

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2019



The Union were not the only ones that gathered in London on the 7th October: there were others dressed, for the most part, for the great outdoors and waving placards announcing “Extinction Rebellion”. I was not alone among those that arrived at the Caledonian with the thought that their slogan had much in common with ourselves. However, there is an obvious divergence: the rebels wish to

alter society, try and create a better world as they see it although what they ask of society in the time frame is unrealistic. We, of course, have already suffered a catastrophic loss of habitat which will result in our extinction. In the meantime we are trying to preserve for as long as possible that philosophy, that approach to life that we learnt in our youth and which we try to retain and hopefully have passed onto future generations. We rebel against our demise and will do so for as long as we can. *"In the end we know there will be none to remember. Never mind. It was a good thing; and good things leave a mark"*.

NOTICES

Website

We have a new section: "First 75 Years". Go to History "dropdown". It covers mainly in pictorial form aspects of School life up until 1936.

There is a new edition of **Vril** written by **Chris Fry**. It may not be the happiest of subjects as we approach Christmas but to put it bluntly Chris is dying (as in a way we all are). He is facing it positively through his strength of Faith. "Aeterna non Caduca".

B U Committee

With "perches getting more precarious" we decided to increase our Committee numbers and I'm glad to report that **Richard Sheehan (63)** has agreed to join us.

Richard at school was Captain of Boxing, rowed in The VIII and played in the First XV. On leaving, he played Rugby for London Irish and rode as an amateur jockey. A past Director of HSBC Insurance and Chairman of the Financial Institutions division he has also been involved with The Bulldog Trust and closer to home the Dermot Goggarty Trust. He is a BOF of many years' standing and organised our Dublin Dinner a few years back.

OBITUARIES

I have to report the deaths of **Bruce Comjean (56)** American publisher, **Nicholas Hinds (62)** who made his life in Italy, **John Bracey Gibbon (51)**, John **Hanrahan (55)**, actor, satirist, wit, parliamentary candidate. **Jerry Gilmore (60)** surgeon of Gilmore's groin fame, raconteur and one of our greatest friends and supporters, and **Henry Stevens (58)** brother, son and grandson of an OB, Triple colour, County Rugby player, International Polo umpire, and another most loyal friend.



Jerry



Henry

Please see the OBITUARIES section. Tributes to Jerry and Henry will appear in the next REVIEW.

IN THE NEWS

B U LUNCH

The best part of sixty gathered for our annual Lunch at the Caledonian Club on the 7th October: Not a bad number given due consideration to all matters and especially that many of our regulars were unavoidably detained elsewhere and I don't mean by that "under the sod". For the first time we had ladies present though not just any ladies: Mandy Bedford was there in her own right as Honorary Secretary of the BU and Paula Bailey as our President's "First Lady" and who has hosted us on many occasions over the years. Their presence was acclaimed by all present. **For those concerned that this means a change in policy and that Ladies in general will be allowed at The Lunch: rest assured that this is not the case. We will continue for the foreseeable future as a male gathering.**

We were particularly pleased to see **Michael Bourke** over from Canada and **John Marshall** from The States.

Below are some photo snaps of the day :-



Mandy with Derek Hollamby



A Presidential group: Anthony Hussey, Guy Bailey, Mike Parker and Paula



John Flood



Peter Savundra



Gino Ciuffardi, Chamberlains Varyl and Guy, John Towesy



Mike Morris, Martin Haddon, Duncan Grant and Bill Gammell.....



.....Mike Hywel-Davies, Barrie Martin, Peter Peake and Mark Addison



Oliver



Patrick

This year's Chairman was **Oliver Hawkins** who for the first time proposed the Health of The Ladies of the Union with **Patrick Burgess** offering the toast to The Chairman combined with The Spirit of Beaumont.

We were extremely fortunate that at school we were taught the essence of what to speak and how to speak and both Oliver and Patrick epitomised the result of that important part of our education – Deo Gratias we were all thoroughly entertained.

Oliver:-

Felix prole Virum

Gentlemen, cast your minds back to the large hall at Beaumont, where plays and films took place. It was also the venue for boxing matches. Now I'm reasonably sure that those of you who performed in the ring probably weren't all that aware of the Latin inscriptions that lined the walls. I doubt that Graham Grant, trading punches with Ranulph Fiennes, stopped to admire the Virgillian turn of phrase, or that Mike Marshall, winning his bout during that same victorious match against Eton, was particularly inspired by the words of Anchises written on the wall behind his opponent's head.

Strangely enough, one of those phrases has stayed with me: Felix Prole Virum

The classicists among you will recognize at once the words from Virgil, referring to Rome, 'happy in her race of men', but an equally valid translation could be 'proud of her old boys', and looking round at the fine array of manhood before me today I would say pride well justified.

As a school Beaumont is in the curious position of existing solely through its old boys, a group that sadly but inevitably grows smaller each year; but perhaps for that reason enjoys particularly strong bonds. And I think we're all hugely grateful to

Robert Wilkinson for keeping us informed not just of the losses, but of the proud history as well.

Guy Bailey - and Paula, no one embodies the spirit of Beaumont more eloquently than your husband does - suggested a few years ago that the spirit of Beaumont is like the small eternal flame glowing in the sanctuary lamp. I loved that analogy, with its echoes of Brideshead, and the idea that we all carry that small flame in ourselves. Sometimes it can direct the whole of a life, like that of Jean Vanier, who died earlier this year and must be the first OB to have a good chance of canonization. For most of us that small flame is more likely to be the occasional nudge in the right direction. And just as academic distinction is no indication of subsequent success, so schoolboy behaviour does not necessarily predict adult probity. I've no idea how Jean Vanier behaved at school, but who would have imagined that the man who led the midnight raid on St Mary's Ascot would become the model of rectitude that is Bill Gammell!

How many of you remember Sergio Osmeña III? He was the scion of a great political dynasty in the Philippines, a charming, laid back young man who, rumour had it, kept a white Ford Thunderbird in the village. I remember helping him with his application to Harvard, where he had put down his interests as dating and playing the bongo drums. Of course he was accepted at once. I lost touch, and was astonished to find out many years later that this amiable playboy had spent time on hunger strike in a Phillipino prison, ultimately securing the release of over a thousand political prisoners, and had played a significant role in establishing proper government in that country.

Rather closer to home, my chief purpose today is to introduce our speaker, whose probity has never been in doubt. Patrick Burgess was Captain of the school, and has since then accumulated titles almost too many to list – Senior Partner at the big City law firm Goudens, Master of the Feltmakers Company; Chairman of a FTSE 100 company and Chairman Boodles; Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire; High Sheriff of West Sussex and Deputy Lieutenant; and Chancellor to the Order of St John. But three distinctions stand out in particular – firstly that it was Patrick who fifty years ago instigated the Mass at the War Memorial on Remembrance Sunday; secondly that he managed to have all three of his sisters marry Beaumont boys; and thirdly that he can be absolutely relied on to start us off on the right note when we sing the Carmen in a few minutes time.

So to Patrick's sisters, to Paula and Mandy, and to all those patient partners who put up with their husbands going on about school, gentlemen please raise your glasses: to the ladies.

Patrick:-

The Inevitability of the Gradual

Reverend Father, ladies and gentlemen,

As we are all getting older, I want to start with a cheering piece of news: we may not have to wait till the Last Day to rise again; the Chichester Observer this week carried a notice that the City council were going to install a defibrillator in the Chichester Cemetery!

Oliver percipiently points out that Beaumont's legacy is, essentially, as it has to be, embodied in people, even though through the sterling efforts of Robert Wilkinson and others there are tangible parts to it too, especially up Brothers' Walk, in St John's, and thanks to St John's – albums and photos and so on, and items from the Corps of Drums, and the great picture of the Queen being greeted by Pip Hinds against the arcadian background of the Captains' Lawns.

Talking of her Majesty's visit, it was Chris Kelly – now Sir Christopher Kelly - who was assigned the task of representing our year in showing her round; he walked with her from the front entrance round to the Science Block and, I think I am right in saying, took the conversation forward by gesturing to the left and saying 'These Ma'am are the cows.' History has moved for less!

For me, and I am sure for lots of us, other memories spring from the sheer and sensuous beauty that made up our surroundings: it would be difficult to think of a more idyllic mise-en-scene than the countryside around Beaumont - and for what amounted to not much more than £50 a term in those days!

Memories can be so evocative! I still have a photo of Andrew Dearing and Tony Russell and myself walking on the frozen Thames down by the Bells in the Great Chill of 1963. But most of my memories – I wonder if yours are the same – seem to be bathed in light: the moment, for instance, in every year, in the frosty sunlight and the stillness of Remembrance Sunday, when the Rector would step off the Captain's Lawns to stand before the soaring proportions of our very inspiring memorial – which, by the way, won for Giles Gilbert Scott (OB) several architectural prizes in the Twenties as one of the best school war memorials in the country - and, while the majestic heavy-headed Cedars of Lebanon and that one cocky Monkey-puzzle tree looked on, led us in the solemn recitation of the De Profundis; and - sunshine again: this time glinting off the waters of the Thames as we rowed up to the Datchett Reach; or the sun's setting light on our backs bathing the golden grey brick of the College with its glory, as we wandered down from the cricket flats after a match on a weekend evening. I am sure you can think of lots more because our lives were crowded with images!

But I would like to take you with me on a brief exploration as to what holds us, and our individual inheritances from our days at the College, and those tangible memorabilia up at St John's, all together in a web of real affection, not just sentimentality.

And so, I hope you will allow me to pick up on Oliver's theme of quotes from our days at school – this one from the darkening chapel just before we were sent on our ways, bound to silence until breakfast. It is one of those brief meditations the Spiritual Father intoned...

Let me try this on you for size: "Your best friends will abandon you and leave you nothing but a winding sheet...."

I don't suppose we paid a lot of attention at the time, but just occasionally those words still come to mind – or others like: "death is certain, the time and manner are uncertain...." And I mention these because it seems to me that through lots of these and other small things we were being treated to something the Society of Jesus discerned long before the totalitarian brainwashing regimes of the 20th century did so – the power of osmosis. And it was clearly successful, because look how many of us are still here!

A propos this angle of enquiry, I remember standing in the loo of a pub in Ireland years ago beside an elderly wight in the next stall who had clearly been waiting for sometime for something to happen; he leaned across the porcelain divide to deliver an insight the profundity of which has shaped my life ever since: he said, 'Has it ever struck you the inevitability of the gradual?'

Words truly meaningful, my dear brethren...

Osmosis wasn't all we could rely on - there was little that was wrong with the specifically scholarly side of things – in my year, out of 28 in Poetry and Rhetoric, seven went up to Oxford or Cambridge, some with Open Scholarships; one went to TCD: Rupert Lescher, who rose to distinction there; several to other UK universities; and, besides Sergio Osmena, Shane O'Dea and Ed Monaghan entered universities in the States; two among us [Michael Milward and Peter Corcoran] went into the Church, by the way. A little before our own time, we sprouted a Nobel Prize winner in Anthony Leggett. And there were also many others before us: I remember that awe with which, from the bottom of the Lower Line Refectory (safe from the First Prefect's napkin patrol), we could see what appeared to us then to be Olympians sitting on the Captains' Table – by the way, to me, they still have something of that aura about them, even now!

And look at the teachers they flung at us – Haunch Hanshell who went on from teaching rarified English to us, and producing the Pantomime, to becoming Master of Champion Hall in Oxford; and what about Major Roddy and his dual mastery of aphorisms and superb water colour wash techniques? Or John O'Malley who, after Beaumont closed, went on to thrill the students in one of the great Liverpool teaching colleges with his captivating theories about Duns Scotus and Reality.

It was all real enough!

Or there was Father Bamber, who I guess most of us didn't immediately rate among the stars - but it was he who in a magisterial speech to the BU Dinner a few years

after the College had been translated back to Stonyhurst brought a level of peace and a certain balm to the wounds everyone had suffered after the closure. Bogs Bamber it was who taught us Greek in Grammar One. Among our number was John Gillibrand , a very clever chap, in those days a little ponderous in speech, though he went on to become a distinguished manager, and Bogs asked him the meaning of 'phainomai', (from which, you will all remember, we get our word 'phenomenon' – 'appearance').

John was stumped

Seizing the classroom door handle, Bogs launched himself out into the gallery and we heard his footsteps receding down it to the Lady Statue at the far end and then – rather like in the Goon Show - coming back again, louder and louder; and then he threw open the door, swept in and called out “ ‘phainomai ! – Gillibrand, what does that mean?”

Blessed with an ability to speak the truth with directness and untroubled by the sense of discretion which had yet to grow upon him, John Gillibrand replied, with absolute accuracy: ' I am panting, Father'.

Even sport – some would say, especially sport - was a vehicle for learning ,and I can still hear Brogie refereeing a Rugger match on Runnymede , exasperated by the laid back attitude of the boys around him -(do you remember, being laid back was very much the thing of the moment ?) - exclaiming “You simply must get rid of this ‘come day, go day, God send Sunday’ attitude to life”.

But it was an attitude, pace Fr Brogan – and as I can see from my fellow school friends here in all their languid elegance around me now- an attitude which grew into that ease of manner and natural grace which marks out Beaumont boys to this day. Osmosis again?

And in that milieu I am sure, and I hope you agree with me, that we learnt to deal with all manner and conditions of people, and amongst our teachers in life, for whom we should also give thanks, we should be counting Johnny Johnston, and Barney Mills and Tony, the ex-Polish General who served us in the Lower Line Refectory..

As we have all progressed through life I have observed, even amongst those of us who don't go to church that much, that the effect of that subtle osmosis has continued to shape our lives(a faint echo perhaps of the hymn to St Stanislaus, the 'saint of our youth') : where 'earth has spread her glittering toys in vain', it is that which has guided from the ' throne of light above,' our steps 'in faith and hope and love'... Sprung from those lessons, mostly unspoken, that crept up on us and that we have not forgotten, we should rejoice in the sheer humanity of what it produced, and, looking around me, I like to think the best of humanity at that!

Our distinguished Chairman, Oliver, is a wonderful personification of this! The first thing I remember about Oliver's own career after school apart from all of us sharing that strange, ethereal – almost 'faded-royalty' - ambience of the Catholic

Chaplaincy at Cambridge (medieval with baroque overtones) under the aegis of Monsignor Gilbey (also, perhaps, medieval with baroque overtones) - “we’re all Roman Catholics here, my boy – priest on the same side of the altar as the people “- and the ghost stories and the dinner on St Stanislaus’ Day , as I say, apart from that, my first memory of Oliver relates to a most delicately drawn cartoon which appeared in Granta , the University’s intellectual mag, of a couple captured in the sparest of deft pen strokes just probably doing what couples do. It created quite a stir in the early sixties!

And Oliver has gone on to break new ground elsewhere after his degree in Architecture and the History of Art in the University’s much lauded School of Architecture. He rose through several consultancies to be Dean of a distinguished college in Belloc’s home County, giving guidance and inspiration to students from very mixed economic backgrounds. A scion of a well-known artistic and literary dynasty, Oliver has lived for 50 years in Arundel (surely, a suburb of Heaven!), acting as archivist and chief lawgiver to his family of 188 mostly gifted (he tells me) cousins, continuing to be the very model of what osmosis combined with great promise can do for you: distinguished, perceptive, very kind, infectiously witty, a man of very considerable learning and artistic talent - all worn lightly, but so elegantly.

I mentioned having the setting sun on our backs as we strolled down from the cricket flats after weekend matches at school : you could say that the procession of all those years since 1967 to our present day has about it something of that self-same image. But the sun can be at its brightest at its setting. Oliver has mentioned some of ‘our best’* in people terms, and our strength - our ‘Vril’, as our erstwhile Olympians would have had it- is in the nature of our people. We have perhaps, at least for some of us, Deo volente, quite a lot of years left to gather together, mortality rates being what they are.

Recently, a French Academician was asked what he thought about still being alive at 96. ‘Very satisfactory when you consider the alternatives’, was his reply! We should press on!

As Monsignor Jim, and Paula and Mandy, know only too well, we are still sending parties of Old Boys to Lourdes with the HCPT at Easter each year, still meeting for golf and for lunches, and at the War Memorial: some for fun, some out of filial loyalty, some for both.

So the ineffable spirit of the College will flourish, I believe, sine macula - burnished bright even in the going down of the sun. As the poem goes – “ the singing will never be done!”

And so I give you “ THE SPIRIT OF BEAUMONT, AD MULTOS ANNOS, COUPLED WITH THE NAME OF OUR DISTINGUISHED CHAIRMAN, OLIVER HAWKINS.”

The Beaumont Union lunch – 7th October, 2019

**Oliver particularly mentioned , amongst our old boys to be admired, Jean Vanier, founder of L'Arche (possibly with all due respect to those present, our only candidate for future canonisation) and Sergio Osmena III (a natural , and well-resourced, playboy who went to jail in the Philippines for his principles, and secured the release of some one thousand political prisoners).*



The "Captains" Table

By way of a Christmas quiz we have gathered around the table;1) "Historically his business was considered a noxious or "odoriferous trade" and relegated to the outskirts of town".2) "A cox with a past appeal", 3) "An MP's noble son", 4) "A Fan maker and no Ordinary Bencher",5) "A Victorian molar explorer",6) "A silk pleader". 7) "A Syntax Physics graduate".8) "A suitor Found but lost".

Answers at the end of The Review.



The Law: Colin Russell



The Accountant: Mike Wortley



Sport : Edwin de Lisle (Polo)



Nigel Courtney (Golf)



Past Royal "Courtiers": Chris McHugh (Yacht) Mickey Burgess (Coroner)



"Magnum Morris"

An expansive Roger Darby



John Wolff “ going for the cheque book”



Mike Parker, Ronnie de la Grange and Nick Warren. What do we have in common?
Year of '58 – what else.



U S Marshall (Johnny)



Cornish Henry Haywood



Would they pass Tom Kelly?



The double act of Bruce and Darby – not so much the dregs of the party – more the last to leave.

This year's best excuse of absence came from **Peter de Kok** – “However tempting it may be to join you given that pre- lunch cocktails are included, flying from Atlanta seems a little over the top thus I will regretfully decline Cheerio chaps enjoy your lunch”.

Remembrance Sunday

As we do each and every year, we gathered at the War Memorial for Mass to remember all the Beaumont dead and especially those killed in the two World Wars. This year was the 80th anniversary of the start of WW2 and in early October 1939 Beaumont had already suffered her first casualty.



Capitaine Comte Gaultier de Lesterps de Beauvais (OB 02). The son of Lt – Colonel Comte Robert de Lesterps de Beauvais. He was born at Saumur where his father was serving with the Cavalry. In WW1 he was a volunteer and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. At the start of WW2 he was mobilised with the 7eme Regiment

de Chasseurs a Cheval and joined the 73ème Groupe de Reconnaissance de Division d'Infanterie (G.R.D.I.) at Evereux. In October, Gaultier and his troop were deployed beyond the Maginot Line on a mission close to the German frontier. **On 9th October he was killed in action near Eschwiller the first OB to die in the war. He was awarded a second Croix de Guerre and made a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur.**

Gaultier was also the first alumnus of any British Public school to die in the War. The first British serviceman was not killed until two months later when on patrol also in front of the Maginot line.

We also welcomed a few members of The Stonyhurst Association to the Mass following their dinner which this year was held at De Vere Beaumont. 7 OBs named on the Memorial spent part of their education at Stonyhurst when they attended the Philosophy course. **Clifford (11), Devas (98), Eyre (96), Leake (12), Lumsden (95), Nolan (00), and Purcell (06).**

Mass was celebrated by Fr Adrian Porter SJ and the wreath laid on behalf of The Union by **Major Robert Bruce OBE** late Royal Marines.



Salute the Fallen

We would like to thank especially **Chris Tailby** our sacristan who made all the arrangements for the Mass, **Patrick Burgess** for the hand painted Crest in the wreath and De Vere Beaumont for their hospitality.

Once again we much enjoyed an excellent Lunch at St John's and thank **Giles Delaney** and the School for their kindness and generosity.



Our "Vice" - **JMPW** was present

During the Lunch we auctioned a copy of Peter Levy's Centenary Book given by **David Martin** for BU funds. The copy original price of 18/6p was finally taken by **Richard Sheehan** for £50: not a bad return.

Those of you that watched the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall will have seen two dedications that had Beaumont connections. The First was the Centenary of GCHQ which was born out of MII(b) which had been founded by **Malcolm Hay (97)**. The other was the American music of WW2 represented by Irving Berlin the son in law of **Clarence Mackay (92)**.

We get everywhere!

The Stonyhurst Association Dinner

The Diner was held at de Vere Beaumont on the eve of Remembrance Sunday and members of the BU were invited to attend. John Wolff was invited by his sons and the other OBs were the guests of Michael Joseph past Chairman of the Association.

Present were **The Floods, The Ferrers The Tailbys and The Kwoleks.**



The Table



Celia Flood and the Kwoleks (66)



Moira Tailby and Chris Ferrer (55)

GOLF

The Annual Match BUGS v OGGS

“Although We’ve played some holes in one, and other holes in two; Although We’ve often beaten par, we kindly beg of you To let us off—for while we might show proof of well-earned fame, We never speak about our scores or talk about our game.”

Except to say that the motley BUGS side remain undefeated at the hands of the younger and possibly more virile Old Gregorians.

Nigel Courtney writes:-

2019 joust with Downside’s Old Gregorians Golf Society (the OGGS) took place on 10th September. It was held at Denham Golf Club for the third time and we were blessed with fair weather. The assembled company rekindled old friendships over refreshments before adjourning to Denham’s four-centuries-old dining room, which is adorned with big game trophies and other regalia. BU ties were much in evidence.

(Indeed the Editor was not surprised to find on arrival at the Clubhouse bar at noon that our team was all present and enjoying a glass or two well before the opposition arrived. A point noted by Julius Stevens (OG), a one- time BOF who is well versed in OB social norms and did I detect the opposition being particularly generous in filling our glasses – not a problem, for it could be said that OBs tend to run on a higher octane fuel than a 2014 Cote de Rhone the choice of our Benedictine Brethren)..



Lunch was as delicious as ever and, in due course, the players set out for the 1st tee in a decidedly relaxed frame of mind. However, our competitive spirit swiftly returned when our delightful but formidable opponents stepped up to the mark.

Sadly, some of our members had been obliged to pull out of the team and this left us with six golfers led by our ever-supportive non-playing captain Robert Wilkinson. The OGGs had suffered similar predation and fielded a team of five golfers led by Michael Liddell. In order to make three '4-Ball Better Ball' matches possible, Michael nobly volunteered to take on two BUGS players. (Ed: Michael's great Uncles played Halford Hewitt for Beaumont in the '30s)

Once again, despite Robert's on-course encouragement, dispensed inimitably from the safety of his buggy, the fixture proved to be a very close-run affair:

Kevin McArdle & Martin Wells halved with Julius Stephens & Mark Pettitt

Nigel Courtney & Mark Addison beat Michael Liddell 1 up

Chris Tailby & Patrick Solomon lost to Stefan Cassar & Andrew Kennedy
5/4



Patrick bringing a little colour to lighten the proceedings while Nigel “addresses” the ball. Or is it a prayer.



Kevin “gliding it” to the hole watched by Stevens while Mark sends it “winging” on its way



Martin chipping to the green



Chris in what was named the "Jesuit" Bunker



Joined by Patrick

The BUGS have in the past played at Denham in the rain: conditions which seem to have suited our dogged style. There was no chance of the odd shower to un-nerve the OGs and the Editor was to witness some quite “jammy” shots by the Benedictine brethren on a course where they often play their matches. By halfway, our first two pairs were going “neck and neck” but Chris and Patrick were starting to struggle against one player who had found form well above his handicap.



The final few holes and our lead pair look pensive



It wouldn't be golf without the odd hard luck shots

So, the overall result was a halved match.

As a memento of this very cordial occasion, every player received a golf ball imprinted with the Beaumont crest. Then, for some unaccountable reason, Chris and Patrick also became the beneficiaries of a 'special' award – a golf ball bearing the exhortation: 'play your Provisional ball first'.

Michael pointed out that the BUGS had won this competition last time so they should retain the trophy – a lapel badge bearing the cartoon image of a scintillating golden prize. Nigel presented it to Robert who promptly attached it to his jacket for safe keeping.

Everyone agreed that we had all enjoyed a very convivial day. By popular demand, Michael was asked to book Denham for a repeat of the fixture at about the same time in 2020. BUGS members will be advised of the exact date in due course.

We hope more Beaumont Old Boys will want to join the fun. If you wish to, or know a BU OB who would be interested, please let Nigel know (nigel@courtney.net) as soon as convenient.

CONGRATULATIONS (belated)

Gregory Hinds on the award of the MBE in The New Year's Honours 2007.

His award was earned on behalf of a very good comprehensive school in Pontypool - St Alban's where he was a governor for 22 years and Chairman for 14 of them. Gregory wrote: "The people who really earned the award were the two outstanding Heads with whom I worked but as my wife, Elizabeth, said when I mentioned that, they got paid for what they did! We had a good run of Oxbridge students but also had a really good Special Needs unit.

Over half the students when I retired in 2012 were not catholic but their parents wanted their children to have an education based on Gospel values. These children included the sons and daughters of local Anglican and Baptist and Salvation Army ministers. I enjoyed my role".

In Memoriam

Requiem for Dr Robin Mulcahy

Mass was celebrated by Fr David Harold-Barry SJ for Robin in the St Ignatius chapel at Farm Street on the 18th September with lunch afterwards at the Punchbowl Pub. Among those present were Robin's widow Pat, daughter Helen and his brother **Brendan (OB)** and his wife Carol. Jesuits included Fr. David Harold-Barry Jesuit contemporary of Robin. Fr. Paul Nicholson Socius Assistant to the Provincial and an Ex Pupil of Robin's. Ex Jesuit seminarian contemporaries. **Chris Corcoran OB** Michael Malone-Lee OS. Friends.

Maggie Danby widow of **Nick Danby OB**, **Mandy Bedford widow of Michael Bedford OB** and **Hon Sec of The Union**. Rosemarie Cundy, Michael Malone-Lee's sister and Alec O'Connor real tennis friend and brother of Tim OB. **OBs; Jeremy Atlee, Guy Bailey and Paula, Peter Down, John Flood, Chris Lake, Tim O'Connor, Anthony Stevens, John Wolff and wife Anne.**

Requiem for Colin Ballentyne late Senior Master at St John's

Monday 16th September - Memorial Mass for Colin Ballantyne at St John's was celebrated by Fr Adrian Porter SJ. OBs present included **Robert Bruce, Chris Garrard, Johnny Marshall, and John Flood**

Requiem for Martin Patmore.

Tuesday 17th September Funeral Mass for Martin Patmore at Tadworth. OBs present included **Roger Darby, Barrie Martin, Paul Podesta, Chris Ferrer, David Martin, Michael Newton & John Flood.**The Lessons were read by **Barrie Martin and Roger Darby.**

The Dermot Goggarty Memorial Trust

The trust is shortly to be closed but in the years since Dermot died it has been a huge success in raising money for education of the less fortunate in Africa: Dermot was passionate about education, South Africa and social justice so it was fitting that his memorial fund should have supported "Breadline Africa" which is an internationally registered South African-based charity that aims to break the cycle of poverty by helping communities to help themselves, with a focus on children and education.

Richard Sheehan (Trustee) sent this information on some of the work achieved:-



Handover of the Little Angels Daycare Centre Classrooms

Hangberg, Hout Bay, Cape Town.



There was great excitement in the village of Hangberg on the outskirts of Hout Bay in Cape Town on Thursday 17 November, as Breadline Africa unveiled four new classroom units to accommodate the 60 children between the ages of three and five who attend pre-school there every day.



Generously sponsored by The Dermot Gogarty Memorial Trust, the four classrooms offer a safe, warm and dry haven for the children, many of whom come from impoverished circumstances. Little Angels' founder, Liezl Matthews, started the pre-school in 2010 to try to put a stop to the number of small children on the street and susceptible to many social ills, of which drug abuse is the single biggest.



Many of the parents who send their children to the facility are unable to pay fees, but Liezl believes that all children deserve a good start in life and, through the generosity of donors and supporters, is able to provide a place for the children to learn every day. The children receive a daily meal, a huge amount of love, support and the building of a basic education foundation.

The Chairman of Breadline Africa at the time was the daughter of **Sir Philip de Zulueta (42)**: Louise Seligman.



Louise is a founding trustee of Breadline Africa and was the Chairman of the international board for 17 years until July 2016. Louise has worked in the voluntary sector for the past 20 years. Before moving into the voluntary sector, she worked as a Financial Services head hunter and prior to this, spent several years working in the research and marketing side of the Financial Times conferences division. Louise has an M.A. in modern history from Oxford University.

Articles

The De Maury story part 1:-



Pedro Mones de Casa Maury was born in Cuba the son of a Spanish Marquis and was to spend most of his younger days living in “the fast lane” both on the Continent and in England. Bobby as he was usually called was sent to Beaumont in 1907 and left in 1913; there is little in the records concerning his school days, apart from rowing, though not in the VIII and he was no thespian nor recorded academic. Among his contemporaries were the sons of the “rich and rarefied” including **Ct Stanislaus de Rochfoucauld** who married the actress Alice Cocea, **Ct Jacques Sibour**, the flyer, who married Violette Selfridge. The polo player **Joseph Mitjans**, the future **Lord Haldon** and **Lord Talbot**, two of the **Parrott boys** of the Californian banking family. **Pr. Jean de Borbon** a claimant to the French throne, the three sons of the **Rajah of Tajpore**, and Bobby’s best friend **Pr. Jean-Louis Faucigny-Leucinge** descendant of Louis IX.

With the outbreak of War he joined the RFC and eventually was awarded his wings but apart from that we know little of his service career except he left in 1918 as a Flt Lt.

He came to prominence with the wealthy set along the Riviera in the early 1920s and having inherited the title and the money that went with it he was much in demand by wishful mothers in law. Bobby sailed the Mediterranean in his yacht, said to be the first Bermuda rigged schooner in the Med, flew his Gypsy Moth and took part in power boat races with “Pierre de Lune” a Bugatti powered speedboat built by the French company Despujois.



Source gallica.bnf.fr / Bibliothèque nationale de France

Bobby was one of the most successful drivers in French waters, however it was probably cars that were his main love for speed and he was often to be found on the European racing circuits and at Brooklands driving Bugattis



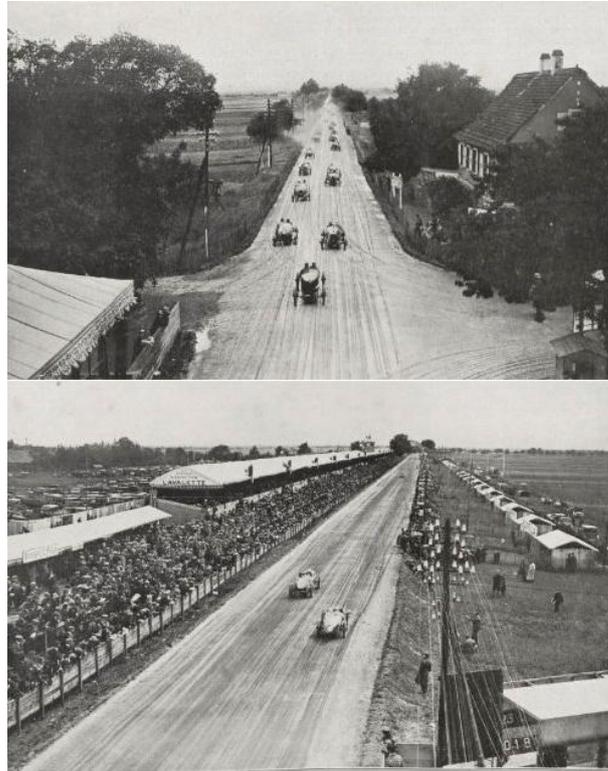
This is the car that he drove in the 1922 French Grand Prix.

The background to this was that following the resounding success of his 1500cc cars which secured the first four places in the most important voiturette race of the 1921 season at Brescia, Ettore Bugatti decided that the time had come for him to consider competing in the Grands Prix, then as now the pinnacle of European motor racing. Accordingly he set about the design of an entirely new model which was destined to become his first eight cylinder design to enter production and the forerunner of the wide range of racing and sports Bugattis, most notably the Type 35 Grand Prix model and the Grand Sport Type 43.

Four cars were entered as a factory team for the 1922 French Grand Prix which was to be held on 16th July around a triangular road circuit near Strasbourg, conveniently adjacent to Bugatti's Molsheim factory.

Initially the cars were equipped with bolster-tank racing bodies similar to those of the

racing Bescias, but shortly before the race they were replaced with far more streamlined coachwork, being of circular cross-section throughout from the cowled radiator to the pointed tail through the centre of which the exhaust was discharged. Little wonder that these bodies were immediately likened to cigars!



The race in progress

In the race itself the Bugattis faced strong opposition, in particular from the Fiat and Sunbeam teams. The race was held over a distance of 500 miles which proved too much for most of the 18-car field, only four running at the fall of the flag, three of which were Bugattis. The race was easily won by the sole surviving Fiat, another of which had crashed two laps from the finish but had still covered more distance than the third Bugatti (de Maury). Thus, although denied a victory in their debut Grand Prix, the Bugattis had accounted well for themselves, particularly in respect of their reliability.

For reasons unknown Bobby did not race again in Grand Prix except for the Italian which was not a great success but this could be of a new love interest: enter Paula Gellibrand or Paula Brooks as she had become and described by her contemporaries as “the most beautiful woman in Europe”. Paula had been born in Penarth, Wales the younger daughter of William Clarke Gellibrand a businessman with a chequered career; her mother was the daughter of an American Senator. We do not know much about her childhood except that she was taken under the wing of Baroness Mimi d’Erlanger known in society as “The Flame” for her vivid hair colour. It is of passing interest that Mimi’s husband Baron Leo had originally courted Ebe the daughter of Ettore Bugatti but had been discouraged. The d’Erlanger’s had a

daughter known as Baba and the two girls were brought up together and were usually known as “the Twins”. They lived at the one-time home of Lord Byron on Piccadilly and weekends at the country estate Falconwood. Mimi was an eccentric and encouraged the girls to adopt a Bohemian style of dress and appearance. Paula was “by some freak of fortune endowed with an appearance of extraordinary sophistication and blessed with enormous blue eyes”. When still only 15 in 1913 she married the Australian Landscape painter Ivan Wilkie Brooks in France and had two sons in fairly quick succession.



The Twins – Augustus John

She might have disappeared into relative obscurity except that she met the Hon Freddie Guest, a cousin of Churchill, soldier, MP, polo player and the money to go with it. It was said they had an affair and it was Freddie who commissioned Augustus John to paint the portrait of “The Twins” in 1919. Her marriage, of which she seldom, if ever spoke was over and she returned to the d’Erlangers and resumed society life with the yearly round of parties and sporting events. In July 1922 both Paula and Bobby attended the wedding of the year when the heiress Edwina Ashley married the Lord Louis Mountbatten: long on ancestors but short on money. It was said that Edwina, who was considered one of the beauties of her day, was in awe of the strikingly good looking Paula and Louis, usually known as Dickie, a man who felt inadequate with women wished that he was able drive a motor with the same dash as Bobby. Paula and Bobby were the Mountbatten’s first house guests when they set up home at Broadlands at Romsey.

Whether it was at there or some other event, Paula and Bobby got to know each other well and after a whirlwind romance they married at St James’s Spanish Place in March the following year with Baba as her only bridesmaid. (Baba was to marry

Jean-Louis Faucigny- Leucinge in November and the couple will be subject to a separate article at a later date). Bobby took Paula off for honeymoon: an extended cruise around the Mediterranean. They then settled down to married life in France but also in Rome and a home in Grosvenor Square.



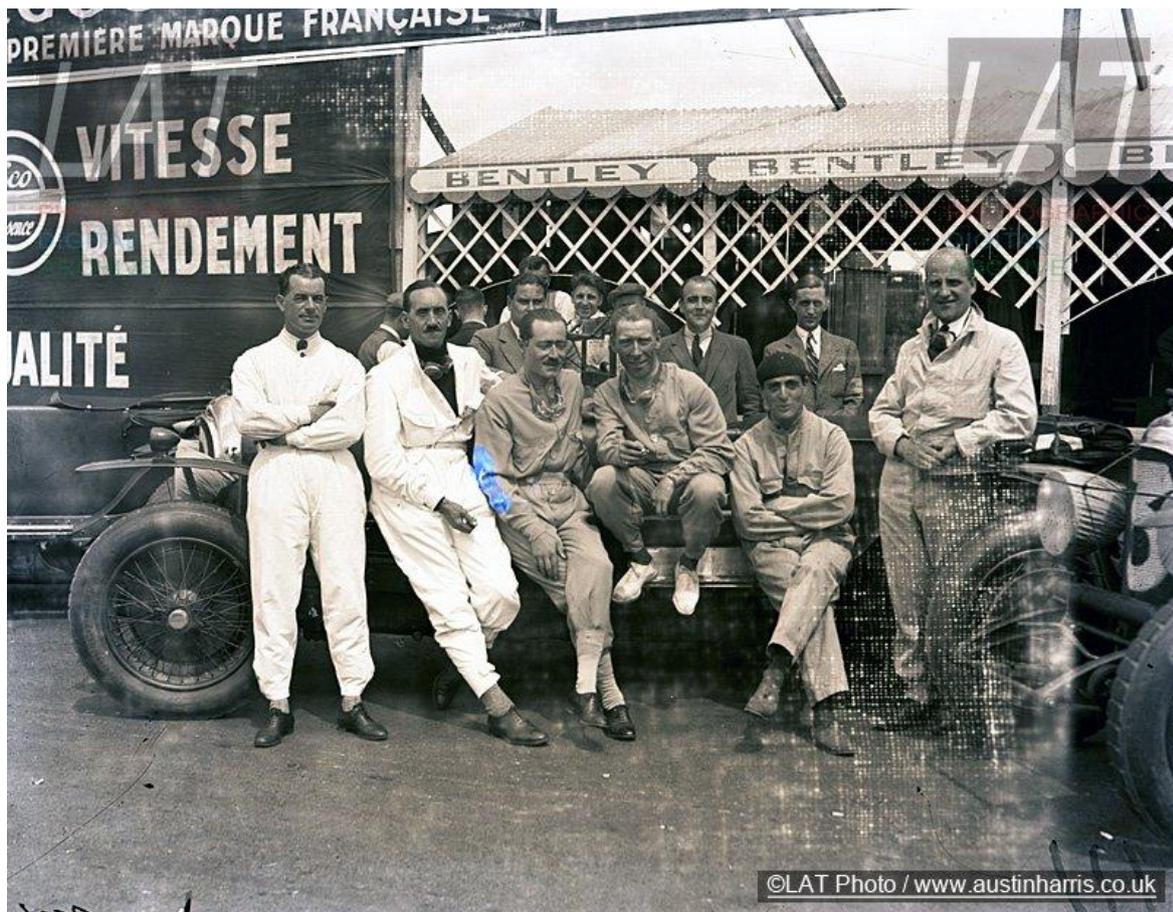
Paula on her wedding day “dressed as a nun with scarlet fingernails”.

It was in the early 1920s that a young Cecil Beaton went to work as a photographer for Condé Nast that brought him into contact with Paula’s sister Nadia Ruffer who was married at that time to the head of the organisation: he was also introduced to Mimi d’Erlanger. So it was not long before he met Paula who he christened “The Gellibrand” - Modigliani come to life: she became his muse and favourite model and probably the best known style icon of the Twenties.



One of many photographs of Paula taken by Beaton

While his wife was being admired by Society both in England, America and on the Continent, Bobby had once more immersed himself in cars and motor racing. He was asked by Walter Bentley "W O" to join him t Bentley Motors, to invest in the company and in return become joint Managing Director. It was the era of the "Bentley Boys". Their first win at Le Mans for an individual was in 1924 but when the team formed they went on to take the title in 1927 and the next three years.



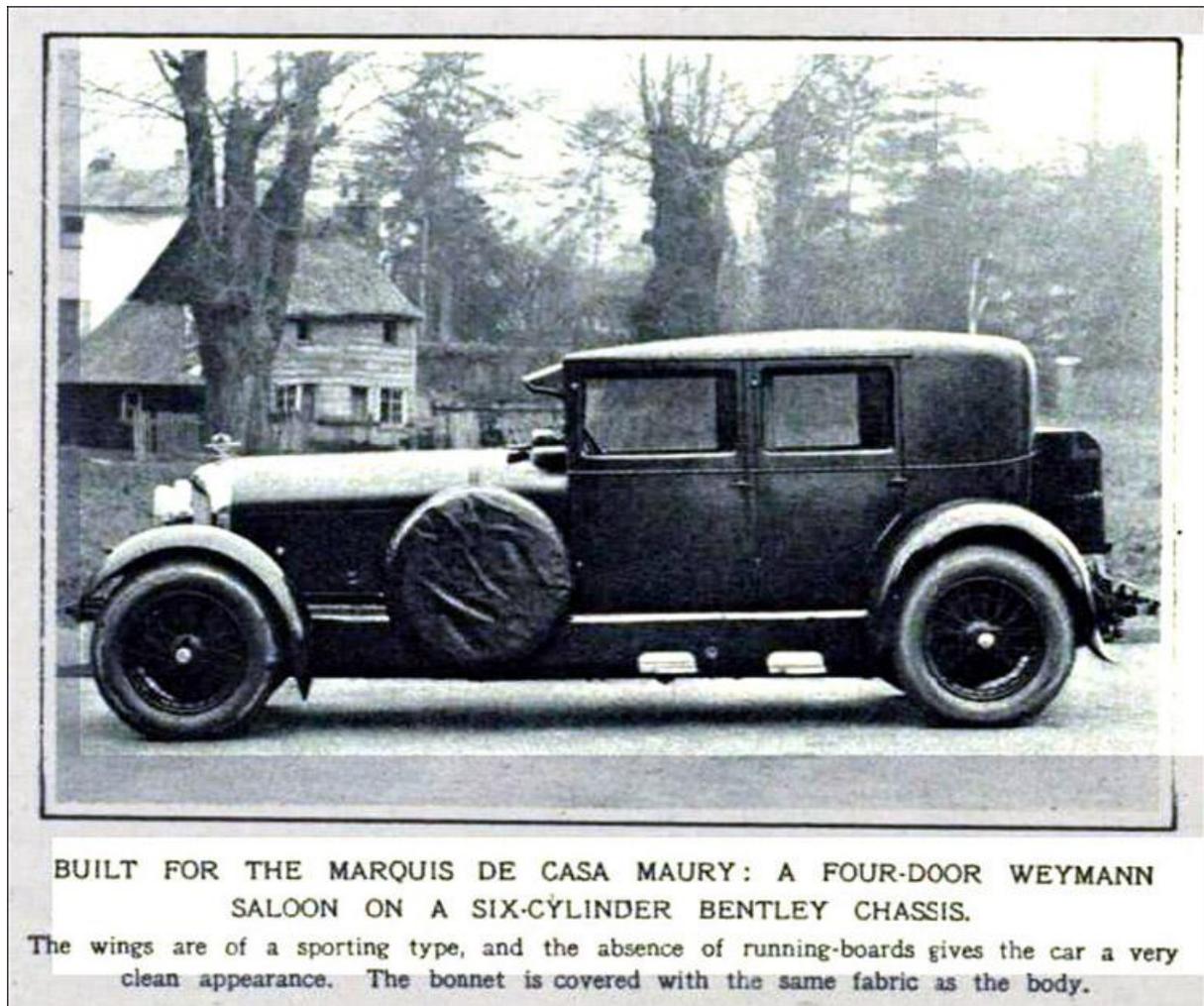
Le Mans 1927

L-R: Frank Clement, Leslie Callingham, Baron Henry d'Erlanger (cousin of Baba), George Duller, Sammy Davis and Dudley Benjafield. Behind d'Erlanger to the left is Woolf Barnato and to the right Leslie Pennal. W O Bentley to the right of Duller and next to WO is Bobby.

The '27 race was one of the most remarkable and dramatic pre-war Le Mans races. It is commonly remembered due to the infamous *White House crash*, a major accident that involved eight cars including all three of the widely tipped Bentley team's entries, and caused the retirement of two of them. The race was eventually won by the third which, although badly damaged, was able to be repaired by drivers Dudley Benjafield and Sammy Davis.

In a race missing many major manufacturers, the three Bentleys had been comfortably leading from the start, putting a lap on the rest on the field. The accident occurred about 9.40pm, as night was falling and a drizzle had started. A 2-litre Th. Schneider had spun at the White House curves blocking the road when the lead Bentley, unsighted, hit it at speed. Davis was able to extricate his damaged car and get back to the pits, resuming the race after a half-hour repair. The French Ariès of Jean Chassagne and Robert Laly, the only other large-engined car in the race, had meanwhile taken the lead. They held it through a very wet night and into the Sunday, until stopped with less than two hours to go by a broken distributor.

Davis and Benjafield had pushed their mishandling car hard all the way to take a lauded victory, in the end by a considerable 20-lap margin.



Bobby's motor that was built for him in 1928

All seemed to be going well for the de Casa Maury's until the "Crash" came in October 1929 when Bobby lost most of his assets and by 1932 Bentley was in financial trouble and the company sold. To add to his problems Paula was cited in a divorce between David Allen and his wife Lady Phyllis a daughter of the Earl of Lovelace another of eccentric tastes having a pet bear called Susan for whom she gave cocktail parties. She claimed adultery had been committed in the south of France and it was not contested. Allen, a brilliant scholar at Eton was a diplomat, politician, author and a financial backer and supporter of Mosley's Fascists. Bobby and Paula also divorced and she married Allen in 1932.



Paula in 1928 by Emil Otto Hoppé, one of the most important art, portrait, travel and documentary photographers of the modern era,

It would be easy to say that Paula could not face the uncertain future and without the wherewithal to finance her life style but undoubtedly the marriage was not strong enough to withstand the loss. (She later divorced Allen, married a rancher in Kenya. In her later years she was remembered as a life enhancing presence, always spoke her mind and was remarkably unaffected for a former style ikon and famous beauty. Always terrific fun and an understanding friend).



Bobby may have lost a wife and a fortune but there was enough money to re-invent himself, for having seen the growing popularity of Cinema, he bought a prime position in Mayfair and opened the Curzon Street Cinema on 6th March 1934. It was designed by architect Francis Lorne of the architectural firm Sir John Burnett, Tait & Lorne. The brick facade was low-rise, due to the fierce opposition of residents in the area of having a cinema on their doorstep, and the only relief from the brickwork was a vertical white stone feature that had the theatre name 'Curzon' mounted on it in green neon script. Inside the auditorium seating was provided on one level with a raised section at the rear which contained luxury 'club' seats. Indirect lighting was provided from five troughs across the ceiling. The proscenium was 33 feet wide.

So much for his business interest and although Paula had gone Bobby was still about on the social scene and it wasn't long before he became involved with one lady who for many years was certainly unattainable. Freda Dudley-Ward as she is often referred as, was born Winifred Birkin in 1894, she was the eldest child of a Nottingham lace manufacturer, Colonel Charles Birkin, and his American wife.

Freda had married William Dudley Ward, a handsome, up-and-coming Liberal MP, shortly before her 19th birthday in 1913, and together they had two daughters, Penelope ('Pempie') and Angela ('Angie').

Freda and the Prince of Wales first met during a Zeppelin raid in March 1918, after Freda took refuge in the doorway of a grand house in Belgrave Square, London. A party, with the Prince of Wales among the guests, was taking place inside, and when the hostess invited Freda inside, Edward was captivated. Petite and pretty, with dark curly hair and sparkly, periwinkle blue eyes, 24-year-old Freda exuded sex appeal and warmth. She gave the impression of needing a man's protection, yet beneath the vulnerable exterior, she was a strong woman.

By the time Freda met the Prince, her marriage was under strain. And when, in 1917, her husband William, or 'Duddie', was made vice-chamberlain to the Royal Household – a job that took him away from home – a bored Freda found new ways of amusing herself; among them, a growing dalliance with Edward.

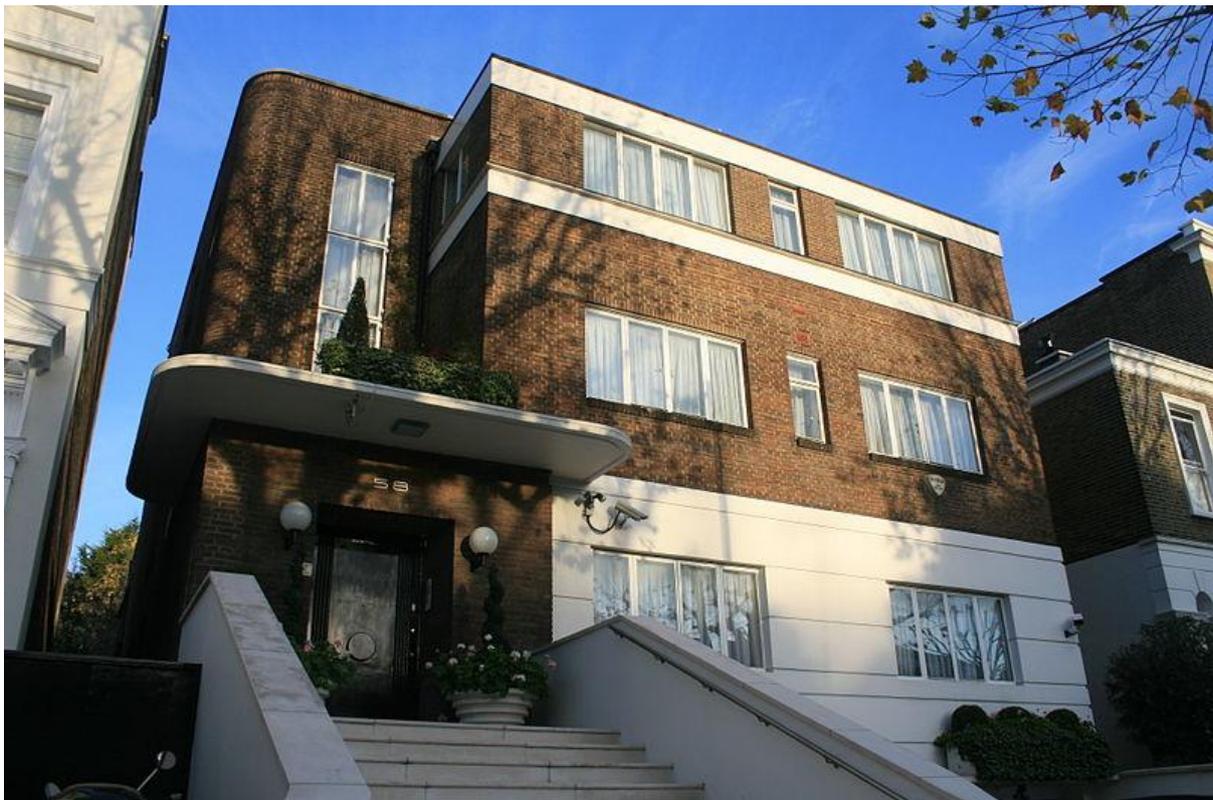
Freda's husband seems to have accepted his wife's relationship with the heir to the throne. It is likely that Duddie would have wanted to avoid the inevitable scandal involved in divorce, not to mention the detrimental effect on his career and on his daughters. Increasingly, Freda and Duddie led separate lives and they would divorce in 1931 on the grounds of adultery. While her affair with the Prince continued Freda was also involved with Michael Herbert, a banker and a cousin of the Earl of Pembroke. In September 1932, he died from an abscess on his lung, bronchio-pneumonia and cerebral toxæmia. He was only 39. Freda was devastated. Her family believes that he, rather than the Prince of Wales, was the love of her life. Indeed it is probably true that Freda never wished to marry Edward which is why she and the then Duchess of York were always on good terms: She was happy in the role of mistress and confidante of a man who for years was besotted with her.

The end of Edward's 16-year relationship with Freda was brutal and abrupt. After she hadn't heard from him for a few weeks, she called St James's Palace and was told by the operator: 'I have orders not to put you through.' Edward had met Wallis Simpson. Freda and the Prince never spoke again.



Freda photographed by Cecil Beaton

Bobby probably met Freda and the Prince through the Mountbattens but also Freda's cousin was Sir Tim Birkin was one of "The Bentley Boys". At what stage they became romantically involved is not clear but they married at Marylebone Registry office in October 1937 and moved into their new home at 58 Hamilton Terrace the following year.



The house commissioned by Bobby in 1937 from the Scottish architects Burnet, Tait & Lorne, regarded as the premier British architectural practice of the decade. As I have previously written Bobby had already used this firm of architects to build the Curzon cinema. The new house featured in the Ideal Home magazine of September 1938. In addition to public buildings, Burnet, Tait & Lorne were credited with a number of private houses in the Art Deco Moderne style, such as the terrace of houses in Wells Rise, off Prince Albert Road, St John's Wood (1934–1936). This unique house in Hamilton Terrace is quite out of keeping with the rest of the Victorian ones, and was to have interesting history, not only because of its architectural origin but also because of the house's inhabitants, but more of that in Part 2.



In the meantime Bobby and Freda settled into their life together and the high society life of which they were apart but this was soon to change with the outbreak of WW2.

To be continued:-

Ed : A post script from Country Life

Bentley Boys' toys are back in town

FEW machines evoke the plucky British spirit so well as Sir Henry (Tim) Birkin's 1929 Bentley 'Blower'; a Spitfire perhaps, but the Bentley is the rarer machine. Only four were built—until now. Bentley has announced that its Mulliner division will build 'a continuation series' of 12 perfect replicas of the Birkin Blower.

Although the Blower didn't win at Le Mans in 1930, Birkin famously and fearlessly harried the more exotic and much-favoured Mercedes of Rudolf Caracciola until the German car broke down, with water pouring from its engine. Birkin had destroyed his own machine in the chase, but his sacrifice handed victory to another Bentley, the Speed-Six of Woolf Barnato, setting the seal of Bentley dominance in pre-war endurance racing. Ettore Bugatti snootily referred to the pugnacious green cars as the fastest lorries ever built, but the Bentley Boys didn't care: Birkin, Barnato, Benjy Benjafield and a magnificent dozen or more aristocratic racers of the day made the Bentleys famous, as Bugatti ate his words. Now, 12 lucky 21st-century petrol-heads will get a chance to own a re-created piece of motoring history, a true factory replica, one for each race in which the Blowers competed. The cars will be two years in the making and their cost has not yet been revealed. *Charles Rangeley-Wilson*



The Man who kept the King waiting.

John Kelly Cantopher was supposed to be at Buckingham Palace one morning in February 1941 but instead he was in a hotel bed sleeping off a riotous night out.



John Kelly Cantopher (OB 34) was Captain of school, Rugby, Cricket, in the Boxing team and Prefect of Sodality and then went on to St John's Cambridge for Economics. He then started a career on the Stock Exchange but also prior to the war he had joined the territorials; The London Irish Rifles. In 1939 on mobilisation the 1st Battalion was on Home Defence duties in Kent. John had command of "A" Company.



The London Irish on their way to War December 1940



On 27th March 1940 an isolated Junker 88 piloted by Unteroffizier Fritz Ruhlandt was “shot up” by fighters and crash landed on the Graveney Marshes near Whitstables and close to the Sportsman Inn where Cantopher (needless to say) had his headquarters.



The Irish at Graveney Marsh

Ruhlandt, despite being wounded, moved his crew away from their plane. The Irish were quickly on the scene led by Cantopher and expected an instant surrender however; the crew opened fire with two machine guns and a submachine gun to which the Irish returned fire.



The crashed plane

As Cantopher's men crawled nearer they saw a single white flag implying a surrender and advanced closer to apprehend the crew: a skirmish broke out wounding two of the Germans and they were captured. While being marched away, Cantopher who spoke German, heard a crew member say at least the time bomb had been set. Having ensured that his men and the prisoners were at a safe distance, he ran back to the plane and got into the cockpit but could find nothing suspicious. However his platoon Sgt who was watching him through his field glasses noticed something under a wing and shouted to him to check it out. John found a black box, wrenched it off and threw it into a dyke just before it exploded. The aircraft was later taken to Farnborough for examination and was found to be equipped with a new and very accurate type of bombsight unknown to British experts at the time.



Meanwhile the German crew were taken to the pub and given a pint of bitter. For an act of considerable bravery John was awarded the George Medal (gazetted January 1941) for saving the aircraft and capturing the crew; John Cantopher was apparently very surprised by the award. It was the second action chronologically to merit the award that was instituted on 24 September 1940 by King George VI, for gallantry "not in the face of the enemy".

For the History books, The London Irish had engaged in the only fighting encounter between German and British forces on British mainland soil of the war. The previous such action had been in 1797.

How do we know that John failed to turn up at the Palace – well from no less a source than his great nephew one Piers Morgan broadcaster, journalist and writer.



Cantopher's nephews Piers and Jeremy Morgan (Lt Col Royal Welsh Regiment).

Piers wrote: "John was a great character. On the night before he was due to receive his medal he got riotously drunk, arriving back at his hotel at 3am and telling the hall porter. "Wake me at 8.30, I've got an appointment at the Palace with the King. The Porter thought he was joking, John overslept, missed his Palace presentation and a huge regimental party had to be postponed".

IN the years before the 1939-45 War, the London Irish Rifles was recruited from Irishmen or men of Irish descent living in London. When war came, many men from London, from Northern Ireland, and from Eire joined the Regiment voluntarily, but as the war went on Army Class men were drafted into the two battalions from all parts of the British Isles.

War took its toll, and although both battalions received men from Irish regiments as reinforcements, most of the recruits came from a great diversity of English county regiments, and also regiments in Scotland and Wales. Men of all ranks banded together smoothly and admirably. They took a pride in their Regiment. They became imbued with its spirit; they admired its past accomplishments and cherished its traditions. They were all ordinary men of the town and of the country; they had no claim to fame or high ambition. In peace they bore no hate, in war they knew no fear.

But what of the rest of John Cantopher's life?

His friend James Stopford Earl of Courtown wrote:-

"John was a man of humour and "sang-froid"; he would store gelignite under his camp bed but continue to happily smoke while resting or at night: his room-mate decided it was safer to find accommodation less hazardous. In 1942 the Battalion

was ordered abroad and in August on a stifling hot day had to march to Liverpool docks in “Embarkation Order”. This for John meant wearing his Great Coat, the fur lined waistcoat his mother had sent him and unbeknown to him the two company irons that had been added to his large pack by the Quarter-master Sgt: in this instance he was not best pleased.



“A” Company in Italy

John was to lead his company through Sicily and the Anzio landings being wounded in action on four occasions. (At Anzio the Battalion lost 600 officers and men KIA wounded or missing). John’s injuries were severe and the next one on the Gothic Line almost finished him and he was hospitalised, sent home and discharged as his mobility had been badly affected.

When the TA was reformed in 1947, I was appointed to command the Battalion and I asked John if he could join me as Second-In-Command: he was uncertain about his fitness. The story of his appearance before the Medical Board was so hilarious it was written up for some comic relief in *The Lancet*.

In 1951, he took over command for which he would justifiably be awarded the OBE before becoming Brigade Colonel. Meanwhile he was also continuing his work on The Stock Exchange. He helped his sister open a hotel near Dorking primarily to house their mother but when she died in a fire there, he decided to take a new direction and went to live on Ibiza.

John’s sterling qualities were his sense of loyalty and his boisterous sense of humour even against himself: he had a character hard to forget and everyone liked him for what he was a born leader and his men knew that and would follow him anywhere. He was for me a great and good friend and there was no man I would

rather have with me in a difficult situation. Everything he did was lit with a twinkle in his eye and the ability to laugh off any difficulties”.

A Jesuit walks into a bar...

Quentin de la Bedoyere (52) says it's no coincidence that many of the nation's leading comedians were educated by the Society of Jesus.

A Jesuit and a Benedictine, both chain smokers, consulted their respective superiors. The Benedictine asked if he could smoke while he prayed, but the Jesuit asked if he could pray while he smoked. Guess who got permission." The story may be old and apocryphal, but it survives because it reminds us of a quality of wit and ingenuity which we associate with the Jesuits.

It certainly affected me, for I have written three books concerned with the psychology of paracommunication, but did it influence a comedian like Jesuit-educated Paul Merton? His talent for creating wild but coherent fantasies has a Jesuit feel about it, though we might remember his remark: "My schooldays were the happiest days of my life, which should give you some indication of the misery I've endured over the past 25 years."

There is an echo here too of Armando Iannucci, writer and performer. He takes, he says, great pleasure in pursuing a comic premise to its outlandish death. The Jesuits in Glasgow educated him. Or Chris Morris, writer and satirist, whose big success at Stonyhurst was playing in Aristophanes's *Frogs* — a somewhat scatological play from which I learnt the Greek word for constipation. Morris is, and continues to be, a prankster.

The great Alfred Hitchcock was taught by the Jesuits at St Ignatius College in Stamford Hill. His ability to make his audiences feel as if they were complicit, and his "gallows humour", suggest that Jesuit education prepared him well. So is there a link between a Jesuit education and comic genius? I thought that a little research was necessary. It was not difficult. In no time at all I had answers from both sides of the Atlantic, from ex-Jesuit provincials and laymen who had spent much time in Jesuit company.

But I start with a personal memory. I was standing nearby when a boy at Beaumont asked the late Fr Richard (Flossie) Copeland whether telling dirty jokes was a sin. "It all depends," said Flossie "on whether it is funnier than it's dirty, or dirtier than it's funny."

If you can think of a wiser or more liberal answer to a moral dilemma, I should like to hear it.

It was Flossie who said, on a cross-channel ferry: "I do hope this isn't a British ship.' The late Fr John Coventry (the Cove) asked him why. "Because. if we sink, I don't want any of this silly business about women and children first."

The Cove, with his beaky nose and eyes that spoke volumes, was the wittiest Jesuit I ever knew, but his delicate irony was so subtle that I cannot do him justice here. Flossie was strict on smoking at Beaumont, but he always stuck to the rule that even a room fogged with tobacco smoke didn't count as evidence without the cigarette in sight.

The late Fr Joe Corbishley adopted a technique straight from the Inquisition. Realising that a boy was secreting a lighted cigarette in his pocket, he held him in conversation until the excruciating pain was more than the ferulas he would undoubtedly get.

Without question, those who knew him would put the late Fr Bernard Basset (Bertie) high on any list of witty Jesuits. His classes were a running patter of humour, and his many books, such as *Marjory and Me* and *We Neurotics: a handbook for the halfmad*, are classics. Bemused by the number of religious orders in the USA, he gave one the title of "Little Daughters of The Catholic Herald, though Fr Michael Campbell Johnston, one of the great Jesuits of our time, assures me that he refused responsibility for naming the "Sisters of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity".

These were less ecumenical times, and the late Fr John (Algy) Shearburn, who spent many years as a military chaplain, was once asked by an Anglican clergyman if he could store his hosts in the Catholic tabernacle while his was being repaired. "Can't do that, old man," he replied. "You don't mix blanks with live ammo."

So, Jesuits were not afraid of controversy. The late Fr Richard (Dickie) Blundell, who was for many years at Wimbledon College, greeted a new lay master in 1972 with the fact that he had just had his seventh nervous breakdown — an encouraging welcome. When asked why he kept a transparent plastic coat on the back of his door, Dickie said: "Ah, I take Syntax Lower Set History."

"But why the plastic coat'?"

"I find the boys' spit runs off it more easily."

And he could be heard, from two classrooms away, hysterically shouting, "B-- -s! B s! B s!, B----sr I didn't know him well, although he taught my son, but I did think him to be more than usually eccentric, even for a Jesuit.

And some of that eccentricity can be gauged by extracts from the accounts given by various Jesuits to their Provincial, and reported to the Father General:

- "He was the only person I've ever anointed while he was sitting on the loo."
- "There can be no evening Mass on Saturdays since half the parish is out hunting."
- "I hope he is in heaven. It will serve him right if he is. He will have to be happy there."
- "We need to pray together, but can't get a quorum."

There are several stories about the late Fr Leslie Borrett. He caused great amusement with his talent for impersonation. The least unrepeatable story passed to me was his account of the four ages of the older man: "At the first one forgets dates and names; at the second one forgets appointments; at the third one forgets to zip up one's trousers; at the last one forgets to unzip them."

Wild horses wouldn't drag out of me the story of Fr Philip Shel Drake, an exJesuit, and his encounter with a furious rat, when he was caught short during the night. It is too strong for the virgin ears of this newspaper's readers.

Talking of virgin ears, I was reminded of the elderly Jesuit who gave an interminable sermon at Stonyhurst entitled "The Need for Prudence". It contained the passage: "Um, um, take, my dear boys, the case of the unready young women in Scripture who had not trimmed their lamps. I ask all of you: which would you rather be doing? Being prepared and well lighted with the prudent young ladies, or fumbling round, urn, urn, in the dark with a group of foolish virgins?"

The sermon proved more popular than he had expected. But the purity of the Jesuits is irrefragable. Fr Michael Holman (the current Provincial) went off for a brief holiday with Fr Peter Brook. When asked if they had enjoyed themselves Peter replied: "Well, there's a limit to what two middle-aged celibates can get up to in a tent."

I have, for reasons of tact, altered or omitted some minor details. But all these stories, and the many others I do not have space for, have excellent provenance. You may like to see if you can observe a pattern. Aristotle defined wit as the "educated insult". And "educated" is the key word here. The average IQ of Jesuits is undoubtedly high, and accompanied by standards of study that make many other professions seem like kindergartens. So, it is no surprise that their humour is often expressed with the easy lightness of men, fluent in thought and speech and at home in the liberal arts.

But there is, I think, another factor. Becoming a Jesuit is like taking the Queen's shilling. It is no coincidence that the Order has been organised on military lines. You may teach, or you may run a parish, or you may be sent to faraway and dangerous missions. In fact, your postings are likely to be changed every few years, for the Jesuits believe that no one should get stale on the job. And lest you should grow proud, you may be Jesuit Provincial one year and foot-soldier the next. And you will be engaged with the world. No monastic home for you, no permanent community: you are likely to live in the no man's land where the sacred confronts the secular. That engagement inevitably leads to controversy, which has featured in every century, including this one. And, like the soldier, death is in the contract.

We know about the Jesuit martyrs of the Reformation, but their martyrology of the 20th century alone contains over 300 names. If men embrace such a dangerous, and sometimes ambivalent career, a little gallows humour seems fitting. Hitchcock would have understood.

The Jesuits got me well before the age of seven, and so I am theirs for life. But I would not be surprised if, say, the Benedictines felt there was as much to be said for them too. If so, let them write to me. After all, they have Julian Clary (St Benedict's, Ealing) to boast about.

Jean-François de la CROIX 6th duc de CASTRIES (55)

There is not much I could find on the life of Jean-Francois whose belated death I recorded in the last EVIEW, except the announcement of his demise which was announced in the French press in typically Gallic style:-

*France de La Croix, duchesse de Castries, son épouse,
Nicolas de La Croix, marquis de Castries, son fils,
Fabrice et Bertrand Léger, ses beaux-fils,
le comte et la comtesse Pierre de Brion, la baronne de Grandmaison, ses enfants et
petits-enfants, ses sœurs, beau-frère, neveux et nièces
ont l'immense douleur de vous faire part du décès de
Jean-François de La CROIX duc de CASTRIES
à Paris, le 2 janvier 2014, à l'âge de 75 ans. Le défunt était le fils de l'académicien
René de Castries.*

So. **Jean-Francois** was the son of a famous father:-





René de la Croix de Castries (1908 – 1986) was a French historian and a member of the House of Castries. He was the sixteenth member elected to occupy seat 2 of the Académie française in 1972. After schooling, he trained for the Diplomatic Corps but after his marriage to Monique de Casagne in 1934, he bought the family home, the Chateau de Castries which is situated in the town close to Montpellier and settled down to restoring the ancient building and cultivating the vines.

He was called to the colours in the Second World War and was sent to Lebanon in 1939, but returned to France in 1940 following the defeat. He then served as Mayor of Castries from 1941 to 1950 and to pass the time, began the classification of his archives and wrote several novels, one of them, *Mademoiselle de Méthamis* won him the Balzac Prize, and he decided to follow a literary vocation. In 1951 He moved to Paris with his wife and children so that he could carry out historical research, both for the benefit of his archives, and to write a life of his ancestor, Marshal Castries. In 1955 he was awarded the Prix Eugene Carrière for his biography of *Le Maréchal de La Fayette* by The Academie francaise, and by then he regularly produced an historical work or biography each year. Further accolades followed with the Historia Prize for *Mirabeau or the Fate of Fate* in 1961 and, in 1968, the Ambassadors' Prize for all of his historical work and the Prix Georges Goyau in 1970. He gave lectures at the Cercle de l'Union interalliée, and served as Vice-President of the Société des gens de lettres. He was appointed to the Académie française on 4 May 1972, becoming the 35th Duke to join the institution.

In 1985, just before he died, he gave the Château to the Académie française.

Returning to Jean-Francois who inherited the title on his father's death in 1986, he retained an interest in the Chateau at Castries acting as one of the Trustees and when in about 2010 the Academie felt it could no longer afford the upkeep and use of the building, Jean-Francois negotiated that it should be handed over to the people of Castries for their use. This was done at a ceremony in 2013:-



Baroness de Grandmaison, Countess Pierre de Brion, (Sisters of J-F), Jean-François de la Croix de Castries and Hélène Carrère d'Encausse, Permanent Secretary of the Académie Française.

Following his death, one of the main reception rooms was named in his honour and a plaque recording the “*remarkable gesture that Jean-Francois had made to all Castriotes*” was placed there and unveiled by The Mayor.



Apart from his father, Jean-Francois also had an Uncle whose name is well known in French post war history. Christian Marie Ferdinand de la Croix de Castries enlisted in the army at the age of 19. He was sent to the Saumur Cavalry School and in 1926 was commissioned an officer, but he later resigned to devote himself to equestrian sports. After re-joining the army at the start of World War II, he was captured (1940), escaped from a German prison-of-war camp (1941), and fought with the Allied forces in North Africa, Italy, and southern France.

In 1946 Castries, soon to become a lieutenant colonel, was sent to Indochina. He was wounded and spent a year recuperating in France before returning to Vietnam as a full colonel. In December 1953 he was charged with defending Dien Bien Phu against overwhelming odds and was given a field promotion to brigadier general. After an eight-week siege, the garrison was defeated. The French surrender to the Viet Minh forces on May 7, 1954, effectively ended the first Indochina War and the French colonial presence in Southeast Asia. Castries was held prisoner for four months while an armistice agreement was reached in Geneva. He retired from the military as a General in 1959.

Geneviève de Galard, the aunt of **Thierry (61)** was dubbed *l'ange de Dien Bien Phu* ("the Angel of Dien Bien Phu") during the French war in Indochina, She was the only female nurse in the camp of 11,000 defenders where she was known simply as Geneviève. She did her best in very unsanitary conditions, comforting those about to die and trying to keep up morale in the face of the mounting casualties. Her exceptional courage was rewarded with being made a member of the French Foreign Legion, The Legion d'Honneur and the American Presidential Medal of Freedom and a "ticker tape" parade down Broadway. **The Editor** had the privilege of meeting her on several occasions in France.

Finally, the city of Castries in the Caribbean island of Saint Lucia was named after one of the Castries family and is or was the home of the five **Devaux** who were at Beaumont.

GISS - GOSS



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

Arthur Cope (65) was over from The States

John Flood reports:-

Arthur's visit to England from his home in Indianapolis in May lasted 12 days. It started with the two Class of 60 events and ended with the Pat Hall Memorial Walk on the 2nd May Bank Holiday. Arthur had led the 100 miles Camino walk from northern Portugal to Santiago de Compostela in 2014, which was joined by me, **Patrick Solomon (65)**, a friend of Arthur's from the States and Pat Hall, just two weeks after his 84th birthday. Sixty-six people joined Pat Hall's Memorial Walks, the longer walk being about 12 miles from Hampton Court to Roehampton Gate in Richmond Park. After the walk there was Mass at the Kairos Centre celebrated by Pat's son, Fr Simon Hall and then a pub supper at the King's Head in Roehampton where both Arthur and **John Wolff** spoke about Pat and told his favourite joke.

Between these events Arthur travelled much of the South of England visiting relations and friends. Arthur's great great grandfather was Charles West Cope who has many frescoes in the Palace of Westminster, which Arthur had visited with his wife Sharon and his sister Marcia Donaldson and her husband Bill, when they were all over from the States and Garda respectively, for Bill and Marcia's Golden wedding in January. Incidentally, Marcia, before she met Bill, an old boy of Downside, had been suitor of a number of OBs. The artistic talent in the Cope family lasted at least 2 generations, although regrettably not as far as Arthur!

The highlight of these visits was therefore a trip we both made to the Royal Solent Yacht Club in Yarmouth on the Isle of Wight. Arthur's Great Grandfather, Sir Arthur Stockdale Cope KCVO RA, a well-known portrait artist who painted 3 of our kings, had been the Commodore of the club for 8 years some years after the 1st World War and the instigator of the elite YOD Class of yacht. In view of this we were welcomed on arrival like royalty by the current Commodore, Anne Kyle (whose late husband coincidentally I discovered had been a fellow Weybridge solicitor) and several other members of the YOD Class Association.



Arthur was shown the board of the Royal Solent Yacht Club Commodores: and then memorabilia relating to his Great grandfather: including this silver cup which Sir Arthur had presented to the Club:



Along with the model boat he had arranged be made. This is a photo of Arthur's great grandfather:-



This is a photo of Arthur's great grandfather:- Sir Arthur Stockdale Cope KCVO RA (1857 - 1940)

The Isle of Wight County Press subsequently published this article:

"Descendant of Yarmouth One Design Class instigator visits from America"

By Mal Butler



Arthur Cope with Yarmouth One Design Class Trophy donated by his great grandfather to the Royal Solent Yacht Club and members of the Club. Picture by Abby Bird.

THE great-grandson of the instigator of the Yarmouth One Design Class flew in from America to visit the Royal Solent Yacht Club recently.

Arthur Cope, who lives in Indianapolis, is the descendant of Sir Arthur Stockdale Cope, who instigated the forming of the YOD Class in 1910 at The Towers, Yarmouth, which he owned.

The class raced from 1913 and Sir Arthur was YOD class captain until 1935, and commodore of Solent Yacht Club from 1926 to 1933.

His great-grandson was given a tour by Commodore Anne Kyle and class captain Graham Fell along with other class members, including John Caulcutt who now owns The Towers.

He was presented with a print of a Martyn Mackrill painting of the YOD fleet and photographs of his grandfather's yacht Y7 Blandina, now owned by Graham and Lynn Fell.



The original painting

After an excellent lunch Arthur was given a tour of Sir Arthur's former impressive home, "The Towers", adjoining the Royal Solent Yacht Club by its current owner, John Caulcutt who is also a member of the YOD Class:



The panelled dining room, which remains as it was about a 100 years ago, was particularly special, including the same dining table and Queen Anne chairs, as seen

with Arthur sitting where his Great Grandfather would have sat at the head of the table:

Another feature of the Towers installed by Sir Arthur is this porch leading to the front door which is an upside-down boat:





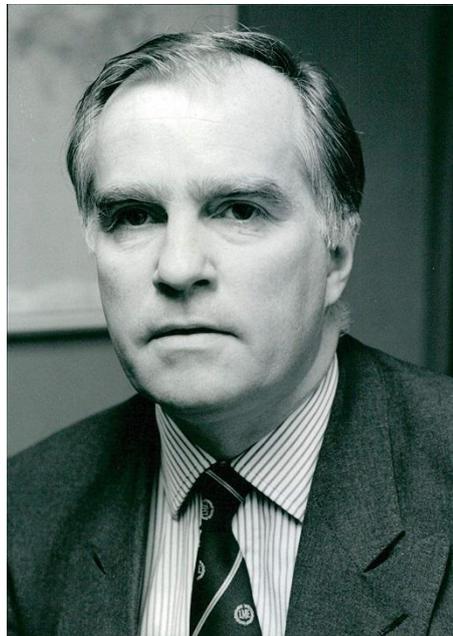
Here is a photo of 5 of the YOD Class Yachts moored on the Solent in front of The Towers, including Sir Arthur's boat, Y7 Blandina, 2nd from the left:

Before leaving the Club, Arthur was made an honorary member of the YOD Class Association. A letter he subsequently received from the current Commodore included "It was a pleasure to meet you last week and welcome you to the Royal Solent Yacht Club. I found all the information and your anecdotes about your great grandfather quite fascinating. There is so much history involved around Yarmouth and the Club".

On the way back to Epsom we visited **Paul Evelyn (65)** in Waterloooville – both Paul and his wife have experienced ill health in the last year from which they are slowly recovering.

The Metal Man: "Wolffram"

A few months ago I was lunching with **John Wolff** and among the range of topics we talked about was the metal market; John was Chairman of The London Metal Exchange. It so happened that my wife's family owned Metal Bulletin, or The Metal Information Bureau as it was once called, that published among many things Wolff's Guide to the London Metal Exchange so I thought it about time an article was in order.



A younger John but described on Amazon as "Vintage" and only one left in stock. He is currently priced at \$34.90

"This photograph originates from the International Magazine Services photo archive. IMS was a editorial photo archive in Scandinavia founded in 1948 but evolved from older archives that have images in the collection also. The archive is in great

condition and been in storage for a long time and the images in the collection are now being sold off one by one. The images in this archive were distributed in only 10-15 copies around the world at the time and many copies have been lost or damaged during time, each copy from the collection is therefore very rare and unique. This kind of rare images are not only a great thing to own but also a great investment. Own a piece of history with this great photography memorabilia”.

ED:- I came across this piece written by Dr Michelle Blagg Research Consultant and visiting Research Associate at the ICBH, Kings College London

John Wolff has had a long career in the metals business. For many years a senior member of his family's firm, he also served as a Board member of Metallgesellschaft Ltd and has held a number of other positions as a consultant or director of a variety of other metal companies. He was a continuous member of the Committee or Board of the LME from 1978 until 2000, and Chairman between 1997 and 2000. He is also an active member of the LME Arbitration Panel.

Wolff's Guide to the London Metal Exchange ([Metal Bulletin Books Limited](#).)

On learning that John Wolff had been one of the original signatories of the LBMA constitution, I was interested to know more about his involvement with the Association. Whilst recording his contribution for the LBMA Voices Project, John, a veteran of the commodity markets, shared some interesting insights into the enormous changes he witnessed during his five decades involved in the London market. There aren't that many metal traders who can boast that they have a designer cocktail named after them. **The cocktail was created by the former head barman at the Savoy Hotel, Joe Gilmore, to mark John Wolff's election as chairman of the London Metal Exchange [LME] in 1990. John was the third generation of the Wolff family to hold the prized position and Joe conjured up the cocktail in his honour, calling it the 'Wolfram' [another name for the metal known as tungsten]. The cocktail contains Wolfschmidt Kummel, Gordon's gin, dry vermouth and fresh lemon juice, and is a little strong for the average Pina Colada drinker!** In 1958, by joining Rudolf Wolff and Company, John carried on a long-standing family tradition. His great-grandfather Rudolf founded the metal merchants in 1866 when he came over from the Baltic port of Königsberg, which was then in East Prussia. Both Rudolf's father and grandfather had been merchants in Königsberg. Rudolf came over to London in his early twenties, attracted by the premier trading relationships on offer following the Industrial Revolution, which made England suppliers of goods to the world. His early career in trading included supplying railway lines to Russia. Both John's grandfather and great-uncle, despite being in their eighties, were still working partners in the firm when he joined. He recalled how they came into the office twice a week, although both retired shortly after his arrival. He worked alongside his father Fred, two uncles, a second cousin and a brother-in-law. Starting in the most junior position on the floor of the Exchange, he worked his way up, earning the respect of his peers.

All his working life he was conscious of having to work that bit harder to be able to say: "I've done this on my own merit, not because I'm a family member." John's family history is intertwined with that of the London Metal Exchange. In 1877, Rudolf Wolff was amongst the group of merchants who formed the LME, which first traded over a hat shop in Lombard Court. Its success stemmed from its position as the world's leading barometer for metals price determination, enabling both producers and users to hedge their own risks, or as the eminent financial historian Youssef Cassis so eloquently put it: "The City's pulse beat to the rhythm of its Markets." The primary function of the LME is to provide a marketplace for forward metals contracts, with regular trading hours and standardised specifications for these contracts inevitably, an air of mystique accompanied the trading practice of the 'ring'; an open-outcry trading floor which is central to the process of price discovery. Over the years, the traditional trading rituals remained unchanged The chalk circle, which originally made up the 'ring', was replaced in 1886 by four curved benches, each containing ten numbered seats that faced inwards making a complete circle. This limited the number who were able to deal around the ring at any one time to forty. In 1895, the right to deal was restricted to London members and authorised dealers. All business had to be conducted through the intermediary of those forty firms of 'ring members'.

Collin Brooks, in his entertaining survey *Something in the City* (1931), revealed much of the unchanged practice of the ring and 'The Forty Just Men': "Tucked away in Whittington Avenue, 'an unassuming little passageway' next to Leadenhall Market, I found the London Metal Exchange. Trading took place twice a day (12 to 1.20 and 3.45 to 4.15) in a ring of well-cushioned and comfortable looking benches, with a monogram as a kind of magic focal point in the centre of that enclosed floor space. Membership was divided into forty ring members and just over a hundred other members, the latter of whom could deal only through ring members; the exchange dealt in only four metals – copper, tin, lead and spelter, otherwise known as zinc." Brooks was struck, not only by the formal and concentrated way of doing business, which was different from the relaxed routine of the Stock Exchange, but also by the invisible power of the LME, claiming it was: "An annex of America and the gorgeous – or perhaps not so gorgeous – Beast. From William Street, New York, where stands the National Metal Exchange, from the Malay Straits, from other centres at the outer ends of the world, the cables tick over prices and instructions to Whittington Avenue, bids are made, and over-bid and on the initiative of men thousands of miles away, the business of the ring goes on. Similarly, when Whittington Avenue has ended its morning session and fixed its prices, the ends of the earth, as America and Malay represent them, jump into new activity.



The mastery of time is conquered, the disabilities of space, the action and reaction of one centre upon another is a matter of moments only.” In a later account, provided by Oscar Hobson (1957) in *How the City Works*, of the daily workings of the LME, nothing much had changed: “At noon the Ring Members took their place, a clerk behind each one to take a note of his principal’s transactions, with representatives of other firms also gathered around the Ring. Starting with Copper, bids and offers were made. Dealing continued for exactly five minutes before the ring of a bell signalling the next five minutes [which] were devoted to dealings in tin, then lead and zinc each received five minutes. After a 10 minute interval there was a further five minute call for each of the metals and [the] official session closed at 12:50. In the afternoon there was an ‘unofficial’ session from 3:45 to 4:30 pm.” Similarly, when Whittington Avenue has ended its morning session and fixed its prices, the ends of the earth, as America and Malay represent them, jump into new activity. All business was transacted by open offer and acceptance was given by outcry across the ring; private deals between parties were discouraged.

During those early years, John witnessed the expansion of business in the London market. He worked alongside his father **Fred**, who incidentally was both an Olympic gold medalist at the 1936 summer games and the recipient of a CBE in 1975 for his contribution to invisible trade exports, becoming senior partner at Rudolf Wolff and chairman of the LME from 1970 to 1977. At that time, Fred was probably one of the

best-known figures in the post-war metal world. Described as “big, ebullient and with an infectious laugh”, he was the driving force behind the company for many years. As well as sitting on the Board and committee of the LME, he built up the important American side of the business and was a member of the New York Metal Exchange. John recalled how when he started work, most of the companies were still traditional City partnerships. Gradually, this changed as they were taken over. This included Rudolf Wolff when, in 1971, it was taken over by a Canadian mining group, Noranda, which had once been a client.

John explained that: “A sort of Big Bang in the LME took place before the Stock Exchange one. Due to the growth in world production and consumption of the metals traded on the LME, business had greatly expanded. This was enhanced by the gradual relaxation of overseas Governmental restrictions on foreign exchange dealing, thereby allowing many more international firms to hedge and take positions on the LME. Private partnerships and small limited companies no longer had the required Capital to underwrite the expanded business. The natural outcome was for more substantial companies to take over ring dealing brokers. Some of the large international mining houses were attracted to do this because they based all their sales on LME prices and owning a broker gave them a better understanding of the marketplace. Producers from Japan, Germany, Belgium, France and North America joined the market. Rudolf Wolff itself was taken over by Noranda Mines, a substantial Canadian producer. As a fourth-generation family member, it was sad, but I don’t think there was any option but to sell.” Under Noranda, Rudolf Wolff became part of a much larger group. This changed the company to a certain extent – it was no longer a family business, but Noranda were good to people. John stayed on there until the end of 1992 before deciding to form his own consultancy company.

Noranda was eventually taken over by Xtrata, which in turn was absorbed by Glencore. John shared that it was the changes in the metal markets throughout the 1970s that strengthened and deepened his involvement with members of the bullion market: “There was always an interconnection between the LME and the bullion market, but for several reasons, this gathered pace in the 1970s and 80s. The LME had a silver contract which gave rise to arbitrage opportunities between the two markets, especially in volatile markets such as the Bunker Hunt silver squeeze. Another reason was that silver and gold are by-products in the production of lead, zinc and copper, and production and consumption of these metals was increasing. These producers would be in daily contact with brokers on the LME to do their main hedging, so it was natural for them to also hedge their by products through the same brokers.

However, the biggest factor was the watershed moment in 1971 when the dollar came off the gold standard. Up until then, trading in bullion had been a very specialist business largely done by the bullion houses and banks. However, with gold no longer pegged to the dollar at \$35 an ounce, the gold market became of great interest to a whole new set of customers who wanted to invest and trade in it.

Trading in gold and gold futures on the Comex market in New York increased greatly. Some of the LME brokers opened precious metals departments to respond to this. In fact, a joint venture between the LME and the bullion market to create a gold futures exchange in London was formed, known as the LGFM or London Gold Futures Market. Unfortunately, it was short-lived. The gold futures market on Comex was already well established. It is very difficult to create a second market trading the same thing if the first one is already successful. Clients want to trade where the liquidity is. All the above made for a much greater interplay between the members of the LME and the bullion markets. In fact, Mocatta and Johnson Matthey joined the LME as ring dealers. When the Management Committee of the bullion market was formed, they wanted to include someone like myself from outside the bullion market. The LME also had more experience in the then embryonic world of regulation and the workings of clearing houses.”¹⁷ So when the constitution of the London bullion market was under review in the mid 1980s, it was felt necessary to go outside the core bullion dealers to get the necessary expertise to deal with the emerging regulatory situation. John was approached because of his knowledge and experience gained during his service to the LME. Robert Guy invited him to join the recently formed London Bullion Market Management Committee, leading to him becoming one of the original signatories marking the formation of the London Bullion Market Association.

ED: Rudolf Wolff Limited is now a specialist London based fund management firm under the helm of Howard Colvin with offices in Brook St. Mayfair.

Metal Bulletin was bought by **Sir Patrick Sergeant (OB)** Euromoney in 2006

Nigel Farage worked as a commodity broker on the exchange in the 1980s

The Beaumont Bard or “Poet Pot”.

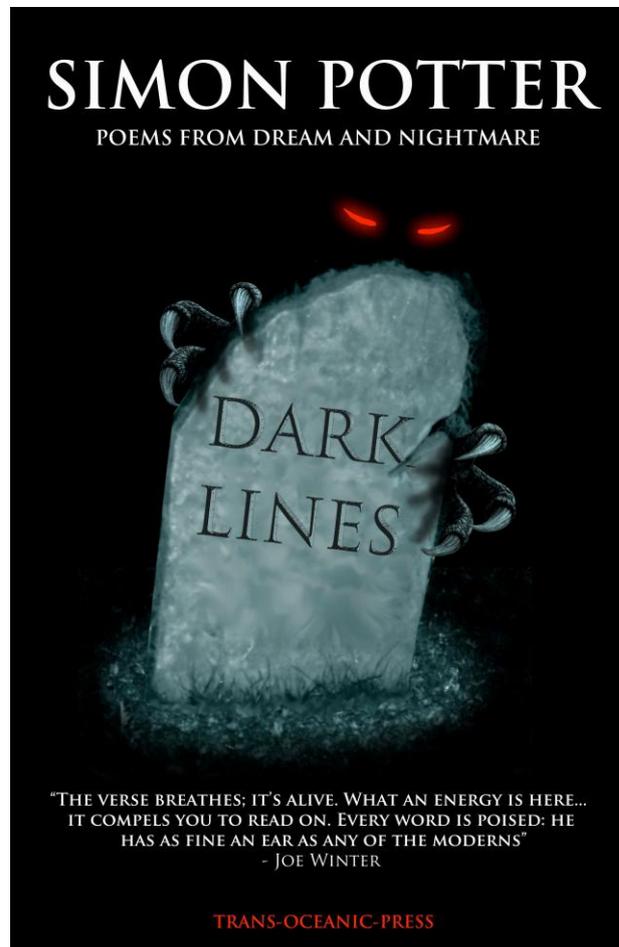
Simon Potter wrote:

I'm sure most BU geezers would shy away in utter horror from anything too poetic (!) but I wondered if a few might be amused by my latest book, "**DARK?? LINES**" - scary poems from the darkness of dream and nightmare. (see www.simonpotterauthor.com). What they might like to know is that, following the fact that I was able to give Wimbledon's Sacred Heart Church Restoration fund £1000 from a percentage of the sales of the Novel "**Shooting Europe**" which you so kindly advertised in the BU REVIEW, I aim to do it again with this latest one. Each book bought from Amazon at £10 = a fiver for the fund.

Anyway, I attach an ad made for the poetry press as a PDF in case some of the dear chaps are inspired to get a copy (from Witley Press Bookshop online and Amazon & it's also on Kindle at £4.99) "*Shooting Europe*" is still also on sale from Amazon, by

the way, for those who like a 692pp satirical thriller set in L A, New York and London, and 50% of sales of that are still going to the Fund.

If you wouldn't mind letting the gang know, I'd be grateful, as ever,



Simon Potter's award-winning poetry has been published in eight anthologies. It draws on the same startling imagination that surprises in his fiction, has mastery of form, from blank verse and sonnet to *vers libre* and haiku, and exhibits his usual control over word choice and imagery. **"Dark Lines"** is an extraordinary collection with themes as varied as demonic possession, abuse, OCD, punishment, adoration, compulsion, childhood whimsy, hauntings, ecology and black humour - what might be expected from the inchoate landscape of the worlds of dream and nightmare. Available from Witley Press Bookshop and Amazon (£10 paperback, £5 Kindle)

www.simonpotterauthor.com

From The Editor:

Simon – Like THE SUN, the BU REVIEW does not shy away from controversy and if , dare I say , it's Poetry that turns on the Octogenarian, then we are prepared to give it an exposé to the Readership. Dash it all, there were some odd people at school called Quodlibitarians who relished writing that "formulated a concentrated

imaginative awareness of experience in language chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound, and rhythm"- or whatever. So rest assured it will get a full 5 pennysworth at the next edition.

Dear Robert, Thanks very much! I remember the old Quodlibs very well; in fact I've got quite a few copies of?? The society's mag:"Vril" here - stuffed with poems! When I told **Floodie** that I was bringing out a book of poems he emailed back: "*At Penryn and at Beaumont I was forced to learn poetry by heart and thrashed soundly when I got it wrong. It's given me a life-long loathing of the stuff*". Nothing like old teaching methods, eh? Simon.

From The Editor

"Perhaps you could pen another "Ode to Flood's Poetic thrashing" - nightmare for him but much pleasure for everyone else !"

Dear Robert - as suggested:

ODE TO FLOOD'S POETIC THRASHING

"Upon my word, you wretched Flood!

Your brain is thick, as thick as mud!"

"But, Father, really hard I tried

to learn about that sad young bride,

er - what's her name? Yes, Juliet!"

"And have you memorised her fate?"

"Um, yes, I think she poison ate."

The fearsome eyes of Jesuit

then lost their hostile gleam a bit.

"Quite right. Now Flood, recite to me

the poem given to Ruds B

for prep on Tuesday. Come, let's hear."

With soutane whisking, he drew near.

"The b-boy stood on the burning deck

whence all but he had fled.....

I know this, Father, in my head,

er, oh lord, it's tumpy-tum

and, oh...." Flood stopped and sat there dumb.

"You've had a week, you brainless child!"

the priest then hooted, growing wild.

"My Christian patience now is dashed,

you dim-wit, Flood, will now be thrashed!"

And Floodie pleaded - no good, nix.

So off he went to get his six!

Ed: I recall being beaten at st John's for learning the wrong stanza: I was literally struck dumb. However, I enjoy poetry and have a copy of Wavell's "Other Men's Flowers" for my reading in the downstairs loo.

"Decus Et Tutamen",

A Latin phrase taken from Virgil meaning "*An Ornament and a Safeguard*". Is the motto of the Worshipful Company of Feltmakers. The Company was incorporated by Letters patent granted by James I in 1604 and received an extended Royal Charter in 1667. They rank sixty-third in the order of precedence for Livery Companies.

The Tenure of Master of the Feltmakers Livery Company finished at the end of September for Bill Gemmell. To mark the conclusion a dinner was held at the "In & Out" – The Naval and Military now in St James's Square on 25th September.

One of the highlights of his year is on the following Tuesday after the Lord Mayor's Show, when a smaller more intimate ceremony takes place at Mansion House. It is the presentation of the traditional feather trimmed tricorne hat to the new Lord Mayor of London by the Master, which will be worn by the mayor at all formal occasions

throughout the year.



Bill making the presentation

It is a style that dates back to the 17th century, when it was designed and worn for protection. In fact the can be traced back to 1695, when the French Huguenot Corne family arrived in London bringing with them the skills of Parisian hat making, eventually putting their name to the 'tricorn' hat, which remains today.

The Master and Wardens of the Feltmakers assembled in an upper room to greet the Mayor and his wife. There is no fanfare or pageantry, just a simple handover of the hat to the Lord Mayor and presentation of a silver hat pin to the Lady Mayoress.

Using traditional hatting processes Patey of London have now made 30 Mayoral tricorns. The process begins with a foundation of four layers of stiffened calico. The crown is then covered with fur felt, whilst the brim has a wool felt inner and a velvet plush outer. When the shape is complete the hat is trimmed with black ostrich feathers and decorated with a wide gold chain.

A Prodigal Son Marc Allez (55)

« Due to the fact that both of us were educated by the Jesuits, you certainly know the parable of the « Prodigal Son ».

I am also a prodigal son, because I am not yet a member of the « Beaumont Union » ! I wish to repair that undesirable mistake and I hope that you will help me with this matter !

May I say the reason for that ?

It is simply because the school year which I spent at Beaumont College from October 1954 to July 1955, is certainly the happiest one in my life !

I succeeded in the French « Baccalaureat » in July 1954 and the Jesuits in Paris's Franklin school where I spent 8 years, suggested to my parents that I was too young to go to the University and that they should send me to Beaumont College.

I felt desperate because I was separated from my contemporaries but, today, I thank my parents for having followed the Paris's Jesuit advice !

I learned the subtleties of the English language with Mr. Dinwiddy, I read Titus-Livius in a Latin book with Mr. Maude and I studied Shakespeare's play « Antony & Cleopatra » with Father Hanshell.

Last but not least, I received nine (9) Ferula strokes from Father Corbishley which, at that time previous to the suppression of corporal punishments, was quite usual.

(It is an occasion to say that, like Johnny Walker, i am still going strong and that Ferula strokes did not affect my personality)

Many of the persons of my age have some sort of resentment against those who were responsible for their education.

I feel exactly the contrary and there is not a month during which I deeply thank the Jesuit Fathers who took my education in charge.

Most of the things I know and, more important, most of the things I am able to understand, can be attributed to that exceptional education.

Thanks again to those who were responsible and active during my school time !

My brother **Jean-Louis (60)** is sharing his time between Paris, the "Petit Brun" in Vendoeuvres which was our mother's estate and the island of Bréhat where he has a house.

I became a « Notary » (some sort of a French lawyer) and mainly specialised in Real Estate Investment by worldwide companies (British, American, Dutch, etc...) And also the counsel of the « Democratic Republic of China », i.e. a right-wing person was often working for the most left-wing and communist client ! I was also a specialist adviser to the Ministry of Urbanisme on the "Loi Galley" concerning Local Authority control over urban development – the subtlety of wording was worthy of the Jesuits. I decided to retire from my notarial activity at the age of 60 (1997).

Also In October 1968, I became a « Chargé de Travaux Dirigés » (some sort of a teacher) in a Paris University (Paris XIII Clignancourt) known to be a left-wing citadel.

October 1968 ? It is just after the end of the (missed) revolution of May 1968 ! Luckily I received neither rotten eggs nor tomatoes and, moreover, I never had difficulties with these students during the whole following year.

Robert Schulte told me that there was an annual Lunch reserved to the members of Beaumont Union.

I would like very much to attend to that occasion of meeting old boys and I will do my best to fulfil my desire, but due to the fact that I am living far away, it is possible that it will remain a desire, never becoming a fact.”

Ed: Marc now lives in Switzerland.

Snippets

I came across an observation in the papers which put me in mind of the late **Robin Mulcahy**, when as Captain of the school, would often describe our behaviour in the Lower Line refectory or if you appeared before him in The lounge as “**Simply Not On**”. Apparently this is a very English expression used when you are forced to describe “**a truly atrocious act that has been committed**”.

From the Lunch.

Jeremy Gompertz apologised for leaving a little early – he was on his way to Newmarket. My suggestion that he would be enjoying the delights of the Bedford House Hotel were brushed aside: he was staying at the Jockey Club. Jeremy who still has horses in training is currently the legally qualified independent member of the Jockey Club’s Security and Investigations Committee and on The Integrity Review Committee.

Mike Morris has stood down from the Alexandra Rose Charity. Readers of the Court Circular may have picked up on the 20th June “Princess Alexandra, President, Alexandra Rose Charity, this afternoon received Mr. Michael Morris upon relinquishing his appointment as Chairman”. The charity concerns itself, in particular, with providing healthy and affordable food especially fruit and vegetables to poorer families throughout the UK. Mike had previously been Personnel Director at The Royal Opera House and at ITN.

Angela Found. In my first Review 2014 I enquired whether anyone knew what had happened to Angela the sister of **Nigel (54)**. Angela was on many of the BU Dance Committees during the 1950s and on the Centenary Ball Committee. I remembered meeting her at Lords when as a young lad I was smitten by the sight of this blonde in a tight brown silk tulip dress. **Peter Bicknell** had the answer as he rather fancied her himself but made the error of introducing her to her future husband; I gather she lives happily in Somerset.



The Bicknell smooch!

I heard from Peter enclosing the above

“I thought you might like to see photo of **me in the arms of Angela Found** (now Mrs. Richard Smith-Wright). Eat your heart out!”

All best wishes, Peter.

I sent this mortified reply:-

“In the words of Kit Hesketh-Harvey “Oh, the agony” – to see her in the arms of another, my young heart would have surely broken!”

Nick Warren inquired as to what A level subjects I had passed – I replied Geography. Nick was amazed: apparently although Tony Scott was a highly valued rowing coach he never succeeded in getting any of his pupils through the Exam. Good to know I was a Star. However it brought home to me the Jesuit pecking order. They themselves taught Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics and History. The sciences were left to well qualified Lay Masters. And Geography, well you get my drift.....

Any others Geographers out there?

Final Judgement

The last Beaumont Judge has finally “hung up his wig”.



From The Courts and Tribunals Judiciary - Circuit Bench Retirement:

His Honour Judge John Edward Devaux DL retires as a Circuit Judge with effect from 1 October 2019.

His Honour Judge Devaux DL (72) was called to the Bar (L) in 1970. He was appointed an Assistant Recorder 1984, a Recorder in 1989 and a Circuit Judge in 1993. He was Resident Judge, Ipswich, from 1998 to 2007 and appointed the Honorary Recorder of Ipswich in 2000.

John came from a clan that sent five boys to Beaumont after the War but unlike the others he was expelled for taking a trip to London in the last week of his final term which was possibly not the best start to a legal career. The Devaux family are part of the history of St Lucia. Originally a French colony, the principle town was named in the 18th century for the Marquis de Castries whose descendent Jean-Francois I mentioned earlier in The REVIEW. The Devaux had come from Normandy having been given land and plantations by Louis XIII in recognition of their service to the crown. The Empress Josephine is among John's ancestors on an Island that changed hands fourteen times between the French and the English before gaining its independence in 1979.

Back to John's time as a judge

As in all courts "the dross and the unfortunate of society, as well as those for whom it would be impossible to feel sympathy for" appear for justice to take its course. He has only once had to pass the death penalty; Bruno, a German shepherd dog had been found guilty of biting two people and there was no appeal. Like many Bruno, had an unhappy upbringing and had spent much of his life in a rescue home.

Bruno may have accepted his fate but on another occasion John was in the National Press when the headlines announced:-

Judge's wig 'pulled off' in court assault

A man in the public Gallery who disagreed with the sentence handed down "ran up the steps and started battering the hell out of the judge. He pulled his robes, his wig came off. It was extremely horrific."

A spokesman for Her Majesty's Courts and Tribunals Service said: "There was an incident involving a member of the public and a member of the judiciary at Ipswich Crown Court. This is now a police matter." And Ipswich MP Ben Gummer said Judge Devaux was a "pillar of the community in Ipswich".

Ed I'm certain we all wish this "Pillar" a very happy retirement.

The Final Week

John Devaux's expulsion in the final week of a final summer term may bring back memories. The late Patrick Covernton was another to "leave early" in 1963 when his motoring exploits were discovered. My own dozen ferrulas for fragrantly drinking in the Bells was tame in comparison.

The Russell Bowl

Chris Tailby wrote:- Dear OBs. I hope you had a successful lunch yesterday. Sorry that a prior charity golf day prevented me attending. I was playing golf at the Woking GC in the Bath Club Cup and noticed this honours board. I think reference was made to it in the Review but I forget the details. I attach a photo. I imagine it was an old boys match and I see Beaumont won in 1981. Pleased to see that the latest winners were SGC where I did my A levels after the closure of Beaumont was announced. After 36 holes of foursomes today it is an early bed!!

Ed: I would hope that Matron would have added "A long sleep". Not certain how Weybridge got in there! The original match for the trophy, donated by the Russells, was played by Old Boys between ourselves, Ampleforth, Downside and Stonyhurst. First match 1956 was at Temple won by Ampleforth, but we then dominated for our remaining years till the early 1980s when BUGS laid down its clubs and we were replaced by Worth. The match moved to Woking in 1974 having taken in The Berkshire and Ashridge.



Russell Bowl Honours Board – Woking

“Manbags”

In fact, according to the Urban Dictionary a "man's bag that resembles a **purse**" is called a "European carry-all". Back in the day, of course, **men** carrying anything resembling a handbag were the butt of jokes.

Your correspondent commented in the previous REVIEW about the lamentable state of a certain gentleman's buttonhole at Henley so perhaps he should not have been surprised when the same gentleman appeared at the BU Lunch with something that is best described as a a "baisse en ville".



According to *Manbag Monthly* of which I'm certain he is an avid reader:-

“When worn correctly - that is, high and across the body - a messenger bag speaks of action and movement, of pony express couriers, hunters and gamekeepers. However, take care: when worn low and on one shoulder, the impression is "woman's handbag". The best ones come from hunting outfitters and are made of canvas and have a curved shape. The worst are rectangular or square, made from soft leather, and worn with Camper shoes. **On the downside, they often look like bulging scrotums and are equally as elegant**”. “Oh Dear”.

60 years ago

Ex Cathedra

The Sanctuary in the chapel has been repainted and the Old Community Wing has a new staircase and can be entered from all floors.

Congratulations to Mr and Mrs O'Malley on the birth of a daughter.

The Sermon on the Feast of St Stanislaus was given by Fr Anthony Flood OB.

Gerard Ford, Richard Fane-Gladwin and Philip Critchley have entered RMC Sandhurst.

Group 11 French went to the French institute to see Anouil's *Antigone* and Moliere's *L'Avare*.

Expeditions took place 13 November but the editor failed to note where anyone had gone.

The Music Society went to Covent Garden to see Boris Goounov: by all accounts an outstanding production.

The London Music Circle gave a concert in the hall which "broke the ice of classical music for a number who had been shivering on the brink".

Rhetoric Guests included Joan Gilbert BBC the TV personality, Fr Martin D'Arcy SJ back from lecturing in America, (a correspondent, friend, and adviser of a range of literary and artistic figures. He has been described as "perhaps England's foremost Catholic public intellectual from the 1930s until his death). Sir Theobald Mathew Director Public Prosecutions and finally Seymour Joly de Lotbiniere CVO OBE (21 October 1905 – 6 November 1984) known as "Lobby" Director of the British Broadcasting Corporation and pioneer of outside broadcasts. He is recognised as developing the technique of sports commentary on radio and subsequently television, and he masterminded the televising of the 1953 Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Christopher Martin-Jenkins wrote of him that "he was a towering figure both physically and mentally", the "physically" referring to his height of six feet eight inches.

Representative Rugby at Christmas Allison for Berkshire Schools, Gilmore for Dorset and Wiltshire Schools and Ruane For Surrey and reserve for the Richmond England Team.

Ince Anderton Scholarship

In December 1959 the Trustees of the Anderton Trust gave £5000 to Beaumont to found a scholarship in the memory of **Henry Ince Anderton (94)** of Euxton Hall Lancashire.

Eva Parkinson Scholarship.

Mrs Eva Parkinson Left a legacy to the school to fund a scholarship and will be awarded once it becomes available.

Kandersteg.

The senior Troop achieved a long-held ambition of spending the Summer camp at the International Scout Chalet at Kandersteg in the Bernese Oberland. It was not a camp in the accepted sense – chalet living, comfortable beds, kitchen, running water and loos.

Space does not permit an account of all the wanderings, ascents, descents etc but this list of place names will evoke hosts of memories: the Kander Glacier and the crevasses, Spitzstein, Blausee, The Gemmi Pass, Leukerbad, Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, Jungfrauoch, Grindelwald, The day trip to Italy – Brig, The Simplon Tunnel, Domossola, Lake Maggiore, Stresa and Isola Bella or perhaps it was the

culinary- Coffee, crisp rolls and cherry jam at Basle Station in the early hours, Spaghetti and Chianti at Isola Bella, Wienerschnitzel at the Hotel Simplon, Fondue or our own Anglesey Duck. The trip finale was a two day expedition to Loetschental – a remote, unspoilt valley that used to be cut off in the winter months . For centuries, time passed it by maintaining in the villages its own culture, traditions and above all its Faith. While the rest of Switzerland turned Calvinistic or Lutheran this was an area that Protestantism never penetrated. We passed the cross that marks the top of the Loetschenpass at over 8,800 ft and descended to Kippel with its impressive church elaborately decorated with wood carving and gilding. From there it was back to Kandersteg by train. Another expedition to conquer the giant Blumlisalp ended in failure with the weather closing in – the return over the Hohturli, one of the highest passes in the Alps was considered poor compensation. However it meant the resolve was there to return within a few years to finish what we started.

The Troop Fr Brogan, assisted by Fr McHugh, John Walker, Peter Brindley, and John Prove.

Senior Scouts – Hinds P, Noble, Brindley T, Fiennes R, Glennie, Sweetman

O’Sullivan R, Allison, Coleman C, Mitchell, Morris M.

Agnew P, Agnew I, Briercliffe, Houlder, McIlvenna R

Valette

Those who left at the end of the winter term –Interesting entries

Critchley – Capt Shooting VIII and Commando Course

De Montalembert – rugby, boating, squash, tennis, athletics, discus, tug o’ war, floodlit soccer, shooting, scout Cord, Heythrop Venturer Course Winner and as many societies as you could mention.

Johansen – KBS Founder and Tennis Team Reserve.

Leggett – Brackenbury Scholarship to Balliol

Naughten – CCF Cadet (future Brigadier)

Higher Line Play.

“Any other Business”

“The subject of the discussion was the choice of school plays. The master had explained his problems, the OB had his say, the actor took another sip of his whisky: “You must make your mind up whether you want to bore your audience to tears”. The metaphor was more vivid but that was the meaning. The others agreed – they too had done their duty as parents, relatives and friends. But the Beaumont Ps, Rs,

and Fs do not complain. On or around the Feast of St Stanislaus they flock cheerfully along knowing they have been lucky in the past and confidently expecting to be even luckier.

This year, however, a cloud of the proverbial size appeared. Some among us have followed the news, idly ruffled the financial pages, known all about take-over bids. But Stay! Did we really understand? Horrible thought: was the Higher Line play going to educate us.

The House lights lowered, the curtain slowly rose and we knew at once that come what might, we were going to be lucky again. We were educated malgre nous and enjoyed every minute of it. Why? Certainly the play besides being a West end success was a first rate play. The theme was the small manufacturing concern threatened with take-over with its financial and personal problems.

The cast: The lady first - Burrough is to be commended playing a part of sustained and well-controlled anxiety, without appearing either waspish or mannish: nothing distracted from our acceptance of Burrough in the part and another Beaumont mother must have marvelled at the discovery of a charming daughter.

The Porter: how did a forward get the hunched body and pallid brow to bear that shiny satchel and that seedy hair? Frame was a commissionaire in that firm.

The Wide Boys: Horrifyingly good. Kells and Mills-Owens wore their suits with such profound and well-regulated vulgarity as to give joy to the beholder. There was an adult restraint in their presentation that was not ruined by jejune or over-ebullient performance.

The MP: Peake gave an ambitious performance _ he sat , or stood, commanding attention: he was completely the beetlr-browed, late middle-aged self seeker and crawler whom one was heartily glad one would never meet socially.

Accountant: A hard working performance by Flores of a character who was fresh and invaluable exponent to us of financial mysteries. Eminently credible we were glad he got his girl in the end.

Lothario: Stibbs could play for laughs as the sales director with his loose-limbed, wavy-haired nonchalance over the ladies and expenses: he did and got them.

Mill Manager: Williams was the plain lad from t'mill - he handled a pretty pipe with a sustained accent he gave stocky support.

Technical Director: a role that required Gracie to maunder through the first two acts and in the final stride wonderfully with a mixture of fairy godmother and "deux ex machina". A cruel role creditably born.

Chairman: Paton Walsh was a natural – he and his board perfect foils to one another.

MD : Glennie had the cardinal role which carried little sympathy. He was the company and nothing but the company having to carry the audience through a maze of considerations adequately, intelligibly enjoyably. It was the least colourful part , the least memorable; but many things stood or fell by him and golly! How firm they stood!

Once more Beaumont has known how to give the boys the discipline of acting combined with the altogether beneficial knowledge of having pleased; while we, the audience have been delighted by an excellent performance of a good, current play.

The Playwright George Ross was in the audience and clearly delighted with the presentation of his work.

Class Plays

This year three of the plays were produced by a boy, and one was written by and acted in by its producer (Francis beckett) and the whole show received the accolade of burlesque in the pantomime. There is no dearth of talent and enthusiasm, while a very great deal of hard work obviously went in to the productions, it is all the greater pity that the tradition of boorishness on the part of the audience should continue as if it were not immemorial but desirable. It is neither and we hope that we have seen the last of it.

Ruds C "Twice as much " – Arabian nights comedy

Ruds B "French as she is Learnt" Producer C Sketon

Ruds A "Clouds over The morning"

Grammar 111 "One after Another" written, produced and acted by F Beckett with others.

Grammar 11 "In the Net" produced by D Hetreed

Grammar 1 "The Miracle-Merchant"

Pantomime Dick Whittington.

The fifth panto of the Frs Murray – Hanshell partnership aided by Mr Clayton. The Panto has become a "musical in miniature but retains its traditional and authentic flavour. This year was one of the best in recent years. There was a smoothness, a lightness and brightness that ran through the whole entertainment. No small element in the success was the wit and the effectiveness of the book by its three gifted authors. And the audience duly whistled the tunes in the interval with lights down before the finale.

A special word of praise for Barry Martin and Peter Peake – they really studied and threw themselves into their parts, and the encore of their song and dance duet was well merited: Fr Murray excelled himself in the choreography of this number. Indeed all the character parts were distinguished by their verve and polish, nor must one forget the Cats, and least of all the hard working chorus upon which a “Beaumont” pantomime depends – they sang, danced, acted and mimicked with zest.

Book – Haddon, Morris and Swabey. TV Sequence – Cronly and Fitton

Cast Whittington - Martin. Gladys – Peake. Mother – Synnott. Zorro – Conner. Chatte – Johansen

Dirty Dick – D Gilmore. Filthy Fred – J Gilmore. Surgeon – Houlder. Bosun - Paton Walsh.

The JAZZUITS under the direction of Mr Clayton. Stage Manager - Pritchett

Sodality

Highlights included a campaign for “World refugee Year” and singing the Proper of the Mass at the French Church in Leicester Square (Ed: the head of the BVM was destroyed in a bombing raid in WW2 Colonel “Remy” brought a new one back when he escaped France in 1943. His son came to Beaumont)

CCF

Thirty –five went to the Summer camp at Towyn Wales which was run as an Outward Bound Course. The Field day was spent at Pirbright with platoons formed into fighting patrols which proved very successful

Cert A Exams were carried out by a Board from the Irish Guards. Part 1 -38 passes 4 failures.

Part 2 43 passes and 6 failures. All 5 candidates passes Signals classification and 3 gained instructor certificates.

Choir.

The new boys were a disappointment - eliminating the half-broken voices, the tone deaf or voiceless we were left with a mere dozen but quality was good. However throughout the term the choir achieved a good balance with one of the best carol services for a number of years at the end of Term. Soloists were M O’Hly and P Stevens with Fr Fizz, Atlee and Halliday as the Three Kings.

Scientific Society.

T Leggett gave a talk on “Explosives” and Mr Merrell on “ Experiments with Phosphorous”

Quodlibetarians

Most Sundays there was a Speaker starting with Miss Maryonne Butcher on "Films for Grown-Ups". (Ed: Are we talking Brigitte Bardot ?) Mr Parkin Classey on "Gulf Oil". H Walwyn-James on "Philosophy through Poetry" and then the "Social function of poetry" P Hinds finally "Atheism" K Tarkowski. There was also a visit to the V & A rounded off with Tea at a Mrs Turnell's Regency home

Photographic

The darkroom has been repainted and equipment overhauled. A Mr Gardner gave freely of his time instructing and coaching to improve results. The treasurer announced that the financial position was "no longer a matter of great concern".

Music.

Matters did not get off to a good start as the aged gramophone finally broke down beyond repair. However Mrs Kenny, mother of the Hon Sec, came to the rescue with the gift of a Hifi Black Box.

The trend towards Jazz continues but Classical dominates the concerts etc. The outing to the Royal opera House for Boris Godunov has already been mentioned but another was by the Bratzia trio with pieces by Mozart, Debussy and Brahms.

Current Affairs

Talks were given by P Peake on "the General Election", M Morris on the "Future of the Labour party" and T Davis on "Rope or Bars" the future of capital punishment. Others included T Synnott on Ireland and the IRA, J Gedet on Berlin and finally K Tarkowski on the "Dominican Republic" about which few if anyone knew anything.

Carpentry

Several pieces were exhibited at the Old Windsor Handicraft and Produce society Exhibition at Ousley lodge. Leshner made a Boot Box – eminently superior to that provided by the College (including dovetail jointing). Fane – Gladwin a record player cabinet and Flores a cutlery box. Sullivan has embarked on the construction of a 14ft boat (Presumably outside).

Hobbies Club

Our President Critchley has departed for Sandhurst to be replaced by Wilkinson (soon to follow). Radio sets continue to be made (Wilkinson's and Sweetman another soldier) and the Second Playroom one repaired though Fr Lawson's failed to respond. (Ed: I recall that I continued to make transistor sets for sale and use in the Dorms). Ant Rogers made a glider that met a sorry end on its maiden flight.

Motor

The Society was only formed halfway through the term with a huge response of over one hundred members. Films comprised most of the meetings covering mainly

racing and rallying. Fr Dunphy donated an old disused car which has been dismantled (Ed nothing in the notes about a proposed reconstruction).

The coup, though totally understated in the notes was the talk given by Graham Hill



At the time he was driving for Lotus and before he moved to BRM and his career took off. (Ed: I remember that he was both modest and highly amusing and enthralled the audience)

Oxford Letter

There are now 18 OBs in residence and one gathers that Clade Johnson is fond of a good dinner and is far away from the warden's lodge at Univ to be out of hearing as wine glasses hurled from the windows burst to fragments on the cobbles below. Apart from that he studies PPE and plays squash with those he is certain to beat. Ian Sinclair at Hertford despite various invitations has not been seen or heard of. John Roberts at Magdalen spends much time in the College Library and is obsessed with Prelims. Peter Brindley has rooms on Oriel's front quod and is treasurer of the Newman Society: a good committee man and often joined by Andrew Clasen. Anthony Leggett's brilliance is acknowledged and a member of several high powered philosophical societies. Nothing has been seen of David Maskell or Ted Winfield though Peter Noble at Christ Church bought the correspondent coffee the other morning. Richard Hewins of the same establishment has the aura of imposing divinity, of a Boston Cabot or awesome judge. Adrian Vickers inhabits the Jazz Club and has the reputation as a practical joker after a "raid" on the other place on Guy Fawkes night, Stephen Corcoran and Mike Hales were in the Magistrates Court after the same evening "a poetic and alcoholic haze" cost them each £5. Mike has been warned that he could be sent down which would be sad for a certain inhabitant of St Anne's. In the meantime he is thinking of switching from history to PPE and has taken up boxing again. Here, he joins Simon Burrough our only Blue. Philip Danby is considered to be one of the motoring fiends from Balliol back and forth to London night life.

Cambridge Letter.

After such a long gap in the once steady flow of news from the Fens, for which the correspondent is entirely culpable – the serpent of old Granta seduces us from our responsibilities and is there one who can resist? I must note that there are no OB freshmen this year however no one has been sent done so we should count our blessings. David Thorneley carries an air of elemental grandeur, takes The Times and lives on Pembroke Street. Anthony Miles of Peterhouse plays rugby, reads anthropology and serves his excellent family Madeira to any visitor. Marc Brincard at the same college studies Engineering and is most informative on French politics. Kevin O’Sullivan has started getting up early – often before ten though what he finds to do at that hour is beyond us. Brendan Mulcahy is more accessible this year as he is now reading law which requires his presence at King’s Parade for lectures. He gives a good party the first Sunday of term at which the correspondent drank plenty of champagne and met a fascist named Leo. Another prospective lawyer is Richard Mills-Owens who dresses with sophistication and is usually seen in the company of a young lady or an umbrella. Jeremy Gompertz is another legal man and at Trinity: he made a lot of money taking tourists around London last year and lost a lot at Newmarket. He is also very hospitable particularly after midnight. His elder cousin Christopher leads the gay life that Trinity has to offer but all is not frivolity as he assists Anthony Bernard with the Sodality cells that he has set up. David Bulfield plays rugby for Trinity and plays well: Martin Wells has hardly been seen – it may be mal d’amour as he was spotted with a large bunch of red roses and a sort of grey haunted look. Jeremy Cuddigan and Tom Wood lead exotic and exciting lives – living in damask lined rooms overlooking the backs seldom coming out except to entertain friends to Hock and selzer and a little Mozart in the early hours of the morning --- the outside world of Necafe and lectures must seem very trying.

Beaumont Union.

Gerald Russell (12) retires after 25 years as Hon Treasurer to be replaced by his son Cyril.

Hon Charles Russell, Attorney General to the Duchy of Cornwall since 1951 has been appointed a High Court Judge (Chancery Division) and knighted.

On taking his seat on the Bench he was welcomed by Sir Milner Holland. QC In reply Russell said that *“he was most appreciative of the unmerited compliments that Counsel had paid him, but that as he was no longer paid to make speeches he would be brief.....”*

Thomas Clayton KCSG was guest of Honour at the Dinner held at St Ermin’s Hotel

E J P Cussen (23) has been appointed Senior Prosecuting Counsel and J C Mathews (44) Second Junior Prosecuting Counsel at The Old Bailey.

A P Dotteridge has been promoted Group Captain RAF.

Gerald Ford (58) and Richard Fane-Gladwin (59) have entered RMA Sandhurst.

Sir Richard Barrow Bart (52) has succeeded his father Sir Wilfrid. Richard, a Captain in the Irish Guards, has moved from Victoria Barracks Windsor to a Staff appointment in Germany.

The Daily Mail reported that a portrait of James 11 by Nicolas de Largilliere and once in the Royal Collection had been acquired a few years back by Walter Goldsmith (37) – it had been amongst a dusty pile of paintings he had bought from an old rectory in Norfolk. It now hangs at Walter's home Salisbury Hall which was once a meeting place for Nell Gwyn and Charles 11 and was also where the Mosquito fighter bomber was designed built and flown.

The Daily Telegraph was lyrical over the performance of Lionel Grcey (45) *“a young surgeon from London and runner-up in the President's Putter at Rye : we shall hear of him again in better company and perhaps the best of all”*.

It is impossible to publish the names of those that attended the Sherry Party at Ousley Lodge as most were Illegible.

Fr Maurice Abbott is secretay to the Bishop of Shrewsbury. His brother Fr Robert is on the missions srving Bishop Ogez in Uganda.

The coach run by Michael Wood Power of Penn Overland arrived at its destination in Uganda a week late having been believed lost in the Sudanese Desert. In fact the ship bringing them to Alexandria hit a storm and they were diverted to Port Said where there was no crane to lift the coach off, other administrative problems followed however the second part of the journey from Kampala to Johannesburg went smoothly. The company is expanding with another four trips to Africa per year planned. **They are also offering economy tours of Europe £69 for twenty five days - probably best suited to the younger generation.**

BUGS played their annual match against the Old Shirburnians : they were represented by P Taylor, J Ambrose, Sir Charles Russell, Peter Bird, Cyril Russell, J C Wolff, J Peppercorn and D Tolhurst. The Match was a draw.

John Roberts now at Magdalen Oxford was in the Varsity Ski Team that won this years Champioship.

Births: Drummond-Murray a son and daughters for Money, Pouncey and Moore.

Engagements: Capt. Morgan Ambrose to Rosemary Barnes (daughter of the Military Historian).

Nicholas Burgess to Susan Pinkham.

Richard Gompertz to Enid Kirker.

Christopher Wilkinson to Hilary Unwin (sister of Roger OB)

Christopher Wheeler to Mary Rosa Murphy.

Deaths: Felix Boursot (20) wartime Royal Marine.

Major Thomas Hallinan (12) Jesus Cambridge and WW! Major Royal Munster Fusiliers, Wdd and MID. SEE SEPARATE ARTICAL

Brig –Gen Carlos Hickie CMG (93). Gloucestershire Regt. Boer War WDD. WW1 Brigade Commander leading his men at the Battles of Beaurevoir, Cambrai, The Pursuit to The Selle and the Battle of Sambre.

Patrick Lochrie (53) following a car accident.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott OM (98) known for his work on the Cambridge University Library, the Houses of Parliament Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Battersea Power Station, Liverpool Cathedral, and designing the iconic red telephone box. He was noted for his blending of Gothic tradition with modernism, making what might otherwise have been functionally designed buildings into popular landmarks. At Beaumont he was responsible for the Boer War Memorial, The War Memorial, The New Wing, and redecoration of both The Chapel and the White House.

SPORT

1st XV

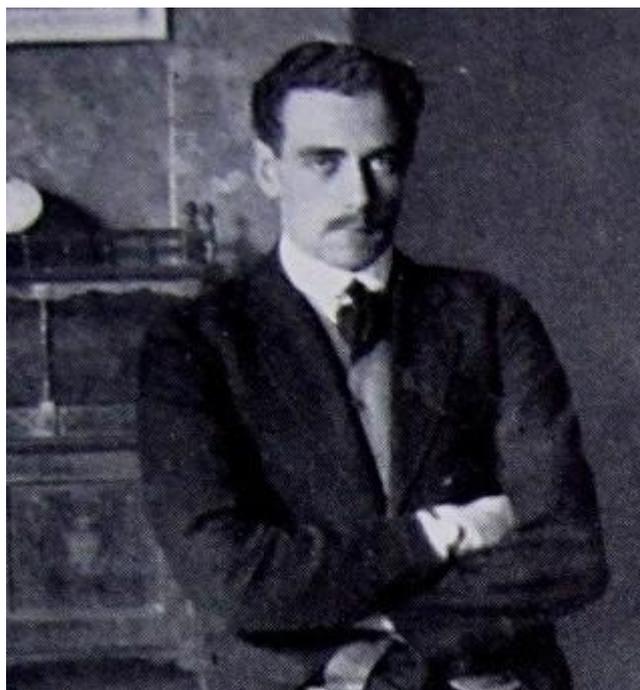


That year's summer continued well into autumn – some schools continued with cricket and with the ground rock hard it was touch rugby for the first few weeks and the match against the BU had to be cancelled. The rain came eventually but so did defeat firstly at the hands of KCS 14-0 then Reading 9-0 and Douai 11-6. The Oratory saw the team really come together with Ruane and Paton Walsh dominating: we scored 37 pts. We lost to Downside 28-3 but description of the match is merely hearsay since there was thick fog: the spectators could see little and the Backs had to stay close to the fly-half to see what was happening – mainly the cry from Downside as the crossed our line for another try. Stonyhurst Wanderers was a closer affair with the pack playing well in the loose but their Backs dominated and we lost 11-5. Although we went down to Wellington 15-5 they were continually frustrated by our stubborn defence. Whitgift had their revenge for last season when after a scoreless first half they dominated running up 27pts. An error allowed Guy's hospital a 3pts win and Merchant Taylors again displayed our weakness from injury and a constantly changing team 6-0.

A disappointing season despite good humour, determination and loyalty: the side trained hard but the constant changing of players meant a lack of consistency in the team play.

2nd XV played 7 lost 6. 3rd XV Drew one and lost 6 as did the Colts. The Junior Colts played 9 losing 7 but winning 2 . Despite these fairly lamentable results all the reports spoke of enthusiasm and enjoyment.

The Hallinan Legacy



Thomas Hallinan – a school captain (with moustache) 1911

A simple entry in the Beaumont review of March 1960 “*please remember in your prayers **Major Thomas Hallinan (12)** lately dead. May he rest in peace*” led me to a connection with one of today’s great horse racing enterprises. Thomas Dennehy Hallinan was the eldest son of Edward and his wife Mary Moore from Co Cork. He was named for his grandfather General Sir Thomas Dennehy and was sent to Beaumont in 1906 while his younger brothers went to Downside. He left school in 1912 and was commissioned in the Royal Munster Fusiliers seeing service at Gallipoli where he was alongside **Major Edgar Conway (96)** who was KIA. Thomas was wounded and Mentioned in Dispatches. He later transferred to the Machine Gun Corps taking part in the first tank assaults in France. He retired as a Major.



[Gale & Polden

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.—Front row (left to right): Capt. H. Aplin, Major A. P. Berthon, Major C. Hendriks, Lieut.-Col. H. Gore, Capt. and Adj. M. Wace, Major G. Drage. Middle row: Lieut. G. W. Clark, Sec.-Lt. F. G. Fitzmaurice, Lieut. G. K. Davis, Sec.-Lt. E. B. Slattery, Lieut. and Qmstr. C. McLindsay, Sec.-Lt. W. H. Good, Sec.-Lt. H. Collins. Back row: Sec.-Lt. A. S. Travers, Lieut. C. E. Longfield, Lieut. H. G. Montagu, Lieut. S. R. V. Travers, Lieut. T. D. Hallinan, Sec.-Lt. F. E. Bennet, Sec.-Lt. F. T. S. Powell, Sec.-Lt. L. St. L. Stokes.

Thomas is the tall officer in the centre of the back rank

Home in Ireland he married Millicent Cormack Walshe in 1923 whose brother (OS) had been killed in France. The Hallinans set up home at Ashbourne Glounthaune Co Cork.



Thomas and Millicent lived a country life enjoying their hunting and racing and had twin daughters born in 1925 - Mary and Evelyn.

Mary known as Mimi, the elder, married in 1951 Rupert Watson who had served in The Life Guards during the War but then re-joined the 7th Hussars also in 1951 until 1956 when he retired. Rupert was not a career soldier his main love following his father, a bloodstock agent, was horses and he was a very successful amateur jockey with over 130 winners including the Kim Muir at Cheltenham. In 1968 he succeeded his father as Baron Manton and the family moved to Houghton Hall near York given to them by his aunt Countess FitzWilliam.



The Mantons at Ascot

Manton was Senior Stewardship of the Jockey Club from 1982 to 1985 during a tumultuous period for racing, and saw him arguing for many of the changes that have since come to pass.

Better-appointed betting shops, he believed, would help to reduce illegal gambling; thus, in 1982, he led a deputation to the Home Secretary, Willie Whitelaw, requesting him to allow betting shops to televise races. The same delegation asked the Chancellor, Geoffrey Howe, to reduce tax both on and off the racecourse.

During his tenure there were reforms of the stewarding system, and a working party was set up to investigate the possibility of Sunday racing. Meanwhile, commercial sponsorship was introduced for the five classic races, and plastic running rails replaced concrete posts on racecourses.

Manton also played an important part in saving the Grand National, the future of which was under threat before Seagram stepped in with sponsorship money. To raise money for this cause, Manton dressed up as a jockey to take part in a bicycle race round Hyde Park. He is remembered as the most successful Senior Steward of recent times

With Mimi, in the Hallinan, tradition they had twins followed by triplets. Mimi, I should add was also a successful owner in her own right however it is her sister Evelyn known as Evie who was to have possibly an even greater influence on racing although unlike her sister she was not that keen on riding.



She said: “My family all hunted and my twin was a good rider but I hadn’t enough nerve,” she says. “I used to play golf and in the summer, my twin and I used to play tennis.”

“My father had a great friend, James Rank [owner of Cheltenham Gold Cup and Irish Grand National winner Prince Regent], and we were always interested in how his horses were going with Tom Dreaper. We would go racing but I never had a horse in training. Then I married Tom Magnier in 1947. The non-horsey sister wedded one of the best known horseman in Ireland and moved to The Grange Stud in Fermoy.

“We had had a lovely shrub garden at Ashbourne and growing up I was used to showing it to people. When I came to Grange, it was the mares - very similar really, something you take pride in.”

Grange Stud was by then well established as a leader in its field through the stud achievements of Cottage, sire of Vincent O’Brien’s triple Gold Cup winner Cottage Rake among a host of other great jumpers.

In due course, Grange also stood 1946 Cheltenham Gold Cup winner Fortina, the only entire to ever win the race.

“He was a tough horse,” she says. “I remember he was a wonderful copper chestnut with white spots, and a French-bred, so almost a forerunner to today.

“He was never a horse to cover a large number of mares - it was a different age - but he got a lot of quality horses.”

Quality horses indeed; the list of performers sired by Fortina included Cheltenham Gold Cup winners Fort Leney and Glencaraig Lady as well as Fortria, who pulled off the remarkable feat of winning the Champion Chase and Irish Grand National in the same season in 1961.

Tom Magnier died in 1962 and Evie was left with four children - John, Peter, David and Anne - to raise. John Magnier had been studying at Glenstal Abbey but left school at 16-and-a-half to ensure the smooth running of Grange, then also a working farm. His association with Coolmore Stud began when he married Susan the daughter of champion trainer Vincent O’Brien then working with Vernon’s Pools magnate Robert Sangster. Magnier moved to Fethard, Co. Tipperary where he transformed Coolmore into a multi-million Euro international business with branches in America and Australia: the National Hunt (jumpers) remain at Elvie’s old home of The Grange.

Magnier developed the best racing horses and breeding stock, mainly by purchasing the progeny of the great Canadian stallion Northern Dancer. Their forays to the bloodstock auctions at Keeneland Sales furthered their rising stock at home. Eventually, John Magnier came to head the operation and thus began an upward spiral of success. His racing empire, which became arguably the most successful in the world, is nowadays powered by a huge string of blue-blooded thoroughbreds trained at Ballydoyle by Aidan O’Brien, plus dozens of others in the care of a number of other trainers.

Champion sires to have stood at Coolmore include the incomparable Sadler's Wells who was leading sire (by prizemoney won) in Great Britain and Ireland in 14 of the 15 years between 1990 and 2004, though his success in his later years was somewhat eclipsed by the astonishing exploits of three other Coolmore stallions, namely Danehill and his own sons Galileo and Montjeu. Other notable Group 1 winners who have turned successfully to stud duties are Danehill Dancer, Giant's Causeway, and Epsom Derby winner High Chaparral.

John Magnier is said to be the most influential man in horse racing and breeding worldwide, even over Sheikh Maktoum. While his fortune is in the realms of speculation, it was estimated his wealth at €2.3 billion in 2018 although this is conservative as Coolmore is valued at more than €4 billion alone, in addition to his personal property portfolio and other investments and holdings.

Returning to Elvie described by Vincent O'Brien as "a lady of great style", she eventually remarried but adopted the old Magnier colours of Madonna blue with brown crossbelts and has had a string of winners over the years. Known as The Matriarch of Irish racing Elvie still likes to lead in her horses though well into her 90s.

One horse - We Are Ninety, was named in recognition of her owners when they leased the filly in their 90th year.

"My sister Mimi wanted something to run in her colours and so we leased this filly from [son] Peter," she says. "He has a wonderful farm, Brittas House Stud, and a great mare Brigid [dam of Group 1 winners Listen and Sequoyah and granddam of Henrythenavigator]. We Are Ninety is a granddaughter of Brigid.

We Are Ninety, who took in the Ribblesdale Stakes and Irish Oaks following her Newbury Listed win, has been retired but plans are now in motion to find another horse to run for the twins.

How proud Thomas Hallinan would be of his twins Mimi and her Mantons and Elvie with her Magniers and the impact their families have had on racing.

Chris Cafferata remembered

Many of us may think that **Tony Parish** was the only Boy to have been caught out by the Press; evidence that he was not where he told the J's he would be. We would be wrong.



JMPW tells the story that Chris had taken himself off to London and found himself in a pub off Bond Street when a bunch of Teddy Boys entered the premises. They started to abuse him for his so called “la di da” accent. They picked a fight: FOOLISH. Most of them found themselves on the floor – They were not to know of Chris’s reputation in the ring. This was reported in detail by the Press the next morning.

Did the J’s take any action – not known, but I would imagine that Honour was considered more important than Honesty of intent.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Gregory Hinds

Thank you very much for informing us all of Martin Patmore’s death. My wife was at primary school in Brecon with his wife. We met Martin many years ago at a party at Steph’s mother’s house and of course remembered each other from school. To my surprise and delight he asked me to be his best man. In recent years we have been in Christmas card touch only as Mid-Wales seems a long way from London.

Further to this Gregory wrote: “Many thanks for your email about Nick and Philip. I am glad that you had such good memories of both of them. I may have told you

when we met at St Johns, that Philip's widow, Lynda now lives between Englefield Green and Egham. She married again to an RAF officer who earned a DFC for his 22 Tornado missions over Baghdad in the first Gulf War. They have been very happy together and Douglas a good father to Philip's four children as well as adding one of their own, now a doctor”.

From Robert Schulte

I am happy to see a lost sheep, in the person of my good friend Marc ALLEZ, who has contacted you to join the fold of Beaumontais, after years of wandering, lost in total oblivion of the richness of life: intellectually, gossipy, sportively, spiritually, politically, and humorously to be found and lived in the extraordinary liveliness of the Beaumont Union.

That this continues with such vigour, despite the cruel and tragic loss of their Alma Mater more than fifty years ago is an amazing and unique experience, which should be examined by a serious psychologist team (preferably of the female gender) to discover the deep reasons underlying this amazing feat.

Quite a story, that of Marc. Came to Beaumont having brilliantly succeeded his Baccalaureat in Paris. But his Jesuit masters at Saint Louis de Gonzague, normally known as Franklin (where my son, Emmanuel studied some time later) thinking he was too young to go straight to University, strongly advised his father to send him for one year to Beaumont.

Thus he joined Beaumont in September 1954. I personally thus never met him having left Beaumont in July 1954 to continue studies at Oxford.

We met some years later in Paris when, just married to Agnès, I was introduced to a number of her "danseurs" – privileged young men, who after discreet but serious discussions of "les dames patronesses" in charge of organizing a series of "soirees" where boy meets girl, were called by caring mothers to accompany their young, eighteen year daughter to special family Balls. Highly responsible task, where the young man thus selected, had to ensure their young "protégée" would meet no mischief during the evening and night. Marc was one of these danseurs and had to call at the Parisian flat, respectfully engage in conversation with Agnès' parents, most often with my future Mother-in-Law, while Agnès would put final touch to her toilette.

Parental questionnaire successfully conducted, Agnès finally ready to move, both youngster left, took the lift to go from the 5th floor to ground. But as they were coming out of the lift, Agnès and Marc were surrounded by some 2 to 3 other males; joining them to go to the Ball they were invited to or, should it turn out a bore, move to another more amusing spot...

But Marc was a serious young man: the first "foreigner" to be admitted to the "Quodlibertarian Society", quite an achievement for a "Froggie". Whereas my only call for fame in my last year was to join the "Twice Nine Club"...Select, but of no altitude intellectually!...

From Chris McHugh

Thank you too for your Autumn 2019 review which, as ever, is a masterpiece and which I much enjoyed reading. Your excellent VRIL summary of the Battle for Normandy reminds one of the great hardships that many of our predecessors at Beaumont had to endure; we are the so very lucky generation that has enjoyed the fruits of their sacrifices.

I loved your article on the Diva of Debauchery. In an earlier age and were it not for my Jesuit education that imposes conformity with the sixth commandment, what pleasure I might have enjoyed in the company of Jesse Matthews.

Look forward to catching up with you and other Beaumont friends on 7 October.

From Chris Fry

I'm very much a silent BU member but did live through the 'interesting' period of closure and (for me) a move to Stonyhurst to do A levels. My years at Beaumont are 1963-66 and memories predominantly happy with inevitable, periodic, stress raisers.

My father – Dennis Fry – was at Beaumont in the 1930s and I recall that he gained some kind of scholarship to the College which was recorded on the wall boards of the Great Assemblies Hall (is that the right description and what happened to the wall boards)? He had many tales, mostly amusing, to tell of his time at Beaumont.

The website offers some stimulating and humbling stories of old-boys exploits and this edition's tales of D Day and what followed is a case in point.

I don't have news-worthy exploits to offer but a Stage 4 Cancer diagnosis in January of this year has certainly focused me on what really matters. I thought you and others might find interest in the attached text of a talk I gave at a recent Men's Breakfast at my church in Brighton and there may be a few who remember me.

After Stonyhurst I joined British Rail's Civil Engineering Training Scheme and last September marked 50 years of working in Railway Civil Engineering – predominantly in Bridge Engineering at Croydon; initially with BR then, upon privatisation, Atkins. It's been a very rewarding career and I am grateful for it and, indeed, the education that my parents sacrificially provided, although my wife and I deliberately chose not to send our children to boarding school (although not in a position to afford it) thinking that our family ties would be weakened. I was at Boarding School from 7 to 18 – which is a long time.

My spiritual convictions and commitments solidified in my Polytechnic days in Brighton. It was a special time and what I experienced then has directed and girded me ever since – up to this present moment.

From John Joss

A few comments on your latest 'News,' if I may: Your reference to David Collingwood reminded me of my contemporary, Richard ("Dickie") Collingwood, who was

sadly killed flying a Gloster Meteor in the R.A.F. shortly after he left Beaumont. He was among my close friends. Dickie was of such a kind and generous disposition that it was impossible not to like him.

Mr. Clayton! Oh, what memories. I used to go back into the chapel after hours to hear him play, and it was magical. He particularly relished some of the thunderous passages

in his 'playful' selections, as I knelt below in the dark, transfixed by the magnificent music.

Peter Levi, SJ, was a contemporary of mine. I hope you (and all the rest of us lot) have his lovely little book 'Beaumont (1861-1961)', published by Andre Deutsch in 1961. The historical photos are amazing, including one of The Copper Horse to which we would run (while

dubbing it 'The Copper Cow'), the Clock (showing ten minutes to three) and an eight being pushed off from 'the boathouse steps. I treasure my copy.

Re the boathouse, it is still there and may be seen in aerial photos. My memories there include the tiny little 'cabin' from which (I forget her name) a sweet lady would sell us various comestibles. You will recall my writing about it in my memoir INCIDENTS, as follows:

Close beside the road on the left, as one drives east from Old Windsor towards Staines and London, is a long brick building that

extends down to a modest, wood-planked dock on the Thames. It is a boathouse built to house eight-oar shells and other, similar

devices rowed by athletes—single sculls, and coxed or coxless fours and pairs. Inside: the aromas of wood and varnish, the sight of

exquisite craftsmanship. Here, for four years, I spent many happy hours enjoying the college sport of rowing.

From Patrick Agnew

In July, I was in UK briefly, and needed a room overnight, before catch flight from H-row, and had heard Beaumont was now hotel/conf. center; so I went by to check, and indeed got a small nice, tight (and nonaircon---as it was .v hot weather then, and outside lights kept on so challenging to get airflow minus light---our modernday accustoms...) room—in a rabbitwarren of new bldgs., over where the Ambulacrum/shootrange/veg gdn, etc was, sort of. but nothing whatsoever recognizable; but lawns and war mem., roundpond, oaks, etc, pretty well as was,

Numerous other changes, chapel now a sort of party rest'nt. theatre now a regular bar/rest't. pool enlarged. Laundry dorms etc, gone main hotel entrance now there, not at the beautiful unchanged north front of White house, fortunately.

numerous other things, but for all its worth not too bad

BUT; where are all the sports teams pics along Higher Line gallery gone?/ Anyone know??

My grandfather, Charles Moore M.C. featured in the 1889 (?) cricket team...

Still, at least there are nice photos of sports activities, incl. boating, mainly early '60s it seemed, scattered along residential corridors, as a reminder of B.C. school history.

I recommend a visit; but be prepared for some culture shock.

Also went up to St. John's (I did 5 years under Fr.T. Dunphy,), all out on hols; much construction there too, at the rear and west side.

Front and playfields as before...

We are just passing through---- in life, wonderful life.

From John Marshall

According to the excellent Dalrymple book, *The Anarchy*, what distinguished Hastings from Clive was that he genuinely liked India. By the time he was governor (1772) he “spoke not only good Bengali and Urdu but also fluent court and literary Persian. He even sang Hindoostanee airs,

ED; A legacy he did no leave to those who later lived in the White House.

JM: Well it would have been rather fun but unacceptable if Dooley, O'Hara etc had been teaching us Hindu, Urdu and Persian instead of Latin and French!!

Quiz solutions

Round the table from the Left:-

- 3) Tony Wells; related to the OB Nobles and Sextons and son of William Wells QC MP.
- 4) Jeremy Connor: High Court Judge and past Master of the Fan Makers.
- 5) Sir Nicholas Sturridge: KCVO and past HM's Dental Surgeon.
- 2) Peter Moss: Cox VIII 1951 won the Staines Regatta on appeal when Reading RC took our water.
- 7) David Liston: Left in Syntax !! but gained a degree in physics.
- 1) Anthony Hussey: Connolly Leather and Royal Warrant holder.
- 8) Peter Bicknell; A suiter for Angela Found (upsetting the Ed as you will have read!).
- 6) Jeremy Gompertz: QC, known particularly for the Lawrence and Dr Kelly inquiries.

FINAL THOUGHT (Christmas in mind). The B U "Selection".



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L D S

