

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SUMMER 2014



A couple of weeks ago a group of OBs were lunching at a pub sitting outside in the barmy weather with good food and excellent wine. We were approached by a couple of men who had been in a party at another table who said; “Excuse us, we don’t know who you are but would just like to say that seldom have we seen a gathering so at ease with each other and enjoying such bonhomie. Who are you?”

Need I add that the reply "Beaumont" says it all.

We are an extraordinary Society made up of for the most part of rational people who have benefitted from a classical Catholic education, yet when we come together we lustily sing THE CARMEN and the majority of us have not a clue what we are "giving tongue to" except that The Romans and Carthaginians are involved. Perhaps that is part of the charm of The BU. Well, being among the ignorant I put The CARMEN to the test through various free Internet translators and you will not be surprised that what came up made little sense. Now I am the first to admit that I am no Latin scholar: I was in Syntax II of 59/60 under the tutelage of dear Fr Toby Murray when it was thought that we were going to sully the good name of the school by producing a 100% failure in the Latin O Levels. We had to undergo "cramming". I actually passed and it remains one of the few examinations I have to my name.

So pending one of our Classicists prepared to correct me (I am certain that they will be falling over themselves) I can only offer a very liberal translation:

Let all Beaumont celebrate with fervour  
And know the gentle veterans  
Who may have to fight with sword  
As did the Romans or the Carthaginians.

Never down the ages will your glory fade,  
Forever without stain  
The name of Beaumont.

## **ANNOUNCEMENTS**

**THE BU LUNCH AT THE CALEDONIAN CLUB WILL BE ON MONDAY 13<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER.**

PLEASE PUT THE DATE IN YOUR DIARY.

**THE DUBLIN DINNER IS BEING HELD AT THE HIBERNEAN CLUB ON ST STEPHENS GREEN FRIDAY 8<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST. Unless there is a positive response by 15<sup>th</sup> June, we will have to cancel.**

PLEASE SEE UPCOMING EVENTS AND BOOK NOW.

**THE ST IGNATIUS MASS** at Farm Street 31stJuly.

**THE BATTLEFIELD TOUR**



As stated in the last REVIEW, we are proposing a Great War Battlefield Tour conducted by **Philip Stevens** who has considerable expertise on the subject and is the author of "The Great War Explained"; outline details are as follows -

**Trip in May 2015 from Monday 18<sup>th</sup> to Friday 22<sup>nd</sup>.** The start point will be our War Memorial.

**We would base our stay in Ypres at the Albion Hotel**

Covering 2nd Ypres 1915, Somme 1916, 3rd Ypres 1917, The Artois including Vimy Ridge 1914/15/17

Travelling by coach with a pick-up at Dover

Philip has very cordial relations with the Last Post Association and is confident they'd reserve us a place for the group at Last Post, which would obviously be the time and place for laying a BU wreath.

Numbers should be not more than 44-48, these things don't work with larger numbers for various reasons.

Probable cost about £600 a head.

This Tour will be Beaumont orientated to visit some of the battlefields where OBs fought and died together with their stories. It will also take in museum visits and some of the War Cemeteries. If applicable we will try and accommodate personal visits to family graves.

BOOK EARLY to [robertsnobcob@btinternet.com](mailto:robertsnobcob@btinternet.com)

**Beaumont's casualty figure was probably the highest of any of the Public Schools; Let us go and remember those that gave their lives.**

**THE COLOURS:-** restoration continues and it is hoped that the work will be completed in the next couple of months.

**OBITUARIES.**

Sadly, I have been informed of the following deaths; -

**Peter Drummond-Murray (47), Meredith Daubeny (48), Timothy Aldington (53), Cecil Kernot (54), Christopher Wilkinson (54). Prince Rupert zu Loewenstein.**

In the Obituary section there is also a life remembered for **Robin Baily (59).**

I have just been informed within hours of “going to press” of the death of **Michael Tussaud (62)** – my greatest school chum. May he and the others just mentioned rest in peace.

## **WEBSITE NEWS.**

I no sooner wrote in the last REVIEW that **John Lipscombe’s** rowing Cine film would shortly emerge from **Andrew Flood’s** in-tray that it arrived and is on the Home Page; I note that no member of the crew has so far admitted to taking part!

I don’t have to tell you that there were great Catholic artists of the last century including the artist Simon Elwes (The Oratory), the sculptor Antony Gormley (Ampleforth) and our own “Father of British Studio Pottery” – Bernard Leach. **John Marshall** wrote from The States to let me know that there is a video of Leach at work available on Youtube and I have added the link to our video collection. John I might add has more than a passing interest in “throwing the odd pot”.

**Michael de Burgh** allowed me a look at one of his old photograph albums of schooldays which I have copied. I feel that rather like “CP” Stevens they merit their own entry as they give a snapshot of Beaumont life in the build-up and early days of WW2. They are to be found in THE GALLERY section.

## **CONTRIBUTIONS**

May I remind you that THE REVIEW is not a PERSONAL BLOG (though I fear it is fast becoming one). Please send me contributions. **Guy** set the style with a Review that was relaxed, amusing and informative which set it apart from any other “Old Boy Journal”. Help me to keep it that way.

**It looks as if I shall be moving House in August when the Autumn Review will be due. I will do my best to produce the edition. The spirit may be willing but ..... However you will certainly receive details of the BU LUNCH.**

## **MONGREL JOTTINGS**

There are no Jottings with this Review in order to keep termly School editions in line with the BU quarterly offerings. “Summer of ‘57” will appear at the end of August (house move permitting).

## **VRIL**



To commemorate the greatest operation of the last World War and in its 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary year, **VRIL** Looks at The Battle for Normandy from the perspective of **OBs**.

## **REMINDERS;**

The late **John Iversen's** book “**Inn Jokes**”

I wrote in the last Review that this is a really witty gem which had me chuckling throughout the narrative. If I think of the character of what a good General Manager of a great hotel should be, I always consider that of Barnard Thompson (played by Hector Elizondo) of The Beverly Wilshire in the film “Pretty Woman”. – John comes across as the British equivalent.

It covers stories and anecdotes from his experience of National Service which decided him to be an Hotelier with his training at The Savoy through to his managing The Lancaster in Paris, Reed's in Madeira and Relais Margaux. Service and hospitality that have all but disappeared from what John describes as what should be “home from home”. My mother in law still recalls that in Paris, John was always the attentive host.

Margaret has several hundred copies of the book left behind with John's untimely death. The family have set up a fund for "LA SOUPE SAINT –EUSTACHE" the soup kitchen at the beautiful Paris Church situated appropriately in the old market quarter of the city. A charity John was closely associated with.

The Books at £12 to include p&p can be obtained from:-

**Margaret Anderman, Horsegrove, Osmers Hill, Wadhurst, East Sussex TN5 6QJ**

**Please give the fund your support**

## **BU FUNDS**

**Some of you have generously answered the "Call" by JPW or have assisted me with the Website by buying my second book "Once More to Runnymede".**

**Your Committee appreciates that the majority of the BU have reached that age when even with the best of intentions we forget to do things, so before reading any further please consider getting out the Cheque Book and help the BU to survive.**

**Address;- John Paton-Walsh, Arrowbank Lodge, Tanyard Lane, Bridge St, Kington, HR5 3DX.**

## **PAST EVENTS**

**Philip Brown** held his annual lunch for his contemporaries together with some younger "whippersnappers" at Warren House in March. Our gratitude to Philip for his generous hospitality.

Some 40 of us enjoyed excellent food and wine, courteous service in historic surroundings.



**Liston “banging on”**



**Messrs Whyatt and Wells**

## LOURDES

Organised as usual by **Mike & Mandy Bedford**, the BU were in Lourdes with HCPT after Easter. The following OB pilgrims made the journey **Tim & Anda FitzGerald O'Connor, Bill Gammell, William Henry, Derek Hollamby & friend Anna, Tony Outred, Baron Mike de Wolff, Richard & Marylu Sheehan, Frank Staples (fresh from the London Marathon), Count Thierry de Galard and Robert Wilkinson**. Sadly, **Guy Bailey & Paula and the Parishes** were unable to make the intended trip.



The Lourdes XV expecting Lunch at La Terrasse

We were joined, among others by Dr Michael Kenworthy–Brown (Ampleforth) an old friend in Lourdes whose father owned Welbury Prep School before its infamous “Solly Days”. Fr Kevin Fox SJ known to many OBs came as our Group Chaplain.

This year we flew to Toulouse missing the memorable Mandy’s Picnic on the train – Easy Jet lacks the “Je ne sais quoi”. We stayed, as in recent years, at the misnamed Hotel Moderne who looked after us exceedingly well though they always underestimate the amount of Armagnac required for OB sustenance. The weather



regardless of the late Easter was typical for Lourdes with sunshine and showers one day with showers and sunshine the next. Highlights included The HCPT Mass at the underground Basilica, Beaumont Night when we were joined by **Patrick Burgess, John and Andrew Flood and Michael Wortley**. The trip to Gavarnie (leaving the Hotel in rain to arrive in the mountains in glorious weather), Mass outdoors at Bartres followed by the “Grande Bouffe” Chez Laurent.

It was a tired but happy band that made the return trip to Gatwick. Fun memories included “adopting” an American mother and daughter staying at the hotel we nicknamed Minne & Sota”. Thierry being “out for the Count” and leaving the Baron behind on the final day (we did go back for him).



The Carmen on “Beaumont” night

#### A PERSONAL THANK YOU from The EDITOR.

As you know “The Playing Fields of Runnymede” were written with the proceeds going to help the Beaumont Region of the HCPT. The Money was put into the Contingency Fund by John Flood. During their time in Lourdes John and Group 24 befriended a small and somewhat destitute Group that had come for the first time from Poland. John and the Beaumont Region Committee, in their wisdom, have decided to donate our money to help get HCPT Poland started. A more fitting use for the money would be hard to find.

**None of this could have happened if you had not bought the book so from me a Big Thank You to one and all.**

Below is a letter John received:

“As we approached St. John Paul II Airport from Stansted on Saturday evening the Ryanair Stewardess read out a note regarding the 3 special children on board who were completing the final leg of their long pilgrimage to Lourdes whilst representing Poland at the same time and flying the flag high (especially during the torchlight procession!). Immediately after this message over the speakers the whole plane

erupted into applause. At this point, I had quick reflection and Beaumont Region came to mind first.

Allow me to state clearly in this email that the Support, Warmth and Love displayed by Beaumont Region gave our Pilgrimage Group an important port at which to aim for and anchor! Prior to the Pilgrimage, Matthew from HCPT Group 1 came out to meet us (a tugboat - if I can stay with this Port analogy, sorry Matt!!) in Krakow, who encouraged the Polish HCPT Group 1 and threw us a line in order to guide our entrance into the Greater HCPT Family via the Beaumont Channel.

Therefore, Beaumont Regional Mass was crucial since it was our first ever HCPT Regional Mass and it was absolutely fantastic. The Children, the artwork, the Student Groups, Fr. Perry, Fr. Pat, the Choir, Musicians, Volunteers and more. As I reflected, I realised even more, the significance of this particular Regional Mass, especially for Group 24 which reached its Golden Jubilee. What a brilliant achievement!! A standard for the HCPT which displays commitment, dedication and above all, God's Spirit of Mercy working through his loyal servants.

As a result, we feel immensely privileged and honoured to have been invited to such a momentous occasion, to celebrate the Greatness of our Risen Lord Jesus Christ.

THANK YOU VERY VERY MUCH FROM THE DEPTHS OF OUR HEARTS

Your Brothers and Sisters in Christ,  
HCPT Krakow Group 660  
(HCPT Polska Group 1)



## GROUP 24

### CONGRATULATIONS

Group 24 was founded by **Patrick Burgess** in 1965 and it is a remarkable achievement for the Group to have made it to its Golden Jubilee of continuous annual pilgrimages to Lourdes.

“If there is one example of how “The Spirit of Beaumont” manifests itself, it is this service to the less fortunate amongst us”.

**JOHN FLOOD** writes:



**HCPT**  
**GROUP 24**  
with **JET**  
**SET 324**  
**1965 –**  
**2014**



*Golden Jubilee Jet Set Group 324*

**Golden**  
**Jubilee**

2014 was an exceptional year for the London Beaumont Region of HCPT, so called because many years ago, when **Patrick Burgess (63)**, was Chairman of the London Metropolitan South West region of HCPT and decided it had become too large and unwieldy, HCPT Groups 1, 2, 3, 18, 24, 35 & 42 elected to come together as the new “London Beaumont Region”, each of the groups at the time having group leaders who had either been at Beaumont or were descended from or related to OBs. That would now probably be over 20 years ago. The leaders then may have been:- Groups 1, **Robert Bruce (64)**, 2, Frank Holford [wife of Jennie & son in law of **Freddy Wolff (29)**, former Group Leader of Group 1], 3, Nicky [wife of **Philip Stevens (63)**], 18, **John Bedford (55)**, 24, **Patrick Burgess (63)**, 35, **Brian Burgess (67)** and 42, **Madeleine Bedford** [daughter of **Paul Bedford (54)**]. Remarkably the three Burgess brothers - **Patrick, Michael (64)** and **Brian** were only 19 or 20 when they became Group leaders respectively, of Groups 24, 1 & 35, in Patrick’s case in 1965 when he founded Group 24 in 1965, **John Flood’s (65)** last year at Beaumont and his first of 49 years, so far, with Group 24 (a disagreement with the A level examiners that year causing him to miss the pilgrimage in 1966!) Later **Mike Bedford (63)**, **Mike Wortley (65)** & **Jeremy Hawthorne (67)** took over as leaders of Groups 18, 24 & 35. Mike Bedford now leads the BOFs (no prizes for guessing what that stands for!) and Jerry the support Group 727. Patrick Burgess, Mike Wortley & John Flood remain in Group 24, which takes us back to 2014 being an exceptional year. This was both because Group 24 celebrated its 50th annual consecutive pilgrimage and because no less than 17 members of the BU were in Lourdes, along with over 20 descendants spouses and relations of members of the BU, past & present. Most of them were present for the singing of the Concinamus and the Pater Noster at midnight on the Thursday night – a video of this is to be seen on the HOME PAGE.

Members of the BU in HCPT groups this year, apart from **Mike Bedford’s** supporters, were **Patrick Burgess, John Flood, Mike Wortley** and **Jerry**

**Hawthorne &**, Chairman of HCPT, **Andrew Flood (Hon)**, and in IHCPT **Desmond Keane (67)**.

To mark its Golden Jubilee Group 24 this Easter not only brought its usual children's group, but also a Jet Set group (Group 324), which included 7 young adults who had previously travelled with Group 24 as children, between them now 29 times!.

Three of the Jet Setters were current or past pupils of Chailey Heritage, the school from which HCPT's founder, Brother Michael Strode, now aged 91 and last in Lourdes with HCPT in 2013, brought four children to Lourdes some 60 years ago, leading to his founding HCPT when he was just 33, so helping to maintain the Trust's links with its origins. Unusually, the two sister groups included four helpers who first came with Group 24 as children, one of them David Burgess, son of **Brian**, returning to the group after 16 years.

The idea of bringing a Jet Set group was first proposed some years ago by the Groups' chaplain, former Trust Chaplain, Fr Perry Gildea, who was amongst a number of helpers who were instrumental in starting Jet Set groups in the 1970s. Group 24 had a pilot run of just being a Jet Set group when in 2011 Easter was even later and school holidays made bringing children difficult.



This proved to be a huge success. This year Jet Set Group 324 is one of only two English Jet Set groups, but HCPT is really keen to promote more Jet Set groups being formed in the future. Group 24 are still based in the Ste Suzanne hotel after 48 years there! The hotel had recovered from its basement (including its kitchen) being full to the ceiling with muddy water and the ground floor having water to a depth of 0.4 meters, following the floods that devastated Lourdes in June 2013 frequented by the LBR groups).

Group 24 is holding a party to celebrate its Golden Jubilee on the evening of **Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> June** at St Joseph's Church in Epsom, starting with a mass concelebrated by Fr Perry and other past Group Chaplains from Epsom, followed by a 3 course supper with entertainment, including DVDs of the Group and a superb pianist. Above all it will be an occasion to celebrate 50 years of Group 24 pilgrimages which has seen it take in excess of 500 disabled and disadvantaged children and over 250 volunteer helpers to Lourdes, thanks to the generosity of so many benefactors, many of them those who have contributed so extensively from the BU over so many years of buying Race Night Grand Draw tickets and making donations. Any member of the BU and their spouse will be most welcome to join the Group in this celebration. Tickets are just £20 and details will be sent to you on your emailing **John Flood** at [party@group24.org.uk](mailto:party@group24.org.uk) ideally by no later than the 12<sup>th</sup> June.

John Flood will himself next year celebrate his own 50<sup>th</sup> year of HCPT pilgrimages to Lourdes and in preparation for this he plans to walk part of the Porto to Santiago de Compostela Camino walk with **Arthur Cope (65)** and **Patrick Solomon (65)**, for which he welcome sponsorship through the BU Just Giving HCPT site – more details will be posted nearer the time.

Another date for your diary is a further milestone for HCPT, i.e. the 30<sup>th</sup> Annual London Beaumont Region Race Night at Wimbledon Greyhound stadium on **Friday 21<sup>st</sup> November** – more details of this gala event will be published later in the year as will the Bi-annual Carol Service at Westminster cathedral on the evening of 10<sup>th</sup> December 2014.

And, in the unlikely event that anyone is in any doubt regarding the value of HCPT's work, this Golden story of one of Group 24's Jet Setters, written by his mother this year, should surely dispel any such uncertainty:-



*Easter 2009 was a pivotal moment for our son, Ciaron and indeed, for the whole of the Mundy family – mum, dad, big brother Ben and younger sisters Niamh and Ella. Ciaron had a head injury aged just 18 months, which resulted in him having severe physical and learning difficulties. He also suffered from post-traumatic stress (PTS). Although a very happy and sociable young boy, there was always a cloud of fear overshadowing him and the family. It was wonderful that he was able to attend the specialist school, Chailey Heritage, in East Sussex and it was whilst he was here that Ciaron (aged 14) was invited to join HCPT Group 24 on their Easter Pilgrimage to Lourdes.*

#### ***The Photo is of Ciaron blessing Fr Perry***

*Awaiting their return at Gatwick airport, we didn't know what to expect, or dare to hope for.. the Group came singing loudly into the arrivals hall! Tears flowed all round and it was clear that a very special week was had by all. It was as we were leaving that Ciaron caught sight of what was his usual trigger for his PTS ... but instead of his usual reaction of an inconsolable fear, he blew it a kiss and waved hello!!! We were stunned.*

*Up until this point as a family, we went to church occasionally, but neither Paul nor I felt able to be reconciled to God due to Ciaron's accident. However, Ciaron's faith grew enormously as he lived out what he felt Jesus was calling him to do – 'love everyone'. HCPT has equipped Ciaron to touch the hearts of so many people. Witnessing all this, encouraged both Paul and I to search for God in our lives and find a healing relationship with Him. So much so, that in 2011 Paul was accepted in*

*training for Ordination, was Deaconed in 2013 and God willing, is to be Priested on Corpus Christi this year!*

*We pray that God may continue to richly bless HCPT and all those involved in the Easter Pilgrimage to Lourdes. Ciaron is so thrilled to be a part of this year's Golden Jubilee Jet Set Group 324 Pam Mundy ☺*

## **ARTICLES.**

### **Howard Gee**

Howard came to Beaumont from St Augustine's Ramsgate in 1926. His father was named as Ernest Gee but he was in fact a "love child" the believed son of the author Ernest Goodwin. He would spend his holidays at Menton on the Riviera with a lady he thought was his aunt. In fact it was his mother, another of unconfirmed background but again believed to be a Danish Countess who gave him his grounding in languages that included German and Russian as well as French. At school, he was a fine all round sportsman and played in the Rugby XV and rowed in the VIII. He was no less academic and won an open scholarship in history to Brasenose Oxford on leaving Beaumont in 1931.

In his book "My Purpose Holds" Jerome Caminada wrote:-



Howard Gee

Reinhold Eggers

Howard Gee was probably the most exceptional man interned in Germany in this war. He was one of the volunteers who left Britain in early 1940 to fight for Finland against Russia but reached their destination too late to join in that winter war. Gee was captured by the Germans as he tried to re-cross Norway on his way home.

Sometime Oxford graduate, broadcaster, hitch-hiker, tourist guide and permanently a challenger of fortune, he had a quick-fire brain and tongue. He had a gift for languages, and rich experience. He could be moody and sometimes despondent but more often exulted in humour and invective. Rightly it could be said of him that “he had that mixture of brilliance and indolence which is the irritating birthright of so many exceptional men”.

At one camp, he thought he had discovered a “plant” among their company and together with an inmate who had become his unofficial bodyguard, collared the informer and dumped him in his clothes in a green and slimy cold bath and repeated the performance the next night to ensure he got the message. Gee was sent to solitary and thought it worth the while.

He was a man that conducted a running fight with the Germans on every pretext, and as their only means of punishment, confinement in the cells, affected him not at all, he was victorious. It was he who told them it was the duty of an internee, no less than that of a soldier, to escape. He went about the camp in bright red riding breeches which had survived the Great War. Tall and slim, he would pace a snow covered exercise square in his breeches, riding boots, equally historic green Austrian tunic and with his shaggy brown hair and beard, he looked what he was - a laughing cavalier.

Gee made several escape attempts at Wulzburg Castle normally in the company of an enterprising Yorkshire man – Robert Johnson. He was a scientific countryman more than capable of fending for himself, judging ground and direction; he had patience, ingenuity and endurance. Johnson sat high in the “cabinet of escapers” but he lacked languages but then the vivacious Gee had more than enough vocabulary for two men. His brilliance there would match the resourcefulness of Johnson who just had to remember to keep his trap shut.

They made plans unknown to all but a few trusted colleagues. They stole a rope for the ninety foot drop and on a windy night were lowered down from a window in the camp washroom to the top of the battlements. The rope was then thrown after them and after tying it to a tree made the drop to the moat. This they crossed and climbed another tree to the topmost branches and again with rope made a crossing to the outer wall which they then climbed along. For men who had endured months of privation it was an extraordinary achievement. They were out for six days and were well on their way to the Swiss border when caught. Tired of walking, they had hopped into a guard box on a goods train and were discovered. It was back to the cells at Wulzburg before Howard was eventually sent to Colditz as a highly suspect and dangerous Englishman.

After the War Howard married Daphne Perry who had served as a Red Cross Nurse and had been in the first group sent to Belsen Concentration Camp to administer to the inmates following its liberation. After a spell in the Far East, Howard settled to life back in England working as a translator. He will be best remembered for the best-selling English translation of the Memoir of Reinhold Eggert, the Head of Security at Colditz. Eggert, a man “of correct attitude, self-control and without rancour” spent



ten years in a Soviet prison camp at the end of the war. Eggers and Gee became good friends despite their wartime differences.

### **Pierre de Vomecourt**



There were two OBs held at Colditz and Captain Pierre de Vomecourt DSO was another exceptional individual. He was one of three brothers at Beaumont during the Great War. His father had been killed at the front and his grandfather during the Franco-Prussian War. Both his brothers were also resistance Leaders in Occupied France.

The following extract is taken from “Detour” the story of Oflag IVC by J E R Wood.

“A French Liaison officer with the British, Baron de Vomecourt boarded a boat for England as soon as he heard Petain’s voice on the radio announce the end of the war. After many months of persistent hammering, he sold the War Office the idea of organising a British force to carry on espionage and sabotage in Occupied France and to energise the Vichy government in favour of England. As a result, he became the first British agent to be dropped into enemy occupied territory in the war. After many months of successful operations which on repeating are even more unbelievable than an E Philips Oppenheim novel at its best, he was betrayed by a collaborator who had worked his way into a Polish organisation, whose radio of necessity they were using following the discovery of their own.

Then followed twenty hair-raising months in the Fresnes Gestapo prison near Paris. He was nearly starved to death and momentarily wondered whether he would be shot first. Ultimately he went through a court-martial and was granted POW status and he was sent to Colditz”.

Pierre was to write of his “greatest disappointment of the War” –

“It happened in Paris in August 1941. Some two months previously had been parachuted into France with the special role of organising resistance in the shape of propaganda. I was further entrusted with the organisation of active and passive sabotage and the preparation of the future rising with the close co-operation of the resistance groups which had yet to be organised and armed.

To the first falls the flattering but often heart-breaking privilege of having to iron out to his cost all the difficulties inherent in any beginning.

My radio operator, who at the time was the one and only means of receiving and sending our dispatches, was in unoccupied France. This meant delay and danger every time I wanted to give and receive instruction. At the date only one load of explosives and ammunition had been dropped, and that some 400 kms from Paris. I was expecting some stuff nearer Paris and was contemplating buying a transport company for distribution, but was held up because of the difficulties of communicating with England and lack of funds.

One day, just as I arrived at my office – I had a cover job allowing me considerable scope and freedom of movement – an urgent telephone call asking me to call at once a new agent of mine, none other than one of the highest officials in the SNCF.

I was furious. And when I arrived began by reading the man a lecture on the dangers of direct communication with me. “Yes, I know well enough the danger incurred” he said, “but it’s exceptionally important. I have the route and schedule of Goering’s official train to meet Marshal Petain. You have six hours’ notice and if you would look at the route you will see that about 100 miles from Paris the train will pass X. just after that junction the track is bordered by a cliff on one side and a very steep gorge on the other – it seems an ideal spot for blowing it up. Moreover, they cannot have guards all along the route and are relying on secrecy. It is the most wonderful opportunity and it is only by sheer luck that I have such long notice; generally it is only a couple of hours. “

I had handy neither explosives nor the lorries for the transportation. It was no use tearing up the track as the special train was always preceded by another engine. Any accident would have to be prepared by means of plastic and an electrical connected pressure switch.

To my agent I had to explain that it was too early yet...we were not ready... and soothe his bitter disappointment. At all costs I had to avoid discouraging him.

Had I been the vivacious, temperamental Frenchman often depicted, I suppose I should have torn my hair out by the roots in despair. As it was, I had to appear unconcerned as if it was a small matter, among all the weighty ones with which my mind was occupied.

I can’t attempt to describe my feelings, and later on, when the requisite sabotage gang could be laid on in a matter of moments, no such an opportunity came my way, or anybody else’s”.

## Looking forwards, looking back – a Beaumont connection

Article sent to THE REVIEW by Dr Paul Watkins MRCVS.

In the grounds of Beaumont Estate, Windsor, now a hotel & conference centre where EBVM 2014 will be held on 23-24 October, is an imposing war memorial designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott. The memorial, unveiled in November 1921 commemorates pupils of Beaumont College – the Jesuit School which operated on the site until the 1960s – who were killed in the two world wars, and interestingly has a veterinary connection.



Amongst those former pupils listed is E.A. Dixie (33) who was killed in France, 74 years ago today, on 27<sup>th</sup> May 1940. Dixie was the first member of the veterinary profession to die whilst undertaking military service in World War Two.

Edward Archibald Woolston Beaumont Dixie (1916-1940), having completed his schooling at Beaumont College, entered the Royal Veterinary College (RVC) in 1936. He completed the first three years of study, passing his third year exams in July 1939.



Edward Dixie

Whilst at the RVC he was an officer in the Territorial Army serving as an Anti-tank Officer of the 145 Infantry Brigade (Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry) in the rank of Staff Captain.

In August 1939 he was called up, leaving for France in January 1940. Before departing he returned to the RVC where staff later remarked that he faced the future with “all the zest he had displayed in his academic career.”

145 Brigade was assigned to the north of France and by early May 1940 Dixie's company was based just south of Lille, when orders were received to move north into Belgium, in response to the German advance into Holland and Belgium. However on arrival at Alsemberg, south west of Brussels, the brigade were ordered to withdraw as part of the general retirement of the Allied Forces.

Over the next week Dixie and his men withdrew through southern Belgium, arriving in Rongy early on 23<sup>rd</sup> May. On 24<sup>th</sup> May they were ordered to proceed to Cassel and prepare for its defence. The order was followed by the ‘reassuring’ observation that ‘we do not know where the enemy are but we hope you get there first.’ Cassel was of vital strategic importance; it sits at the top of a 500 foot hill and whoever controlled the town was able to survey and control the surrounding Flanders fields. Arriving in Cassel in the early hours of 25<sup>th</sup> May they spent the next two days turning the town into a tank proof fortress, setting up road blocks and demolishing buildings. On 27<sup>th</sup> May the German tanks reached the town, advancing from both the South and East, and British troops soon came under heavy bombardment.



Dixie's anti-tank guns soon found they were facing over 40 tanks, although their guns proved to be effective and within a period of 15 minutes they had destroyed 4 tanks and a further 8 were abandoned by their crew in light of the spirited action by the men of 145 Brigade. Showing his typical enthusiasm and leadership, Captain Dixie threw himself into the defence— he took over firing one of the guns and was reported to 'stand up and cheer' every time he hit a tank. At 10.30am when moving away from the gun for a rest, Dixie was shot in the back of the head. He lived for about 30 minutes and as he lay dying asked his batman to pass a message to his mother 'Give my love to my mother and tell her I died, as I wanted to, in action.' His batman later wrote to Professor Jimmy McCunn at the RVC saying 'I was with him to the last. He died a great gentleman.'

Dixie is buried in the Commonwealth War Graves cemetery in Cassel Communal Cemetery, and commemorated both on the Beaumont War Memorial and the Royal Veterinary College Roll of Honour.

RCVS Knowledge will be hosting the 1<sup>st</sup> International Evidence-Based Veterinary Medicine Network Conference at Beaumont Estate in October this year.

(Ed; Dixie had strong Beaumont connections, his father was Cmdr Albert (95), a godson of King Edward VII. His uncle Sir George Dixie Bt remarkably fought the entire WW1 on the Western Front with the KOSB and came through unscathed. His Grandmother was the eccentric Lady Florence Dixie and among his great uncles was Lord James Douglas (64).

### **Rachel de Boisgelin**

Henri de Boisgelin was at Beaumont a few years prior to the de Vomecourts leaving Old Windsor in 1907 to prepare for the French Navy. His elder brother Alexander

was also at the school and was KIA in the early days of the Great War and Henri succeeded to both lands and title.



Chateau du Houssay; the de Boisgelin home

Henri is probably best known for the remarkable painting of his wife the American Rachel Strong: -



Léon Bakst was commissioned to make this portrait of Rachel Strong, an American débutante from a wealthy Cleveland family, in 1924 on the occasion of her betrothal to the French nobleman, Comte Henri de Boisgelin. Henri de Boisgelin (b.1897) was the cousin of Count Etienne de Beaumont (1883-1956), a wealthy socialite and patron of the arts, who was passionate about contemporary art and music. De Beaumont was a pivotal figure on the Parisian cultural scene and most famously inaugurated a series of ballet performances, the *Soirées de Paris*, on 17 May 1924 at the Cigale Theatre involving many contemporary artists, including Cocteau, Picasso and Massine.

Although the *Soirées* only lasted a year they were seen to rival those of Diaghilev and his Ballets Russes. De Beaumont certainly knew Bakst and it was through him that Bakst would have met Henri de Boisgelin and his fiancée. The marriage took place at the end of the following year on 30 December 1925, but Bakst had died on 27 December 1924 so this elegant and haunting depiction of a fragile American girl about to be catapulted into the sphere of the French aristocracy must have been one of his last works. The monochrome colours, so favoured by Bakst for his portraits, of black and white for his subject's dress, and brown and white for the dog, suggest an air of melancholy which is emphasised by the sunset sky and the leafless trees. The only hint of colour breaking this mood is the small bright patch of blue between the

tree trunks. It is a strange painting to make for a betrothal but in Bakst's inimitable style it is riveting in its mysteriousness.

Léon Bakst began his career as a portraitist having been trained in several academies including the Fine Arts School. He realised early on, as he wrote to Alexandre Benois on 11 May 1896, that he could make portraits 'which would please the sitters' and that he had the talent for easily achieving a likeness. All his portraits also give the unmistakable impression of truthfulness. His portraits in pastel and oil were generally in an 'academic post-impressionist' style perfectly observed. Bakst's portrait painting was eclipsed by his work for the theatre especially for Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes. Between the first productions of the Ballets Russes in 1909 and the outbreak of the First World War Bakst designed more ballets for Diaghilev than any other designer. Like all great theatre designers, he was able perfectly to adapt his style to the needs of the particular ballet: from classical Greek, to Cleopatra's Egyptian, Persian exotic, Siamese oriental, or Viennese romantic. By 1910 Bakst had fulfilled his own stated ambition of becoming 'the most famous Russian painter in the world'.

### **Kev the Rev**

Whether it be his friends from school, those he taught or his parishioners "Kev the Rev" was held in the highest esteem. I only knew him as a scholastic at Beaumont where I remember him as a tour de force with the choir, helping my brother Richard get the Corps Band re-started and stealing the show at the Pantomime. It is hard to believe that it is five years since he died and still missed by all those he came in contact with. I found this appreciation written by his friends:-

**Kevin Jean-Marie Donovan, SJ**  
**September 26, 1931 - August 21, 2008**





“A unique spirit has been taken from the world – not just another Jesuit liturgist but an extraordinary human being” – just one of an enormous number of reminiscences of and tributes to one of the most remarkable characters to grace the English liturgical scene in the past hundred years. A further selection:

“He was magnificent.” “I loved him.” “A great gift from God to us.” “A finer Christian I have yet to meet.” “For me, he was Christ in this world.” “For my first example of a member of the Society of Jesus, no better person could there have been. His wit, humanity, as well as his enormous wisdom will stay with me always, not least because he would send one off on a tangent to do some extremely interesting work and then, forgetting what he had suggested, come up with another interesting line.” “He filled all our hearts and we were all blessed to know him.” “Kevin’s special gift was his extraordinary, sometimes child-like enthusiasm (‘I’m re-reading Congar; you know, its wonderful stuff’): he was one of life’s encouragers.”

“The one thing that seems to me to stand out very clearly was his intellectual brilliance. He could master and shine in almost any subject he took up to the extent it was difficult for him to know in what he should specialise. There was a time when he was fascinated by botany and acquired extensive knowledge of plants and their names. We felt he could turn his hand to almost anything.”

“He was a truly charismatic figure, an original in the true sense: irreplaceable in his combination of learning – which he bore so lightly –, of pastoral instinct which few could match; and a puckish humour which could transform a situation in a moment. But for me most of all will be the memory of his sheer humanity and vulnerability. I will miss him very much.”

“A musician deep to the core, a suggestive homilist never preaching down to anyone, gifted with a dry (dare I say, British) sense of humour and an indomitable urge to reach out to, and genuinely care for, others, are only a few of the qualities I was gifted to experience.”

For many, their principal memory of Kevin will be the wild hair, wild beard, playing a flute (most often) or guitar (occasionally) and wearing open-toed sandals... His informal repertoire included unforgettable performances of Alouette, gentille Alouette and Harry Belafonte’s Banana Boat Song (“Daylight come and me wanna go home”), but he could also take his part in a polyphonic choir when the occasion arose. Others will recall the characteristic handwriting with its flourishes and Greek epsilons for lower-case e’s, the way he would sometimes call himself “Kev the Rev”, the inimitable body language, the laugh, the eyes....

“Liturgically, of course, he was brilliant: no one ever proclaimed a Gospel text as meaningfully; people used to go to Mass twice to hear him preach again. He would produce newspapers and books from nowhere, and even his trusty wooden flute. His facility with the sung Mass in Latin was magnificent”, and he even occasionally

presided at Eucharist in the Tridentine Rite in recent times (for example, at the Latin Mass Society AGM Mass in 2006 – he said that if they were going to do that sort of thing, at least he could help them to do it well).

“In Kevin’s case it wasn’t ‘twice’ that those who sing pray, but more like ten times, he put so much meaning into the sung texts, whatever language they were. His rendition of Huijbers’ Awake, you who sleep, rise up from the dead as the paschal flame entered the darkened church will remain long in the memory of those who were lucky enough to hear it.”

He was extraordinarily widely-read, and he had the ability to retain much of what he read. And yet he often said how little he felt he knew, how much he had not read. He loved words, and would go through phases of using a particular word frequently – for example “rebarbative”, which he would enunciate with great relish – before moving on to another favourite.

An unlikely phenomenon as a Jesuit, he was not organised enough to be an academic in the strict sense of the word. While he was certainly very erudite, he carried his learning very lightly, and never talked down to anyone. He allied the academic aspect of his work to a remarkable pastoral sense. When confronted with a pastoral problem, his response would be “What is the most loving thing that we could do?”

Kevin was a bridge-builder. He seemed to have a particular ministry to the homeless and the housebound. Kevin would talk to anyone, and frequently did. He could often be seen in conversation with sellers of the Big Issue and gentlemen of the road and, because of Kevin’s shaggy appearance and perhaps the famous old duffle coat, it was not always easy for an outsider to tell who was in need and who was not. On one occasion, sitting on a London park bench chatting to two American friends (Virgil Funk and Nancy Bannister), they were approached by a policeman who asked “Is this man bothering you?”

“For all his abilities with people, beneath the bravura, the humour, the warmth and the magnetism, he was in himself quite a shy person. He had more than a tinge of self-doubt, and had to cope with a life punctuated by emotional highs and lows. I vividly remember asking how some talk had gone, and he said it was ‘Another sickening success’ – as if he himself could not believe in the gifts which everyone else could see.” “With all this, we were also aware of a searching Kevin, the one not always bien dans sa peau, and this made him all the more impressive as he wrestled with the Lord.”

His room was always a riot of papers, piles of books and heaven-knows-what-else. You were lucky if you could see any furniture at all. And Kevin would lose his diary and address book with monotonous regularity – as often as three times a year.

He was a man of enthusiasms, always in search of the little-known and the

unexpected, and would delight in tasting wine made from a grape he was not familiar with, or trying out a new cheese or type of olive or Real Ale. At one time he went so far as to carry a piece of obscure cheese in a bag on a leather thong around his neck for several weeks in order for it to mature at body temperature. He had to give up drinking beer when it was discovered that it was giving him gout, and eventually in his final years the intake of wine also had to be diminished because of its effect on his system – a sore trial for a man with the French love of the grape in his blood.

Kevin Jean-Marie Donovan (he himself pronounced it “Dunnervern”) was born on 26 September 1931 (inexplicably, the funeral order of service printed 29 September) at Montrécourt-par-Saulzoir, near the French border with Belgium, between Valenciennes and Cambrai. He never knew his father, Denis John Donovan, who died when Kevin was only ten months old. His mother, Marcelle Félicie Caudrillier, was a short but very feisty blonde lady who had an enormous influence on Kevin’s life. She brought up her only child in England single-handed, and he felt her loss very deeply when she died. Her sparkling and very French élan and an artistic flair combined with a lively sense of fun were all characteristics that she passed on to her son. They always spoke in French, and Kevin was therefore completely bi-lingual in both languages. (It was not uncommon to find him reading the abstruse scholarly tomes of liturgical theologians such as Louis-Marie Chauvet in the original French.) Kevin had an affinity for languages, and had more than a smattering of German and Italian, in addition to the Latin and Greek that he studied at school and university.

He was educated first at the Salesian Prep School (St Joseph’s) in Burwash, Sussex (1940-43), and then at Beaumont, in Berkshire, run by the Jesuits (1943-49). He entered the Society of Jesus straight from school at the age of 18, commencing his formation at Manresa House, Roehampton, and continuing at the newly-acquired Jesuit novitiate at Harlaxton, Lincolnshire, where he took his first vows. His philosophy studies were at the old Heythrop College in Oxfordshire (1952-55) and at Roehampton, and he then trained as a teacher in the mid-1950s. He moved to Campion Hall, Oxford, to study Classics, and obtained a 1st Class Honours Degree in Greats. He then returned to Beaumont College to teach Classics for two years, and also trained a fife and drum band for the Combined Cadet Force. (In addition to playing the flute, he had been an accomplished pianist, and could find his way around the basic guitar chords without difficulty.) He then returned to Heythrop for his theology studies.

Kevin was ordained a priest on 1 August 1965 at the Jesuit Sacred Heart Church in Wimbledon by the retired Archbishop of Bombay, Thomas Roberts SJ. He then moved to Paris to study liturgy at the Institut Supérieur de Liturgie. Among his teachers were Joseph Gelineau and Pierre Journel, and his classmates included Italian Jesuit Eugenio Costa. Kevin and Eugenio both took the opportunity to study harmony and counterpoint privately alongside their other studies. During this time they lived in the Jesuit house in the Rue de Sèvres, next door to the church of Saint-Ignace where they sang in the choir (directed by Gelineau) every Sunday at Mass.

It was here also that Kevin made the acquaintance of Christine Barenton and her excellent children's liturgical choir named Mini-Hosanna. He went off on their first summer camp with them in 1968, and was finally able to invite the choir to perform in Wimbledon just a few years ago. They remember with love and affection "his gaiety, his humour and his superb sense of service", and had been planning to invite him to their fortieth birthday celebrations. The name of Christine's group would years later inspire him later to name his RCIA group of child catechumens the "Mini-Cats".

Right at the beginning of his time in Paris, in 1965, Kevin attended a large congress in Fribourg, Switzerland, organised by the group which would become *Universa Laus* a year later. Here he met many other young liturgists who would, three years later in 1968, be co-opted en masse into *Universa Laus*; the group included Louis Cyr (a Canadian Jesuit), Eugenio Costa, Nico Schalz and a number of others. Kevin, Louis and Eugenio all worked together on the simultaneous translation needs of the 1969 *Universa Laus* Congress in Turin. When Kevin was eventually elected to the *Universa Laus Praesidium* at Gentinnes, Belgium, in 1977 in succession to Joseph Gelineau, he received more votes than all the other candidates combined. He continued as a President until 1986, when he was succeeded by the present writer.

Returning to England in 1969, Kevin was appointed Professor of Liturgy at Heythrop College, then in the throes of moving from its Oxfordshire home to the north side of Cavendish Square, London. He became a key figure in the Pastoral Year course that was held there, which evolved into the MA in Pastoral Studies. It was at this time that he encountered the work of former Jesuit Bernard Huijbers, and Kevin was responsible for the English translation of Huijbers' Great Litany that appeared in *Sing the Mass* (1975). (The same publication also includes an Entrance Chant by Kevin himself, also borrowed for use as an Intercessions Litany – very simple, just a few bare fifths and sustained chords under spoken text.)

From 1972 to 1973, Kevin was a member of the Consilium's working group which produced a revised draft of the *Ordo Poenitentiae*. Doubtless he was invited to be part of this work because he was known and respected by the chair of the group, Fr Pierre Journel, from his time studying in Paris.

His teaching time at Heythrop was briefly interrupted when he spent a year in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) teaching at St Ignatius College in Chishawasha from 1978 to 1979 in the wake of the independence of the Rhodesian Jesuit province. Returning to the UK in October 1979, he resumed his professorship at Heythrop, a post he held until his death. It was around this time that he first took up an interest in jogging and running, culminating eventually in his running no less than six London Marathons, the last in 2000 at the age of 68, despite suffering all his life from asthma.

He contributed a chapter on the Sanctoral cycle to the standard student textbook *The Study of Liturgy* (1978, rev. ed. 1992) and a chapter on influences on the post-Vatican II English liturgical scene to *English Catholic Worship*, published in 1979 to

celebrate the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Society of St Gregory. His articles appeared in a number of journals.

In 1982 he moved to Stamford Hill to become parish priest in addition to his teaching work, and would frequently run into central London and arrive sweatily in the classroom to give his lectures. Stamford Hill was a highly multi-ethnic parish with 115 languages spoken by parishioners, a fact which Kevin made good use of at his first Pentecost there. Here, for the first time, Kevin could begin to put into practice on a systematic basis (if one could ever use that adjective of him) his own marvellous incarnation of liturgy with a truly pastoral dimension. He was not afraid to experiment, and his liturgies both in the parish and at Heythrop were always memorable. "Nobody else but Kevin could have made it not a gimmick but real prayer." It was at this time that he became involved with Kevin Yell's Epiphany Dancers, an ad hoc group with a strong ecumenical flavour which performed and enhanced prayer through liturgical dance in St James's, Piccadilly and a number of other London churches. Kevin would boast that he was the first Catholic priest since the Reformation to have danced in Westminster Abbey.

In 1991 his service as parish priest in Stamford Hill came to an end. After a sabbatical year in Berkeley, California, from where he was able to explore some of the finer vintages of the Napa Valley, in 1992 Kevin became a member of the parish staff at the Sacred Heart Church, Wimbledon, where he became responsible for the pastoral care of one of the four subdivisions of this large south-west London parish right up until his death. He made a special point of visiting the housebound, and was for some years chaplain to the bottom year of the Ursuline Convent Primary School.

1993 saw Heythrop College move from its home in Cavendish Square, which had become economically unfeasible for the Jesuits, to the former Maria Assumpta College in Kensington Square. In anticipation of this move, Andrew Cameron-Mowat SJ and Kevin transformed the liturgical components of the MA in Pastoral Studies into an MA in Pastoral Liturgy, at that time unique in the British Isles. They first sketched out the new degree course together in the garden of a Jesuit community house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1992; and September 1993 saw the course commence, taught by Kevin and Robin Gibbons. Students in the early years included Ann Blackett Moynihan, Mags Shepherd, Lindsay Urwin (an Anglican bishop), and the degree attracted a very wide and ecumenical range of people.

Kevin and technology did not mix very well, and he would sometimes spend hours preparing a lecture on an old computer, only to find that he had saved it incorrectly or deleted it, or that he had left the relevant papers at home; and he would then prepare the lecture on the back of an envelope while sitting on the Victoria or District Line. It was a mark of his brilliance that he never said anything quite the same way twice. His handouts were famous for their misprints, some unrepeatable. When Andrew arrived at Heythrop in 1998, he supplied the organisational ability, taking care of paperwork and teaching modern liturgical theology and ritual, while Kevin took care

of all the history, being a sort of “living tradition” in himself. He would make a point of attending as many of Andrew’s seminars as he could and his presence was invaluable, interjecting extraordinary insights or pastoral examples one after another. Old timers at Heythrop were always glad to see Kevin around the corridors and in the library; he would pick out wonderful and challenging passages from an enormously wide range of reading, and was never at a loss to discuss practically anything.

Kevin had lived life to the full, and for quite some time before his death he had talked about visions of mortality and feeling tired. In a letter dated as far back as 5 June 2007 to his friend Louis Cyr, who had had a long period of rehabilitation after a near-fatal heart attack, Kevin wrote:

“Someone recently gave me a good & thorough book by Gustave Martelet on Teilhard. A resumptive account to coincide with the 50th anniversary of his death. Because it is so ‘dense’ I’ve only read parts of it - but one chapter I have read a couple of times is about death, approach of, passive diminution I think he calls it - it’s from *Le milieu divin*, which to my shame [I haven’t read]. Like yourself, I’m beginning to experience this passive diminution. Not as thoroughly as yourself, no doubt, but still - touch of rheumatics, and a number of tooth extractions, and a reasonable set of new ones. So I appreciated your own remarks on that subject. However, I’m pretty pleased with my own intimations of mortality – especially as they haven’t affected the flute playing – and indeed I’m getting back into some sort of shape. It’s useful in church – especially family Mass & baptisms – and I find that plainchant goes rather well with a flute – especially in a flattering acoustic. Off to Lisieux (been re-reading her on suffering, *Little Way*, etc.) next month with a parish pilgrimage, which includes Joan of Arc, the Normandy landings, and Monet’s *Water Lilies*.”

He was a member of the international Jesuit Jungmann Society, and had been to their meeting in Montserrat in June 2008, where he seemed in very good form, if a little tired. Only days before his death, he had been on the phone with the present writer, planning a memorial Mass for Joseph Gelineau. On 21 August he presided at a wedding in Wimbledon. He collapsed at the reception from a heart attack and was pronounced dead on arrival at Kingston Hospital.

The funeral celebrations extended over two days. On the evening of 1 September a Mass was held at the Sacred Heart Church, Wimbledon, with music by the parish’s Family Mass music group, attended by a large number of people. On 2 September, an even larger gathering of about 1,000 people (including a coach-load from Stamford Hill) crammed into the same church for a Requiem Mass with choir and organ which included music by Duruflé, Gelineau, Fauré, preceded by a half-hour of some of Kevin’s favourite psalms with cantor/assembly and piano and followed by a most extraordinary reception and display of photographs. The clergy present included two bishops, and the presider was the Jesuit Provincial, Fr Michael Holman. The wonderful homily was preached by Fr Gerard J. Hughes, who had been

preparing a talk at the same time as the homily. He arrived in Wimbledon to find he had brought the notes for the talk instead of the homily, and had to reconstruct it rapidly from memory on the spot, which he did brilliantly – a real “Kevin moment”. The size of the attendance was in itself a powerful memorial to a unique personality, and he will be sorely missed by a huge number of people. May he rest in peace.

Tribute prepared by Paul Inwood with special thanks for contributions from Andrew Cameron-Mowat SJ, Gerard J. Hughes SJ, Louis Cyr SJ, and many other friends

The photograph of Kevin was taken at the wedding on the day that he died, 21 August 2008.

The annual Kevin Donovan Memorial Lectures are given at Heythrop College.

### **CLOSURE OF LOYOLA HALL**

For many the closure of Loyola Hall the Jesuit retreat Centre at Rainhill, Merseyside was another sign of the difficult times the Order is going through in this country. It is also the end of another connection with a Beaumont family.



Loyola Hall was originally part of the Bretherton estate. Bartholomew Bretherton started a business in coaches in 1800 in Liverpool. On journeys to Manchester or London. Rainhill was the first stop where horses were changed. In 1807 he came to live in the village.

In 1824 he built Rainhill House. In 1869, Mary Stapleton-Bretherton, his daughter, enlarged the house to over twice its original size, renaming it Rainhill Hall. When

Mary died in 1883, the Stapleton-Bretherton family owned all the land that made up the parish of Rainhill.

As Mary was childless, she left the family estate to Frederick Bretherton, the only son of her cousin. His granddaughter Evelyn married Prince Gebhard Blücher von Wahlstatt (1865–1931), becoming Princess Evelyn Blücher. Her memoirs, *Princess Blucher, English Wife in Berlin* (Constable, 1920) were translated into French and German and reprinted many times, becoming a minor classic.

However, his grandson **Frederick (92)**, Evelyn's brother, had no direct heir, so Frederick decided to sell the bulk of the family's Rainhill estates. The house and five acres of surrounding land were sold to the Society of Jesus and renamed Loyola Hall.

The Brethertons were credited with starting horse-racing at Maghull Meadows, the precursor of Aintree racecourse, in the late 1820s and 1830s. On 29 February 1836 a handicap race called the Grand Liverpool Steeple Chase, was held at Aintree Racecourse which was the first of three unofficial precursors of the race which would become known as The Grand National. Bretherton took part in this race, coming third on a horse named Cockahoop. During the race the rider Horatio Powell, riding the favourite, Laurie Todd, fell from his horse and it was alleged that Bretherton deliberately steered his horse towards him in order to prevent him remounting. Powell was knocked back to the ground and forced to retire from the race through injury. He did not however lodge any protest on his return to the weighing room, suggesting that the act was considered part of the game. The winner of this race was The Duke, ridden by Captain Martin Becher (He later gave his name to the fence named Becher's Brook, when he fell there from his mount, Conrad, in the first official Grand National in 1839, and took shelter in the brook to avoid injury).

In 1838, Bretherton managed to prevent a coach from being overturned on the Preston road by climbing out of the window of the coach and taking charge of the reins and the horses by riding on their backs. A newspaper article in 1851 describes a pair of jockey top boots which were made for him in Liverpool and weighed only 5 ounces.

The Beaumont connection is that Frederick who left Rainhill to the Jesuits together with his brothers Robert, Edmund, Wilfrid and Vincent were at the school between 1886 and 1908. Robert's name is on the Boer War Memorial and Wilfrid on World Wars Memorial. Their cousin Brigadier Ian Bruce was at Old Windsor with them. Another of the boys' sisters married Admiral Kenneth Dewar (the scourge of the Admiralty) whose son was also an OB.



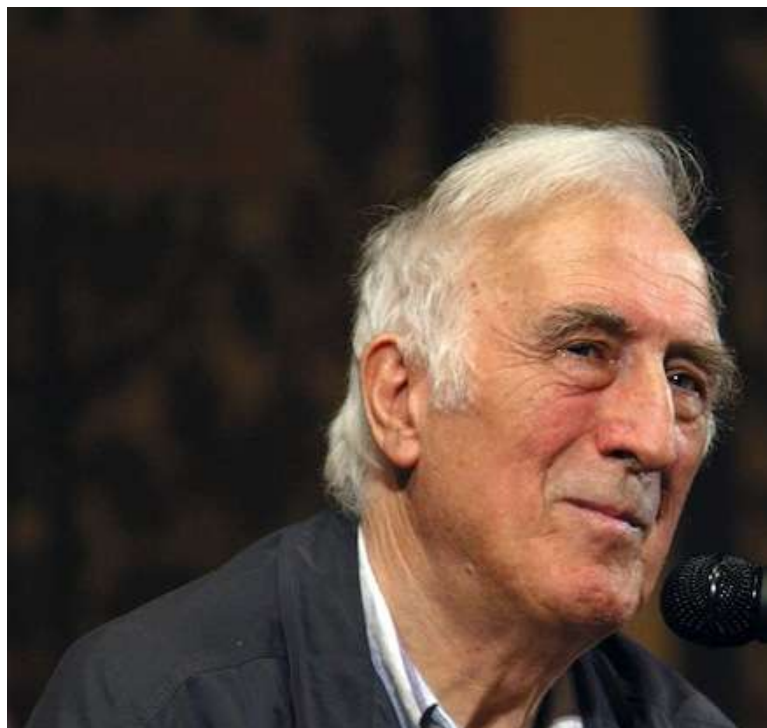


The Brethertons grandfather Bartholomew built St Bartholomew's Parish Church described as the "noblest Catholic church in South Lancashire".

The witness of communities like L'Arche is a profound and necessary one for our world today

Friendship makes demands and none more so than making a meaningful relationship with someone who has a learning disability

By **Francis Phillips** on Monday, 5 May 2014.



I have just read the interview with Jean Vanier, the founder of L'Arche, in the Herald last week. By coincidence, I have been reading a book about the spiritual meaning behind L'Arche by the late, well-known, spiritual author Henri Nouwen, called "Adam: God's Beloved", recently published by Darton, Longman and Todd. As readers of the interview will know, L'Arche is an organisation where adults with learning disabilities live in small communities alongside their carers. The crucial aspect of these communities is that they are about building relationships of love and trust; they are not institutions where "handicapped" people are "cared for" by professional staff.

It is so important to emphasise this aspect of the "message" of L'Arche. Christians are called to be friends of Christ and thus friends with one another. We are not called merely to be colleagues, carers, acquaintances or associates. Friendship makes demands – and none more so than making a meaningful relationship with someone who has a learning disability. Yet, as Christians, we know that no event or experience that is seemingly a tragedy is ever random or ill-luck or merely the cruel twist of fate. We know that all things work to the good of those who love God, as St Paul tells us.

The witness of communities like L'Arche is a profound and necessary one for our world today, especially in the West where it is very easy (even fatally easy) to think of the sick, the elderly and the vulnerable as somehow having lives that are not useful or worthwhile. From this attitude it is only a small step to wanting to help people die prematurely and before their time, because they have a terminal illness or for other, less defined reasons, such as mental illness or depression.

People who look at seemingly broken bodies in wheelchairs might, without thinking deeply about the matter, feel they would be "better off dead". It is this response of sympathetic despair that L'Arche seeks to combat – by showing that however damaged a person's mind or body may be, there is always the possibility of relationship with him or her: a relationship that in an extraordinary and inexplicable way, will change the "normal" person and bring them to a deeper understanding of what life is really about.

Henri Nouwen discovered this. A famous priest, academic, writer and communicator, he knew there was something fundamental missing in his life. His faith and his priestly vocation had not brought him inner peace. So he made the life-changing decision to leave the world of lecture halls and academic success and to live as the chaplain in "Daybreak", the L'Arche house in Ontario, Canada. He was also given the task of caring for Adam, a man with severe epilepsy as well as physical and learning disabilities, every morning: washing him, shaving him, feeding him and preparing him for the day ahead.

At first he felt helpless and inadequate. Very slowly he came to understand that Adam was "my friend, my teacher and my guide." Their daily two hours together slowly transformed the restless intellectual into someone humbler, more authentic and less the captive of his public persona. Finally Nouwen was able to state with

sincerity, “We were friends, brothers bonded in our hearts” – and this with a man who was completely helpless and who never spoke to him or communicated in any normal way.

It is an extraordinary story, well worth reading and pondering. As Jean Vanier pointed out in the interview, “St Paul says that God has chosen what is weak and foolish to confound the intellectuals and the powerful...The Church frequently intellectualises faith. But to love is to let the other rest in your heart...The whole vision of Jesus is there: to live in us as we live in him.”

## **GIS – GOSS**



“**Gis-Goss**” is The Review gossip column: a miscellaneous collection of news gleaned from letters and elsewhere.

A belated congratulations to John Devaux as it was announced in December last:-

### **New Deputy Lieutenants of the County of Suffolk**

Lord Tollemache, Lord-Lieutenant of Suffolk commissioned the following to become Deputy Lieutenants of the County of Suffolk.

His Honour Judge John Edward Devaux.



**John (65)** is our last remaining serving Circuit Court Judge called to the Bar Lincoln's Inn 1970; recorder of the Crown Court 1989-93, circuit judge (SE Circuit) 1993-, resident judge Ipswich 1998-2006, hon recorder of Ipswich 2000-

Last June it was reported that:-

"A judge's wig came off when he was attacked in court by the brother of a man he had just jailed.

Paul Graham, 27, stripped to his vest before "battering the hell" out of Judge John Devaux at Ipswich Crown Court, according to an eyewitness.

The judge had just jailed Mr Graham's brother for two-and-a-half years for causing death by dangerous driving.

Paul Graham later appeared before the judge and was remanded in custody to return to court on Tuesday.

Judge Devaux told the court: "It's an incident which does not occur every day."

(Editor: I do not recall even "Judge John Deed" suffering such an indignity)



I heard from Diana Nicholas-Gomal, the sister of the late **Rory Nicholas (57)** to say that the much loved Bentley that Rory would drive when home from Hong Kong and particularly to the Henley Regatta has gone to auction.

Appropriately its final engagement was for a wedding with the reception at Beaumont. (seen here)

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On the subject of cars and a link with the past was broken with the death of **Timothy Aldington (53)**. Tim and his brother Nicholas were the sons of Donald Aldington who owned the Frazer-Nash company and raced the famous chain-driven cars at Brooklands before the War. After 1945, with their close ties with BMW, and with the

Bristol engine their sports cars were the ones to beat in the early Fifties. Among the many who loved and admired these individually made cars was Errol Flynn.

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Larger than life character Clarissa Dickson Wright died in March. Bombastic, outspoken talented lawyer brought to her knees by riches and alcoholism who rose again as a star of “Two Fat Ladies” was the niece of **Vivian Bath (23)**. Her father left her nothing in his will but her mother, Vivian’s sister, left her a fortune which she rapidly spent. The Bath money came from rubber plantations in Malaya before the War and The Goodwood Park Hotel in Singapore. Vivian, a POW of the Japanese during the War, later emigrated to Australia to become a highly successful breeder of racehorses.

---

On the subject of racehorses and at last December bloodstock sales at Deauville, Darysina, a Kentucky-bred daughter of two-time U.S. leading sire Smart Strike, sold for the highest price on opening day of the Arqana breeding stock sale, which posted solid returns.

British bloodstock agent Johnny McKeever secured the 3-year-old filly out of 1999 Prix de Diane (Fr-I, French Oaks) winner Daryaba on behalf of **Dr. Philip Brown (54)**. Offered in the consignment of her breeder, Aga Khan Studs, Darysina is a half sister to 2009 Hong Kong Vase (HK-I) victress Daryakana.



Daraysina

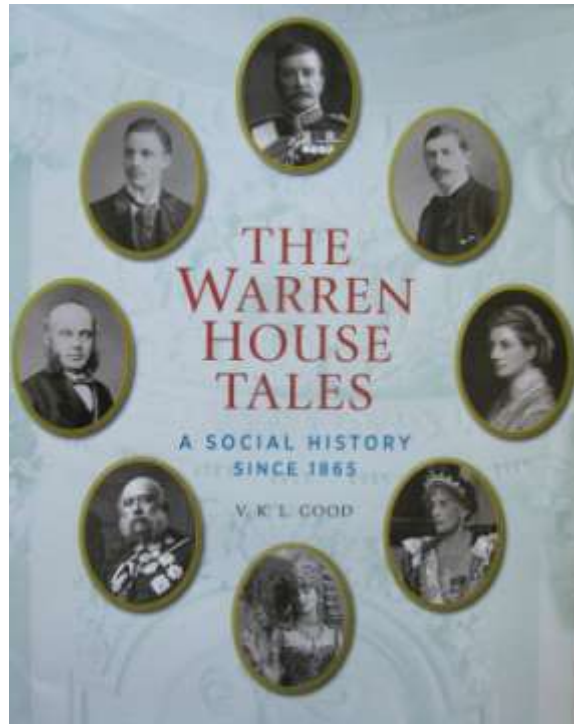
Philip told the *Racing Post* that the session-topping Smart Strike filly, who was twice placed from five career starts for train Alain de Royer-Dupre, will be sent to Andrew Lloyd Webber's Watership Down Stud, where she will be genetically tested to determine a mating for the 2014 season.

"I'm delighted to have been able to purchase her, as I really wanted to buy into the Aga Khan's bloodlines," Brown said.

Since then Philip has sent the mare to be covered by Frankel, arguably the greatest racehorse of all time, who stands at The Banstead Manor stud once owned by Derby winning owner “**Shanghai**” **Morriss (97)**. We keep our fingers crossed that 4 years down the line Philip might emulate the achievement; fingers crossed.

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Another of Philip Brown's interests is of course Warren House and his daughter Victoria Good has written a fascinating and detailed history of the estate “The Warren House Tales” which I I would strongly recommend to those interested in social History. Please contact Sara Scott-Rivers Philip's PA at [sara@pandppartners.com](mailto:sara@pandppartners.com) for details:-



My wife Annie tells me that I will find a Beaumont connection to most matters and needless to say in this book there is a photograph and piece concerning the American Jay Gould, financier and owner of the yacht “Vigilant” which raced the Prince of Wales’s “Britannia” 13 times in British waters in 1894. Gould’s son in law was **Prince Hely Tallyrand de Perigord (73)** and he later employed **Maurice Molloy (93)** as his agent. Molloy was the son of James, the Irish poet, author and composer.

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Chatting with **Frank Staples (57)** on our trip to Lourdes, he told me that although we had never met, he knew of me from Pony Club days. In 1957, he had represented The Beaufort having won through to the Pony Club Trials Championship at Stoneleigh and competing for The West Kent were two Wilkinsons.

Frank also said that **Hal Danby (57)** was a good horseman and was placed third in the Boys Championship at Stoneleigh one year.

Both Frank and Hal had permission at a weekend to bicycle up to Englefield Green to exercise a pony belonging to a boy at Eton who was not allowed out to ride. (another advantage we had over our rivals). That boy was Paddy Hughes-Young the son of Lord St Helens and later my good friend in the 11<sup>th</sup> Hussars; he was sadly killed when we were point to pointing at Larkhill in 1969.



Finally Frank said that he understood that the grandfather of **Reginald Carlton Morris (58)** had a connection to the 1952 Derby winner Tulyar. The horse was owned and bred by HH Aga Khan – so I think that rules out those two categories. His Jockey Charlie Smirke coined the phrase “What did I Tulyar” after his victory. Anyone shed further light.

---

I realise I mention horses quite often in these Reviews but I am not the only one with a passing interest. **Baron Mike de Wolff (62)** was brought up by Edward Courage one of the great owners, breeders and trainers of National Hunt horses of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and a founder of the Injured Jockey’s fund. While I was riding out on many of The Queen Mother’s horses trained by Peter Cazalet at Fairlawne, Mike was in the saddle on the likes of Tiberetta, Royal Relief and Spanish Steps.

---

In March I was racing at Sandown and had a particular interest in the Queen Mother Memorial Chase, a race I might add I won just over 40 years ago, one of the runners that caught my eye was Tafika bred by the widow of **John Webber (42)** and trained by his son Paul. I had a punt in view of the Beaumont connection but the horse was beaten by a nose at the post. The winner was being ridden by Harry Wallace the nephew of **Guy (58)** so a Beaumont connection still won!

Paul Webber trains at Cropredy Lawn to the north of Banbury from where his father sent out some useful horses a few of which were for OB owners. Although Cropredy has all weather gallops, for grass they take their horses to Edgecote the legendary estate of the late Edward Courage and where **Mike de Wolff** took the odd “double handful” on the 3 furlong uphill spur.

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Another mentioned in the Obituaries was **Cecil Kernot (54)**. Cecil and his brother Peter were the stepsons of Bill Brandt one of the all-time great photographers of his day. He was to say:-

“It is part of the photographer’s job to see more intensely than most people do. He must have and keep in him something of the receptiveness of the child who looks at the world for the first time or of the traveler who enters a strange country.”

It is Cecil’s son John Paul who is responsible today for Bill’s legacy and archive and it was **Peter Kernot (55)** who took Bill’s portrait:-



Bill Brandt by Peter Kernot

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OBs have fairly catholic taste in music from early baroque (**Peter Holman**) to rock (**Peter Hammill**) and I am not being disparaging when I say that we also have our own “Rambling Syd Rumpo”. **Kevin McGrath (57)**, has been tracked down by a geneology search through the website. Kevin it seems is the guiding light of the Harlow Folk scene which he modestly does not mention in his letter that can be found among the **Correspondence**. Some might remember the following Untitled McGrath piece from VRIL:-

They would not dream of the soul's conclusion  
They would not pass beyond the absolution  
They would not comprehend the expiation

the searing lonely path to adoration  
the barren contemplation  
the everlasting desolation  
through the Black Night  
which lasts a lifetime's ruin.

They would not fear the death of the soul  
the agonised pact  
the solitary despair  
the betrayal in the night  
the fear and the tear  
and the lonely vigil in the empty room  
the echoing bathos of the tomb  
the shining faces as the dead awake  
and shouting usurp the day  
and break the flames from below.

They would not flee the madness  
that nightly drowns the eyes.



Further information on Kevin and his music can be found on his “Moving Finger” website.

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At the end of this Review you will find a book review of “Lady under Fire” the Great War letters of Lady Dorothe Feilding MM that have been recently published. Lady Dorothe, a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, became the wife of **Captain Charles Moore (98)**, the mother of **Arthur (47)** and the grandmother of **Patrick (59)** and **Ian Agnew (62)**.

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Lets be fair – photos do not necessarily show us as we expect and can sometimes be miss-interpreted. Our President is seen here on a recent trip to England complete with Daisy (Paula was emptying the shops). Pictured wearing this seasons accessories - Shocking Pink lead and collar with diamante appointments. (Daisy not Guy)

**Sorry Guy –I couldn't resist this one.**

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## CORRESPONDENCE

**Robin Mulcahy (58); -**

Good to see you at Warren House on Tuesday.

1: Thank you for the Web site which I entered for the first time last night.

Overwhelming but I have emerged to make just two or three (or four) comments.

2: the pictures of Pouncey and Anthony Synnott are just not right. I knew them both well (ED; they were taken from their respective websites – like Dorian Gray they remain forever young!)

3: good to see that VRIL persists in a new world. When a few of us in Poetry in 1956 encouraged by Peter Levi set about publishing a Little magazine we never expected the name to persist in 2014, albeit on a website. The name came from me: I searched the OED, found Vril and then discovered that it was the ingredient in Lord Lytton's "The Coming Race" (1870?) that prevented all internecine conflict. My bound Routledge edition is not dated.

The first editor was Michael Hales. There were major contributions from Kevin McGrath, my cousin Claude Johnson and Philip Davies. Richard Hewins did a book review and there were jazzy articles signed D.A.L.S., who I cannot remember. Chris Lake and I had short articles published.

Peter Down did the remarkable artwork and surprisingly never progressed beyond a medical consultancy in Dorchester. The project succeeded because I sold just four full pages of advertising. Do you remember Paripan paints?

The Bells of Ousely was a no brainer as was the Keynon Press but Leo Burgess of the BU also paid up.

The cover price was 2 shillings, pricey but people paid.

The 1957 edition, still priced at 2 shillings had six pages of advertising but now there was a BUSINESS MANAGER, Anthony Skelton. Michael Hales was still editor, D.A.L.S. and Richard Hewins still contributed. There were poems from Paul Davies, B.J.Tristram H.M.H and Kevin McGrath. There was a lovely article from G.T.M.H about boating to St.Malo. I had a mention but was now Captain of School and Rugby.

I rejoice that the price in 1958 was 2s6d.and that there were seven pages of advertising.

I also rejoice in the fact that Peter Down's artwork survived until at least 1960. He should have got royalties.

More about VRIL from **Kevin McGrath (57):-**

Just got your email, a few days after David Greenwood got in touch with me. He was trying to find out about my mother, his aunt, to add to the family history he's been investigating. I was able to help him, and I'm learning stuff myself that I never knew. Fascinating.

Thank you for helping him find me. And thank you for contacting me. I've been looking through the website, and it's really interesting and strange to be reminded of

stuff I hadn't thought of for years, and names I'd forgotten. It was good to see the review of *The Magistrate* in which I played a maid. Suddenly I remembered it again - there was a scene in which I had to drop a tray and cry out in shock at some revelation about the character played by Matthew Guinness.

And I was pleased that the name VRIL still survives. I remember when we produced the first copy - I had a poem and a story in it. Might have a copy of it round somewhere, God knows where.

And I was really pleased to see that l'Arche is one of the charities supported, and to read the piece about it. I've an enormous admiration for Jean Vanier, and I spent a couple of months at the Kent l'Arche as a placement when I was a Social Work student back in the 70s.

I received the printed newsletter, so I should be on the mailing list somewhere. But of course I'd want to be on it. I haven't run into any of the people I knew at Beaumont in the course of my life, and I've never been one for reunion dinners really. But it's good to hear about things, and to know that Beaumont is still remembered.

Looking at the *Carmen* it occurred to me I really should find out what the words mean...

Best wishes

Kevin McGrath

Concerning Fr Bamber:-

**Duncan Grant (61)** sent me the photo of Fr Herbert (Bogs) Bamber photographed in front of the Queen's painting (and of course himself) at Remembrance Sunday Lunch at St John's November 1991 some thirty years after HM's visit.



I also received the following from **John Marshall (66)** California:-

Youssou N'Dour <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OFaTvEoRf2U> has a lively song called Mame Bamba and if you change the spelling a little bit in the lyrics the words come out like this:

O you hear me Father Bamber  
Did they hear you Father Bamber

The man in me changes everytime I read your "Khassayids (?)"  
My strong faith in you makes me survive this crazy world  
Now I can go anywhere, because I know you'll be there  
We know your pain will always make us stronger Father  
Bamber

"Khassayid" (?)

You are our rescuer  
Every day, every night, every moment  
They are singing and they are crying  
You may be gone but your spirit will remain  
Oh it will stay until the end of time



It could be a new Beaumont Song!

I have kept THE TALES FROM THE LONG ROOM TILL LAST:-



Yes – it's that match again

### **Charles Halliday (61):-**

The photo of Beaumont in the field at Lord's in 1959 shows, in fact, (from left to right) M. Barr, C Halliday, A Scott, D Collingwood (wkt).....at short square leg is P Haran, and the backview in the foreground is J Murphy. I remember my own position well, since at the start of that season I was detailed to learn how to field in the gully (and a scary business it was at times). The batsman who has missed the ball down the leg side is, I think, Ian Gordon whom I knew briefly at Sandhurst, and who was heading for the Queen's Own Highlanders. The backing up batsman is probably J Fieldus, who made 78 of the Oratory total of 155-ish.....and yes Beaumont won by 6 wickets (Murphy and Halliday in at the finish!).....and soon we were on our way to dinner at Gow's Restaurant in St Martin's Lane.....Happy Days.....and 1959 was a fantastic summer, so dry and hard that in late September we were playing touch-rugby for a week or so on the cricket flats.

**Charles** followed this up:-

Robert.....your cricketing correspondents mention Bill Harrington, who to most Beaumont boys was the man who ran the Tuck Shop.....he was also, of course, our cricket professional, and a very wise and patient coach....he and his wife lived in a cottage near the gate out of the grounds on the way to Bishopsgate and the Copper Horse.....he became a good friend to me in my last 3 years at school. I always remember Bill referring to the Js as the Kremlin men: he would gesture towards the

White House and say, "You never know what they're planning down there in the Kremlin".....in the light of what was to happen to the school in the next 6 or 7 years perhaps he was more perceptive than I realised at the time! Incidentally David Collingwood, who kept wicket in the XIs of 1959 and 1960, used to do a very funny take-off of the gait and antics of Godfrey Evans, the legendary England 'keeper of the day.....

**Adrian Naughten (59)** joins in:-

Robert,

Yes, Charles Halliday has the details right and it was a great victory. Summer 1959 was indeed remarkably warm and dry and I also recall training for the Rugby on the Cricket Ground as Runneymede was so dry and unplayable. I actually remember that the first match we played in early October was against KCS, Wimbledon and it rained the night before for the first time since August! Richard Ruane was the 1st xv skipper but we were a young side and only won twice in the Season. But all good fun. I have been in touch with Charlie Halliday on occasions over the past few years. I remember that he went to RMAS after Beaumont but only because his Father (ex R Hampshire ) insisted he should join the Army which Charlie did not want to do! Inevitably he left RMAS early and ended up at Trinity College, Dublin with me and then became a Schoolmaster.

Still in South Africa after more surgery on my damn knee. Back to Nairobi on 3rd March but back down here again for further surgery on 25th April. A real nightmare and morale a touch low. They found that initial Prosthesis was badly infected but not yet sure how that occurred. Surgeon here says there is 5 per cent chance of such happening so it was either sheer bad luck or negligence initially at first operation. All that still under investigation.

**Adrian** followed this up:-

Robert,

" MERDE " aptly describes the issue of my knee!

I remember Bill Harrington very well and have much to be grateful to him for as he persuaded me to become a Fast Medium Bowler whilst languishing as an Opening Batsman and occasional Slow Left Arm Bowler in the Second XI !! Sadly I do not have any photos of Bill whose Brother was in charge of the Changing Rooms at Lords when we played there in 1959 and remained there in that capacity for several years! I used to bump into him when playing for Army and Combined Services in late 60s / early 70 s.

Adrian

Now for the **younger Halliday – James (65)**:-

I have enjoyed your spring newsletter, and especially the cricketing reminiscences between Adrian Naughten and David Collingwood. My brother Charles was their contemporary and I was the junior following in his footsteps – three appearances at Lord's (weren't we privileged to have that unforgettable experience?) followed by a

rather leisurely four years at TCD, where cricket again featured large, despite the Irish weather. Very early on I was advised by an English expat pro that to score runs on wet Irish grounds I had to forget Bill Harrington's injunctions not to hit the ball in the air, and to take the aerial route!

I was fortunate to captain a good Beaumont side at Lord's in 1965, when our opening bats Kevin Riordan and Bill Orchard famously put on something like 170 for the first wicket – too many as it turned out, as we couldn't quite winkle out the last Oratory man, so had to settle for much the better of a draw in a match which we should have won.

Bill's sad premature death last year prompted correspondence between John Bidwell (another prominent member of the 1965 Lord's team) and me, and an exchange of cricketing reminiscences, scorecards and Lord's photos (all Press Association in those days).

I enjoyed your "find God in Wilkinson's" sign-off. Reminded me of the sermon conclusion in Peter Tinniswood's "Tales From a Long Room" :

"Dear friends, if you want the best out of life, always shop at God's"

Thank you for all your hard work and enterprise in putting together such entertaining and informative newsletters. None of these things "just happen" and are always the product of a great deal of effort and commitment.

With best wishes,

James

There have been some remarkable matches at Lords over the years and **John Tristram (58)** sent in a couple of scorecards:-

Firstly The "David Bulfield" Game.

## BEAUMONT v. ORATORY (Fiftieth Match)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1954 (1-day Match)

ORATORY		First Innings	Second Innings
*1. J. Moore	b Bulfield	10	
2. M. Roberts	c Selman b Bulfield	23	
†3. H. C. H. Smith	c Gubbins b Bulfield	28	
4. P. Flanagan	b Bulfield	39	
5. M. Hinds	b Bulfield	24	
6. M. Perceval	b Bulfield	9	
7. P. Mazzotti	l b w b Bulfield	1	
8. A. Olaszowski	not out	12	
9. A. Duch	b Bulfield	13	
10. J. Edlmann	c Hoghton b Bulfield	3	
11. J. Fitzherbert	b Bulfield	0	
		B 4, l b 5, w 3, n-b 4, 16	B 1 b , w , n-b
Total		178	Total

### FALL OF THE WICKETS

1_38	2_41	3_77	4_111	5_126	6_145	7_152	8_172	9_178	10_178
1_	2_	3_	4_	5_	6_	7_	8_	9_	10_

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING		1st Innings					2nd Innings					
Name	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b
Barnes	12	8	21	0	3	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Mills Owens	6	2	15	0	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Selman	2	0	5	0	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Cofey	26	12	42	0	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Bulfield	23.4	7	78	10	---	4	---	---	---	---	---	---

BEAUMONT		First Innings	Second Innings
†1. B. J. Gubbins	l b w b Hinds	44	
2. M. Hoghton	c Hinds b Smith	46	
3. R. Selman	l b w b Flanagan	0	
4. D. Bulfield	not out	69	
5. N. Quine	not out	10	
6. R. Bird			
7. R. Mills Owens			
8. J. Bedford			
9. M. Barnes			
*10. P. Levy			
11. P. Cofey			
		B 5, l b 2, w 2, n-b 1, 11	B 1 b , w , n-b
Total		100	Total

### FALL OF THE WICKETS

1_65	2_66	3_139	4_	5_	6_	7_	8_	9_	10_
1_	2_	3_	4_	5_	6_	7_	8_	9_	10_

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING		1st Innings					2nd Innings					
Name	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b
Fitzherbert	5	1	28	0	---	4	---	---	---	---	---	---
Perceval	7	1	34	0	1	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Hinds	12	5	25	1	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Flanagan	11	1	40	1	1	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Duch	4	0	17	0	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---
Smith	4	0	18	1	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

Umpires—W. Harrington & G. Morton      Scorers—P. Williams & E. Castle  
 † Captain      \* Wicket-keeper

Play begins at 11 Stumps drawn at 6 (half-an-hour extra if necessary)  
 Spectators are requested not to enter or leave their seats during the progress of an over  
 This card does not necessarily include the fall of the last wicket

Note the name of the Umpire!

3<sup>d</sup> LORD'S M GROUND 3<sup>d</sup>

**BEAUMONT v. ORATORY**

Saturday, June 7th, 1958 (1-day Match)

ORATORY		First Innings	Second Innings
1 J. Townley	b Baker	2	
2 C. Cook	b Horton	16	
3 N. Simpson	c Bulfield b Horton	101	
†4 L. C. Fynn	c Barr b Baker	36	
5 I. B. Murray	b Horton	11	
6 J. Fieldus	c Bulfield b Stevens	9	
7 P. Nicol	l b w b Baker	21	
8 B. Andrews	b Stevens	0	
9 P. Sorapure	b Baker	0	
10 J. A. Hawkes	b Mitchell	2	
*11 F. Langan	not out	1	
		B 2, l-b 5, w , n-b , 7	B , l-b , w , n-b ,
Total		206	Total

FALL OF THE WICKETS

1-9	2-54	3-145	4-163	5-175	6-184	7-184	8-185	9-204	10-206
1-	2-	3-	4-	5-	6-	7-	8-	9-	10-

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING		1st Innings					2nd Innings					
Name	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b
Stevens	16	5	51	2	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Baker	19	2	49	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Horton	16	2	62	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Barr	3	0	19	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
O'Connor	4	0	18	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Mitchell	1.3	1	0	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

BEAUMONT		First Innings	Second Innings
1 B. L. Baker	c Fynn b Simpson	100	
2 M. Parker	b Nicol	0	
3 M. Barr	c Murray b Sorapure	21	
4 H. Stevens	b Simpson	30	
*5 M. R. Bulfield	not out	21	
6 A. O'Connor	c Cook b Simpson	30	
7 A. Scott	not out	0	
8 J. Paton-Walah			
9 A. Mitchell			
10 J. Horton			
†11 R. W. Bates			
		B 1, l-b 2, w , n-b 2, 5	B , l-b , w , n-b ,
Total		207	Total

FALL OF THE WICKETS

1-2	2-56	3-152	4-163	5-205	6-	7-	8-	9-	10-
1-	2-	3-	4-	5-	6-	7-	8-	9-	10-

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING		1st Innings					2nd Innings					
Name	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b	O.	M.	R.	W.	Wd.	N-b
Nicol	14.1	2	53	1	...	2	...	...	...	...	...	...
Hawkes	7	0	36	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Sorapure	8	0	33	1	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fieldus	1	0	8	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Simpson	8	0	29	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Fynn	3	0	19	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Andrews	4	0	19	0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

Umpires—B. L. Muncer & H. E. Robinson      Scorer—E. de Limburg Stirum

† Captain      \* Wicket-keeper

Play begins at 11. Stumps drawn at 6 (half-an-hour extra if necessary)

† Spectators are requested not to enter or leave their seats during the progress of an over

John writes:- Robert, my good friend Ralph Bates, with whom I shared a room in the White House, captained the 1958 side, but batted at no. 11 and in this match did not bowl a single over of his leg-breaks. Unfortunately I never saw him

again after school. We exchanged letters when I was in Belize & when I had left the army I went up to London to see him. His first wife was at home, he was away rehearsing. Embarrassingly he was in the throes of leaving & getting divorced. Marriage, work & children took up so much of the next few years for me that we never managed to meet up. He was great fun to be around, we didn't help our A level results much with our lifestyle in the 6th form, and our status as regulars at the Union Inn. Despite his acting talent he was never precious or 'Thespian'. Fr Ezechiel was a very good producer of school plays, also, somewhat surprisingly, Mr Malcolm Clarke SJ, who was our class master. After ordination he became a heavyweight theologian of the modernist persuasion. Unfortunately the Higher Line play I was involved in was 'Lady Precious Stream' produced by Fr T.B.Murray, which while it may have been interestingly sophisticated in the West End in the 1930s came across I thought as a play more suited to prep school actors. Maybe you saw it as a fairly junior boy. I could burden you with a couple of other programmes I found. In The Magistrate Matthew Guinness is in drag. Some names on these cast lists never seem to appear in BU reviews. Have I missed out on what happened to Richard Hewins, Kevin McGrath & Claude Johnson? Final NB, was not my contemporary and one-time academic rival Anthony d'Ombrain another who achieved some academic distinction in Canada? Rgds John

**We have found Kevin (see above) and I understand that Claude has died but does anyone have news of Richard?**

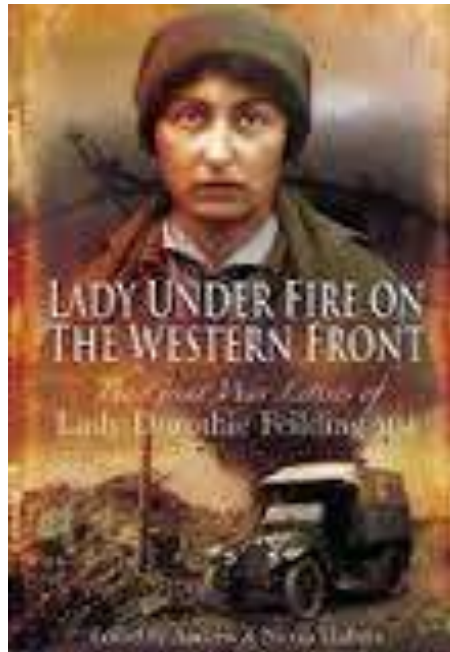
Finally, I had a letter from a certain Philip Arnold researching the Bicknell father and son on the war Memorial;-

"I have been in touch with Cedric's grandson, **Peter (55)**, who put me right on the fact that the son's true name is frequently misquoted. It is quite a mouthful, namely: Basil Bysshe Bye Bagshawe Bicknell. I imagine he himself gave the army the less alliterative version.

His birth name obviously caused amusement within the family - to quote Peter:

'My grandmother, on being asked what they were going to call their new baby said vaguely: "Oh, something like fish pie".

## **BOOK REVIEWS**



When Britain went to war in 1914 many people from all backgrounds rallied to the cause, determined to join the colours or be useful in some other way. Lady Dorothea Feilding, the twenty-five-year-old daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, wasted no time volunteering for the Munro Motor Ambulance Corps. Spending nearly four years on the Western Front in Belgium driving ambulances, she had the distinction of being the first woman to be awarded the Military Medal for her bravery as well as the French Croix de Guerre and the Belgian Order of Leopold.

Fortunately the hundreds of letters that she wrote to her family at Newnham Paddox, near Rugby, have been discovered and carefully edited by Andy and Nicola Hallam. These reflect the tragedy and horror of war and also the tensions of being a woman at the front contending with shells, traumatic wounds, gossip, lice, vehicle maintenance and inconvenient marriage proposals. She enjoyed a ready access to all levels of military life and her candid comments and insightful observations make fascinating reading.

Despite her sheltered and privileged upbringing Dorothea was clearly feisty young woman with a devil-may-care attitude to danger and authority. Her easy-going approach to life transcended social boundaries and that endeared her to all that she came into contact with whether royalty, senior commanders or Tommies. *Lady Under Fire on the Western Front* offers the reader a rare, possibly totally unique, view of The Great War.

## Bio

Lady Dorothea Mary Evelyn Feilding, born in 1889, was the second daughter of the

9th Earl of Denbigh. She was educated at Newnham Paddox, the family home and at the Assumption Convent in Paris.

Her experiences as a volunteer with the Munro Motor Ambulance Corps from 1914 to 1917 are the subject of this book.

She married Charles Moore at Newnham Paddox on 5 July 1917 and they had four daughters and a son.

She died on 24 October 1935 at Mooresfort, Tipperary.