

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SPRING 2016



“At Shrovetide of 1876 Charles Roskell proposed an association of Old Boys be formed whose principle objects should be the promotion of the studies of the scholars, the encouragement of public games and the perpetuation of old associations among former students. If his proposal, which was an informal one, was not couched exactly in these words, this is what it amounted to, and subsequently the title of The Beaumont Union was decided upon”. An organising

committee was formed and a circular sent out inviting members to join in an annual subscription not exceeding one guinea. The circular was signed, apart from Roskell, by William Munster, Robert Berkeley, Frederick Barff, and Bernard Parker. To be later joined by Charles Clifford and Charles Pedley. They had 57 favourable replies and the BU came into being: that was 140 years ago. It's a good innings considering our circumstances but your committee feel that we should push on for the 150th for the next big celebration. Having said that with the 50th anniversary of the closure coming up next year perhaps a Solemn Requiem in Morning Dress would be appropriate.

DIARY DATE

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

OBITUARIES

I have been informed of the death of **John Davidson Parker (45)**, **Ronald Kearney (52)**, **Bart Bailey (60)** and **Michael Bruce**. Please see the Obituaries section. You will also find a tribute to **Jonathan Martin** that arrived just too late for the last edition and written by his friend **Francis Beckett**.

The tribute to Bart will I hope be available in the next edition. Ten OBs attended his funeral at Addlestone 16 Feb: **Guy Bailey, David McIlvenna, John Sawyer, Pat and Tom Haran, Mike Parker, Bill Gammell, Mike Bedford, Robert Wilkinson. Ian Swabey** made the address to his lifelong friend.

Michael Bruce (65) son of **Vivian (37)** and younger brother of **Robert (64)** died suddenly on 4 February in Singapore. Michael was among those that had to leave Beaumont for Stonyhurst to complete their "A" Levels. Again there will be a tribute in the next edition of The Review.

Finally, I have received a tribute to **Nigel Payne (62)** who died last June, written by his wife Lizzi. **There will be a memorial service for Nigel at St Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street, London SW3 at 2.00pm on Friday 8th July. All are very welcome.**

THE WEBSITE

I have heard from various OBs that they enjoy The Reviews and I would like to think that it helps to keep our dwindling band in touch. I'm well aware that with the passage of time we find less and less news of ourselves to pass on to the BU of our various activities. So inevitably I spend more time on history. It came home to me on a recent visit to the Imperial War museum at Duxford when looking around the Army display section; towards the end I found myself viewing various equipment that I had used during my time of service.

Approached by an attendant who asked what I thought of the exhibits. I replied that I should depart ASAP before I found myself in one of their display cases. So even I, who counts himself among the younger OBs, finds that the past now predominates.

IN THE NEWS.

LOURDES.

In a month's time The BU will be in Lourdes in conjunction with the HCPT Pilgrimage. This year is particularly special as it is sixty years since the charity was started by Brother Michael Strode and the Beaumont connection began. By 1967 of the then 28 Groups, 6 were led by OBs – **John Bedford, Mike Bedford, Patrick Burgess, Michael Burgess, Gerard Green and John Wolff.** Today there are some 5000 that make the Easter Pilgrimage and Beaumont will be there.

There will be a special article to mark this Anniversary in the next edition of The Review

Prayer for HCPT pilgrimages in 2016

God our Father,

We thank you for bringing us together in Lourdes and for watching over our HCPT family for the past 60 years.

Through this pilgrimage we ask you to change our lives and the lives of all who support us.

With the help of Our Lady and Saint Bernadette, make us always thankful for your goodness and willing to help each other.

Through Christ Our Lord.

Amen

NEW BOOK

Those of you who attended the lunch at St John's will have heard about the new book that was about to be published on the History of the school. Below are details:-

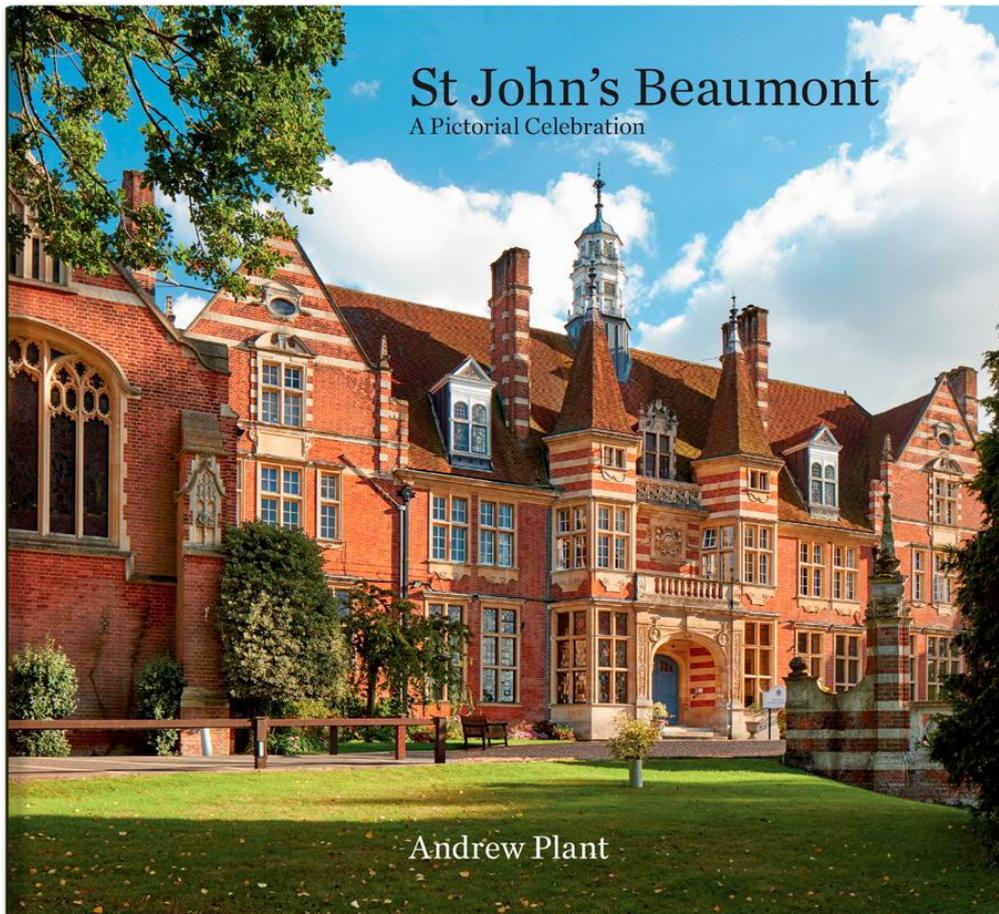
St John's Beaumont

A Pictorial Celebration

Andrew Plant

This very special edition, boasting high production values throughout is limited to 800 copies, and draws deep upon the school's archival holdings to reveal an institution with a rich and fascinating history, and a treasure-trove of artefacts dating back to the earliest days of its foundation. St John's is now over 125 years old, yet many of the images from its extensive collection have never before been published, and are the result of research and exploration in the prestigious Jesuit Archive in Mayfair. These are complemented by beautiful contemporary photograph by Dominic James. The volume, the first to deal with the subject in such breadth, explores the

extraordinary history of perhaps the most beautiful prep school in the country, a symbol of both spiritual and architectural power. It chronicles some of the elusive lives of the boys themselves, from the earliest illustrious clientele, through personal memories of the war years, counterpointed by visitations from eminent guests, and the latest achievements in music, art and sport



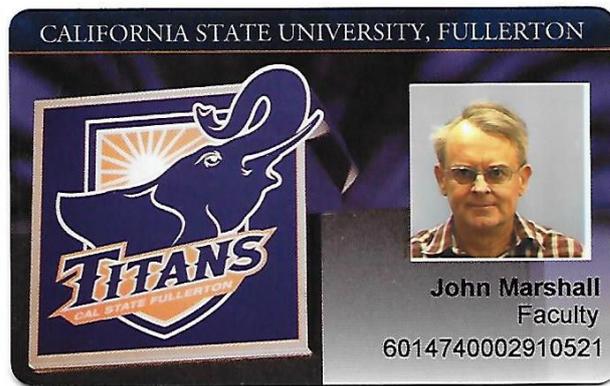
The Book may be ordered from the SCHOOL SECRETARY
ST JOHN'S BEAUMONT
PRIEST HILL,
OLD WINDSOR,
BERKSHIRE SL4 2JN

Cost £25, UK Post £5, EU £15, World £25.

TERRORISM

Since the last Edition the world has suffered various terrorist attacks and I'm glad to report that neither members nor their families have been harmed but there has been a case of there but for the grace of God go I. One thinks of the words of JR Tolkein "The world is indeed full of peril, and in it there are many dark places: but still there is much that is fair, and though in all lands love is now mingled with grief, it perhaps grows the greater."

I heard from **John Marshall** concerning the San Bernadino shooting;- Syed Farook the man that together with his wife killed 14 and wounded others had been a student at California's Fullerton University. He had studied finance up until 2013. John is on the staff of the English teaching faculty and as he says:-
"I had a "Titan card" (like the UK union cards which students have at Universities) and actually I exchanged it for a new one last week.
(Awful photo of me!!) My old card did not look like this one and I got that one in 2008. So the shooter must have been studying at Cal State Fullerton since 2008. We may have walked past each other a few times. (Ouch!) I am just glad he did not try a campus shoot-out.



I think John is being modest about his photograph: given a choice in a beauty contest between him and Farook, he probably wins by a whisker!

AT THE PALACE

A group known as "The Director's Circle" came to my attention. This is for those that make a substantial donation to the London School of Hygiene & Tropical Medicine. Those belonging to the Circle are invited to various events such as the private lunch at Buckingham Palace with the School Patron The Duke of Edinburgh.



Maggie Burgess (left), **Patrick Burgess** (centre)

As they used to write in *The Tatler* of years past "Seen enjoying a joke were....."

Maggie is a past student of the School and now lectures there. The LSHTM on Keppel Street, Bloomsbury is part of the University of London. It was founded by Sir Patrick Manson the Scottish physician in 1899 and is one of the most prestigious institutions in the world in the fields of public health and infectious diseases, ranking highly in both national and international league tables.

The LSHTM's mission is to contribute to the improvement of health worldwide through the pursuit of excellence in research, postgraduate teaching and advanced training in national and international public health and tropical medicine, and through informing policy and practice in these areas.

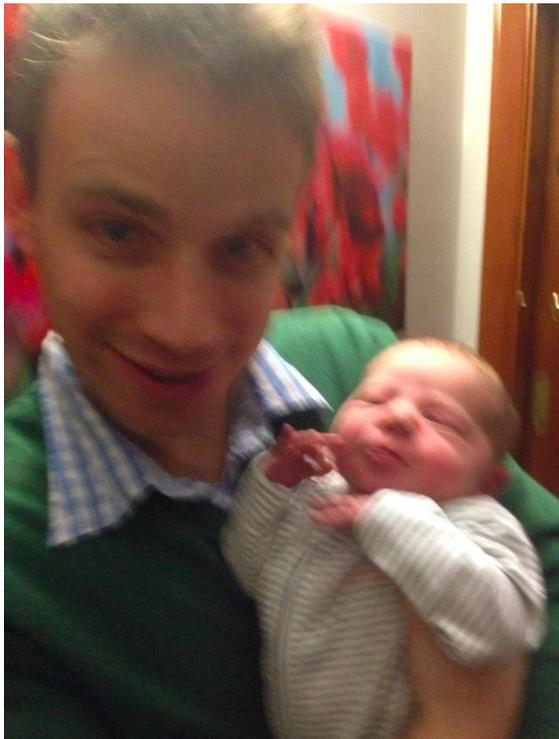
FLOODS OVERWHELMED

No - this is not about unfortunate OBs in Scotland or the Northern counties but about "he who for a Cash's name tape" (see Winter Review) would not have sent me the following:-

From **John Flood**

“For us Christmas Day started with a phone call from **Andrew**, presumably the youngest member of the BU, phoning us so that Claire, 3 days after she was due, could tell us that she had given birth to their first child, a son (as yet unnamed), 15 minutes beforehand at 9.43!

But it did not end there! At 11.45 on Christmas night Christopher phoned to advise us that, after we popped in on them at about 8pm on our way back from visiting our new grandson in St George's Hospital Tooting, Naomi, had at 22.37 that night, 4 days early, given birth in Kingston Hospital to their 3rd son, Harry.



So it was that as grandparents Celia and I had acquired, not one, but two Christmas Day grandsons, doubling the number of our grandsons from 2 to 4 in a single day. Above is the "Find Friends" App showing the two fathers in the two hospitals caring for their newborn 2 babies shortly before midnight on Christmas night (with us still trying to finish our deferred Christmas Dinner here in Epsom at 23.48pm.

So we have certainly been doubly blessed in the most unimaginable and extraordinary way during Christmas Day like no other. To have two grandchildren born on the same day to different parents must be relatively unusual, but it has been all the more poignant and moving that this should have occurred on Christmas day. The boys may in time regret this but for us it could not have been more moving and thrilling. Our delight and gratitude for these 2 amazing gifts of life on the day of the Nativity Birth 2015 years ago is truly beyond words!!”

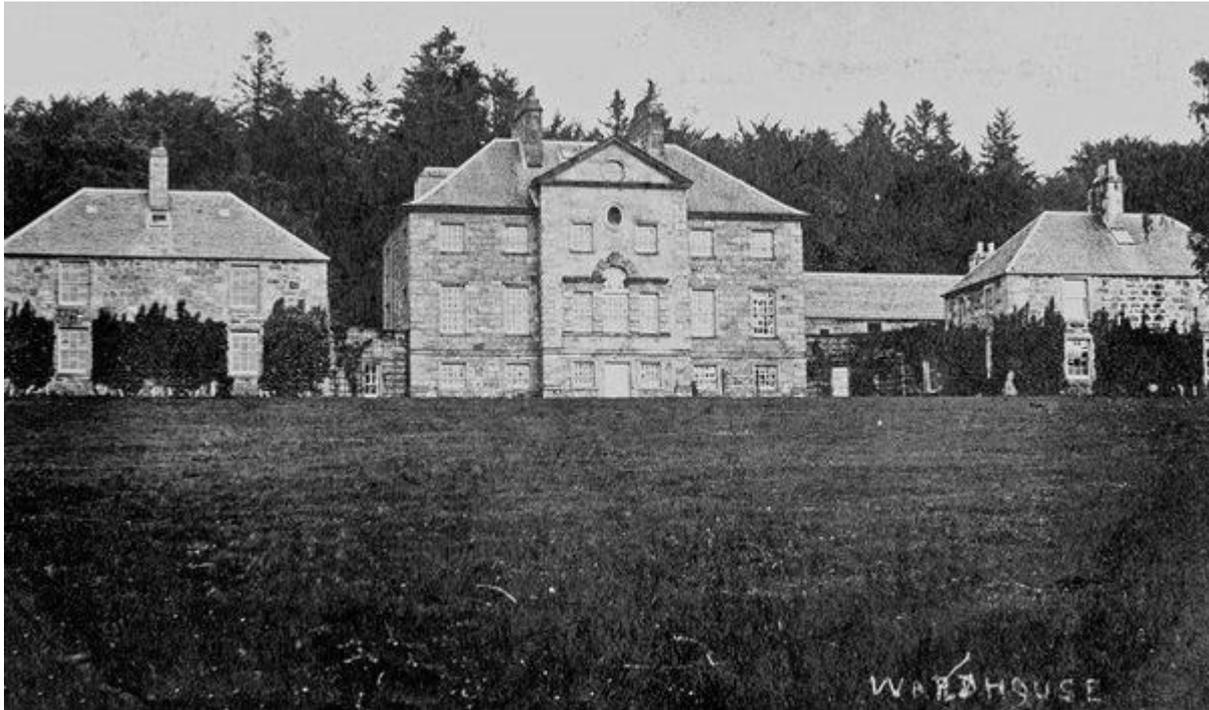
ED: I sent our congratulations to the various Floods.

THE INUNDATIONS

So as not to be confused with Floods that afflicted many in December / January brought to my attention a Beaumont connection when seeing the photo of the precarious position of Abergeldie Castle on the banks of the River Dee.



Abergeldie is home to one of the principle members of Clan Gordon whose homelands are in Aberdeenshire and owe allegiance to the Marquis of Huntly “The Cock o’ the North”. The majority are protestant but one part of the family the Gordons of Wardhouse and Kildrummy had been Catholic for centuries and supported the Jacobite cause. Wardhouse is currently a ruin: a fate that threatens Abergeldie but plans for its restoration are in hand. The house was once the home of **Joseph Maria Gordon (73)** and also of **Hugh (90) and Carlos (95) Lumsden of Clova**; known collectively as the Spanish Gordons.



Wardhouse may have received its name from an older Castle (literally down the road from its location), of the same name, that was built by the Gordons.

While there is a wealth of information about the Gordon of Wardhouse family (The “Spanish Gordons”), information on the house itself is very sketchy. Construction on Wardhouse was started in 1757, and wasn’t completed until 1815. Clearly it seems to be a case of a Gordon hoping to create a seat, if not to rival, at least to emulate his kinsman at Haddo (built in the 1730’s). The plan of Wardhouse is the conventional one of Haddo although with variations. For example, the central portion of the main block not only breaks forward but it rises clear above the wall-head. As is usual with the majority of eighteenth century Aberdeenshire mansions, the basement is not sunk, because of the need to excavate rock, and so at Wardhouse the basement is also the principal entrance.

Wardhouse ‘is very old, but not as old as the family’ Joseph Maria Gordon noted in his *Chronicles of a Gay Gordon* (1921). Originally an old castle near Inch, named ‘Wardens’ in the Register of the Great Seal of Scotland (1515), was the family’s home. Joseph Maria’s father inherited the 18th-century Wardhouse in the 1860s. His great-grandfather had gone into exile in Spain in the days when Catholics’ estates were forfeit in Scotland and devoted himself to making ‘white sherry wine’. ‘Business went well with him’ and later Gordons joined in producing this ‘nectar of the gods’.

Unfortunately, Joseph Maria told nothing of indoor life at Wardhouse. Mostly, his reminiscences were of the gamekeeper, Tom Kennedy, while Tom’s black pipe and black twist tobacco were pungent memories.

Before they inherited Wardhouse through marriage these Gordons were Lairds of Beldorney, a castle near the Deveron. It was the second Laird of Wardhouse, Arthur Gordon, who started the 18th-century building, calling his new house ‘Arthur’s Seat’. Recently married and eager to forge ahead with his project, he was dissuaded by the

Duke of Gordon from going to Culloden, and a song mocking this 'valiant son of Mars' echoed through the north-east. Seemingly unabashed, he furnished Arthur's Seat from the sale of an executed Jacobite's household goods.

It is ironic that among Wardhouse's contents sold by the tenth Laird in 1898 was a waistcoat sewn by Mrs John Gordon of Beldorney for Prince Charlie to wear when the Stuarts were restored to the Throne. The waistcoat and other Jacobite relics cannot be traced, but it is known that a letter written by the Prince went to Kinlochmoidart, the castle restored by William Leiper in the 1880s for Robert Stewart, a Glaswegian distiller with Jacobite sympathies.

It was the fifth Laird, Charles Edward Gordon, who built the Wardhouse now awaiting restoration. In *The Spanish Gordons and Huntly* (Ann Dean and Michael Morrison (2001)) Ann Dean suggests that he used some stones from Arthur's Seat, and these may have come from Wardens. He incorporated an 'Arthur's Seat' plaque from the older building, and near the mansion he planted 'mixed woodlands of oak, beech and some conifers'. These flourished until the 1950s when they were felled by James Cordiner of Aberdeen who bought and gutted Wardhouse. Despite the family living much of the time in Spain, Wardhouse flourished in the 19th century, being used as a sort of Balmoral, and as a home for various unmarried aunts and cousins. The Granary was used for large entertainments. Carlos Pedro, the ninth Laird who spent most of the year in Scotland, gave a grand dinner and ball at New Year 1873; ninety gentlemen were at the dinner and 190 couples at the ball to celebrate his son **Joseph Maria** leaving Beaumont.

It was the tenth laird, Rafael Gordon, who sold Kildrummy, and would have sold Wardhouse had it reached its reserve price. More Spanish than Scottish — he was born in Madrid's Royal Palace while his mother was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Maria Cristina — he was companion to the young King Alfonso, and from this association in 1906 King Alfonso and his bride, Ena, spent their honeymoon at Wardhouse.

The King would have been twenty years old and his Queen nineteen when they were at Wardhouse, and a journalist of the period quoted her as:

"fair and placid, and majestic, such a solemn contrast to her boyish, nervous looking, energetic husband. . ."

They had arrived at Wardhouse in great style. Their entourage included HRH Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, El Marques de Viana, El Duque de Santo Maure and Lord Leith of Fyvie. No secret honeymoon this.

Alphonso shook hands with the head gardener and the gamekeeper, Tom Kennedy, whose son was to become a cabinet minister in Ramsay MacDonald's government.

Alphonso is cited as a good king who did much for the Spanish people and got little thanks for it. At his going, maybe they 'never missed the water or the wallie ran dry.'

Like our own Princess Anne, Princess Eugènia was a keen horsewoman, and at seven years of age she was 'tossed and rolled upon by her pony,' causing great concern to her ageing grandmother, who was afraid of brain damage. But all was

well, and Victoria Eugènia grew up 'a lovely fair-haired Princess who took on the hazardous duty as Queen of Spain.'

Another writer donned the mantle of a romantic novelist, imagining a Wardhouse where Spanish royalty tasted whisky while the rustle of Spanish lace and the ghostly sighs of royal lovers could be heard in the night wind.

The Lumsdens (Mrs Lumsden was a sister of **Joseph Maria Gordon**) took up residence towards the end of the 19th Century and were there for the duration of the Great War. Their son **Carlos** was killed in WW1 (See Great War Archive) while **Hugh** was awarded an MC with the Gordon Highlanders and became a Privy Chamberlain to Pius XII. His wife Marie was a step-sister to **Rear Admiral Robin Dalglish RN (93)**, **Capt Charles Dalglish Black Watch (94) KIA WW1** and **two brothers in law were Cmdr Arthur Silvertop RN (90) KIA Jutland** and **Maj. James Lyons 13 H (94)**. **Hugh** died at Clova House in 1954.

Joseph Maria himself had a distinguished career in the military going out to Australia, reaching the rank of Major General as Chief of The Australian General Staff and commander of the Australian forces in the Boer War. He spent much of his retirement at Wardhouse up until his death in 1929.

The fall of the Spanish monarchy in 1931 led to the fall of his friend Rafael Carlos Gordon (Carlos's nephew), who then arrived at Wardhouse destitute, having left his Countess and son in Spain. He died a few months later. The house was then let to shooting parties and was requisitioned by the army during the Second World War, but all rents and compensations found their way to Spain. In 1952 the estate was sold and ravaged. The mature trees were felled, the house was unroofed and gutted, and all the doors and interior woodwork removed. In 2004 a restoration movement was started. Of further interest, Wardhouse was the childhood haunt of Napoleonic Admiral Sir James Alexander Gordon, on whose life C. S. Forester based his fictional character Horatio Hornblower. Gordon fought with Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, and also took part in the American war in 1812. He later became Governor of the Royal Naval Hospital at Greenwich.

FLOODS in the PAST (But closer to Home)



The Thames at Old Windsor

ARTICLES

WW2 Bomber Pilot Remembered

As the contact for the BU I understandably get queries concerning OBs and just before Christmas I had an Email from Frank Goulding concerning his Uncle **Frank Whittford Jackson** and his grandfather of the same name. **Frank (41)** and later his brother **Peter (47)** were sent to Beaumont by their father who had been awarded a DSO in the Great War and had the onerous duty in WW2 of commanding the London Fire Brigade throughout the Blitz for which he received a CBE. Frank was in the XV his final year and Captain of the School. In 1941 he went up to study medicine at Trinity College Cambridge but as a member of the VR he was commissioned and trained at the British Flying Training School No 5 in Clewiston Florida in 1942/43 and

RAF Harwell in Oxfordshire before joining 196 Squadron based at RAF Leconfield as a Vickers Wellington pilot.



Frank at the controls

There are not that many accounts written by a Bomber crew member as a tribute to his "Skipper" on a fateful flight and I have included the following in the Second World War Archive that I am currently putting together.

An account by W/O Ivor Prothero of 11th June 1943.

"The afternoon and evening at Leconfield, base of 196 squadron, was fairly overcast with almost continuous rain and crews awaited whilst a secondary take off time was arranged, eventually set for 23.00 hrs. We had a fairly rough take off having run into what we thought to be runway water puddles causing us to skew to the runway edge before lift off. This 'R' Roger Wellington X was a new replacement aircraft which we had all tested several days before and the skipper's remarks were mainly that he found the controls stiff. This 'R' Roger was allotted to us and for its first operational trip to Dusseldorf was to carry our first 4000lbs bomb. We all took a good look at it before boarding, agreeing that it looked large and ugly slung beneath the fuselage. Well before reaching the Dutch coast and still climbing the port motor's high temperature reading was causing concern. So eventually it was decided to reduce speed and rate of climb. This would have resulted in putting us behind the scheduled bombing time over the target. To aid the situation it was decided to cut across one of our 'Dog Legs' of the planned route. Having altered course, we were at about 12,000ft in 10/10th cloud and most probably crossing the Dutch coast when there were three distinct A/A bursts, firstly lighting up the cloud beneath us, the second above, the third? shook the aircraft and the starboard motor soon burst into flames. Resulting almost immediate in to a spirally dive to port which delayed some of the urgent actions called for over the intercom "starboard motor fire extinguisher" feathering it's propeller, shutting off its fuel supply and urgent bomb release. The effect of 'G' force in the rear turret was so great that I couldn't even lift an arm, whilst over the intercom, I heard Frank struggling to regain control. Had I been able to move and put my parachute on- I'm pretty certain I would have baled out, those moments seemed so final. When the skipper managed to pull out of the dive

regaining part control, as for a while the rudder had frozen up. Having lost some 6,000 ft and at a higher temperature, it soon eased off.

Fortunately no one was hurt, the fire was out, and the reported damage involved many electrical and hydraulic failures, and some problems with the main compass. With this unsettled compass condition it became necessary to break radio silence. We received three almost immediate replies from UK bases thus enabling true compass headings, checks and a return course. With increasing difficulties, all our skipper's undoubted skills and energy were now called for in keeping airborne and avoiding further temperature build of that port motor. Although in cloud and owing to cross winds, in order to get back on course the turning of reciprocals didn't help maintain height or level flight. It also became necessary to monitor and balance fuel supply from wing tanks, which became critical at one time. The possibilities of ditching were discussed briefly but none of us suggested any positive action; for example lightening the aircraft by getting rid of heavy equipment etc. Some way out on approaching the Norfolk coast and through radio contact with RAF 'Docking', we were informed that we were being diverted to nearby Bircham Newton airfield Norfolk.

On route they had three searchlights coned at cloud base of 2000feet, which we found without much delay. About this time the skipper told us over the intercom that he intended to land the aircraft, but added it would be a rough landing without the undercarriage (no hydraulics). He reminded us all that as we broke cloud the last chance at 2000 feet to bale out would have to be taken without delay. All replied that we would stay; with the usual comment "That you can't take it back (the Chute) to the stores and change it when it doesn't open." Soon after breaking cloud, with the port wing slightly down from my turret I had a glimpse of the well- lit runway and chance lights. Whilst the skipper was in contact with flying control on R/T, I may not have heard all that was said, but there seemed to be a question about "call sign" procedure. However, he made it clear that he intended to come straight in, and not circuit. He then told us all to get to our crash positions. In my case, turret to beam, and I had time to put my 'chute at head height, in front of the guns. I believe procedure for the rest of the crew in getting to their respective positions, includes disconnecting their intercom. As I had mine still connected, I assume I was possibly the last in contact with the skipper, as he suddenly called 'Can anyone see the lights?' Looking quickly now to my somewhat limited side view and beneath us, I reported likewise- 'no sign of any lights now'. As there was no answer from anyone else I assumed that now at their crash positions, they were no longer on intercom. I'm fairly certain that firstly some rapid "Call Sign" procedure was used by the skipper to flying control. His final message to them was clear, "Put your lights on, what are you trying to do, kill us all?"

I believe then, that he must have opened up the throttle of the port motor, with the possibility of doing a circuit. With his intercom still switched on I heard him say, "Sorry chaps crash". Almost immediately sparks and flames passed the turret from the port motor and wing area. Bracing myself in the turret for the inevitable –I fancy the port wing hit first. Regaining consciousness somewhere in a fire near the starboard wing, confirmed later to be in a barley crop field some 3 feet high, I found it best to roll to the right and away from the fire. Experiencing considerable breathing difficulties and right arm/ shoulder problems, but my legs seemed OK. Slight problems getting away from my Mae West which was on fire, stumbling, I managed to undo the tapes with my left hand and also pressed the harness quick release. At this stage probably gathering my senses thoughts of self- preservation must have taken over-get away from the fire. Wherever I turned there seemed to be a fairly strong cool wind blowing in my face, this later turned out to be smarting, effects of burns to hands and face. A week or so earlier we had been issued with whistles which we were advised to attach to the top part of our battle dress blouse, so that in the event of ditching in the sea at any time, they could be an aid to contacting each other. On hearing a whistle I stopped and managed a short blow before it stuck in my mouth, which just increased my breathing difficulties. Having sensed the direction and realising someone else was about, I edged my way round the head of the blazing wreck where I could clearly see someone, Syd Mortimer our wireless operator was alongside a hedgerow. After our brief words and recognition he asked me if I could do anything with his leg, he was in a half sitting position with one leg almost wrapped round the other. I was briefly explaining that my right arm seemed useless and that my hands had deep cuts but were not bleeding (as seen in the light of the fire) when we heard Jack Atherton our Bomber Aimer calling (obviously delirious) at a point nearer to the fire, but not too far away. When I got to him, a broken loop of his parachute harness enabled me to use my left hand and pull him to one side a little way. He was pretty well alight. I must have passed out for a while, as the next thing I remember was a civilian bending over me, later confirmed to be a Mr Seaman the local ARP warden who I learned was first on the scene. I'm fairly certain that I said there were still two of our crew to find (Pilot and Navigator) and that the crackling sounds were probably small arms ammunition exploding and assured him before he left, that there no bomb on board. Soon afterwards, I got this crazy idea that by walking beyond the fire area it might be possible to get some help. In attempting to get over an iron fence, half way over, I became stuck with insufficient strength to lift a second leg over, but I was soon rescued by the now advancing RAF ambulance crew. Mr Seaman ultimately received his commendation for organising and carrying out his excellent rescue work. The time of the crash is recorded as being 02:20hrs on 12/06/1943 at Stanhoe Hall near Bircham Newton. We three survivors (Wireless Operator, Bomber Aimer, and myself Rear Gunner) were immediately taken to Bircham Newton RAF medical centre and then transferred to RAF Hospital Ely, where for several months we received that excellent treatment for various orthopaedic needs and first and second degree burns. In due course we were informed of the regrettable and upsetting news that both our (Skipper) Frank Jackson and (Navigator) Ron Lee, had not survived the crash. We never got to know the true circumstances of just why the runway lights were extinguished on that final approach. Unofficially we heard that there had been 'intruder' enemy aircraft in the area a night or so before.

Our skipper, Pilot Officer Frank Jackson gave his life trying to save us and the aircraft, he never saw his 21st birthday, a courageous and brave young man which

we had the honour to serve under. Having just regained some control of the aircraft and before ordering 'bomb jettisoning', he said that we ought to continue to target, but we jointly voiced opinions against such an idea, thus we headed back to the UK." **Frank is buried at New Huntstanton Cemetery Norfolk. Age 20.**

ED: it is unnecessary for me to comment on the on the age at which Frank died and the responsibility he held for his crew and craft on such hazardous missions; we can only give thanks for his selfless sacrifice.

"AN ANCIENT LINEAGE"

Such is the heading of an article in Country Life of January 6th. It continues Barmeath Castle, Co. Louth. The Seat of Lord and Lady Bellew.



"Viewed from the approaching drive, the battlemented outline of Barmeath Castle breathes the unalloyed spirit of baronial romanticism. It is a building that encapsulates a pattern of architectural evolution characteristic of many Irish country house. Here, an ancient castle of indeterminate age has been absorbed into a regular, symmetrical Georgian carapace. Then, during the early 19th century, at a time when landowners sought either to evoke a genuine ancient lineage or else to manufacture one, it was returned to a picturesquely medieval guise.

For the Bellew family seated at Barmeath, the lineage was – and remains – as authentic as it is possible to be This Catholic family was rewarded firstly with a baronetcy from James 11. Thereafter, the Bellews built up an impressive inheritance through a series of profitable marriages.....the family remained Catholic until the 1920s, when the present Lord Bellew's grandfather married the Anglican Miss Jamieson....."

Ed: needless to say I was interested to find out how this came about.

It was Edward the 2nd Baron and Sheriff for Co. Louth who sent his 4 sons to Beaumont and it is with the Beaumont offspring that the line of succession starts to unravel. The eldest son was **Patrick (68)** who gained a commission in the then 20th Regiment of Foot which became the East Devon's and finally The Lancashire Fusiliers. While with his Regiment garrisoned at Fermoy, Co. Cork, he accidentally shot himself with his service revolver in August 1874 The TABLET reported –“On Sunday last, when he was prayed for in all the churches of Fermoy, the lamentations were most loud and heartfelt. R.I.P.”

So it was his younger brother **Charles (67)** succeeded in 1895 as 3rd Baron. Charles was a Captain in The Royal Irish Rifles, Sheriff and then Lord Lieutenant for the County and a Representative Peer (Liberal Unionist). He married Mildred de Trafford brother of **Sir Humphrey (82) Charles (83) and Gilbert (86)**; however he had no offspring and was succeeded by his brother **George (67)**.

George the 4th Baron was commissioned in the 10th Royal Hussars and saw service in Afghanistan 1878-9. This by British standards was a victory with all objectives achieved but at a cost. George survived the disaster of the Kabul River when the majority of a Squadron were drowned on a night crossing. It was immortalised by Kipling (one of my favourite poets):-

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town -
Blow the bugle, draw the sword -
'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,
Down an' drowned by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark !
There's the river low an' fallin',
But it ain't no use o' callin'
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

This disaster was followed by the Regiment being struck by a virulent Cholera when marching down the Khyber Pass in June the hottest month of the year: such are the misfortunes of British campaigns in Afghanistan.

In 1884 George was sent with a small contingent to join the Light Camel Corps as part of the Relief Expedition to Khartoum and save General Gordon: they arrived two days after the massacre. With George went a remarkable man:-



The Reverend Robert Brindle was the Roman Catholic chaplain of the Royal Irish Regiment for 4 years and accompanied the 2nd Battalion in their 1882 Egyptian Campaign, then the 1st Battalion in the Nile expedition of 1884-5, sharing the hardship and privations that were suffered by the men. The regimental history pays him this tribute 'his genial personality, his devotion to duty, his coolness in danger, his indifference to hardship, combined to give him a remarkable influence over the men, which he exerted invariably in the highest interests of the service.' He missed the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882 because of illness. But he used his time in Cairo to tend the sick soldiers suffering from enteric fever. He suffered blistered hands and aching muscles in the terrible boat trip up the Nile in 1885 and marched with the men across the Bayuda desert even though he was given a camel.

He finished the Nile campaign extremely thirsty, with ragged clothes and worn-out boots but this did not stop him from further soldiering in 1897 when he served in Kitchener's Dongola and Nile expedition of 1897-99. He again cared for sick soldiers who had typhoid and dysentery, carrying them to the ambulance when few others would come near. In March 1898, at Atbara, he heard about a dying Catholic soldier who was in a camp 9 miles away. He immediately set out across the El-Teb which was watched by the enemy and gave the man the last rights, staying with him to the end. He then walked back, tired and hungry and said the Mass on Sunday morning. He was awarded the DSO for his service in Egypt and the Sudan.

Apart from serving with George, Robert Brindle was later appointed Bishop of Nottingham to be succeeded by **Thomas Dunn (87) in 1916.**

Back to George and his next venue was on the polo ground rather than the battle field. George was part of the first British team to play the Australians in 1899. The two matches took place in Melbourne and honours were even but it was recorded that the matches were very rough affairs and the element of danger strong.



George Bellew (seated Left) and the British Polo Team

In those early days of Polo which started in this Country in the 1860s they were some notable OB players. Some might say that this was understandable in view of the strata of society from which OBs came and so many with military connections. However I feel it also had something to do with the school ethos at the time.

"My word we used to see the skin fly then. Mind you, we used to put the ball in the centre of the field, the teams would retreat to their own goal lines and be given the signal to charge. I remember one day a chap had a leg broken, another was knocked out and still another had an awful spill. My, it was good! We used a solid hardwood ball, any kind of wood. No umpires in those days. And none of your cane sticks. You'd often see a player with a bit of hoop iron fixed to his stick to give it strength"!!

That was the Gentleman's game of polo but it seemed little different from the Beaumont football Grand Matches of the period.

George was not only considered a fine polo player but while in India he was one of the leading protagonists of pig sticking and won the Kadir Cup in 1882.



Lionel Edwards depiction of a heat of the Kadir Cup

It was encouraged by military authorities as good training because "a startled or angry wild boar is ... a desperate fighter [and therefore] the pig-sticker must possess a good eye, a steady hand, a firm seat, a cool head and a courageous heart." Baden-Powell wrote: "I never took the usual leave to the hills in hot weather because I could not tear myself away from the sport." To those who condemned it, he said "Try it before you judge. See how the horse enjoys it, see how the boar himself, mad with rage, rushes wholeheartedly into the scrap, see how you, with your temper thoroughly roused, enjoy the opportunity of wreaking it to the full. Yes, hog-hunting is a brutal sport—and yet I loved it, as I loved also the fine old fellow I fought against." The Kadir Cup was to pig sticking what Wimbledon is to tennis. It was "played" by two spearmen and in simple terms the first to draw blood proceeded to the next round. There were about 50 entrants and competition lasted three days.

Back to the battlefield and George went out to South Africa as second in Command of the 5th Imperial Yeomanry from 1900-01. On his return to Ireland, he followed his brother as Lord Lieutenant and succeeded to the Barony in 1911 and also sat as a Representative Peer. At the outbreak of the Great War he returned to the Colours. After the War he married Elaie Leach in 1927 but died like his brother Charles in 1935 without an offspring.

George's younger brother **Richard** lived his life in Kilkenny and married firstly a Gilbey (an aunt of **Mons, Alfred**) and when she died a Huddleston of Sawston Hall (inherited by **Reginald Eyre-Huddleston (95)**)

It was Richard's eldest son Edward by Ada Gilbey who became the 5th Baron. He married Barbara Farnham-Burke the daughter of **Sir Henry The Garter King of Arms (71)** but like his predecessors he did not produce an heir so the title passed to his younger brother Bryan the 6th Baron and this is where the break with the Church occurred. He married Jeannie Jamieson a member of the whiskey family that produces Bushmills and an Irish Protestant! Future offspring would go to Eton.

MY BOY JACK

Ed: listening to the news on Radio 4, 19 January I heard that a military historian (Major Holt) had questioned the grave that had been accredited to Lt John Kipling – “My Boy Jack”. As Kipling was killed alongside **Walter Clifford (11)** the elder brother of **Fr Sir Lewis (14)** known in Jesuit circles as “The Bart”. I thought the story worth revisiting:-



Kipling shipped out from Southampton aboard the *S.S. Viper*, bound for France on 16 August 1915.

He arrived at Le Havre the following morning — his 18th birthday — along with the rest of his battalion. A day later, they boarded a train and set off for Lumbres near the front — 73 horses, 50 carts and 1,100 men.

From Lumbres, the Irish Guards, second battalion, marched to Acquin, described in one account as “a little village on a hillside a few miles from St-Omer.”

There, they billeted in a constellation of barns, sleeping 40 or 50 men to a stable. By day, they practised combat manoeuvres or dug ditches in the parched weather and golden light of late summer. They also familiarized themselves with the workings of the newfangled smoke-helmets they had been issued.

Intended as protection against chemical attack, the helmets featured foggy eyepieces fashioned of talc, which made it extremely difficult to sight a rifle properly. In letters to his parents sent from Acquin, John Kipling made no mention of these devices, but they must have been a worry to him, given his feeble vision.

In late August, Kipling wrote a letter to his mother. He said he was well supplied with clothing but wanted chocolate and biscuits (“not Digestive”). He was also in need of writing paper, a refill for his Orilux lamp, some Colgate tooth powder, and a supply of tobacco “in 2 oz. tins,” as well as a selection of magazines.

On Aug. 30, the two battalions of the Irish Guards met each other for the first time in their shared existence. The encounter took place at St-Pierre and included a picnic. By this time, the first battalion had been in action on the continent for a year, ever since the war’s outbreak, and had been involved in heavy fighting at Aisne, Cuinchy, Neuve Chapelle, Festubert, and in the first battle of Ypres. They had suffered substantial losses and must have had a great many stories to tell their unseasoned comrades, who had yet to hear weapons fired in anger.

On Sept. 1, it began to rain heavily and without cease.

It was Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard Haking who first informed John Kipling and his fellow officers in the Irish Guards and the Coldstream Guards of an upcoming attack on the German lines, an operation that was to be “the greatest battle in the history of the world.” Haking assured them that allied forces held the upper hand, with 200,000 troops ready to go, against just 40,000 on the German side.

He urged the officers to choose daring over caution, to advance at every opportunity, even if this left their troops unprotected on their flanks.

This briefing took place on Sept. 15.

A week later, the Irish Guards, second battalion, set off for the impending engagement. That day, they marched to Dohem. The following day, they continued to Lingham, where they found billets for two nights. It poured rain almost constantly.

On Sept. 25, the Irish Guards continued their march to war, trudging eastward to Burbure and on to Haquin. It was an exhausting slog. The advancing cavalry blocked their way, forcing countless delays, while wounded soldiers were forever being shuttled back along the same overburdened road.

It rained and rained.

They reached Haquin at an hour or so past midnight on Sept. 26. By this time, they had been marching in fits and starts for roughly 20 hours, according to the Holts' account. They were given some sort of breakfast at 4 a.m. and told to be ready to move out again. They waited all that morning, but no marching orders came until early afternoon. Instructed to advance yet again, they hauled themselves to their feet, shouldered their rifles and kit, and set off through a succession of French villages — Noeux-les-Mines, Saily-Labourse, Noyelles, and Vermelles — still recognizable as human settlements at that time, as Rudyard Kipling would drily remark in his two-volume book about the Irish Guards.

Two of the battalion's officers were sent ahead to scout a network of trenches near the front, and they returned saying they had found the right place, but it wasn't clear that any of them knew what he was doing. As Rudyard Kipling later put it: "One set of trenches, at the best of times, looks remarkably like another."

It was midnight by the time the battalion found what they took to be the right array of fortifications — German trenches, recently abandoned, as it turned out — and they hunkered down there.

The men were wet, hungry and tired. They had been on the move with little rest and not much to eat for 48 hours. Nonetheless, just two hours later, they were ordered to advance another 500 metres, in order to relieve any allied troops they might find along the way.

The manoeuvre took hours to complete.

First and second companies — John Kipling was with the second company — managed to move forward to a position not far from the road from Loos to Hulluch, with third company on their right and fourth company remaining behind in reserve.

In full daylight now, the troops could see an abandoned mine head across the road in front of them, as well as several colliery buildings at a point called Puits 14 Bis. A thicket of small trees stood off to the left near a complex of chalk workings that the British troops identified as the Chalk Pit Wood.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning on Sept. 27, and the order came down to attack.

The attack on the Chalk Pit Wood and Puits 14 Bis was set for 4 p.m. on Sept. 27.

In the short time that remained before they went over the top, John Kipling and other officers of the Irish Guards would have devoted themselves — as the Holts write in their book — to "talking to their men, lifting their spirits with optimistic words, checking their weapons, reassuring them that everything would be all right."

That can't have been easy, as the area was under nearly constant bombardment by allied artillery for 90 minutes prior to the assault, a tactic meant to soften up the German troops dug in beyond the Chalk Pit Wood and holed up in the brick buildings at Puits 14 Bis.

At 3:50 p.m., the men of second and third companies scrambled from their trenches and lay flat on the muddy ground, waiting for the order to advance. Second company — Kipling's unit — was to move up on the right of third company, aiming for the centre of the Chalk Pit Wood. Even now, the fighting was underway. While they waited for the order to begin — still flat on their bellies, hugging the ground — a few of the guardsmen were wounded or killed by shell fire.

At 4 p.m., the men rose as ordered and advanced toward the wood, suffering only a "small loss" along the way. The officers had been trained to lead from the front, with their side arms raised high, and so bore the worst of the incoming fire. Second company's first officer — 2nd Lt. T. Pakenham-Law — was shot in the head and would later die in hospital. Meanwhile, Kipling and ,2nd Lt. **W.F.J. Clifford**, pushed ahead with several of their men till they were not far from the clutch of buildings at Puits 14 Bis.



Clifford and Kipling

Almost at once, they were exposed to intense machine-gun fire from German emplacements, which enjoyed a clear view of the attackers over flat terrain that offered little shelter, if any.

It was around this time that the two Irish Guard officers — Kipling and **Clifford** — were both shot and wounded, or killed. Both went missing, but Clifford's lifeless body would later be found. (**Ed:** If it was found, it was later destroyed as Walter has no known grave) There would be no sign of Kipling.

It was now shortly before 5 p.m., and the Irish Guardsmen commenced to fall back "in some confusion," according to the War Diary — officialese for what was likely a bloody balls-up or, as the Holts describe the retreat in their book, "a near rout." The Irish Guards ended the day holding the same line they had occupied that morning, at a cost of seven officers missing or dead, and 25 known dead among enlisted men "which must be below the mark," as Rudyard Kipling would later write.

In his own account of the battle that day, the elder Kipling offered a withering assessment: "It does not seem to have occurred to anyone to suggest that direct infantry attacks, after ninety-minute bombardments against superior weaponry, are not likely to find a fortunate issue . . . Meantime, men died."

The dead probably included his son, but there was no way of knowing.

In all, Britain suffered some 50,000 casualties in the three-day Battle of Loos, against roughly 25,000 on the German side.

In the weeks and months that followed the Battle of Loos, a succession of well-meaning Irish Guardsmen contacted the Kiplings to offer their condolences. Many volunteered their own accounts of the boy's fate, most or all of which were contradictory, impossible to verify and seemingly motivated more by a desire to offer comfort than by faithful recollections of actual events.

One version stands out among many, but it was never presented to Rudyard or Carrie Kipling. Instead, this account was offered to their friend, Rider Haggard. An enlisted man named Bowe said he recalled seeing an officer he took to be Kipling limping out of the Chalk Pit Wood, bound for the rear, as the Irish Guards began their chaotic withdrawal under fire. He was clutching a field dressing to his mouth "which was badly shattered by a piece of shell," and he was crying from the pain. The enlisted man said he considered offering assistance but decided not to, for fear of humiliating an officer.

Haggard speculated that Kipling must have been buried by a shell not long afterward, in which case there would not be much left of him for anyone to find. He decided not to pass this information along to Rudyard.

"It is too painful, but, I fear, true."

Kipling and his wife received their son's personal effects on Jan. 28 the following year. Later, Rudyard joined the Imperial War Graves Commission, now the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. It was he who composed all of the inscriptions that appear on headstones and other markers under the commission's care.

In April 1919, nearly four years after John's death, Rudyard informed the War Office that no sign of the boy had turned up and that the record should reflect this. A certain J.A. Corcoran of the War Office replied that John would be presumed dead as of Sept. 27, 1915. The dead officer's outstanding wages would now be paid, in the amount of just more than 64 pounds.

In Kipling's later years, much of his writing took on a darker cast and a mournful air, elements that perhaps had their most potent expression in the poem "My Boy Jack."

'Have you any news of my boy Jack?'

Not this tide.

'When d'you think that he'll come back?'

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

Rudyard Kipling died on Jan. 18, 1936, of a perforated duodenum. A service in his honour was celebrated at Westminster Abbey, tributes poured forth from the high and the mighty — Winston Churchill and John Buchan, among many others — and his ashes were buried in Poets' Corner.

In 1992, more than half a century after Rudyard's passing — and nearly 75 years after John's apparent death at the Chalk Pit Wood — the Commonwealth War Graves Commission drew a startling new conclusion, deciding "beyond a reasonable doubt" that the human remains buried in a nameless grave at the St. Mary's Advanced Dressing Station near Loos were those of John Kipling.

Kipling's name, which before had appeared only on the Loos Memorial to the Missing, was duly engraved upon a headstone that was soon erected at the grave of this previously unknown soldier — perhaps in error.

In their 1998 book on John Kipling's short life and mysterious death, Tonie and Valmai Holt raise a raft of questions about the evidence and reasoning that led the commission to its conclusion, which may well have been wrong. (**Ed:** according to the BBC they have raised it again)

The most that can nowadays be said is that doubt continues to surround the whereabouts of John Kipling's bones, while the precise circumstances of his death remain a mystery and probably always will.

Carrie Kipling wrote to her mother on Aug. 6, 1915, explaining how she found herself with no choice but to send her son to a likely death.

"One can't let one's friends' and neighbours' sons be killed in order to save us and our son," she wrote. "There is no chance John will survive unless he is so maimed from a wound as to be unfit to fight. We know it and he does. We all know it but we all must give and do what we can and live in the shadow of a hope that our boy will be the one to escape."

A week passed, and Carrie recounted in her diary what was to be her son's last farewell. "He looks very smart and straight and grave and young," she wrote, "as he turns at the top of the stairs to say, 'Send my love to Daddo.'"

That was on Aug. 15, 1915.

A day later, and just a few hours shy of his 18th birthday, John Kipling shipped off to war.

SHENANIGANS in the 1950s

Princess Ashraf Pahlavi died on 7 January.

What on Earth has the death of the sister of the last Shah of Iran got to do with Beaumont?

Well, it so happens that she worked with the CIA and MI6 to remove Prime Minister Mossadeq from power in 1953. The MI6 Agent was **John Farmer (35)** ex SOE operative and then “Our man in the Middle East”.

Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, who has died aged 96, was the twin sister of the last Shah of Iran, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, and a much more formidable character than her weak-willed brother, who was ousted from power in the 1979 Islamist revolution, dying of cancer the following year.

Known by the press as the “Black Panther”, in the 1930s Princess Ashraf had been among the first Iranian women to discard the veil. During her brother’s reign she became a leading campaigner for women’s rights and literacy, as a member of the UN Human Rights Commission, the Commission on the Status of Women, and the International Consultative Liaison Committee for Literacy, and as the head of the Iranian Delegation to the UN General Assembly. In Iran she was vice-president of the Imperial Organisation for Social Services, vice-president of the National Committee for World Literacy, and honorary president of the National Organisation for Women.



But she also played a crucial role in the events which led to her brother’s assumption of absolute power. For, alongside her commitment to women’s rights, she was a doughty supporter of a regime whose secret police force, Savak, tortured and executed of thousands of political prisoners.

Her brother assumed the throne during the Second World War in 1941, after British and Soviet forces had compelled Reza Shah (who had declared neutrality in the conflict) to abdicate. After the war, the new shah was obliged to accept the return of democracy which had effectively been suspended by his father, in the form of the formidable Prime Minister Mohammad Mossadeq. In 1952, however, after the Iranian

parliament voted to nationalise the oil industry, then controlled by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Princess Ashraf became involved in secret plans by the US and Britain to force Mossadeq from office. The cooperation of the shah was considered essential, but he expressed reluctance to become involved. According to a CIA account published by The New York Times in 2000, in order to put pressure on him the plotters approached “the shah’s dynamic and forceful twin sister”, then living in Europe.

A more colourful account in Stephen Kinzer’s book All the Shah’s Men reported that “Ashraf was enjoying life in French casinos and nightclubs when one of the CIA best Iranian agents, Asadollah Rashidian, paid her a call. He found her reluctant, so the next day a delegation of American and British agents came to pose the invitation in stronger terms. The leader of the delegation, a senior British operative had the foresight to bring a mink coat and a packet of cash. When Ashraf saw these emoluments, “her eyes lit up and her resistance crumbled”. After “considerable pressure”, the shah agreed.



John Farmer ex SOE and MI6 Agent

Despite the high-level planning, the coup initially failed, causing the shah to flee to Baghdad, and then to Rome, where his sister joined him, helping to persuade him to return to Iran in time for a second, successful, coup attempt.

During her brother’s years in power, Princess Ashraf was criticised by political opponents of the regime over allegations of corruption and for her flings with Iranian actors and other public figures.

Farmer’s next major operation was to try and remove Nasser from power in Egypt in the lead up to the Suez Crisis.

Giss - Goss



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

THE SECRET WAR

Perhaps, like the Editor, you have read Max Hasting's highly acclaimed "The Secret War" covering spies, codes and guerrillas during WW2. I picked up on a few references to OBs and those associated with Beaumont:-

Firstly there was the reference to the attack on Pearl Harbor

"The legend of the day of infamy began at Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound early on 7 December when a US Navy listening post intercepted cipher messages dispatched from Tokyo to Washington on the commercial circuit of the Mackay Radio & Telegraph Company". (**Clarence 92**) This was the announcement to the Embassy staff of the opening of hostilities.

Secondly the role of the **Duke of Alba (96)**.

"In most capitals, diplomats were better informed than any spy. M I 5 became concerned about sensitive material being passed to Madrid – and thence to Berlin – by the Duke of Alba, the Spanish ambassador in London, who was caressed in British aristocratic circles as an impeccably mannered grandee. His acquaintance, including such members of the government as Sir John Anderson, were content to overlook Alba's role as the representative of Franco's murderous tyranny: his dispatches – secretly intercepted and read by Anthony Blunt – revealed him as beneficiary of more than a few well sourced indiscretions. Guy Liddell wrote:

“Probably a good deal of information goes west over the second glass of port”. Alba like many other diplomats around the world, almost certainly provided more reliable intelligence than his Nation’s secret agents.

Ed: History relates that it was Alba and at least two other OBs were part of the conspiracy that brought Franco to Morocco to command the Nationalist insurrection. A murderous tyranny? In hindsight, yes but so was the opposition. Alba’s role was to pass on information that concerned his country; I’m not certain that he can be held responsible if someone else then passed it on to the Germans. The Foreign Minister for the first part of the War was the pro-Nazi Ramon Suner and a personal adversary of Alba: he was replaced by the anglophile Ct of Jordana in 1942. So what was happening in the Spanish foreign Ministry is up for debate. It was not only Anderson who may have been indiscreet: Churchill himself was a greater source of information. (See BU Review Spring 2015). Finally the Marquis of Marino, the Air Attaché and the father of the **Sartorius brothers (45)** was also closely monitored by MI5 as an Intelligence Agent. It is of interest that another respected source W Laird Kleine-Awbrandt in his “The Policy of Simmering” wrote “Alba’s praise of commercial ties with Britain came to the attention of the Germans who believed that Alba was, through his connections, working for England and creating sentiment against German and Italian influence in Spain”.. As with most history the facts are plain but the interpretation depends upon your view point.

Thirdly, there are various references to the Gaullist Resistance network chief - Colonel “Remy” –Gilbert Renault the father of **Jean-Claude (48)**:-

“Renault, thirty-seven years old, lean and intensely patriotic but rejected as over-age for military service in 1939, was one of the more remarkable figures of the secret war. His Catholicism, was a significant motivational force in his work as an agent, and he wrote fervently later: I would never have been able to carry out this assignment in a foreign country or for a less righteous cause.” He described his resistance role as “putting living tile upon living tile,” and recruited informants from a remarkable range of backgrounds: ex-military men and architects, peasants and aristocrats. Though himself an extreme conservative, in the sacred cause of France he supped with communists.”

FORMATION OF THE BU

In my brief editorial I discussed how the BU was formed 140 years ago but it was remarkable that it managed to keep going in those early years as several of the original Committee rapidly became unavailable as these brief biographies show:-

William Munster (69) was the son of an MP who not only coxed the winning Boat Race VIII but scored a double duck playing cricket for England. He succeeded his father as MP for Mallow, co Cork but stood down in 1874. When he married he took his young bride to tour the USA but while in St Louis their hotel caught fire and

believing that his wife had perished he went to friend's home and shot himself: ironically his wife had survived.

Robert Berkeley (73) of Berkeley Castle and Master of the Berkeley Hounds was also a JP and DL for Worcestershire. He married Rose Wilmot who created the famed gardens at the more comfortable Spetchley Park which became their principle residence.

Bernard Parker (73) was the son of Sir Henry Watson Parker one time Premier of New South Wales. Bernard was also to go to Australia and became The Government Resident in Western Australia and did not return to this country till 1931.

Charles Clifford (73) was a son of The Hon Sir Charles Clifford Bt one time Speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives. The younger Charles lived at Market Drayton and "identified himself whole-heartedly with life in town and countryside" (Ed. A polite way of saying he didn't need to work). His first wife Mary Eliza Chichester of Burton Constable Hall died young and he then married Cecily de Trafford a daughter of Sir Humphrey (her 3 brothers and a Bellew Brother in law were OBs). Their sons were all OBs.

Charles Pedley (76) son of Thomas of Stubbing Court, Derbyshire, (later the birthplace of Lady Baden Powell). Stepson of Maj. General Sir Richard Ruck later a member of the WW1 War Cabinet and a FA Cup Medal Winner. A couple of years after the formation of the BU, Charles went out to India as a Tea Planter.

Frederick Barff (71). The son of Professor Barff the chemist and inventor. He became a barrister and served as Secretary and eventually Vice President of the BU.



Charles Roskell (69). Son of Robert Roskell "the most famous watchmaker of his day". The First Beaumont boy, he became a solicitor in the firm of Witham, Roskell, Munster and Weld (all named with Beaumont connections). His so **Charles** was also at Beaumont and among his descendants is **Mike de Wolff**.

Ed I was amused that at the first BU dinner at The Criterion in 1877 Joseph Monteith (70) who was supposed to make one of the speeches could not make it at the last moment and Charles Russell had to stand in. In view of last October's lunch it could be claimed as a Union tradition. Monteith was known at school for his wild and unruly behaviour but became both a JP and DL for Lanarkshire; his son Edmund followed him to Beaumont.

At his home Carstairs House (now called Monteith House) he built a tramway to transport family and guests to the mansion;-



The system was described in the Leeds Times of Saturday 18 May 1889 as follows:

Scotland has so many waterfalls that it is not surprising to find a beginning made in utilising their power for electric railways. The residence of Mr. J. Monteith, Carstairs House, has recently been united to Carstairs Junction by an electric line one and a quarter mile long, running through the grounds of the mansion. Messrs Anderson and Munro, of Glasgow, are the engineers of the line, which is worked by the Cleghorn Falls, some three miles distant on the River Mouse.

A turbine transforms the power of the falls into electricity by means of a dynamo of the Goolden type, giving 400 volts and about 40 amperes. The current is carried on four bare copper wires run on poles and supported by liquid insulators. The metallic circuit is complete throughout, no earth connection being used. The conductors laid along the line consist of rectangular rods of very pure iron, placed, one on each side, about a foot from the rails. They are supported on special insulators on an elastic

fastening of steel, which allows of no side oscillation, and permits the rods to expand freely. These insulators are in turn supported upon iron rods, 10in. high, and a handsome carriage, capable of running at a speed of 35 mile an hour, as been provided. The line can be run direct from the dynamo, or through the agency of accumulators, of which there is a supply at Carstairs House for the electric lighting installation. The line is built for private purposes, and chiefly for transit between the mansion and the railway station; but it can be used for farm and estate purposes, and has been arranged with branches and sidings to that end.

Sadly, there is no photograph of the tramway

FURTHER TO CHARLES PEDLEY

There are not many who could “brag” to their school fellows that their Grandfather had been in prison, was a champion prize fighter, won the Derby three times, became a respected MP and found time to father 24 children: Charles and his two brothers could.

Their maternal grandfather was John Gully



John Gully was born in The Rose & Crown Pub, on the Chippenham Road, seven miles out of Bristol, on 21st August, 1783.

When he was a teenager, John attended Lansdown Fair with his father and brother, where he witnessed a bare knuckle boxing match. The victor was a man known as sixteen string Jack, who weighed in at around 18 stones. He had just beaten an opponent called 'The Flying Tin Man of Bath' and boasted that he would send anyone else from Bath home in a cart if they so much as had the courage to challenge him.

John Gully, after consulting with his father and brother, threw his hat into the ring and fought Sixteen String Jack. It was the unfortunate Jack who had to be taken away in a cart, having been battered beyond recognition by Gully.

His bare knuckle fighting was to continue.

Gully took over running a shop his father owned after his death. His business head was not as good as his fists and he ran up hundreds of pounds worth of debt. This resulted in him going to the Fleet Prison as a debtor, a Hell Hole of a place, from which many never regained their freedom.

It was Gully's good fortune that another famous bare knuckle champion boxer named 'The Game Chicken Pearce', found him in the Fleet and secured his release after him serving only a year.

After his release, he was taken to a training camp in Egham in Surrey, where he trained to fight Pearce. Pearce won, but after his retirement, Gully was recognised as the best fighter in the country, that reputation being confirmed when he beat the main contender, a Lancashire man called Bob Gregson in a fight at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket on 14th October, 1807, that fight being witnessed by a crowd consisting of The Duke of York, Lord Byron and many other eminent dignitaries. Gregson had been a formidable opponent, 29 years old, standing 6 feet one inch tall and weighing in at 216 lbs to Gully at 24 years of age, standing 6 feet and weighing 192lbs.

The fight was a vicious one, lasting 36 rounds, with both Gregson and Gully being on the verge of death. Gregson recovered more quickly than Gully and demanded a re-match, which took place on a private estate owned by Sir John Sebright, near Woburn, on 10th May, 1808. Over 20,000 people came to watch the fight. Roads were blocked by people and carriages and the authorities thought that the French had invaded, so turned out the Dunstable Volunteers, bayonets fixed, to repel the invaders.

The Woburn fight lasted 28 rounds and one hour and a quarter and Gregson was beaten. Gully took five days to recover, but incredibly, he fought another fight 5 months later against Tom Cribb for the Championship, which he also won.

Several large offers were made to him to continue his fighting career, but at 25, he retired, starting his business life running a pub called the Plough Inn, becoming a bookmaker (who reputedly had such esteemed clientèle as The then Prince of Wales) and made enough money to become 'respectable'.

He became a racehorse owner and in 1812, a bet on one of his horses earned him £40,000, which he used to buy the Ackworth Park Estate, just south of Pontefract in the West Riding of Yorkshire and Hatton Colliery in County Durham.

He has become a man of substance and in 1832, became the Member of Parliament for Pontefract. In the year he was elected, his horse, St Giles, won the Derby and netted him another £60,000.

He was a respected Parliamentarian, who took his position seriously and strongly

supported many reforms. He was regarded as intelligent, strong willed and quick witted, despite his lack of education and inauspicious start to his adult life.

After his retirement from politics, he led the life of a Country Squire in Ackworth . His horses won the Derby twice more, Pyrrus in 1846 and Andover in 1854.

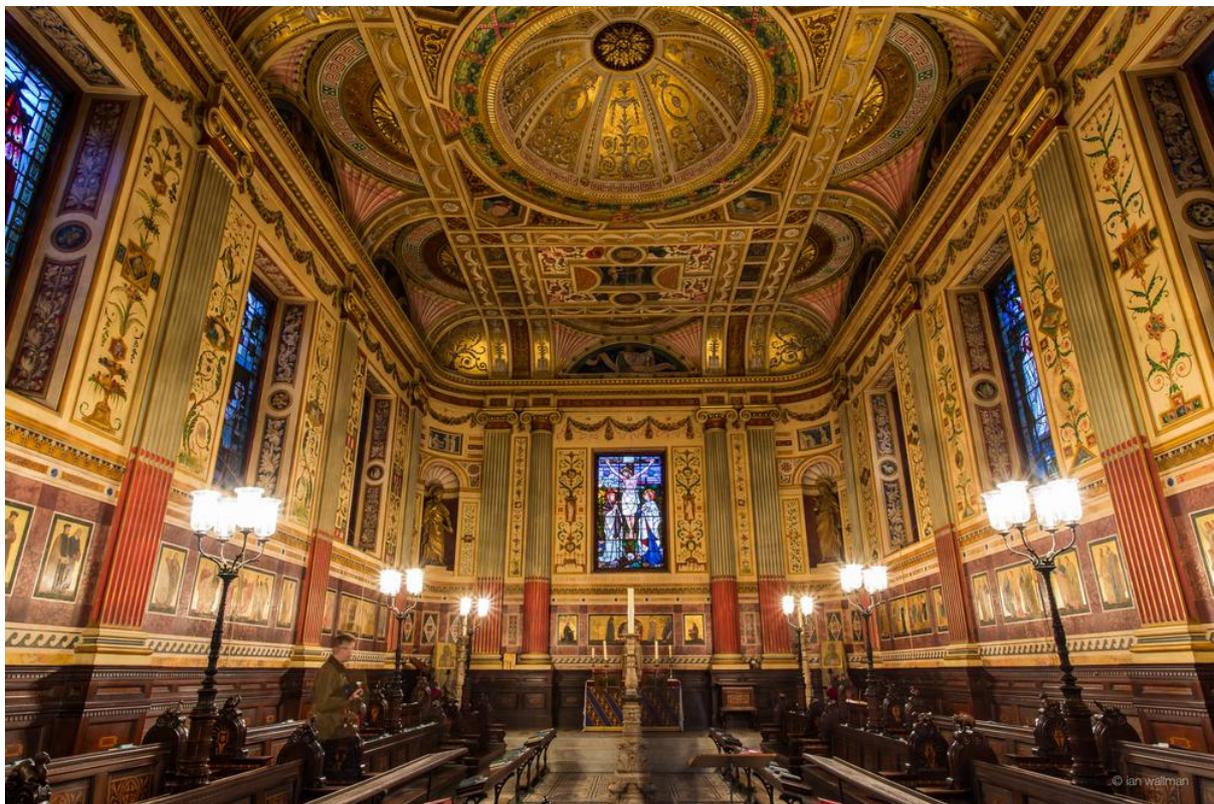
Gully bought shares in Hetton Colliery in Durham, whilst still living in Ackworth Park and was the owner of a colliery and estate in Wingate, County Durham. He eventually moved to Cocken Hall, near Durham City, to be closer to his business interests.

He died in Durham on 9th March, 1863 and was brought back to Ackworth in Yorkshire to be buried in ground which in his own words, "No man would ride roughshod over."

It is said that half the carriages in Durham and Yorkshire attended his funeral.

The Chapel Remembered

Worcester College Oxford was not, as far as I know, popular with OBs and I for one was ignorant of its chapel decoration. On first sight parts of it bear a resemblance to that at Beaumont.



Considered by many to be the most splendid interior in Oxford, the Chapel was built in the 18th century. Dr George Clarke, Henry Keene and James Wyatt were responsible for different stages of its lengthy construction (1720–91), owing to shortage of funds. The interior columns and pilasters, the dome and the delicate foliage plastering are all Wyatt's work. His classical interior was insufficiently emphatic for the tastes of militant Victorian churchmen, and between 1864 and 1866 the chapel was redecorated by William Burges. It is highly unusual and decorative; being predominantly pink, the pews are decorated with carved animals, including kangaroos and whales, and the walls are riotously colourful, and include frescoes of dodos and peacocks. Its stained glass windows were to have been designed by John Everett Millais, but Burges rejected his designs and entrusted the work to Henry Holiday. Oscar Wilde said of the Chapel, "*As a piece of simple decorative and beautiful art it is perfect, and the windows very artistic.*"

Of our own Chapel that was re-decorated by Romaine-Walker in 1902, the style was described as "the grand-child of the Pompeian" that "in the exuberance of its youth throws off much of the reserve and formality of its forbear". The barrel vault of the nave was divided into six bays, by panelled bands rising from the pilasters of the walls. These bands contain lozenge-shaped pieces of rich marbling, while the intervening spaces were filled with conventional representatives of various Biblical plants, such as apple, pomegranate, grape, fig, locust, balm of Gilead, passion-flower, etc. The great spaces between these bands are filled with characteristic Raphaelesque ornaments, having for a centre a cartouche bearing alternatively the Holy Name and the monogram of Our Blessed Lady. Lower down on either side, and contained within circles are figures representing virtues treated after the manner of Raphael's Sybils. These typified Faith, Hope, charity, Purity and Contrition. The sanctuary roof was of cerulean blue, with long garlands of laurel leaves hanging down each side of the ribs. The large wall spaces under the arcade and windows were filled with elaborate Raphaelesque birds.



All that remains of the original Decoration

The person responsible for the “restoration” of the Chapel as a social venue was:Dr **Rachel Faulding**, Senior Lecturer, School of History & Heritage College of Arts.



Her CV is as follows:-

Rachel has been working in conservation for over fourteen years. As well as acting as Programme Leader for the Graduate Diploma in Conservation, she tutors students on undergraduate and postgraduate courses and undertakes PhD supervision at the Conservation Unit, covering all aspects of conservation and in particular theoretical and practical aspects of inorganic materials. In 2004, Rachel

completed her PhD on 'The Conservation of Victorian Tiles In Situ'. She continues to build upon this expertise offering advice, care and applied treatment programmes for historic tiles and architectural ceramics. More recently, she has undertaken the position of visiting lecturer at The University of Malta offering lectures to MA students in the Faculty of the Built Environment on the conservation of architectural ceramics. Rachel joined Crick Smith Conservation in 2006 and is now managing projects involving interventive and preventive treatments, such as the salvage and archiving of wallpapers at St. Pancras, **the reinstatement of the marouflage surfaces at Beaumont House Chapel in Old Windsor** and more recently the treatment of the historic tiles in the on-going project on the Waterhouse interiors, at the National Liberal Club, Whitehall.

ED. Sadly among the "decoration" that were lost in the restoration were The Stations of The Cross that were part of the War Memorial to those killed in the Boer War. However if you were to visit the cathedral at Antwerp you would see the originals: The Beaumont Stations were fine copies of these and their loss remains a sadness.

A Few of us gather each year before Christmas for a lunch and this December we discussed among many things the words of endearment we use for our spouses.

Among these were Rumpole's "she who must be obeyed", the "Memsahib", "the better-half" and the Obergrippenfuhrer. However one of us admitted to having escaped the clutches of the "LPO": this turned out to be the Leisure Prevention Officer". May his "freedom" long continue.

Further to this Lunch, we were denied our usual dining room at Boodles as it had been previously booked by "The Alternative Golf Society". Needless to say chatting to them later in the bar, many of them admitted to never having heard of Beaumont but new respect was shown when we mentioned that we were one of the founder schools for The Halford Hewitt.

The last time I saw **John Wolff** we were discussing racing and possibly Mike **Marshall's** rather smart "Bookmakers" suit at The BU Lunch. I said that as far as I knew no OB had followed that profession but John told me that his **Uncle Gus (31)** had an impromptu attempt before the last War. Apparently a group of OBs decided at the last moment to head for Epsom on Derby Day and parked themselves and their Charabanc on "The Hill" along with the Gypsy folk and the general populace. Finding no Bookmaker Gus opened a book himself -. I wonder whether he was the white Prince Monolulu with a shout of "I gotta 'Orse".

“Donkeywalloper” would like to send his commiserations to “**Bootneck**” **Bruce** on his accident. Apparently at the World Cup Scotland V South Africa Match, he was inveigled (or was it the beer) into showing off his prowess on a scrum machine and suffered rather painful consequences. Perhaps Robert you are thinking of changing the Corps Motto to “All at Sea and Far from Land”!

I wasn't surprised to hear from **Derek Hollamby** that following on from the piece concerning SMART TURNOUT in PICCADILLY (Autumn Review), he had forthwith sallied forth to view and check out the quality of the goods.



I gather he now keeps his trousers up with some smart BU Braces.

Mentioning sartorial elegance, **Chris Tailby** made a visit to his shirt maker Harvie & Hudson in Jermyn St a little while ago and spotted a bolt of cloth in BU Colours; He now wears stripes both vertical as well as diagonal.

I heard from **Adrian Naughten** who had been over in this country in the Autumn still trying to sort out his knee:- “Back in Kenya and facing a long recuperative period with my damn knee. 5 operations in space of 28 months has been no fun and Surgeon in Cromwell Hospital agrees my knee ‘ is a mess ‘. BUT—he is equally confident that I will be OK in due course of time as long as I do the Home Exercises and attend Physio Classes. All very frustrating.”

Ed: one thing I enjoy are connections. The other Sunday a young man appeared at Mass with “his hordes of Mordor”. He turned out to be an Ormerod (a cousin of **Mark 64**) and his grandfather an Old Gregorian was **Adrian’s** first Commanding Officer with the Irish Fusiliers in Celle when the Battalion served alongside my own Regiment. Ten years on from then and one of the Ormerod daughters used to help

look after our children and finally another daughter Jenny married my cousin **Philip Tolhurst (67)**.

Adrian also begged the question “ Have you heard any more from Authors of “ Public Schools in Great War “ ?? I thought they were going to produce Paperback version to reflect more fairly the contribution of Beaumont and other smaller Schools”.

The answer is that I passed on our WW1 details to Anthony Seldon (now Sir Anthony) and David Walsh who promised that they would be included if the paperwork was published. I can only say that with the plethora of books on The Great War it would seem unlikely.

I had a request from **Professor Nick Burgess** “I would be very grateful if you could give me the postal address and/or email address of **Peter O'Connor** who was at Beaumont at the same time as me 1950-1955. We were both born on the same day 12 May 1937 !

I replied that 12 May was indeed auspicious as it is also my Annie’s birthday. Anyone else with a vested interest in the 12th ?

Nick failed to mention that he is Chairman of the “**The Devon History Society which promotes the study of all aspects of the history of Devon. The Society has a wide-ranging membership from all corners of the county, its countryside, cities and coasts. Many local history societies are affiliated to DHS, providing access to the society and encouraging communication about shared research undertakings and events.**” So all you Devonians get signed up.

Another near contemporary of Nick’s **John Boocock** informed me that He could not be at Remembrance Sunday this year as he would be in Argentina and sought the details of **Patrick Deane (55)**.

“You will recall that I contacted you to check on the address of Patrick Deane, because I had written to him and had no reply. You sent me phone numbers for his brother Brian Deane, but they are non- functional. Kate and I were in Buenos Aires in late October and our Hotel was only 150 yards from the address I had for Patrick Deane. We walked down but no reply from any of the flats or the concierge. I went back the following afternoon (Sunday), and again no response. Then a man came out, spoke perfect English and asked who I was and what my business was. I answered and was told, Mr Deane died some years ago, but his widow was in the

apartment on floor 5. I went up and Mrs. Deane's housekeeper let me in. Again I introduced myself. Mrs. Adele (?) Deane is a most gracious, courteous, quite delightful lady of 90 years. She apologised for asking me to take her arm as she is not very steady on her legs. She explained that there were 6 boys, all went to Beaumont. Her husband was **Peter (34)**, the eldest, and the two that were in my class were the youngest, Patrick and Brian - the twins. She had received my letter to Patrick and forwarded it to him somewhere in Bolivia. She was not sure where Brian was. She herself is from Italy and totally fluently speaks 3/4 languages. She took me round her apartment showing me photos of all the family. I had a delightful hour with her. Such a gracious lady. She asked if I and Kate could return the following evening as the wives of other Beaumont boys were visiting her. Unfortunately Kate and I were flying the following morning to the Iguazu Falls, so could not return. She mentioned a Mrs Murphy and Mrs.O'Farrell, and a Mrs Moore O'Farrell. They were names I recognised but did not know. Anyway I spent an hour with a gracious, charming, courteous lady and felt privileged to have met her. Her full address is

Apartment 5 Calle Posadas 1640 Buenos Aires 1112 Argentina

She indicated that perhaps I would eventually hear from Patrick somewhere in Bolivia.

ED: Another relation of the Deane's is **Juan Nelson (49)** whose father **Juan (09)** is considered to be the "father" of Argentine Polo. Below is a photo of the side that won the double in 1936 – The Olympic Gold and The Cup of The Americas. Juan Team Captain is second left, he was the first Argentinean to win two Olympic Gold Medals.



The Argentine squad that took the Olympic gold medal in Berlin and the Cup of the Americas at Meadow Brook Club, a magnificent double. From left: Andrés Gazzotti, Jack Nelson, Roberto Cavanagh, Luis Duggan, Manuel Andrada, Enrique Alberdi and Diego Cavanagh.

I heard from Hugh Dickinson (Stonyhurst) that he was the organiser of the Stonyhurst V Ampleforth Past and Present cross- Country Races on 27 February and that this year there was to be a new trophy to the Memory of **Chris Newton-Carter (OB 65)** who went on to Stonyhurst and was killed in The 9/11 attacks on The Twin Towers.



Chris Newton-Carter

Hugh wondered if any OB would like to race. Apart from one or two I could think of who would run neck and neck in a sprint to the Drinks Bar in a Mr Bean re-enactment of “Chariots of Fire”, I couldn’t think of any possible contenders.

Athletics and Cross-Country (round the Copper Horse and back) had a chequered career at Beaumont in its last decade or so. Looking back at past Reviews to see if we had any dark horses, a record holder for many years was **Michael Stickney** now in Australia. Others who have been at BU events in recent times and had noted success are **George Stanton, David Collingwood** and a certain “**plucky**” **Tony Outred**.

The last mention of Cross Country was in 1965 when **Henry Hayward** won the Higher line race and **Chris Newton-Carter** the Lower Line.

Perhaps we will have to get our Marathon Man **Frank Staples** out of retirement.



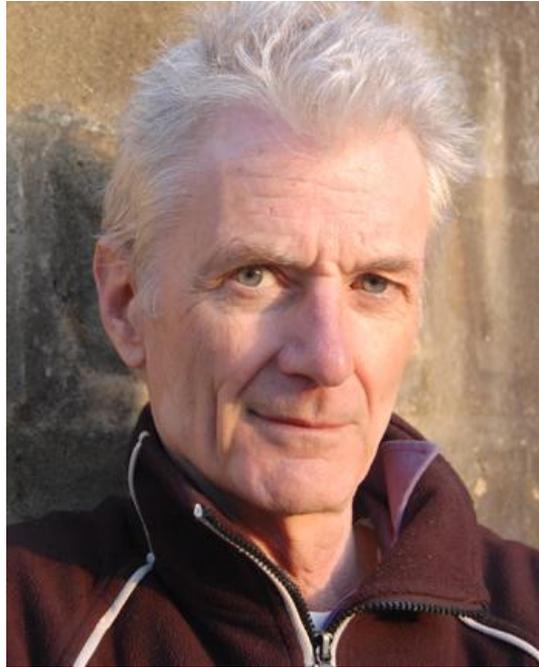
I had an Email from the other side of the pond from Chris Gullo who is the official biographer for the late **Ralph Bates (58)** which is being written in aid of Ralph's Pancreatic Cancer Research Fund seeking information on Ralph's schooldays.

Apart from sending on what I could glean from Reviews of the period I contacted several contemporaries who have been of great assistance to Chris. Possibly the most amusing comment, but unique in the history of Lords Matches, came from **Henry Stevens:-**

“Not a great cricketer but captained the 1st XI as a very good leader! **Caught a catch at Lords without touching the ball - in his crutch! We all laughed –it was just so Ralph.**

In Case you had forgotten or were not aware:-

Peter Hammill (66) is a singer-songwriter, and a founding member of the progressive rock band Van der Graaf Generator and he has a Website “**SOFASOUND**”. His last posting was December 3, 2015

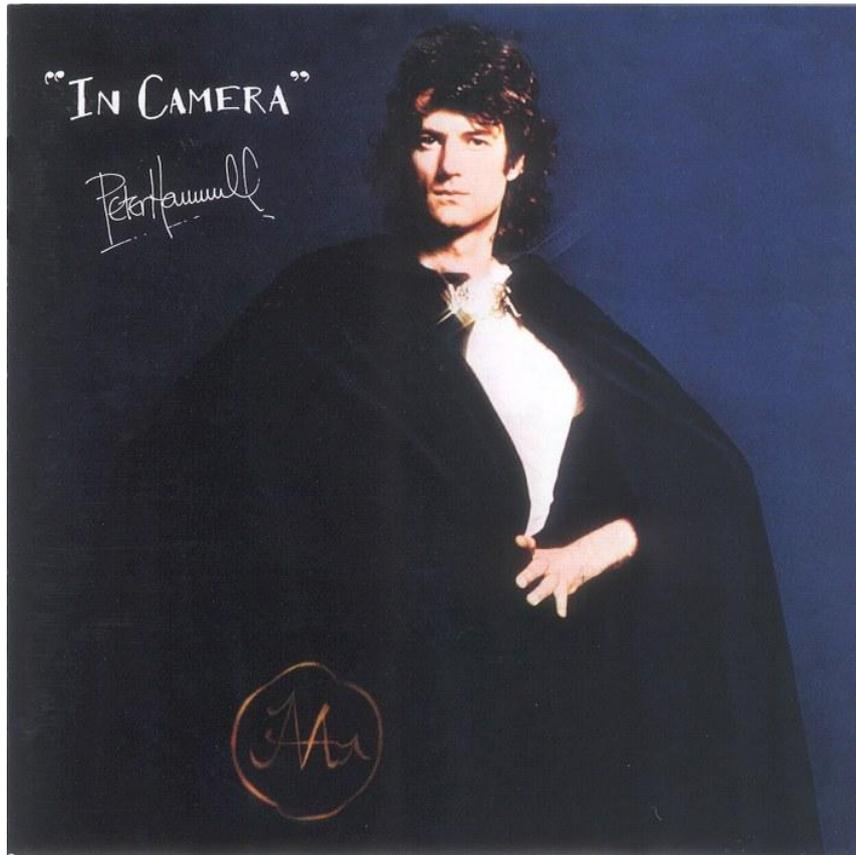


“A full year’s gone by since I was last on stage, at the Pit Inn in Tokyo on November 24th. The time’s flown by, to tell the truth.

Since then I’ve been keeping a low profile and, in fact, pursuing a policy of Not Saying Yes to any offers of live work. I’ve also, of course, fallen silent for the most part both on this journal and at the Sofasound site. I’ve written something about this before in previous posts and it’s still the case that entries here might well be sporadic in the future.

Since I left Manchester to start this wonderful adventure in music I’ve never gone an entire calendar year without doing a show of one kind or another. Now, at the very last gasp of the year, I’m at last managing to fit in one for 2015. This’ll be in Madrid, at the Teatro Lara, on Monday 14th December. I’ll be playing piano only for this concert – I reckon I’ve got enough piano tunes, ancient and modern, to have a proper balance and variety in the set. I must say that having committed to this I find myself looking forward to it enormously. I find travelling itself more and more arduous, to be honest, as I get older...but as ever travel with a goal is most worthwhile.

It may be the case that there’ll be more touring next year, but as yet there are no plans.



Peter back in '74

Astonishingly, it's now a full ten years since VdGG has been a trio. Admittedly Guy, Hugh and I didn't yet know that we had a future together back in December 2005 but we did know that if we did it wouldn't be with Mr. Jackson. It's a matter of some satisfaction that we've now managed a full decade together in this sometimes wonky & always challenging line-up.

Happily there's more to come. We're now well into the recording of the next studio effort, which is sounding very exciting indeed. It'll be out in 2016 and of course I'll write more about it in due course....

Goodbye for now. This has been a quiet and gradual return to public view".

OB Rockers wait out.....

The WELDS of Lulworth

Several of you wrote concerning the death of Wilfrid Weld who had been the owner of Lulworth Castle and its estates. Wilfrid like the majority of Welds had naturally been educated at Stonyhurst but there were four possible occasions when the Castle would have been the property of an OB. It must be said that the Weld family

inheritances are one of the most complicated to unravel and is not helped by various erroneous entries. Two of the OBs in line to inherit Lulworth were in turn **Richard Weld Blundell (06)** and his brother **Louis (07)** both casualties of the Great War. Another contender following their untimely deaths was Uncle **Humphrey (63)** who had life tenancy of the Castle but he never married and had mental health problems. Finally there was **Edward (73)** but he joined the Benedictines at Downside and so put himself out of the running. The man who succeeded was Edward's brother Herbert who saw the castle devastated by fire in 1929 and was the grandfather of Wilfrid.

Fr Walter Weld who many of us remember as Spiritual Father during our time at Beaumont was of another branch of the family but still very closely linked. Fr Weld had also been Rector before the last war, now remembered by only remembered by a handful of OBs. He had succeeded Fr Chichester and was apparently then a man of "tact and iron" who brought both the Science Block and the Infirmary Wing to fruition. For the majority of us, few will forget the "Short Meditations on Death" which were brought to our attention at night prayers.

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

From **Philip Stevens**

I was interested to read that **Colin Shand** was godfather to **Mark Marshall**, as he was mine as well. He was somewhat relaxed in his duties, and in fact so relaxed that he never did anything godfatherly at all. When my son Eddie, fourth generation there, was at St John's I was visiting him one afternoon and bumped into Colin, who was visiting a grandchild or some other juvenile relation. Reminded that he was my godfather, which he seemed to remember better when I told him that my middle name is Colin, he delved into his wallet, produced a fiver and handed it over - to Eddie, not me - with the words "God, I was a bloody awful godfather, this should make up for it." Whilst Eddie considered that Colin represented the ideal godfather, I was less inclined to move from Colin's own judgement on his fulfilment of his role.

ED. By co-incidence a couple of days later I had this Email from **Nick Shand**

I see what's more that you've included the Telegraph obituary of my step-mother Anne Shand (almost three years old now).

And yes she was quite a lady. Formidable but extremely kind. Able to keep my father, **Colin Shand**, an old salt as they hardly exist nowadays, under control.

He and his brother, **Peter**, were parked in St Johns from a very early age (he used to say at six - could that really be true? But then,...."Give me the child until he is seven.....").

They both joined the armed forces, directly from Beaumont, in the early 1930's. My father to the RN, Peter to the RAF.

Captain Kelly of Beaumont CCF once showed me a letter Peter had written to the Beaumont rector apologising for having buzzed the Ambulacrum while out on a training flight at that time. (I wonder what happened to that letter when Beaumont packed up?)

In April 1942, aged 26, Peter was a wing commander, leader of the 139 'Jamaica' Squadron, flying De-Havilland Mosquito fighter-bombers (superb, high-speed, manoeuvrable planes due to their wooden fuselage). I like to irritate French friends by letting them know that my uncle bombed the Renault car (and German truck ?) factory in Billancourt in March 1942. A year later he led the squadron's daring, low-level attack on the molybdenum mines in Knaben, Norway which was highly successful.

He went missing shortly afterwards. His name is on the Beaumont war memorial.

The name is also carved on the Runnymede RAF memorial. Or at least, it was still there when I last visited it ten years ago with my sons. We couldn't find his name in the then book at the entrance listing the location of the engraving for each airman within the memorial.

Assuming an omission during the book's update, I wrote to the War Graves Commission pointing this out. A reply informed me that the omission was intentional as he no longer 'qualified' to be commemorated there, his aircraft having been found in the late 1970's in a lake in Holland. No longer 'missing'; his remains and that of his navigator are buried in Friesland.

I found it difficult to believe that, having once carved names on the war memorial, the graves commission would busy itself with then having them removed. But I saw that very activity going on at the Thiepval memorial when visiting the Somme last year. Some engravings were cemented in for the names of those whose remains turn up, as they do still in such places. Yet unemployment remains high in France!

I note that you're seeking to archive information on those commemorated on the Beaumont war memorial and I'll try to pull something together for you.

Ed. I forwarded Philip's missive to Nick which elicited the following:-

"Thanks Robert,
I'd better send Philip Stevens another fiver immediately to make up for the loss".

Fr Kevin Fox sent me the following on **Bede Bentley** the son of the Architect.

Dear Robert

I hope all is well with you and all the Union. This note is prompted by a paragraph in the recent number of *Oremus*, the magazine put out by Westminster Cathedral. It's hardly news, but may be of interest if it's not already familiar.

The article is about the daughter of J.F.Bentley, architect of St John's as well as of the Cathedral, of course. His daughter was Winefride (b.1875), who married a painter, Michel de l'Hôpital. The paragraph that particularly caught my eye, however, was about Bentley's third child, and first son, Bede (b.1878), who was not only educated at Beaumont but evidently also enjoyed foreign travel and high-class motor cars in a way that is characteristic of other sons of St Stanislaus. The para reads:

"**Bede** was educated at **Beaumont College**, and spent a few months in an architect's office (presumably his father's). He set out in 1898 for New Zaland, to his father's distress. He served in the South African War, worked in Egypt and Australia, and travelled in India and Somaliland. In 1907 he drove a Wolseley from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, the first car ever seen there. The journey was described by his friend Charles Hallé in *To Menelek in a Motor Car* (1913). The emperor Menelek was delighted, and learned to drive. He showed Bentley some churches he had designed, so [Bede] showed him a picture of Westminster Cathedral. Menelek expressed surprise that Bede had not wanted to follow his father's profession. Bede, with a vision of the few months he had spent in his father's office, said that he would prefer to be an Emperor. In 1917 Bede married Margaret Ribbentrop (apparently no relation of Hitler's Foreign Minister) at the church of the Assumption in Warwick Street. They seem to have had no children."

Maybe all familiar stuff but, as I say, if not, then maybe meriting a column inch somewhere. The author of the article in *Oremus* (Feb.2016 p.6) is Peter Howell, a well known write on 19th century ecclesiastical architecture.

ED I intend to produce an article on this Characteristic Son in the next edition of The Review – wait out.

From **Peter Burden**:

Sorry to have missed this year's gathering. I hope to be at the next.

In the meantime, I have a friend who has some **20 cases of Chateau Beaumont 2009** he would like to sell. Would the BU be interested for future functions?

Let me know and I'll get a price.

ED Anyone interested let me know and I will put you in touch with Peter.

From Vernon Rattenbury:-

I read with interest on your web site in your Great War archive of the Fallen the name of Charles Edmund Tyrwhitt Repton, RAF. He is one of the names on my home town memorial of Lyme Regis in Dorset. I have been researching for the local museum, over several years, all those on our memorial and although I had found out some of his story you have filled in a few more details, thank you.

However, I can find no link with Lyme Regis and wondered if you knew how he was connected with the town. Was he born there or did his parents live there? I don't know. Any additional information you may be able to provide would be most appreciated. Anything at all would be most welcome as it would be good to fill in more details of his life. When and why did he go to Canada for instance. Several men from Lyme Regis emigrated to Canada and fought with the Canadian forces during WW1 so maybe he knew one of them, who knows? If only we had a photo but one may yet turn up.

As I said anything you can add would be great, thank you again.

Ed I replied with the information that I had - not a great deal

Vernon's response:-

Thank you for your reply. Since e-mailing you I have found out a little more about his life from the internet and have updated the information on him having used some of your facts as well, I hope that's OK? From his Canadian Service records it appears he was born 20/6/1877 in Brussels, Belgium and that his brother is given as his next of kin living in New York. Maybe that's why he emigrated? Anyway I am sending you all that I have on him for your information. Please feel free to use it to update your web site if you so wish. He has his name read out in our local church every Remembrance time along with all those on our memorial so he is not forgotten by the town. I can only guess that his parents or wife lived in Lyme at the time and I will endeavour to find out. I have assumed his name appears on the Beaumont College War Memorial?

CHARLES EDMUND TYRWHITT REPTON (Croix de Guerre)

Trooper, B Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons

Service No. 606

Second Lieutenant, 1/1st Battalion, South Nottinghamshire Hussars

Lieutenant, 142nd Squadron, Royal Air Force

b. 20 Jun 1877 - Brussels, Belgium

d. 25 Apr 1918 - Palestine

Charles Repton was educated at Beaumont College, Berkshire between 1885 and 1890. He first saw active service with the 21st Lancers during the Boer War, afterwards emigrating to Canada. He enlisted at Valcartier, Canada in the Royal Canadian Dragoons 22 Sep 1914 as part of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. On 3 Oct 1914 under Lt Col C.M. Nelles, they sailed to England where intensive field training was undertaken.

On the 24 Jan 1915 he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the South Nottinghamshire Hussars. During his time with the South Nottinghamshire Hussars they fought with distinction, sailing from Avonmouth 9 Apr 1915 and arriving at Alexandria 24 Apr 1915. From here they were then sent to Gallipoli, landing at Suvla Bay 18 Aug 1915, serving in the trenches as a dismounted Division. They dug themselves in upon arrival under heavy shell fire. Conditions were very unpleasant and on the 21 Aug 1915 they took part in the Battle of Scimitar Hill where they suffered heavy casualties.

They remained at Gallipoli until withdrawn in December 1915 returning to Egypt. He moved with the regiment to Salonika in February 1916 and then became an Observer with the Royal Flying Corps. He was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French for shooting down an enemy plane near Pateros 5 Jun 1917. In 1918 he went with 142 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps to Julis in Palestine flying RE-8s. This squadron was formed at Ismailia, Egypt on 2 Feb 1918 as an army co-operation squadron. It moved to Palestine soon afterwards.

Charles was killed when his plane, an RE-8 aircraft (No. B6601), was shot down after less than a month in theatre.

He is buried in Jerusalem War Cemetery, Israel, plot M.80 and is commemorated on the Lyme Regis War Memorial in the town. His name also appears on the Beaumont College War Memorial and he is also commemorated in the Canadian First World War Roll of Honour, page 592.

He was awarded the British War Medal and Victory Medal.

I hope this is of interest to you.

Kipling has been mentioned a few times in this REVIEW, so to finish:-

From "To the Companions"

How comes it that, at even-tide,
When level beams should show most truth,

Man, failing, takes unfailing pride
In memories of his frolic youth?

Which reminds me of the saucy postcard of the McGill variety of a pouting temptress and a blushing young man with a caption heavy with double entendres. "Do you like Kipling" the young fellow asks. "I don't know you naughty boy," she purrs back "I've never Kippled".

L. D. S