

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW
SUMMER 2018



Those of you who attended the lunch at St John's on Remembrance Sunday last year may recall, that in my words of thanks to the Headmaster and Staff, I said that we talk of this nebulous concept of the "Spirit of Beaumont". I continued: "Yet we have the living embodiment of that Spirit right here".

Up until 1967 St John's was always considered part of Beaumont and its Old boys whether they continued to the College or not eligible for The Union. That year they were cast adrift and I think the feeling of the Committee was that it was now the Stonyhurst prep in the south of England and it would have a new allegiance. 50 years on and this is no longer the case. They wear our colours, harbour our traditions, sing the Carmen. They play cricket on our grounds and honour the dead at the War Memorial. It is long overdue to rectify the situation and bring the BU and the SJBoba into closer alignment (sounds Brexit). In 1905, younger members of the Union founded the Beaumont Casuals whose activities were more in keeping with their generation. It lasted four years when the Club came to an end, yet it was written that "the idea of younger members associating together for sports and social gatherings is a good one, and it is hoped that one day the Casuals will come to life again". I think that time has come.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

MUSEUM

In February I met with Giles Delaney at St John's and I know you will all be pleased to hear that our memorabilia will, where possible, soon go on display. As you are already aware we have the Corps Colours, drums and mace there and although the hunt goes on to find and retrieve other pieces, we can ourselves find a home for articles that are possibly languishing in attics or wardrobe in particular Colours Blazers and Caps, Corps badge and lanyard. If you have anything that might be deemed suitable please get in touch. (Please do not rummage in the back of the bottom draw for that Jock Strap – we can forgo the sacrifice of such a personal gift).

B U LUNCH

As previously announced will take place at the **Caledonian Club, Halkin Street Monday 8th October**. If you have noted already noted in your diary please do so now.

I am pleased to tell you that the chairman this year is:-



Captain Christopher McHugh OBE BSc CEng FIMarEST Royal Navy

The Toast to the Chairman will be proposed by:- **Major Robert Bruce OBE RM**

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

Further details on the Lunch in the next REVIEW.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Monsignor James Curry is now an Honorary Member of The Union - as I said to him, he was being offered a place on the Titanic after she had hit the iceberg. Fr Jim has been the **BOFS** Chaplain for a number of years where many of us have benefited from his spiritual guidance and friendship.



Those of you who attended the 50th Anniversary mass at Farm Street will recall his excellent **Homily (this can still be read on the Website under VRIL)** which encapsulated so much of the feelings of those present. Fr Jim is currently Parish Priest of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington and Episcopal Vicar for West London within the Westminster Diocese. Our Lady of Victories was rebuilt by **Adrian Gilbert Scott** in 1957 (now Grade 2 Listed). The original was built for French refugees of the Revolution and it became the most important Catholic Church in London prior to the opening of the Cathedral. It was totally destroyed by bombing in 1940 but the congregation moved to the Odeon Cinema and then Cavendish's Furniture Store (St Cavendish's). The Church is only a short distance from the Carmelite Church built by **Giles Gilbert Scott**.

OBITUARIES.

I regret to inform you of the death of **Anthony Francis-Flores (60)**. He had not been in touch with the BU for about 10 years but died peacefully at Herons Park Nursing Home on 22nd March 2018. His Requiem Mass was at St Mary's Church, Harvington on Monday 16th April 2018. Reported to have been a bit of a scientist.

BORING.

General Data Protection Regulations (which come into force on 25 May 2018) require that I tell you what personal data I hold and how it will be used. I hold names and contact details (Emails) for all current members of the BU, so that I can keep you informed with the quarterly Review, activities the lunch etc. Those details are held securely by myself and are not shared with anyone else outside of the Union. I work on the principle of "implied consent" (as opposed to GDPR's equivalent of "inappropriate touching") which allows me to pass on contact details only within our own organisation. Under the regulations you have the right to request access to, change, or object to processing of your personal data.

I trust I will not have to bother you with other “red tape” in the future.

NEWS

Late NEWS and better late than never NEWS

A combination of “the Beast from the East” and “Emmageddon” as we passed into Spring last March brought forth some memories.

THAMES FROZEN January 1963.



From Patrick Burgess on 2 March: Happy days, **Tony Russell, Andrew Dearing** and me walking on the river.

Responses:-

From Mickey Burgess: Happy Days, indeed! I think I may have been the photographer!

From Robert Bruce: Happy Days indeed!

I may be getting cynical in my dotage, but today you would need:

1. To wear life jackets and arrange for an ambulance to be in attendance
 - 2 To have a rescue helicopter hovering overhead
 - 3.To have a health & safety certificate signed by the Bursar, having completed at least 3 risk assessments (which no-one else will read).
- I guess we relied on Our Lady of Lourdes to look after us - and still do!!

From Mickey Burgess: Cynicism does not enter into it! Proper [for the time] precautions WERE in place - I recall that not far downstream of this, was Fr Sass with the "Sass Bus," a long ladder and a coil of heavy hemp rope (just in case anyone went through the ice!) I seem to recall that Fr Brogan was also somewhere about!

From the Editor: Great minds think alike - I dug out the photo frontpiece June '63 Review yesterday. While you were enjoying your "Ice Follies Holiday" I was trying to dig into snow and frozen chalk on Salisbury plain (no cheeky remarks from "Bootnecks").

However **from Bootneck Bruce:**

I am so sorry but I couldn't resist! - and anyway I would be lying if I didn't admit it occurred to me that it was your Salisbury Plain digging in experience which persuaded you to join an armoured outfit. No digging in required, just shut the hatch and reach for the whisky bottle!

From the REVIEW: "The "Deep Freeze" continuing, a sort of semi-hibernation occurred: late rising and early beds. This was made possible because the state of the ground ruled out afternoon rugby. There was of course skating; and, when the river froze opposite the Bells of Ouseley, boys were able to imitate their predecessors of 1895 and skate on the River Thames. However, the snow and the ice eventually disappeared and **life for a moment became normal again.**"

BOFS in LOURDES.

In Beaumont fashion the usual international gathering made their way to Lourdes on the Wednesday after Easter to join the HCPT Pilgrimage. The majority joined the "great unwashed" at Stansted for Ryanair's sheep or should that be cheap transport experience to South West France. Sadly no **Baron (Mike de Wolff)**: he had been advised not to travel. Most that go to Lourdes in wheelchairs might expect to return walking: Mike managed the opposite. **Tim FitzGerald O'Connor** was also recovering from a minor Op and with Agnes Shulte having to go into hospital **Robert** was unable to make it. We wish them all speedy recoveries. **Bill Gammell**



got his dates mixed up: let's hope he doesn't have the same problem with his dress code. At the last moment "Fr Antonio" (Archbishop Mennini, now a special advisor to Pope Francis had to cancel – his blessing came instead). There was also triumph over adversity as the French Railways were on strike so **Thierry de Galard** missed the Basilica Mass but was already seated with his customary "Biere brune" at The Riviera Sol when the rest of us arrived. All this sounds as if the contingent was very much depleted but along with **Mandy Bedford** we had the **Sheehans, Tony Outred, Derek Hollamby** and senior **OB Paul Bedford**. We also picked up a "waif and stray" **John Wolff** (well probably more stray than waif) in departures. Our chaplain and now Hon OB was once again Monsignor **James Curry (Fr Jim)**. Awaiting us at the Grande Moderne were the **Baileys** and the **Tailbys** who had driven and so with the other BOFS we numbered 22. As we dismounted the coach so the **Burgesses** and **John Flood** also arrived to welcome us: the BOFS were back! The Editor had even managed to get into his original rugby shirt first worn by his brother **Mike (52)**.



The BOFS are if nothing conservative and we like to follow our routines so Thursday we participated in the HCPT Mass organised by the Americans with their particular style including the Leonard Cohen "Halleluiah". High or low Stations of the Cross (or both) and Beaumont night at the Sol Riviere. There was a rumour around the city that if you went to that café at midnight you could hear "some aged Englishmen singing funny songs in Latin". Well, actually we numbered the "Dirty Dozen" with the addition of **Robert Bruce, Michael Wortley and HCPT Chairman Andrew Flood**. Under the baton of **Maestro Patrick Burgess** we sounded (for once) quite melodious.

Friday is BOFS Blandyke and although the weather was thought to be "Iffy" we still decided to go to Gavarnie for our picnic. The Editor was in his element as before breakfast he headed for the market with Jacqui (as Nanny Bedford she kept Mike in order if that was at all possible) for local produce – ham, pate, rillettes, cheese and the first of the garigette strawberries. We first had mass at the Ukrainian Church before heading into the mountains, sunshine and snow.

Saturday we were at Hosanna House for mass before a walk to the Bon Accueil for our festive lunch to be met by Laurent with Veuve de Beaumont Champagne - the food and wine was as ever all that one could hope for. We found ourselves for once in competition. Upstairs there was a party that sang "les Chants des Montagnes": we answered with the Carmen and a pudding Pater Noster. We complimented each other when they left. Also lunching upstairs was Oscar winning American actress Anjelica Huston, not that we were awed by this, as lunching with us was Pam St Clements best known as Pat Butcher in Eastenders. Pam was staying in France with BOF Michael Kenworthy-Browne and his wife Elizabeth and we were able to welcome them to our group once again.



Whether it was the wine or the bravado but some of us decide to walk back to Lourdes as John Flood had done last year and so led by our veteran of the Camino we sallied forth.



Sheehan, Fr Jim, Outred and Flood making unsteady progress



A well-earned “cleaner, warmer settler” before crossing the finishing line. Vocal chords were well oiled as both Fr Jim and Richard Sheehan sang many a song that last evening at the Moderne. Next day we had mass at the Convent of the Poor Clares (squeezed into a chapel not much bigger than a broom cupboard) before it was time for goodbyes to Lourdes and the car drivers as the main party headed for Biarritz and the Hotel du Palais for our Champagne reception. So our annual pilgrimage drew to a close: “Ave Maria gratia plena”. A huge thank you to Mandy Bedford for all her organisation and to Fr Jim for looking after our spiritual needs.

As ever we missed the BOFS founder but I think Mike (seen in sartorial splendour below) would have been well-pleased with our continuing mixture of “play hard but pray even harder”.



Thinking of which there was a rumour in Group 24 that **John Flood** was only there for a holiday. In his words “..... cheek!”

I note from **Jerry Hawthorne's** Maytree Blog that he set out with a couple of other retired HCPT helpers after we had all left (you know who your friends are) but with the problems on the French railways had an interesting return home “The journey by train from Gare de Lourdes we assumed would be uneventful as Sunday was a SNCF non-strike day. However upon arriving at the station notification was given that the TGV to Paris had been cancelled. There was a chance of finding a train to Paris from Dax so we took a local train to Dax. Over coffee there while we waited many people French and others mentioned Mrs Thatcher's union fights which they hoped President Macron would emulate.

A TGV was eventually found but given the metro difficulties at Gare du Nord, added to which there were huge crowds of English holiday makers seeking to return to the UK for the start of the school summer term, room was offered to us to sleep overnight on the floor of a friend living in Paris, as we had missed our return Eurostar home.

However that kind offer was not needed as a lady in the Eurostar ticket office upon learning of our trek from Lourdes found us seats on the next Eurostar to London, free of further payment, despite a public announcement that all remaining trains to London were full.

A miracle indeed.

BUGS.

A full report on the BUGS annual match meeting at Westerham 30 May will appear in the next REVIEW. Apart from the competition on handicap for the overall winner we will be playing a match between the BUGS and the BUCs (Beaumont Union Casuals aka SJBoba) for the old Veterans Cup.



This was found among the trophies at St John's and was presented by **Desmond O'Neil Tolhurst (20)** in 1962. At what age veterans started was not clear but today the majority of BUGS would I'm certain be Veterans. The first winner was **Alfred Peppercorn (25)**. Other winners, apart from the donor himself, include Alfred's brother and fellow wine merchant **Jim (21)**. **Gordon Harold (21)** whose brothers **Geoffrey RN (aged 15)** and **Bevan RFC** were killed in WW1. **Frank Outred (24)** father of **Simon, Charles and Tony**. Lord of Appeal **Charles Russell (26)**. Olympic Oarsman and Silver Medalist **Terence O'Brian (23)**.

Of the younger ones: Anaesthetist **Peter Burton (35)** father of lawyer **Anthony**. **Colonel Michael Maggoris Late 7th Ghurkhas (34)** and of course **Jack Wolff (34)**.

Checking the records and there was quite an amount of silver "up for grabs" in those days. Among them a Russell Bowl (The Russells went in for Bowls), The Blackwell, The Hayes Cup, (Patrick, Greyhound Track Manager) The Peppercorn Salvors (Wine Merchants) and The Brodie Rowe Foursomes, (stockbroker Anthony).

THREE MEN IN A BUNKER

From Nigel Courtney:-



In April **Mark Addison ('60)** and **Nigel Courtney('63)** escaped from the cold and rain in Blighty to the cold and rain of Porto. Our most hospitable hosts were **Don Houlihan ('60)** and his lovely wife Carmo. We took full advantage of the excellent fish restaurants, cruised on the Douro River, and sampled the port at Ferriera's wine cellars. Between enjoying these local delights we attended a fascinating lecture by a military historian at Oporto Cricket and Lawn Tennis club – where Don served as treasurer from 1990-97 - and played links golf at the scenic Club de Golf Miramar and at Oporto Golf Club, one of the oldest outside the UK.



As you'll see from the attached snaps, the longer we stayed, the better the weather. So we brought some of it home with us!

LEST WE FORGET

Boris Johnson 26 January prior to Holocaust Memorial Day: "We must never forget diplomats who rescued Jews from Nazis".



Memorial plaque at the Foreign & Commonwealth Office in London "To commemorate those British Diplomats who by their personal endeavours helped to rescue victims of Nazi oppression".

The Foreign Secretary continued:-

"British officials are not given to expressions of righteous anger; the dispatches in my red boxes usually reflect the Foreign Office tradition of measured and judicious prose.

Thankfully, there are exceptions. As we approach Holocaust Memorial Day tomorrow, I've been paying tribute to British diplomats who voiced outrage over the persecution of Jews in Nazi Germany — and acted on their words.

After the Kristallnacht pogrom cast Jews onto the streets in November 1938, our Charge d'Affaires in Berlin, **Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes**, sent the following telegram to London.



“I can find no words strong enough in condemnation of the disgusting treatment of so many innocent people,” he wrote. “The civilised world is faced with the appalling sight of 500,000 people about to rot away in starvation.”

Ogilvie-Forbes let his embassy passport officer bend the rules and issue travel documents to thousands of Jews, allowing them to escape Germany. The diplomat in Berlin who handed out thousands of travel documents was MI6 station chief Frank Foley (Stonyhurst). Today, he is commemorated at Yad Vashem in Jerusalem as one of the Righteous among Nations.

In truth, too few people in that era strained every nerve and sinew to help the Jews. It was left to individual diplomats of great moral courage to do what was possible, sometimes in breach of the rules. As Holocaust Memorial Day approaches, we would be committing a grave error if we dared overlook its message. The bigotry and hatred that paved the way for the Holocaust has never wholly disappeared. You can find it today on the internet and sometimes in our public discourse.

Recent genocides have not always encountered a determined response. A United Nations inquiry found in 2016 that the persecution of the Yazidi minority in northern Iraq by Daesh (otherwise known as IS) amounted to the “crime of genocide”. Yet some in this country resolutely opposed our military action against Daesh.

Even today, the truth about the Holocaust is sometimes denied. Comparisons are drawn between Zionism and Nazism, including by people who should know better. Hence the importance of the commemoration this weekend; the tragedy is that it remains necessary”.

Ogilvie-Forbes was among those in Hitler’s “Black Book”

Walther Friedrich Schellenberg (16 January 1910 – 31 March 1952) was the author of the 'Black book GB' which detailed those to be arrested on a successful Nazi invasion in 1940 which included Ogilvie-Forbes. In November 1939 Schellenberg played a major part in the Venlo Incident, which led to the capture of two British agents. Hitler awarded Schellenberg the Iron Cross for his actions. In 1940 he was

also sent to Portugal to intercept the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and try to persuade them to work for Germany. The mission was a failure. In March 1942, Schellenberg was appointed chief of SD-Ausland by Heydrich, the overall head of the entire security apparatus of the Nazi regime. According to his later memoirs, Schellenberg had been a friend of Wilhelm Canaris, the head of the Abwehr (military intelligence). However in 1944, the sections of the Abwehr were incorporated into RSHA Amt VI SD-Ausland and therefore placed under Schellenberg's command. Schellenberg was in Denmark attempting to arrange his own surrender when the British took him into custody in June 1945; the American, British, and Russian intelligence services had all been searching for him as a valuable intelligence asset. He was a witness in the Nuremberg trials but not convicted himself and released due to ill health & died of cancer in Turin in 1952.

From:

HM Treasury and The Rt Hon Philip Hammond MP

The Chancellor has appointed Sir Christopher Kelly as the new non-executive member of the Office for Budget Responsibility (OBR). 19 June 2017



Sir Christopher will take over from Dame Kate Barker and will join non-executive member Lord Terry Burns in overseeing the governance and independence of the OBR. Together, they will support the Budget Responsibility Committee; Chair of the OBR, Robert Chote; Professor Sir Charlie Bean and Graham Parker; in taking forward the strategic aims of the OBR.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Hammond, said:

I am pleased to appoint Sir Christopher Kelly as a non-executive member at the Office for Budget Responsibility. Sir Christopher's expertise and experience will bring real value as he works to maintain the OBR's exceptionally high standards in carrying out its important public duties.

Sir Christopher Kelly has had a distinguished career in the civil service, serving in various roles in HM Treasury and the Department of Social Security, ending his civil

service career as Permanent Secretary of the Department of Health between 1997 and 2000.

Since then he has led on a number of reviews and chaired a wide range of committees and organisations including the NSPCC, Financial Ombudsman Service and the Committee on Standards in Public Life. He is currently chair of the Kings Fund and the Responsible Gambling Strategy Board, a senior independent non-executive director on the board of the Co-op Group and a member of the Advisory Board to the Institute of Business Ethics.

ARTICLES

John Joss continues some remarkable tales from his life:-

Scoop!

The world was stunned when Francis Gary Powers was downed over the Former Soviet Union flying the Lockheed U-2 in 1960. In context, the U.S. has conducted more than 50,000 such 'surveillance' flights since WWII, using aircraft carrying national colors and designations (U.S. Air Force, Navy, etc.), flying 'mostly' in international airspace. The U-2 was an unmarked spy plane. Dangerous stuff. I can't say more: this arena remains highly classified.

The CIA, who commissioned the U-2 in 1955, and its brilliant designer Kelly Johnson at Lockheed's 'Skunk Works' in Burbank, California, thought its ability to fly high would keep it safe. True, for a while.

The Soviets knew it was there, from their radar. They bagged it with SAMs—surface-to-air missiles. While learning, they downed some of their own fighters attempting interception via dive/pull-up/Keplerian zoom. They didn't care. In the FSU, as in today's Russia, people are expendable, objects of the State. Similar U.S. tests showed the F-106 as the best interceptor. One tumbled past the U-2's nose at high (classified) altitude, taking tens of thousands of feet to recover. Fresh underwear, please.

Secrets don't keep. As details leaked, the U-2 intrigued the world. Its height capability (still classified) and endurance (~12 hours) stunned insiders. Everyone wondered about its design, performance and flight characteristics. As a pilot with thousands of hours in sailplanes (gliders much like the U-2—high-aspect-ratio wings, but no noisy fire hazard), I was curious. I act on my curiosities.

“U-2: Geopolitical/military past and technological/aerospace present mix in the imagination. What is it? Complex, high-altitude observation system that happens to be an airplane? Demonstration of Lockheed's skills? Powered sailplane? All the above. Pilots worldwide wonder about this mystical beast” . .

That's how my report started, words to accompany my photos taken at Beale AFB, near Sacramento, California, and in the cockpit, very (classified) high. It was 26 December, 1976. I had that elixir, an 'exclusive:' first photojournalist to fly, photograph and write about one of the world's most famous yet mysterious aircraft. I was in aviation and journalism heaven . . . very high.

One of freelancing's rare joys is unearthing and controlling a scoop—if you're lucky, properly connected, with a cooperative editor. How did I get into that cockpit, assigned by a major world publication?

I called the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command (SAC) in Omaha, Nebraska. Connected to Public Affairs—they treat polite journalists kindly—I asked to fly, write about and photograph their U-2. They said they'd consider it; they didn't say 'no' and they extended hope. A definite 'maybe.'

I called the managing editor: "SAC is considering my request." He said he'd review my story and pix. I conveyed that conditional acceptance to SAC. I had the matched set. I reported to Beale AFB, checked into the BOQ and talked to U-2 and SR-71 pilots of the 9th Strategic Air Wing that evening at the bar. Great stories. They love to fly. But . . . intimidating.

Next morning, after the traditional high-protein/low-bulk breakfast, flight physiology conducted a medical. Approved, my instructor, astronaut-in-embryo CAPT Denny Gagen, USAF, indoctrinated me in this difficult, fascinating airplane. I noted the central, bicycle landing gear with tiny wheels, much like a sailplane, the untwisted wing that stalls from root to tip, *right now*, without warning, though tiny leading-edge 'bumps' give a warning burble at critical airspeed. An unforgiving piece.

The proposed flight was briefed. Laced into a pressure suit, I pre-breathed O₂ for an hour to avoid the 'bends'—a risk after sudden decompression, when nitrogen in the blood creates bubbles at the joints that deliver excruciating pain. We rode in a van, carrying portable O₂ units, and strapped into the two-seat CT-2. Final checklist. Engine startup, taxi in waddling gait on the bicycle gear, wings supported by 'pogo' outriggers.



Takeoff: rotate at 85 knots and pull up to 60° for climbout, the Pratt & Whitney J-75 producing a reliable 17,000 pounds thrust without afterburner. As we rotate, the 'pogo' wheels fall from their sockets for ground-crew recovery.

Three hours over the Sierra. It flies like a sailplane: smooth, easy, needs rudder to coordinate, non-assisted controls. The airframe is fragile. Don't 'pull' more than ~2G, though higher-G gusts can be tolerated in updrafts. At maximum altitude, the 'window' between departure (stall) and tuck is two knots. So: a gentle hand on the yoke, meticulous airspeed control.

Landing is a challenge: energy management is crucial. Fly a flat approach: this bird floats in ground effect. We approach at stall speed +10%, not stall +25% fighters use. Another U-2 pilot, alongside in a pickup, calls altitude and attitude, ensuring touchdown at correct, two-point attitude: "Two feet, nose high; one foot, on attitude; touchdown." Though back from near space, I will never come down from this flight.

The late Ernest Gann, a renowned flying writer, got into that cockpit years later. I scooped him. Hold the applause. I was lucky. SAC accepted me because it was no longer TOP SECRET. They processed my film and kept some photos; they knew that a huge pilot audience would read the piece as potential recruits; the magazine took my exclusive.

Why not name the publication where my original article appeared? Because, when I asked permission to excerpt my own text, they demanded a fee larger than the pittance they paid me to write it. Such sweet people. So this article uses none of my original material. Imagine violating a copyright by plagiarizing oneself!

An ITALIAN CONNECTION

Beaumont was always a “family” school with sons following fathers and cousins a plenty. Many of these relationships are fairly obvious but sometimes it is not that easy to see how for example the sons of an Italian Count relate to those of an Irish American industrialist but **Jose (95)** and **Paolo Telfener (95)** were the first cousins of **John (88)** and **Clarence Mackay (92)** through their mothers the daughters of Daniel Hungerford. The boys’ father was Count Joseph Telfener, Italian financier and Texas railroad builder, who was born in Naples, in 1836.



Telfener with some of his family

His given name was Giuseppe; he appears to have adopted the name Joseph after his arrival in the United States. On March 15, 1879, Telfener married American Ada Hungerford in Rome and was probably subsequently interested by his father-in-law, Daniel E. Hungerford, in constructing a railroad in Texas. Drawing upon Telfener's prior experience as a railroad financier and contractor in South America, Telfener and Hungerford planned a railroad that would link New York City and Mexico City. The New York, Texas and Mexican Railway Company charter was signed on October 18, 1880, in Paris, and was filed in Austin, Texas, on November 17. The company contracted with Telfener to build 350 miles of track from Richmond, Texas, to Brownsville. Work began west of Rosenberg Junction and east of Victoria in September 1881. Nicknamed “The Macaroni Line” ,towns along the route were named for the financiers Telfener, Hungerford, and John W. Mackay; for Telfener's daughters Inez and Edna; and for Mackay's wife, Louise, later known for her entertainments and as the grandmother of Mrs. Irving Berlin. Telfener brought over

to America 1,200 Italian workers, hoping they would remain in Texas and settle on land adjacent to the railroad line after its completion. Construction was slow, however, and laborers began to leave for other jobs. On April 22, 1882, the state of Texas repealed all laws granting land to companies for railroad construction, and Telfener abandoned his plans. On July 4, 1882, the track from Rosenberg Junction to Victoria was completed. Expenditures for the line totaled more than \$2 million, and only ninety-one miles of the planned 350 had been completed. Telfener operated the short line until July 23, 1884, when the construction contract was annulled. Mackay, Telfener's brother-in-law, acquired the line on January 9, 1885, and sold it to the Southern Pacific lines on September 3 of that year. In 1877 Victor Emmanuel II bestowed the title of Count on Telfener to honor him for his achievements in engineering. Telfener, whose motto was *Hominem labor honorat* ("Work honors man"), was a frequent visitor to Texas. He leased a mansion in Victoria, where he and the Countess hosted convivial parties. The couple had four children. Several religious works of art, which the Telfeners arranged to have blessed in Rome and shipped to churches they frequented in Texas, remain on display in Catholic institutions in Victoria.



Telfener owned the Villa Ada in Rome named for his wife: it had originally been the Residence of the Royal House of Savoy until he acquired it in 1878. It reverted to the ownership of the Savoy in 1904. Telfener pursued his interests as a financier and sportsman until his death in Rome on January 1, 1898. He was in his lifetime the wealthiest Italian.

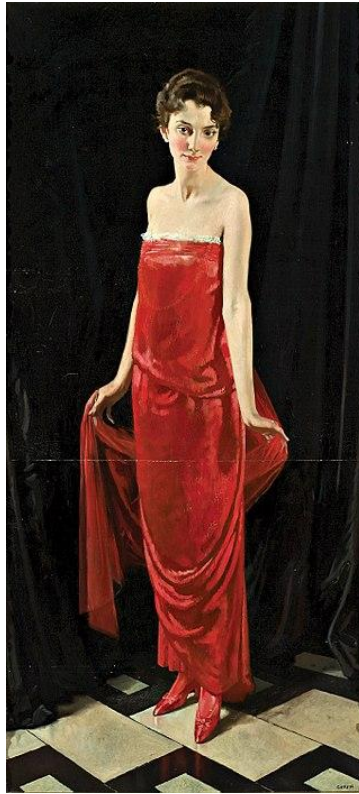
If you like exploration this is the right place for you! Villa Ada, one of the main green lungs of the City, is located in Northern Rome, not far from the elegant neighbourhoods of Parioli and Salaria-Trieste and only 15 minutes walking from the northern gate of Villa Borghese. The royal family regained control of the land in 1904 but did not change the name. After World War II and the end of the monarchy, Villa Ada became a public park.

“Villa Ada has a unique characteristic: even if it is located in one of the busiest cities of Europe the atmosphere reminds of an extremely calm and wild countryside far away from the urban confusion. This is an oasis of peace where to recover from exhausting sightseeing activities. If you want to relax, take a couple of bottles of wine, a coloured blanket, some fresh bread, cheese and ham, and forget the stress and the chaos of Roman traffic. If you want to make your day healthier take your sneakers and prepare for a memorable sport experience through the park hills covered by pines, cypresses, oaks, palm trees, the refreshing lakes, the thick forests and the sport facilities for gym activities. If you feel like an explorer you will be amazed discovering the prosperity of the fauna that is living in this special place: squirrels, moles, hedgehogs, rabbits, porcupines and even parrots are peacefully sharing this park. Last but not least if you want to meet some young Romans lie down and relax on the Pratone (big lawn) in Spring afternoons or visit the Villa Ada Music festival during Summer Season”.

Of his son **Jose (95)** we know little except that he served as a Lt in the Italian Army but **Paolo (95)** played midfield for FC Roma leading up to the Great War.

“...AND SOME FROM CHILE”

Having mentioned **Augustin Edwards** in the last REVIEW, I thought you might be interested in some of his other Beaumont connections.



Maria's portrait by Sir William Orpen

María Edwards was born in Santiago, the daughter of Augustin Edwards and the brother of **Augustin (OB 11)**. While still quite young, she married **Guillermo "William" Errazuriz (OB 08)**. The Errazuriz were as influential in Chilean life as the Edwards family and provided the country with three of its Presidents. The couple moved to Paris, where he was to take up a diplomatic post. Errázuriz killed himself in 1922, leaving her a widow. It would seem that the cause of his death was Peggy Hopkins Joyce an American actress, artist model and dancer. In addition to her performing career, Joyce was known for her flamboyant life, with numerous engagements, six marriages to wealthy men, subsequent divorces, a series of scandalous affairs, a collection of diamonds and furs, and her generally lavish and decadent lifestyle.



Peggy at what might be described as “her place of work”

In 1922, Joyce's affair with the attaché of the Chilean Legation, **Guillermo "William" Errázuriz**, drew media attention, as he was also the brother of the equally scandalous Bianca Errazuirz. William was by this time the father of a child, but Joyce claimed he wanted to marry her. On May 1, 1922, Errázuriz shot himself in Joyce's Paris hotel room and died the following day. Joyce claimed that he committed suicide after she refused to marry him. Errázuriz's family claimed that he killed himself due to financial problems

Three days after William's death, on May 4, Joyce was hospitalized after accidentally overdosing on sleeping pills. While she was recuperating, she gave an interview to a reporter claiming that she was "...through with men." Joyce went on to say that she was in love with William Errázuriz but admitted that she "...played with him. I dangled him on a string just as I did many others. Oh, why did I do it?" When asked why numerous men were seemingly fascinated by her, Joyce stated, "I don't know why men run after me. I cannot tell you the secret of my fascination - I never meant to ruin their lives.

Mention was made of William's sister Bianca who was educated at The Sacred Heart Convent Roehampton while William was at Beaumont. She was a socialite and the former wife of football player and businessman John de Saulles. In August 1917, Bianca fatally shot de Saulles multiple times during a disagreement over the custody of their son. After a highly publicized and sensational trial, Bianca was acquitted of her ex-husband's murder and she soon became the darling of the press, and the champion of the suffragettes who portrayed her as the victim of the chauvinism prevalent in the society of the time.

Returning to Maria following William's death, she decided to remain in France.

During the German occupation of Paris, she worked as a volunteer nurse at the Hopital Rothchild. While working there, she joined the French Resistance, and helped, many times by risking her own life, to rescue Jewish children who had been separated from their parents and were sentenced to be sent to the concentration camps. She was arrested, interrogated and tortured several times by the Gestapo, but was able to escape death thanks to her background and diplomatic relations.

On September 2, 1953, María Edwards was awarded the Legion d'Honneur for bravery in France, Later she was honoured in 2005 at Israel's Yad Vashem Memorial (the Holocaust Martyrs' and Heroes' Remembrance Authority) as one of the "Righteous Among The Nations".

A Cousin of William was **Matias Errazuriz (OB 14)**. He was the son of



Don Matias de Errazuriz y Ortuzzar was Chilean Charge d'Affaires in Buenos Aires during the second government of President Roca. Subsequently, he was posted to Paris. During the years just before WW1 he sent his son Matias to Beaumont. (Depicted above by John Singer Sargent). He also started to build in Buenos Aires a sumptuous residence known today as Palacio "Errázuriz Alvear" (which now functions as the National Museum of Decorative Art). While in Europe Don Matias acquired a valuable collection of works of European and Oriental art. Most of this is now the corps part of the heritage of the Museum.



The residence was designed by the French architect René Sergent who started the project in 1911. The construction continued during the years of the Great War. On his return to Buenos Aires, the house of the Errázuriz was inaugurated with a lavish party on September 18, 1918 and soon became the centre of social and artistic life in the 20's. In those years, the building was also the headquarters of the Chilean embassy in the country with Don Matias as ambassador. The family lived in the palace for 18 years after which he offered the Argentine State the possibility of buying the house along with the art collection, provided that they were destined to form the new Museum. The quality of the period furniture, paintings, sculptures and decorative art objects fully justified this. The National Museum of Decorative Art thus came about in 1937. The building is an excellent example of French eclecticism that became popular in Buenos Aires at the beginning of the 20th century. It was declared a National Historic Landmark in 1997.

His son **Matias** died in Buenos Aires in 1941 at the age of 44.

KNOX – LEET Story.

Over the course of the next few REVIEWS I intend to cover various aspects of his life.

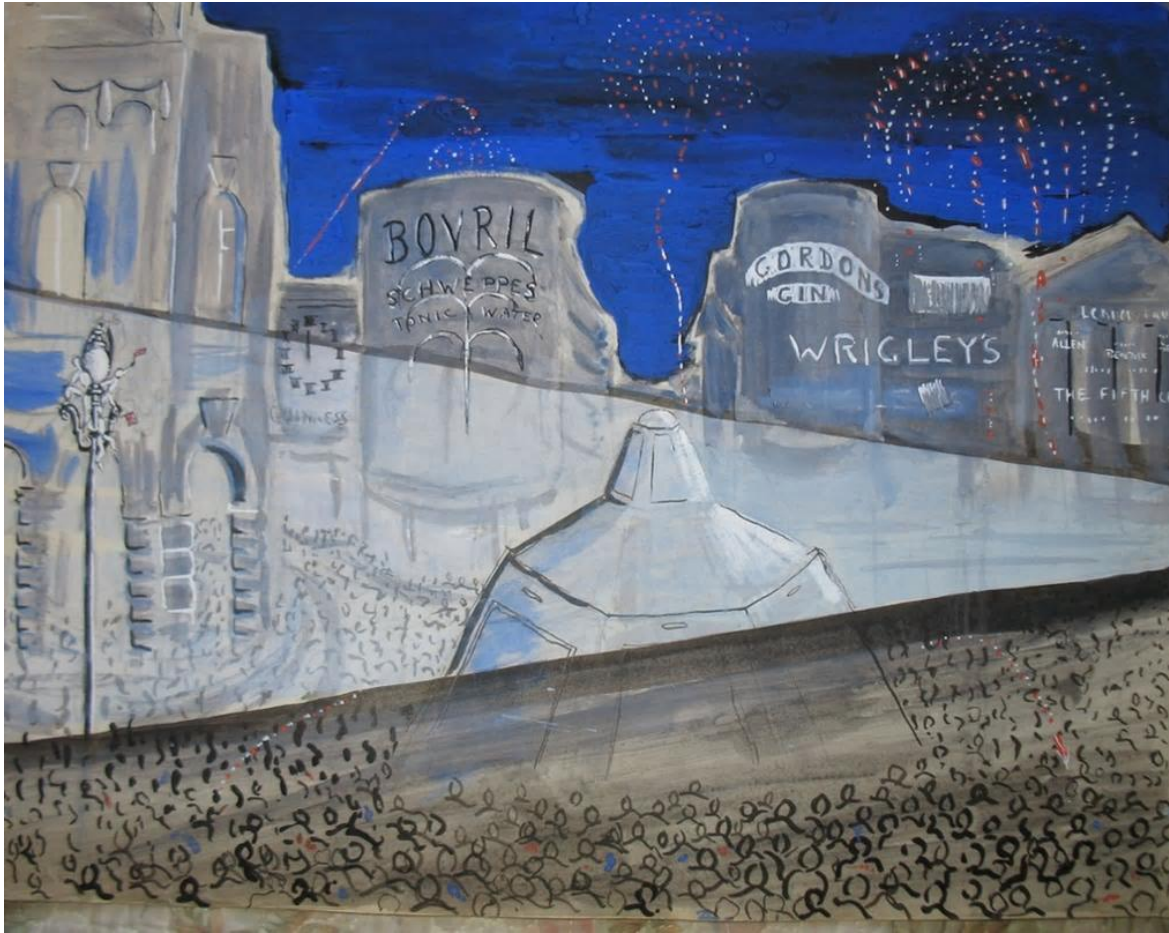
Desmond was brought up on The Riviera the son of Major Edward Knox-Leet late of the Irish Canadian Rangers. He had married the widow of Colonel Edward Kenny who already had a young son Tom and the two boys were sent to Beaumont. Tom left in '27 and Desmond '40. With the outbreak of War Tom was involved in the French Resistance and the setting up of escape routes for allied servicemen. Desmond joined the Navy but with his language skills and family connections to the world of intelligence gathering, was sent to Bletchley Park. There he worked with



Janet Smith Salabelle (later Downs Tourniere). They had first met at the Beaux Arts in Paris and they made an account of the day the War ended in Europe in sketches. Desmond wrote: 'We walked all day from 0915 onwards. We walked and sketched. London was fantastic, spontaneously taken over by the people, mainly those who had lived there during the war. They streamed into the West End, the streets got more and more crowded. I can't remember any cars.' The above is of the scene outside the National Gallery.



George St: returning prisoners of war



Eros Sandbagged in Piccadilly – saw Noel Coward in the crowd.



Pimlico at 5am . People made bonfires with wood from bombed out buildings – the last one burning.

After “demob”, Desmond headed for Paris and wherever he went, he drew. An artist at home, he filled his notebooks with sketches and travel commentaries. A languid village square in summertime, coastlines, a path, a window, the wall of a church, the countryside... Sometimes he specified the year and location, sometimes he didn't and the imagination is left to fill in the blanks. Most sketches are around the Mediterranean basin – Italy, Greece, Turkey... Others are of little corners of France. Some are even reminiscent of Vietnam... An idyllic life but not a lucrative one, so in 1961 together with two other artistic and eclectic friends they opened a shop in Paris. To be continued...

MONSIGNOR ALFRED GILBEY.

By chance and on the very anniversary of his death 26th March **John Flood** came across Gilbey's Obituary in *The Independent*. (Guy previously published that from *The Times* – both make an interesting read).



"THE LAST thing I want," said Alfred Gilbey one evening after dinner, "is to have an obituary about me saying what I did, rather than what I tried to be."

Monsignor Alfred Gilbey was probably the best-known Roman Catholic priest in England during the last quarter-century. Indeed, it was precisely for what he was that he was so well known. For he did not just "act as" - in the popular but distinctly non-Gilbeian phrase - Catholic chaplain at Cambridge University for 33 years. Rather, he was the archetypical Roman Catholic University chaplain for the England of the 19th century. Spiritually and psychologically he remained undetachable from the late Victorian world, espousing a brand of Catholicism that was Roman rather than, in any way, ecumenical, and English rather than, in any way, Irish. That his death marks the end of an era is a cliché that, for once, is literally true.

Alfred Newman Gilbey was born on 13 July 1901. To have been born a day before or a day after, as he himself was often later to aver, would have been singularly inappropriate. For 12 July is Orange Day. In commemorating, as it does, the triumph of the Protestant King William of Orange over the last of the Stuarts, it was anathema to Alfred Gilbey. For he was a passionate lover of the "old" Catholic idea of monarchy and its personification in the person and ideals of James II. Indeed, for him, the latter was not the "last of the Stuarts" at all. By his reckoning, the "legitimist" line never died out and portraits of "James III", and even "Henry IX" (Cardinal Duke

of York) adorned the walls of Fisher House - home of the Catholic chaplaincy - during his days at Cambridge.

It would have been scarcely less convivial to him to have been born on 14 July, Bastille Day. For his distaste for all that was associated with the slogan "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" was unbounded. Such distaste must be understood within the context of late-19th-century papalism as represented, in particular, by Pope Pius IX, and the subsequent campaign against "Modernism" in all its forms. The rot, according to this school of thought, had started with the French Revolution. Thus, not only was "liberalism" condemned but so were "religious freedom" and individual rights of conscience as then understood, that is, as implying the possibility of any legitimate opposition to Rome's monopoly of the truth.

The overturning of these notions at the Second Vatican Council in 1962 became the main ground for "traditional" Catholic resistance to ecumenism and an updated vision of the Church. Gilbey's adherence however, to pre-Conciliar ideals endeared him to the world of England's "old Catholic families". Though not born into this world himself, he became its most enduring hero. He represented the triumph of hope over experience for those who still longed for the "conversion of England" (back to the "one true faith").

Alfred Gilbey was brought up at the family home of Mark Hall near Harlow in Essex and was sent, in 1914, to what was then England's most fashionable Jesuit school, Beaumont College in Old Windsor. He derived his vision of Catholicism principally from his mother, Maria Victoria de Ysasi, born in the sherry-producing town of Jerez-de-la-Frontera. As he was later to put it, "She possessed the faith to the marrow of her bones." Hers, in other words, was that profoundly pious but blinkered religious outlook which cloistered such well-to-do Spaniards of that day from all other churches and beliefs. She introduced this intensely Catholic atmosphere into every aspect of daily life at Mark Hall, which was visited every week by a priest to say Mass and hear confessions. He was dressed in severely Victorian clerical style, a circumstance which, though natural enough at the time, had a surprisingly deep and durable effect on the impressionable young Alfred.

The Englishman with whom Victoria Maria fell in love, Newman Gilbey, was told by her mother that he would be acceptable as a prospective son-in-law provided he became a Catholic. This he obediently did and duly became a devout practitioner.

It was from him that Alfred derived his middle name, which turned out to be particularly apt. For it was the 19th century's most famous Catholic "convert" - a word now dropped from official use - who supplied not only the name for Oxford's pioneering Catholic chaplaincy, the Newman Society, but also the main inspiration for vigorous Catholic participation in tertiary education. (The papal ban on English Catholics attending university was only lifted in 1895, six years before Gilbey was born.)

During Gilbey's years at Beaumont, Jesuit educators in England still thought in terms of the great post-Reformation counter-attack, spearheaded by their original predecessors, against Protestantism (the "Counter-Reformation"). The other principal leitmotiv of their system was contemplation - as taken from the Spiritual

Exercises of their founder, St Ignatius - of death, hell and final judgement. In a chapel eerily lit by a solitary blue bulb (in case of air-raid) night prayers would end with a meditation on Death. The boys would then walk in silence to their dormitories to undress in their cubicles, behind tightly drawn curtains, while a prefect read the De Profundis.

From Beaumont, Gilbey went up, in 1920, to Trinity College, Cambridge, "scraping", in his own word, an indifferent degree in Modern History. This was due to no lack of intellect on his part, for he had a quick mind and, until late in life, a retentive memory for past facts. The family's distinguished connection with the wine trade made Gilbey a lifelong lover and true (that is moderately partaking) connoisseur of wine: but it could not, as a career, compete with what he was later to call "the sublime and awful gift of the priesthood".

He thus entered the Pontifical Bede College in Rome in 1925 and became a priest four years later. He was ordained "under his own patrimony", a privilege now discontinued, meaning that, as a man of independent means, he was not subject to any diocesan bishop's jurisdiction. He could, had he so wished, have enjoyed the life of a country gentleman in the "recusant" atmosphere of some old Catholic family house. Instead, after three years as secretary to the bishop of his adopted diocese (Brentwood), Dr Doubleday, he was appointed chaplain to the Catholic undergraduates of Cambridge. This post was to last for 33 years and to be his life's work, an immensely fruitful one as a priest. He is still remembered with affection and respect in Cambridge for his charm, urbanity and generous hospitality, and for his ability to attract young men of the "right kind" to Roman Catholicism.

In the Cambridge of the Thirties, the term "undergraduate" applied to men only. Women were not admitted to undergraduate status until 1948. This was the technical reason for the non-admission of Catholic (women) "students" (taking only titular degrees) to the life of Fisher House. The Oxford chaplaincy, on the other hand, as of the Second World War, became and remained "mixed". The result was a thriving social life, as a by-product of the pastoral function of the chaplaincy, productive of many happy friendships and, in the happiest cases of all, lifelong romances between Oxford's Catholic young men and women.

Until the end, however, Gilbey maintained his opposition to the admission of women. The ultimate reason was his rejection of the notion of "equality of the sexes" in the modern sense of the word. He was strongly opposed to women, whether Catholic or not, being admitted to the university at all. The Monsignor (he became a "domestic prelate" to the Pope in 1950), never fully at ease in female company, resigned as chaplain in 1965 when it became certain that Fisher House would open its doors to women undergraduates. He had, by then, completed exactly 100 terms as chaplain. His final bequest to the chaplaincy, and Cambridge in general, was the successful outcome of his untiring efforts in helping to save Fisher House from the developers' bulldozer.

His intense conservatism was reflected, perhaps above all, in his liturgical tastes. He was said to be a devotee of the "Latin Mass", but, here, a widespread misunderstanding has taken root. It arises from the erroneous supposition that Mass

in Latin has been abolished because of the reintroduction of the more ancient tradition of vernacular language for liturgical worship.

What differentiated Alfred Gilbey from other post-Vatican II Catholic priests was that he continued, with special permission from his Bishop, to say Mass in the form fixed by Pope Pius V after the Council of Trent (hence "Tridentine"), complete with all its medieval accretions and the novel theological overtones thereof. The "Tridentine" Mass is, nevertheless, still passionately favoured by some Roman Catholics, being the Mass, par excellence, of the Counter-Reformation and the shibboleth thereafter of anti-Protestant "orthodoxy".



Another notable Gilbeian characteristic was adherence to the clerical dress of another age. For everyday wear: shovel hat, flyless breeches, double-waisted waistcoat and frock coat. For formal occasions: monsignorial cassock with colourful silk cincture, piping and embellishments. When "robed in the sanctuary": watered-silk purple soutane, tasselled cape and purple pompon to biretta. This was as much a protestation of his Victorian outlook and "ultramontane" Catholicism as a mere question of sartorial preference.

One of his proudest achievements was his authorship - at one remove - of a small book called *We Believe* (1983), a lengthy paraphrase of the old "penny" catechism. It was compiled by four young friends who, in his own words, "gave me no peace until I agreed to have my thoughts recorded". In 1992, following his 90th birthday, a second impression appeared, and in 1993 *The Commonplace Book of Monsignor Alfred Gilbey*, a book of his favourite extracts from literature.

In May 1995 he made his one and only visit to the United States to promote *We Believe*. There he met Mother Angelica, the eccentric television nun whose views on the Church were even more ultra-conservative than his own. He was interviewed by her on *Eternal Word Television*, a network sponsored by rich right-wing American Catholics. He greatly enjoyed his visit and his success with his American audience was a perfect example of his unfailing old-world charm. The ease, moreover, with which he adapted to late-20th-century American television was a revelation.

Gilbey spent his last years in the Travellers' Club, in Pall Mall in London, still maintaining an active pastoral and social life and entertaining with his familiar generosity and Epicurean flare. He said Mass every day at 7.30am, usually in the (Brompton) Oratory, but sometimes in his own private chapel, a privilege he enjoyed in his years of retirement. This "chapel" was a converted attic in the Travellers' Club where the Blessed Sacrament was "reserved" and the rosary recited every evening at seven. He also used it, with inspiration from the valuable furnishings and works of sacred art, for periods of private prayer and meditation.

Alfred Gilbey was a man of regular and moderate habits; of elegance and charm; of wit and wisdom; of precision and contentment; of holiness and spiritual contentment. He was probably more widely loved than any Catholic priest of modern times.

Alfred Newman Gilbey, priest: born Harlow, Essex 13 July 1901; ordained priest 1929; Roman Catholic Chaplain, Cambridge University 1932-65; died London 26 March 1998.

ANOTHER MUCH REVERED CHAPLAIN

“Roy Hattersley politician turned historian, has elegantly written, a sweeping account of *Catholics* in these islands from the Reformation to the present day. It’s a tale of high drama and high stakes, by turns horrifying, romantic and ultimately hopeful.”

Ed: A most interesting read, though not for the beach, by an atheist son of a defrocked priest. Beaumont does not get a mention (not that one expected it to) though several families with connections are woven into the story. One OB that does get a paragraph is **Fr Michael Hollings (39)**:-



“The News of the World, conscious of its readers’ salacious appetites, joined in the pursuit of pederast priests and the Church’s alleged inclination to ignore their wrong

doing. The newspaper claimed that, back in 1977, a Father Michael Hollings – a war hero, chaplain to Oxford University and religious advisor to Thames Television – had behaved improperly with a boy put in his care by the probation service. The offences were said to have taken place in the Westminster diocese two years after Cardinal Hume had become Archbishop. So it was possible to implicate Hume by alleging that he either knew or did nothing or that he should have known. Although the newspaper contrived a confrontation between the accused and the accuser, nothing was ever proved and Hollings was given leave of absence, some of which was spent with the Duke of Norfolk in Arundel Castle. It was later discovered that Hollings had been censured by Cardinal Hume – for presiding at a service of blessing for David Frost and Carina Fitzalan-Howard after their registry office wedding. The fact that some of the multiplicity of charges against the Church were unreasonable was of no consequence. Visible action was necessary”.

Ed following my own research on Fr Michael, I wrote the following in “The Playing Fields of Runnymede”

“Fr Michael became a radical; he believed a priest should be Christ-like, with no distance between him and his people. His house should be open to all. He should share his food, his space, everything he has.

This was not the usual policy of the Catholic clergy at the time and it wasn't popular nor was it safe, but Fr Michael welcomed all whether they were the “street women” as he called the prostitutes, the down and outs, the drug addicts or his friend Miles, Duke of Norfolk. It was said that Fr Michael was no respecter of persons or to put it another way, he was an extremely unusual respecter of persons.

In his time he served at Westminster Cathedral, which he disliked as much as Beaumont, but as he told everyone “it was part of my penance”. He was happy at Oxford when he was appointed University Chaplain in 1959, at the time there was little money available but he had the chaplaincy rebuilt and continued to mix the students with the less fortunate in life. After eleven years, he asked to be moved to an inner city parish and went to Southall, where there was a large Asian community. Partially because of this, he was able to persuade Mother Theresa to found a house there for her Missionaries of Charity; only the second after Rome outside of Calcutta. From Southall, he moved to possibly a greater challenge of multi-racial Bayswater and where amongst other things he played the peace maker during the difficult years of the Notting Hill Carnival in the '80s; for many he was the role model for the parish priest. He combined the holiness of the Cure d'Ars, leading a life of severe obedience with the impetuosity of the maverick which had scant respect for the church structures.

A visitor to the presbytery wrote; “as desks go it was less messy than most; a mass of sprawling files, running correspondence, refugee stationary, a surface busy with work in progress. Next to it, however, on the floor, by the chair with the bursting stuffing, by the box of miscellaneous bottles, lay a heap of books collapsed like the victims of some unimaginable disaster, a sea of pamphlets and paper so deep from month to month their surface hardly rustled. Clothes hung on a door, a sleeping bag lay on a sofa that had long since seen better days. This was the room that Fr

Michael Hollings, parish priest of St Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, lived and worked, slept and prayed.

When Cardinal Heenen died in 1975, he was strongly tipped to take over and was well ahead of Cardinal Hume in the betting but that was not his calling; it was the parish that mattered. He wrote; "Life is a tightrope walk, a balance between obedience to authority and an obedience which seems almost like disobedience ... abandonment to God". As his life drew to a close, The News of The World published allegations that he had behaved improperly with an unfortunate he had given shelter to many years before. The allegations came to nothing, but he was suspended during the allegations. Cardinal Hume came in person to inform the parish of his return to rapturous applause. He won't be the last priest to suffer false accusation, where clerics through the crimes of a few, are now assumed guilty and have to prove their innocence.

Although Fr Michael will always be remembered for his hospitality to the less fortunate in this life, it is interesting that he wrote; "The priest is not the social worker, the marriage guidance counsellor or the youth leader. The priest is there to present, preside and pray at the Eucharist as deeply and sincerely as he can, seeking to draw the people to worship God, by hearing his word and receiving the Body and Blood of Christ".

Ed. I would also add that pederasts are not "one off" offenders but are serial criminals so the one charge against Fr Michael made by the News of the World can be dismissed, particularly as the accuser never went to the police. It was published not only to try and discredit a much admired priest but also to insinuate a cover up by the head of the Church - Cardinal Hume.

GISS - GOSS



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

“God Bless Marylyn Monroe”: Fr Bamber.

Paul Burrough sent me a copy of Fr Bamber’s speech which he made as Chairman of the 1988 Dinner:-

“Gentlemen, we seem to have been boycotted by our clerical bretheren.....
Congratulations to Dermot Gogarty on the St John’s Centenary and on the re-opening of the Beaumont Pavilion. Welcome to guests of individuals and of the B U. a special welcome to Billy Daffern, so loyal to Beaumont over many years and to myself in particular as Minister at the time of the Centenary. I am also delighted and surprised to see Jim Broome, a very good friend from St John’s.

Whether I may be a good Chairman, or not, this is, naturally speaking, the supreme moment of my life. I could wish for no greater honour than to be chairman at this dinner. Gentlemen I thank you.

I ‘don’t know what John Paton Walsh said at the Re-opening of the pavilion, but during the year I received a piece of green bumph, duplicating a letter to Mr Paton Walsh, which said that I.C. L. had acquired the freehold of Beaumont, and that a copy of this letter was being sent to Father Bamber and Father Dunphy. I wrote at once saying that I presumed that in plain English this meant that Beaumont had now been sold: The reply was “yes”, but that the pavilion and playing fields remained the property of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. I wondered at once about the Beeches, the woods and even the War Memorial itself, in case some lunatic or vandal should come along in the future.

This took my mind back 27 years when, with the New Wing, Boathouse and the Queen's visit, Beaumont was all set to launch itself for another Centenary or Century. It was recognised around this time that Beaumont had the strongest SJ staff of any SJ school in the country. Three Rectors in succession went off to be Provincials, and others to be Rectors, Fr Hanshell to Oxford, Fr Joe Corbishley to Wimbledon and Fr Copeland to St Aidan's in South Africa; later Fr Brogan to Salisbury Rhodesia. Fr Chichester, later Archbishop, was Rector in the "twenties". His predecessor Fr Bodkin became Provincial. Fr Weld was a great Rector both at Stonyhurst and Beaumont. Two Rectors – not to over emphasise these things were baronets, Fr Heathcote at the visit of Queen Victoria and Fr Clifford who initiated the arrangements of the visit of the present Queen: both were OBs. From Mount St Mary's also, by similar cross-fertilisation, if one may use such an expression of a celibate body, Fr Hoy was twice Rector of Stonyhurst, and we are now indebted to him for the Centenary book of St John's.

There was also, through many years until the close, the great trio of Clayton, Sinclair and Merrill, not to mention the loyal servants, whose many years of devotion astounded the queen, when they were presented to her.

Some very capable men failed to find a place on the Beaumont staff. This may sometimes have given rise to the attitude: "if you can't join them, beat them".

There came in '64 from Canada the Jesuit visitor, and his deliberate determination to close the school. He spoke of "The Raj": at least they had experience of how to handle such a situation. There was, in this case, to be no warning or discussion. Something, seemingly unjust and even sinful.

Beaumont was not suffering from a lack of demand and applications, there was no spare capacity. In fact in 1965, the year the closure was announced, numbers at the college were $\frac{3}{4}$ of those at Stonyhurst itself. The position of Beaumont, near Windsor, with the river and the opportunity for boating, as well as cricket and other amenities had been appreciated from the outset: the proximity of London airport came later.

The abolition of Beaumont was the intention; not of possible continuance in another form. In practice, with Stonyhurst it was an absorption, not an amalgamation. Different as two sisters often are, one would wish for more of Beaumont to be acknowledged. There's a statue given to Beaumont in memory of the American Verne Fulmer, who died not long after leaving. There's no mention, unless I am mistaken of who he was, or why the statue was given. The silver snuff-box in the community tea-room, which was given to the Community in early years in gratitude for the care of a sick boy, has not seen a rub since it left the devoted hands of Billy Daffern!

Those who are now part of Stonyhurst, or wherever they may be, carry with them into life, and hand on the Beaumont Spirit, something cherished and fostered, lived but seldom spoken of, rarely expressed, never explained.

Gentlemen: the Spirit of Beaumont.

Ed: The Loyal servants were Albert the Tailor, Paddy Richardson, Corpse Johnson and Barney Mills. **Verne Fulmer** was from New York, OB '57 and killed in a car accident in 1959. The Snuff Box was donated by the Hon Gerald Dillon after the recovery from illness of **Augustus**, one of his four sons, in 1868.

The Sport of Kings and of lesser Mortals.

Harking back to the Cheltenham National Hunt Festival and apart from the 17 Irish winners what 2018 should be remembered for is a dairy farmer who miked 350 cows then went racing, won the Gold Cup and went back to his moos: such a man is Colin Tizzard with Never River. It put me in mind of the late **John Webber (42)**.

In an age where greed bids fair to ruin sport, John personified the true English country sportsman. Other owners and trainers demand ever greater prize money from Levy Board funds. But Webber said: "It's hard enough to win any race. My owners are my friends and, if they win at Towcester, they'd be thrilled to bits to be given a rosette."



Webber was the son of Captain Jack Webber, the well-known showjumper, who ran the British Show jumping Association and was described by Col Sir Harry Llewellyn as "one of the most popular men ever to grace our sport. As secretary general of the BSJA he ran the sport for 30 years."

While farming near Banbury, John Webber represented the best traditions of steeplechasing and foxhunting as breeder, owner, trainer and amateur rider. He rode in point-to-points from 1947 until 1970. On one occasion his mount was the property

of the former champion jump jockey Stan Mellor. Mellor remembers: "We looked an odd couple in the paddock. He looked like the trainer and I looked like the rider but, of course, it was the other way round. For John, racing wasn't strictly business, he really enjoyed it."

That was the measure of the pipe-smoking, country-loving John Webber who took out a public training licence in 1970 having trained with a permit since 1957. He farmed 400 acres of Oxfordshire countryside and said: "I am a farmer first and racing is my hobby."

Nevertheless he had a wonderful eye for a horse and produced a steady flow of winners including two Mildmay of Flete Chases at the Cheltenham Festival with Elfast, owned by his wife Diana, in 1992 and 1994. His other big race winners included The Snipe, Townley Stone, Knock Hill who won the 1988 Midlands Grand National, Auntie Dot, who finished third in the 1991 Grand National to Seagram, and Land Afar, who won the Agfa Hurdle. At the end of the '95 season he had been due to retire handing over to his son Paul, a fine horseman and director of the Curragh Bloodstock Agency.

John rode about 70 point-to-point winners himself and retired on a day when he rode against his other son, Anthony, another amateur champion, at their local meeting, the Bicester. He dismounted with the words: "I'm too old, fat and frightened!"

Perhaps his greatest thrill came when The Snipe won the Massey-Ferguson Gold Cup at Cheltenham in 1978. The winner was bred and owned by the Webbers' friends the Richmond-Watsons. Captain Tim Forster (11th Hussars with the Editor) doyen of steeplechase winners with three Grand Nationals to his credit, said: "John loved hunting and point-to-pointing. He had no time for those who took racing too seriously. If you beat him, he was always the first to come over and congratulate you - and he meant it." He loved country courses like Towcester, Worcester and Warwick and could see the ridiculous side of racing. I will always remember that marvellous chuckle, hearing him say, 'It's only a horse race. There'll be a dozen more tomorrow and 24 more on Saturday.' "

Shortly after getting his full licence, Webber trained Ballyrichard Again, a novice, to win three times over two miles at Stratford, following up with victories at Warwick, Uttoxeter, Leicester and Newbury. The following season Ballyrichard Again won the Old Year Handicap Chase at Newbury.

John Hayshe Webber, farmer, racehorse trainer, jockey: born Southbourne, Dorset 13 August 1925; married 1952 Diana Bull (two sons, two daughters); died Mollington, Oxfordshire 15 May 1995.

John was a great supporter of the BU and could generally be spotted wearing our tie on race days and I think he would love to have seen his two boys come to the school but the closure prevented that. For those unaware of the riding careers of Anthony and Paul, please read on:-

Anthony Webber was born on August 17, 1954, at Cropredy Lawn, Banbury, North Oxfordshire, on the farm and racing stables of his trainer father, John. He rode his first winner, Foggerty, at Leicester, in an amateur riders' novice hurdle on 30 October, 1972. This win gave him particular pleasure as it was for his father.

John Webber had ridden in the early sixties. He had won a few times on a mare called Honey Isle, and it was from her that Dream Isle came.

Dream Isle became a Towcester specialist and, with Anthony on her back, won there six times.



Another prolific winner for the young jockey was Ballyrichard Again, which won seven races in the 1973/74 season.

Anthony had his riding allowance clipped to 3 lb when easily landing the odds-on Ballyrichard Again in the Vivian Street Handicap Chase. (Friday, December 28, 1973.) That year, with 21 winners, Anthony became the champion amateur rider, beating Lord Oaksey by one. The following season, he turned professional. Anthony's first assault on the Grand National was in 1975 when, riding Ballyrichard Again, he fell at the Canal Turn.

In 1979, so heavy was the traffic going to Aintree that Anthony was forced to leap from his car and run for the best part of three quarters of an hour in order to weigh out to ride one of Major Bewicke's in the first.

When he got there, trainer Peter Cundell informed him that Martin O'Halloran, Coolishall's jockey, was unwell. Anthony was asked to replace him.

Coolishall fell at the fourth last. He had been travelling sweetly at the time and Anthony was convinced that he would have finished in the first four or five.

He rode his father's Might Be in 1981 (fell) and Hard Outlook in 1982. This was the hunter-chaser Grittar's year: making his only mistake at the final fence, Grittar won by 15 lengths from Anthony on Hard Outlook who, in turn, was a distance clear of the remounted grey, Loving Words.

Anthony had just three more rides in the great race: he fell at the fourth on Mender in 1983, finished sixth on the grey Two Swallows in 1984 and, finally, came down at the first on the Roddy Armytage-trained Talon.

Several other horses came down with Talon who, struggling to rise, put his foot on Anthony's chest. The jockey, unable to breath or move for a few moments, just lay on the turf until dragged to his feet.

The fall that finished him as a jockey came at Doncaster: rising from it, he realised that his sense of balance had gone.

On Wednesday, April 30, 1986, the knocks that Anthony had endured finally caught up with him: he was advised to relinquish his licence on medical grounds.

His father replaced him with George Mernagh, who had been the stable's former amateur. Anthony opened Hillside Stud, near Lambourn, where he became a horse chiropractor.

When John Webber died, Anthony's brother, Paul, took over the running of the yard.



Paul Webber was born in Banbury on August 13, 1958 and rode his first winner, Weeny Bopper, at Chepstow on January 15, 1978. He became Champion Amateur in 1980-81 with 32 wins. Paul shared the same birthday as his father - John. He decided not to turn professional and took over his father's stables when John died.

Finally John had two brothers at Beaumont, **Michael (46)** was commissioned into the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoons and served in Korea before leaving for a career in the steel industry. The youngest brother **Richard (Dickie) (48)** was a regular officer in the 4/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, retiring as a Colonel.

The Albion Exhaust

I heard from **Johnnie Muir**:-



'...With every paper I'm a quiver...' which means, that it's 'Plebiscite Revisited' time, and a ground floor opportunity for you to take out a subscription to the Albion Exhaust and be in the vanguard of HMS Blighty's upcoming deckchair re-arrangements, before this Ship of Fools turns turtle. Hope you've both been weathering the ... weather. You can tell by the attached that I'm only just stable... which reminds me that the Westminster ones badly need cleansing, and preferably before the donkeys have bolted.

Onwards and upwards, Johnnie

The Albion Exhaust

'Broad bosomed, bold, becalmed, benign... basks Albion, 93,630 square, well off the Maginot Line.'

Welcome to the inaugural edition of **The Albion Exhaust** – that's the impact of the juggernauts and the afterburn from a curate's egg plebiscite (and not the condition of the voters) – keeping you informed on a bowdlerised Brexit in this land of heavy breathing.

'Into my heart on air that kills

From yon far country blows...'

Abseiling up the high streets of neatly strimmed verges or skateboarding down them round little pooch's 'small works' (whilst avoiding inappropriate hand signals) don't you wonder,

'What are those blue remembered hills,

What spires, what farms are those?'

Are we really suppurating, you ask yourself, in a swamp of 'cake and eat it'? Has not this Sceptr'd Isle – lost in 'transition', and hamstrung as it is by 'equivalences of outcomes' and 'ambitious managed divergences' – only become... an overweight '*land of lost content*'?

Forget Housman for a moment... and focus, if your health can take it, on the Maybot/Corbynistra conundrum, droning on about bespoke fudges; because, as the Bard put it,

***'To vote or not to vote is the question.
Whether 'tis fairer for the feet to suffer***

***The corns and chilblains of ill-fitting footwear
Or to close the mind against a flood of leaflets
And by ignoring bin them.'***

...Yes indeed, choosing whether to stay in the 'The/A/Their/Our/His/ Her/ Its /Persons Customs Union' makes solving 'the sphinx without a riddle' or channelling 'a light without the tunnel' a doodle by comparison.

"But let's be clear!" I hear you cry, "'We must build, but we must build surely!' Failing to build, or to vote for that matter, or to frack, or to fry a crowd-pleasing chip, or more seriously still, to 'take back control' only means the buffers and the snowflakes will flit to Benidorm, when they could (and probably should) be sewing mail bags by the Wigan or making daisy chains by the Cherwell; or at least making challenging decisions about housing benefit."

And by the way, you add, if we're reluctant to take advantage of subsidised loft insulation (because it's too much hassle to clear out the subsidised off-spring) the *'Asylum Seekers Directory of Home Helps'* is available at £9.95, post-paid from Calais.

"And what about our sofa-safety discounts!" you bark, "and what about those snouts in parliament's trough, those cultish clowns in Westminster forever blowing bubbles with their 'mobile army of metaphors'... that 'clutch of mayflies banqueting on oblivion'?" Yees...

***'To yawn – to vote
No more, and in so doing say we end
The earache and the thousand futile sound bites
That democracy doth cling to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.'***

"OK, here's my alms," I say, "I am no goldilocks, but of the three bores on offer, (and here I'm indebted to the Eve Jones Institute's *Porridge Report*) it's the crashing bore (and not a half-starved Forest boar or even a half-star Severn Bore) which poses the greatest threat to wheelchair rallies round the Ashmolean or the annual Orwell Incorporated Senior Citizen Scuba Dive in Wigan Canal. And by the way, I didn't get where I am today without recognising a plausible report on systemic out-takes from vibrant aid-worker community feed-backs... when I skim one.'" Now where was I? Was it, ***Corns...chilblains?*** No...

***'Tis the bunion
That makes disaster of democracy.
For who would bear the Whips and Party hacks,
The oligarch's abuse, the duck house quacks,
The bleat of Party broadcasts, the law's abuse,
The insolence of office and the bureaucrat's excuse,
When he might rediscover his tranquillity
By staying home for toast and tea.'***

But now, as my shadow lengthens on a brown field site and 'safeguarded referencing' becomes unstable (and anyway, 'honey's off')... it's *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet*, dear Essex girl... Pacé , 'O unworn world; enrapture me, encapture me!'... because all is vanity; and if Albania's about to twin with Albion... 'The Only Way is EFTA!'

'For lust of knowing what should not be known, we take the Golden Road to Samarkand'... 'O death where is thy sting'?

ED: I felt it necessary to reply to Johnnie in a similar vein before Albion is finely exhausted:-
“Broad bosomed you say, I stand up and say me too-too and wear black or should that be Diane Abbott enjoying rumpy- humpy on a red- bedded Corbyn for certainly in the immortal words of Harvey Wienstein the time has come to rise up “and Nora felt his hot breath as he ripped the thin silk” from the truth that we are all well and truly plug-holed. #me- toowantsabitoftheaction”.

For those of you unaware of Johnnie’s “much lived” in life.

After Beaumont, he spent a short time in the army serving alongside future minister Nicholas Soames, the historian Antony Beevor and this author in the 11th Hussars. His career then passed to business, advertising and a spell at Euromoney working for **Sir Patrick Sergeant OB** and it was not until the age of fifty, the same age as Don Quixote that Johnnie decided to take on the political establishment. In 1996, after a trial run like **Quentin de la Bedoyere** at Speakers Corner, he launched the Albion Party. Neither to the right nor left of mainstream politics, Johnnie described it as being “in front”. Policies included leaving the EU, eschewing Thatcherite economics with a return to a sense of identity, small business, co-operatives, self-employment and regional government. There would also be a greater emphasis on human rights in foreign policy. Johnnie, both romantic and progressive was to say that “My friends and others think that I’m off my trolley, but in fact I’m on my trolley - and it is going in the right direction”. He stood as a candidate at the general election of ’97 at Tatton won by Martin Bell: he himself was beaten by a “short head” into 6th place by Miss Money Penny’s Glamorous One Party – the British people at that time were unconvinced of his vision: but you never know..... .

60 YEARS AGO from the REVIEW

GENERAL

Fr Ronald Hull re-joined the Staff having previously been here as a Scholastic 1949-51.

1st March **Alastair Russell and Peter LeVierge** were ordained in Rome.

In January Mr W Harrington one of the senior coaches of the Middlesex Cricket Club at Lord’s took up residence and started coaching in the second part of the term.

Despite the fact that 700 turned up for a Centenary Fund raising Barbecue instead of the expected 300 in the ambulatory on Shrove Tuesday everyone was eventually fed and “Carnival” was well celebrated.

Stan Brown died and the whole school attended his requiem. Stan’s father had been head servant and carver at the school and his mother ran the sports side of the laundry with cricket flannels and football shorts. Stan or correctly Stanislaus was named for Beaumont. Educated in the class at the Farm ran for children of the staff. He was twice wounded in WW1 with one bullet going both cheeks of his face. He joined the staff in 1939 as Woodsman caring for the trees and doing odd jobs around the school: a most loyal friend to both the Community and the boys.

In a second letter from Malaya our correspondent wrote: “I obviously see this country through the eyes of a military man, however amateur, so when I think of Malaya it is in terms of the things that have impressed me most, the wet body huddled in the undergrowth with one eye hanging

out and puttees so neatly tied they would satisfy a sergeant-major: the long convoy rumbling through the pre-dawn darkness, headlights searching the twisting road and troops still sleepy and silent: leaving the jungle after an operation: screwing up my eyes to meet the afternoon glare of the sun I hadn't seen for days and looking back to see my platoon bulky with weapons and equipment threading along in single file through the blazing grass under the bright blue sky: the dirty vest of a pock-marked Tamil as I push him along with a gun in his back: later the men shared a cigarette with him before a helicopter arrives to take him off to civilisation and the hangman."

ENTERTAINMENT

The Shrovetide Concert was *The Pirates of Penzance*. Outstanding performances by **Janek De** as the Pirate King and especially **Drostan Stileman** whose beautiful relaxed singing of Mabel's difficult aria –*Poor Wandering One* was a delight to listen to and richly deserved the called for encore. Others mentioned were **Anthony Synnott** and **David McIlvenna**. (The ED notes that the other three Treble soloists **Alex van der Stegan**, **Roger Fiennes** and **Ian Agnew** are sadly no longer with us).

BU PLAY: *Meet Mr Callaghan*. "In this year which sees the demise of the "debs" and the closing of the Ladies Carlton Club, it will be gratifying to the fairer sex that their talents and enthusiasm can still find outlet in the BU play. The play was produced by **William Rigby (54)** who with unpromising material gave an extremely entertaining evening. Among the ladies were Marie – Anne Hewitt, Dulcie Walker and Judy Maude (who had to stand in at 2 days' notice into the exotic role of Mayola). **Harry Hewitt** played the lead role with the **Churchill brothers** in caricature roles and the usual Wolff hilarity from **Freddy and Gus**. **Cyril Russell** gave a fine portrayal of inspired stupidity and **Hal Dickens** eloquent silence was quite outstanding".

LOWER LINE: *Tilly of Bloomsbury*. "Well suited to the younger boys with plenty of character roles: aristocratic morgue Lady Marion (**Colin Russell**), daughter Sylvia (**Guy Chamberlain**), Jolly vulgarity Percy Welwyn (**Anthony Frame**). Hen pecked Husband (**Ian Agnew**), Family Butler (**Richard McIlvenna**,) Comic Curate (**Michael Holder**), Bright young thing (**Paul Burrough**), Crashed double first (**Barry Trowbridge**) with his cockney wife (**Ian Glennie**), **Grandma Stephen Rousseau**, Cute little sister (**Alex van der Stegan**), Coloured Lodger (**Paul Mills-Owen**) and stage scot (**Michel Sullivan**). The lead roles were **Edward Roberts** and Tom **Scanlon** as Tilly (straight from the infirmary having missed the dress rehearsal), **Drostan Stileman** was the understudy and playing the maid and was "ready to take over at a moment's notice".

MUSIC SOCIETY. With Covent Garden failing to produce tickets for the ballet, the society went twice to the opera seeing the new opera by Poulenc, *The Carmelites* and then the old favourite *Rigoletto*.

SPORT. BOXING. Sadly only four fixtures through unavoidable cancellations though none through illness. Major Roddy was responsible for technique training with "Corpse" coaching, seconding and guiding. Results were Dulwich won 8-2, Wellington lost 3-4, Merchant Taylors won 12-2, Gordon Boys won 12-6.



The captain **Henry Stevens** led by example winning all his bouts as did brother **Ant. Gerry Ford** also had an unbeaten record as did **McCaffrey**. Others showing great promise were **Addison, Chamberlain and Burrough**. (The ED notes that **de Kerdral** won 3 fights under the distance but suffered similar treatment on the other occasion.) I also note that in his one bout **Tony Outred** had his face “plonked” repeatedly by his opponent, despite this his “unorthodox” methods won him the fight.

Fr Hanshall was thanked for starting off match days with Mass for the team.

ATHLETICS. The cross countries were won by **Palmer** (3rd playroom), **Allison** (2nd Playroom) and **George Stanton** for Higher Line. In the Catholic School races on Epsom Downs we lacked our strongest runners but finished a creditable 7th out of 20 schools.

In the House track events. Among the seniors, **Baker** took the 100yards and **de Kerdral** the 220. In the quarter **Wolff** was fast away but was caught by a bare-footed **Stanton** who “heaved his muscled body to the tape first”. **Murphy** took both ½ mile and mile. 2nd Playroom **Trowbridge** took the sprints with **Stibbs** dominating the longer distances. 3rd Playroom sprints went to **Lake** with **Palmer** taking the ½ mile. In the relay Eccles produced some exciting moments – the best was **Parker** “hanging on to **Baker** for 70yds, which should put a stop to those who repute him to be the fastest man in the school over 20yds but the slowest over 30.” The shot suited the heavy men with **Paton Walsh** victorious in Higher line and the most

encouraging result of the afternoon was **de Galard's** throw of over 100 ft with the discus and 31 with the shot in the 3rd Playroom events.

HOCKEY. A re-formed club with a dubious standard of play with aged sticks that had seen their best before the War. There was one match against St George's Weybridge, where the thrashing 7-0 was put down to "our not being used to a flat surface after our mole hill littered ground".

SQUASH. A mixed season with excellent results against The Oratory wins 5-0 and 3-2 (the losing duo of **Wolff and Parker** between them produced a school record in amassing five points in less than ten minutes). We lost to Cranleigh and Leighton Park. When he wasn't coaching Boxing, Major Roddy was tutoring on the Court and a final "thanks to the chickens and the occasional goose who added the element of surprise to the game. Rumour has it that the cows will soon be coming home".

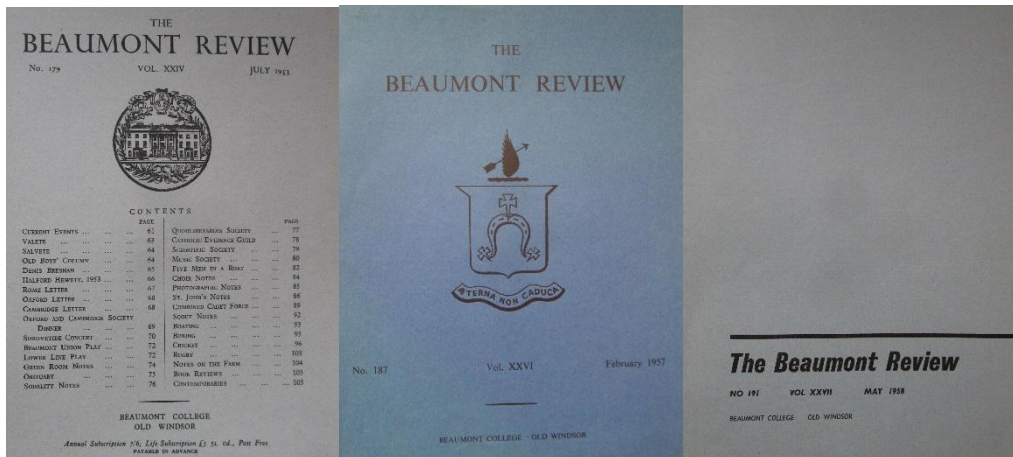
SEVENS. Results were disappointing as we had four of last year's side. At Oxford, we disposed of the local High school but deteriorated against King's Macclesfield. At Roehampton we were too fast and experienced for Haberdasher's Askes winning 11-0 but were taken by surprise in the next round by Denstone losing 5-8.

RUGBY the 3rd XV. The records have it that in 1952 an opening win was registered with a 6-5 victory over The Oratory. It is not known whether that ostentatious start provoked disapproval among the gods or whether that undefinable element known as Luck refused to prolong its stay beyond the appointed time, but it remains a fact that five seasons have elapsed since that memorable day the Third has been renowned more for its cheerfulness in the face of adversity than for any other quality instilled by the noble game of rugby. From the moment in our first match again against The Oratory when the scrum with gentlemen like tenacity managed to heel a ball and **Peake** darted around on the blind-side to score, a new and unfamiliar sensation seemed to pulsate throughout the team: gone was that air of apprehension which tradition had imposed on approaching fixtures: the Third were going to Win. Having said that we took a thrashing from KCS in the next match but showed signs of returning to pristine glory when going down to Harrow by only 9 points. (It should be pointed out that by this stage the covetous eyes of the 2nd XV coach had been upon us and we had suffered robbery).

However these are but a mere prelude to that afternoon when the Third came into its own when we beat Whitgift 6-3 coming as we did from behind with that air nonchalance that hid gritty determination. Never a more tenacious pack, and to have witnessed them and indeed the whole team in "full cry" during the last twenty minutes or so of this match is a memory to last a lifetime. An MID to **Bernard** as Captain: his shouted directions must have struck fear into many an opponent who could not have been expected to appreciate that their main value lay in the fearsome tone in which they were delivered rather than in the efficacy, or indeed the intelligibility, of their content. We do not measure success by the figures on the scoreboard rather we judge ourselves by the extent to which enthusiasm, vitality and team spirit rule our play.

St JOHN's RUGBY: "**M Bedford** the scrum leader is inclined to be ponderous and rather slow at the moment, but his peculiar rolling gait, like an unhorsed cowboy, has often eased the situation by battling down the field, charging down tackles rather than avoiding them" **ED:** plus ca change!

LETTERS



From MMP

Sir, I think many wondered when, a year ago, the colours of *The Review* started changing, but I can see the reason for this for after you left you could gaze at your bookshelf and see the glorious colours of our schooldays neatlet arranged in threes.

But Sir, is it so easy to explain the thick horizontal line that graces the cover of the last issue? Is it some hidden symbolism of modern art, or another part of the Centenary Appeal Schem? I also notice the disappearance of the noble Beaumont Crest. Surely Sir, you are depriving us of our heraldry as well as our heritage.

The Editor of the day was evasive in his reply saying merely that the crest would return at a later date if so wished. It never did till the final issue July 1967.

ED: Let me assure the readership that the BU crest that adorns our REVIEWS will not be replaced by a Line in any shape or form. It is possible that the Editor of the old school review wished the horizontal element “convey rest and sleep, a calm oasis of relaxed comfort, an absence of conflict” and the “The thickness suggesting strength, stability and giving emphasis to earthy ideas”. On the other hand he may have thought it “trendy”: at worst he may not have given it any thought at all.

Konrad Wallerstein



The Editor met up with Konrad who was over from the States and staying at The Rag (Army & Navy): he had bought both volumes of the Runnymede books. Konrad was one of “the unfortunates” who only passed one year at Beaumont before being transferred to Stonyhurst in 1966 and as such is one of the very few of his year to be a member of the BU: understandably the majority think of themselves as OS. Indeed Konrad was wearing an OS tie when we met. After school he read sciences and then economics at Sussex, though before that, he spent a year at the Sorbonne studying arts and improving his French. His career has mainly been in healthcare with appointments in the Far East and the States. He and his wife now live in Florida and also have interests in real estate and keep a house in the Dordogne. Senior OB’s will remember his uncle **Tony Wallerstein** Captain of Cricket 1951. He is in the record book for taking 9 for 31 against Reading and also took 5 wickets at Lords. He then went to Sandhurst and the Royal Tank Regiment retiring as a Lt-Colonel. The Editor met him when he held the unenviable post of MA to the CODS Field Marshal Carver – the Editor was having a far less difficult task of organising a dinner for the FM. See also Correspondence **Flood / Potter** concerning **Nicholas Carver**.

From The Guardian February.

Jeremy Corbyn has drafted in Andrew Murray, the controversial former communist who is chief of staff to the Unite general secretary, Len McCluskey, as a part-time consultant, as Labour hones its Brexit strategy.



Murray, who was seconded to Labour's general election campaign as a donation-in-kind from Unite, the party's biggest financial backer, is working for the leader's office a day and a half a week, a party spokesman confirmed.

A longtime member of the communist party, who has in the past expressed solidarity with North Korea and is an apologist for Stalin, Murray joined Labour only in 2016, after Corbyn's victory – and is loathed by MPs on the right of the party.

What has this to do with Beaumont? Well Murray is "not quite what it says on the wrapper". His correct name is Andrew Drummond-Murray of Mastrick son of **Peter (47)**, who died a couple of years ago. One has no idea what Peter felt about his Worth educated son's politics, he himself was a stockbroker, Herald and a Grand Bailiff of both the Orders of Malta and St John of Jerusalem. Andrew Murray like many of "the gauche caviar" has an aristocratic background, his grandfather was conservative peer and colonial governor Ld Rankeillour. Murray was married but later divorced Susan Mitchie, a fellow communist and a granddaughter of Ld Aberconway. She was reputed to have inherited £50 million plus when her mother died.

I note that our own **Francis Beckett** described Murray as "more extreme than most of the Stalinists I knew. The Stalinists were known as tankies, but Murray's lot were super-tankies".

CENTENARY OF THE RAF.

The RAF was formed from the Royal Flying Corps on 1st April 1918. 23 OBs had been members of the Corps up until that date.



The most senior and most decorated being **Cyril Francis de Sales Murphy (98)**. He was born in Cork on 17 May, 1882. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, Royal Berkshire Regiment, 18 January, 1902, and served in Cape Colony, April-31 May, 1902; Lieutenant, 1 July, 1904; Captain, 3 June, 1911; Army Gymnastic Staff 1910-13; Aviator's Certificate No. 599 obtained at Bristol School, Salisbury Plain, on 20 August, 1913; appointed Flying Officer, Royal Flying Corps (Military Wing) 30 June, 1914; Wing Commander (T/Lt. Col.) 12 April, 1916. In July 1916 he is shown as Commanding 13th (Army) Wing, comprising Nos. 11 and 23 Squadrons, and in April 1917 Commanding 2nd (Corps) Wing, comprising Nos. 6, 21, 42, 46 and 53 Squadrons. He served throughout the War on the Western Front at Ypres, Messines and on the Somme. After the War he commanded R.A.F. station at Northolt, and was at the Air Ministry during the Second World War, 1939-44; present at the National Institute of Agriculture and Botany, Cambridge, 1922-27 and 1944-47. Brigadier-General Murphy died on 7 January, 1961. He was decorated with the DSO, MC and Order of the Crown (Belgium).

Others of interest include the brothers **Bernard and Wilfrid Tolhurst**: Bernard was shot down and killed in April 1917 while Wilfrid commanded a Squadron and was wounded. Another casualty was **Alexander de Lisle** also killed in 1917. **Charles Tyrwhitt Repton** was the first RAF OB casualty on the 25th April when shot down in Palestine. **Leo Page** was invalided out but went on to be a distinguished lawyer and Knighted. **Ralph Hope-Vere** was the son of one of Edward VII's mistresses. He was awarded an AFC and later an OBE and was a Lt-Colonel at the end of the War. **Edmund Hardman**, a member of the famed stained glass company commanded a Squadron and awarded a DFC, his son **Gordon** was killed with the RAFVR in WW2. A sobering thought that 50% of pilots were killed were killed in training before they ever reached the Front. These included **Eric Whitehead** and **Frederick Hoey** both aged 18 and killed

within a month of each other in 1917.

Over 120 OBs went on to serve in the RAF in the Second War of which 23 were killed.



Anyone wishing to purchase Braces, may I remind you that they are available at Smart Turnout on Piccadilly. at £59

From The Oratorian 2017

THE LORD'S MATCH: 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST ORATORY V BEAUMONT CRICKET MATCH

Jonty Winch, Head of English at the OPS, has kindly submitted this summary of his longer piece on the famous fixture.

The Oratory Prep and St John's Beaumont recently celebrated a cricket rivalry that has its origins in a match played 150 years ago by the respective senior schools. The Oratory School first played against Beaumont College in 1867, just three years after over-arm bowling was legalised. Beaumont won a low-scoring encounter at Old Windsor by five wickets, but success was shared in the years that followed. The late nineteenth century was a period when public schools were at the forefront of a movement in which games not only played a role in the training of English gentlemen but were seen to provide the qualities needed to govern and defend an empire. Early cricketers from the two schools served with distinction in campaigns up to and including the First World War. Five players from the Oratory team of 1909, for example, received the Military Cross. The 'old boys' network and the fiercely-contested nature of the matches resulted in Fr Aston Chichester, Rector of Beaumont, being able to convince the MCC that the two schools should be invited to play at Lord's on an annual basis. Cricket's governing body would also have noted that the Oratory's headmaster was Fr Edward Pereira, who had

captained the MCC in a famous victory over London County, during which Arthur Conan Doyle captured the wicket of W.G. Grace. From 1926 onwards, the Oratory versus Beaumont match was one of five schoolboy fixtures played at the spiritual home of cricket. The Times cricket correspondent wrote of the first encounter: ‘... altogether it was quite an Eton and Harrow day on a small scale’. The Oratory won by fifteen runs and then maintained their superiority over the next three years. Beaumont came back strongly but Oratory teams were unbeaten from 1936 to 1941. The swings in fortune added to the excitement and mainstream newspapers provided generous coverage. The Oratory’s cricket suffered when the School became a victim of the war-time move to Downside and then the relocation to Woodcote in 1942. The Lord’s fixture continued, not least because of the support of Sir Pelham Warner, arguably the MCC’s most influential figure. According to Wisden, his intervention ‘silenced those critics who felt that the time-honoured fixture should be dropped until the School regained its former dimensions’. Beaumont remained dominant during the 1950s but the Oratory gained the ascendancy in the early 1960s when the outstanding bowling of Mark Northey was pivotal in securing three successive victories. Then, in 1963, Tommy Peirce played possibly the finest innings by an Oratory boy at Lord’s, scoring a glorious 121 and reaching his century by hitting a six into the Mound Stand. Two draws followed before Beaumont won the final match between the senior schools in 1966 by eight wickets. The College was in the process of closing as the Jesuits had decided to focus their attention on Stonyhurst. The fixture was taken up for the last two years of its existence by Downside. To commemorate the 150th Anniversary of the fixture, a trophy was designed by Lee Chaffey, the Oratory Prep’s Director of Sport, and named after the first pupils at the two senior schools, Richard Bellasis (Oratory 1859) and Charles Roskell (Beaumont 1861), both keen cricketers with the latter playing in the 1867 fixture. The Oratory Prep won the inaugural match for the Bellasis-Roskell trophy.

(ED. I would just add that the record book shows of all matches, we won 27, lost 23, drawn 11, abandoned 1.

At Lords we won 19, lost 14, and drawn 7. Basil Berkeley scored 153 n.o in 1943. We twice scored over 300 runs in 1930 and 1935 and of course there was **David Bulfield’s** 10 for 78 in 1954 and **William Moran’s** 7 for 10 in 1888. Let alone **Peter Bird’s** best ever schoolboy hit out of the ground into the St John’s Wood road 1955 ! – just thought I would mention this in case any old Oratorian happens to read our Review).

As others see us:-

I read in the Tablet that Downside is considered to be the “Athens” of Roman Catholic education: I presume that they are particularly strong on philosophers. Naturally I felt it begged the question how Beaumont would have been assessed in terms of the ancient world. Sparta? Small – yes, militaristic questionable, although the boxers and indeed the 3rd XV were often reminiscent of the stand at Thermopylae. How about Troy – we were certainly undone by a Trojan Horse in the form of the “Canadian visitor” who caught everyone unawares. But no one ran off with a Helen though raids on St Mary’s Ascot seemed popular: **Bill Gammell** as Paris?

How about Carthage.

Diodorus described the land: "It was divided into market gardens and orchards of all sorts of fruit trees, with many streams of water flowing in channels irrigating every part. There were country homes everywhere, lavishly built and covered with stucco. ... Part of the land was planted with vines, part with olives and other productive trees. Beyond these, cattle and sheep were pastured on the plains, and there were meadows with grazing horses. I think **Fr Lewy Clifford** would agree with that, and the thoughts of another writer "the master of a relatively modest estate, can by great personal exertion, extract the maximum yield." (Though not in the case of your Editor).

Carthage was eventually destroyed by Scipio, its wealth distributed and many of its inhabitants sold off into slavery – what, Stonyhurst?

Perhaps the Classicists among you can come up with some better analogies.

Following on from the article about **Bernard Leach** in the last REVIEW, I came across this piece in Country Life: the exhibition closes 17 June.



Exhibition British studio pottery at the Fitzwilliam Museum

The shape of things to come

Ruth Guilding is impressed by an exhibition that demonstrates the radical shifts of approach to making ceramic vessels in the studio

BERNARD LEACH established his pottery in the seaside town of St Ives in 1920, but it was only in the 1960s that his high-fired studio ware came fully into vogue. The hand-thrown, drab-glazed bowls, casseroles, mugs and pitchers made by Leach and his followers were the antidote to industrially produced china from the Staf-

fordshire potteries, complementing the wholefoods at Cranks's pioneering vegetarian restaurants and the *faux*-peasant cuisine of the cookery writer Elizabeth David.

Leach is the godfather and midwife of British studio pottery and it is with him that this exhibition quite properly begins. But

Also in the 9th May edition, an article on Warren House owned by **Philip Brown (54)** and the work being done in the grounds by his daughter **Vicky**:-



Exuberance and experimentation

Warren House, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey

Several owners have left their mark at Warren House, in Surrey's commuter belt. George Plumptre unravels its illustrious history and enjoys the vigour with which the present owners are restoring and renewing the grounds

Photographs by Marianne Majerus

Finally in the “Wedding Edition”.

There was an article on Special Relations – American ladies who married into the nobility, which included this paragraph concerning Florence Sharon whose brother **Frederick** was at Beaumont (71):

'Heaps of the needful' were a prerequisite for the young men on board Sir Thomas Fermor-Hesketh's yacht as it sailed into San Francisco in 1876; he recorded as much in his diary. 'Francis got hooked on' to Miss Crocker, 'very nice' and also rich, 'and has landed her I think. Hesketh has two on hand... Can't make up his mind... I must say American girls are very pretty, dress well, have good feet, lots of fun & very sharp. Some have lots of money.' Sir Thomas's choice fell on Florence Sharon, daughter of Senator Sharon of the Bank of California—a disreputable figure, but then San Francisco was a long way from Easton Neston and Rufford Old Hall, where the dowry would be spent.

The writer also mentions Alfredo Duggan whose widow married Lord Curzon when he returned from India. Alfredo's two brothers **Edwardo and Bernado were both at Beaumont (97)** as were Bernado's two sons

I will write about **Frederick Sharon** and his "disreputable" father in the Autumn edition of The REVIEW.

From The Sunday Times

Not content with threatening Iran and north Korea Donald Trump has declared war on Barr's Irn Bru (**Douglas (24) Dougie (54) and Michael (59)**). Trump's golf resort at Turnbury has banned Scotland's national drink over fear's that it might stain the carpets, if spilt, with its trademark luminous orange hue.

However many suggest that it has more to do with the Donald's sensitivity about the colour than the likelihood of damage.

Sir Charles Wolseley often referred to as the "bankrupt baronet" died in March. His Grandfather **Sir Edric** was at Beaumont and the Coat of Arms were in the College Hall. Edric's father went through a fortune and the young man who had been a page at the Coronation of Edward VII inherited a partially derelict Wolseley Hall which he initially shared with the chickens. He married the daughter of **Charles de Trafford (OB)** which revived matters somewhat but it was an uphill struggle and he suffered from arthritis brought on by lack of heating: he took himself off to San Francisco and died there in 1954. His son was killed in Normandy 1944 and Charles, who went to Ampleforth inherited the title. He also tried to revive the family home but went bankrupt in the

process and had to live on benefits. He also had a very public divorce from his first wife over his adultery: one newspaper reported “Good Lord, Sir, that’s six times a knight”

The “**Rich List**” has been published: I recall my late father-in-Law being incensed at his inclusion which he considered an invasion of privacy. However being the BU “Hack” I skimmed through it. No **Philip Brown** nor **Ely Calil** this time around but **Michael Gooley** is still there. It is of no financial benefit to the **Outreds, Philip Tolhurst, or myself** that our cousin Paddy McNally (Stonyhurst) has maintained his 219th place with a “mere” £610 million.

BLOODSTOCK.

Some of you will remember that **Philip Brown** bought a mare Darysina a few years back and she was put in foal to Frankel considered by many to be the greatest racehorse of our time. She produced a filly Ejtyah which has now been sold to Sheik Abdullah Saeed al Naboodah from Dubai. Now a three year old, she is in training with David Simcock at Newmarket and at time of going to press is entered in The Oaks 1st June. Fingers crossed.

NON P C.

Some of you may have read that boys at The Oratory have been castigated in the media for being photographed as black slaves for which they were apparently punished and the headmaster having to make grovelling apologies to the “world and his wife”. It makes one wonder how such institutions as the Beaumont Panto could have survived in today’s climate. No reference to colour, LGBT, anti-semitism, Nazis nor hunting. My advice to our old rivals is if you have to dress up for a photo, dress as Catholics –we were only persecuted for three hundred years as vile papists: no one in the media will complain about that.

On a personal note I was taken to task by the military authorities in the ‘80s for “blacking up” the whole of the Junior leaders Regiment (RAC) as a Zulu Impi for a comic re-enactment of Rorke’s Drift: the boys loved it – Usuthu!

Court Circular.

It was brought to my attention that HRH Prince Edward as Chairman of The Duke of Edinburgh’s International Award Foundation had visited the Petworth House Real Tennis Court and was received by **Mr Patrick Burgess** (Deputy lieutenant of West Sussex). Naturally this communique failed to inform us whether HRH enjoyed a “knock about” with the DL before dinner that evening: a pity as perhaps we had at last found a partner for “madly, truly, deeply” seeking **Robin Mulcahy**.

CORRESPONDENCE

From **Anthony Chancellor-Weale**

Delighted to get the Spring Review as usual. Well done. However three ferrula's to you for spelling Correspondence with only one "r". (**ED: OUCH**)
I was also interested in **Robin Mulcahy's** memory of attending the Oratory Preparatory School. He says it was in the 40's but I was there at the same time as he was from 1951-1955 and on many occasions my Parents came down to take my brother and I out for Lunch with Thomas Stonor. I accept he was senior to me but not that senior! Ah memories.
Please keep up the good work.

From **Robin Mulcahy.**

Thank you once again for your sterling work. Ps: did I ever tell you that I taught at the Oratory Prep School for six months when it re-located to Goring Heath from Canford Cliffs in January 1969. **Patrick Stow**, OB1954?, had given me a job teaching history, Latin, maths, French etc prior to starting Medicine at St.Thomas'.

Three months into the job the Governors of the Oratory School begged me to take the job of Head of History. After a day of agonising I said no, but two years later as a struggling medical student I was a trifle not chuffed to hear that a Mr. Stow who had taken the job was now the Headmaster! He did build their Real Tennis Court so he cannot be all bad!

I do not regret my decision one iota.

From **Paul Evelyn**

Thanks for the Spring Review...although there never seems much of news of my contemporaries!apart from the ever present **John Flood**.

ED Paul sent through some photos (Floodless).



Discussing croquet technique



Richard Woods



Kevin Riordan and William Wimsatt the son of:-

William Kurtz Wimsatt, Jr., scholar, critic, and teacher of literature. He was a member of the Yale University English department, 1939-1975; Sterling Professor of English, 1974-1975; author of numerous books and articles; active in Catholic affairs and recipient of many awards and honorary degrees. Wimsatt's scholarly publications include *The Prose Style of Samuel Johnson* (1941), *Selected Poetry and Prose of Alexander Pope* (editor, 1951), *Boswell for the Defense* (editor, 1959), *Samuel Johnson on Shakespeare* (editor, 1960), *The Portraits of Alexander Pope* (1965), and *Samuel Johnson: Selected Poetry and Prose* (editor, with Frank Brady, 1978). He is perhaps best known, however, as co-author of *The Verbal Icon* (1954) with Monroe C. Beardsley. This work introduced the concepts of the "intentional fallacy" and the "affective fallacy" to a wide audience, and both quickly became central tenets of the New Criticism.

Ed. Considered one of the leading experts on 18th cent English literature should one be surprised that the Professor sent both William and his brother James across the Atlantic to Beaumont for their education: I certainly raised an eyebrow.

From **James Sweetman**

Thanks for the Spring News, which has cheered up a cold and snowy afternoon. My wife and I are now enjoying a good log fire in our sitting room. While I might not have been brilliant at sports at Beaumont, one thing I was taught well was how to use a felling axe to cut trees and make logs. This skill has stayed with me, and at least keeps me fit! Sammy Ross and Fr Fizz were both responsible for this good training.

From **Paul Burrough.**

Many thanks for your email and BU "Spring Review". By coincidence, I was bringing some of my home files up to date. When sorting out my BU file I came across some copies of Dear Horace Bamber's speech in 1988 when he was chairman of the dinner. I cannot remember if you were there. Horace's speech went down very well. I have always been a bit of a fan of Horace. After the dinner I asked Horace if he would let me have a copy. He did, and as mentioned to you

[some time ago now!] I will send it to you by post. Typed by himself. When you read it, I am sure you will agree that you can hear him speaking. God Bless him. See you soon, I hope. Gilly and I always spend a day or 3 at HRR – 4th July – 8th July. Might you go this year?

From **Charles Halliday**

Many thanks for your (as usual) interesting and thorough Spring Review (2018). I was sorry to read of the passing of **Jim Melville**. As a fast medium bowler he was certainly a handful for us schoolboys of the late 1950s and early 1960s when he turned out against us for the BU ! You name in the notice several memorable Beaumont cricketers, of whom Melville was certainly the most formidable. He was at the school before my time, as was (just) **David Bulfield** (who went on to teach at Downside). Other equally memorable players of my time worthy of mention were **Brian Baker** and **Henry Stevens**, and also **Mike Barr** (Captain in 1959) and **Julian Murphy** (who took over 50 wickets in 1959 as a sixteen year old).....an equally memorable character of that time, and a pillar of Beaumont cricket for some years was our professional the unflappable Bill Harrington (see below).....happy days on those incomparably beautiful fields !

Well it is always fun to reminisce about Beaumont cricket.....another cricketing stalwart of those days was Fr Gillick, who was master in charge for several years up to 1960....when he left Fr Ezechiel took it on in 1961 (my last year): another task for this extraordinary schoolmaster in addition to Laundry Dorm, Choir and Scouts, quite apart from heavy teaching duties (Ruds form master, Latin and Maths in the Ruds, Grammar and Syntax years, and Maths to A Level)...he must have suffered from chronic exhaustion, and he died far too young.

All of us owed a huge debt of gratitude to that excellent and ever-cheerful groundsman Ken (?Kirton) who produced wonderful pitches for us to learn the game on, and kept the fields always in immaculate shape....when Beaumont closed I think he got a job at the Royal Masonic School at Bushey: lucky them !

My brother **James** (who left in 1965) could doubtless tell you more about cricketers of Beaumont's final few years, including Stephen Crompton and **Paul Kinsella**, and a quite superlative wicketkeeper in **Mike Lazar**....

In snowy Herefordshire it's hard to think that the cricket season is due to start in about a month's time !

From Wisden Cricketers' Almanack.

William Harrington who was on the ground staff at Lord's after the Second World War, died on January 24, 1988, at the age of 72. As a right-arm fast-medium bowler, he made nine appearances for Middlesex in 1946 and 1948 and three for MCC before disappearing from the scene in 1951. Considering that his nine wickets in 1946 were obtained at a little more than 13 apiece, with 6 for 57 against Yorkshire at Bramall Lane his best performance, Harrington must have been disappointed not to have made further progress, especially at Middlesex were short of openers at the time. After retiring from the first-class game, he coached at the now extinct Beaumont Catholic School. His 16 wickets cost 23.50 and his efforts as an aggressive tailender brought him his 143 runs, including an innings of 45 against Oxford in The Parks.

Ed: as a wetbob, I only remember Bill Harrington as “the purveyor of jockstraps” on one side of the Shop and providing pasty and beans in “Slack Harry’s” on the other.

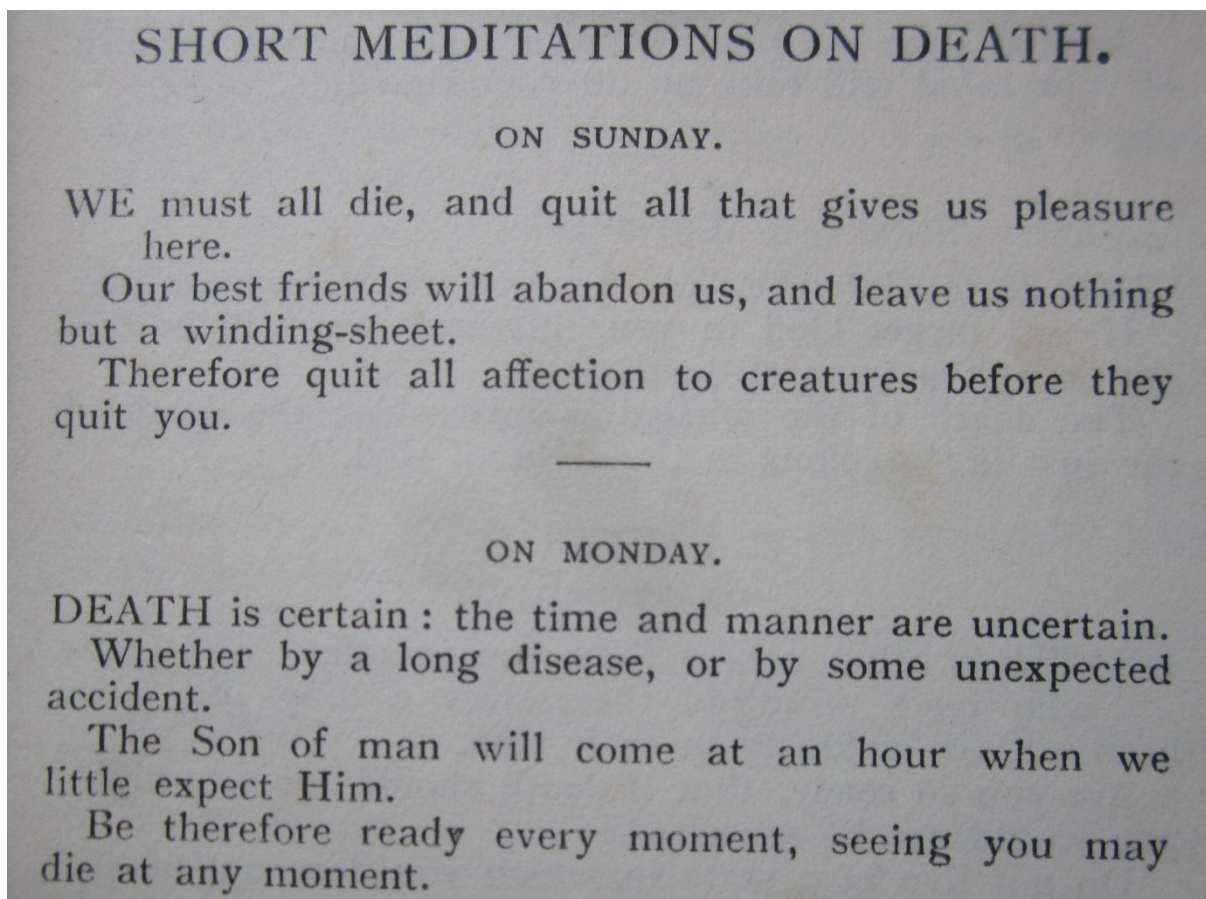
From **Paul Burden**.

Left-field request. I attend each week a retired persons’ literature class - I and 19 overeducated great-haired ladies. Recently we have had a couple of sessions on James Joyce and a key to understanding Joyce is getting one’s head around his relationship with the SJs who educated him. My question is: Do we have a BU archive and is there in it a copy of the green prayer book we were all issued on our arrival at Beaumont Lodge? I’m looking for a copy of the Meditations upon Death which were delivered to us each night before lights out. Photo-copy would do. Can you help?

Ed: I sent on the required passages to receive from Paul:-

“Thanks for taking so much trouble. You cannot imagine by how much you have advanced the cause of 20th Century literary scholarship”.

Ed: Well I’m not certain about scholarship certainly in view of my spelling but for those that need a reminder of those “ominous” words of Fr Weld:-



I will spare you the remainder of the week.

Further to **Paul’s** missive I understand that he has suffered not just a **double whammy but a triple.**

"I'm afraid golf is right off the agenda. As I think you know, I had a hip replacement back in September. Then in December, I slipped in a council car park, and fell on my arse, breaking my leg. They've mended the leg and replaced the replacement. Getting back to full mobility has been quite hard work but I am hoping normality will resume later in the year - at which point I may consider returning to the game. I will let you know when that happens".

Perhaps Fr Weld would continue with THURSDAY – “At that time the pains of your body and the anguish of your mind will take up all your thoughts”.

From **Henry Stevens**

I'm still hard at it in Florida in the polo world and trying to make it profitable! Just a fleeting visit to my snow covered home and horses, to pick up prescription meds for my late developing asthma. Cheaper to fly home & pick up the meds from the wonderful NHS, than get them from the rip off medical profession in the US!!

I will try to get some information for you for the next edition, on the sinking of the SS Khedive Ismail during WW2 on board which was my father **John Stevens (27)**. He managed to swim to an accompanying destroyer but the majority of his regiment (KAR) did not survive. A book has recently been released called 'Passage To Destiny'.

Any OB's in or around West Palm Beach October - April please mail me for a noggin. I believe **Christopher Cafferata** is due to visit shortly - I hope. Best wishes - and do hope I can make one of the lunches or golf days this year, or both!

From **Richard Sheehan**

Many thanks from a still snowy Oxfordshire – though it's melting rapidly. Hopefully next time we see a lot of snow it will be above the valley in Gavarnie. Apropos of which, on the website I liked the photo in **CP Stevens's** collection of “The Charabanc to Lourdes” – looks fun but I think that we'll stick to the Eurostar and the Paris - Tarbes (Lourdes) special and extended lunch.

I was very sorry to learn of the comparatively early death of **Jonathan Rogers**. Though I was a bit older than him we both played for the 1st XV– he did so at an early age, where he was an excellent scrum half. I was also in the boxing team with him and he was a very good boxer. There didn't appear to be a mention of his cv, only reference to his physical suffering which was sad – may he rest in peace.

Well done for another superb edition – it cheered up a snowy afternoon. There's a lot to read but I'll confine my comments to a couple of “left field” observations.



Fr Larry and “friend”

There was a comment about Fr Larry Lawson SJ who, from memory, tried to teach me French. The reference to him recovering from a motorcycle accident reminds me of a favourite expression that he used “*it’s as easy as falling off a motorbike*”. When I drive back from Beaumont through Old Windsor there’s a pub near to the roundabout to Windsor [I think that it used to be called the Wheatsheaf] where Larry used to meet his biker mates.

There was also reference to Miss Kickham, the Matron. I was not a favourite of hers. I was a regular patient seeking reprieve from the weekly CCF Parade, for one ailment or another [as you may remember “off games” being the excuse/reason]. That did not deter me from participating in games. I’d just started playing for the 1st XV and despite being “off games” at the time I was injured during a rugby practice, breaking my leg. I was stretchered into the infirmary with my leg in a plaster cast. The first words Miss Kickham said were “*that boy is off games*” – they were the only words she spoke to me during the whole time that I was in the infirmary.

Ed: How “Left Field” that both Paul Burden and Richard Sheehan have “left fielded” but then Beaumont was very “Left Field”.

Richard continued:-

As a P.S. to the reminiscence about Larry; having been beaten like a gong at St John’s by Fr McQuade SJ, I was determined at Beaumont to avoid the dreaded ferula. This vow was almost undone by Larry, who was supervising after games swimming when I was in Ruds. The swimming pool had been cleared when I was pushed in – Larry ordered me 3 ferulas which, apart for the unfairness, I didn’t consider worthwhile taking. As you may remember, if one skipped ferulas they doubled each day. By the time that the number had reached twice nine, I’d heard nothing further - Larry had obviously forgotten. So, my self-imposed vow of a ferula-free education at Beaumont was saved.

Luckily too, on the night that **Paddy Covernton, James Ryan** and I put a shield from the Ambulacrum on the bell tower of the Dorm A roof after the Centenary Dinner, that project went off without a hitch and so no recrimination. Whilst Paddy was a prime suspect, neither James

nor I were suspected and no investigation took place.

In your email you mentioned that **Andy Rogers** was a ladies man. Paddy certainly fitted that mould, though I did not accompany him on panty raids to Winkfield Place or St Mary's Ascot. I thought that it all seemed a bit too close to the 6th and 9th Commandments. However the Dorm A roof escapade didn't come under any religious prohibition – we had not broken the 7th Commandment, since it makes no mention of relocation.

From **John Wolff**:

The new film of the WW1 story Journeys End which I have yet to see, reminds me that we did an extract for a class play when I was in Grammar 2 That would have been the academic year 1954/55, but I can't remember which term. I think it was the Christmas term.

At the time it was considered one of the best class plays ever. I am trying to recall who was in the cast and wonder if it is mentioned in a Beaumont magazine from that time.

Certainly **Ralph Bates, Matthew Guinness, Michael Patterson** and myself were in it. Perhaps a couple more? Including **Guy Bailey**.

Hope Lent is going well and you are not taking pride in your phylacteries.

John

ED : I can find no mention of the class plays of that year in the old REVIEWS – we must therefore assume that it was a “best ever” unless challenged by others.

From **Robert Schulte**

Did we include you and Annie in our mail for the New Year some month ago. I do not think so. I was preparing to make amends and send you at the last minute an email when I was stupidly struck by an old infection, an occasional reminder of my sojourn in hospital 5 yrs ago. I therefore avail of the Chinese New Year to wish you both a very happy and healthy Year of the Dog, in the hope and trust we shall have some good Beaumontani Meetings to boost our morale and spirit as usual. Lourdes should be the first one.

Last year's meetings were great, both in Lourdes and Verdun. I was sorry to hear the "100 days" project has been postponed. But this year, centenary of the final battles, will take our Belgian, English and French cousins and nephews to the Antwerp Military Cemetery on 11th November to honour my two uncles, Frederic and John Schulte, both killed in the final advance of the Allies at Moorslede, near Passchendaele on 13th and 14th October 1918. Both served in one of the oldest, crack Belgian infantry regiments, 12^eme de Ligne.

Once again I read with great interest the quarterly Beaumont review, and congratulate you on it's very diversified and full of information re OB's. I was particularly interested by **Captain Arthur William Wolffsohn's** report on life in the trenches in France and Belgium in 14/18 in your autumn review – an excellent addition to our Ypres, Somme and Artois info of our May 2016 tour ! His night meeting with Winston Churchill, waving his lamp on his way along the trenches is amusing, typical Churchillian behaviour, reported by a number of his biographers.

Agnès and I spent a couple of weeks visiting Iran in October. Fascinating country, ancient civilization, rich in history and beautiful art, architecture, very kind hospitable people, far from the description of terrorists, warmongers and other depicted by Trump ! Well worth visiting. But the general situation in the middle-east between the various states, each wishing to improve its own

situation at the expense of others, the games played by Russia, Iran, Israel and Saudi Arabia, do not augur well for what is to come. Our timing was probably just right !

Wishing you both well and looking forward to seeing you both soon.
Robert

ED: Indeed a happy Dog Year to one and all but Robert, like several of you, are in the Dog Box for using my old Email address so it is by chance that I come across your missives.

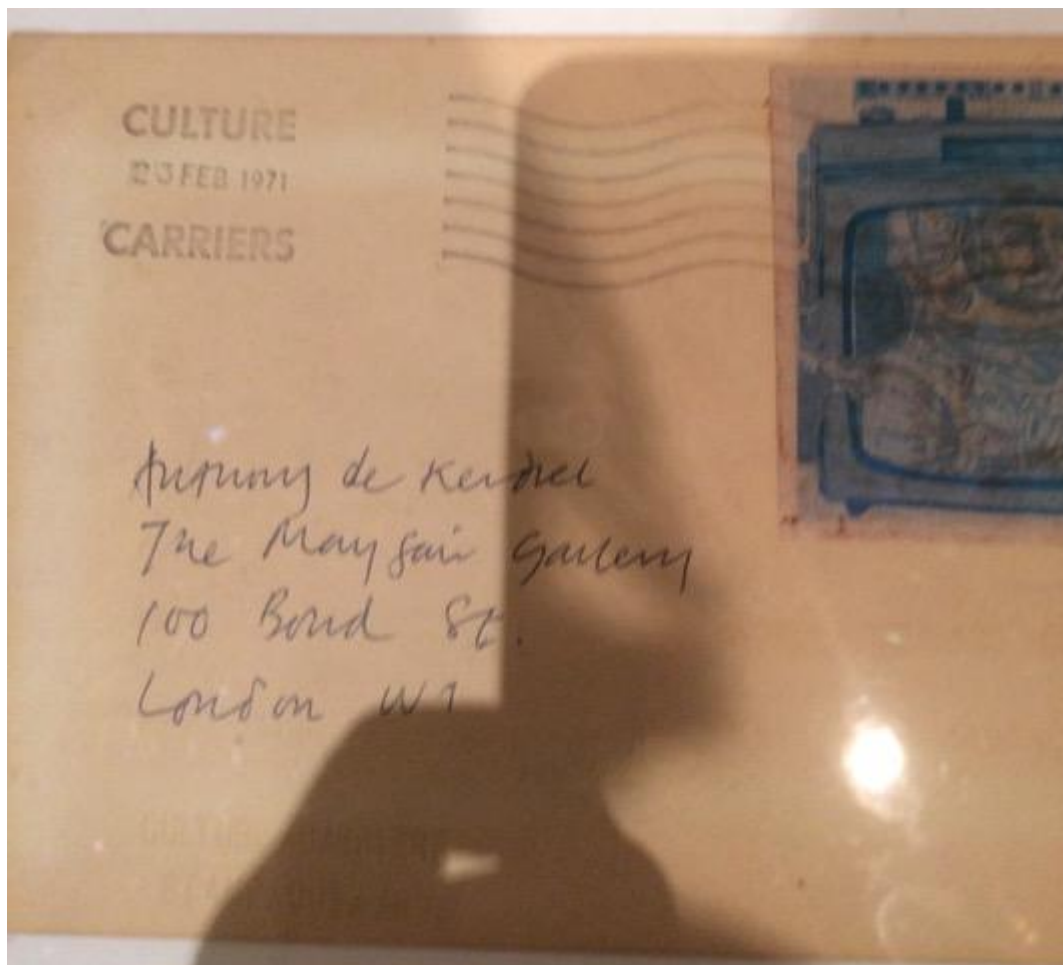
Once more my email is now robertsnobcob@gmail.com

GALLERIST

Oliver Hawkins sent me the following

Dear Robert,

Knowing how much you enjoy everything-has-a-Beaumont-connection, I was gratified to find that even the magnificent Pop Art exhibition at Pallant House, Chichester, can be included.



I don't know how long de **Kerdrel (59)** lasted as a gallerist, that top slot now taken over by **Outred's** uber-successful son Francis.

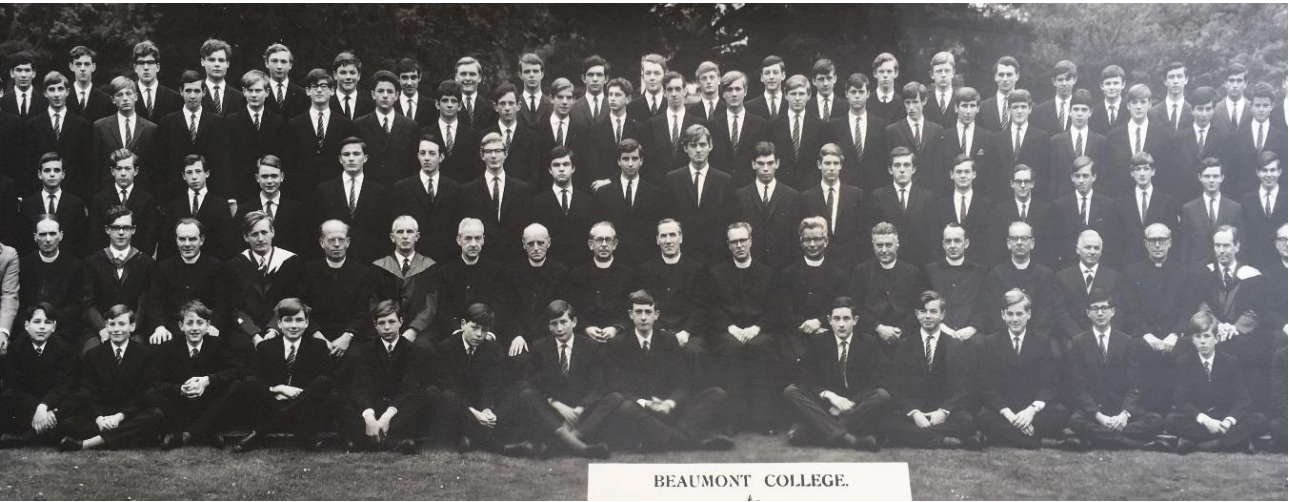
Ed This envelope is a little intriguing as it is dated 1971 and the current Mayfair gallery now in Audley St opened in 1975.



Be that as it may **Anthony de Kerdrel** the son of **Vicomte Jean (33)** WW2 SOE agent, is better known as a yacht broker for Edmiston world leaders in the super yacht industry. Over the years he was involved in the sale of many of the most luxurious "Gin Palaces" available. A few years ago he made headlines reducing the purchase price on one yacht (Lady Christina) by 12.5 million Euros. Anthony will be remembered at school as Captain of the first undefeated Boxing team with 5 wins; "scalps" included Merchant Taylors, Dulwich and Wellington. He had two younger brothers at Beaumont – **Jeremy and Stephen** who are not in contact with the BU.

THE LAST OF THE FEW.

John Piercy found this Last Photo of the school 1966 in his attic: shown in three parts –



From Simon Potter to John Flood

(**Ed** keeping the most verbose till last) in response to a disagreement between **Flood** and **Potter** about who it was who rowed his skiff under the tow rope between the tug and the barge and got a right rollocking for his trouble. **Flood** always thought that it was **Nick Caver** who he had down as in their year (grandson, Flood believes of the late Field Marshal). **Potter** suggested that he was muddling him with **Niall Carney** who he did not have on his list and **Potter** replied:-

"Dearest old pal,

I found myself rotating the names **Carver and Carney** round the old bonce yesterday, so looked up some old Beaumont Reviews and the Beaumont lists. Thought you'd like to be reminded of things: First of all **Niall Carney** wasn't a Yank, but a Canadian. In Jan 1961 "Salvete" he arrived a term late with **Jenkins, Seibold, Jonathan Rogers, Tony Shannon and N. Williams** and went with all of them into Ruds C. **Carver**, on the other hand, was in the 1960 September "Salvete", but went straight into Grammar - which is probably why I don't remember him; he wasn't really in our year.

Niall Carney, however, took a large part in various activities: he was in our "Ten Little Niggers", playing Mrs Rogers to **Jonathan Rogers'** character (called appropriately, Rogers!) with **Penruddock, Arnoux, Carpenter, me** and others. He was also a keen boating man, and was in the winning Colts fixed four team, consisting of **Carney, Garnaud, Fea and FLOOD, with Carpenter** as cox. So Niall was an old boating chap of yours. And THAT is why I do recall some sort of bizarre near-serious accident on the river, but I sort of remember it as being **Carney** who was involved, not **Carver** - mainly because **Carver** never did do rowing; he's not on the novices list for the Boat Club - but **Carney** is.

Niall left after Syntax to go back to Canada, but joined the BU, according to the Beaumont lists. Perhaps he's a relation of Mark Carney, governor of the Bank of England!

Thought you'd like to know! (If not, immediately delete!)"

Final Words

Ed to Robert Bruce

Sorry to hear that you are going under the knife. On the bright side if you were one of my horses I would have you put down: humanely of course.

Bruce to Ed.

I am totally dismayed that I might so easily be written off! I assumed you were a 'donkey walloper' of the old school, with true feelings for the beast which carried him into battle. Instead I find a 'hordes of tanks across the German plains' man, only too ready to discard his beast at the first sign of a thrown track or broken sprocket and whose understanding of 'humane' is probably the REME first line workshop!

L D S