

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW AUTUMN 2022



Back in 1954 the hit musical was *Salad Days* and I remember my elder brothers going to see it in London: more importantly (like many of us) I learnt the songs which we would often sing with gusto but with a Beaumont perspective.

We'll never be able to break the spell. The magic will hold us still. Sometimes we may pretend to forget But of course we never will. Those perfect years - Perhaps there'll be more? Life's only beginning you know Oh yes it's not that I want to stay. It's just that I don't want to go. We mustn't look back, No we mustn't look back. Whatever our memories are. We? mustn't say these were our happiest days, but our happiest days so far. If I start? looking behind me and begin retracing my track, I'll remind you to remind me we said we wouldn't back.

And if you should happen to find me with an outlook dreary and black. I'll remind you to remind me we said we wouldn't look back. It's hard to forget the plays, the games, the walks by the river in Spring, the J's we placated, the classes we missed, but soon they won't mean a thing. So, if I let nostalgia blind me and my resolution is slack, I'll remind you to remind me we said we wouldn't look back They're certain to miss us when we're gone, they're not worth much if they don't. And they'll beg us to visit them time after time - oh dear, maybe they won't! But if I once stop looking behind me, and begin retracing my track, I'll remind you to remind me We said we wouldn't look back. We've broken the ties, we've said the goodbyes, there's? no more for us to pack. Don't turn around - we're outward bound - and we said we wouldn't look back.... !

But we Will because that is what The Beaumont Union is all about.

NOTICES

THE BU LUNCH

As previously announced will take place at the Caledonian Club, Halkin Street, Monday 3rd October. The Bar will open at Noon, Lunch at 1pm. Dress: Suits. May I remind, as I have in the past:-

'A man who tires of Club Events tires of life ' (to paraphrase Johnson -not the Boris variety: though given the opportunity)

The Committee looks forward to seeing you all again.

REMEMBER.

BACS payment preferred to Sort: 30-99-09. Beaumont Union A/c 02198243 with NAME as reference. The cost is £50.

There is no charge for members of the Clergy..

Cheques to The Hon Secretary at the address below. Alternatively, if you have paid electronically you must email to: amanda@mbarrington.net

Mrs A Bedford
94 Hurst Park Road
TWYFORD
Berkshire
RG10 0EY
Tel: 0118 934 2110

Some have asked how we manage to keep the cost of the Lunch so low. Although he would not wish it publicised, I feel we should recognise the generosity of our President who picks up the tab for the extra expense. We are most grateful as always to Guy.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY.

Although a few months away, please note **Sunday 13th November**. I will send out a Notice closer to the time.

B U TIE

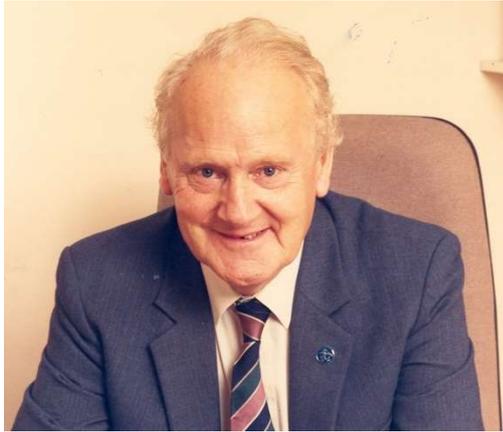


Well, according to **David Martin** and **Paul Podesta**, Prince Charles has no problem in acquiring a BU tie as apparently seen in *The Mail on Sunday* 6th Aug. I think this has been reported before though there is no Regiment nor Varsity College that has our colours (though the drinking club of Jesus College comes fairly close). So it remains unclear on what grounds HRH is wearing it – still nice to have royal patronage! **St John's, I'm assured, now holds a stock: if you need a new tie please contact Mrs Zola Purdie Tel: 01784 432428.**

OBITUARIES

RIP. Padma Shri Dr John Marr – the renowned British Indologist who had encyclopedic knowledge of Indian culture

Renowned British Indologist Padma Shri Dr John Marr passed away on May 19th, 2022 at the age of 95 years. He was one of the founding trustees of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, UK.



VISIONARY: Dr John Marr (Photo: The Bhavan)

By: Krishna bhanu

A writer and a former member of faculty at the School of Oriental and African Studies in London, Dr Marr was known for his academic rigour and encyclopedic knowledge of Indian culture. He was awarded the Padma Shri civilian honour by the Government of India in 2009 for his contributions to Education.

The unrestrained enthusiasm and support for young students from peers like Dr Marr were fundamental to the long-standing recognition and appeal of The Bhavan's multi-subject diploma programme. Of Dr Marr it was remarked that, in every interaction, one always left feeling that one had learned something new. In his presence, one felt as if almost anything was possible with the right knowledge, friends, and a spare 6 months to dedicate to the task.



During the visit of the Duke of Kent at the Bhavan

From the minutiae of the Indian musical tuning theory to the architectures of Indian temples and the long, winding histories of the myriad Indian Dance forms, Dr Marr was always able to add fresh intellectual insight and the flavour of vivacious local colour, all frequently accompanied by some extraordinary tale of a past escapade involving perhaps an ambassador or an iconic Indian performer, a 4000 mile family road trip or a beautiful roadside flower, all but invisible to the casual passer-by.

A specialist in Carnatic music and Tamil literature, Dr Marr once said that “Largely through the medium of her music, I have been privileged to share India’s tremendous tradition and sense of values of which she has so much to give to the world.”



(L to R) Wendy Marr, Srividya and Dr John Marr with Mathur Krishnamurthy

His love for India was legendary. He said, “India has been my second home since I was 19 and has shown over the years so much care and affection towards me, far more than I could possibly deserve.”

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, UK, paid homage to the great scholar by saying that “For everyone at the Bhavan who had the honour of meeting, working, and learning with him, Dr Marr will always be remembered for his incomparable spirit and his uncompromising passion for Indian culture; foundations upon which this organisation, now in its 50th year, have been built. He will be much missed by us all.”

Ed: John was at Beaumont during the War years and in this country lived for many years at Holme Farm Addlestone in Surrey.

Not only a great intellect: he was intrepid enough to drive his wife across Europe, through the Middle East to Southern India in the Fifties in a “Woodie” (a Morris minor traveller).

Richard Nurick (54) international wine consultant and connoisseur.



Ed; whoever took this photo was obviously enjoying the tasting! Richard followed a particular Beaumont tradition of the Wine Trade and his expertise was acknowledged as one of the Judges of the International Wine Challenge.

Stephen Hall-Patch (67). Followed his father **Peter (37)** as a vet. He died suddenly at his home in France in July.

See Obituaries on the News “dropdown”.

LIVERY DINNER

This year's BLANDYKE dinner will be Tuesday 1st November 2022.
More details will follow shortly but we just wanted to get the date in your diaries.
As always, if you know of any others Members of Livery Companies with Jesuit connections and who may be interested in joining us, please let me know.
Could you please also give me an indication if you are able to attend on 1st November.

Steve Hodkinson (Mount St Mary's)
Past Master
The Worshipful Company of Plumbers
T: 07801 397 799
E: steve.hodkinson@btinternet.com

NEWS

BUGS



It was hardly one of those hazy lazy days of Summer (as depicted above) when the Golfing Society held their annual Meeting at the end of May. Our small band had diminished even further since last year but that did not deter the avid players who answered the summons of our diligent Hon Sec. **Nigel Courtney**. Somehow it seemed appropriate with the rain threatening, a brisk wind blowing and overcast skies that many, like the gulls, had come inland. **Jim Ingram -Cotton** came up from the Seven estuary and **Martin Wells** from the Blackwater of Essex. **Mark Addison** from the Kent Marshes. Our Vice Captain **Mark Marshall** with Susie from coastal Aldeburgh were conveniently staying with friends not far. Further inland and **Kevin McArdle** had staged it overnight with a daughter in Guildford .

Nigel writes:-

We marked the 102nd year of our Golf Society by gathering on 25th May for our 2022 Spring Meeting. By popular demand it was hosted once again at Westerham Golf Club.

Nine BUs signed up for the occasion. The group featured many of the usual suspects - although sadly **Chris Tailby** had to withdraw at the last minute due to a sports injury. However, we were all delighted that vice -captain **Mark Marshall** ventured back to the greensward to impress us with his new one-handed technique. And very effective it proved to be.

We had gathered to compete for the **Mike Bedford Cup** – a sparkling replica of The Open's famous Claret Jug. Our trophy bears a plaque that records previous winners: **Mark Addison in 2017, Nigel Courtney in 2018, and Kevin McArdle in 2019 and 2021** (2020 being a covid casualty).

We assembled in the club's Sports Lounge to catch up with each other's news over coffee and a bacon roll. Play was scheduled to start at the dignified hour of 11AM – as is, of course, rather appropriate for our now 'mature' cohort.

Rupert Lescher and Patrick Solomon tee'd off first and made good progress. Hotly pursued by **Kevin McArdle, Jim Ingram-Cotton and Mark Marshall**. Mark had the benefit of sharing a buggy driven by his wife Susie. Our third group - **Mark Addison, Martin Wells, and Nigel Courtney** - completed the order of play.

At the start, our esteemed non-playing captain Robert Wilkinson shot off in a buggy armed with an enormous ice-chest crammed with drinks to salve the competitors' furrowed brows. The cool weather meant he could find few takers but this did not discourage him from offering players his usual blend of encouragement and dubious advice.

Mark Marshall gave a spirited demonstration of one-armed banditry but decided that 9 holes was sufficient to make his point. Rupert and Patrick found so much to talk about that they were happy to let Kevin and Jim play through. Mark Addison and Nigel were duly impressed by Martin's sprightly game which belied his claim that at 85 he was the oldest player present.

Having prevailed over Westerham's many challenges, including three cunningly-placed lakes, our troupers gathered in the Sports Lounge to share news of absent friends. And, after discussion, our stalwart BUGS called for a Spring Meeting in 2023 either at Westerham or Royal Wimbledon.

Lunch was followed by the prize-giving. Nigel had come third, Patrick had earned second place but the Mike Bedford Claret Jug was won, once again, by Kevin. Each received three specially-made BU golf balls. The runners-up, Rupert and Martin, were presented with golf balls inscribed with the aide memoire: "Play your Provisional ball first".

Jim then received three BU balls for achieving the longest drive on the 18th. Nigel's tee-shot on the 11th was Nearest the Pin and, as Hon Sec, he declared that the prize was a case of Bollinger. Stunned silence was followed by uproar and the mistake was swiftly corrected. Our captain Robert brought the meeting to a very happy end by asking all to stand and raise a glass of port to toast the "Spirit of Beaumont".

Reminder: The BUGS is open to every Beaumont OB, as a player or non-playing supporter. Just contact Robert or Nigel [nigel@courtenet.com] as soon as convenient to register your interest.

Ed: Last Word.

Now many might think that at our time of life that play might lack length of drive and accuracy and slow play the order of the day: not a bit of it. All right, there were some bum shots but that's the game for you, however "Pars" started to appear on the score cards and even the odd "Birdie". We were even held up by slow play ahead of us. Amusing moments included Nigel scoring a "Buggy" at the 2nd (hitting Mark's vehicle but saving him from the bunker). The Non PC (non- playing Captain) was enjoying a break at the Clubhouse when Jim overshot the green giving your correspondent an unexpected frisson. We are pleased to report that none matched **John Flood's** course record last year of 15 at the 16th : most hope that it will never be beaten!

If anything summed up the satisfaction of the day's play it was on the final green where **Wells, Courtney and Addison** were each left with a long- distance putt to the pin: all holed! FUN DAY.

BUGS

Old and crotchety we may be
We still have that maturity of Grand cru Chablis,
No longer the Jersey and plus fours
We parade in socks and shorts, even tartaned cotton draws.
Among Founders of the Halford Hewitt Competition
Gave us a certain *Je ne sais quoi* recognition.
End of May and the Society Meeting,
A coffee cognac and the competition briefing.
Driving the first and into the rough
And a hook towards the green is simply not good enough.
Then three to the pin
Before the ball drops in.
Not a great start but my game will improve
A slice, and a worm burner and I'm into my groove.
Heading for home and I failed to make the cut for the longest drive
Indeed, I must admit the distance took me five,
But I'm the easy winner of the balls in the lake

With three dropping in, hitting a coot and a mallard drake.
Despite my card and my playing technique, it really was fun
Like school days at Datchet playing for cream teas and a bun.

Our grateful thanks to our Hon Sec Nigel for all his hard working in keeping the BUGS going.

Apologies were received from **Chris Tailby** who had to withdraw at the last moment through injury, **Clive Fisher** – back from the States but at his home in Guernsey and **John Flood** who wrote:

Just a quick note to say I hope today's BUGS fixture is a great success and much regret that our post retreat "Jolly" in Worcestershire has clashed with it. Patrick rang me yesterday, forgetting I was away, to ask me if he could borrow a BU tie!

Following elaborate instructions as to how to gain access to our house and where to go once he had done so, it seems that when I took one to pack [in case, while at St Beuno's I was attending the funeral of one of our long -term Spiritual Directors, Fr Tom Shufflebotham SJ in Preston) in fact now fixed for next Wednesday] I grabbed one of my older ones, so he has found my best one! **Please ensure he doesn't spill soup down it! (we did our best)**

Have some great golf and remember me to everyone, especially to Mark Marshall who I was delighted to hear will be playing. And to Mark Addison who patiently partnered me at Denham last September when as 2 old Penrynians we were playing against another one, one of the Reeve-Tuckers as an Old Gregorian and Arthur Cope's brother-in-law, Bill Donaldson.

(**ED**: if you are wondering why there are no photos: I confess to a senior moment leaving my telephone at home: rooty-toot from the Memsahib on my return)

HENLEY.

The annual trip down memory lane saw the **Burgess, Bruce, Wortley and Flood** Clan gather for the Regatta and also to meet up with **Charlie Poels, Paul Podesta** and of course **Mandy Bedford**.



The motor looks fine but the crew somewhat motley



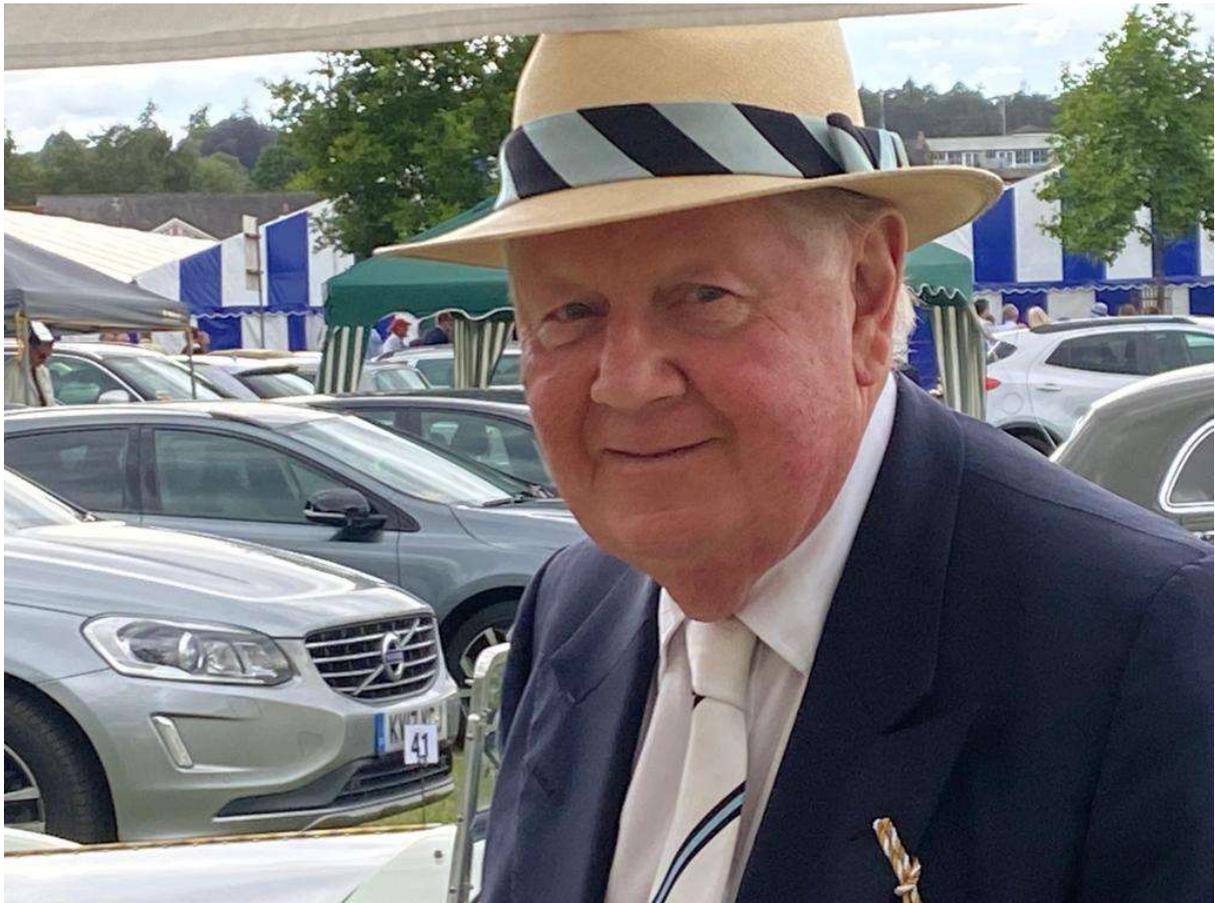
On the Tuesday, **John Flood, Mike Wortley and Robert Bruce** with various offspring (all OSJB) in support or to support them home.



“Three men at a Table” Wortley, Flood and Haywood.



Paul Podesta veteran of the 3rd VIII (cox '57, crew '59) falls into dubious company.



Patrick Burgess in Caius Colours (The light blue is also Eton blue and was adopted by Cambridge in 1836 when it was the only colour available at the local haberdashers before the Boat Race). It is of course also one of our three colours. Patrick and Maggi hosted their annual Henley party on the Friday.



Charlie Poels of the '61 crew in a still pristine blazer and cap



Our glamorous Hon Secretary **Mandy Bedford** with **Mike Wortley** who managed to get into nearly every photograph.



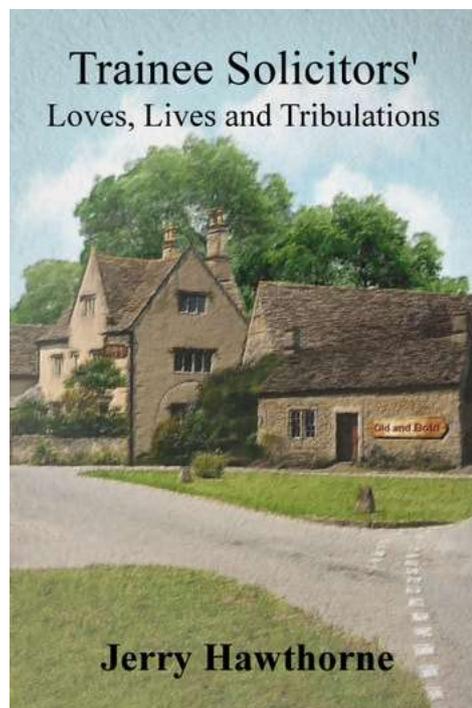
Well, probably better that Henry wasn't coxing that day.

NOTE: The winners of the Princess Elisabeth this year were St Pauls beating Radley in the final. Beaumont rowed St Pauls in the first round of The ladies Plate in 1930 winning by a length before losing to Pembroke Oxford in round two.

I also note during that year the 3rd VIII just managed to beat Worcester College **(but for the Blind)!**

NEW NOVEL

Jerry Hawthorne has produced his first novel following his autobiography "*The Wandering Soul*".



"Angela having decided to set out to take on a solicitor's training contract encountered many trials and tribulations.

Finding a training contract was the first, then seeking affordable accommodation. She nearly gave up the law when one of her first tasks was to wash the senior partner's car. Her salary seemed abysmally low. Yet work began to improve, especially after she met another likeable trainee David, at the Employment Appeal Tribunal in London, although his salary was rather higher than hers, as his firm had offices both in Stroud where he was based but also in the City of London.

Her work began to become much more interesting including as it did, a sea plane flight to Vancouver Island, an Italian vineyard, some magistrates court work in Sussex, a difficult Supreme Court case in London and several very sad child abuse matters. Out of the office, the local pub was great place to unwind; she was

persuaded to run the London Marathon; watched Wimbledon Tennis and commiserated with a young colleague whose girlfriend appeared to have left him. She became friendly with one of the daughters of an English duke and with a girlfriend, went on an overnight couchette pilgrimage train with disabled children". Available at Waterstones £11.99.

ARTICLES

ROYAL CONNECTIONS

The Changing of the Old Order.

Seeing as we are in the Platinum Jubilee year I thought I would have a look at Beaumont's Royal connections. We are well aware of the visits of Queen Victoria and our present Queen to Beaumont but there were other "royals" who came to the school and whose position in life helped to change the order and history of their respective countries. Several of them were OBs, others connected to OBs, and some just along for the carriage ride: some led fairly scandalous lives. The problems of the present Duke of York are nothing new to the royal houses of Europe but how there are perceived has changed. Andrew would not be the first obnoxious royal, nor the first dissolute prince. The institution's history is full of badly-behaved characters, but we are now living in the third decade of the 21st century, in a time of transition not just for our Royal family as they prepare for the prospect of a new monarch, but society at large.

1871 Visit of Louis Napoleon The Prince Imperial.

The Prince came for the Grand Academies (Speech Day) and presented the prizes. He also received Addresses in both French and English by Jenico Preston and Arthur Oddie.

Jenico was the eldest son of the Hon. Charles Preston of Co Meath and a grandson of Viscount Gormanston. He gained a commission in the 51st Foot and went out to India seeing action in the Afghan War. He then transferred into the Indian Army and served in the Burma War 85-6 and was mentioned in Dispatches, wounded: he was later awarded a DSO . He commanded the 3rd Burma Infantry and was made a CB on his retirement in 1916.

Arthur was the son of an Army Colonel and his grandfather a well-known landowner lawyer and cricketer. He became a leading member of the Primrose League founded by Disraeli to spread the principles of true conservatism. Apart from being a local JP

in Sussex he was Captain of Horsham Cricket and Chairman of Sussex County Cricket before WWI. His son Francis (95) KIA 1916.



Prince Louis Napoleon was 16 when he visited Beaumont. His father had lost the War against Prussia (over the disputed throne of Spain) and following the Declaration of the French Republic had moved with the Empress Eugenie to Camden Place at Chislehurst. The Prince Imperial was taught by tutors before attending Kings College London and the Military College at Woolwich. Denied entry into the French Army, he decided to serve the country that had given him refuge. He was commissioned into the Royal Artillery and on the death of his father was declared Napoleon IV in 1873 by his followers. It was at this time that a marriage was proposed between the Prince and Princess Beatrice, Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, (see below) but his firm Catholicism proved a major stumbling block. In 1879, through special dispensation, he went out to the Zulu War where his impetuosity led to an untimely death.

1882 10th March

First Visit by Queen Victoria, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

Beatrice was the fifth daughter and youngest child of the Queen and Prince Albert. Her childhood coincided with Queen Victoria's grief following the death of her husband on 14 December 1861. As her elder sisters married and left, their mother, the Queen came to rely on the company of her youngest daughter, whom she called "Baby" for most of her childhood. Beatrice was brought up to stay with her mother always and she soon resigned herself to her fate. The Queen was so set against her youngest daughter marrying that she refused to discuss the possibility. Nevertheless,

many suitors were put forward, including as previously mentioned The Prince Imperial.



A couple of years after her visit to Beaumont, Beatrice fell in love with Prince Henry of Battenburg the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse and by Rhine. He had served in the Prussian army but on their marriage became a British subject. In 1887 he persuaded the Queen to allow him to serve in the Ashanti Campaign where he contracted malaria and died. The couple had three sons and a daughter. The youngest Prince Maurice was killed in October 1914 when serving as an officer in the KRRC: he is buried in the small Ypres Town Cemetery where **Frederick Liebert (94)** of the North Somerset Yeomanry was also buried having been killed shortly after in the same Zillebeke trenches. Their daughter, known to her family as Ena, Princess Victoria Eugénie was the first Royal baby to be born at Balmoral Castle. Her christening took place in the Drawing Room and her Godmother was the Empress Eugenie.

As Princess Beatrice, was companion, confidante and personal secretary to Queen Victoria, Ena grew up in the Queen's household, spending their childhood at Balmoral , Osborne House and Windsor Castle.



Ena of Battenberg – Queen of Spain

She met King Alfonso XIII of Spain at a dinner at Buckingham Palace during his State Visit to the United Kingdom in 1905. On the day of his departure Alfonso called on Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace and left a photograph of himself for Ena. The pair then began to correspond by sending postcards to each other almost every day until their marriage took place.

They were married on 31 May 1906 in the church of San Jerónimo el Real in Madrid. Among the Royal guests were the Prince and Princess of Wales (later King George V and Queen Mary). Although Ena never visited Beaumont, several OBs were to be part of her life as will be discussed later in the article.

Returning to the first Visit of Queen Victoria and among the other Royals present was Don Carlos of Spain visiting his son **Prince Jaime (86)**. Carlos de Borbón y Austria-Este was the Carlist claimant to the throne of Spain from 1868, and the Legitimist claimant to the throne of France (followers of the Bourbon dynasty) after the death of his father in 1887.



Don Carlos

The Carlists believed in the right of male succession which split the country when Isabella II had been proclaimed Queen. Carlos organized and led the Third Carlist War between 1872 and 1876, and he effectively controlled much of peninsula Spain. Followers of Don Carlos, an Infante and his descendants — rallied to the cry of "God, Country, and King" and fought for the cause of Spanish tradition Legitimism and Catholicism against liberalism and later the republicanism of the Spanish governments of the day. He was married to Princess Margherita of Parma. However, it was during this war in 1874 that Alfonso XII became King and brought about a Bourbon restoration. Two years on and Don Carlos was defeated and went into exile in France. Don Carlos was a benefactor to Beaumont and among his gifts was a Chalice and Princess Margherita donated several sets of church vestments.



Don Jaime with his parents and sisters while he was still at Beaumont.

Prince Jaime, usually known by the Royal title of Duke of Madrid, was born in 1870. He was also known as **Jacques de Bourbon, Duke of Anjou** in France became the Carlist claimant on the death of his father under the name **Jaime III** and the claimant to the throne of France as **Jacques I**.

While at Beaumont, It seems that his relations with other boys were good, though he tended to patronise and showed an excess of ambition. He completed the Beaumont curriculum in May 1886 but kept in touch with the school and was a contributor to the Beaumont Review. The same year he inherited from the Chambords part of their fortune and real estates in Austria, in particular the Frohsdorf Palace There were

plans about further education in Feldkirch, but most of 1887 was spent on recovery from very serious health problems which had plagued him few months earlier.

Don Jaime's royal ancestry and heir to the Carlist king of Spain determined both his material status and political career, while relations along collateral lines – especially with the Austrian Habsburgs and the French Bourbons – were responsible for some twists and turns of his life. Related to most of the royal houses of Europe with six monarchs from different countries among his great grandparents, he was at home in most of them. He was personal witness to a string of unsuccessful marriages in his family, from that of his grandparents to those of his own parents, his sisters and many of his Habsburg cousins. They might have contributed to Don Jaime's relations with women; though he was attracted to a number of them, Jaime never married and probably had no children.

When he was seventeen Jaime was rumoured to marry Maria, daughter of the late king Alfonso XII. The alleged plan was to mend the feud between the Carlists and Alfonsists, yet there is no indication that the news was anything more than a press speculation. When he was 26, Don Jaime developed a cordial correspondence with Mathilde daughter of Ludwig the last King of Bavaria. In unclear circumstances, possibly related to intrigues of his stepmother and political problems with Madrid the relationship dried up. Though when later serving in the Russian army in Warsaw, Don Jaime had women in his mind. There is no confirmation of any amorous episodes until he was already in his late 30s and subject to concern about lack of Carlist dynastic succession. He was attracted to a 16-year-old Bourbon-Parme cousin Marie-Antoinette but apparently realised impracticability of the would-be relationship. Don Jaime soon started to pursue her elder sister Zita and some claim that the two were about to get engaged. However, Zita eventually married Jaime's cousin Archduke Charles of Austria-Este in 1911. The couple would become the last Habsburg Emperor and Empress and rescued from possible assassination by **Colonel Edward Iisle Strutt (91)** on the intervention of King George V at the end of The Great War.



Don Jaime behind the Emperor Franz-Joseph at the wedding of Charles and Zita

Jaime meanwhile was linked to Princess Patricia of Connaught, the daughter of Prince Arthur, Queen Victoria's third son. This alliance, and another with a niece of Kaiser Wilhelm II also came to nothing.

It is not clear whether Carlos VII has discussed with the British his alleged vision of Don Jaime pursuing a military career in England. Eventually in 1890 Jaime indeed commenced military education, though not at Sandhurst but at the German Military Academy at Weiner Neustadt. In the academy, Jaime became loose on his Catholic practices and got somewhat derailed from Traditionalist track. He graduated in 1893 but mounting political differences between Carlos VII and the Kaiser produced a disaster: Don Jaime was not admitted to the Imperial Army.

Spending time at the Russian Court at St Petersburg in 1895, he accepted a commission in the Grodno Hussar Regiment part of the Imperial Guard and saw service in Odessa, the Boxer Rising and the Russo-Japanese War rising to the rank of Colonel. A good deal of his career was passed in Warsaw, then the third most important city in the Empire.

He spent his free time in theatres and restaurants and was a noted sportsman; apart from joining the racing society as a good horseman, he was particularly recognised for automobile activities. He owned one of the first cars in Warsaw, a De

Dion Bouton machine which became well recognised by the city dwellers. Don Jaime was also acknowledged and cheered as a sportsman by "forgemen, peasants and innkeepers", so the Spanish press reported. His military duty was largely performed on the on and off basis; on average slightly more than half a year per annum and was punctuated by at least month-long breaks of leave periods, in Austria-Hungary, Italy and France.

Jaime was not noted as involved in any political initiatives, though his taking part in official Russian feasts with members of the House of Romanov, participating was clearly flavoured with political undertones. At one opportunity the Prince made some effort to court the Poles, referring to alleged Polish combatants in ranks of the legitimist troops during the last Carlist war; official Spanish diplomatic services tried to keep a close watch on him.

On 18 July 1909 Jaime succeeded his father as Carlist claimant to the throne of Spain and Legitimist claimant to the throne of France. He retired from the Russian army and henceforward lived mostly at Schloss Frohsdorf in Lanzenkirchen in Austria and at his apartment on Avenue Hoche in Paris. He visited Spain and also Reale near Viareggio in Italy which he had inherited from his mother.

For part of WW1, Jaime lived under house-arrest at Schloss Frohsdorf in Austria and because of his sympathies with the Allied cause was not well-treated by the Austrians and his Uncle the Emperor Franz-Joseph.

On 16 April 1923, by a decree to his Delegate-General in Spain, Jaime created the *Orden de la Legitimidad Proscrita* to honour those who suffered imprisonment in Spain or were exiled for their loyalty to the Carlist cause.

In April 1931 the constitutional king of Spain Alfonso XIII was forced to leave the country and the Second Republic proclaimed. Jaime issued a manifesto calling upon all monarchists to rally to the legitimist cause. Several months later, on 23 September, Jaime received Alfonso at his apartment in Paris. Two days later Alfonso and his wife Ena received Jaime at the Hotel Savoy d'Avon near Fontainebleau. Jaime conferred the collar of the Order of The Holy Spirit upon Alfonso. These meetings marked a certain rapprochement between the two claimants to the Spanish throne. According to some authors – contested by the others – the two signed or verbally agreed an arrangement which would terminate the Alfonsist-Carlist discord.

A week after his meetings with Alfonso, Jaime died in Paris. He was buried at the *Villa dei Borbone* at Tenuta Reale. He was eventually succeeded in his Spanish and French claims by his Bourbon-Parme nephew Xavier brother of the Empress Zita and father of **Prince Sixte Henry (55)**.

APRIL 1882

The Visit Of Prince Leopold of Albany and his bride Princess Helen.



Only a month after Queen Victoria's first visit to Beaumont, Prince Leopold of Albany and his bride Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont came to the school on their way to Claremont House at Esher their new residence. This came about, as surprisingly, the Rector, Fr Cassidy had been asked to be one of those representing the Royal Borough presenting their wedding gift to the couple. – a bracelet for the Princess to which the boys (Parents) had generously subscribed.

Leopold was the eighth child and youngest son of Queen Victoria. He was the Queen's favourite son but unable to pursue a military career because he suffered from haemophilia and the need to avoid even minor injuries, Leopold instead became a patron of the arts and literature: he also had a special interest in education. Although, not from the most well-known European houses Princess Helen's sister was Queen of the Netherlands married to King William III. Two years later Leopold died following a fall in the south of France. Through his daughter Princess Alice Leopold was the Grandfather of Sir Henry Abel-Smith who was a good friend to Beaumont, especially the scout group during the 1950s.

Leopold's son Charles Edward was the one of the Royal family's "black sheep". He inherited the titles of Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, moved to Germany and swore allegiance to The Emperor. In WW1, he was named a traitor and stripped of his British titles, orders and decorations. Between the Wars he joined the Nazi Party and rose to the rank of Obergruppenfuhrer becoming one of Hitler's representatives and dedicated followers. At the end of the War he was arrested and although found not guilty of war crimes he was to die a "penniless criminal". To cap it all one of his daughters claimed that he was guilty of sexual abuse.

June 1887.

Second Visit of Queen Victoria

The second visit of Queen Victoria accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Irene of Hesse. Princess Henry (Beatrice, I have already discussed), Irene was a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, her mother Princess Alice was the Queen's second daughter, had married the Grand Duke of Hesse but had died young in 1878 so Irene spent much of her time with her grandmother.



Irene of Hesse and By Rhine

The year after her visit to Beaumont, Irene married Prince Henry of Prussia the son of the German Emperor and brother of the future Wilhelm II. Her younger sister Alexandra became the Tsarina of Russia married to Nicholas II and murdered by the Bolsheviks. Irene's husband was a Grand-Admiral and commanded the Baltic fleet in the Great War when Irene was to find herself on the opposing side to all her siblings.

March 1889

Visit of The Empress Eugenie.

The Empress accompanied by Madame D'Arcos her Lady Companion, came to the school and stayed for Mass.



Eugenie de Montijo was of Spanish noble birth and her elder sister was married to the Duke of Alba grandfather of **Jacobo (94)** 17th Duke and **Harman (99)** Duke of Penderanda. She married Napoleon III in 1853 and despite his numerous infidelities remained loyal to him. She held strong Catholic and Spanish political views travelled widely representing the Emperor who valued her advice. To be not far from her homeland she bought the Villa Eugenie at Biarritz now the Hotel du Palais (visited annually in recent years by The BOFS). With the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War she became Regent while he commanded the army and with defeat, exile in England. Following the deaths of both her husband and her son, she became more reclusive at her residence at Farnborough Hill. However, she remained close to both the Tsarina Alexandra and her goddaughter Queen Ena of Spain. She died in 1920 appropriately while visiting her great nephew **Jacobo** at his home at the Liria Palace in Madrid. In her will she left her Spanish estates to her other great nephew **Harman**. When Eugenie visited Beaumont, she came with Madame Christine Vaughan D'Arcos.

Christine was the daughter of the Hon George Vaughan and a grand- daughter of the Earl of Lisburne: her nephews **Charles (78)** and the appropriately **Ernest Napoleon (94)** were at Beaumont as was **Frederick Navarre Fane (85)** son of Admiral Sir Charles Fane.

She married Don Domingo de Arcos in 1859, and from then till 1872, when she became a widow, she lived in Paris. Her mother had known the Empress as a child, and so when she came to Paris she was brought into touch with the Imperial Family. But it was after the Empress came to England that Madame de Arcos really came to enjoy her close friendship. She never held any actual appointment in the Empress's entourage, but she was her constant companion, and was with her during the years of her heaviest troubles. When Christine died in 1913, among the wreaths was one from Queen Alexandra and The Empress sent (and it was placed on the coffin) a

large bunch of South African rushes, brought by herself from Zululand from the place where her son was killed.

1891 Visit of Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein.



The Prince came for the day and played cricket. He was the son of Princess Helena third daughter of Queen Victoria His father was considered a minor Danish born German Prince and was allowed to marry Helena provided they lived in England: their residences were Frogmore followed by Cumberland Lodge. Albert entered the German Army rising to command the 3rd Uhlans of The Guard by the outbreak of War. He was excused active service against the British by The Emperor and spent the War on the Staff in Berlin and promoted to Major-General. He succeeded to be the Head of The House of Oldenburg and Schleswig- Holstein in 1921. He died unmarried but with an illegitimate child in 1931.

July 1891 Visit of the German Emperor Kaiser Wilhelm¹¹

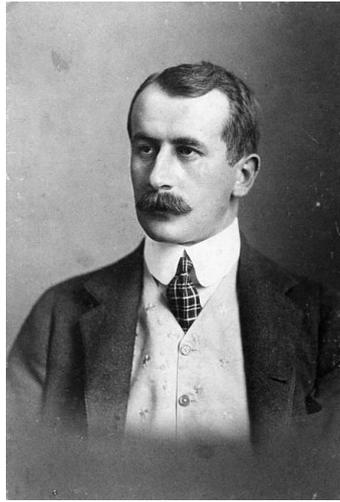


Not to Beaumont I hasten to add but to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle: The School attended and one of the features of the Reception according to the Sunday Times “was the cheering of their Majesties by the Eton boys and those belonging to what is now known as the Catholic Eton – Beaumont College”. However, one should note that Wilhelm’s Court Chamberlain was **Count Augustus Cabrera (68)**. This had come about as the previous Emperor was an admirer of Augustus’s Father the Spanish Carlist Field Marshal Ramon, Duke of Maestrazgo. Augustus entered the service of Kaiser Wilhelm I in the Prussian army through the mediation of the Emperor himself, He was part of the 2nd Prussian Guard Dragon Regiment for ten years, until due to health problems he had to leave the Regiment being named by the Emperor his Kammerjunker

January 1895

Visit of HSH Prince Aloys zu Lowenstein-Wertheim-Rosenberg

Accompanied by **Bertram Smyth-Piggott (86)**. They spent a day at Beaumont, had lunch and he asked for a holiday be granted in memory of the occasion – **which it was**. Aloys was the son of Prince Charles and his mother Sophie of Lichtenstein and was born in 1871.



After completing his secondary education at the Jesuit College in Feldkirch, he graduated from law school in Prague.

He then served as a member of the Württembergian Chamber of Lords, the First Chamber of the Estates of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Bavarian Reichsrat (1909), and the First Chamber of the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Baden. In 1907, his father joined the Dominican Order and became a Priest relinquishing his noble titles and responsibilities to Aloys. In 1907, Aloys was elected as a representative to the German Empire Reichstag in which he served until the dissolution of the Empire in 1918. He saw this and his other representative roles as a service to the state, which he rendered by defending the Catholic church and its goals. He did not, on the other hand, take to the work of a parliamentarian. While he could have chosen to embark on a diplomatic career, due to his previous education and the fact of belonging to the European nobility, he chose not to.

Although he volunteered for the war immediately in 1914, he tried to intervene as a moderating influence in the discussion on war aims; before 1914, he had already criticised German foreign policy as too power-hungry. From 1898, when he succeeded his father in embracing the Catholic lay movement and had served as vice-president of the Katholikentag, he chaired the Strasbourg *Tag* himself, thus helping to integrate the Catholics of Alsace-Lotharingia into the German Empire.

Aloys was from 1920 the President of the Central Committee of German Catholics. He firmly kept the politics of his time away from the Catholic lay movement. His views on lay ministry, coming from religious faith, corresponded to a patriarchal aristocratic world-view.

Adolf Hitler's rise to power in 1933 made the work of the central committee impossible. Hermann Göring as Prussian prime minister requested an allegiance oath to the Third Reich and Aloys refused and retired from public life. He married Countess Josephine of the Czech Princely House of Kinsky and had nine children. He died in 1952. His sister was married to the Duke of Braganza the Miquelist Claimant to the throne of Portugal.

July 1897

Third visit of Queen Victoria

Accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenburg (Beatrice), Princess Henry of Prussia (Irene) and Princess Louise of Battenburg.

Louise was eight when she came with her Great Grandmother to the school. Her Grandmother was Princess Alice and her mother Princess Victoria the elder sister of Irene. Victoria had made a morganatic marriage with her penniless cousin Louis of Battenburg who took service in the Royal Navy but rose through his own ability to Admiral of The Fleet.



Louise grew up as a service child and as a young adult received a proposal from Manoel 11 of Portugal: King Edward VII was keen for her to accept but she said she would only marry for love and never a King or a widower. At twenty she fell for Prince Christopher of Greece but money was problem and it came to nothing During the Great War served as a nurse in the Red Cross in France and again fell in love but this time with a Scottish artist in Paris. Once again the affair was thwarted not only the social status but again money and finally the man was thought to be homosexual.

In 1923, against her principles she became engaged to a widower and a future King – Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden but it was a love match. She became Queen of Sweden in 1950 and died in 1965.

December 1907 .

Visit of King Alphonso of Spain accompanied by the Duke of Berwick & Alba (94).

Alfonso XIII (1886-1941) was king of Spain from 1886 to 1931. His troubled reign was characterized by violent class conflict, political instability, and dictatorship.

Alfonso was born in Madrid on May 17, 1886, 6 months after the death of his father, King Alfonso XII. His mother, Maria Cristina of Hapsburg, served as regent during

Alfonso's minority. She was very anxious to build up his physical strength, and he was encouraged to spend much time swimming, sailing, and riding. This Spartan open-air regime gradually changed the delicate child into a strong and energetic young man. His education was carefully supervised, and not for generations had a Spanish sovereign received as thorough an education. He was very fond of history and became an excellent linguist, but his chief joy was military instruction. The love of soldiering evident in his early boyhood was something he never outgrew. On May 17, 1902, at the age of 16, Alfonso was crowned king of Spain. These were troubled times for his country. In 1898 Spain had suffered a humiliating defeat in the Spanish-American War and had lost Puerto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines to the United States. The Catalan and Basque peoples in Spain were demanding autonomy, and in the cities socialist and anarchist labour groups were becoming increasingly violent. Political life was very unstable, and between 1902 and 1906 the young Alfonso had to deal with 14 ministerial crises and 8 different prime ministers. In 1905 on a State visit to England he met Princess Ena and after the problem of religion was solved they married the following year. In 1907 their first child Alfonso was born in May and he came to Beaumont with his friend **Jacobo Duke of Alba** in December.



During his visit several of the Spanish boys were presented including **Jack Mitjans** whose father the **Duke of Santona (82)** was a polo playing friend of the King and **Jose Maria Ruiz de Arana future Duke of Baena**, diplomat and whose nephew would marry a grand-daughter of the King.

Spanish OBs stayed remarkably loyal to their King although he could be described as a morally weak man. (9 in his Government). Within a year of his marriage he was already having affairs with various women he also had a difficult relationship with his two OB Cousins Infant **Alfonso de Orleans y Borbón Duke of Galliera and the Infante Luis Fernando**. (Infante is a royal title normally granted at birth to sons and daughters of reigning and past Spanish monarchs, and to the sons and daughters of the heir to the Crown.)

After leaving Beaumont, Galliera followed a service career. In 1906 he graduated from the Academia Militar de Toledo (Military Academy of Toledo). In 1910 he

trained as a pilot in France. Upon returning to Spain, he successfully became one of the first and most distinguished aviators in the Spanish military.



In 1909 he married Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha daughter of Alfred Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Duke of Edinburgh (second son of Queen Victoria). Her mother was Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrovna daughter of Tsar Alexander II of Russia. She was known as “Baby Bee”. The couple had met at King Alfonso’s wedding. Her name had been previously linked with King Alfonso. The marriage initially caused a Royal rift as Beatrice was still a protestant at the time of the wedding (not rectified till 1913) and Alfonso was stripped of his titles by the weak-minded King but returned a year later.

In 1916, it was alleged that the King made advances toward Princess Beatrice, which she rebuffed. Angered and guided by the Queen Mother who disliked both Alfonso and Beatrice, the King expelled her and her husband from Spain under the pretext of sending Infante Alfonso on a mission to Switzerland. At the same time, other Court enemies started to spread claims that Beatrice had been expelled because of her bad behaviour. Beatrice and her spouse were allowed to return to Spain in 1924. Alfonso, without Beatrice, was more and more isolated though she did have the support of her Lady in waiting the Duchess of Durcal whose, equally philandering husband **Don Fernando de Borbon** another cousin of The King had also left Beaumont in 1904.

Returning to 1916 and in Paris, Beatrice met the Irish Governess to the Royal Children who gave birth to a daughter that had been fathered on her by the King. Fortunately for Alfonso, help was at hand from his good friend **Jose Maria Quinones de Leon (94)**.



He was born in 1873 in Paris as his father had gone into exile with Queen Isabella 11 when the First Republic was declared. His family were from a noble and wealthy Leonese background and from an early age was a friend and confidante of Alfonso X111. Apart from his years at Beaumont leaving in 1894, he lived most of his life in France and was thoroughly acquainted with the *Belle Epoque*.. Jose was to follow a diplomatic career, his friendship with the King and his deep knowledge of France and the French, which included statesmen, actors, bankers, and generals, marked him out as a future ambassador. In 1915, when still an attache he was invited by President Poincarre to accompany him on a visit to the Front.



Juana Alfonsa the King's daughter

When the King discovered that the Nanny was pregnant it was to his good friend Jose that he turned. Beatrice was sent to Paris where their daughter Juana Alfonsa was born and she was then brought up in the de Leon household as Jose's daughter.

In August 1918 de Leon began his duties as ambassador to Paris and he played an immediate role in the setting up of the League of Nations and ensuring a semi-

permanent place for Spain on the Council. His friendship with French Prime Minister Aristide Briand was very helpful in obtaining small advantages from France on certain issues, such as those relating to Morocco and the International city of Tangier.

When the Second Spanish Republic was proclaimed in 1931, he resigned his position as Ambassador, to remain attached to the dethroned Alfonso, who initially settled in Paris. There, José Quiñones de León headed the small court that surrounded the former King, putting at his service the contacts that he had in all circles, politicians and diplomats in the French capital. It was rumoured that he also provided the former king with female companionship. No longer at the Embassy, de León lived in the Hotel Meurice but also kept an apartment that became the centre of the Alfonsine monarchist movement that sought to overthrow the Republic and return Alfonso XIII to his throne.

His participation in the Spanish Civil war was direct: together with **OBs Alba and Del Merito** they chartered the Dragon Rapide that took General Franco from the Canary Islands to command the Nationalist Army. During the war, his room at the Hotel Maurice was the centre of a vast and effective organization at the service of Franco.

This was not to last, when at the end of the war, Franco refused to re-establish the Monarchy and Jose severed all ties with the Nationalist Government. In 1941 Alfonso renounced his rights to the Throne in favour of his son The Infante Juan Count of Barcelona and Jose remained at hand to assist the new claimant. He died in Paris in 1957 and was buried in the Pere Lachaise Cemetery.

However, returning to earlier Spanish crises.

In May 1921 Alfonso delivered a speech denouncing the parliamentary system in Spain, and in July a Spanish force of 10,000 men was annihilated by rebellious tribes in Spanish Morocco. The army and the monarchy came under increasing criticism. The situation became so critical that in September 1923 Gen. Miguel Primo de Rivera took over the government and set up a military dictatorship. Alfonso supported the dictator, and during a visit to Italy he introduced Primo as "my Mussolini." Meanwhile Galliera was named Chief of Staff of the Spanish Air Force and Commander of the First Aero District

In early 1930 the dictatorship came to an end; it had become so unpopular that even the army refused to support it. Alfonso's association with the dictatorship had disgraced him and the monarchy, and in the municipal elections of April 1931 the republicans won in Spain's main urban centres. Rather than risk civil war, Alfonso left the country. After traveling to Austria, Switzerland, England, and Egypt, he finally settled in Rome.

In 1931 Spain became a republic. The republicans, however, proved unable to bring political stability and social order to the country. In 1932, Galliera was imprisoned at Villa Cisneros (now Dakhia in the western Sahara). On 1 January 1933, he together

with some thirty other monarchist prisoners escaped in a boat, travelling 1800 miles to Lisbon.

In 1937 after the start of the Civil War, Galliera returned to Spain to head the aerial forces of General Franco. At the end of the war, he was promoted to general. He was made head of the Second Division Air Force in 1940. The King remained abroad during the civil war, since Gen. Franco would not allow him to return. Early in 1941 Alfonso abdicated in favour of his son Don Juan, Count of Barcelona and on February 28 he died and was buried in Rome.

For many years Galliera was the unofficial representative in Spain of the Count. In 1945, Alfonso resigned his position in the Air Force to show his support for the Lausanne Manifesto, a declaration of the Count of Barcelona arguing for the restoration of the monarchy and which **Jose de Leon** helped to draft. This decision put an end to Galliera's military career although he continued to pilot aircraft as a civilian.

Now for the Spanish "Black Sheep" **Infante Luis**.



Luis Fernando: openly homosexual, drug addict, eccentric, promiscuous, tarambana, troublemaker and farandulero . And also, Infante of Spain. A Bourbon who would be unleashed in the wild and bohemian Paris of the Roaring 20's; alternating the most luxurious and refined salons with brothels and clubs of dubious reputation. Jumping from party to party, from bed to bed.

Such was the turbulent and controversial life in which scandals and misfortunes abounded. Disowned by his family, his cousin King Alfonso XIII would withdraw

the title of Infante. Luis Fernando was born on November 5, 1888 in Madrid, his baptism being celebrated on the 2nd of the following month in the Royal Palace with great pomp and the presence of Queen María Cristina (1858-1929) and King Alfonso XIII, his cousin, who was then only two years old. His childhood, as a son of Don Antonio de Orleans and Don Eulalia de Borbon was spent between Seville, where his grandparents lived, Paris and Bavaria, specifically in the Nymphenburg Palace, where his aunt the Infanta Paz de Borbón had her residence. As the correspondence of the time shows, the relationship between aunt and nephew was excellent, becoming, in fact, one of the few supports within her family that Don Luis Fernando would have throughout his life.

In 1899, Luis Fernando and his brother are sent to England and enrolled at Beaumont The younger Orleans, unlike his brother, did not stand out for academic brilliance, but he did enjoy acting and ominously particularly the female roles. Probably one of the factors of this mediocre performance was the impact that the divorce of his parents had on the Infante in 1900., a separation that convulsed Spanish society at the beginning of the 20th century. Luis Fernando clearly took the side of his father, whom he adored, and against his mother, with whom he progressively loses contact with. In these years it was not uncommon to see the Infante in the company of his father and his partner, Carmen Giménez Flores, Viscountess of Termes and sarcastically known by the people as "La Infanta", in the family home of Sanlúcar de Barrameda.



The King (centre), Luis (beyond), Galliera (closest) at a bullfight.

The Infante, little interested in studies or, as in the case of his brother, in following a military career, preferred to live on his private income, since he had received substantial inheritances from both his grandfather, the Duke of Montpensier and his great-grandmother, Queen Mary Cristina de Borbón-Dos Sicilias, which included not only large amounts of money but also important real estate properties,

including farms in Cuenca or Aranjuez. His relationship with the Royal Family was initially good, despite leading an idle life - in contrast to his brother, who was advancing by leaps and bounds in the military ranks. However, he openly criticized his mother, which provoked suspicion in the Palace. The mistrust increases when the Infante, a handsome blond young man with light-coloured eyes - although short in stature -, announced his intention to follow a career on the stage. Doña Eulalia, embarrassed, tried to dissuade him. However, Luis Fernando, with the support of his aunt Doña Paz, set off for Paris where he intended to develop his vocation in the world of entertainment.

Life in the capital of the Seine is a breath of fresh air for the Infante, who begins to frequent nightlife venues regularly, spending large sums of money and soon forgetting his plans to train as an actor. In a short time, Luis Fernando, who lived between a palace in the centre of the city and a room at the Ritz Hotel - becomes a regular member of Parisian society. He also frequents the Marigny Hotel, an establishment with ancient literary resonances, but transformed by Albert Le Cuziat into a brothel for homosexual pleasures.

The parties follow one after another and, with them, excesses of all kinds. The chronicles describe, for example, a gigantic banquet offered by Luis Fernando attended by more than a thousand guests, among whom are *the crème de la crème* of French and international society. During this time in Paris the Infante maintains at least two regular homosexual relationships, respectively with a Portuguese gentleman and also with an Argentinian. Once the family fortune dwindled at a worrying rate, Luis Fernando did not hesitate to start illegal businesses particularly in the traffic of cocaine. Despite this being a known fact, the Infante lived in total impunity, since he was one of the most popular characters of Parisian night life – the hosts of the parties in fact offered him money to attend them and give them kudos. He also maintained useful contacts with the highest echelons of French politics.

He was dispossessed of his title of Infante of Spain by a royal decree of October 9, 1924 "in response to his behaviour and morally corrupt escapades" by Alfonso XIII. This radical decision followed the report by The ambassador in Paris, **José María Quiñones de León**, of a particularly depraved affair that caused the death of a poor sailor which occurred in the course of one of the usual homosexual orgies organized by the Infante who, even tried to dispose of the body at the Spanish legation. He was expelled from France following this incident.

Luis Fernando's response to his cousin the King was one of indifference: "You take away the only thing that you cannot order, because our titles are inherent to our people. I was born and will die Infante of Spain, as you were born and will die King of Spain, long after your subjects give you the kick up the arse that you deserve".

The Luis Fernando then settled in Brussels, but he is not made welcome nor well received and he quickly moved on to Portugal. At the height of his extravagances the press announced in that the Prince was arrested, dressed as a woman, in Portugal, accused of drug trafficking. In 1927 he left Portugal and went to Italy. During his stay in transalpine lands, Luiz also tries to commit a fraud with bounced cheques. His mother even asks that the best thing for her wayward son is that he be locked up in a prison.

Although there is no evidence to prove it, it seems clear that Doña Eulalia put measures in place to put an end to her young offspring's descent into further depravity and that she pulled the strings to arrange a marriage of convenience between the Prince and the American actress Mabelle Gilman Corey, divorced from a magnate in the steel industry and, as a result, extremely wealthy. The two had been friends for years. The link would put an end to the financial problems of the Luis Fernando and would give the actress access to the desired world of the European aristocracy. However, after the engagement was announced with great fanfare, Doña Eulalia repeatedly appeared in the press, excited about the idea that her prodigal son would finally get her life back on track, The bride and groom could not reach a financial agreement. Apparently, Don Luis Fernando asked his future wife for an astronomical sum of money. Given her refusal to pay it, the wedding was cancelled.



Mabel Corey



Marie Constance de Broglie

A year later another was found, in this case the French Dowager Princess of Broglie (1857-1943), who announces her engagement to the Spanish prince. The Princess, 73 years old, more than thirty years older than the Luis was the mother of four children, and a regular at the parties of the high society of Paris. The reasons why she was convinced to marry the Prince are not clear – something to which, as expected, her family was radically opposed – but, after a legal battle

against her children, the Princess and the Luis married, in a civil ceremony, in England on September 19, 1930.

Luis Fernando, once again with a full wallet and back in his beloved Paris, resumed his crazy rhythm of life only to be arrested and expelled from the country once again four years after getting married. He returned to Italy, without his wife, with whom he barely has any dealings, and, for the umpteenth time, without money. During the Spanish Civil War, he tries to return to his homeland, but the authorities prevent him from doing so. At the beginning of the forties he was able to visit his family in Sanlúcar, but he appeared to be in poor health.

Once more Luis returned to France. During the Nazi occupation, Luis Fernando showed his good heart and generosity when he courageously saved the lives of dozens of homosexuals who would otherwise have ended up in concentration camps. In 1945, testicular cancer was detected, which finally ended his life on June 22 of that same year, at the age of 57. His mortal remains laid to rest in the crypt of the Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Paris.

November 1909 Visit of King Manuel II of Portugal



Manuel II of Portugal, also known as 'The Patriot', 'The Unfortunate', and 'The Bibliophile', was the last King of Portugal who, despite being the youngest child of his father Carlos I, inherited the throne after the assassinations of his father and his elder brother, Luís Filipe, the Prince Royal.



Among those that rushed to the Royal carriage to protect the Family was **Antonio 8th Viscount d'Asseca (63)** the Lord Chamberlain and special adviser to the Heir Apparent. The carriage was then driven to his home.

Manuel's reign, which began on February 1, 1908, the day of the Lisbon regicide, ended abruptly a little over two years later after the monarchy was abolished following the October 5, 1910 revolution. However, before that he made a State visit to England at the invitation of King Edward VII. Apart from Banquets, being made a Knight of the Garter and seeking a bride among the British princesses, he made a visit to Beaumont to be received by a Guard of Honour formed by the College Corps. Eventually in 1912 he found a bride – Princess Augusta Victoria of Hohenzollen a daughter of the onetime heir presumptive to the throne of Romania.

They spent the rest of his life in exile in Twickenham, where he was involved with the local communities. During World War I, he served with the British Red Cross after his requests for an active role in the Portuguese army were denied. He got a final opportunity to act on behalf of his country when in 1926 the ministry requested his help after the newly appointed Ambassador to London was not recognized by the British government following a military coup.

HH Prince Michael Andreevich OB



For reasons unknown the Prince is not in the Beaumont Lists: it may have been for security reasons that the school was asked not to publicise his attendance. No one today knows.

Prince Michael Andreevich of Russia (15 July 1920 – 22 September 2008) was a descendant of the House of Romanov. He was a great nephew of Nicholas II, the last Emperor of Russia. He was born in Versailles, the second child and eldest son of Prince Andrei Alexandrovich of Russia and Donna Elisabetta di Sasso-Ruffo. Thus, he was a grandson of Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich of Russia and Grand Duchess Xenia Alexandrovna of Russia daughter of Tsar Alexander II and a great nephew of Nicholas II, the last Emperor.

At the fall of the Monarchy, the family moved to their property in the Crimea but were later arrested by the Bolsheviks. Released by the advancing German army they eventually escaped aboard HMS Marlborough sent by King George V to rescue them. Michael's father and grandfather attended the Paris Peace conference on behalf of the White Russians and it was here that Prince Michael was born. After a time spent on the Riviera, the Family moved to England to grace and favour residences granted to them by the King. Here Michael lived with his parents and his grandmother Grand Duchess Xenia in exile at Craigowan Lodge on the Balmoral Estate in Scotland as well as at Frogmore Cottage on the grounds of Windsor Castle. The family later stayed at Wilderness House at Hampton Court. During this time Michael was sent to Beaumont leaving in 1938. Michael was commissioned in the Royal Navy during World War II and served in Australia with the Fleet Air Arm. He moved there permanently following the conclusion of the War and became an aviation engineer. During the War his mother was killed in an air raid at Hampton Court and his father later remarried and moved to Provender House near Faversham a one-time residence of Edward The Black Prince.

Michael made his home in Sydney and married three times. On 24 February 1953 to a Jill Murphy ; the marriage was short lived and was dissolved by divorce in

September 1953. In July 1954 he married Shirley Cramond: she died in 1983. Ten years later, in July 1993 at Sydney he married Giulia Crespi. Michael had no children from any of his marriages.

In 1980 Prince Michael Andreevich became Imperial protector of the Sovereign Order of the Orthodox Knights Hospitaller of St. John of Jerusalem which was formerly under the protection of his father Prince Andrei and uncle Prince Vasili. In 2006 he was elected Grand Prior. This group is not recognized by the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, or the Associated Orders of St. John. He was considered by many to have been the Heir apparent to the Imperial throne.

On 28 September 2006, in scenes recalling the splendour of Imperial Russia, Prince Michael was the honoured guest at the interment of the Danish born mother of the last Tsar of Russia, Maria Feodorovna, in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg.



Michael Andreevich died on the 22 September 2008 in Sydney, It was said of Prince Michael that “he was one of those royal individuals that found it possible – and indeed necessary – to live the great ideals in the modern age.

He was a man of deep faith, tradition and honour but also gracious and joyful. He was always willing to spend time with people and help those in need. His love for both Australia and Russia was immense”.

HH Prince Sixte de Bourbon- Parme (55)

HRH Prince Sixte-Henry Hugues François Xavier de Bourbon-Parme was born on 22 July 1940 at Pau, Béarn, France, as the second son of Prince François-Xavier Charles Marie Anne Joseph de Bourbon-Parme, Duke of Parma, and his consort Princess Marie Madeleine Yvonne, née de Bourbon-Busset, Countess of Lignières.



In the paternal line, Prince Sixte-Henry is descended from Hugues Capet, King of France in 987 and progenitor of the Royal House of Bourbon.

He is known as **Enrique V** by supporters,^[2] is considered Regent of Spain by some Carlists who accord him the titles Duke of Aranjuez, Infante of Spain, and Standard-bearer of Tradition.^[1]

The dynasty of Bourbon-Parma is a cadet branch of the Spanish House of Bourbon, originating from the marriage of King Felipe V and his consort Queen Elisabetta Farnese, daughter and heir to the last Duke of Parma. The principal arms of the House of Bourbon-Parma are those of France, differenced by a bordure Gules with eight pilgrim shells Argent.

The maternal line of Prince Sixte-Henry, although not considered 'dynastic', is held to be the senior still existing male Capetian line. It emanates from a union between Louis de Bourbon (1437-1482), prince-bishop of Liège, and Catherine d'Egmont de Gueldres. The arms of the House of Bourbon-Busset are those of France, differenced by a baton Gules and placed under a chief of the arms of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Prince Sixte-Henry is related to most of the Catholic sovereign and princely houses. Empress Zita of Austria, Queen consort of Hungary and Bohemia, was his aunt. In common with many royal ancestors, he holds the Grand Cross of the Sacred Military Constantinian Order of Saint George.

After Beaumont, he completed his law degree at Clermont-Ferrand, and then joined the Spanish Foreign Legion and later the Portuguese army. He served with distinction in Angola and ended his military career with the rank of full colonel.

Prince Sixte-Henry succeeded his father as champion for the Carlists in Spain but General Franco's choice of Don Juan Carlos as King put an end to hopes of a Carlist restitution.

For several years, Prince Sixte-Henry lived in Argentina, where he devoted himself to the agricultural exploitation of a substantial estate and to cattle breeding. While there he was in a car accident that has limited his mobility.

Prince Sixte-Henry has always demonstrated a firm commitment to traditional Christian values and to the Mass of St Pius V: he is very much a traditionalist in his Catholic faith. His presence at all major celebrations to commemorate certain tragic events in the history of France – especially in connection with the bicentenary of the Revolution, the regicides of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette and the assassination of Madame Élisabeth – together with his “voicing of well-informed opinions on important matters, testify to his interpretation of the role of a Capetian prince in our time.”

Sixtus himself has never explicitly asserted his right to the throne; rather, he has stated that he would prefer to remain Carlist Regent of Spain, nonetheless, he has not objected to his followers shouting "Viva el Rey!" during his speeches. Sixtus inherited his childhood home, the Chateau de Lignieres in the Cher near the centre of France, from his mother whose dowry it had been.



Prince Sixte-Henry's political interest is manifest in his participation in conferences and symposia related to history and geopolitical issues, in France as well as abroad. His views are on the far right and in 2014 he took part in a conference to discuss how to 'save Europe from liberalism and the "satanic" homosexual lobby'. Over a long period of time, the Prince has established an important network among politically active people in France, Russia and the Middle East (Iran, Iraq, Libya and Syria).



Having actively supported the Order of Saint Lazarus of Jerusalem since 2004, the Prince accepted appointment as Grand Prior of France, then the Order's Administrator General. In 2015 he was unanimously elected him as the 50th Grand Master to lead the international Order and became the first to be installed at its magistral seat in Jerusalem in over eight centuries.

His heir as Head of the House of Bourbon-Parme is Henri Duke of Luxembourg.

HM Queen Elisabeth 11

Previous articles have covered the Queen's visit to Beaumont in 1961 and to St John's in 2009. In many ways more poignant is this last encounter.

In the final weeks before the college closed its gates for the last time, the V111 was out rowing on the Windsor Park reach when the Queen appeared exercising her dogs near the Victoria Bridge, she spoke to the coach – Tony Scott of happy memories of her visit to the school and her sadness at its impending closure and wished the crew success. The cox called for three cheers and having had the opportunity in its last, as in its early days, of offering the reigning Monarch in person the assurance of loyalty, Beaumont rowed away into history.

The following OBs held appointments within the British Royal Household.

Colonel Mowbray Berkeley (76). Member of the Gentlemen Bodyguard to Edward VII.

Arthur Wood (93) Page in Waiting to Queen Victoria. Son of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood.

Earl of Granard (90) Lord in Waiting Edward VII, Master of the Horse to George V

Capt. Charles Moore (98) Racing Manager George VI and Elisabeth II

Sir Nicholas Sturridge (56) Surgeon-Dentist to Elisabeth II

Major Peter de Zulueta (46) Equerry to The Duke of Edinburgh.

Major Johnny Cargin (63) Equerry to The Duke of Edinburgh.

Michael Burgess (66) Coroner to the Queen's Household.

Our association with Croquet



The cartoon shows the supreme player of his generation stooped over the mallet and is captioned: "C is for Cyril, and he stand like this 'Cause he finds it prevents any chance of a miss". The player is one Cyril Corbally:-

Cyril Corbally (96)

In 1852 or 1853, croquet was introduced into England from Ireland, where a game called *crooky*, which used implements similar to the modern ones, had been played in Portarlington, Queen's County, Kilkee, in County Clare, and Kingstown, near Dublin, since the 1830's. No one knows how the game reached Ireland, although it has been suggested that it was introduced by French nuns or possibly by French refugees. According to the Oxford English Dictionary, the word "croquet" is a form of the word *croche*, an old North French word used to mean "shepherd's crook". The word is found in more modern French dialects, where it is used to mean 'hockey stick'. Although most agree that croquet's origin is French, it has been proposed by A.G. Ross that the game was actually born in Ireland. He claims that "croquet" came from the Irish word *cluiche*, which means 'play', and is pronounced roughly like 'crooky'. According to Ross, the phrase "to take croquet" might be a translation of the Irish '*gabail do cluiche*' which means, literally, to take to playing, or to begin to play.

The croquet renaissance began in 1896 when Walter Peel and Captain Drummond founded the United All-England Croquet Association at Roehampton, England. This organization, with typical British understatement, is called the Croquet Association and is still the ruling body of British and Commonwealth croquet. The final rounds of the All-England Handicap, one of croquet's most important championships, are played annually at Roehampton. Croquet's resurgence was aided by the arrival of

Cyril Corbally, (96) who, along with other great Irish players, introduced new skills and tactics to the game. Croquet's popularity continued undiminished until the outbreak of World War I.



The Corbally Cup

It was first presented in 1929. Cyril Corbally, formerly of Rathbeale Hall, and later of Newbridge House until his death in 1946, was President of Donabate Golf Club from 1929 to 1940 inclusive. A noted Croquet player and one of "the Irish terrors" of the game, he pre-dated Sam Snead by some decades, putting "croquet" style. As President during that period he oversaw the huge move from the little links on the commonage at Corballis to the present site. This Cup was first played for in 1929 and was contested for and won by many famous members of Donabate Golf Club, as can be seen from the medals round the base. Newbridge House is now the home of the Croquet association of Ireland.



Newbridge House

In 1915 Cyril married a widow Eleanor Colville Frankland: two of her brothers were killed in the Great War and another died. In 1916 Mrs Eleanor Colville Corbally records in her diary that the 'Sinn Feiners' still hold the roads around. She wrote: 'How I wish someone would come and see us and bring us good news. We are cut off from everyone.' The Battle of Ashbourne, in which many local men fought and died would take place the next day. She also wrote of her restlessness and worry at 'God knows what may happen'. She 'felt too paralysed and demoralised to do much ... And spent the day restlessly wandering around, tried to do a little gardening, but could not settle down to it.'

Cyril five times Open Champion developed his own "Irish" grip and his own style of mallet and on occasion one of these would appear in the sales rooms – See below



Collector's Item: The Corbally Mallet

This is a very rare, used vintage professional croquet mallet, made by John Jaques & Son Ltd. of London, verified by Jaques themselves as being the Corbally mallet. Differentiating this mallet is its round head with a flat bottom first introduced by Irish legend Cyril Corbally.

It's similar to the Jaques Association mallet with 9" x 3" x 2.6" Rockwood head, brass sight line and cord bound, cane spliced hickory shaft. However, even the brass rings on either end are tapered to match the mallet's unique flat head.

This mallet still has all the original screws holding each of the brass rings. Striking surfaces and head are in very good condition. The mallet stands 37" from the ground, 34 3/8" handle and 2 5/8" head.

GISS - GOSS



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

Chris BLACKWELL (45)

Interview with *Jim Farber in The Guardian*

Island Records founder Chris Blackwell: 'I'm interested in what's different'
In a wide-ranging new memoir, the impresario who worked with Bob Marley, Roxy Music and U2, talks about his incredible life in the industry



Chris Blackwell: 'I don't tell people what to do. I encourage them to do what they can.'

Chris Blackwell, who built Island Records into one of most tasteful, artist-friendly and successful labels in music history, will quickly admit that, along the way, he made some grave mistakes.

After seeing a formative Pink Floyd perform, he commented to a colleague "that's the worst thing I ever saw in my life." Upon meeting a young Elton John (then going by his birth name, Reg Dwight), he couldn't imagine how such a shy and self-conscious kid could possibly become a viable live performer. And when Procol Harum tried to grab his attention with their unreleased song Whiter Shade of Pale, he thought its 5-min length made it unmarketable. More, he hated the use of the word "fandango" in the lyrics.

"I blew that one for sure," Blackwell said with a warm laugh "But I have no regrets."

And why should he? Blackwell's record of discovering and nurturing epochal talent vastly overwhelms any bumps along the way. He candidly details both his hits and his misses in a highly readable new memoir, *The Islander: My Life in Music and Beyond*. The dizzying list of stars it covers spans oceans, genres and eras, including Bob Marley, U2, Cat Stevens, Robert Palmer and Steve Winwood, who was, for years, the label's MVP. A deeper look at his catalogue shows an uncanny knack for promoting some of Britain's boldest acts, like King Crimson, Free, Mott the Hoople, Fairport Convention and Roxy Music, as well some of its most sensitive, like Sandy Denny, Nick Drake and John Martyn. Then there are those Island artists who cannot be classified in any way, like Grace Jones, John Cale, Marianne Faithfull and Eno.

Beyond his work with the great artists of London and Jamaica, Blackwell backed fascinating creators in New York (from Eric B and Rakim to Tom Tom Club) and Africa (like King Sunny Adé and Baaba Maal). In the process, Island's commitment to creativity often trumped its zeal for commercial success. "I've always been eager to work with people who are doing something new," Blackwell said in explanation. "I'm interested in what's different."



Goldeneye

The roots of that interest can be traced to the island of Jamaica, where he moved with his parents from London when he was a child. For our interview, Blackwell, now 84, spoke by phone from a place he purchased long ago – Goldeneye – the storied, Ocho Rios idyll once owned by Ian Fleming that now serves as a high-end hotel. A child of notable privilege, Blackwell grew up in an atmosphere both elevated and isolated. Because he was often sick with asthma as a child he had little contact with other children. "I spent most of my time around nurses, gardeners or the staff in the house," he said.

(**Ed:** Chris followed his father **Joseph (31)** to St Johns in 1945 but it seems that his health problems caused him to leave and he went with his parents to Jamaica. Reasons I don't know he then went later to Harrow rather than up to the College)



Chris Blackwell with (left to right) Junior Marvin, Bob Marley & Jacob Miller, en route to Brazil, 1980 Photograph: Nathalie Delon / Island Trading Archive

At the same time, his parents threw marvellous parties packed with their starry friends like Noel Coward, Ian Fleming and Errol Flynn. Blackwell's mother was Fleming's inspiration for the seminal Bond girl, Pussy Galore, a fact which makes the author roar with laughter. Flynn's alcohol-soaked excesses became Blackwell's first exposure to rock star-like indulgence, as well as an object lesson in how not to behave. He said it helps account for his ability to have remained relatively sober amid the mind-altering world of musicians. "Because I was so sick as a child I was always aware of health," he said. "Also, when I was 11, my father went to the bar and said, 'now you're a grownup so you can have whatever you'd like to drink.' The only thing I knew was whiskey. I took a sip and thought it was absolutely vile. I was never interested in alcohol afterwards." (Ironically, he now markets his own brand of rum).

Blackwell's first exposure to the Jamaica that lay outside his cosseted life came from a near-death experience at age 21. He and some friends set sail on a small boat that ran out of fuel in a dangerously remote part of the island. Desperately in need of hydration, he set out on foot only to eventually meet a Rastafarian. "I'd never come across one before," he said. "At the time Rastafarians were considered to be a very dangerous group of people. I was scared. But he brought me water. And I thought 'here's this guy who represents what everybody says are terrible people and he's saving me.' It changed my life."

Soon after he also opened up to a new kind of music. Blackwell's father Joseph had helped him develop a deep love of classical music by blasting Wagner and Puccini at ear-piercing volume. Now, he found himself drawn to a very different style, emanating from the booming sound systems that amplified the ska records that had been produced by genre pioneers like Coxsone Dodd. At local live performances, Blackwell began picking out singers he liked, offering to record them with money funded by his family. Aided by his instinctual promotional skills, his first three singles shot to No 1 on the island. "It's not because I'm a great record producer," he said.

“It’s because Jamaicans were finally hearing their own people’s music on the radio rather than music coming from England or America.”

Successful as he had been on the island, he left for London after Jamaica won its independence in 1962, believing that, as an Englishman, he was on “the wrong side of history”. He arrived at an opportune time. The British blues boom was just beginning. But his first major hit was a ska recording he created for 16-year-old Jamaican Millie Small. Her distinct, high-pitched voice had intrigued him on a song he heard back on the island and, while he knew that her unusual voice could serve as a cool hook, he also understood that it could quickly grate. So, he made sure her single, the chirpy My Boy Lollipop, lasted less than 2 minutes, bucking the expected span of a song. The result “sold 7 million copies”, Blackwell said proudly.



Chris Blackwell with Ursula Andress & Sean Connery on Dr No set. Photograph: Island Trading Archive

Today, he calls Small’s recording “the most important song in my life”. At the same time, it spurred him to make records that went deeper. He found an ideal voice for that after discovering the 16-year-old Steve Winwood who was, then, playing with what became the Spencer Davis Group. “I describe his voice as Ray Charles on helium,” Blackwell said. “He’s a musical genius.”

The song that became the Spencer Davis Band’s first hit, Keep on Running, was written by Wilfred Edwards, a Jamaican artist Blackwell brought over to help him connect with London’s Caribbean community. The label chief soon made another pivotal discovery by bringing over an energetic young American producer, Jimmy Miller, to work with Winwood’s new band, Traffic. Miller’s recordings with them

impressed the Stones enough to hire him for what became their most important albums (from *Beggars' Banquet* through *Exile on Main Street*).

Blackwell let his most interesting artists develop organically, supporting them through albums that were not big sellers. The label issued four fascinating, but quirky, albums by Mott the Hoople that bombed and a clutch of daring efforts by one of Blackwell's pet bands, Spooky Tooth, that failed to ignite. "They were great musicians," he said of Spooky Tooth. "But they never had the right songs."

The members of another one of his pets, Free, were incredibly young when he signed them. "The leader of the band – Andy Fraser – was 15!" Blackwell said. "I felt like they were my kids."

Yet, they were profoundly confident. When Blackwell balked at letting them use the name Free – thinking listeners would believe they could get their music for free – Fraser told him that unless the name stayed they would not sign. The band were just as adamant that Island not release *All Right Now* as a single, considering it a cynical throwaway. Blackwell overruled them, resulting in one of the top-selling singles of the 70s and a big money-maker to this day.



Chris Blackwell at Bob Marley's Crystal Palace concert in 1980. Photograph: Murphy/Hershman/Fifty-Six Hope Road Music Ltd.

One of the saddest sections of the book deals with Nick Drake, who died of an overdose of his anti-depression medicine at age 26. Though his three albums sold abysmally, Blackwell valued his work so highly that, when he sold the company in the late 90s, he put in a clause saying that Drake's albums could never be deleted from the catalogue no matter how poorly they performed. That decision kept them in circulation long enough to inspire the use of Drake's haunting song *Pink Moon* in a major ad campaign for Volkswagen that made him a star, decades after his death. Blackwell was just as instrumental in creating Bob Marley's breakthrough. His decision to market him as a rock star made all the difference. "I felt the rhythm in the music should be a bit more rock, to reach that wide, college audience," he said.

At the same time, the other Wailers – Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer – resented Blackwell for putting his efforts behind Marley’s solo ascent. Tosh nicknamed him “Whiteworst”, while the Jamaica’s dub pioneer Lee “Scratch” Perry, called him a bloodsucker. On the other hand, the striking, Jamaican-born artist Grace Jones found her ideal sound through his suggestions. Her first three albums, which leaned towards conventional disco, didn’t click. But for her fourth, Blackwell found her the right band (anchored by the abiding rhythm section of Sly and Robbie), gave her the right material (drawn from new wave) and issued a crucial instruction. Pointing to a picture of Jones that captured her at her most arch and imposing, he said, “this record has to sound like this picture looks.”

In a similar way, a picture of Roxy Music – rather than their music – inspired Blackwell to sign them. “They just looked like stars,” he said.

He had just as strong a feeling about U2, though their music didn’t speak to him personally. “I’m more bass and drums oriented and they were more high-frequency,” he said. “But I knew they would make it. All of them are really smart. And they were blessed with having a really good manager. A lot of people who manage bands are not really competent to do anything. But their manager was serious.”

When U2 became massively successful, however, Blackwell was over-extended financially and, so, didn’t have the money to pay all the royalties he owed them. Instead, he offered the band a piece of Island, a move that wound up reaping them a far greater windfall than their original deal would have.

Ironically, U2’s mega-success became one of the factors that helped bring about the end of Blackwell’s era of Island. Their immense popularity turned the label into a far larger company than its originator designed it to be, contributing to his decision to sell his stake. To Blackwell, another sad aspect of his career is the list of artists he worked with that didn’t live long, including Sandy Denny, Nick Drake, Jimmy Miller, Free’s Paul Kossoff and Traffic’s Chris Wood. “That’s the miserable part of the music business,” he said.

At the same time, he finds great satisfaction in the artistic leaps that came from his decision to let his best talents follow their muse. “I don’t tell people what to do,” he said. ‘I encourage them to do what they can.’”

The Islander: My Life in Music and Beyond was published on 7 June.

More BLACKWELL Background.

Chris’s father **Joseph Middleton “Blackie” Blackwell** was a sportsman and it was his love of racehorses and yachting which took him to Jamaica where he kept his boat in the Thirties. Middleton was said to have residual wealth from his family that together with Crosse purveyors of tinned and jarred food and relishes provided him with funds. His father had been killed on The Somme in 1916 and he came into his money early in life. It was while he was on the Island that he met his wife Blanche, a lady that would

ensure that the name of Honeychile Ryder and Pussy Galore were to become part of film culture in the phenomenon that was James Bond.

Blanche Lindo was a Sephardic Jew from a Jamaican family that had originally escaped Portugal and the Inquisition and having found sanctuary on the island had made its money out of sugar, slavery and rum. They were amongst the twenty odd families that controlled the island in the 20th century. She was dark and beautiful and Errol Flynn referred to her laugh as “the sound of water tinkling over a waterfall”. He fell in love with her and despite Blanche saying that he was the most handsome man she had ever seen, she married Middleton in 1935 and their son Chris was born a year later. They were very much a part of island society that was only interrupted by the War, when Middleton, already a territorial officer in the Jamaica Regiment went back to the Irish Guards with whom he had held a short service commission on leaving school. While he was absent, his horses made him twice the leading owner in the season at the same time that **Harry McGrath OB** was the leading breeder. Blackie came back in 1945, but the years away had made a difference to his relationship with Blanche and they finally parted in 1949. Their parties had been legendary at their idyllic retreat and guests included Lawrence Olivier, Noel Coward and Ian Fleming. Blanche had beguiled them and others with her stunning good looks and her intellect while Middleton would play the piano very loudly.

Blanche became involved with Fleming who conducted a tempestuous marriage with his wife Ann; - she had previously been Lady O'Neill and then Viscountess Rothermere. Blanche was exactly what Fleming wanted in a woman – “thirtyish, Jewish and a companion that would not need education in the arts of love; she would aim to please and have kind eyes”. Noel Coward was inspired by their affair to write his play “Volcano”, but his manager turned it down as he considered that its overtly sexual themes would never pass the censor.

Blanche was to inspire two of Fleming's James Bond women with Honeychile in Dr No “a naked goddess emerging from the waves” but a bikini clad Ursula Andress in the movie. The other was Pussy Galore in Goldfinger described in the novel as having black hair, pale skin and the only violet eyes Bond had ever seen. In a poll they are ranked the two most popular “Bond Girls” of all time. Whenever Fleming was in England, as he and his wife had bought a house at Sevenhampton, Blanche would move back to continue their relationship which was the most intimate and long lasting of the novelist's life. Every Thursday, she would drive down from London to Henley to have lunch with Ian at The Angel.

Middleton and Blanche's son Chris was eventually expelled from Harrow for selling alcohol to school friends for which he also received a public flogging from his Headmaster. Returning to Jamaica, Middleton was able to arrange that Chris became ADC to the Governor Sir Hugh Foot, later Governor in Cyprus during the EOKA terrorist campaign. It was in 1958, following his father's passion for the sea, that Chris

was sailing along the Helshire coast when he ran aground on a reef and had to swim ashore in searing temperatures. He was found collapsed on the beach by Rasta fishermen and while being nursed back to health learnt about their culture and music

Chris was the most successful record producer of his generation and earned a reputation for looking after his singers and musicians. In 2009, he was voted the most influential figure in the British music industry in the last fifty years. Although, he only spent a short time at Old Windsor, the ethos of generosity to others learnt there may well have influenced his philanthropy particularly to charities in the West Indies and led to his being awarded the Order of Jamaica in 2004. It must also be said, that like so many OBs, he was drawn to the wine and spirit trade with the launch of Blackwell's Fine Jamaican Rum; aged it is "deep, rich, fragrant black gold liquid that has been infused with tropical flavours".

Blackie eventually moved from Jamaica to the United States to Lake Forrest on the edge of Lake Michigan to continue sailing and play polo in one of the great centres of the game in America.

The Bond genre was born out of the Fifties and its appeal has lasted to the present day. A World of make belief espionage of the Cold War era and based on some of Fleming's own experience with Naval Intelligence. This combined with the element of beautiful women and love scenes that were more suggested than explicit caught the imagination of the reading public. Later, the films and the music were to make Bond a household name worldwide. **Kenneth Luscombe-Whyte** left Beaumont the year that the fourth book "Diamond are Forever" was published in 1956 and he went on to own one of the Goldfinger Aston Martin DB5s.

Ed. Chris Blackwell has another Beaumont connection apart from his father and his short time at St John's. He was a friend of Stephen FitzSimon (54) and his wife Barbara Hulanicki of BIBA fame. Below is an interview given to a Glenn O'Brien by Barbara as to how this came about:-



GLENN O'BRIEN: I met you through Chris Blackwell of Island Records fame. You had decorated what was then his home in Jamaica, the Ian Fleming house, Goldeneye, and also you had done his other hotels. How did you get started with Chris?

Well when my husband (**Stephen FitzSimon**) was alive we went to Miami, to do a club for Ronnie Wood (Rock musician) on the beach.

It was really very rough and dangerous at the time. We went for six months and we never left. After I finished the club, said, "Oh Chris Blackwell has got a hotel on the beach, do you want to do the hotel?" So, I met Chris for the first time... and he gave me one corridor. What a job. In any case I passed that test, the corridor test. So, then he gave me his apartment...



The Hulanicki Look

Then I did the whole Marlin. Then he bought ten hotels like a job lot. I just kept working, one after the other. I always remember sending him a 1950s postcard of a woman in front of one of his hotels, The Tides. I wrote, "Oh look, here's your hotel—what are you going do with it?" And he said, "Oh. I've forgotten all about that one."

After that I did Goldeneye and Pink Sands and Compass Point. Not only once, I did them almost every five years. When I was in the hotel I used to think, "I'm not going to be here when this all falls apart." Almost every time I was there. Anyway, now all the properties have been sold. It's sad.

However, I'm working for the new people. But it's like being haunted. Once you've been involved in a property... I mean, the other day, I met a very nice Brazilian man who just bought the Marlin and wants to bring it back. And I thought, "Oh God. That is not possible."

ED: I came across this photo that Barbara had placed on Facebook with Stephen as The Corps Drum Major in 1954.



BRIAN DEANE

.Brian was over from his home in Uruguay for the month of May for his younger daughter's wedding in London and your Editor met up with him for lunch at the Cavalry & Guards: an opportunity for a "chin-wag".

Brian and his twin brother Patrick were the last of the Deanes at Beaumont. Two of his elder brothers were at the school prior to the War when the family lived at Fittleworth in West Sussex. Their father Gerald had married a Nelson from Argentina and had fought in the Great War and he offered his services for the Second. However, age precluded this and he was asked to go on a special mission to Uruguay to assist Sir Eugene Millington-Drake the ambassador who will best be remembered for his role in the Battle of the River Plate. His wife Effie was Patrick's godmother. The family decided to settle in Argentina. Both Brian and Patrick arrived at Beaumont in 1950 the year their elder brother Robin left. Patrick made his name stroking the VIII and boxing, while Brian enjoyed photography, debating and membership of the Twice Nine Club: he also played golf, a game he greatly enjoyed until recent times. During the short holidays they stayed with relations : the Fullers. **Shaun (34)** and **Michael (36)** both served in WW2 Shaun was KIA having fought behind the lines in Burma and Michael lost a leg at Tunis.

On leaving school Brian wanted to be an architect but his father decided otherwise and that he was to be an accountant. Time spent with Deloitte and Price Waterhouse before switching to Banking with First Boston. With all the problems in Argentina Brian and his wife Carmen now live on their ranch in Uruguay where in the family tradition they still breed polo ponies.

Those up in OB history might remember that **Carlos Aramayo (08)** was one of the Bolivian "Tin Barons": Butch Cassidy and Sundance were killed after raiding their mine bank role. Well, **Patrick Deane** is now the Bolivian "Soya Baron" with 50 thousand acres spilling into Brazil as well. there is also a palatial home and a private jet!

Other "family news" **Henry Roberts (55)** died in a car crash a few years ago his brother **John (59)** after Oxford joined the family Bank and is now retired. Roberts were taken over by a South African Bank but are now part of HSBC. Of youngest brother **Edward** ,Brian had no news.

Naturally Brian and the Editor talked quite a bit about polo: his Uncle **Jack Nelson (09)** an Argentinian polo legend with two Olympic Gold medals and a pair of Dachshunds presented to him by Hitler: their progeny continue – Brian had one till it died in a traffic "accident". Both Jack and his brother **Luis, (09)** apart from polo were fine golfers: Jack was the country's amateur champion. His son **Juan (49)** died a few years ago but is remembered for bringing a team, including their ponies, to England in 1957 and winning all their tournaments. Juan also won The Cowdray Gold Cup with Prince Philip before going on to France and winning the French Open.

Jack was married to the sister of the MacDonald brothers: **Reginald (15)** and **Hector (17)**: Their father John was one of the largest cattle ranchers in Argentina and held the record for the number of Atlantic crossings from South America in one year. Hector became Lord Woolavington's racing and stud manager producing two Derby winners and the leading racing enterprise in the country before his early death in 1930. Reginald married Woolavington's daughter added Buchanan to his name and eventually a Knighthood.

Ed: Brian and myself talked about the difficult time for Anglo-Argentines during the Falklands War. Forty years ago, it was over, and the British flag flew once again at Port Stanley. The Beaumont contribution may have been small but all played their part.



Steaming ahead of the main Task Force Fleet was HMS Glasgow, one of three destroyers to arrive first in the 200 nautical mile exclusion zone that the British had imposed around the Islands. The warfare officer on this ship was **OB - Lt Cmdr Christopher Salt**, as such he was responsible for taking the crew to battle stations and fight the ship in the most effective way. Glasgow went into action on the 2 May when missiles from her helicopter badly damaged an Argentinean gun boat. Two days later Glasgow detected an incoming exorcet and warned the Fleet; her sister ship HMS Sheffield did not get the message and was hit and eventually sunk. The “shooting war” had started in earnest and on the 12 May Glasgow and the frigate Brilliant attracted the attention of the enemy air force and a wave of skyhawks put in an attack. Glasgow was hit by one bomb which luckily did not explode, but damaged the fuel system and the engines. After the hole just above the waterline was plugged, the ship had to limp back to Portsmouth, her war was over.

By the time she was repaired, the assault force that landed on the 21 May had completed its task and on the 14 June the Argentineans surrendered at Port Stanley.

It had been tough going, as the helicopters that were to lift the majority of the troops were lost with the sinking of the MV Atlantic Conveyor and the assault force had to march across the island with all their kit; yomping entered the English language. Valuable lessons had been learnt including the vulnerability of surface ships to missile attack, the importance of helicopters and the logistic difficulties of operating over such a vast distance which almost cost us the whole operation. Like many of the battles of old, it had been “a close-run thing”.

If the British Army had not enough to contend with maintaining its deterrent presence in Germany and its deployment to Northern Ireland, it was stretched to the limit by the necessity of a task force to retake the Islands. The Government had no contingency planning in place but they did have those for NATO deployment and it was these that were implemented forthwith. During the war, 100 thousand tons of supplies and equipment as well as nine thousand troops moved to the Islands and this came about by superior planning, initiative and purposeful resolution of the logistics that threatened the operation from start to finish.

Part of the plan required the requisition of civilian merchant ships known as STUFTS – “Ships taken up from trade”. which were quickly converted in the dockyards to their new role and gave the commanders a tremendous sea lift and sustainment capability. Understandably, because of the speed required to respond to the invasion, mistakes were made which included the wrong tactical loading of some ships; the same mistake had been made in the Dardanelles campaign of 1915. Overall the planners did a remarkable job in getting the fleet underway in a matter of days, and it was now up to the Task Force to free the Islands. One of the members of the Planning and Operational Staff working day and night in London was **Robert Bruce** of the Royal Marines. At the end of the campaign, Robert was one of the few to receive the OBE for helping to ensure the successful outcome of the War.

Credit where credit is due: “ZULU BRAVO”.

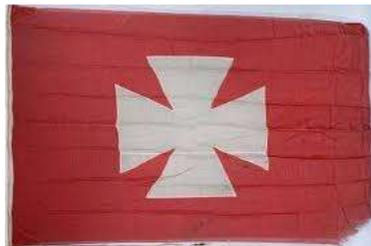
Mention of ARGENTINA

There is another OB who lives in Argentina, at least for most of the time - **Michael Houlder (60)**. Those who were at St John's in the Fifties may well remember the distinguished green van of Harrods that would arrive when bringing Michael a resupply of Tuck when necessary. Michael's father was Chairman of the Houlder Line.



I came across a podcast of Michael's in which he wrote "I am an ex-Jesuit, returned to the Faith and now with great sadness at the loss of my vocation and the priesthood".

Michael also mentions that "My father & I shook hands, never more." And what of the background with shipping.



Houlder Brothers & Co was formed in London 1856 and operated in the market for chartered tonnage. In 1861 the company acquired the *Golden Horn*, which they used on the North Atlantic routes to the United States. The company later expanded to service routes to New Zealand, Australia and the Pacific Islands and then entered the passenger and cargo trade to the River Plate. Before the Great War, Houlder Brothers controlled a fleet of 19 ships via three subsidiaries: nine ships in Houlder Line Ltd, nine in the Empire Transport Company and one in the Oswestry Grange Steamship Company.^[2] In 1914 Houlder Brothers Ltd and Furness, Withy established a joint venture the Furness-Houlder Argentine Line.



Houlder ships gave many of its ships names ending in *Grange*. (Vestey's, one of their competitors always used "Star") The group re-used some of these names three or more times on successive ships: *Beacon Grange*, *Elstree Grange*, *Langton Grange*, *Oswestry Grange*, *Ovingdean Grange* and *Royston Grange*.

Houlder Line lost 12 ships in the WW1 and 11 in WW2. In 1917 *SS British Transport* from Houlder's Empire Transport Company subsidiary, became the first merchant ship to sink a U-Boat.

In 1987 Houlder Line ceased shipping operations but the company continues as the independent engineering consultancy : Houlder Ltd.

Reading about the Line and the ships, there remains a great deal of nostalgia for Houlders and they were "happy Ships" in the finest tradition.

Occasionally memorabilia comes up for sale including below a set of napkin rings -



These reminded me of the story of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India and onetime Foreign Secretary. (His second marriage was to Grace Duggan mother of **Edward and Bernard (97)**). Curzon was walking down Regent street with a friend and

stopped in front of Garrards. Noticing a piece of silver, he said "What on earth is that". His friend replied "That is a napkin ring". "What do you do with it? "Really, Curzon have you never come across a napkin ring". " No, never". "Well there are people who cannot afford fresh linen at every meal, so after breakfast, they will roll up the napkin and insert into a silver ring and use it again at luncheon and dinner". Curzon shook his head in disbelief.
"Can there be such poverty".

However back to Michael, in his own words: -

"I lived on the farm (estancia) owned by my family since 1928. Above in my office I had all my computer and electronic gear etc and below was the stable for my beloved horse, Tornado. Back in the UK, I had been a senior software engineer for Texas Instruments and afterwards a chief software engineer. So there was total happiness above and below.

Can you imagine the joy of an early morning ride along our river meadow with the scent of the acacia trees and the sun just starting to warm your back?

Can you imagine the joy of a 100 km walk along a completely deserted beach where I and my companion saw no one, just pure nature?

Can you imagine the joy of a full blown gallop together with our workers rounding up the cattle.

Can you imagine the joy of having breakfast with the men in the corner of a field. The meal was a slice of the best steak roasted over an open fire, bread and wine?

I had my home & business in Leeds for 24 years. As far as the city itself, it was good enough, but the real joy for me was the quick escape into the North York Moors. I had such wonderful times walking on those rolling moors.

In no way is it bad to live in Argentina. I do spend some time in the UK, chiefly in Yorkshire. I have a good perspective on both ways of life. Argentina is different to Yorkshire. But to talk about crude relative value, denigrating that of Argentina is worse than nonsense.

I love the people here in my small Argentine town and I will see out my life here.

There are hardships: no one in the whole continent of South America imports Heinz Baked Beans and it is really difficult to get hold of a decent Cheddar cheese.

Asked about The Falklands conflict:-

I can't give any corroboration, my memory's failed. I believe young and middle-aged Brit male expats were asked to leave Argentina, returning when military activity had ceased.

I remember two Brit expats, brothers who lived in Buenos Aires. One was about 50 years old and his brother was in his 70's.

When advised of the requirement to leave Argentina by an army officer, he asked about his brother, sick and old. The officer replied "We do not make war on the sick and elderly. Your brother is free to do as he wishes".

Finally, Michel was asked about epic experiences in his life:



"Epic experience: that which sings to me in my blood.

History tells us about the great cavalry charges which brought a madness and a sense of the irrelevance of the consequences, whether death, victory or defeat. An example might be the Charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava in 1854.(Ed; Including my Regiment)

In a very small way I gained a taste of this madness leading a cavalry charge of , perhaps, ten men, 'leading' also to be taken in a purely relative sense. The enemy was a small herd of recalcitrant bulls which needed to be dominated. A salvation here, there was a real but very slight risk.

But the madness that captured all of us as we galloped at full pace towards the bulls was quite remarkable. We sang in our commitment and union.

After many years, I remember that singing and that song.

SNIPPETS.

Founder of the SAS

I noted with interest that there is a new book – *The Phoney Major*, on old Amplefordian Sir David Sterling the founder of the SAS. He is described as an aristocrat, gambler, innovator and special forces legend, the life of David Stirling should need no retelling. His formation of the Special Air Service in the summer of 1941 led to a new form of warfare and Stirling is remembered as the father of special forces soldiering. But was he really a military genius or in fact a shameless self-publicist who manipulated people, and the truth, for his own ends?

Well everyone will have their own opinion. I would only comment that his brainwave for a force to operate behind the lines was nothing new. Lawrence of Arabia and his mentor OB Pierce Joyce had used the same tactics with great success in WW1; Again, credit should be given where credit is due.

Turkish Baths.

Yet another book: *Not far from Brideshead*.

After the horrors of the First World War, Oxford looked like an Arcadia - a dream world - from which pain could be shut out. Soldiers arrived with pictures of the university fully formed in their heads, and women finally won the right to earn degrees. Freedom meant reading beneath the spires and punting down the river with champagne picnics. But all was not quite as it seemed.

Set in the world that Evelyn Waugh immortalised in *Brideshead Revisited*, this is a true and often funny story of the thriving of knowledge and spirit of fun and foreboding that characterised Oxford between the two world wars.

Mention is made of **Francis “Sligger” Urquhart** the first Catholic Don since the Reformation, not so much for his academia but for his contribution to the social scene. His father, the diplomat David is credited for introducing the Turkish Bath into this country and designed the most famous at 76 Jermyn St.

“In 1862 the London and Provincial Turkish Bath Co. Ltd. built what was said by some to be the finest in Europe at number 76. It was built under the superintendence of the diplomat and Hammam obsessive David Urquhart.

It was Urquhart that had been largely responsible for the introduction of the Hammam to the UK in the mid-nineteenth century and it was him who actually coined the term ‘Turkish Bath’ that is still used in this country.

He had travelled around Turkey, Greece and Moorish Spain and had been greatly affected by the Hammam's popularity in these countries and especially how relatively classless they were.

Urquhart reckoned that if Turkish baths could become common-place in the dark and dirty towns and cities around Britain the grubby and filthy life of the workers could in some way be alleviated. He thought the bath houses he proposed to build around the country would contribute to a "war waged against drunkenness, immorality, and filth in every shape." We won't know for sure but David Urquhart probably wouldn't have been entirely happy about some of the behaviour that went on in the Turkish baths in the following century.

By the time the Jermyn Street Hammam had been built there were about 30 Turkish baths in London. All due mainly to the efforts of David Urquhart. These Turkish Baths, as understood by the Victorians, were dry air saunas, different from the Russian steam baths or the Finnish saunas (which has water ladled onto the hot coals), and drier even than the present day. Turkish baths or hammams.

Urquhart gave lectures and wrote pamphlets extolling the return of this ancient method of healthy bathing. Recommending it for people suffering from practically any illness the Victorians thought existed, but including constipation, bronchitis, asthma, fever, cholera, diabetes, syphilis, alcoholism and even baldness and dementia. Feminine hygiene ailments could also be cured Urquhart maintained, although whatever they were, they apparently weren't decent enough to discuss in the public forum of a pamphlet.

Not that it particularly mattered as far as the Jermyn Street Hammam was concerned because, like most other Turkish Baths being built in London, when it opened it was men-only. A separate women's bath, laid out in the original plans, was never built and even Urquhart's ideal of different classes bathing together didn't materialise either. No ordinary working man could have afforded 3/6d during the day and as much as 2/- in the evening".

Old Soldier Talk.

Gilbert Conner (57) late Royal Fusiliers –“ I imagine you watched the parade today. I don't know what it did to you, but it was a marvellous centrepiece .”

This of course was Trooping the Colour during the Platinum Jubilee. I replied that I always tried to watch the parade ever since being taken as a small boy by my father in the early Fifties. Later I would go to watch my twin Richard ride past with the Blues Squadron.

This year it was the turn of the Irish Guards to parade their colour and I'm always particularly moved when it is The Micks turn . More OBs served in the Regiment than any other – some 50 officers .In the Great War 5 were KIA including **Fr Clifford's**

brother, 4 were wounded, 2 received an MC including **Jack Gatti** "For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. After an attack by his platoon, this officer walked along the line within 200 yards of the enemy, encouraging his men in their work of consolidation, under very heavy fire, until he was wounded." And **Charles Moore** "In a situation of extreme gravity, when the troops on the right had been forced out of their trenches by the intensity of the fire, this officer collected them, leading them back through a heavy barrage to the original line, when he stayed with them, walking down the line under sniping and machine-gun fire, until their confidence had returned. His courage and coolness were an example to all."

In WW2, 3 were killed and 8 wounded. 5 OB's of year '43 joined together, were commissioned together and went with the two Battalions to Normandy in 1944. One of them **Robert O'Grady** was awarded an MC as was **Basil Eugster (33)** a Bar to one awarded in Palestine and later in the War a DSO. His brother **Michael** was one of those killed with the Regiment. After the War when Basil was commanding the 1st Bn, **Robert O'Grady** was his Second in Command and **Sir Richard Barrow (52)** his Assistant Adjutant.

Another OB with the Regiment was **Anthony Beeley (46)** who retired as a captain in 1954. Anthony's brother in law was Sir Dermot de Trafford (Harrow) grandson and great grandson of both Sir Humphries OBs. Anthony went to work in the city and when he retired to his farm near Salisbury became the base for a family enterprise distributing cinnamon around the world. One of his sons is a director of the Halo Trust which clears up the detritus of war when a conflict has finished (made famous by Princess Diana).

Returning to Basil Eugster, he would rise to General and become the first Catholic Colonel of the Regiment when he succeeded Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis. The last to serve was **Mark Ormerod** as a short Service officer in the '60s and the last regular from entry through Sandhurst was **Paul de Remusat (56)** later the Marquis de Veou. It is of interest that a Frenchman served in both Wars. **Albert Guillet (16)** of the Brandy family in the First whose brother **Edgar (14)** was KIA with the French Army and **Richard de Ayala** in WW2 when his father **Edmund (13)** was with the Maquis.

Although Beaumont had this relationship with the Micks it is fair to say that our contemporaries have also provided distinguished Officers: Colonel George Morris (Oratory) took the 1st Bn to war in 1914. Jean Duke of Luxemburg succeeded Basil as Colonel and another Amplefordian Sir Sebastian Roberts was Colonel prior to The Duke of Cambridge's appointment. We should not forget that their Great War Chaplain was Fr Francis Browne SJ who was awarded an MC & Bar for his devotion and courage.

Our last WARTIME OB

I had a call from **Michael de Burgh (41)** "Happy Birthday" he said. "B.....r" I thought, he has beaten me to it yet again with a congratulatory call. We share the same date and Michael is now 99 and as "sharp" as ever.

Michael went to St John's in 1931 and Beaumont became his second home. Leaving in 1941 "a war was being fought, but London life as elsewhere in England tried to carry on, perhaps even more sociable and with higher spirits than ever. Whether in the pub, at the race course, at the Café Royal or the Embassy Club "behind the blackout lights dazzled by contrast, heightening the laughter, the music and the gaiety". Every place was packed with young people and uniforms lightly treading the tight rope of the present. On the rugby field, the Old boys of the Catholic Schools played The Rest of England alumni; six from Stonyhurst, four from Ampleforth, a couple from Downside and three from Beaumont. The Old Windsor representatives were **John Ewart Royal Horse Guards** and two 9th Lancers – **Victor Berry and Michael**. Whether they won, Michael cannot recall except that John Ewart was insistent that they turned up on time and correctly kitted out - very Horse Guards.



Michael joined his regiment just after the first Battle of El Alamein and when his uncle **Ronald McDonell (16)** had taken over command. *"The 9th Lancers took part in many decisive battles, none more so perhaps than the long withdrawal from Knightsbridge, south of Gazala, to El Alamein. Many think that Egypt was saved when the Eighth Army defeated Rommel's last big attack in the Western Desert at the end of August 1942. Actually, Egypt was saved earlier during those first few critical days of July when Rommel drove his tanks and self-propelled guns and trucks forward along the Ruweisat Ridge in close formations, to be stopped by the 25-pounders and the remnants of the 2nd Armoured Brigade with their "thin-skinned" Crusader tanks. In this critical action the 9th Lancers took the principal part. Throughout that long withdrawal from Knightsbridge, when the fluctuating Battle of*

Gazala had finally swung against the Eighth Army, past Sollum and Matruh to the Ruweisat Ridge, only seventy miles from Alexandria, the 2nd Armoured Brigade with the 9th Lancers always there but often reduced to only a handful of tanks, fought on skilfully and with gallant endurance and determination. Egypt was then saved indeed and with the arrival of the 9th Australian Division from Syria about the 6th of July, the tide of the whole war was turned". The Regiment then went into reserve to re-train. "Right well did the intensive training of the 9th Lancers with the Sherman bear fruit in the great battle which followed. As the world knows, the breakthrough at El Alamein did not come quickly. Rommel had had two months to build up defences and minefields in depth. However, in the ten days "dog-fight" tank crews with their new 75-mm guns were knocking out far more enemy tanks than our infantry appreciated at the time."

After N Africa, Michael and the Regiment moved to Italy and were part of the attacking force deployed on the Adriatic coast at the end of August 1944 on what Commanders optimistically thought would open the road to Venice. They had overlooked that the majority of the tanks were in no fit state for this venture.



At this stage all new equipment was being diverted to the second front in Normandy. To say that the approach march was long and tiring was an understatement with clouds of dust, precipitous tracks and bends and the necessity to clear minefields – the approach march took fifty hours. As often in battle, worse was to come as the Brigade was given minimal time to prepare for the assault on a strongly held position on the Coriano ridge. Reconnaissance was restricted, information scanty and inaccurate, the start line was not secured and there was no infantry support: it also

started to pour with rain. Of the 156 that went in on the attack only 79 were left when they were forced to withdraw. Michael's Uncle Ronald was killed 5 September 1944 when a shell passed through the wooden "armour" that protected the command tank. He had received the Bar to his DSO two days before. Michael was also wounded later on when a shell hit his tank killing his driver. He missed the V E Party at Trieste.

Michael did say there were moments of amusement; though he didn't think so at the time. Once, when he was away from his tank on what was politely called "shovel Drill". In the course of this, he suddenly became aware of a couple of Germans only some 20m away. They raised their weapons; Michael was quicker, as befitted a Beaumont wing, - he charged with his entrenching tool, trousers around his knees. The apparition put the enemy to flight!

More CONGRATS.

Too late for the last Edition of THE REVIEW: Congrats to **Paul Podesta** who celebrated 50 years in the same home as well as his 80th.





Paul and family at their Buckinghamshire home

“Vanakkam”

The late John Marr was not the only OB to love the region of Tamil Nadu: Other OBs came to Beaumont from that part of southern India. Among them was George Cuddon whose father left behind one of the historic buildings in what was Madras.

The Cuddon (Gove) building, Chennai - a heritage structure built to display motor vehicles

Among the colonial buildings in Madras (Chennai), the Gove building (earlier known as The Cuddon Building) is a unique and graceful one because it was built to be used as a car show room for Simpson and Company based in Madras. Various models of luxury cars were on display here, in particular, Mercedes-Benz. Built in 1916 in Indo-Saracenic style, this ornate double-storied commercial building was designed and constructed by Cuddon merely to display expensive cars imported by the Simpson company



Made of green and white stone, locally quarried near Madras, it has 90 frontage on the main road. The imported items from England included Plate-glass windows, 18 feet in length, a special kind of door, shutters, and sun-blinds. The floor was laid in Italian marble

In those days there was a necessity to have a fine show room in a prime area for luxury cars. Considered the "finest showroom in India, Cuddon Motors had a show room on the ground floor and an office space on the first floor. Surprisingly, the access to the upper floor was through the stairway outside the building on the side. Named in 1943, it is still being used for the same purpose. After 1920s, private ownership of vehicles had begun to show upward mobility and the crux of the matter was only very rich could afford them.

The name Cuddon building had close link with George Cuddon. George Underhill Cuddon, a Scotsman headed the firm from 1898 till his death in March 1916,. He died a month before his dream building was opened.



George sent his son also George to Beaumont in 1913. He left in 1923 having been Captain of The School and playing in both the Cricket XI and the Rugby XV. From Beaumont he went to Worcester College Oxford. (He had a trial for the Varsity XV). Rather than returning to Madras, George took up Tea planting in Ceylon with a break to serve in The RAF during WW2. His elder sister was married to Group Captain John Leacroft MC & Bar. A WW1 RFC ace with 22 victories and described as "an outstanding pilot and the best flight commander on the Western Front in his time". Most of his combat was against the Richtofen's Flying Circus. A noted sportsman who hunted with the Belvoir and represented the RAF at cricket, polo, and shooting.

Returning to the Cuddon building, it came up for sale in 1943 one V.S. Thiruvengadaswamy (VST) Mudaliar bought it and renamed it as *Gove Building*. VST Motors being a well-known automobile company, concentrating on vehicle dealership of branded companies and other auto related part still uses this historical building located on Mount Road. In 2016, the building completed its first centenary.

The subsidiary company of VST Motors, VST Titanium Motors, is running Mercedes-Benz dealership in this building. So, the traditional nostalgic link between this building with fine stone columns and the luxury cars continue unabated. The company made some changes inside the building and never touched the outer part to retain its heritage value.

Ed: Whatever happened to the BAILEY building (with Italian marble floors, of course) to house Alan Day Motors?

The Beaumont "Sporting" Connections.

Commonwealth Games



Tom Daley hands over the Baton to Alex Danson

Alex Danson, daughter of David (66) was one of the five official Queen's baton carriers in the Stadium at Birmingham for the opening of the Commonwealth Games.

Alex is now retired from English international hockey, she played as forward for England and Great Britain. Winner of one gold and one bronze medal, Alex is best known for being part of the Team GB squad that won gold at the Rio 2016 Olympic Games.

Alex is making a recovery after suffering a freak head injury while on holiday in Kenya in 2019. PS She obviously inspired the English Girls to win the Commonwealth Gold.

The Lionesses

The victory of the English womens football in the "Euros" might seem a bit improbable for a Beaumont connection but we have it through Lady Florence Dixie, sister of an OB (**Lord James Douglas**), mother of **Sir Douglas and Albert** and grandmother of **Edward (KIA)**. The History of womens football tells us -

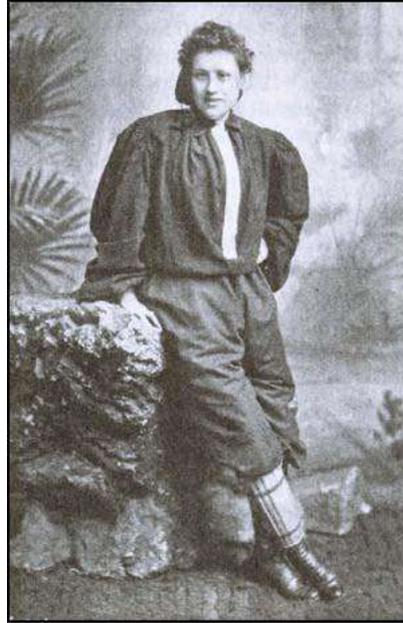


The first match in England was a London derby that took place on 23rd March 1895, between two teams called simply "The North" and "The South". The players were all members of the British Ladies' Football Club, formed earlier that year by Dumfries aristocrat, **Lady Florence Dixie**.

They split into two teams representing the north and south of London and played the first ever ladies' local derby exhibition match in front of around 10,000 spectators at Crouch End.

By 1895, the dress standards had been relaxed slightly. Players no longer had to wear corsets and they were permitted to wear purpose-made football boots, rather than ordinary heeled shoes. However, they still had to wear bonnets, making heading the ball difficult. If their bonnet became dislodged, play had to be stopped so they could put it in place again.

Despite being heckled by the crowd, the match continued, although the score isn't recorded. Over the next two years, Lady Dixie's team played around 100 exhibition matches across the UK, attracting much media publicity - not much of it positive. They finally disbanded, reportedly due to them running out of money for transport costs and hotel bills.



Florence in her “strip”

The British Ladies' Football Club had been a valuable tool in social reform, as Lady Dixie was a supporter of women's rights and the growing suffragette movement that sought to free women from the shackles of Victorian society.

She publicly stated football was good for women's physiques and was a supporter of the "rational dress" movement, seeking to liberate players and women in general from having to wear corsets because society dictated this was "respectable."

Lady Dixie recognised football as a weapon to push the boundaries and she encouraged her players to play in blouses and long knickers resembling shorts. Some newspapers described women's football as "farcical" and the players "ornamental and useless."

Lady Dixie always stood firm and promoted her vision of a day when more girls would play football and could do so in a league, in the same way that men's football was structured.

Ed: you can imagine that if she was alive today there would be more than a broad smile on her face.

“SPIRIT OF THE FEW”

Another loose connection



Alan Eckford was not an OB but he married into the Beaumont Outred family.

He wedded Elizabeth (Tinks) sister of **Tommy, Frank and Charles** and was **the Uncle of James, Simon, Charles and Tony.**

During the War he was a distinguished fighter pilot including serving in France and the Battle of Britain serving under Douglas Bader and Denis "Hurricane" David. He shot down at least six enemy aircraft and was nicknamed "Shag" for his method of attack. One of the Squadrons he served with was 32 Sqn at Biggin Hill and Hawkinge and was awarded the DFC.

I mention all this as some of you may well visit The Kent Battle of Britain Trust at Hawkinge where Alan together with six other pilots is now commemorated in bronze taken from an iconic photograph taken in 1940. The group seated in front of their aircraft was unveiled on the 29th July.



The photo at Hawkinge 29 July 1940 : Alan is seated on the far right.



Alan's Statue

When he left the RAF, he became a yacht and boat designer based in Suffolk – apart from designs such as the Spitfire he may be best remembered for the “Otter”: the floating caravan “launched” in 1955. There is an amusing video on Youtube.

Goodwood.

Tony Outred was going to attend the unveiling at Hawkinge but the traffic chaos around Folkstone saw him taking the “wiser” decision to attend the small OB gathering with wife Annie at Glorious Goodwood that day. Also present were the **FitzGerald O’Connors and Mandy Bedford**. My Gt Niece Kate French rode in the Magnolia Cup Charity Race on Ladies Day: this time she was not on the winner.

Sixty Years Ago – The Beaumont Review.

Current Events.

Fr Gillick is back from Rhodesia in the role of Spiritual Father. Two scholastics have joined the staff: Maurice Newbury and the classist Gerard Hughes.

David Allen is now a permanent member of staff having finished his post graduate course at Balliol teaching science, coaching rowing and enjoying Hi-Fi.

Messrs Donovan and Richmond have sadly left.

Richmond best remembered as 1st XV coach, Assistant Senior Scout Master Donovan (OB) President of the Debating Society, Boating and rugby coach, rejuvenator of the Corps Band. Also mentioned as the gay tutor of Group 1 (an adjective sadly stolen by LGBTQ+++++)

Mrs Gordon Blackwell (mother of **Joseph (31)** and grandmother of **Chris (45)**, who has recently died, has left her collection of Books to the School and House Libraries (NB article on Chris etc in this Edition).

Fr Ezechiel, Fr Sass and Col. And Mrs Roddy attended a Garden Party at the Palace in July.

The LP

of the Christmas Carols recorded last February is now available at 25 shillings.

Speech Day

The Choir sang Geoffrey Shaw’s Worship. Elgar’s God save The Queen and there was a choral speaking rendition by Rudiments. Francis d’Almada played Sibelius’s Romance to much applause.

Four misogynists from Higher Line gave an acidic diatribe against the ‘monstrous regiment of women’ – it went beyond “Woman, Obey thy husband” and although a brave effort at public speaking was too one- sided to achieve real success - certainly with the ladies present.

The Rector emphasised Faith, Good manners and hard work in his speech, Prizes distributed, The Carmen sung, the Band played and Johnny Cargin’s young brother fell in the fish pond and had to be rescued.

Among the prize winners. Colin McArdle and Anthony Russell. Barnaby Capel – Dunn, Roger Johansen, Maurice Cronly, Patrick Burgess x3, Rupert Lescher, Richard Robinow x3, James Yates. Two future Knights- Hilary Synnott and Christopher Kelly.

One to raise your eyebrows was Religious Doctrine to Ely Calil. (3 divorces and children in and out of wedlock)

The B U gave special Centenary cash prizes “ **to those irrespective of their academic standard have been conspicuous throughout the year for their industry and diligence**”. There were some 40 recipients. **The Editor notes that neither himself, John Flood nor Mike Bedford were listed!**

Obituary.

A BEAUMONT Character, **Bernard Mills**, who died peacefully on 7th July 1962, was born at Kensal Rise in 1886. After leaving school he went to Arundel to become a gardener on the Duke of Norfolk’s estate. He later joined the army in the Wiltshire Regiment, which included service in India. He left the Service and settled down as a gardener in Milford near Guildford, where he married in 1913.

In WW1 he was called up and went to France. A year later he was taken prisoner where he remained for over four years, most of which time was spent fairly comfortably farming in Prussia. After the war, he returned to Milford and then heard from his father that Beaumont required a Boilerman. He was taken on, and with his wife and daughter was housed in The Club House, near the back gate. That was in 1918, since which time he has served the College as Boilerman, Carpenter, Gardener and on the Farm, finally to a retired job in the Armoury. He looked forward very much to C.C.F. Camp each year and would be installed as ‘King of the Sgts’ Mess’ soon after arrival He will be remembered as Car Park Attendant on many of Beaumont’s festivities.

His unfailing cheerfulness and capacity for hard work will long be in the memory of all who knew him* He was ‘a Character’ and we, who knew him well, will miss him very much indeed. R.I.P.

B U

Further to the death of **Gerald Russell** and his golfing exploits. Apart from representing BUGS in the Halford Hewitt on 15 occasions, he played for Surrey, won trophies at the Oxford and Cambridge Society meeting and for The Garrick. It was said of Gerald that he was an excellent player who would have been much better if he did not indulge in the pernicious habit of passing too much time at his office.'

CBEs for **Brigadier Basil Eugster and Frederick Barry** long standing Assistant DPP.

The Paris home of **Carlos Aramayo (07)** has been burgled and impressionist Paintings stolen. A one time Bolivian Minister and Tin Baron whose mines were also robbed by Butch Cassidy and Sundance he was a noted polo player and supporter of the Belvoir when in England. After one fall his broken Collar bone was strapped by the Duke of Gloucester using his hunting crop for a splint.

Harry Seward and John Ewart were both sailing their ocean going yachts at Cowes.

Noting that **Peter Bird (55)** had become engaged the press retold his sporting exploits that included at Lords hitting 3 sixes against the Oratory including the record breaking one over the Tavern Roof and into the St John's Road. Reserve for the English Boys Golfing Side and a member of the International rugby team.

Fr Hugh Ross SJ (37) was over from Rhodesia and spent time coaching swimming for the Olympic Trials.

Richard Ruane (60) though not finding a place in the Cambridge boat is captain of Lady Margaret Hall.

Hatches Etc

The following produced offspring: John Joss, Richard Barnes, Marcus Rodgers, Sir Richard Barrow, Kenneth Luscombe-Whyte, Anthony Beeley, Michael Gompertz, Viscount Southwell and Nigel Found.

Engaged

Lubomir Chmelar, Patrick Cunningham, David Holden-White, Malcolm Pritchett.

Married.

Patrick Stow, Dr Richard Bruce, Peter Horsfield, Phillip Collingwood, Peter Bird, Peter Flaherty.

Dispatched.

Fr Denis Shiel (81) son of Sir Justin, Trappist monk, He was also part of Cardinal Newman's community for a time and was the last survivor to have known the Cardinal. In his life time. A friend of **Cardinal Merry Del Val OB** he became close to Pope Pius X and was at the Saint's bedside just prior to the Saint's Death. He gave evidence on all three of these men when their individual canonisation processes began.

Lt Cmdr Mark Napier (24) Son of an Admiral, grandson of a General and kinsman of Ld Napier and Ettrick. To Dartmouth, War service on Atlantic Convoys and the Mediterranean. Left the Navy for the City in 1954. Died aged 51.

Robert Castelli (14) lived in New York. Born 29th Feb 1896 so was 66 Or 16 dep[ending on how you look at it.

Peter Riley (16). Brought up mainly by his Uncle Sir Henry Jerningham (politician, Colonial Governor). WW1 Lt Irish Guards wounded three times. 1921 joined the Nigerian Administration Service. President of Ogoja province till his retirement in 1950.

Bernard St John Ford (18) lived mainly in Lincolnshire. Too young for WW1 and too old for WW2, his war service was with the Police Ambulance Service and at the War Office.

Brendan Boland (23) Only son of John (Irish MP and GB's first Gold medal winner Tennis at the first Olympics 1896). His sisters, Honor was an Irish MP and Bridget was the Novelist and Author. Brendan emigrated to Queensland to farm – his mother was Australian.

In this REVIEW it was sad to report the largest number of deaths since WW1 of those who had recently left.

Christopher Payne (57) Son of Col Geoffrey Payne (19) from Rangoon.

Anthony Mitchell (58) Son of Flt Lt "Tubby" Mitchell. KIA 79 Sqn RAF KIA Battle of Britain.

His wife, Carmen, had given birth to their only child, a boy, Anthony William, on 23rd June 1940, and it is believed that Flying Officer Mitchell only saw his son on one occasion when he flew to Northolt to visit the nursing home at Stoke Poges, Bucks, before he was killed.

After Beaumont, Anthony entered the RAF and was subsequently posted to fly Victor bombers with No.10 squadron. Whilst on a 'lone ranger' operation from RAF Cottesmore to RAF Akrotiri, Cyprus on 16th June 1962 the aircraft, XA929, failed to take-off and crashed with the loss of all crew. Flying Officer A W Mitchell, aged

twenty-one, ejected but at ground level the parachute failed to open in time and he died from multiple injuries).

Ronald Shepard (58) only son of **Ronald (23)**. After Beaumont he went on to Faraday House for Engineering but developed melanoma which brought about his early death.

Michael O'Driscoll (59) Home at Morpeth. School Vice-captain. Despite suffering from nephritis. To King's College Newcastle for Science and died just before his finals. Elder brother of **Finnbarr (63)**.

Douglas Bellamy (61), Son of Anthony (35), brother of Richard (58). First XV, 3rd VIII and remembered for his skill on the drums. He left a year early before "A" Levels to take up Insurance. He died after a short illness in Ashford hospital.

BUGS.

For the first time Beaumont didn't win the Russell Bowl, finding themselves in 3rd place behind Stonyhurst, and Ampleforth but ahead of Downside.



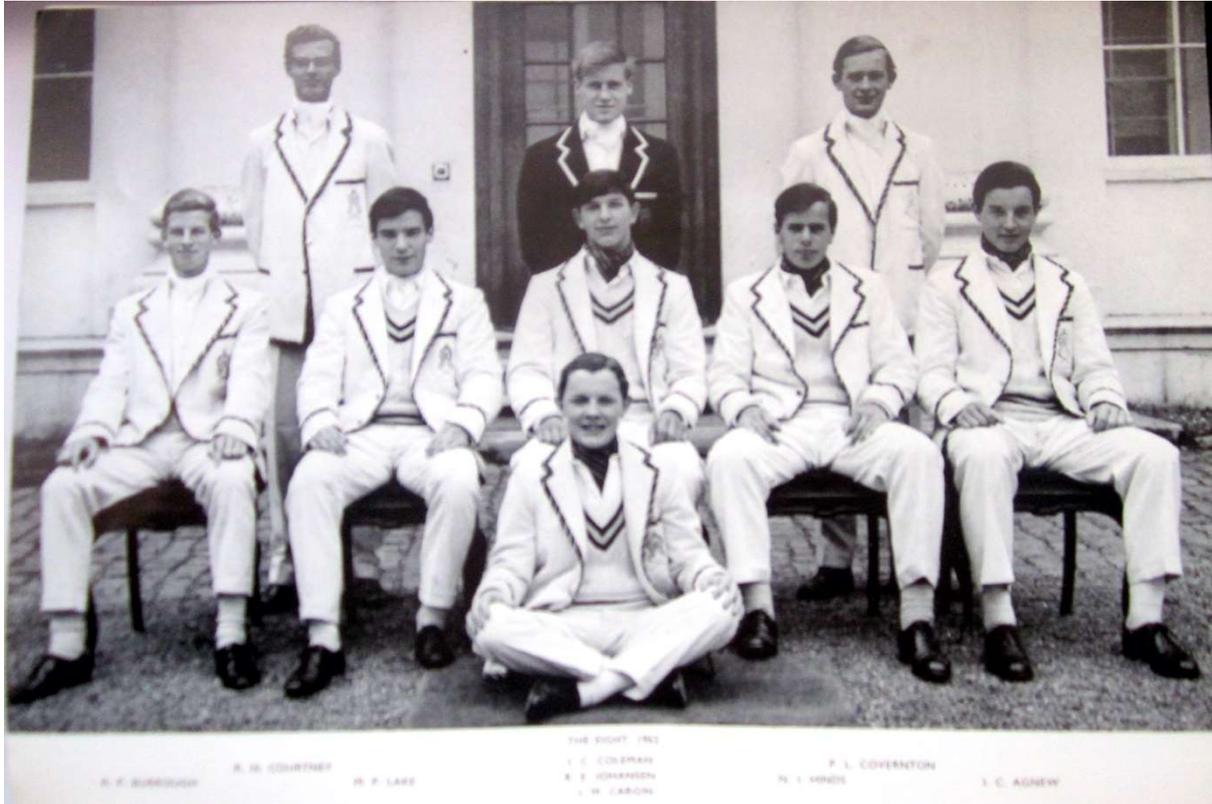
The XI

This must have been one of the most disappointing seasons Beaumont has known. In point of sheer statistics, the results were slightly better than last year: but this was a better team, more experienced and on the whole more talented. And yet, after a

good beginning, we never seemed to find the form of which we were capable, and this was especially and lamentably so at Lord's.

Oratory defeated Beaumont at Lord's by an innings and 21 runs after claiming the extra period. They were the stronger team and fully deserved their victory.

The VIII.



First race of the season was lost to Eton by a length and a half mainly down to a bad start. At Walton Regatta we got through the first round after Imperial College were disqualified half way down the course. However, we were well beaten by RMA Sandhurst in the next round. Our Entry at Reading Regatta had to be cancelled with two members of the crew down with German measles. So, to Henley, and well off our best.

The race against Canford in the second round of the Princess Elizabeth Cup was not a very close one, with the winning margin of two and three lengths to our opponents.

After Henley we went to Mosley and had some success at last, beating Kingston grammar School and then Thames A but losing to Thames B (the eventual winners) in the semi-final.

The WORK Place.

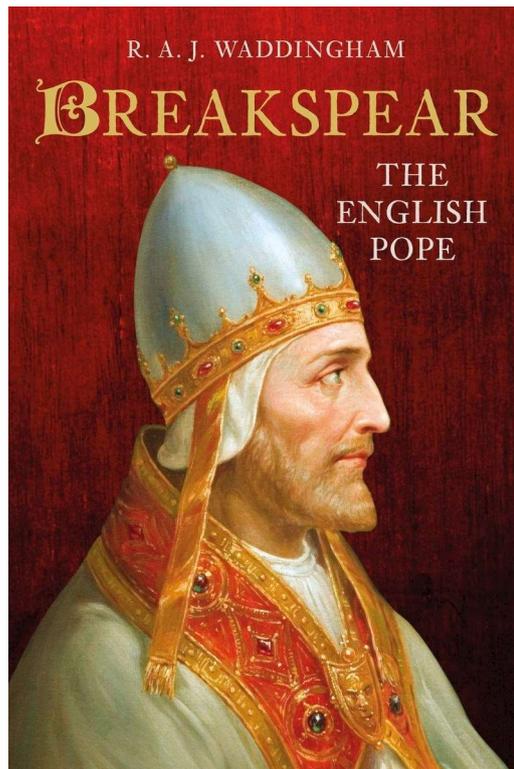
It's not of often your place of work can be admired. Perusing *Country Life* as I do I came across an article on the Royal Yacht and a photo of the gleaming engine room.



This was ‘home from home ‘ for **Chris McHugh** as the senior engineering officer on his tour of duty. I venture to ask whether his school cubicle was kept to a similar standard. On manoeuvres my standard tank crew lunch was a cheese and jam sarnie with the unmistakable flavour of diesel served up by my driver. Somehow I don’t think such a delicacy would have featured in these surroundings on Britannia.

MORE READING

On the “net” of Liverymen with a Jesuit Education I heard about this new biography:-



“Nicholas Breakspear has been overlooked for centuries, even though his achievements outshone those of his contemporary, the martyr Thomas Becket. Born in poverty and probably illegitimate, Breakspear rose to become the only Englishman to ascend the throne of Saint Peter, ruling over the papal states as Adrian IV. His life is not a tale of liturgy or sermons, and there are more cannons than canons, as Breakspear faced fighting in Scandinavia and the Second Crusade in Spain. He was immediately thrust into conflicts upon his election as pope in 1154. First, he had to overcome the rebellious republicans of Rome before defending his Church against armed threats from the Norman King William of Sicily, the Byzantine Emperor Comnenus and finally the German King Frederick Barbarossa, intent on restoring the former glories of the Holy Roman Empire. Breakspear saved his Church from German domination, but his legacy is contested. There was a papal schism on his death, while many blame him for allowing Henry II’s subjugation of Ireland in 1171. For the first time in over 100 years, R. A. J. Waddingham returns to the evidence in chronicles and medieval manuscripts to tell the whole story of Breakspear’s remarkable journey through twelfth-century Europe”.

‘Charmingly readable’ Simon Jenkins

‘told ... with both affection and objectivity, in meticulous detail’ Cardinal Nichols

‘Fluent and engaging’ Professor Jonathan Phillips

Even MORE from the MEMOIRE of PHILIP STEVENS.

London’s Burning

My choice of new career had caused some surprise. I had decided to join the London Fire Brigade. On the day after I had finished my soldiering career I took and passed a series of tests to decide on my fitness to be trained as a fireman. As something of an unusual candidate, quite senior officers who would not normally bother with the task had interviewed me. They were as curious about me as I was about them, the interviews were all conducted in a surreal spirit of them trying to find out why I wanted to join them, and me fascinated by why I was being accorded this departure from their normal recruitment practice. In due course I started my course at the fire school in Southwark, one of about 24 new trainees on the day. I was astonished when the first activity on the first morning was to separate into two squads and begin military drill, marching in formation. This was necessary because recruits' feet tended to be too soft to cope with demands of the heavy leather boots that were needed in the job. This drill took up some part of every day. Our instructors were experienced and senior firemen, there were no unisex fire-fighters in 1969, but they knew little about military drill, and I found myself as drill-instructor for my squad, determined that if we were going to learn to drill we were going to learn to do it properly.

I lived as a sub-tenant in a large apartment in Earls Court. Our genteel landlady needed our money but didn't want us. David is the middle of three brothers, of whom the eldest had been a school friend and companion in adventure throughout childhood. David, another friend and I shared what had been in more affluent times our landlady's main bedroom, and she skirmished with us from her combined bedroom and sitting room at the back of the building. My whole experience of living in London took place in that one room and a bathroom shared with the landlady. It coloured forever my thinking about people who live in London. An advantage of living in the flat was that I was close at hand to fall in love with David's girlfriend, the GF. That was an uncomfortable process for a while, but eventually the field was clear. I got on well with her family, but her mother immediately started a campaign to get me out of the fire brigade and into a proper job, just in case. A fireman son-in-law would not fit her plans at all.

The GF's mother was forthright in her pronouncements. Sunday night was when the family ate their main formal meal of the week, father and mother at the ends of the table, offspring and any guest at the sides. Anything and everything would be discussed. One evening, out of the blue, Mother pronounces: "We trust that Philip is not going to marry our daughter, but in case he does, he has to get a proper job." Looking down the table she spoke to her husband: "See to it."

Living in London was a fraught business, with the landlady's guerilla war continuing down the corridor that led from front of the flat overlooking Earls Court Road to the better rooms overlooking the garden at the back. Sharing a room with the GF's ex-boy-friend didn't help. The whole of my experience of life lived in London lasted a

matter of very few weeks, and there was little looking back when the landlady threw us out and I returned to live at Greenlawns to recover my equilibrium.

Back in Southwark, we learned about building construction, an essential part of fire-fighting training. This opened a whole world of different kinds of brick, how brick

courses work, how joists are laid, and how roofs are constructed. We learned about chemical fires, electrical ones and so on. We learned how to handle a heavy hose, but never to call it a hose when it is in use; then it is a branch. The heavy wheeled escape ladders were difficult to manoeuvre and much training time was spent on them. Lighter ladders were also used, and the lightest of all were hook ladders, light scaling ladders with a large steel hook at the top, designed to catch on a window-sill and enable a fireman to climb the outside of a building floor by floor to any necessary height. We trained on the vast ladder lorries that could push a ladder as much as high as six or seven stories, and were assured that the new-fangled hydraulic versions would never come into service in London. The state of the art, never to be bettered, soon to be obsolete

We visited the Fire Brigade museum, where our instructors became nostalgic as they told of fires past, of the fires they had fought and the folk memories of the Blitz, still a very live element of the esprit de corps.

As we progressed, we learned how to carry unconscious bodies down ladders. The culmination of this training was the experience of being carried down an eight-storey contraption of ladders lashed to each other, to demonstrate how careful use of lines, never called ropes, could extend the reach of a five-storey ladder three floors beyond its normal range. When one's turn came, it was even more nerve-wracking to be the carrier; the unconscious victim wore a safety harness, a luxury denied to his rescuer. Each Friday we 'made up' all equipment and stored it away. Fire branches were then used to wash down the training areas or any passing trainees from the other squad.

Under the training ground there was a network of tunnels, replicating a sewer system. Training included operating in hazardous environments, and although we spent little time in this labyrinth, it was a break from the classroom work that many recruits found more testing than the physical labours. Occasionally, probably out of boredom, the instructors would send one squad into one end of the system, the other at the opposite end. Naturally, in the dark of tunnels, full of artificial smoke and lit only by torches,



and dragging heavy branches with us, there would be lively moments when water would be 'knocked on' to the disadvantage of the slower-reacting victims.

As I had seen in the Army, a short period of intensive training can produce great camaraderie, and the London Fire Brigade lived and breathed that self-belief. Every fireman knew that his welfare depended on those around him, and when a fatality occurred, in any part of the country, the entire national fire service mourned the lost colleague. Older firemen also loved to tell of the great fires that they had attended. One instructor, almost at retirement age, recalled the greatest moment of his career. Arriving at a fire, it may be necessary to summon reinforcements, and the rule was that anyone was entitled to do so, although in practice the senior person present was the one who did so. The procedure was to call for exactly what was required; a call might specify 'Make pumps four, make escapes three' and the command centre would call for the necessary additions to those already in place. This older officer, when young, had been first officer to arrive at a legendary fire, the Smithfield Market fire in 1958. He had immediately sized up the scale of the blaze and could claim to be one of the very small handful of firefighters in the world who had made the call 'Make pumps fifty.' In total, by the end of the fire, over 350 machines had been involved in fighting that fire, the largest deployment in the UK since the end of the Blitz. Crews and appliances had been called in from all over the South and Midlands to assist. Over 1,700 firemen had been at the scene at some stage of the three-day fire. We learned that the fire had burned largely underground in tunnels and storage rooms full of frozen meat. Two firemen had died in those tunnels. That was perhaps why our instructors were so keen for us to experience the chaos of firefighting underground and in the pitch dark.

The training procedure included a system to notify trainees after six weeks - that number again! – if they were being considered for a pass-out with distinction. This

would be the first indication of being seen as a potential member of the accelerated promotion programme. Distinction was rare, but important to me to receive this notification. In due time I was called for interview with the senior officer of the training school. I was indeed being considered for the award, but he wanted to warn me that in the London Fire Brigade of 1969 any significant promotions tended to go to men who embraced freemasonry. He had seen from my application form that I had listed my religion as Roman Catholic, and wondered whether I saw this as a bar to becoming a mason. A week before passing out of the course, with or without distinction, deeply disappointed by the revelation of requirements that I had never thought about, and under the driving influence of my first prospective mother-in-law, I left the fire brigade, and re-entered the job market. The experience of not being a freemason put me off any job that involved dressing up or wearing an apron, for the rest of my life.

All Change.

Whilst I faced the reality of deciding to seek what the GF's mother would call 'a proper job', I needed money on which to live. G Stevens and Son, but no relation, was a haulage firm in Maidenhead. I had passed, perhaps less dubiously than my first test, various added driving tests to permit me to drive some fairly heavy vehicles, and got a job as a general haulage driver. For a short while, I drove a seven-ton tipper, collecting gravel and sand from a local quarry and delivering it to building sites and civil engineering sites in the region. 'Oggin, 'arf-'oggin and free-quart'r'oggin were my daily vocabulary as I explained to the quarry loading clerks my need for the mix of sand and coarse gravel in each load. I also drove a long-bed flat-bed lorry as required,

and delivered anything, anywhere. My versatility extended to delivering one load of air-conditioning ducting to a large construction site whose receiving clerk denied all knowledge of the order. I overbore this petty objection to my unloading it: it took several days to tie together the complaints from one site about the load of ducting sitting in the way of all progress, with those of another complaining about non-delivery of a load of urgently-needed ducting to permit movement to the next stage of their project.

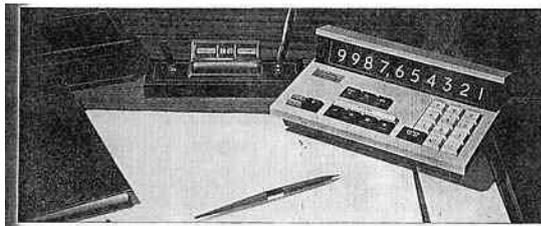
After I had left the guerrilla warfare of life in half a flat on the Earls Court Road, David and I were in touch, and to my great good fortune he introduced me to his colleagues at the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society overlooking Piccadilly in the West End of London. There seemed to be little formality, no aptitude tests, no questioning my academic credentials, but I seemed to pass whatever scrutiny was required and duly started on the career that would perhaps lead me to success and suitability to be allowed to marry.

David and I sat in the front row of the clerks' benches, he preparing quotations for pensions policies and I doing likewise for life assurance. In the winter we studied other parts of the insurance business, preparing for the exams that would give us a good start in the insurance and pensions world. In the summer we studied the lunchtime sun-bathers in Green Park. Woodstock took place during the previous summer, and Green Park in Piccadilly at lunchtime during the summer of 1970 reflected the Woodstock spirit.

Office life revolved around the needs of the 'inspectors'. These were the men, all men, who went out to visit insurance brokers and others who offered life insurance, pension plans and the like to the world. The entire office of about fifty people existed to service the needs of the inspectors. I worked in the Quotations Department. Every day inspectors would bring requests, and brokers would phone in theirs as well. Our job was to turn requests into formal presentations that illustrated the costs, benefits and investment benefits of all kinds of insurance products. The permutations were endless, with every quotation requiring reference to the rate book, a loose-leaf binder with pages that delivered basic figures for every kind of insurance known to man, with premiums charged on a scale that was essentially age-based. Additions to cost or reductions from them were applied according to age, occupation, health habits and similar factors. After applying the factors, the enquirer's actual age was adjusted to 'deemed age', reflecting the change in life expectancy calculated by all the various factors. The calculations were initially complex, and led to many questions about why- some trades were considered especially risky and therefore deserving of a much- raised deemed age. Publicans, in particular, were automatically given a deemed age 16 years older than actual.

To assist in this work, each of us was issued with a mechanical calculating machine, a comptometer. This facilitated the hundreds of calculations that were the lot of a quotations clerk every day. Sometime after I joined, these machines were replaced by the ones manufactured by a firm whose head office was on the floor above ours. The Sumlock Anita was the first known electronic calculator. It had a modern display screen, with space for ten-digit calculations, each number space being provided by a single bulb with ten filaments, one shaped for each number 0-9. Low numbers were clear to read, but the filaments for 7,8 and 9 were rather hidden behind the lower

numbers. These marvels of modern technology cost £250, exactly one third of the annual salary of a quotations clerk. I was glad that my annual salary as a first-year clerk was topped up by a qualification allowance that gave me an extra £250 in recognition that I had been an Army officer, which in the local manager's eyes equated to a university degree in a relevant subject. With such costly equipment, the office chief clerk set up a system. Arriving in the morning, one signed for a machine, which was removed from a secure cupboard. In the evening, one returned the machine to the chief clerk, who signed in a ledger that he had received it in working order. The last machine being returned, we were allowed to go home.



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Anita 1011 The last word in technology

A complete stranger visited the office, Mr. Josh Reynolds, the City Manager of Norwich Union, with a personality that gave him influence and reputation beyond his status as the manager of the society's largest business-producing unit. Our manager went to greet him, and as they laughed together David and I were totally sure that, different surname or not, this man's laugh proved that he was a close relative of Father Fizz Ezechiel from our Beaumont days. We went and introduced ourselves and found that he was indeed Fizz's brother, very happy to be recognised by two of Fizz's pupils and very happy to chat for a while. It also emerged that Josh was an old friend of my parents. In an earlier appointment with Norwich Union he had done much work with my father in setting up School Fees Insurance Agency, a highly specialised business that used certain tax-breaks to help parents pay school fees. It had been successful, and indeed the profits probably paid for our parents to educate nine children. By the time I joined the NU, plans sold by SFIA, underwritten by NU as one of a panel of two or three insurance companies, were paying over one third of all the school fees bills in the UK.

My career as a clerk in an insurance office began to accelerate. Our manager in the West End took an interest in these trainees, who seemed to be on chatting terms with influential members of the hierarchy, and soon I was preparing for my role as, and I quote, Inspector of Agencies. I would soon be the proud possessor of a little red book that listed the agencies that I was to inspect, and a car in which to visit them. In due course my appointment came through, and I was given an unimportant patch of West Croydon and Sutton in which to spread the Norwich Union gospel. I

was to have my first ever new car, which turned out to be a very second-hand Morris Minor. My first call with this news was to girl-friend's mother, to whom I owed a debt of gratitude for her encouragement.

The Trainee Inspectors Course at head office in Norwich had to be navigated. This involved two weeks in a local hotel, itself of the standard deemed fit for the unimportance of people on this course. Lectures covered everything from actuarial principles, through underwriting and introducing insurance law. We studied how to manage our time as inspectors largely working out of the office, about the traps set by unscrupulous insurance brokers to deceive inexperienced inspectors. Of all the lectures, only one really stays in my mind. In those times, and it may be true today, a life insurance company was required by law to employ an Appointed Actuary. His job, it was always a man, was to ensure that the company met rules of prudent practice in setting rates for policies. The appointed actuary was literally a law unto himself. He actually gave the lecture about his work himself, a great condescension. For many minutes he droned on about the complexities of setting premium rates for different policies for people in different circumstances. He made this sound very technical and demanding, given the huge range of variations, including expected investment returns on premiums received, inflation expectations and the use of deemed age. He explained that in the end all this led to a highly scientific table of premium rates, which would appear in the Holy Writ of the rate-book. The formal part of his presentation complete, he then confided that he then looked at the rates charged by other companies and adjusted his calculated rates to ensure that they were competitive with those of other companies.

The social aspect of the course was not neglected. Many on the course were taking their first steps onto a path that could lead to good income, job security and position in the community as representative of a well-respected household name. As a result, we tended to use some of what for many was a substantial increase in their pay in visits to local pubs. On our last evening, knowing that all had passed the course tests, we took this seriously. We drank large volumes of Norfolk beer and were all very tired when we got back to the hotel. On the following morning the Chief General Manger, the head of the entire organisation addressed us. We sat in rows, trying stay awake. One of us, I think younger than the rest, sank quietly into slumber, and less quietly fell off his chair. Finding the floor safer than being upright he appeared to prefer to stay there. Military training kicked in, and on my initiative, we went to help, assuring the chief general manager that the poor chap had been a little faint on a couple of previous occasions that week, which was strictly true. If the CGM chose to believe that one course member had gone down with 'flu, who were we to argue?

I was now ready to start 'inspecting'. I had been posted to an area that was remarkably deficient in insurance brokers who could provide the flow of business that I needed. In the little red book were listed the particulars of all the companies and individuals who had agencies to sell Norwich Union policies. A few were respectable

bank managers and insurance brokers, and some were private individuals who had set up such agencies in order to receive commission rebates on some policy that they had bought for themselves. As I started my career as an insurance salesman these were the people who would need to be persuaded of the superior attractions of the Norwich Union product. I duly visited respectable banking halls and corner shopkeepers, never knowing until I got there whether I was about to visit a respectable insurance broker or Bernard Manning, the loud northern comedian. Indeed, for some inscrutable reason to do with his manager, he too was an appointed agent of the Norwich Union, in my red book, but try as I might I never got to meet him. His later reputation was already taking shape, as indeed was he, and I was confident that a personality so much larger than life would sell much insurance for me if encouraged to do so.

Each day began with a visit to the office, to deal with the correspondence, pick up policy documents and other paperwork that needed to be delivered to brokers. This routine also meant that we were not tempted to visit brokers, who tended to dislike callers too early in the morning, when they were dealing with their own post. At about 10 a.m. we inspectors would all cross the road to Alders department store, with its coffee lounge. Coffee and gossip occupied half an hour and then a highly competitive game of Spoof would dictate who was to pay that day. This routine favoured those who had been following it for years, which meant that the younger and junior members paid for most of the coffees. Thus fortified, we were able to set about the day's programme of visiting brokers. Lunch was carefully arranged; the monthly entertainment allowance was small. However, by judiciously using it to entertain others in like situation, and accepting their invitations in return, it was generally possible to avoid having to spend one's own funds on eating the main meal of the day.

I met a woman, aged about 50, who had an agency to sell insurance, but she was more interested in telling me about her wartime career as an Air Transport Auxiliary pilot. She showed me her log-book and details of the flights, often two a day, as she ferried unarmed aircraft up and down and across the entire UK. Every flight had been an adventure, rarely because of the need to dodge away from enemy fighters, but because after basic qualifying as a pilot she never had another flying lesson to prepare for any of the 94 different varieties of plane that she had delivered. Her tally included almost every variety of Spitfire and Hurricane, Halifax, Wellington and Mosquito bombers, right up to the Lancaster bomber. She usually flew without any other crew, unless the very largest had to have a second person as flight engineer. In her early days of delivery flying, she was often told that she could not pick up some plane from an RAF base "until the pilot arrived." I did not begrudge the fact that a single call to her would take up half a morning totally unproductively.

Only one broker on my patch seemed capable of helping me to reach my targets. My forerunner in this area warned me that although this broker could be a prolific

business provider if he liked you, he was a serious drinker, and that he would expect regular lunches, at which large amounts of alcohol would be provided. He did not like to drink alone. To get ahead of the problem, I visited early in the morning, to find it was just the right time for a snifter before lunch. Visiting in the afternoon coincided with the

sun just touching the yard-arm, if not in England then in some Eastern European capital. The answer was to be in training for sport, of which he approved. The business he produced did fall away rapidly, but his business as a whole was doing so as he slipped into DTs.

I discovered early on that there could be more to the job than the mundane business of persuading insurance brokers to sell my insurance policies in preference to those of any other company. As a trainee in Piccadilly there had been time to learn some interesting and valuable facts about the little understood subject of Estate Duty. The most important fact that I learned was that in Head Office in Norwich there worked a highly respected planner whose expertise in resolving complex Estate Duty problems was well known. Anne Mederer enjoyed the opportunities to get away from Norwich from time to time, and I decided that my selling proposition to my insurance brokers would be that their clients could benefit from her and my combined expertise in Estate Duty planning. A little salesmanship persuaded several actively to seek out such planning opportunities, and I was able to call upon Anne to take on the planning leadership for a number of brokers who had never imagined that they had any clients who would be liable to suffer from the ravages of the tax. In return for our expertise, Anne got away from Norwich and I sold sufficient insurance to qualify for the maximum possible annual bonus available to members of the sales force. Almost any success would have earned that bonus, because nobody had ever achieved any worthwhile sales in that patch before, and I had a sales target that was almost non-existent. That £250 was the largest single sum of money that I had ever owned. Mr. Riches, the bank manager, again took it on the pedantic grounds that I had already spent it.

This idea of paying people extra income for extra success had long been at odds with the mutual society ethos of the Norwich Union. The introduction of a limited bonus, with no recognition of degree of success beyond reaching one's target, produced an odd side-effect. Many people, who had no wish to progress in conventional management terms, managed their productivity. Once the annual bonus was achieved, all activity ceased, to avoid the risk that over-achievement might simply raise for next year the annual target on which the bonus pay-out depended. The bonus incentive, meant to raise productivity, probably reduced it and cost the Norwich Union many millions of pounds of premium income over the years. One of my colleagues proved the negative effect of an ill-conceived bonus plan by achieving his entire annual target by Easter. He turned off all his broker connections and took the summer as a chance to enjoy the flat-racing season without

interruptions. He only appeared in the Croydon office on the mornings of days when his racing commitments took him to Epsom, Lingfield and other convenient courses. Days that took him further afield allowed no time for the office.

My credentials were born in Croydon, with a sales area that was largely based in Sutton and the few surrounding towns where there was a bank manager who had interest in insurance. These bank managers were important to me. It had long been a bank manager's perk that insurance broking commission belonged to the manager who sold the insurance, not to the bank. Over time, and slowly, it was seen by banks that they were losing an important part of branches' income, and so bit by bit the perk was withdrawn. The Midland Bank's plan was that managers who received this perk would continue to do so for so long as they remained at their present branch. Promotion or moving to a different branch would end the perk. The result was that

many branch managers decided to stay where they were, refusing promotion or moves to new branches. The perk was worth much more than any possible income enhancement on promotion.

I have always believed in the Law of Unintended Consequences. During this period, I was watching two respected businesses lose income and opportunity by introducing poorly-devised plans that were designed to achieve one result, but which achieved the polar opposite. Another life lesson was studied and learned.

Another lesson came from the flat-racing colleague. He was a keen student of the betting market and gave me a useful guide. David Robinson was very well-known public figure, the founder of the firm from which most of the population rented their first television. He had been an owner for many years, but having sold Robinson Rental for £8 million, a vast sum, he had set up to indulge what had been a hobby. Always more interested in shorter distance races, he had won the 2,000 Guineas ten years previously, but now he was taking it seriously. He was establishing his racing as seriously as he made money, acquiring the best sprinters, putting the best stallions to the best mares and sending the off-spring to the best trainers. His horses were about to appear on the racecourse in large numbers.

In the summer of 1968 Robinson sprinters delivered his first year of success on the scale he planned to achieve, and he was the leading owner in terms of number of winners in the UK. In 1970 or '71, my Croydon colleague suggested that I should bet on every single Robinson horse that raced that summer. It was a formidable undertaking, because Robinson was building up towards his eventual total of 120 horses in training. The bet should always be the same amount, and if there were more than one horse running on any day, there was to be an accumulator on all the horses that day. For the first and only time in my life I became a keen gambler. I had time, because my estate duty planning with Anne was taking care of my insurance sales. It helped that Robinson had a habit for naming his horses in ways that marked

them as his. For that one summer I simply sat back and took the money, as horse after horse ran home, always on very short odds that delivered very small individual profits. The time spent learning the arcane mysteries of Yankie and accumulator bets was proving justified. I owed much to the Robinson string, especially Red God, Green God, Black God, Gold God, River God and the others. At the end of the season, my colleague was confident that the bookies would never again let that happen, and sure enough, for the next nine years as Robinson became the most consistent owning winner in racing history, the bookies sent off all his runners at impossible odds. My colleague had suggested we back off, so I was no longer involved.

Incidentally, Robinson is one of the small handful of 20th century people who have an Oxbridge college named after them. His £18million benefaction was the largest cash gift ever made to Cambridge University, and true to his business style Robinson College was built on time and within budget. He was too shy to be present when the Queen opened the college. He also paid, single-handed, to replace the Penlee lifeboat after the loss of the earlier one.

Whilst my sales area had still been in Sutton, I had taken a room in a house there, to be able to look after my insurance agents from close range. I left work each day, cooked a meal in my room and set off to see the girl-friend. My bachelor cooking was

scientific and economical, conducted over a single gas ring in my room. Boil a saucepan of water, pierce the lid of a tin of stew and place the tin in the boiling water for ten minutes. Open a tin of peas and pour into the boiling water, bring back to the boil for two minutes. Remove the tin of stew and open it. Drain half the water and take the peas from the saucepan, putting the peas on the plate, and then add a spoonful or two of mashed potato powder to the remaining water. Stir potato mixture, place on plate, finish by tipping contents of tin over all. If one ignores the green tinge that comes from making up mashed potato powder in this way, and the slight aftertaste that comes from some of the glue on the tin label dissolving into the potato water, one can claim a nourishing and adequate meal.

The GF and I made plans, visited each other's relatives and perhaps thought ourselves committed to each other. Her parents went away for a week, and agreed that I might stay to help look after the younger brothers and sisters. Money was left for food and essentials. The Monday was a bank holiday, with a big motor race, the BOAC 6-Hour endurance event at Brand's Hatch. We all went to that, with the excuse that the younger brother, Charles, and youngest sister, Anna, aged six, needed to be entertained for the day. It rained all day, and although the day was probably not enjoyed by the two youngest for whom we had laid on the entertainment, I certainly appreciated that we had been present at what is sometimes called the greatest sports car drive in history. Pedro Rodriguez, a brilliant Mexican driver, seemed to be in a race of his own, and whilst every other driver

struggled with the appalling wet conditions he pressed on regardless. The commentator was heard to ask "Why haven't they told Pedro it's raining?" In a sport where margins are measured in tenths or hundredths of seconds, Pedro and his teammate covered five laps more than any other driver. Their car, a Porsche 917 was also in the process of gaining legendary status. Many great racing drivers refused to drive them, on the grounds of their impossibly powerful engines not being matched by adequate road-holding or other necessities.



BOAC at Brands Hatch 1970, Pedro Rodriguez / Porsche 917 The greatest sports car drive in history

We enjoyed a long and expensive day, and got back home to the reality that we had to feed five people for a week on memories of a day at the races.

We had to arrange credit at the local village store, and tried to live cheaply. As the week together drew to its close we spent much of the time alone, as were one evening. Her parents arrived home early, and in the excitement an eiderdown and pillow landed on an electric bar fire. She went down to head off her parents, whilst I fought the flames. We were able to dispose of the eiderdown without discovery, and although the pillow was only a little burned, we felt that in view of the village stores problem we should not mention it. Girl-friend slept with the smell of burned feathers for a week or so until she felt she could bear it no longer and confessed all. Looking back, we should not have been surprised at her mother's lack of reaction; when they got home that day the house must have smelled like a burning hen house, a smell more familiar to me than to her.

GF went to stay with grand ducal relatives in Paris and wrote every day. Her letters seemed imperceptibly to introduce the names of the smart and eligible young men who escorted her to every ball or party, and to play down the theme of our lives

together. Our plans seemed to survive this absence, but when she went to read politics at Oxford University that autumn, I struggled to maintain contact. On Sundays we went to Mass together at the university chaplaincy, and spent days together, I planning our idyllic future, she rather quieter. One Sunday, early in her first year, during a quiet moment in the middle of Mass she burst into tears and announced, between attention-drawing sobs, that she couldn't go on with the affair, and we separated shortly afterwards. For some reason I thought she might forget to mention this news to her family, so I wrote to her mother to tell her the news and to thank her for her support. It was an interesting part of growing up; I had much to thank the family for and happy memories of the whole family's kindness. Ex-GF's younger sister Sarah is our son William's godmother, and in turn her older son is my only godchild.

Leonard Cohen was the popular crooner of the time, a depressive poet who wrote and sang songs of unutterable misery and pathos. He certainly fitted the mood of my time and the heartbreak that I was suffering as a result of the break-up of my first mutually significant love affair. Listening to his records was interspersed with Bridge over Troubled Waters, which had been a parting present to me. I often liked to be alone but this was different, one of the few periods when loneliness and unhappiness had coincided. It was simultaneously fortunate that I seemed to be reasonably competent at my job as a life insurance salesman.

Sutton having proved fruitful, I graduated from probation to Grade C Inspector. This involved a change of my business location. Croydon was a significant branch, but it had an utterly insignificant satellite in London, based in the Elephant and Castle shopping centre. This was a dire place. Whilst the ground floor was mostly occupied, the first floor was almost entirely empty, except for our occupancy of the 'prime' site. All the floors above us were car park space. Parking a car here for the day gave a sporting chance of its still being there when it was time to go home. Three or four of us were based here, with supporting office staff, perhaps three more. I was to be responsible for persuading bank managers and insurance brokers in the area to sell my company wares. My main centres of financial sophistication were the Old Kent Road, Deptford High Street and Borough High Street. The opportunity to persuade anyone in the area to buy life assurance was limited by the need of most people to keep enough money in the house to be able to get father's suit back from the pawnbroker before the weekend. However, a couple of small broking firms placed some business with me.



Elephant & Castle Shopping Centre Utterly grim

A firm of Lloyd's brokers now moved south, from the traditional broking area around Lime Street in the City. I called on them and found that Chandler Hargreaves Whittall was a relatively small but respected Lloyd's broking house. They insured ships, aircraft and other commercial risks. They also had a particular strength in two markets where they were the industry leaders, race-horses and farming. Both areas of specialisation tended to involve families with needs to plan for Estate Duty, and I thought that Anne Mederer and I would be in demand if we could get some early recognition. Within a short time, I was in the fortunate position of having one business relationship that met all the new business targets that were laid down for my area I even began to acquire some genuine estate planning skills of my own. Eventually, I found myself acting as the Chandler Hargreaves unofficial estate analyst and report- writer, a role which they recognised by ensuring that Norwich became their preferred supplier of insurance policies that arose from these activities.

Typically of the time and of Lloyd's place in it, almost every director of Chandler Hargreaves had seen National Service, and single senior director had been in the Guards. The chairman, Scots Guards, Managing director, Grenadier Guards, head of the life and pensions business, Coldstream Guards, head of life assurance business, Welsh Guards. Large numbers of gilded youths formed the work-force who did the not-difficult work of placing insurance with the underwriters in the Lloyd's underwriting room. Some very clever, but less-gilded people did the actual work of dealing with the estates and stables of the rich clients.

Working in the Elephant and Castle, and living in a bed-sit in Sutton, I was able to spend a lot of time in Maidenhead. Brother Mark was at Greenlawns and had found a group of friends locally and I had some others, from earlier times. This was to be the basis of my social life.

Mark's group of friends were more his age than mine, but they were, and are, an eclectic bunch, and being a few years older was less important than it would have been only three or four years earlier. Among others, the group consisted of some aspiring young people at the start of a mix of careers, some students and some with little identifiable means of support. At least two of them were using the extensive outbuildings of the vicarage as a motor workshop. This involved buying unusable sports cars, usually Triumph TR2s and restoring them, for onward sale. It was not unknown for the front of one crashed TR2 to be welded to the rear of another whose crash damage was at the opposite end. This process is known as 'cut and shut' in the trade. On one occasion, the prospective buyer of such a vehicle was test-driving what was about to be his pride and joy, enjoying a fast drive on the M4 to Reading and back. At great speed the car began to shake and give loud warnings of distress. Driving very slowly, he delivered the car back to the vicarage, where examination revealed that the car was in the final stages of reverting to being the sum of the parts of two cars, held together by the last remaining welds where the two bodies had been joined. The sale did not go through.

Chocolate cake was the glue that held this mixed bunch together. Ida Soltau, mother of Andrew in the group and wife of Bernard the vicar of Stubbings, just outside Maidenhead, was able to combine her own generosity of heart with ability to turn out tea for the massed youth in a large shabby library in the vicarage. It became almost a social club, for many years the refuge and entertainment centre for a core of about a dozen people, an ever-changing group which occasionally grew to larger numbers, centred on tea on Saturday evening to watch Dr. Who. We played Risk, Diplomacy and L'Attaque endlessly, but we did little to help Mrs Soltau by clearing up or washing up. I hope that we thanked her but do not remember doing so as often as she deserved.

The vicarage garden was kept under control by a terrifying hay-cutting machine. At the front, a bar of giant teeth swept from side to side against a similar static pair, quite capable of cutting through a stray finger or toe. There was no safety bar or protection of body parts from this arrangement. The vicar had various saws, machetes and loppers that fought an endless battle in the places where the Hayter was unable to go, and occasional bonfires featured as part of the weekend activities.



Stubbings Vicarage bonfire, March 1970

Andrew Soltau, my sister Toey, Nick Winton, Rob Dafforn , self, brother Mark

The vicarage was clearly an important formative influence, and even fifty years later a reunion lunch can attract a dozen or more of those who would describe ourselves as the vicarage crowd.

CORRESPONDENCE

Following my piece in the last REVIEW Fr Kevin Fox wrote in with the enquiry:-

“Which of the **Michaels** is it is up for canonisation?”



From Anthony Northey:-

I see that Timothy O’Neil-Dunne gave me a mention. His late brother, Jarlath was in my class up to the 6th form. We visited Jarlath and his family in New Jersey together with our children when both sets of children were young several times. We still keep up with Jarlath’s widow, Mairi.

Mention of Pimms and the British Summer, Morrisons have just reduced their price for a litre from £20.00 to £9.99 to celebrate the Platinum Jubilee. Stocking up time!

From James Sweetman:-

Hope you enjoy the Jubilee long weekend. We will be in Wales at our Welsh hideaway with our daughter and her family. The great debate is “Do we fly a Union Jack on the small flag pole and then have Welsh Dragon bunting across the road (using a convenient telegraph pole), or fly the Welsh Dragon with Union Jack bunting?!!

ED; Outpost of The Empire: the Union Jack (but be prepared as a good Scout, to “repel borders”).

From Gerry Ford:-

Robert, Another “tour de force” how do you have the time. Enclosed a wine offer from our local wine merchant, trouble with buying en primeur, one has to live long enough to enjoy it. All the best. Gerry

“Many of our regular claret drinkers every year purchase Château Beaumont en primeur because they seek an everyday red that is approachable upon release (arriving 2024), ageworthy, and one that weighs in at under £9 a bottle in bond (before Duty and VAT). Put simply, they want a claret that is as delicious as it is inexpensive. So, finding one as finely poised, classically styles and affordable as this Haut-Médoc is good reason for generous purchasing and knowing you are well-provisioned for the years to come.”

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From Henry Hayward

I attach a cutting from the Times - a letter that could well be from the **George Greenfield** who slept through classes with us in the '60's.

Sir, Vernon Bogdanor appears to have forgotten that two fiscal regimes now exist on the island of Ireland. Surely it is a legitimate concern of the EU that non-compliant goods might make their way unhindered from Northern Ireland to the Republic, and thence potentially throughout the single market? Professor Bogdanor seems to find their attitude unreasonable. He should remember that the EU did not create the problem: we did.

George Greenfield
Chalfont St Giles, Bucks

30.6.22

From John Marshall:-

I found myself chuckling in Christ Cathedral Garden Grove (Diocese of Oregon) at mass this morning as for some reason while singing the hymn I recalled Paul Jack at St John's telling me in about 1975 that he had seen an early version of a hymn sung by St John's boys probably before the war in which there really were the lines more or less as follows:

Oh Dearest St John Berchmans
Whose father was a workman.....

That was not sufficiently PC for it to still be in the Cationale (did we have the Cationale at St John's??) in 1956! I wonder when they stopped singing that version.

My favourite hymn line and most reassuring is the one to Mary Mother of God

Remind thy Son that he has paid
The price of our iniquity

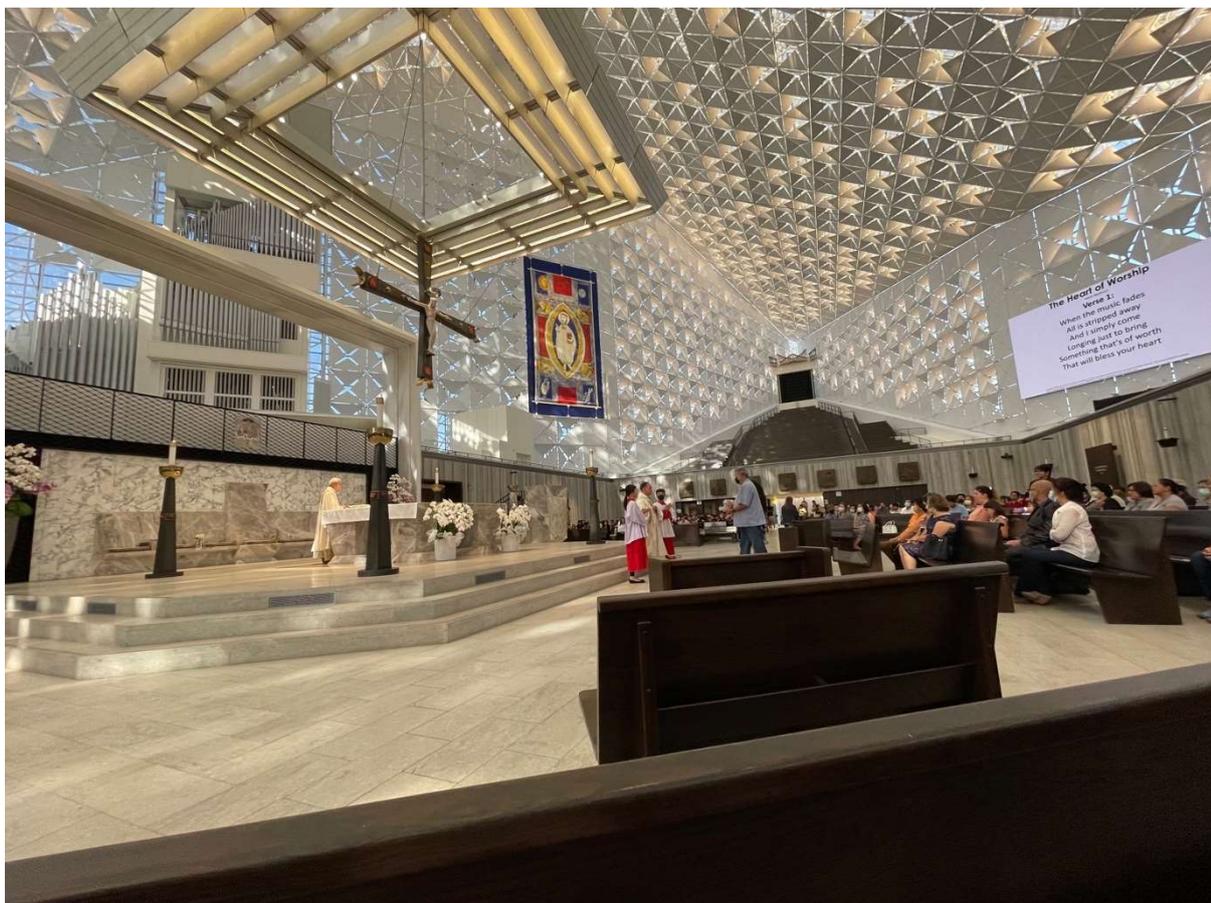
That sort of gives me carte Blanche for all my transgressions!

ED: John - Checking out where you were: one of the largest "glasshouses" in the world and singing to one of the largest Organs. I hadn't heard the lines of the Hymn to St John and I think certainly pre-war (father was a shoemaker). I checked *The Manuel for Youth* with which we were all equipped at St John's and no Hymn there - in fact there were only half a dozen, so we must have had the Cationale as well.

Your favourite lines are most appropriate as this Sunday 10 July in the UK was Stella Maris and we sang those words with gusto !.

John (again)

The cathedral was bought from Reverend Schuller who had his own religious TV station. Because it was a greenhouse it was unbearably hot but the Catholic diocese called in architects and the whole shell of the cathedral now has an inner canopy made of thousands of diagonal white " sails" which keep the sun's rays out.



The organ is disappointing; it needs a good old stone cathedral to resonate in. If this one is played really loud, it makes an unpleasant sound. I daren't tell the organist my

friend David Ball but I have emailed one of his young organ scholars begging to play his voluntaries on half power.

Whatever became of **F X D'Almada** an exceptionally good pianist? **ED: RIP**

Perhaps your Editor is sitting on the Fence but The REVIEW tries not to promote one view over another whether in matters of politics or the Faith (or lack of it) but I am a libertarian and believe that people should be allowed to express their opinions.

I do enjoy letters especially when I am just “copied in” .

On Sat, 9 Jul 2022 **John Tristram** wrote to his cousin **Gilbert Connor** concerning the forthcoming Synod:-

Nothing about the essential sacrificial nature of the Holy Mass. While the theologically illiterate Archbishop Roche continues to try and destroy on Francis' behalf the rites defined by the last Pope as never abrogated no attempt is made to correct the thousands of priests and bishops who blatantly ignore the minimal rubrics defined for celebrating the novus ordo liturgy. In passing I would point out that the Fathers of the second Vatican Council directed among other matters that the liturgy was to be celebrated in Latin and that the formation of priests must ensure that they are properly instructed in the use and understanding of Latin. The Fathers of the Council were confident that as a result of their deliberations there would be a great flowering of faith and catechitical renewal in the universal Church. That has hardly worked out, has it? The only growth is in the neo-Protestant charismatics and in the traditional congregations continually attacked by this fascist Pope. The synod will be a box-ticking exercise to approve policies already decided on by the ruling elite. Any alternative input will be ignored.

Gilbert replied:

You have put your finger on the problem, but I do not think you have understood it. Here we (I mean you and I) have to make ourselves and everyone one more understandable.

The Millenium prayer we were given to say in the run up to the Millenium and the parish in which I am still just a member, holding in mind we are talking of the mystical body, where there is no part more important than another, each constitutive part is essential to the whole.

In our thinking we have to be open to what we have been created to be and not caricatures, which of course makes us delightful valued fogies.

We are struggling to get our priests to take the synodal prayer seriously. Perhaps, they are waiting to see what it will all end being, instead making the effort to be what they are and we hope to be when Christ is all in All. Two weeks in Rud's 'B', was too long for me. I did not have the grounding you had, but Fr Bamber had the good sense to put me on the altar staff with **Gregory Hinds**. Greg went into the Navy and married a WRN, I became a soldier and had the good fortune to be accepted by another ex WRN who had teamed up with my sister in the establishment next to St Thomas's hospital.

I do not know if Greg is still on this planet, our numbers are dwindling.

Ed: From this planet, Greg Hinds:

I am still on this planet and delighted to hear from you. We now live in a small town called Talgarth about halfway between Brecon and Hay-on-Wye. I sometimes feel it is like another planet as we are in the heart of a great agricultural area, There is a cattle and sheep market just down the road and massive tractors with juggernaut size trailers roar through the town at any time from 4am to midnight.' We are also in the northern foothills of the Black Mountains which I have enjoyed walking in since we came to live in Wales 40 years ago.

I tend not to get into deep controversies about the faith. I am still serving Mass at age 82 and am a Eucharistic Minister. I love the Mass but have a real problem with priests and others who put liturgical correctness ahead of its message of love and kindness and its daily miracle. We are very lucky to have an Indian missionary priest here, based in Brecon but also covering Hay, where we go to Mass. He always starts by saying 'Good Morning everyone and welcome to this Mass', with a great smile to which we all respond which in my view immediately engages the congregation with what is happening on the altar. Some say that is not a liturgically correct start to Holy Mass. I think it is simple good manners.

I hope that you and Caroline and all your family are keeping well and your two priestly sons are thriving in their vocation.

It is funny how one remembers details from long ago but cannot remember what one had for breakfast. I was younger than most people in my year. I think I am right that **John Tristram** was in the year below us and is actually one day younger than me with a birthday on 6th March. You may remember my close friend **Stephen Oliver** who died two years ago from cancer. He was a man of many parts, the sixth

generation of his family to be Mayor of Bury St Edmunds, a considerable artist, a pillar of the community which flew the flag at half mast on the town hall for his funeral. He too served Mass until his late 70's. With best wishes from us both and every blessing on you and your family.

From Gilbert:

I am copying this reply to those I know who would be as delighted as I am to have you still aboard and on this planet.

The great thing about having cracked 80 is that one is happy for anyone and everyone to have their own view. I have not served Mass for a while (as I am not too steady on my feet, have had difficulty with my eyesight and we have some very keen younger servers, but I quite like the word assist and use my time in the confessional to share my thoughts on whatever happens to trouble or delight me.

Some years ago one of my grandchildren asked me about what he should say to the priest in confession and I only quoted from the CTS Simple Prayer Book. We have had Indians and now we have Polish parish priests. We have a locum at present and I had to confess to him that I need to go to confession once a week in order to talk to someone who believes what I do. Outside confession one has to be more careful about what one says for fear one will be misunderstood. How is Elizabeth? It would be lovely to meet up with you again. My sister lives in Herefordshire and I have a son at Cirencester, so perhaps we could arrange to take you out for lunch some time.

In haste as Caroline is hungry as it is suppertime and send you her greeting,

NO, Not The BU REVIEW

FIRST DAY (after the Wrong House)

They took me to this house, this very nice White house
With big front steps and an impressive large hall
This is where you live now,
Darling,
They told me
But it isn't my home at all.

They introduced me to this man, this man dressed in black,
He had funny wings, a white collar and was rather tall,
This is your spiritual Father,
Jeremy,

They told me,
But he didn't resemble my father at all.

They took me round the grounds, these nice big grounds,
With a pond, fine trees and a War Memorial,
This is where you walk now,
My Boy,
They told me,
But it isn't like my garden at all.

They took me to a dormitory – this nice big dormitory
With brown coloured lino and religious prints on the wall.
This is where you sleep now,
Young man,
They told me
But it wasn't my bedroom at all.

They took me to 3rd playroom, this nice big playroom'
Full of young boys who spoke in upper class drawl'
These are your friends now,
Darling,
They told me,
But they' re not my friends at all.

They got into their car, their nice big car,
And they waved goodbye just before nightfall...
This is your fate now,
Jeremy,
I murmured to myself,
But it isn't my idea of life at all.

“Well, I must admit you were right, I like this school,
And life is fun and making the odd chum,
I have joined the choir, the scouts and the rugby scrum
Pa,
I have been working hard - Please send more tuck Mamma,
Food is inedible: hardly credible,
Major drama
Having fun earned me six strokes on my “bum”.

ED: A final thought: I received this Birthday card from the Memsahib “ Never Laugh at your wife’s Choices – You are one of them”.

L. D. S.