

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SPRING 2015



In the Beaumont Review of October 1965 there was a simple paragraph stating that “On the 14<sup>th</sup> May the Kennedy Memorial, Runnymede was inaugurated. At School, a Requiem for the late President was said. Members of Rhetoric acted as ushers at the ceremony on the Medes and were complimented by the organisers for their tact and efficiency”. Well far be it from me to comment on the last part of the statement. However the acre of ground itself was originally the gift of the Queen, who formally opened the Memorial in the presence of the President’s

widow and children. The location at Runnymede, where the Magna Carta was sealed, marks Kennedy's dedication to civil rights campaigns. From a Beaumont perspective the closest the Kennedys came to the school were their names entered on the entry register by their father the then ambassador in London. One wonders whether a Beaumont education would have changed History. It is nice to think that the organisers of The Memorial Trust knew of this tenuous connection when they asked for the School's involvement. Now fifty years on and we celebrate the 800<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the sealing of Magna Carta itself and although Beaumont will no longer play a part at least **Anthony Northey** will be there in an official capacity. Although our involvement with Runnymede is forgotten except by ourselves, at least we can say with pride that Runnymede were our playing fields and the Runnymede stretch was our river.

## **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**Philip Brown's** annual lunch at Kingston will not be taking place this year: Philip is recovering from surgery. I am sure that all his friends would wish to send him our warmest greetings for a speedy recovery.

**The BU Group** will be in Lourdes as usual after Easter and will be celebrating "Big" Anniversaries for both **Mike Bedford** and **John Flood** for their contribution to HCPT. No doubt a "Night to remember" is in prospect.

**The Battlefield Tour 18-22 May**, is as I write, being put together by **Philip Stevens** with a small contribution from myself. There are 19 of us going for what will be a fascinating and a truly enjoyable trip in the BU tradition. We will be laying wreaths on your behalf at the main Memorials at Ypres, Arras and the Somme.

**LAST MINUTE:** - We have had a couple of "Drop Outs". Anyone now able to come please let me know ASAP. First come First served.



We will also consider the German perspective

## **OBITUARIES**

Sadly I must report the death of **Alan Fraser (41)** and a belated entry for one of the post war classics masters – **Colin Wells**

## **WEBSITE NEWS**

The **GREAT WAR ARCHIVE** can be found listed under the **HISTORY** section.

**VRIL**. The subject is the contribution of R C Chaplains during WW1.

We are of course well into the Centenary anniversaries of WW1 but it is now 70 years since the end of the Second War (I don't think we will be here for its centenary) so I hope to start preparing an Archive based around the names on the Memorial similar to that of the Great War.

## **IN THE NEWS.**

I confess that I don't often get round to perusing The Gazette and so missed the announcement in June:-

### **The Order of St. John**

The *Queen* has been graciously pleased to sanction the following Promotions in, and Appointments to, the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem:



### **As Bailiff Grand Cross**

#### **David Patrick Henry BURGESS MBE**

Patrick has had a long association with the Order and had been its Honorary Legal Counsel since 2007; He has now been appointed Chancellor of the Order. This is indeed a rare honour as The Knights of St John of Jerusalem although non-denominational are very much allied to the Church of England and Patrick may well be the first Catholic to receive such an appointment. We tend to think of the Knights of Malta (also of St John) as the Catholic Order and the late **Peter Drummond-**

**Murray** was a Bailiff Grand Cross and “off the top of my head” both **Dudley Heathcote** and **Thierry de Galard** are both Knights and there may well be others.

The English Order is a Royal Order of Chivalry established in 1831 and was rebuffed by the Order of Malta. In response, the British body declared itself to be the Sovereign Order of St John in the United Kingdom, under the title *The Sovereign and Illustrious Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, Anglia*, thereby emphasising the order's independence and claim to direct and continuous succession from the Order of St John that was established in the 11th century. Except via appointment to certain government or ecclesiastical offices in some realms, membership is by invitation only and individuals may not petition for admission. The Order of St John is perhaps best known through its service organizations, including St John Ambulance and St John Eye Hospital Group, the memberships and work of which are not constricted by denomination or religion. It is also a member of The Alliance of the Orders of St. John of Jerusalem.

On the 24<sup>th</sup> February Patrick was installed as Chancellor of the Order by HRH The Duke of Gloucester, Grand Prior at the Priory Church in Clerkenwell.



The Chancellor is a Great Officer of the Order. As such he is a member of the Order's worldwide governing body, and contributes to the development of the Order's overall policy internationally. The Chancellor acts as the deputy to the Lord Prior when the Lord Prior is not available, and the Chancellor has lead responsibility for maintaining the status and integrity of the Order as an order of Chivalry of the Crown, including the Order's system for the conferment of honours and awards and all other chivalric aspects; for constitutional issues; and for relations with the other Orders of St John.

At the end of the ceremony those present were asked to rise and salute the new Chancellor. I am certain all members of the BU would wish to send their warmest congratulations and “salutations” to Patrick on his appointment.

I hope to publish a photo of Patrick wearing the robes and insignia of the Order in the next edition of The Review.

### **THE COLLEGE CORPS COLLECT**

It is extraordinary how matters concerning the school still come to light. During my researches I have recently come across The Corps Collect. It has been a long tradition in the Services to have such a prayer written specifically for a Ship, Regiment or Squadron usually by the chaplaincy department concerned. I am not certain where the Beaumont one originated but apart from altering the words to Beaumont Union from OTC, it would I think appropriate to use it on certain occasions when we are gathered together:-

**“O Almighty God, whose co-equal son our Saviour was born of the Virgin Mary and hast inspired men in every age to love and do thy will; we beseech thee thou wouldst keep thy servants of the Beaumont Union steadfast in the faith, to act for your greater glory and to live by our motto of Aeterna non Caduca, who livest and reignest, one God, world without end. Amen”.**

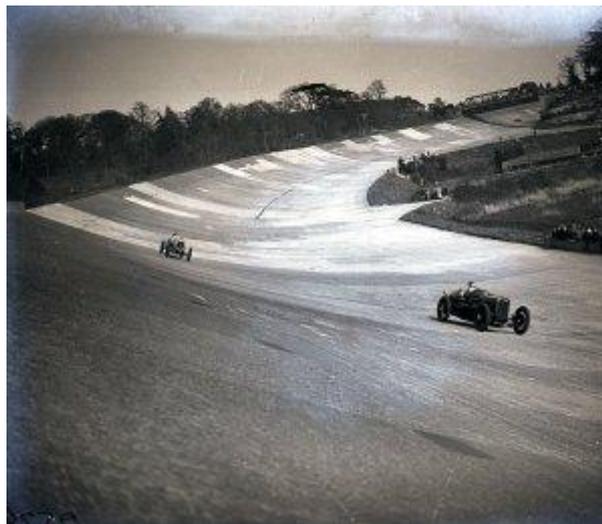
### **ARTICLES.**



Mr Brooklands

When I was clearing out my In-laws old home I came across a book on the "Brooklands Giants" brave men and their great cars and happened to open it at a page with a photograph of **Sir Alastair Miller Bt (07)**. Having just researched his elder brother whose name is on the War Memorial I read on to discover that in the opinion of Bill Boddy the founder editor of Motor Sport that Sir Alastair was "Mr Brooklands:-

"If you had to choose, who would you call "Mr Brooklands"? Parry Thomas, perhaps, who lived there and achieved many great successes with the Leylands and other cars of his own design and construction between 1922 and 1926? Or John Cobb, very much a Track specialist, who took the lap-record to 143.44 mph with the 24-litre Napier Railton? Or G P Harvey-Noble, one of the few surviving 130 mph badge-holders, who did so much high-speed testing and racing at Weybridge? Or would you opt for a driver from the early days, when fast lappery on a steeply-banked course was something new, and very difficult on cars which even then were capable of around 120 mph?

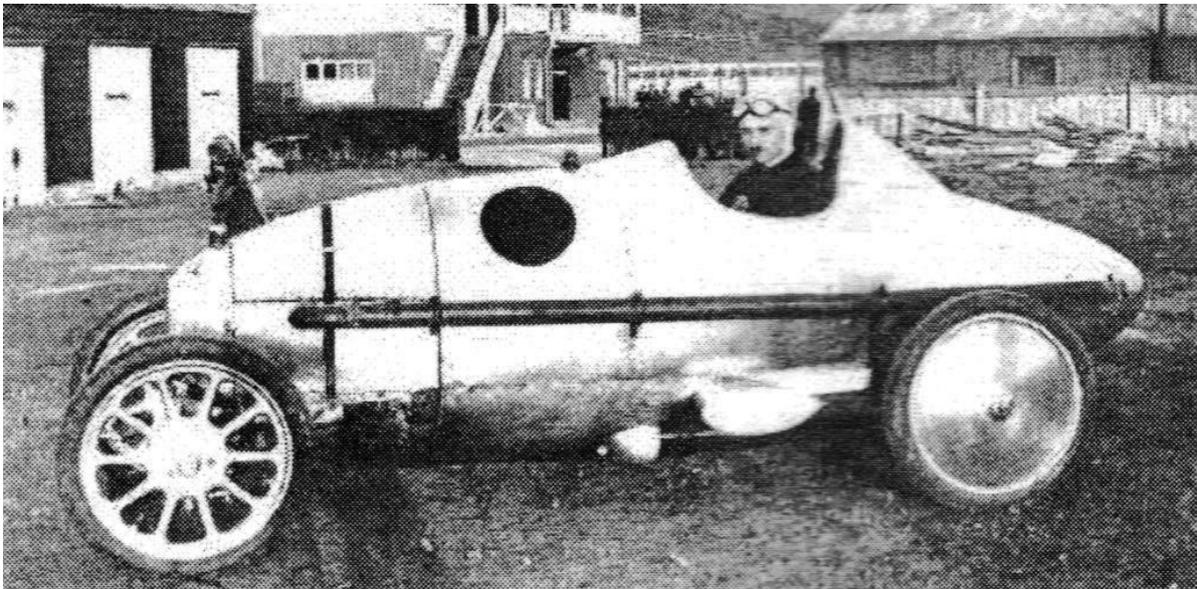


My vote goes to Captain A G Miller, later Sir Alistair Miller Bt, who first raced motorcycles at Brooklands in 1912 and was still entering cars in 1939, when war stopped play. His pre-1914 mounts were a big Matchless JAP and a 493cc Martin-JAP, with the former he won a heat of an Old Public School Boy's race, but Eton won the final. In the war Miller was a Second Lieutenant in the Irish Guards before transferring to the Royal Flying Corps and gaining his pilot's certificate on a Maurice Farman at the CFS in 1915, having gone solo for just 3 hours 18 minutes. He later flew a BE2c from Farnborough to St Omer and, semi-invalided (his young brother had been killed at the front) spent the rest of the war on administrative duties.

After the Armistice he set up a motor business in partnership with Major H D Segrave and the two Lines brothers, acquiring from dealer Phil Paddon the two 1914 GP 0ls which had remained in England after the final pre-war Brooklands meeting.

Segrave was anxious to become a professional racing driver and took on one of them, L G Hornsted the other. Miller too drove one occasionally at the Track and in speed-trials, as well as a racing Shelsley Crossley two-seater and a 350cc Martin-JAP.

In 1920 Miller was dealing in new Martin motorcycles and reconditioned ex-RFC 25/30hp Crossleys from a depot in Scrubbs Lane, Willesden. Segrave withdrew, deciding that he needed a Brescia Bugatti in order to impress Louis Coatalen (in whose Sunbeam Grand Prix team he was hoping for a place), and losing some thousands of his capital, and in 1921 Miller persuaded the joint Managing Director of Wolseley Motors, A J McCormack, to let him form a Wolseley Racing Department with headquarters at the Track, where he had sheds and lived at one time.



Miller with his Moth

The little Wolseley Moths, supported by a larger Wolseley with alternative 2.0 and 2.7 engines, were very successful, but Miller still needed a really fast car for Lightning races, and mentioned this to the Prince of Wales when they met at a night-club. . . The story is that HRH told AGM he could have an old Napier shooting-brake of which the King had grown tired and which was lying idle at Sandringham. After it had been turned into the fearsome monster Wolseley Viper, King George apparently enquired as to the whereabouts of his comfortable old Napier, and the Prince had to swear Miller to absolute secrecy!

Years later I tried to confirm this story through the Duke of Windsor's secretary. The reply was that the Duke had no recollection of it, and anyway his father always used

Daimlers; but the abdication crisis could have blunted his memory, and I would very much like to find out whether a Napier was ever delivered to the royal estate.

The Viper was built at Willesden and its body by R & B Radiators of Hammersmith. Miller ensured the desired speed by putting an Aries-built 11.7-litre V8 Hispano Suiza aero-engine into the aged Napier chassis and when a Crossley clutch refused to transmit the 200 or so horsepower a Hele-Shaw clutch was used. The various Wolseleys were driven by others besides Miller, but his personal tally of race successes in 1922-23 was nine wins, five seconds and ten third places. His cars also broke many class records, including the coveted "double-twelve-hour"; they must have done at least 6000 Brooklands miles in pursuit of this alone. Someone said in MOTOR SPORT "As the various ages of the earth are termed 'ice', 'heat', etc, so might one period of Brooklands activity become known as the Wolseley age. A silver coloured racer of this make periodically took lease of the course and rotated monotonously for hours on end in search of long-distance records. On asking an official 'Much doing today?' we could estimate to a nicety his reply. 'No, but the Wolseley is going round'. It always was. I believe Mr Miller thought he was a planet." There was plenty of publicity in all this, especially when Miller was fighting his divorce, the newspapers delighting in headlines like "Racing Driver in Girl-Bride Case". Miller was also a BMCRC committee member, and it was he who put up the 200-guineas Miller Cup for the winner of the 1921 500-Mile Race, which turned out to be Le Vack's 998cc Indian, at 70.42 mph.

When the JCC held its first 200-Mile Race that year, the single-seater Wolseley "Moth" was ineligible, but for the 1922 event Miller prepared a two-seater Ten, like the production Brooklands-model sports Wolseleys he had instituted, and despite giving away more than 200cc he completed the course, at 66.2 mph. For the 1923.200" he entrusted the Ten to George Newman and persuaded the taciturn S F Edge to let him have an Anzani AC; it was prepared late and retired.

That year Alvis had gained its great victory after both supercharged Fiats had retired, and for 1924 two special Alvises were built for the race. Respecting his track-craft, Miller was allowed to drive the winning 1923 12/50, and did not disgrace himself, finishing seventh at 89.28 mph, sandwiched between Halford and Harvey in the new cars. Meanwhile, he had brought to Brooklands

Bloch's twin-cam GP Bianchi, a very fast two-litre car which did 98.47 mph over the half-mile, giving him short-distance records in 1923 (when he had also co-driven for Parry Thomas with the Leyland Eight) and two wins and some more third places in 1924.

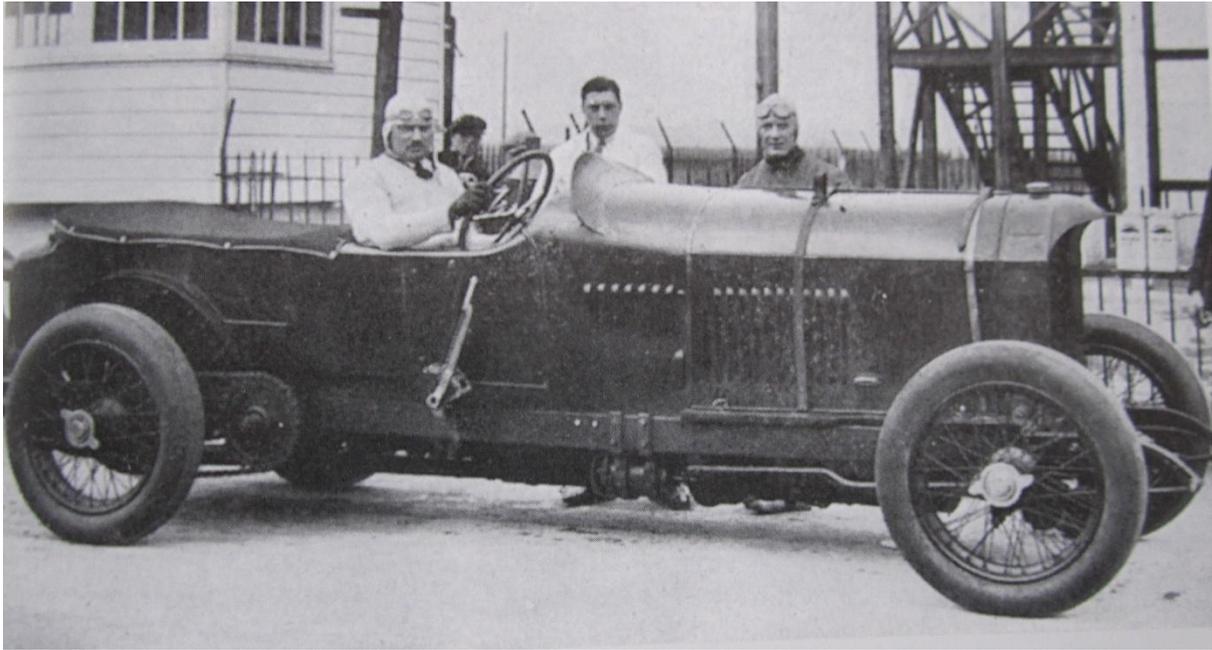
By now Kaye Don had taken over the Viper, and Miller let others rim the AC having an ex-Zborowski twin-cam Aston-Martin for himself. He had sold Moth II to Woolf Barnato (who later owned Bentley Motors) and was now assisting C M Harvey in record-breaking attempts with a single-seater Alvin. When he drove Tankerville-

Chamberlayne's 4 1/2-litre 1914 GP Nazzaro in 1925 it caught fire, having allegedly been sabotaged in Miller's own shed — more newspaper headlines!

In 1926 Miller took over one of the 5-litre Indianapolis-engined Sunbeams, and it just beat Don in the Viper by half a length in the Whitsun Gold Vase. The Lightning Short Handicap at the BARC Summer Meeting fell to Miller and the red Sunbeam, as did further wins in club races and some Class C standing-start records. For the "road-circuit" JCC 200-Mile Race Miller and Don shared one of the old four-cylinder Talbots, which didn't last long, and another of his mounts that year was a neat racing 1100cc Donnet Zedal.

After travelling to France to try to get a Voisin agency, Captain Miller brought to Brooklands a 4-litre sleeve-valve racing version in 1927. It was able to lap at over 100 mph, but misfiring ruined its potential and it went back home in disgrace. He also came up with a racing 3.4-litre Buick with twin-cam head, a car which has always puzzled me: Ken Kirton once put a Buick engine into a Straker-Squire chassis, but I am convinced this chassis was all-Buick, even down to its hydraulic contracting front brakes. Various new drivers had their Brooklands baptism on it before Miller's own business at 2 St James's Place, London SW1 (mainly selling used Rolls-Royces) advertised it for £450. Also for sale at the time were several Lombards, one of which (a black two-seater valued at £425) had carried Miller to first place in the 1928 August "75 Short", lapping at over 84 mph.

More profitably, Miller, Clowes, the Hon D Fitzgerald and AGM's head mechanic SC Cull went to Paris early in 1928 and bought the sprint cars Delage I and Delage II (leaving the big V12 to T & T's and John Cobb). Both gave serious trouble to begin with, and Miller advertised the twin-cam 5.9-litre Delage I for £650. But the six-cylinder push-rod ohv 5.1-litre Delage II was worked on by Cull at T Gardner & Sons in Highgate and served Miller well, winning the 1928 Gold Vase race and finishing second to Don's V12 Sunbeam in the "Lightning Short". Deluge I won a very fast August "100 Short" and two short races at a Surbiton Motor Club meeting, Miller up, and also a second for Clowes.



Miller with the "Hindenburg"

In the same year the versatile "Mr Brooklands" found an enormous red Benz, rumoured to have been von Hindenburg's staff-car during the war and almost certainly the same 211/2-litre four-cylinder chain-drive car which Bruno Roberts had raced at Brooklands in 1920, standing behind a pub. By the time he had acquired it, I was in the habit of investing a shilling to enjoy visiting Brooklands on non-race days, and thus it was that I peered into Miller's sheds and spotted this huge four-seater, which I did not recognise. I returned home and wrote asking what it was. I was unaware at the time that, presumably very soon afterwards, Miller had had a row with his wife and locked her and her maid in the sheds overnight! By the time the papers informed me of this it was too late to retrieve my letter, but the Captain was unabashed, replying: "Dear Master Buddy, the car you saw is a big 1914 Benz which I hope to race soon . . . "

Race it he did, and with considerable success — often entered by Mrs Miller (nee Winifred Shotter).

Also in 1928, Miller and Clowes took class records with a big GL sports Deluge lent by the English concessionaire. At the closing meeting AGM twice started from scratch, to no avail, despite taking a black 36/220hp Mercedes-Benz round at 109.94 mph.

By 1929 Miller was more often entrant than driver, likes racehorse owner with a full stable — his "card" including a Bugatti for Ken Eggar. But he had cured Deluge I of its problems, salting 200-mile records with it, and had evolved another outer-circuit car, a 40/50hp Napier with a shapely navy blue racing body and cowled radiator which had once been a landaulette owned by the Sir Otto Biet family and in which Miller lapped at better than 78 mph. The story was that Napier threatened him should

he disclose the car's make, so it was entered as an Auto Speed Special (Autospeed Ltd being the name of his former business); but when the car was offered for sale it became a 35/120hp Miller-Napier. . . He took second place in a BARC race with the venerable Benz and drove a blown Lombard in the Six-Hour Sports-Car Race. Then, when passing a Henley-on-Thames showroom, he spotted the old Wolseley Moth II and, knowing it better than the salesman, bought it at an advantageous price. After racing it during 1929 he set his heart, for old times' sake, on winning the Founders' Gold Cup at the 1930 August Meeting — and he did just that, the ancient light-car lapping as fast as 83.28 mph in keeping Sammy Davis in the experimental blown Riley 9 at bay.

Miller's next plan was to lead a British motor-racing expedition to South America in 1931 (to race at the new Buenos Aires autodrome), with Dudley Froy, Cyril Paul and HW Purdy, taking Austin, Riley, Talbot , Invicta and Sunbeam cars. There was even talk of a Land Speed record attempt, but nothing happened. However the Riley Company (as Alvin had done in 1924) did engage Miller, along with Malcolm Campbell and Whitcroft, to drive in the 1931 BRDC 500-Mile race, and at the age of 38 he finished fourth overall behind a Bentley, a Talbot and a supercharged MG, winning the 1100cc class at 92.83 mph.

At around this time you could have bought the Delage 1 for E250 (reduced from E750), the Lombard for E350, the Napier for E150, Moth II for E100, the V8 Viper for E25 and made an offer for the 200hp Benz—all ready to race. In fact, Miller ran the Napier again at the 1931 Autumn Meeting.

Sir Alastair Miller now had other interests, but he did not desert the Track and at the very last meeting in 1939 he entered a 4 1/2-litre Lagonda.

It has been pointed out to me that Miller lapped slower in his cars than other drivers. Cyril Paul was certainly much quicker in the Benz, but only after it had been put into good order, and Miller was faster than either Clowes or Wallbank; with Delage I he was faster than Paul from the start (before it had been sorted), and only 0.31 mph slower than Froy; Don could get the Viper round more than 2 mph faster than its owner, but the latter was in turn faster than G N Norris; the 4.9 Sunbeams are difficult to compare. True, E L Bouts lapped 1.29 mph faster, having bought the old 4.9 Sunbeam for E240. But Miller was praised for his skill in handling this difficult car; he won 20-mile races on Southport sands with it, and used to drive it from London to Brooklands. He won his 120 mph badge in September 1928, with Deluge 1. For me, he was "Mr Brooklands". Who would you nominate?

**ED** Having read this I feel that I must be more circumspect in my remarks about Car Dealers (second hand or otherwise). Guy it seems you are in illustrious company.

**PETER LEVI**

In the last edition of the Review I mentioned a new biography on Peter Levi which has been well received by the critics. There is a significant amount about his time at Beaumont as it greatly influenced both his decision to become a Jesuit and enhanced his love of poetry and English literature. Below you will find a couple of paragraphs about the masters. It reminds one again what some of the best (and worst) had on our future lives in each generation.



“Many of the masters were laymen. There was young Maurice Bond the head of history, who also worked as parliamentary archivist and helped the boys to understand their place in the history of the country by organising trips to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. There was Mr Brinkman, possibly a visiting Jesuit scholastic “who had advanced views about Aeschylus and Bach, and told us to read *Horizon* and Evelyn Waugh. There was the classics master, Arthur Mayhew, whom Peter remembered foggily as “a very old Wykehamist ... born in the 1860s” and adding at least ten years to his age. Dear old Mr Mayhew was in fact sixty eight when Peter joined his group of four classicists at Beaumont, having been a master at Eton in the 1920s between spells of teaching overseas. A genial old thing with a liberal, open-minded outlook on life, he loved the poetry of Horace with the Housmanesque wistfulness of his generation. Later Peter placed “the high watermark of English Horatiomania” in the 1920s when even Kipling had been crazy about Horace. Spellbound by Horace’s elegance and rhythm, he developed a lifelong passion for the Odes.

But the master who had the most burning influence on him was a Jesuit priest, Christopher Devlin was a vulnerable, chaotic, saintly, poetry-writing, forty year old teacher of English literature. Once Peter had gained his higher certificate and could do more or less as he liked, he joined Devlin’s English classes, impressing him with the quality of his writing. “In his private character”, Peter wrote “he recalled Shakespearean comedy, but in the classroom he was sometimes King Lear”.

Grief-stricken by a wartime Catholic chaplaincy in the RAF, when he had cradled dying airmen in his lap, Devlin taught passionately with the maxim of “love your boys” His own long-term biographical subject was the melancholy Elizabethan

recusant priest-poet, Robert Southwell, who had been tortured, hanged, drawn and quartered for the faith. Peter responded eagerly to Devlin's stories, and when asked by Father D'Arcy why he wanted to become a Jesuit replied that the "cloak and the Crucifix" aspect of the Elizabethan martyrs appealed to him most. But what he probably wanted most was to become another Christopher Devlin, whose deep romanticism was illuminated by religion and intensified by the mysterious demands of Jesuit discipline."

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**ED** no doubt some of you will have read in the papers of the death of the Duchess of Alba the only child of Don Jacabo (OB). For those that haven't:-

### **The Duchess of Alba - obituary**

**The 18th Duchess of Alba was a flamboyant Spanish aristocrat who married both an unfrocked priest and a man 24 years her junior**

The 18th Duchess of Alba, who has died aged 88, was Spain's richest woman and a regular fixture in *Hola!* magazine and other gossip publications on account of her forthright character and colourful private life.

In later life, with her flamboyant manner and shock of frizzy hair (sometimes dyed a whimsical red, at other times a snowy white), the thrice-married Cayetana Fitz-James Stuart fascinated and appalled in almost equal measure.

Known for her piping, querulous voice and often outrageous clothes, she was frequently photographed at society weddings and at bullfights. Her passions were flamenco, horses and painting; she became the subject of a television series and a flamenco show based around her life.

Then, of course, there was her status as an exemplar of the plastic surgeon's art. She always denied needing any assistance to enhance features which had once earned her a reputation as a beauty; and any suggestion to the contrary was considered an intrusion too far by most of the Spanish press. None the less, a website specialising in such matters claimed to have discovered evidence of a facelift, brow lift, rhinoplasties, lip injections, fat injections to the face and multiple injections of Botox. "She overdid it, obviously," a family friend was quoted as saying.

The Spanish media estimated the duchess's wealth at between €600 million and €3.5 billion; her landholdings were said to be so vast that she would have been able to cross Spain from north to south without setting foot on anyone else's property.

According to the Guinness Book of Records, she had more titles than any other person on the planet, being a duchess seven times over, a countess 22 times and a marquesa 24 times. Yet the Duchess always insisted she was not rich: "I have a lot of artworks, but I can't eat them, can I?" she once said. Apart from thousands of paintings by Goya, Velazquez, Titian and others lining the walls of her numerous palaces, her collection included a first edition of *Don Quixote*, Columbus's first map

of America and the last will and testament of Ferdinand the Catholic, the father of Catherine of Aragon.

As head of the 539-year-old House of Alba, the Duchess's privileges included not having to kneel before the Pope and the right to ride a horse into Seville cathedral. It was also said that, due to her illustrious lineage, she was entitled to demand ceremonial precedence over the Spanish royal family. But she made little use of these historic perks, preferring the delights of a high-rolling lifestyle that began in England where her father, the 17th Duke of Alba, was Spanish ambassador during the Second World War.



The Duchess of Alba, c. 1947 (GETTY/HULTON ARCHIVE)

María del Rosario Cayetana Paloma Alfonso Victoria Eugenia Fernanda Teresa Francisca de Paula Lourdes Antonia Josefa Fausta Rita Castor Dorotea Santa Esperanza Fitz-James Stuart y de Silva Falcó y Gurtubay was born in her family's neo-Classical Palacio de Liria in Madrid on March 28 1926, the only child of Don Jacobo Fitz-James Stuart y Falcó, 17th Duke of Alba, and Doña María del Rosario de Silva y Gurtubay, 9th Marquise of San Vicente del Barco. Her godmother was Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain.

On her father's side, Cayetana was a descendant of King James II of England through his illegitimate son James Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick, born of a relationship with Arabella Churchill, only sister of the Duke of Marlborough. This made her a distant relative of both Sir Winston Churchill and Diana, Princess of Wales, descendants of Arabella's daughter Henrietta Fitz-James.

Other ancestors included Don Fernando Alvarez de Toledo, 3rd Duke of Alba, known as "the Iron Duke" on account of the ruthlessness with which he put down revolt as governor of the Spanish Netherlands from 1567 to 1573, and Doña María del Pilar de Silva, 13th Duchess of Alba, a muse of Francisco Goya.

Cayetana did not have a happy childhood. Her mother died when she was eight, and three years later her father (a fervent monarchist who had served briefly under King

Alfonso XIII as minister for foreign affairs in the government of General Dámaso Berenguer) took her to London, where he had been appointed ambassador for the Spanish Nationalist government.



The Duchess of Alba with her father on her marriage to Don Pedro Luis Martínez de Irujo y Artacoiz, 1947

He was still the ambassador in 1940 when the British government recognised Franco's regime, and the pair remained in London during the Second World War. In 1945, however, the Duke resigned his post, declaring that the Franco regime was "harmful to the best interests of Spain" after negotiations with the exiled pretender to the Spanish throne, Don Juan de Bourbon, whose claims the Duke had supported, broke down.

During the Spanish Civil War, the Albas' Liria Palace had been occupied by the communists, and for that reason it was almost completely destroyed by German bombers in 1936. The Duke had taken the precaution of storing its priceless collection of paintings in the cellars of the Prado and the Bank of Spain, but around half the palace's literary collection was destroyed and many other items were looted. On his return to Spain the Duke set about rebuilding the palace according to the original plans, work carried on after his death by Cayetana. It was largely due to her persistence that the palace remained a private residence.

Cayetana was considered a beauty in her youth and was reputed to have had a lively love life. In 1947 she married Don Pedro Luis Martínez de Irujo y Artacoiz, a naval officer and son of the Duke of Sotomayor, in a ceremony at Seville Cathedral which cost an estimated £2 million in today's terms and was described at the time as "the most expensive wedding in the world". The ceremony was so grand that there

was concerned it would overshadow the nuptials of Britain's future Queen, held a month later in austere Britain.

The bride wore a white satin gown modelled on the dress worn by Napoleon III's bride Empress Eugénie. After the ceremony the couple travelled through cheering crowds to the bride's family's Seville palace of Las Dueñas in a carriage pulled by mules.

■ Cayetana succeeded as Duchess of Alba on her father's death in 1953, and she and her first husband had five sons and a daughter. However, the father of her fourth son, Fernando, was widely rumoured to have been not her husband but the Sevillian flamenco dancer Antonio el Bailarin, who acknowledged his parentage in posthumously published memoirs. When the information was subsequently repeated in an article in the Spanish magazine *Interviú*, however, a Spanish court awarded the Duchess €90,000 in damages, describing the offending piece as an assault on her honour.

Her first husband died in 1972, and six years later the Duchess shocked Spanish society by marrying Jesus Aguirre y Ortiz de Zarate, a unfrocked Jesuit priest and freethinking intellectual 11 years her junior who had once been her confessor. It was not so much his dubious religious credentials that were considered scandalous, however, as the fact that he was illegitimate.

Yet their marriage was happy – so much so, in fact, that when Aguirre sent three love poems he had written for Cayetana to Julio Iglesias, asking him to set them to music, the singer refused, considering them too steamy. When, in 1988, the gossip pages reported strains in the marriage, Cayetana, then 62, responded: “We are happy, as happy as before. And, if you must know, we make love every night.” Except that “make” and “love” were not the words used.

After Aguirre's death, in 2001, it was generally assumed that the Duchess, now in her mid-70s, would live her twilight years alone. But a few years later she was reported to be dating Alfonso Diez Carabantes, a minor civil servant in Spain's department of social security and a man 24 years her junior. “When you get to know someone and you like them, you end up falling in love a little and I fell in love with him,” she revealed in a magazine interview in 2008.

On several occasions the Duchess's children, apparently fearful of being separated from some of their inheritance by a man portrayed by detractors as a gold-digger, were said to have blocked the couple's plans to tie the knot. In 2008 the House of Alba issued a statement saying that the relationship “was based on a long friendship and there are no plans to marry”. In June 2011 the Duchess's youngest son, Cayetano, announced that his mother could not marry for a third time “owing to questions of historic responsibility”. At one point Spain's King Juan Carlos was alleged to have telephoned the Duchess to urge her to think again.

The Duchess was resentful of her children's interference, noting, pointedly, that they had all been divorced; so, by implication, they had no right to give her moral lectures. “I don't know why my children are causing problems,” she complained on Spanish

radio. “We aren’t hurting anyone. Alfonso doesn’t want anything, he’s renounced everything. He doesn’t want anything but me.”

In August 2011, however, the prospect of a damaging rift in Spain’s most prominent noble house appeared to have been averted after a deal was made under which the Duchess agreed to divide up her fortune between her children in advance of her death — and her groom renounced any possible claim to her wealth.

She and Diez then married, and after the wedding in Seville she entertained onlookers by kicking off her shoes and hiking up her dress to perform a flamenco dance outside her palace.

The Duchess is survived by her husband and children. Her eldest son, Carlos Fitz-James Stuart, 14th Duke of Huéscar, born in 1948, inherits the Alba titles.

**The 18th Duchess of Alba, born March 28 1926, died November 19 2014**

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**ED.** The following article concerns Don Jacabo’s relationship with Churchill during the War and the difficult situation in which he found himself.

During the Second War, British Intelligence played an often ruthless and cynical game. An example of this was the pursuit of alleged German agents linked to the Spanish Embassy in London. What made it more extraordinary is that it occurred in parallel with the friendship between the Ambassador - the Duke of Alba and Churchill.

The 17<sup>th</sup> Duke of Alba and 19<sup>th</sup> Duke of Berwick, Jacabo Fitz-james Stuart was descended on the maternal side from Arabella Churchill, sister of the 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Marlborough, and thus he considered himself Churchill’s cousin, a link the Prime Minister appeared to have had no problem recognising.

On the contrary, Churchill found “Jimmy” a kindred spirit – bon vivant, monarchist first and foremost, and a virulent anti-communist, who had little truck with Nazism. During a lunch held at the Spanish Embassy in December 1940, Churchill told Alba that what he wished for – and what Franco would expect – were the best and friendliest relations between the two nations.

During most of the war, Churchill paid several unpublicised social visits to the richly furnished embassy in Belgrave Square, considering it one of the best kitchens in London. Alba had a fine cellar of vintage French and Spanish wines and employed a French Chef who was a magician in the kitchen. Despite rationing, there seemed to be no shortage of pates, succulent game, vegetables served with extravagant sources and desserts made with real cream and eggs thanks to the black market.

So much did Churchill enjoy his meals with his cousin “Jimmy” that he would often not wait for a formal invitation, but rather telephone and invite himself, a request that

was never denied. One day the Chef told Alba that he would love a signed photograph of Churchill. At the next luncheon, Alba approached Churchill with the photograph already framed. "Winston would you mind signing this for the chef – he has great admiration for you". Churchill smiled and grunted: "Admiration, well nothing compared to the admiration I have for his cooking".

In another intimate exchange on a visit to the Embassy, Churchill confided to Casilda Villaverde, the attractive and well-born wife of the deputy head of the mission who was suspected of being a spy by MI5, that one of the things he admired most about Spanish Life was the custom of taking long siestas in the afternoon. The conversation took place at the height of the Blitz. But how do you find time to sleep, Prime Minister? Asked Casilda. "Sometimes, it's just three minutes, sometimes eight ... but I switch off and rest", replied Churchill.

The Spanish Embassy was not short of beautiful women at the time but it was the slim and cultured Casilda who impressed Churchill but also one of the most notorious of womanisers among his friends. One evening Casilda was seated next to Duff Cooper who became Churchill's liaison officer with the Free French.

Flirting outrageously, Cooper complimented Casilda on her perfect command of English declaring: "This cannot be your first time in London". Back came the assured reply: "Oh, it is, I assure you it is". Cooper was insistent and by now was leaning in to his perceived prey, as was his wont with the women he thought he could seduce. "if you really want to know, it was thanks to my English nanny while living in the Plaza de Espana in Madrid". Cooper smiled, "Really? I thought you had learnt it at Oxford. You certainly picked a bad time to come to London". The evening ended without a conquest and Casilda would settle for an enduring friendship that survived the war and into the years that followed.

Such encounters surrounding the House of Alba in London during the War would have been a mere comedy of manners had they not formed part of a broader stage in Anglo-Spanish relations which embroiled many of the players in a complex plot of diplomatic intrigue and espionage.

Alba, while aware that communications between his embassy and Madrid were being monitored by British Intelligence, and that it housed individuals far more pro-Axis than himself, tried for most of the war to keep his relations with Churchill separate from the complex stratagems of spies, even if the spies themselves saw him as just another pawn which they could play.

In October 1942, MI 5 went behind Churchill's back and drew up their latest plan to entice the Spanish Embassy into their double-cross game, feeding Alba and his diplomats with false information about an Allied plan for a massive amphibious landing in North Africa.

On 20<sup>th</sup> October, the head of MI6, Sir Stuart Menzies, contacted Guy Liddell, MI5 Head of counter-Espionage and told him that Churchill was "hopping mad" with his friend Jimmy after being told that he had sent a report to his government about the forthcoming operations in North Africa. Liddell noted in his diary; "Personally, I think it is difficult to blame Alba. People will not realise that however benevolent and pro-

British a neutral ambassador may appear, it is his duty to report to his government what he sees, hears and thinks. The fault lies in those that confide in him. He has an immense circle of friends in all walks of life and probably a great deal of information goes west over the second glass of port". The note is revealing for it shows elements of British Intelligence concerned less with Alba than with the indiscretions that might have emanated from the English friends he had in this country not least Churchill himself.

Among the Spanish diplomats in London during the war were **Jose Ruiz de Arana Visconde de Mamblas (08)** later the Spanish Ambassador as Duque de San Lucar. **Manuel Marquis de Bassallana (91)** Consul General. The father of **Carlos and Antonio Sartorious (45)** served as Air Attaché as the Marquis de Marino and the Marquis Del Moral the father of **Michael de Bertodano (54)** was in charge of Tourism.

Casilda Villaverde had various relations at Beaumont and her husband was later Ambassador 1958 -72.

Alba was always seen as a friend of this Country and he was an honoured guest at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip in 1947. Both he and Jose Ruiz de Arana were given the rare distinction of GCVO by the Monarch.

## GISS- GOSS



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

There is a story circulating around the Clubs in St James's "that if you visit the loo in Boodles with a BU tie wrapped around your prick you will come out with a couple of others"

This did indeed occur before Christmas when **Tony Outred** was at an OB lunch party and popped out to make room for the port to return with **Anthony Tussaud** and **Anthony German-Ribon**.

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**Mark Addison** had been down to stay with **Mike Hywel-Davies** in Weymouth. Mike it seems has spent many years abroad and is now back in touch with the BU and has promised to let us know what he has been up to in the last fifty years. In the meantime, perhaps he will enter the cricket debate of Messrs **Naughten, Halliday and Collingwood**.

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Among those at **Patrick Burgess's** Instillation as Chancellor of the Order of St John were his brother **Michael** and brother in law **Michael Wortley**. **John Flood** was "on retreat" at St Beuno's and **Robert Bruce** was apparently "detained elsewhere" (I will refrain from making any derogatory comment on my "Bootneck chum"). Also present were **Bill Gammell** and **Richard Sheehan** (back in the saddle after his hip operations).

Banners were very much in evidence at the impressive ceremony and Patrick's personal banner which incorporates the Burgess coat of Arms was borne by his senior esquire. On a light hearted note, among the OB comments were:-

"Looks like a formal version of the Palio"

"When Patrick gets to the Pearly Gates which uniform will he appear in?"

"No shortage of dressing-up clothes for grandchildren in the Burgess Household"

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I was contacted by some ephemera dealers offering me a considerable number of photographs from a collection made by the **Rouyer Guillet family** (famed brandy producers and a favourite of Churchill's). As a "tempter" they forwarded a postcard sent by **Edgar (14)** to his brother **William (20)** in September 1916:-



6<sup>th</sup> November 1916

Dear Will

I am sending you a little photo  
of myself so that you can see  
what I look like now. My  
regiment is now at rest but I  
expect we will go to the  
trenches in a few days.  
I played footer yesterday  
afternoon at four a side.  
How are you getting on?  
What class are you in now?  
I am in a little village & sleep  
under a hay-cart on a pile  
of straw. Around here are some  
villages quite destroyed in the  
fighting before the Germans retreated.  
Hoping you are well  
Yours affectionately with love  
Edgar Guillet

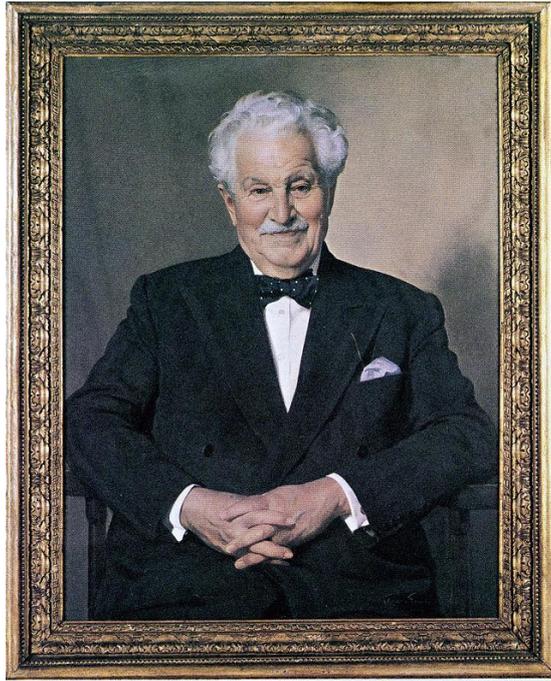
RECEIVED  
CARTI POSTALE  
ADRESSE

"I am sending you a little photo of myself so that you can see what I look like now. My regiment is now at rest but I expect we will go to the trenches in the next few days. I played footer yesterday at four a side. How are you getting on? What class are you now in? I am, in a little village and sleep under a hay-cart on a pile of straw. Around here are some villages quite destroyed in the fighting before the Germans retreated. Hoping you are well,

Yours affectionately, Edgar Guillet."

Edgar was later killed in 1918 and highly decorated (See Great War Archive). His brother Albert was the first French Irish Guards Officer (if that makes sense).

William later married Jeanne Simon daughter of Andre the French-born wine merchant, gourmet, and prolific writer about wine. Hugh Johnson describes him as "the charismatic leader of the English wine trade for almost all of the first half of the 20th century, and the grand old man of literate connoisseurship for a further 20 years"



Andre Simon

Andre's grandson **Emile** was also at Beaumont leaving in 1940. Simon's best known legacy is "The Wine & Food Society" to which many OBs subscribe. He described wine as:-

"a girl of fifteen, who is already a great artist, coming on tip-toe and curtsying herself out with childish grace and laughing blue eyes" However, not everyone appreciated such purple prose; Robert Parker developed his 100-point rating scale as a reaction against this style of writing.

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Messrs. Mathews and Lord

I was interested to read in a 1953 Review that according to Hugh Dinwiddy “**Mathews** is a very resourceful player, balanced in run, with all that is needed for true excellence except for sustained speed”.

Judging by one empty glass and another half empty Tony has taken the comment to heart.

In the same Review “ The Band in spite of a lack of keenness in attending practices and an unfortunate low standard of discipline transformed themselves on the occasion of the British Legion parade in Old Windsor and deported themselves laudably under the public eye. For this this **Drum Major Lord** deserves special credit.

I think Christopher – It sounds as if the Cavalry once again arrived at the last moment.

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**Peter Foy** sent me some press cuttings from Australia including one on the dominance of Jesuit Alumni in their home politics, the other was on a recent biography of C K Scott Moncrieff , Soldier, Spy and Translator. C K died in 1930 and Peter asked what relation he was to **Michael (59)**.

CK had an elder brother Colin who was the father of George and himself the father of Michael. With Scottish nationalism very much to the fore:

What of Michael’s father:- **Somo: George Scott-Moncrieff**



Edinburgh-born George Scott-Moncrieff (1910–1974), nicknamed Scomo, was a journalist, playwright and novelist and the author of some well-known books on Scotland, such as *The Stones of Scotland*, and *The Scottish Islands*. Scott-Moncrieff moved to the Isle of Eigg from Edinburgh in 1945, after his wife had died at the young age of twenty-nine and settled in Cleadale. In order to deal with his grief, he wrote a novel *Death's Bright Shadow* (1948), a title which gives a hint of his deeply Christian optimism. He was a man of deep interior life. Scott-Moncrieff returned to stay in Edinburgh in 1951.

Scott-Moncrieff first came to literary prominence with his debut novel *Café Bar* (1932), “a closely linked series of low-life vignettes of London.” Such literature was popular during the 1920s and 1930s; this novel was followed in 1933 by *Tinker's Wind*. But as Morley Jamieson wrote in his memoir of him: “The exigencies of making a living by writing compelled George to find a métier which he could enjoy as well as exploit. Fortunately much of his motivation stemmed from a profound love of his native Scotland in all its aspects. In a year or two he became an acknowledged authority on Scottish topography and to a striking degree its architecture. *Scottish Country* (1935), *Stones of Scotland* (1935), *Lowlands of Scotland* (1938), *Scottish Islands* (1939) and *Edinburgh* (1946) are good examples of his style and achievement. His work in this period was always distinguished by humour, awareness and a certain wisdom and common sense which is not itself necessarily dependent on profound scholastic learning.”

Scomo was a kenspeckled character amongst the Edinburgh *literati*, including such luminaries as Robert Garioch and Sydney Goodsir Smith to name but two. They

used to come and visit Scott-Moncrieff at Temple, a few miles outside Edinburgh. They also happened to be nationalists in their political temperament.

Scott-Moncrieff married Ann in 1936 and through her influence converted to Roman Catholicism. He had previously been an Episcopalian. At the outbreak of war, they moved to Breakacky near Kingussie, to be nearer to George's sister Dorothy and their husband Neil Usher. The young couple later moved to Dalwhinnie; but they eventually made their way back down to the confines of Edinburgh.

In the meantime, George assisted in the foundation of a new literary adventure when *The New Alliance* came into being. He is described as having "imposed on *The New Alliance* standards of literary excellence that were to characterize it throughout the war years and were later passed on to its successor *The Scots Review*." Scott-Moncrieff, however, lost both his older brother, Colin, and his younger brother, Charles, during the war. Tragedy was to strike again when his wife Ann died at a young age. Such was the affect of these losses upon him that Scott-Moncrieff even contemplated joining the priesthood.

Scomo moved to the Isle of Eigg in 1945. Indeed, his five years spent there "was too much of a hermit-like existence for an essentially gregarious man and it could not be sustained indefinitely." He returned to stay in Edinburgh in 1951.

Perhaps the following valedictory address made by his great friend, Fr John Dalrymple, in Innerleithen on the day of his funeral, best sums up the character of the man: "...among other things his great love for his country and his devotion to the Faith. These dominated his life which was shaped around them and we remember him for his constancy and loyalty and his capacity of inspire those virtues in others. Bullies and portentous events did not intimidate him and when he triumphed it was in a modest key. He had a rare sensibility and used language in which the words remained fresh. Style in writing is an elusive quality and his humour and light touch could not conceal the underlying seriousness which enabled him to see clearly not only his own predicament but that of others."

The Reverend Jock Dalrymple wrote:

George Scott-Moncrieff, who died on 19 August 1974, was the sort of person who, I suspect, does not exist in England. All his life he was mixed up in the politics, art, literature and religion of Scotland, and in all those areas he was a knowledgeable and respected figure. Someone early in his life dubbed him "Scomo" after the initial syllables of his surname and it was as Scomo that he was widely known and loved in his native land: a dishevelled, untidy, windblown figure with a cleft palate and a hair lip, rapid speech, a tumble of ideas, immense warmth and charm, marvellous hospitality.

George loved Scotland. He had a feel for his land and for the buildings which Scotsmen had erected upon it. He knew it astonishingly well. Wherever you proposed to go, he was sure to know all about the countryside and tell you what to see. Some of his best writing was done in this field, his book on Edinburgh being the

best known. As a young man George played a vital part in the Scottish renaissance, part political, part literary, of the thirties and forties. He helped to found The New Alliance one of the organs of that movement. He once acted as election agent for Eric Linklater, fighting East Fife in the Scottish Nationalist cause—to anyone who knew Scomo a most improbable role. They lost but they all got fun out of it.

George wrote novels as a young man, but turned to poetry, plays and criticism later. His ' play Fotheringhay about Mary Queen of Scots, written in simple blank verse had its premier at the 1953 Edinburgh Festival and was, I think, his most characteristic work, as it contained his love of Scotland and his love of God at their purest. He was a convert to Catholicism, with his first wife. After she died, he wrote a novel with the title Death's Bright Shadow, a title which gives a hint of his deeply Christian optimism.

He was a man of deep interior life. The book he lived by was de Caussade's Abandonment to Divine Providence. He was as simple as its teaching. George had no need for a complicated approach to life or to God. He once said he got on well with children because his mentality was the same as theirs. He meant it as a piece of self-depreciation (and also to provoke: it was said among a crowd of university students). In fact it was the truth. He was childlike in the gOspel sense.

George was a pilgrim of the Absolute. He espoused lifelong causes. It never mattered for him that his causes were minority ones called "impossible" by men of the world: conservation of the land against the inroads of industrialism long before it became the fashion, Scottish Nationalism before the recent upsurge, truth and honesty in public life. He was a bonny fighter and a good hater but always with laughter, never with bitterness. From his youth George suffered much and had many reasons to be bitter, but I don't think it ever occurred to him to, be like that. He said to a friend this year; "Maturity is when you no longer blame anyone for your condition." In fact he seldom spoke about himself. His conversation was usually about the foibles and eccentricities of people he knew. He had a gallery of characters about whom he delighted to speak and who, as related by George, always seemed to become larger than life and, I think, a little nicer. Part of the fun of a Scomic evening was listening to these tales of his contemporaries. They were tales about all classes of people, for George, like most genuine Scotsmen, was completely classless. He lived for years in, a decaying tenement in the Royal Mile of Edinburgh. You would be likely to meet anyone from his "neighbour on the stair" to an earl in his hospitable room. He was a kind man. He was made for heaven, and his many friends cannot regret his going there.



Ann Scott- Moncrieff

Michael's mother was also involved in the literary world. Ann contributed to the making of B.B.C. programmes and her first published literary work was a children's story, *Aboard the Bulger*, which appeared as a serial in "The Bulletin" before its publication in book form. Later appeared a volume of short stories, *The White Drake and Other Tales*. Her last book, *Auntie Robbo*, was published in the United States in 1940.

**And What of Michael?** He left Beaumont for Aix-en-Provence University before starting work as a copywriter with McCallums in Edinburgh. In 1969 he was writing book reviews for the Gasgow Herald but we have heard no news since.

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I wonder whether any of you served in any of the Commands that had its Headquarters at Verden in North Germany.

HQ 7th Armoured Division – Aug 46 to Sep 47

HQ 7th Armoured Division – Mar 49 to Apr 58

HQ 5th Division – Apr 58 to Jun 60

HQ 1st Division – Jun 60 to Apr 78

HQ 1st Armoured Division – Apr 78 to Jul 93

I was there in the sixties as was **David Flood, Nigel Magrane, Adrian Naughten and Johnny Muir**: I am certain there were others. I mention it, as I am quite certain that none of us were aware that the Barracks was named Sheil after one of our most distinguished officers of the last war.

Brigadier William Anthony (**Jerry**) **Sheil** CBE DSO and Bar Royal Artillery

An Irishman from Dublin he joined the Army via the RMA Woolwich in 1915 and served in France from April 1918. After the war he became Adjutant of the Army

School of Equitation and retired in 1935 but re-joined in 1939. He was in command of the 10th Field Regiment RA in France 1940 and was evacuated from Dunkirk. He then trained and fought with 128th Field Regiment of 51st (Highland) Division from El Alamein (where he was awarded his first D.S.O.) to Sicily (where he was awarded the bar to his D.S.O.). Returning to Britain he was appointed CRA and went to France with the Division in June 1944. The 51st (Highland) Division fought through France, Holland and Belgium into Germany. He was appointed the CBE March 1945.

On 29th April just nine days before the end of the war in Europe he attended a conference at Reesum a village east of Bremen. On the way back he changed places with his driver who was tired. The jeep went over a mine and while his driver escaped with minor injuries Brigadier Sheil was killed. He is buried in the Reichswald War Cemetery.



The camp was originally used by the *Wehrmacht* to train their troops on the use of the dreaded *Nebelwerfer*. Although this translates as "smoke thrower", it was actually a six-barrelled mortar piece. Labelled "moaning minnie", this towed brute had a maximum range of 8,600 yards (7.5 of a kilometres) and accounted for 75% of Allied infantry casualties in Normandy.

ED – when I was in the 1<sup>st</sup> Division, the General was Miles Fitzalan-Howard later the Duke of Norfolk. Sheil Barracks was opposite Verden Racecourse which I visited far more regularly than the Headquarters.

With the withdrawal of the Army from Germany, Sheil Barracks is now abandoned and nature is reclaiming its own.

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**Mike de Wolff** sent in this photo as it included the Late **Alan Fraser**



**Beaumont Boxing Team 1939**

**Left to Right**

?, Ferguson, Watson, Anthony De La Mare, Campbell, ?, John Hilterman, Sgt. Hunt. P.T.I Grenadier Guards, Sheppard, Gordon Lennox, Fr. Bernard Egan M.C., John Ewart, Smith, Alan Fraser, Clarke

ED James Sheppard was later one of 3 OBs to be awarded the George Medal “for an act of great bravery”. Many of you will remember Phil Clarke who came over from the States with his family for the 150<sup>th</sup> Garden Party.

More up to date, I received the next photo from **Drostan Stileman** of the Choir 1961



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Elaine Wisden who is **Giles Delaney's** secretary at St John's sent me some photos of The Captain's Chair that is in her office. She wrote:- "I feel rather less affection for it now that I know what its purpose was!"

I produce a couple here (the others next edition): few of us lesser mortals had the opportunity to admire the "wood carving" in detail during our schooldays.



**Christopher Snelson**;- I came across the Beaumont Union site quite by chance recently, and have been meaning to get in touch and “sign up’ as it were.

I joined St Johns in the Autumn Term 1965 at the age of 8. We lived in Germany where my father was a Judge and Diplomat.

Of the staff that I can recall from then there were:-

**Fr ? McHugh SJ**, Headmaster, later posted to Peru I think, and later still a Diocesan Priest for Arundel and Brighton, now retired.

**Fr Austin Budworth**, Study Master (Decd.17.07.2008), Mr Jacks ,Mrs King, Miss Cholmondeley

There must have been many others but I don’t remember their names.

My parents' wish, well my father’s anyway, was for us to go from Prep School through to Public School, however the closure of Beaumont and amalgamation with Stonyhurst happened while I was there. My mother (a retired Professor) visited the Lancashire school, and was less than impressed, the students just having been on some sort of strike! Stonyhurst’s cause was not helped either by the fact that the J who showed her around apparently had dried egg all down his clericals! (**ED**: in the Services these were known as NAAFI Decorations – I’m not certain what the Jesuit equivalent would be)

I left at the end of the Easter Term 1968 when it was decided that "my educational needs would be best catered for elsewhere"! As you may gather my time at St Johns was not an entirely happy one!

From St Johns I eventually went to Worth School, became an Accountant and now work for National Grid. I have been back once, but got a decidedly frosty reception, a sign of the times no doubt.

Despite my own experiences at the school I would be interested in keeping in touch with the Beaumont Union, and would be happy to be listed in the database.

With best wishes,

Christopher Snelson

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The “**IN THE NEWS**” piece mentioned the Order of Malta and I came across their 2006 edition of their Newsletter in which prominence is given to three OBs. (better very late than never). Beaumont’s contribution to the Order may have been small but it remains significant.

**From The Hospitaller 2006**



(The annual newsletter of the British Association of the Sovereign Military Hospitaller Order of St John of Jerusalem of Rhodes and of Malta)



### **Message from the President**

**T**HE WORLD has seen many natural disasters over the last year, resulting in tragic loss of life and destruction of property on an immense scale. The Order has been able to offer its support both practical and financial, to many victims in the afflicted regions. In reviewing the British Association's work during 2005, I am particularly encouraged by the impressive growth in our Trust Care Homes, whose development over the last year has been exceptional. Our thanks and congratulations are due to all who have worked so hard to make this project the success that it is. But also, our members quietly go about many charitable activities country-wide – dial-a-journey, visiting the elderly and sick House bound, organising outings for the handicapped, attending the sick on pilgrimage, as well as performing many other unsung acts of kindness, in the name of our Order, carrying on our 900-year old tradition to help the needy and the sick. In this way, all who contribute are heroes in their own way. You will read in this newsletter a definition of a hero – a person noted or admired for nobility, for courage, for outstanding achievements – and a commentary on heroes over time. This year, as every year, many of our members have been on pilgrimage – to Lourdes (the 2005 pilgrimage being the largest subscription ever), Walsingham, Salamanca, Montserrat, and Naples, exemplifying the other key element of our mission: tuitio

fidei. Nobility of purpose is truly manifested by all who practise the Order's twin traditions of obsequium pauperum and tuition fidei. For the coming year, we have many projects lined up, both at home and abroad, for our charitable works and our fundraising activities to support them, and I count on your support and your contributions, which as always are so appreciated. I wish all our members and friends a very happy and peaceful 2006.

**Rupert Loewenstein,**

## **On the road to Salamanca**

**Peter Drummond-Murray describes a touching journey by the Delegation of Scotland and the Northern Marches**

Thirty members of the Delegation, which is part of the British Association, stayed at the Scots College, Salamanca, for a study weekend, 2-3 October, led by Fra' Matthew Festing, Grand Prior of England. Salamanca is a beautiful city. The Spaniards certainly spent the wealth of the New World well in the old one. The Cathedral is magnificent, Plaza Mayor quite splendid. We looked at a church façade in the plateresque style, a peculiarly Spanish contribution to architecture. Everywhere were stone-carved coats of arms, the great Spanish contribution to the noble science. On the Saturday we visited Avila a grand medieval walled city, the home of St Teresa, saw the church where she prayed and the convent where she lived. Then on to Alba de Tormes where the Saint is buried. This town gave a title to the Dukes of Berwick, descendants of Marshal Berwick, bastard son of King James VII and II by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough. It is understood that the present Duke of Berwick is James Fitzjames Stuart, Duke of Penaranda, the Dukedom of Alba having descended to the last Duke's daughter. Several of us left speaking Spanish fluently, having added *jamon*, *ternero* and *una botella de el vino de la casa por favor*, to our vocabularies.

**ED.** The last sentence portrayed Peter's BU credentials.

## **Naples and the Grand Tour**

**An Association group marvels at the baroque splendour of a former kingdom.**



As you have read elsewhere in this newsletter, detailed planning is the key to a successful event. **Dudley Heathcote's** organisation for the October pilgrimage to Naples, dedicated to the memory of his wife, Lesley, was faultless. As it turned out, a malaise kept him away, but his confreres attested to a series of beautiful churches and services as well as warm hospitality at the Grand Priory of Naples and Sicily. After an opening Mass in honour of Blessed Gerard, founder of the Order, the group visited the Sanctuary of Montevergine at Mercogliano, built in 1119 in honour of the Virgin Mary by San Guglielmo da Vercelli, a young hermit monk. Thereafter, Mass each morning at a splendid baroque church selected by Dudley honoured the saint of the day – all knights of the Order, distinguished in their service to the faith, some as martyrs. Visits to the monastery of La Certosa, to Gesu Nuovo and to the Duomo of San Gennaro were exceptional highlights among a week filled with them.

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From the **St John's Website**:



Saturday 10th January saw our old boys return to don their old jerseys once again as they took on their old foe Donhead in the annual OB rugby match. When they were pupils they would enjoy friendly but extremely spirited encounters and this years was no different. Both teams competed with great heart and for the pride of their respective schools with SJB the eventual winners 21-5. **Congratulations from the BU.**

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Many of you like myself will have watched the television replay of Churchill's Funeral and will have remembered what we did that day. It also gave me cause for thought as what OBs were among his friends, those that served him, met him or played a part in his State "Farewell".

I have already included the short article on his friendship with the **Duke of Alba** but there was also his time in the Trenches in the Great War with **Harry Butters** who did much to keep up his morale with by all accounts his amusing conversation. Churchill would also spend time at the home of **Pr. Jean-Louis Faucigny-leucinge** at Cap d'Antibes where he produced several of his Provence paintings. Minnie Churchill Winston's Gt Grand-daughter in law is also Jean-Louis's Niece.

**George Hennessy** was Vice Chairman of the Conservative party up until 1941 and was created Baron Windlesham. **Denis Capel-Dunn** was secretary of the Joint Intelligence Committee in the Wartime Cabinet Office and **Jack Wolff** met the PM when he was ADC to General Jumbo Maitland Wilson.

On parade 30<sup>th</sup> January 1965 were Irish Guardsmen **Basil Eugster, Robert O'Grady** and **Paul-Arnoux de Remusat** and there may well have been others.

However close we were to our wartime Leader, most of us can say with pride that we lived part of our lives during the Churchill Years.

## **MR SELFRIDGE**

It is not just Downton Abbey that has had references to those with a Beaumont connection; Mr Selfridge is another. Harry's younger daughter Violette married **Vicomte Jacques de Sibour (13)**.



### Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES

LONDON, May 4 -- Miss Violette Selfridge, second daughter of Gordon Selfridge, was married this afternoon at Brompton Oratory to Vicomte Jacques de Sibour, son of Comte de Sibour of Chateau du Sollier, France. Lace which belonged to Marie Antoinette was given to the bride by her father-in-law to trim her white satin dress, over which she wore a tunic of white tulle embroidered in satin.

The bridesmaids were Lady Millicent Taylor, the Hon. Rita Napier, Miss Beatrice Selfridge, Mlle. Marlon de Bolotoff and Miss Lila Hotz.

Father Bernard Vaughan officiated. The bride's father gave her away, and her brother, H. Gordon Selfridge Jr., acted as best man. The ushers were Serge de Bolotoff, a brother-in-law of the bride; James M. Beck Jr., Eric Dunstan, John Wennell and **Augustin Edwards (11)** (son of Chilean Ambassador).

About 1,200 invitations were issued for the church.

A feature of the reception at Lansdowne House was the cutting of a huge wedding cake, surmounted by an exact model of the bridegroom's airplane. The reception marked the formal opening of Lansdowne House, a famous Georgian mansion in Piccadilly, the only house left now in the heart of London with a garden, Devonshire House, its neighbor, to be parceled off into business later. Mr. Selfridge's acquisition of this historic house caused much interest, and London society was anxious to visit its long closed galleries to see the paintings and marbles.

The bride received nearly one thousand presents, including a wonderful display of jewellery. Rodman Wanamaker of Philadelphia sent a diamond and sapphire brooch; the Comte de Sibour gave a diamond and emerald brooch, and Sir Ernest Cassel, the financier, a crystal and sapphire brooch.

The bride's father is proprietor of one of London's leading department stores. Vicomte de Sibour is a member of an old French family which is Catholic, and which for generations inhabited the Chateau du Sollier. He was a famous flyer during the war and won both French and English decorations. Occasionally he flies his own machine over the rooftops of London.

The Vicomte and his bride expect to spend their honeymoon in Italy, after which they will return to London to make their home.

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Both Jacques and Violette were enthusiastic aviators and held several record flights. They flew around the world together in a Tiger Moth in 1928:-



Violette has her headgear adjusted by her father Harry Selfridge prior to the start of their adventure.

Their daughter married Orson Bean an American actor and their son educated in USA (Princeton) married a Rockafella. Jacques' younger brother Louis (not an OB) married the youngest Selfridge daughter Beatrice.

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Appropriate with the Pheasant season finished, I came across the following archive:-

From the Haydon News 1936

Captain Edward Giles Bates' estate required beaters and paid 7/- (35p) a day, plus one pint of beer.

This was clearly not enough for three Haydon Bridge men, who decided to supplement their wages with four Cock Pheasants from the Game Larder at Langley Castle, and ended up in court at Hexham.

Edward Bates, the son of Brigadier General Sir Loftus Bates, left Beaumont 1915 and was awarded a MC in WW1.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### Tribute to Ian Sinclair.

**Tom Scanlon wrote:-** I was very sorry to read of the death of **Ian Sinclair**.

He was a rather fearsome school captain when I arrived at Beaumont in 1956; with his hunched shoulders, long aquiline nose and penetrating look, he was silent but deadly as he patrolled the Lower Line Refectory as we assembled at meal-times.

But he was also Captain of cricket and, following in his footsteps six years later, I then got to know him through Beaumont Pilgrims cricket. He was utterly charming. He was a useful all-rounder, good enough to play for the Oxford University Authentics (their second XI).

I have to hand the BU newsletter of Spring 1970 in which I wrote that Ian was (along with **Roger Quinn**) the Pilgrims' most successful all-rounder (right hand batsman and off-spinner) as proved by the averages since 1960.

Ill-health prevented Ian from turning out as often as we would have liked and he was busy in his work at the University of Sussex. We exchanged Christmas cards for a while -- he had the tiniest, neatest hand-writing.

I heard he had got married, but never saw him again, leaving just a few fond memories of wonderful Pilgrims cricket days. '

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From: **Marcus Wigan** in Australia

FYI I secured a Legion of Honour and presence at the D day events for my father in law who is an Aussie who flew Lancasters in support of D day Marcus.

**Ed;** You can rely on Marcus to be succinct.

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From: **James Sweetman**

Thanks for your latest communication!

I will not be able to join the Battlefield Tour in may next year as we are already booked up. I trust it will go well.

Having gone through recent obituaries I have been looking at the photos listed under **Michael de Burgh**.

There is a photo of the 1936-37 Boxing team, with my uncle **Dennis** shown. Is there a better print of this picture? I fear some detail may be lost in being put on the web site. If it is possible to get one I would be grateful There is also an error in the notes to that photo, Dennis was killed on 25 May 1940 (25 05 40 ) not as shown. You may wish to amend the article.

I found letters from some of Dennis's soldiers who got back via Dunkirk and then wrote to my Grandmother among my mother's possessions when tidying up the family house. We still have the letters.

While in training at Woolwich Dennis was the Army champion at whatever weight he boxed at. I found his name on the Trophy when the Royal Artillery had their silver collection at Woolwich. The Mess Steward sent for the Silverman to go and find it while I was at some meeting being held in the Woolwich Mess.

An interesting co-incidence: about 15 years ago Dennis's twin sister died - on the 25 of May at about the same hour that Dennis was killed in 1940.

**ED:** I will amend the entry.

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**Robert Bruce:-**

Dear Donkey Walloper,

Hope all is well with you and yours. All very well here and am enjoying semi-retirement, having stepped down as Director Operations of the National Museum of the Royal Navy and Director Royal Marines Museum in October. I am now working for them on a consultancy basis to relocate the RM Museum to the Historic Dockyard at Portsmouth, for which we need to raise £4m in 3 years! But no day-to-day management responsibilities - bliss!

I am in the middle of walking Offas Dyke Long Distance Path with my brother, by stages with Stage 3 coming up late March. I understand **John Paton Walsh** runs a Guest House or B&B somewhere near Knighton - are you able (allowed?) to give me his contact details as it could suit us well to lodge there a couple of nights. He will probably just about allow my brother as he did at least go to Stonyhurst!

If you are not able to give me his details, can you pass this on and ask him to contact me.

Thanks for your help on this and all the best.

Bootneck

**ED:** I told Robert that John has suitable kennels for both of them.

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Insults were a way of life at Beaumont both spoken and written so finally **Tom Scanlon** sent me the following:-

Dear Robert,

I hope you're well and haven't fallen off too many horses this winter...

I've recently re-discovered a few bits and pieces that we kept from Beaumont from as long ago as when I was in Ruds A aged 13 and extending to the mini BU newsletters of 1970/71.

I'm tempted to bore you with some of it.

However, I shall for now, since it seems slightly appropriate, following brief references on the website to 'Vril', restrict myself to a short piece, actually an advertisement, from 'Multum in Parvo'. This was the annual literary publication run by Fr.Ezechiel on behalf of his class (Ruds.A).

In 1957, one pupil, 'P.T.H' (in fact Patrick Hewins) wrote:

**Read Vril,**

**An intellectual tonic or pill,  
Written by "Quods"  
And other Higher Line bods.**

**(Quods: quodlibeterians, of whom I doubt I was one, quotever they were...)**

I note also in the same issue (headlined 'Insult no.4) written by D.H. (David Harrington) about Duncan Grant:

**Poor Little Duncan**

**When (often) by questions sunken**

**Squawks like a grouse**

**Or squeaks like a mouse.**

**Perhaps Duncan, happily back here in the U.K.,could respond?**

BUT -- You remember Philip Brown's lovely lunch in Kingston last year?

I sat down at a table and was soon joined by someone I sort of half remembered. It was Ian Glennie, whom I hadn't seen for 52 years. And what have I just found in 'Multum in Parvo'? Insult nr.6, penned by me:

**There was a young person named Glennie**

**Who thought he had more than a penny.**

**He looked in his pocket**

**And found a toy wocket**

**But of poor Glennie's pennies not any!**

**I happily await a return insult from Ian.**

**All best wishes.**

**Tom.**

**Ed; Ian, your lack of pennies reminds me that you have on recent occasions lacked suitable neckwear. I trust you have now saved sufficiently to purchase a BU tie from Benson & Clegg.**

**On that note "here endeth" The REVIEW**

