell the Moor to pay for his insatiable gambling.

John Marshall asked about **Raymond Smith OB 64 or 65**. My year and from Venezuela where his father if the same name was a go between Maggie Thatcher and the president. Selling arms maybe? But the son? When I arrived in Vzla to work for the Brit Council I had dinner with the director and asked him the whereabouts of one Raymond Smith. He replied "at this time of year (January) probably on the Cresta Run!" And that was as far as I got.

Ed – Well I got no further but came across the following concerning his parents:-

From "The Sterling Years" by James Edmiston - the story of the sub-machine gun

"When I was collecting representation in South America, it was to the British Embassies I turned to and they did not let me down. Thus Sir Raymond Smith became our agent in Venezuela. Sir Raymond, who had been knighted for his services to British Exports, lived in Caracas, the capital, where he was also the agent for Rolls-Royce and British Aerospace. Both he and his wife were avid art collectors, and furthered this passion through a large and well-known gallery they owned in Caracas. When in London, staying at Claridges where Sir Raymond would throw lavish parties for visiting Venezuelan service chiefs, they would spend any spare minute visiting galleries and exhibitions for new work. Shortly after meeting Sir Raymond, my wife and I happened to be at a dinner party when one of the guests, himself a gallery owner, recited how that week a woman had come in and announced herself as Lady Smith from Caracas. "And I'm Robin Hood from Timbuktu" he retorted. The next day he hot-footed it round to Claridges, armed with flowers and a profuse apology. The Smiths, fortunately saw the funny side of it".

Anyone in contact with Raymond Junior?

Andrew Pace sent me details on **Edgar Carr** KIA 1915 that had been given to him by the family who are near neighbours of his in Herefordshire. Edgar's father lived off inherited money which allowed him to indulge his passion for painting and his sister Edith was a painter of miniature portraits, studying in Paris exhibiting both there and at the Royal Academy. Edgar became a mechanical engineer and at the start of the War was Managing Director of Messrs Dilworth & Carr in Preston. He married in 1911 and had a daughter and a son. When war broke out, even at the age of 41, he volunteered with a commission in the 1st/5th Bn of The King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment and went to the front in May '15 (see Great War Archive). He was only there for five days when he was mortally wounded.

Robin Mulcahy: anyone for REAL TENNIS?

"You could, however, further the cause of the BU by asking in your next newsletter/review whether there are any OBs who play Real Tennis.

I am a relatively new recruit, just 10 years after a prospective son in law took me to Hampton Court for an evening. I was humiliated but now beat his

father and was at one stage 2134th in world rankings. There is a handicap doubles competition for school OBs which I am sure we should win had I a partner!!!

I am a member at Hampton Court and MCC and have played at every court in England except Oxford, and most of the courts in the USA, Australia and France”

Ed: my brother Christopher used to play at Oxford but not much use to Robin as he is under the sod. **If there is anyone out there who fancies a pair, let me know and I will pass your name on.**

Have any of you been watching “Normal for Norfolk” BBC 2. As it seems to be a county for eccentrics I did a quick trawl of the OB address book and wondered whether Tim Brindley, Reg Carlton-Morris, Patrick Hewins or Tim Ruane fitted the description.

Yet again COUNTRY LIFE produced another Beaumont connection. What was originally “The Girl in Pearls” and nowadays “The Duty Bird” in military parlance for the 18 May was:-



Philippa Weld-Blundell who is getting married at St Peter’s Stonyhurst in July and will take her vows in front of the altar that was donated by her family last year (see BU REVIEW Summer 15). Below is a photograph with its caption from the local press:-



Stunning marble altar takes pride of place at Stonyhurst College.

You will recall that I wrote to Stonyhurst to correct what they had written about the provenance of what we knew at Beaumont as the Altar of Our Lady and St Stanislaus and the fact that it was a gift from Mrs John Mackay. Re-visiting what Stonyhurst had written:-

“... the altar was acquired by Beaumont College, Windsor, then a Public School run by the Society of Jesus and it was placed in the St Stanislaus Kostka Chapel in the College Church. When Beaumont closed, John Weld-Blundell’s mother bought it and brought it to Leagram for her own private chapel.”

I for one found that these words opened old wounds as it gives the impression that Stonyhurst is unaware of their Beaumont heritage that we are described just as “a public School run by the Society of Jesus”, rather than in warmer terms. We were “sold” the closure of Beaumont as an amalgamation with Stonyhurst. This we accept never occurred but it is sad that there is not a greater interest in acknowledging the Beaumont presence. Its water under the bridge but why was the Altar not acquired by Stonyhurst on Beaumont’s closure rather than the Weld Blundell family, the reform of the Mass with the priest facing the congregation was already in hand and enthusiastically adopted by the Jesuit fathers. Perhaps if the Beaumont Altar had taken pride of place at St Peter’s there would have been a greater warmth and understanding for so many in the BU. Now future generations at Stonyhurst will pray

before what is known as the Weld Blundell altar and quite rightly Philippa will be proud of that on her wedding day.

However the sadness at Beaumont's closure was, in my opinion, not made any easier by the perceived indifference of the Stonyhurst hierarchy at the time. At least the Newton Carter Trophy is a marvellous step in the right direction.

Finally from the same edition of "Country Life"- **Oliver Hawkins (61)** wrote:-

Martyr's best friend

YOUR delightful article on dogs and the Church (*May 11*) mentions Arundel Cathedral's former patron saint, Philip Neri, and his dog, Capriccio, but Arundel can lay claim to further canine distinction. Our patron saint, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, spent the last 11 years of his life in a cell in the Tower of London with only his faithful dog for company. Unfortunately, we don't know the dog's name, but it's there beside him in the limewood sculpture above his altar.

Oliver Hawkins, West Sussex

ED: I did have it in mind to have written in myself on the subject of Phil one of several spaniels belonging to **Canon Richard Incedon (46)**. At Cambridge when the late Richard was Chaplain, Phil, a regular attendee at Mass, would always sit by the pulpit and get up and leave if the homily was too long.

Other snippets: The **Schultes** have been over from France to lunch at La Fromagerie with the **Nuricks** and the **Bedfords**. The Latter are making a return trip with the **Outreds** to the Marmande. I trust their cellars will be much improved by some cases of L'Oratoire.

How many noticed the resplendent figure (or was it recumbent) in the Royal Box behind The Queen at her 90th Birthday celebrations at Windsor: the unmistakable **Jerry Gilmore (60)**.

It's a sport of kings: I understand that **Derek Hollamby** has some interesting young fillies running this season. Rumour has it they have potential –Keep it up Derek!

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

From **Peter Hamilton (57)**

"I was at St Johns (with my twin brother) from 1949 through to Beaumont, leaving there in 1957. I joined the merchant navy as a navigation cadet, later becoming a journalist on the Financial Times, then starting up a PR consultancy for a US advertising agency which led to joining one of its clients, a major US oil company, looking after government and political affairs for Europe, Africa and Mid East. I eventually left when they tried to get me to headquarters in the US, and set up a PR consultancy in London with which I am still engaged, and spend a day every week/ten days despite living in Cornwall. **Tony Waldeck** from my Beaumont period has recently arrived in Cornwall, and we are both active sailors!"

From **Chris Roberts (54)**

"I think with moving house in the last few years I've probably dropped below your radar. I now live at 12 Main Street, Sutton Bassett, Market Harborough, Leics. LE16 8HP having downsized to reduce the gardening.

My contacts with Beaumontians are few, **Larry Dowley**, who died last year, was the nearest. **Alec and Jocelyn Rait** came to stay last summer while on a round trip to Europe that included a cruise in the Med. Like me he is 80 this year! I heard from **Richard Belloc-Lowndes** that he also has downsized and at Christmas was still getting organised. Its only when, like me, you have lived in a house for nearly thirty years that you discover how much junk has been quietly breeding in hidden corners.

Are you related to **Michael and Christopher Wilkinson**? I remember Christopher having a terrible accident when tobogganing at St John's in the winter of 47.

Thank very much for producing such an excellent and informative Review.

From **David Danson (66)**

Thank you for your prompt reply. I will try to describe what I've been up to the last 50 years!

After leaving Beaumont I went up to Trinity College, Oxford, to read Engineering Science. After duly obtaining my degree I joint Posford, Pavry and Partners, consulting engineers, long since absorbed into Royal Haskoning, the partnership business model for consulting engineers having been abandoned among consulting engineers generally for many years now. This included three years in Sydney and included the design of a large graving dock, never actually built, as a constitutional crisis caused a change in government and the project was abandoned. I was also

part of the design team for a long prestressed concrete viaduct which I had the pleasure of driving over when I visited Australia for the Melbourne Commonwealth Games in 2010.

On my return to the UK in 1978 I took an MSc in Advanced Structural Engineering at Southampton University, after which I joined Computational Mechanics which was an engineering software house designing and writing structural analysis software. I left Computational Mechanics in 1985 and joined Wimpey Laboratories. Unfortunately, a year later Wimpey closed their structures lab and I was transferred to Wimpey Offshore, which I remained with for the rest of my professional life, apart from a couple of enforced breaks, usually engendered by a collapse in the oil price or similar business calamity. Wimpey actually sold their offshore design and construction interests in 1991 so the successor company went through several owners, name changes etc but has basically consisted of the same group of people. So I was now, almost by accident, in the offshore game, to begin with servicing the oil and gas industry, but later I was involved mainly with the renewables side of the business as offshore wind farms began to be developed. This was an interesting time as it brought together the wind industry, which had a very poor understanding of what was involved in offshore design, and the offshore design industry, which had a lot to learn about the dynamic behaviour of wind turbines. Among other things I was the engineering manager for the design of the foundations for Thanet Offshore Wind Farm. I also designed a foundation for an experimental tidal generator at EMEC (European Marine Energy Centre) in Orkney, again very interesting as at the time this was pretty much the first one to be installed in the UK.

I retired in August 2014, just a month before my 67th birthday, and since then seem to have been very busy here in Odiham. I am the match fixture secretary for our local tennis club and captain one of the teams. I have recently had my arm twisted to take up the post of Facilities Manager (unpaid!) at the Cross Barn, a local facility which put on films, relays of opera, meetings of various groups such as the art and crafts group etc. Since these events are open to the public there are a number of regulations pertaining to Health and Safety which have to be considered. I am also involved with our local U3A and am on the committee for their Science and Technology group. We organise monthly lectures from various different disciplines, sometimes from a university and sometimes from industry or a research establishment. I'm not sure how I ever found time to work!

In 1974 I married my wife, Tricia, and we have three children. The eldest, Edward, is married and we have two grandsons aged three and one. They have just bought a three bedroomed Victorian terrace in Isleworth. Edward runs his own business from home (actually from an office at the bottom of the garden). The business is a family media production company, Lemongrove Productions, and seems to be thriving. He's always complaining he has too much work, much better than too little if you're self-employed! By one of those strange "it's a small-world" coincidences, Edward's wife's maiden name was Charlotte Pavry, and it turned out that she was the grand-daughter of my first boss, Richard Pavry.



My elder daughter, Alex, lives in Marlow and earns a living playing international hockey, although she is now coming to the end of her career. However, she has had some wonderful times playing for England and GB, including **a bronze medal at the London Olympics**. My younger daughter, Claire, still lives with us, and is a qualified primary school teacher, although she spends much of her time training for triathlon, at which she is hoping to reach the top level. Currently she funds this by doing private tutoring. I don't know where all these sporting genes come from; not from me!

I hope the above is not too detailed. I have the date of the October lunch in my diary and so look forward to meeting you all then.

ED I was about to throw out some old Telephone directories and I suddenly saw that David's daughter Alex was on the front cover for 2012 – I suppose the equivalent of "Telecoms Vogue".

From **Nicholas Coleman (67)**

Thank you for the article in BU News about Wardhouse. Most informative. These Gordons were closely related to my Fraser grandmother. Several of these Frasers and Gordons became SJs, one at the founding of Beaumont. Pleased to hear that it is being restored, I last saw it as a ruin 20yr ago. There were several prominent Scottish Catholics in our family.

Editor's final word:- I'm certain that like me you are happy that summer in one form or another is with us. During a particularly cold snap in January. I went from the stables to the local supermarket and I admit I was not sartorially dressed but I was slightly taken aback when the young lady on the checkout looked at me sympathetically and asked "How are you managing in this bitter weather". "Well, the park bench is not the best place to be at the moment".

L D S