A M D G

BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

SPRING 2021

“Events, Dear Boy, Events” as Harold Macmillan perceptively said, will destroy the best laid hopes and plans. They also make us re-evaluate. The events of the last year have made us look anew at everything from relatives, and friends to food, travel and conviviality: all important to the Beaumont Union. My view is that where ever we are, we have never really been apart. It might have only been six of us at The War Memorial, our only permitted gathering, but as was shown by the numbers who were with us in spirit on Youtube: our friendship runs deep. When

we start meeting up again we will pick up where we left off: if I can remember where that was ! We are often told that the initial reaction to the Great War was “It will be over by Christmas”. Well, we know it wasn’t and the same goes for what we have been going through. There may be light at the end of this tunnel but the pandemic continues to take its toll on some of our planned events: The BOFS and the other “OB Groupies” will for another year not be in Lourdes after Easter and The BUEF trip to Verdun has been cancelled with the uncertainty of the situation especially in France.

I, for one, am inspired by the words spoken by Amanda Gorman at the President’s Inauguration:

When day comes we step out of the shade,
aflame and unafraid
The new dawn blooms as we free it
For there is always light,
if only we’re brave enough to see it
If only we’re brave enough to be it.

DIARY DATES.

26th May: BUGS Spring Meeting at Westerham

21st Sept: BUGS v OGGS at Denham

4th OCT: BU LUNCH AT THE CALEDONIAN

14TH NOV: Remembrance Sunday –

THE CENTENARY OF THE WAR MEMORIAL.

DONATIONS.

We have received a couple of generous donations:

The Late Jerry Gilmore for Champagne at the BU Lunch.

Major David Flood in memory of Tim Ruane his late friend since their days at St John's.

OBITUARIES. I regret to inform you of the death of **Tim Ruane (52),** farmer, rugby player and H M's neighbour. **Tom Haran (61)** artist and sculptor.

Tom's painting of The White House

Other NEWS.

Another Covid victim is **Ant Stevens'** Musical STREETWISE that was expected to open in May in Swindon. **it is re-scheduled for the 29th October. Tickets are still available online; Book now at the Swindon Wyvern Theatre.**

Peter Henderson (46). Sent these cufflinks from his home in Canada. He had them made from the "Collar dog" badges that were on the Corps Uniform during the War years.

They will go to the Museum at St John's and We are very grateful to Peter for sending these rare pieces of memorabilia.

AN ALL BEAUMONT BOOK:

advance notice as it is currently at the printers:

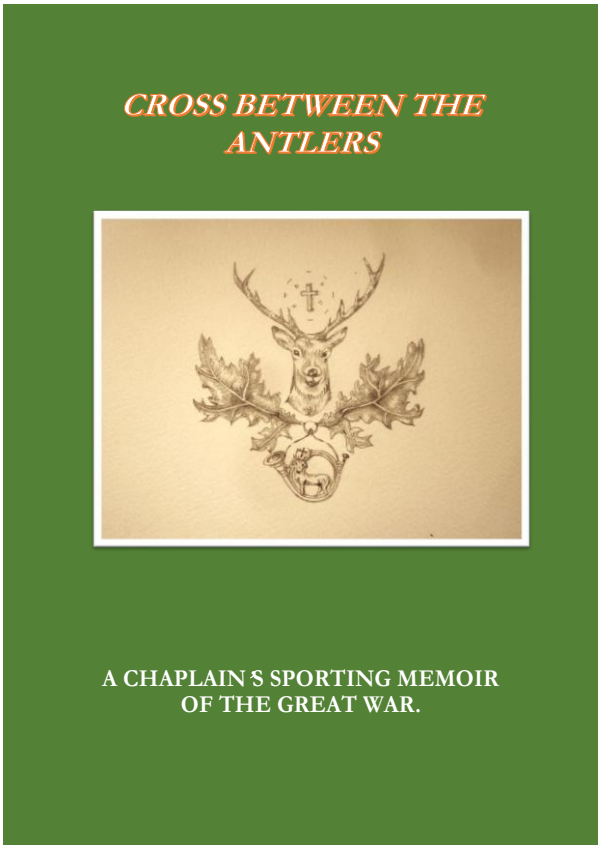
"CROSS Between the ANTLERS"

The Sporting memoire of a Chaplain in the Great War

"There is little of the War's conduct, save for a reflection on certain individuals. The writer is **Fr Francis Fleming SJ. (94)** but there is scant

coverage of his ministry. What we have is a story of country sport enjoyed in the most unlikely setting, behind the front line, by a man who was a poacher's collaborator, a whipper-in to a motley pack of hounds and certainly a contented fisherman."

These writings first appeared in the Beaumont Reviews in the early 1920s written under the pseudonym of "Khaki Palmer".



This Book has been edited by myself, illustrated beautifully by Bertie de Lisle (as above) and brought to you by Simon Potter.

The Preface has been written by Bishop Richard Moth of Arundel & Brighton and previously of The Forces.

I will let you know when it is published. All proceeds are going to "Hounds for Heroes" a Charity that provides dog assistants to injured and disabled ex members of the Forces and the Emergency Services.

FOOD for THOUGHT.

May I recommend Quentin de la Bedoyere's *"Secondsight blog":* go to Links on our website and you will find plenty to interest: you and you may wish to engage.

ARTICLES

Dr John Michael Walshe – 100 (Not out)

Trinity Hall reported last year: -

Born in Kensington on 24 April 1920, the younger son of the leading neurologist, Sir Francis Walshe, John Michael Walshe was educated at Beaumont College, Windsor, before taking up a place to read medicine in 1939 at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. From here he returned to London to train at University College Hospital, serving in the Middle East as a Captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps. By the mid-1950s he had proved himself a *gifted* doctor, gaining a Fulbright Fellowship to the Boston City Hospital in America, during which time he made a ground-breaking discovery into an effective treatment for the then little known and untreatable metabolic, autosomnal recessive illness called Wilson's disease (hepato-lenticular degeneration).

Wilson's disease had first been documented in 1912 by Dr Samuel Kinnier Wilson, also a leading neurologist working at the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases (now the National Hospital of Neurology and Neurosurgery) in Queen Square, London. The symptoms of the illness were similar to Parkinson's disease, but much worse, and patients with the condition inevitably died a slow and unpleasant death. It wasn't until 1948 that Professor John Cumings, a former junior of Samuel Kinnier Wilson's, discovered that the cause of the disorder was due to the accumulation of excess copper ingested through food and deposited in the liver and brain. Prof. Cumings recommended treatment with an intra-muscular drug called British Anti-Lewisite (aka BAL or dimercaprol), which had been developed by Professor Peters and his team in Oxford at the beginning of the Second World War to protect against a chemical attack. Although effective and still used occasionally today, this drug was very painful for patients to endure, so could only be administered intermittently.

While in his scholarship year in Boston, Dr Walshe, one day, had an idea—one that came to him through the ether! He had noted a few years earlier that one of the breakdown products found in patients taking penicillin was a molecule known as

penicillamine. His lightbulb moment came when he realised that penicillamine had the right chemical formula to combine with copper. He asked his American colleagues if it were possible to obtain 2 grams of the compound and when they were able to oblige, he promptly took one gram himself. To his great delight, he woke up the following morning feeling absolutely fine! He then gave the other gram to a recently diagnosed Wilson's patient and was delighted when he, too, survived and just as importantly, excreted large quantities of copper in his urine! Dr Walshe returned to the UK late in 1955 with a further 10 grams of penicillamine and, through the contacts of his father, found a 16 year old newly diagnosed patient to try it on. Bedbound in a London hospital, shaking uncontrollably, unable to walk, talk, eat or dress herself, the patient slowly started to recover. *The American Journal of Medicine* reported its success in October 1956 and penicillamine then officially became the first oral chelation therapy available to treat Wilson's disease.

The following year, Dr Walshe took up a Cambridge University post in the Department of Investigative Medicine and an honorary consultant's position at Addenbrooke's Hospital. There he remained for a further thirty years during which time he developed two further chelating treatments, the first in the late 1960s called trientine dihydrochloride, and the second in the 1980s called ammonium tetrathiomolybdate. By the time he retired from Addenbrooke's in 1987, he had a patient base of over 320 and was recognised as the world's leading authority on Wilson's disease. Not content with a life of leisure nor pursuing his interests in Gothic architecture and mediaeval stained glass, he took on a monthly clinic at the Middlesex Hospital where he continued to treat many of his former patients and even some new ones, until he was 80.

Widowed in 2011 after a happy 55 year marriage to Ann, he continues to live in the family home in Hemingford Grey. The late 17th century house, which was bought in 1958, lies 2 miles beyond the statutory distance within which employees of the University were required to live at that time. Dr Walshe was granted a special dispensation for having *pushed the boundaries*! But pushing boundaries has been commonplace for him, writing his last published medical paper when he was ninety-one. He was looking forward to celebrating his 100th birthday at home with daughters, Susan and Clare, and grandsons Simon, Oliver and Ben, before attending a more formal birthday celebration at the beginning of May hosted by the The Wilson's Disease Support Group of which he is President. Sadly, because of the current situation, plans have had to be changed, but it is hoped that a party can be arranged as soon as restrictions are lifted. It will be attended by his former medical colleagues and many of his former patients, whose lives he has saved. The icing on the cake will be the attendance of Shirley, his first ever patient, who sixty-five years after starting penicillamine, remains in good health today.

By Valerie Wheater, WDSG-UK

(ED. John followed his brother Peter to Beaumont leaving in 1938. Peter left the year before and also went to Trinity Hall and then served in the RNVR. After the War he became a solicitor practising in Gray's Inn.")

Their father Sir Francis *p*ublished important papers on "the function of the cerebral cortex in relation to movement and on neural physiology in relation to the awareness of pain."
"His life story is one of unremitting devotion to medicine, and especially to neurology and neurophysiology. He was actively in practice for some 60 years. During this immensely long and distinguished career he held many positions of eminence. He enjoyed particularly his presidency of the Association of British Neurologists (of which he was a founder member) and also that of the Royal Society of Medicine from 1952 to 1954. He took special interest and pride in his editorship of *Brain* over 16 years, ending in 1953. His clinical pre-eminence, combined with a great series of scientific and critical studies, were rewarded by election to the Royal Society in 1946. He was knighted in 1953.
As a public figure Walshe fearlessly spoke his mind on matters of medical importance. His arguments were so trenchant in concept and piercing in exposition that he seemed often to be expressing for all his contemporaries those feelings which they themselves had neither the power nor the courage to formulate. Some of his public utterances were so brilliant and adroit that he stung to hostility those who justified his observations. Certainly, in his prime Walshe was a formidable figure, who chastened not only his opponents but also anyone who aspired to his good will or respect either as editor or colleague. But when, rather late in life considering his great merits, he achieved substantial recognition, he was more and more able to show his warmth and benignity to those who came in contact with him; and 'even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer' when his name was mentioned."

Three generations of Speed.

This story came about following an Email from **John Marshall** in Texas asking about a contemporary of his – one **Chas Mortimer** and I could find details on his Wikipedea Entry. One thing I discovered was that Chas Mortimer's grandfather was the legendary test pilot Joseph "Mutt" Summers" whose son was at Beaumont. I had already started on an article a few months ago prompted by the late **Michael Perrett-Young** who was a friend of the younger Summers at school. So, I have put the two together as they combine a love of speed, thrills, danger and a great deal of expertise.

Joseph Summers and was born in 1904. Born in Hull and he attended St Charles Primary School and Hull Grammar. His father, a former musician was, by then, steward of the Central Hull Conservative Club.

In 1924, Joseph received a short service commission in the RAF and trained as a pilot at RAF Duxford. He was assigned to No 29 Fighter Squadron and was thought to be an exceptional pilot. Summers (whose nickname 'Mutt' came from his early days in the RAF and his habit of urinating before take –off on the rear wheel of the aircraft This led to his being accused of christening his aircraft like a dog marking its territory. He did this because he was aware that during some crashes a full bladder could prove fatal.

When he had six months operational experience, he was made test pilot at the Aircraft and Armaments Engineering Establishment at RAF Martlesham Heath, a former RAF station near Woodbridge in Suffolk, and stayed there for rest of his time in the military.

Along with his unflattering soubriquet, Summers hardly measured up to the modern image of a test pilot – athletic, eagle-eyed, full of engineering an attitude. However, he did possess the two most important attributes required of his time – an almost supernatural feel for the flight forces on whatever he was piloting and quick reflexes.

In June 1929, he became test pilot for Vickers Ltd (Aviation Department) and became the company's chief test pilot three years later. He also competed in the famous King's Cup air race in around 1928, winning a prize for the fastest time.

He flew the Vickers-Supermarine Type 300 on its first flight on March 5, 1936 over Hampshire. This was the first Spitfire and came only a few months before the death of its designer, R.J.Mitchell.

Summers tested numerous fighters and bombers through the 1930s. He flew the prototype of Barnes Wallis's geodetic aircraft the Vickers Wellesley bomber in June 1935. He was landing this aircraft on 23 July when the port undercarriage collapsed, resulting in several months in the workshops to repair serious damage to the wing.

He flew the prototype Wellington Bomber, with Wallis and Trevor Westbrook (the factory's general manager) aboard, at Brooklands in June 1936.

Through the late 1930s and into the 1940s Summers continued to test numerous aircraft and iron out issues with existing airframes.

K5054 prototype Supermarine Spitfire

On 5 March 1936 Summers flew to Eastleigh Aerodrome, where he was to fly the new F.37/34 fighter, which on arrival had been changed to K 5054 . After an eight-minute flight, Summers landed the prototype and made his famous quote: "*Don't touch a single thing*."

It was then was fitted with a new propeller and Summers flew the aircraft again on 10 March; during this flight the undercarriage was retracted for the first time. After the fourth flight a new engine was fitted, and Summers reported that the Spitfire was a very good aircraft, but not perfect. The rudder was over-sensitive and the top speed was just 330 miles per hour (530 km/h), a little faster than the Hurricane.

A new and better-shaped wooden propeller meant the Spitfire reached 348 miles per hour (560 km/h) in level flight in mid-May, then Summers flew the K5054 to RAF Martlesham Heath and handed the aircraft over to the Aeroplane & Armaments Experimental Establishment.

WW2

During this period of the war, Summers became the supervising RAF fighter tester specifically for No 11 Group, commanded by Air Vice Marshal Keith Park, during the Battle of Britain. Being a test pilot in this capacity and a former RAF officer, Summers' duty was as a *home guard* non-combatant position.

During the summer of 1940 Summers was to fly between all the Group's airfields in south east England to test fighter aircraft and ensure all they were safe to be used by the pilots after each battle. Any problems were reported to each airfield's maintenance crews. Also, pilots were issued requisition tickets for a new aircraft if Summers found an aircraft to be unserviceable.

Propeller failures.

During mid-1940, Summers was informed about a problem with propeller fatigue on early versions of the Mk1 Hurricane and Spitfire. The problem could lead to the propeller detaching itself during flight.

Early in the Battle of Britain during an attack over south East England a pilot complained he had a problem with his Hurricane's engine, and felt it was too dangerous to accelerate any faster than he was.

After the Hurricane landed, Summers took it up on a five-minute test flight. At 1,500 feet (460 m) Summers noticed a problem with the engine when accelerating to a certain speed. Whilst at full throttle, the propeller sheared off the aircraft. The prop ripped off the cowling and as Summers had no parachute with him it was necessary to glide the plane back to the air field.

The Bouncing Bomb.

In preparation for the Dambusters Raid in May 1943, Summers was test pilot for the experimental Bouncing bomb dropped from a Vickers Wellington near Portland, Dorset, a job given to him by close friend Barnes Wallis. He was depicted by Patrick Barr in the film made of the events.

Accidents

Summers experienced a number of accidents and crashes during his career. During a test flight on the first dual Gloster Grebe, the aircraft spun flat to within 150 feet (46 m) of the ground, coming out completely stalled with full engine. In a full-power dive in the Hawker Hawfinch, a fuselage bay collapsed at about terminal-velocity speed; the anchorage for the Sutton harness was in the tail and this pulled him back and nearly broke his neck. While testing the first Bulldog, Summers spun down from 10,000 to 2,000 feet (3,050 to 610 m), having tried to abandon the machine at 4,000 feet (1,200 m). He had released his harness and was on the centre section when the machine stopped rotating and went into a dive, enabling him to regain control by pushing the stick with his foot. Thereupon he climbed back into the cockpit and landed.

His most dramatic escape was in 1945, when structural failure in a Vickers Warwick caused full rudder to be involuntarily applied at 3,000 feet (910 m) over Weybridge. Summers had no alternative but to crash-land the aircraft into an avenue of trees, with a ploughed field at the end. When the aircraft had come to rest, flames emerged from both engine air intakes. Fortunately, some farm labourers had time to get into the fuselage and extricate Summers and his flight engineer before a major fire started.

What made him the best at what he was, and why he was predominantly chosen above other test pilots, was his unique ability to identify issues with any aircraft just by sitting in the cockpit and listening to the sound the aircraft made in flight.

In his career, he clocked up over 5,600 flying hours, which is the equivalent of taking off in an aircraft on 1 January and landing at the end of October. By 1946 he had tested 310 different aircraft.

Summers numbered among his firsts, the first flight of a pure jet civil aircraft (the Nene-Viking, a Vickers Viking airframe fitted with Nene jet engines) on 6 April 1948, the first flight of civil turboprop airliner the Viscount in July 1948 and the initial flight of Britain's first four-jet bomber the Valiant in May 1951.

By the time he retired, he had achieved 366 general types: Summers still holds the world record of 54 "Prototype First Flights".

Mutt on the right with his brother a Win Cmdr. during the War.

Personal Life

Summers was married Dulcie Jeanette Belcher: they had a son and a daughter. **Patrick** was sent to Welbury before Beaumont and left in 1943. His daughter married the Brooklands racing driver Charles Mortimer in 1949. Summers died on 16 March 1954 from complications following an operation, six days after his 50th birthday. He was buried in Weybridge Cemetery, after a ceremony in Westminster Abbey. He was awarded the CBE in 1946. He still holds the record for the highest number of flying hours of any test pilot in the world.

The Mortimers

Charles (senior) at Brooklands

As just mentioned Mutt's daughter married Racing enthusiast Charles Mortimer who raced cars such as Bugatti but mainly motorbikes at Brooklands before the War and then after, with his wife on circuits such as Goodwood and Silverstone. He wrote several books on his experiences and then set up a racing school based in Kent at Brands Hatch. Originally called the Beart-Mortimer racing school, engineer tuner Francis Beart moved on to another business, leading to a change in name to the Charles Mortimer Race School. Many future Champions both two and four wheeled passed through his hands including Graham Hill

The Mortimers had two sons **Charles** known as Chas and **Robin:** both were to grow up around motorbikes. Chas was sent to St John's in 1959 and went up to the College in 1962 and started in Ruds C. He left two years later from Lower Syntax (from this one may assume that he was not an academic, but was to prove that he had other extraordinary qualities) and he started his racing career in 1965 at the age of 16.

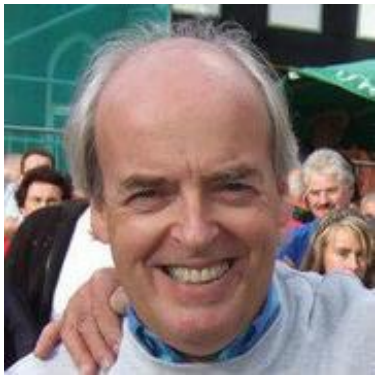
There have been a lot of talented British riders, and Charles 'Chas' Mortimer ranks among them. During the 1970s, Mortimer became recognised as one of the most impressive Grand Prix racers. He won seven GPs and remains the only rider to have won GP races in the 125, 250, 350, 500 and 750 cc classes.

His first racing bike was a 250 cc Greeves Silverstone and he applied himself well. At 18, Mortimer acted as an instructor at the school, with Paul Smart being another teacher. Both were sponsored by Charles Senior, which allowed Chas to use a variety of different machines, including a Bultaco 125 and Aermacchi 350.

Chas' success began in 1970 when he won the Production Lightweight event, and during the following eight years rode on the Mountain Circuit which gave him victories in the 125cc, 250cc, 350cc, 750cc and Production Races.

Chas on the Yamaha TD-1

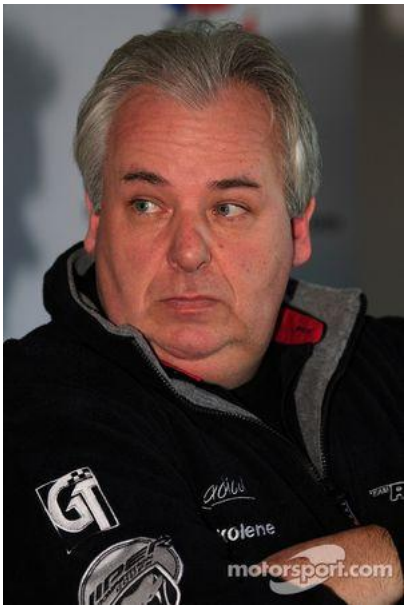
In 1972, he competed in and won the 500 cc Spanish Grand Prix on a Yamaha. This marked the first 500 cc Grand Prix victory for the Japanese company. The next year he finished second in the 125 cc Grand Prix world championship. Mortimer achieved a unique accolade when he became the first British motorcyclist to win the Macau Grand Prix in 1976. Mortimer enjoyed plenty of success at the Isle of Man TT as well, taking eight victories.



While riding professionally, Chas also ran his own race school and a business in Reading, Berkshire importing motorcycle parts. Today, he still rides in classic motorbike events throughout Europe, proving that age is just a number. He also runs a motorbike transportation company that he's overseen since 2013.

Mortimer has certainly established himself as one of the all-time greats.

Robin Mortimer.



Chas's younger brother is in the Centenary lists as going to St John's in 1961 and as such owing to Beaumont's closure went on elsewhere. Sadly, he is remembered for all the wrong reasons when he died in June 2007 aged 58. According to the Press of the day that while on his way to a race meeting at Spa he collapsed after a "meeting" with a dominatrix at a villa near Brecht, Belgium. A 46-year-old woman known as "Mistress Lucrezia" and her assistant have been arrested, prosecutors in Antwerp confirmed.

Robin was apparently hghly-respected throughout the industry, his lifelong motorsport career spanned two and four-wheeled racing. He switched to sportscar

racing after a 35-year career as a rider, making many motorcycle grand prix appearances.

Robin won many titles himself including the 1979 BMCRC 500cc Championship. He then turned his attention to racing cars in 1989 with highlights including twice being Ferrari British Champion and twice being on the Podium at the Macau Supercar Grand prix in the early 90's. Having retired from racing himself he turned his eye to management as the owner of the Old Spice Ducati Team in 1996 giving a first opportunity of a superbike ride to Chris Walker and Scott Smart as well as running Terry Rymer. He also worked in collaboration with Mike Rutter over the 1995 season.

His company RPM Motorsport's multiple accolades include the 2007 British GT Championship title, secured by his son Alex (who has a Law Degree) and Bradley Ellis in the RPM Dodge Viper; the 2007 Radical Enduro SR3 crown; FIA GT3 European Championship podiums with Bradley Ellis partnering Ed Morris in 2007; and runner-up in the Porsche Carrera Cup with Tim Harvey in 2004.

OBs and Bikes.

There cannot be many OBs who are aficionados of motor bikes in recent years. Those that spring to mind are **John Joss**, onetime motorcycling Journalist who has raced with the “Greats” and now enjoys the likes of “the Pacific Coast Route” of California.

John with his VFR800

Professor Marcus Wigan, another onetime racer and TT rider seen below at Brands in 1973.

And now let loose on the Victoria state highway and where his fancy takes him.

Finely “Pottering around Wimbledon” is **Simon.** I’m not certain that the B 235 has that Marlon Brando “Wild One” ring about it, but he is still at it as the next article proves!

POTTER Having a good time over 70.

Simon Potter talked to Age Concern in July 2020

"I feel like a bumblebee that shouldn’t be able to fly according to aeronautics, but goes on doing so anyway."

Teacher, author and raconteur Simon Potter MBE shares his advice for enjoying later life, and how to develop your passion for writing.

Simon Potter, MBE recently turned 73 and is busier than ever. Something of a renaissance man, he's as at home directing plays and penning books as he is riding motorcycles and performing drum solos – and shows no signs of slowing any of his varied pursuits. But what does he put his undimmed enthusiasm down to? We thought we'd let him explain.

"I feel like a bumblebee that shouldn't be able to fly according to aeronautics, but goes on doing so anyway. I know as long as I find I've woken up, had a (large) breakfast and it's about 11am, I should live to see another day.

"When you get to 73, much of your brain doesn't really believe it has happened, though I believe there are certain things that aid one when 'silver threads appear among the gold'.

Retain the obsessions of youth

"I loved playing drums in various bands – so still have a drum kit ready to blast on if asked. I adored model railways, particularly the die-cast 1950s and '60s models of Trix and Hornby-Dublo, so I still have a layout, and a vast collection of all the locomotives, coaches and buildings I would have liked aged 12, but requests for which met with a genial guffaw from dad because of the prices.

"I have liked motorcycles since my early twenties. My wife agrees it would be sensible not to tear around on two wheels these days, so my interest in trikes and sidecar outfits takes the form of a Harley-Davidson trike and a Honda 'Fury' custom cruiser with a Watsonian 'Mosquito' chair on it. I like hi-fi, too, and nurture a system of Brit early transistor amps, valve reel-to-reel recorder, hydraulic record deck and giant studio speakers.

Intergenerational interaction

"I have taught English Literature for more than 50 years – the last 48 of them in my current London school – and have adapted, written and directed musicals and plays for young people (having finished the 67th before lockdown scuppered the 68th). I still revise A Level Eng Lit every year, and have plans to start a GCSE English Club for those who wish to study the subject at A Level.

"Sometimes a chap will sidle up to me at rehearsal and say, "Sir, my Dad says you taught him Macbeth when he was here as a boy.' And I gasp and reply, 'What! You… arse! How can I have taught your Dad? How old is he?' And the boy will say, 'He's 48, sir'. And I will pull him to one side and hiss, "Look, don't tell the rest of the cast,

but I'm – err – coming up to my 40th birthday next month. Your father must be thinking of another Mr Potter. Ssssh! Keep it mum.' This has got harder to bring off convincingly of late, I admit.

"I was astonished to hear that I had been awarded an MBE in 2016 for my work. One of the questions the Queen asked me at Windsor Castle was, 'Do you still enjoy doing all this now you are over retirement age?' The answer, though I think I only mumbled an incoherent reply at the time, is: 'Yes, I jolly well do!'

Writing, writing and more writing

"I started my first novel in 1988 and it was published in 1991. Since then I have created audiobooks on Shakespeare and classical poetry, a collection of poems, a definitive work on converting large motorcycles to sidecar outfits and trikes, and a history of Wimbledon College, the school in which I teach – among many other things.

"The bulk of this scribbling has come after I reached the age of 60, and had slimmed down my working hours in teaching by going part-time and giving up being Head of Department in 2002, aged 55. In short, the so-called 'mature' years have been a sort of renaissance, and I have the time to indulge my fondness for writing.

"Although I am digitally savvy, you don't always need to be to produce a book. A PC is a boon to the writer, and the near-universal interchange of emails and attachments seems the natural way of going about things. But there are firms who will take a typed book and re-frame it to make a printable PDF, and individuals who advertise typing up from handwriting or the recorded voice.

"My last word should probably be: write about what you are interested in, not that cop tale you feel you ought to dash off because crime novels are always popular."

Simon's latest literary work:-

TOGETHER FOR EVER

Readers liked the complex 2019 novel *"Shooting Europe"* with its narrated letters – Mike's and Holly's – intertwined with the plots of a drama-documentary being filmed for TV, while Mike's ex-lover, Mopsa, lunatic artist, pursues them from L A to Europe.

Now here is Mike's short, satirical, blackly comic narrative on its own, without Holly's personal story or the plots that made up the TV programmes.
Homesick and unhappy, Mike breaks free from Mopsa, invests in a BBC TV series and returns home. Mopsa pursues him to New York and London. With fanatical *schlock* artists, she aims to create a grotesque and hidden sensation for

later generations to find – a witness that she and Mike are going, at last, to be together forever.
But nothing goes as planned for any of them……
Trans-Oceanic-Press
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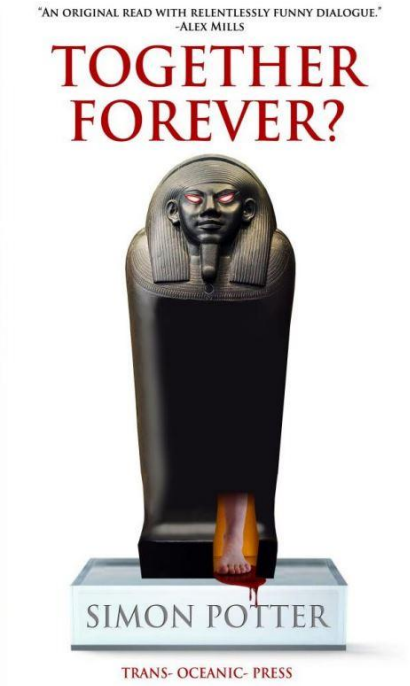


REVIEWS
"Wicked sense of humour" "Riveting. It shocks, surprises and entertains on every line" ***(Amazon)***
"Highly recommended" "A real page-turner" "Humorous, shocking and bizarre" "Remarkably intelligent and observant" ***(Goodreads).***

READING BONANZA.
Latest from the pen of Francis Beckett: this time some fictional short stories:-

"ENGLAND's TRUMP CARD
And other things that haven't happened yet".

England's Trump Card and other things that haven't happened yet
· London in the future: third world poverty, tuc-tucs on the streets and an authoritarian tyrant in Downing Street.
· The Prime Minister addresses the nation during the blitz – but it isn't Winston Churchill.
· The Ghost of Christmas Past copes with the age of the internet.
· The strange premiership of Jeremy Corbyn.
These twelve stories are about what might become of us – or what might have become of us, if things had panned out slightly differently.

Hector Vasena – Playboy Racer.

An Appreciation by R C Martindale.

Hector Santiago Vasena y Saves (who died on 10th October 1978) came up to Pembroke from Beaumont in 1923, stayed for four years and loyally supported the College throughout his life, travelling from Argentina for the opening of the McGowan Library or for a College dinner. He may well have been the fastest sprinter the college has had, running 100 yards in 10 seconds with rugger boots or in white tie and tails when evading the Bullers after a club dinner.

He was enthusiastic in all sports and College societies, without exaggerating the importance of academic attainment. **The Two litre Ballot* which he drove to Le Mans was usually parked under the Dean's window.**

A 2Ltr Ballot

The Vice-Chancellor (and Master of Pembroke) could never understand that life on the unrestricted pampas left Hector no respect for Proctors or policemen. His elegant sisters came from Paris to grace the College balls.

Though not the first *estanciere* to spend a fortune for a prize bull, he might have been the first to spend a month on ladders, raiding the quarters of a Pembroke friend assigned to a Buenos Aires embassy. He interrupted his labours with cries of "Well rowed, Pemmy!" On his last visit to England, he carried a rare collection of gold coins in the pockets of his old tweed jacket, and when he had sold them he carried wads of cash, explaining, "But, Che, you cannot leave coins in The Ritz."

Amid all his regency sense of style, he had a rare devotion to his College and his friends. He was amused to recognise himself as the hero of a story in Blackwood's Magazine July 1959, under the mask of "Monsanto".

(* The Ballot was a French car that had numerous racing successes in the 1920s. and was quickly established as a producer of expensive road going cars with spectacular performance. The 2-litre sports tourer appeared on the manufacturer's stand at the Paris show in 1924, used a four cylinder overhead camshaft 1,994 cc engine, and it sat on a 3,110 mm (122.4 in) wheelbase. It was priced, in bare chassis form, at 33,000 francs)

"**THE CAR THAT I COULD NOT HAVE …… by Robert Macnie.**

I would like to mention a very rare car that I tried very hard to buy. While in Saladillo, a vintage car enthusiast I met said "when you get to Uribelarrea , I want you to see something very special. So, it was that we arrived at Estancia "La Figura" a 19th century house in the colonial style with the sculpture in marble of a beautiful woman that gave the place its name.

Behind a shed we were shown by a foreman, a very special car: I identified it with difficulty as I only knew it from photos: it was a Tracta of French Origin. A 2 door, four seat, 2.7 litres, 6 cylinder sedan made between 1929 and 1934. The car was short, sporty and undeniably fast.

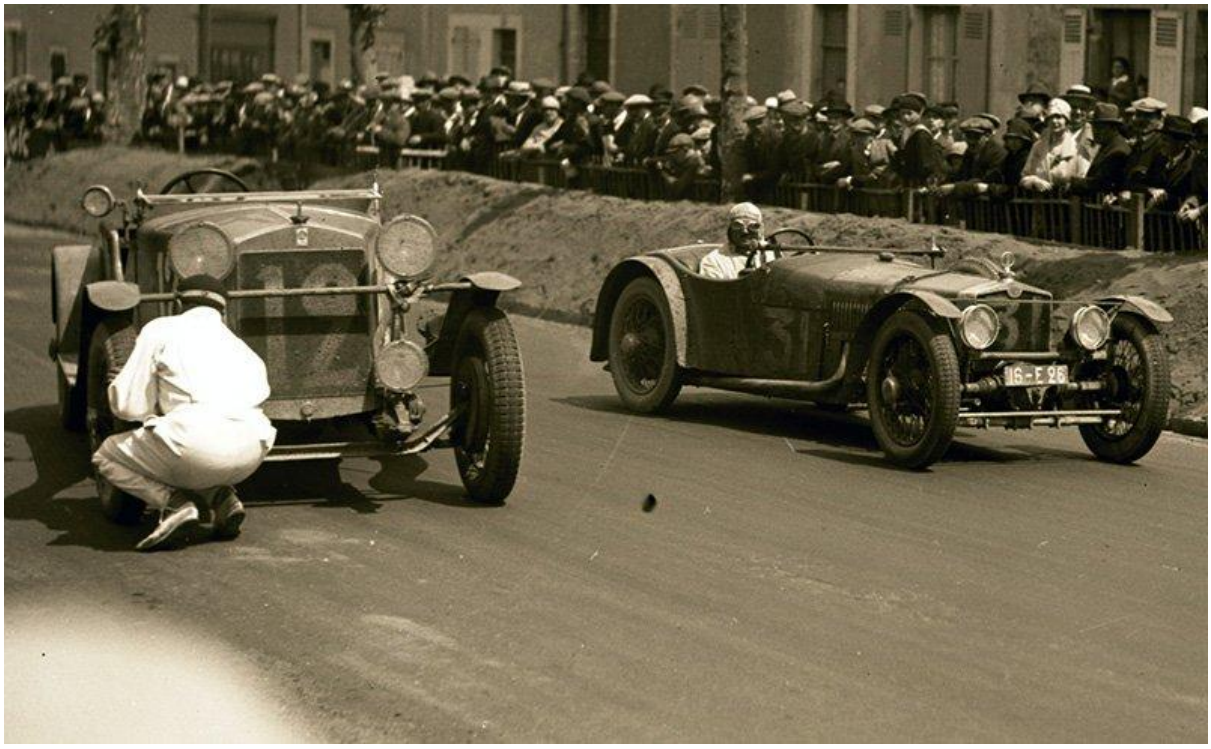
I knew the history of Tracta made by Jean Albert Gregoire the inventor of the CV coupling who had the idea of testing his front wheel drive cars in the 24 Hour Le Mans Race. So the first car was for racing and this was followed by the street cars in 1929. The car we were looking at was complete but very broken down as if it had been in the open a long time. Not long after the car was left at the Ranch the owner

had to leave for Europe and didn't return for several years in the meantime the car was put at the back of a shed and forgotten about.

The owner was one **Hector Vasena** who had raced the original racing car for Gregoire in 1928 at Le Mans finishing 16th overall and 2nd in its class. He was the First Argentinian to take part in the race. I telephoned him but the car was not for sale as He had promised it to his nephew. Doing some more research I discovered that Gregoire felt that Hector had a "grande talent de conducteur" but that unfortunately he had "the behaviour of a cheerful amateur that did not inspire confidence". Poor Gregoire wanted Hector to turn in an average on the circuit of 80 kph but he never came in at less than 95Kph. At Hector's suggestion they put a block under the accelerator to slow him down, graduating it until the 80 Kph was achieved.

Hector driving the Tracta Gephi No 31

After what proved to be a successful race for Gregoire in that his two other cars followed Hector home, he decided to take the car and do a lap of honour himself. **Driving around the circuit he was stopped by a throng of cheering spectators who thought it must be Hector. When he asked why their joviality, they explained that every two or three laps Hector would stop, get out of the car take a few sips of wine and dance a few steps with one of a bevy of pretty girls, get back in the car and continue the race. So it was that Hector was able to race the car at speed which he enjoyed and still comply with the pace set for the team. In his memoir, Gregoire comments that despite these unofficial stops Hector was able to keep his average exactly, but he did not re-engage Hector to drive the following year. However, Hector on his own was 8th in the Dieppe Grand Prix.**



Hector passing another competitor.

Shortly after finding the Tracta sedan, I had the opportunity to meet Hector in person He spoke better English that the Queen, French and Spanish like a native. The Tracta came up understandably in conversation and I also mentioned that I was restoring a Delage. Hector knew Louis Delage – “a good engineer but a lousy trader”

Five months later (1978) Hector died – he was wonderful person, full of anecdotes, both automobile and the life of a wealthy Argentinean travelling the World between the Wars. A gentleman of which there are few in these hectic days.

The story doesn’t end there some ten years later on a classic rally in Argentina and the Tracta appeared partially restored by Pedro Vasena, Hector’s nephew: his inheritance, and here he was driving one of the rarest cars in the world.

SCOUTS (The Beginning)

The St John's Troop 1940 : Members went on to form the College Troop 1941

One Winter's evening in the Christmas Term of 1941 the following appeared on the notice board in Third Playroom: "Will those who are interested in Scouting please come to Classroom D after Supper this evening. - (Signed) R. C. EZECHIEL, S.J." Of the ten who attended that many had been Scouts at St. John's; and all agreed that Scouting should be started. unofficially at the College. By the end of the term, several more had joined this pioneer group, and it was felt that Scouting had come to stay. Official recognition was sought and obtained from Imperial Headquarters, and in the beginning of 1942, the 16th Windsor Scout Troop came into being.

During the term the members of the Troop gave up a good deal of their free time to work in the grounds of the College; numbers grew, and plans began to be laid for a Scout Camp during the Summer holidays; but more immediate preparation came during the Summer term in the form of a Week-End Camp on the Beeches at Whitsuntide. It rained continuously during the whole period; and this unpleasant initiation into the art of camping was the making of the Troop from the camping point of view. The first Summer Camp was held on Hardwick Heath, near Bicester, in August, 1942, and was attended by fifteen Scouts. It was voted a great success, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all, so that the Summer Camp began to be justly regarded as the climax of the year's activities, and well worth the free time- devoted to Scouting.

By this time, two members of the Troop, Derek Duncombe and Desmond Mahoney, had gained the First Class Badge, and in October of 1942, the latter became a King's Scout. The year 1943 saw the16th Windsor Troop listed third in an Inter-

Troop Competition in the District, owing to increasing numbers, the usual Whitsuntide Camp was limited to those members who had not yet gained the Second Class Badge, or who had not camped before.

Twenty-two Scouts attended the Summer Camp this year. It was held a few miles beyond Burford, Oxfordshire, and offered ample opportunity for swimming and fishing. Harvesting was by now a Summer Camp tradition; in return, the Local Farmers supplied us with those articles so necessary to healthy camps, green vegetables. Patrol cooking became the order of the day, and it was most successful. Two more First Class Badges were awarded at this camp, to Michael Cahill and Richard Incledon. Rev. Fr. J. C. Aschauer, who had become the Chaplain of the Troop said Mass every day in camp; the weather was so good that it was usually celebrated in the open.

The year 1944 was uneventful from the point of view of Scouting; activity was restricted by the absence of a suitable meeting place and by lack of opportunity, and many of those who had entered the Syntaxes found they could not give sufficient time to Scouting to make it worth their while to continue with it. For similar reasons the influx of Scouts from the St. John's Troop was a disappointing one. After the usual Whitsuntide Camp came the incidence of the Flying Bomb, and our ranks were so depleted by the ensuing exodus, that only seven Scouts attended the Summer Camp, held once more in the vicinity of Burford, but on a far better site. As before, Mass was celebrated daily in camp. It was in many ways a more successful camp than the last, and led to an important development in the life of the Troop. Those Scouts who had just sat for the School Certificate Examination, formed themselves into a Senior Scout Troop, and determined to carry their Scouting into the Sixth Form. In spite of their limited opportunities, two of their number, Peter Low and Robert Wallin, became King's Scouts. The Senior Scouts have often expressed their willingness to help in the running of the Junior Troop, and on more than one occasion their services have been gratefully received.

A great impetus was given to the activities of the Troop in the Christmas term of 1944, by the acquisition of a Den in an out-building of the College. At the same time a number of carpentering tools were obtained, and the Troop invested in a supply of wood, which proved its worth during the tobogganing season. Membership of the Troop increased rapidly and numbers now stand at forty-two. Of these, seven, under the leadership of Peter Low, are Senior Scouts: the Junior Troop is divided into four Patrols under the leadership of T. L. Michael Mathew, a recent King's Scout, and 2nd Peter Bulfield (Kestrels) ; P. L Anthony Motion and 2nd John Rait (Wolves); P. L. Michael Cooper and 2nd Michael McDowell (Panthers) ; and P. L. Christopher John Wheeler and '2nd Philip Collingwood (Eagles).

Arrangements have been made for a Summer Camp to be held within the shadow of Lulworth Castle, the manorial home of a very old Catholic family the Welds, near Lulworth Cove in Dorset. There will be thirty-seven Scouts in camp.

Notes.

Fr Aschauwer who ran the Troop during the War after Fr Fizz' was Austrian and escaped the country just before the outbreak of war.

The St John's Troop had started in the 1920s.

King's Scouts: Desmond Mahoney (Trinity Camb, Guy's. GP). Peter Low (Jesuit priest). Robert Wallin. Michael Mathew (dental surgeon).

Others: Derek Duncombe, Michael Cahill (Demyship Magdalene Oxford, Intelligence Corps). Richard Incledon, (Priest, Camb.Univ. Chaplain) . Peter Bulfield, (Dunlops) Anthony Motion, (9th Lancers, Amateur jockey, Farmer Australia). John Rait, (Scholarship St Mary's Hosp. GP) Michael McDowell, (Company Director) Christopher Wheeler (Barrister Middle Temple), Philip Collingwood (Property).

BORN TO BE "WILDE"

Having recently seen the Film "The Happy Prince" on the BBC about the final years of Oscar Wilde, I thought it was worth mentioning some of his Beaumont and Catholic connections.

Oscar and Willie Wilde

Whatever we might think of the habits and life-style of Oscar Wilde, there is no denying his brilliance as a wit, poet and dramatist. Oscar was born in Dublin in 1854 to Sir William and his wife Jane, a couple of years younger than his brother William or Willie as he was better known. He was baptised into the Church of Ireland but it is of interest that mention is made of a second baptism by a Catholic priest, Father Prideaux Fox, who was a Oscar's mother. According to Fr. Fox's testimony in 1905, Jane Wilde would visit his chapel in Glencree, County Wicklow, for Mass and would take her sons with her. She asked Father Fox in this period to baptise her sons.

Fox described it in this way:

"I am not sure if she ever became a Catholic herself but it was not long before she asked me to instruct two of her children, one of them being the future erratic genius, Oscar Wilde. After a few weeks I baptized these two children, Lady Wilde herself being present on the occasion.

Both Oscar and William were sent to board at Portora Royal but until their early twenties, The Wildes used to summer at their villa, Moytura House, which his father had built in Cong, County Mayo. There the young Wilde and his brother Willie played and enjoyed the company of the The Moores at Moore Hall: George, Maurice and **Augustus (73).**

Augustus was the youngest son, and better known are his siblings George and Maurice who went to Oscott for their education. George became the distinguished writer of Irish literature revival producing novels, plays and poetry. He has been described as “the famous author that everybody talks about and nobody reads”. He was also a theatre and art critic. It was George that accompanied his cousin the **OB Edward Martyn (76)**, the founder President of Sinn Fein, when he went on his visits to Europe to put together his collection of paintings.

The other brother Maurice was a soldier serving in both the Zulu Wars and in South Africa. Here he became involved in human rights and was highly critical of the ill treatment of Boer civilians in the concentration camps. Despite his opposition to this British policy, he remained a loyal officer and was on the committee of the Irish volunteers for the Great War. Having campaigned unsuccessfully in the treason accusation against Roger Casement, he joined his cousin **Edward Martyn** in Sinn Fein and had his home raided on several occasions. After independence, he became a member of the Irish Seanad.

Finally, there was **Augustus**, a man in the style of his eldest brother. After Old Windsor, he became a journalist and poet and was the editor of a periodical called “The Hawk”. In 1890, Augustus was involved in a quarrel with the American artist – James Whistler over an article he had written. Whistler was a great friend of Oscar’s and could be described as a confidente. At the Drury Lane Theatre one evening, Whistler struck Augustus across the face with his cane and later wrote to Edgar Degas describing Augustus as “one of the most squalid specimens of these infamous womanising studio journalists”. Whistler also fell out with George Moore who sided with critics of the painter in several libel cases brought by the artist. Finally, he fell out with Wilde, Whistler was a man who could not abide criticism of his work in any form.

Augustus died relatively young in 1918; another victim of the Spanish Flu and the family home of Moore Hall overlooking Loch Carra was burnt down by Anti-Treaty irregulars during the civil war in 1923. Moore Hall is now a lonely ruin; home to wandering cattle that sometime seek shade of its skeleton walls, the proud motto “The strong cannot fall” obscured by wild ivy. Its destruction symbolised the end of a

family that had played a not insignificant role in the social, sporting, cultural and political history of the Country.

In mid-1891 Wilde was introduced to Lord Alfred Douglas an undergraduate at Oxford at the time. Known to his family and friends as "Bosie", he was a handsome and spoilt young man. An intimate friendship sprang up between Wilde and Douglas and by 1893 Wilde was infatuated with Douglas and they consorted together regularly in a tempestuous affair. If Wilde was relatively indiscreet, even flamboyant, in the way he acted, Douglas was reckless in public. Wilde indulged Douglas's every whim: material, artistic, or sexual.

“Bosie’s” father is remembered for his atheism, his outspoken views including anti-Semitism his brutish manner, for lending his name to the “Queensbury Rules” that form the basis of modern Boxing, and for his role in bringing down Oscar.

John Douglas was born in Florence Italy, the eldest son of Conservative politician Archibald Viscount Drumlanrig and Caroline Clayton*. He had three brothers, Francis, Archibald and **James (64),** and two sisters, Gertrude and Florence. He was briefly styled Viscount Drumlanrig following his father's succession in 1856, and on the latter's death in 1858 he inherited the Marquessate of Queensbury.

In 1864, Lord Queensberry entered Magdalene Cambridge which he left two years later without taking a degree. He was more distinguished in sport, playing college cricket as well as running, hunting, and steeplechasing. He married Sibyl Montgomery in 1866. They had four sons and a daughter; his wife successfully sued for divorce in 1887 on the grounds of his adultery. Queensberry married Ethel Weeden in 1893 but this marriage was annulled the following year

Queensberry sold the family seat of Kinmount in Dumfress an action which further alienated him from his family. He died, two months after a stroke, and after a period of mental decline believed to be caused by syphilis, in his club room in Welbeck Street, west London aged 55, nearly a year before Oscar Wilde's death.

His eldest son and heir Francis Viscount Drumlanrig,was rumoured to have been engaged in a homosexual relationship with the Liberal Prime Minister, The 5th Earl of Rosebury, Lord Drumlanrig died from a gunshot wound, possibly suicide unmarried and without children. Rosebury had a favoured nephew at Beaumont – **Archibald (06)** who was a Lt-Colonel in the Scots Guards and later still a lawyer.

Lady Florence Douglas Dixie -Sister and mother of OB's, Aunt of "Bosie".

John Queensberry held Rosebury responsible for his son's death. It would seem that there were faulty genes in the Douglas Lineage. Bosie's Uncle **James** certainly had mental problems and committed suicide by cutting his own throat. His Aunt Florence was perfectly sane but a great eccentric: her two sons and Bosie"s cousins were **George (87) and Albert (95).**

However, let me return to the Wildes. In I884 Oscar married Constance Lloyd daughter of wealthy lawyer and the marriage produced two children Cyril born a year later and then Vyvyan. He was, by all accounts, a devoted and loving father.

In 1893, Oscar sued the Marquess of Queensberry for criminal libel over the latter's allegations of homosexuality. The Marquess retained **Charles Russell (81)** as his solicitor for the ill-advised action in which the Marquess was quickly found not guilty. Charles passed the evidence he had gathered about Oscar to the Director of Public Prosecutions, and this led to Wilde's imprisonment for "gross indecency".

After 1895, when Wilde was convicted of the charge of "gross indecency" and imprisoned, Constance changed her surname, and those of their sons, to Holland and forced Wilde to give up his parental rights.

She moved with the boys to Switzerland and enrolled them in an English-speaking boarding school in Germany. Vyvyan was unhappy there. Because of this, but also to improve security, Vyvyan was moved to a Jesuit school in Monaco where he converted to Catholicism and subsequently went on to Stonyhurst. His brother Cyril remained at the school in Germany and subsequently went to Radley. He was killed in the Great War in 1915.

Vyvyan was 12-years old when he entered the school. It came about was that he had met students from Stonyhurst while on holiday. He thought the school sounded a good place to be and expressed a wish to go there. The school records say he was a gifted scholar. When he was 14 his father died and the Rector had to inform Vyvyan of this tragic occurance (1900). Vivian remembers saying, "But I thought he died long ago.". Vyvyan while still at school at the age of 16 when he read Robert Sherard's *Oscar Wilde: The Story of an Unhappy Friendship (1902)* and finally learned what had happened. He remembers being so "depressed" that he determined to read no further books about his father. Leaving Stonyhurst, he went on to Trinity Cambridge and became an interpreter, translator and author.

It was not just Oscar's younger son who found new faith, though Wilde's health had suffered greatly from the harshness and diet of prison, he had a feeling of spiritual renewal. On his release, he immediately wrote to the "Js" requesting a six-month Catholic retreat; when the request was denied, Wilde wept. "I intend to be received into the Catholic Church before long", Wilde told a journalist who asked about his religious intentions.

He spent his last three years impoverished and in exile. He took the name "Sebastian Melmoth", moving around France and for a short time in Naples which he spent with Bosie, he eventually suffered meningitis and was received into the Church and had the last rites on his deathbed in a seedy hotel in Paris.

The Beaumont connections to Oscar, apart from through Bosie, was from his elder brother William (Willie). After graduating from Trinity College Willie Wilde studied law and was called to the Irish Bar, but he never actually practised law. His father died in 1876, and in early 1879 Willie and Lady Wilde moved to London, where he became a journalist, serving as a drama critic for Punch and Vanity Fair, and as a leader writer for The Daily Telegraph. An acquaintance wrote:-

"Willie Wilde was a clever journalist who, if he had been less careless in his habits, might have achieved considerable success. As it was, a number of the articles which he wrote for the Daily Telegraph were little short of brilliant, while as a talker, few could equal him. He was, however, his own enemy, and could not resist the attractions of the moment or settle down long to regular work – in truth, though not very old in years, he belonged to the now almost extinct school of journalists which, taking 'sufficient is the day for the evil there of' as their motto, never gave a thought to the future (or anything else) if they happened to have a few pounds in their pockets.

In January 1894 Willie married Sophie Lily Lees (1859–1922), with whom he had been living. She has been described as "an emotional woman with a tendency to early panic ... she believed (incorrectly) that she was pregnant". The marriage caused further distress to Lady Wilde when the couple moved in with her. She wrote to Oscar on 4 February 1894, telling him of the marriage: "Miss Lees has but £50 a year and this just dresses her. She can give nothing to the house and Willie is

always in a state of utter poverty. So, all is left upon me." Willie and Lily had their only child, Dorothy “Dolly” in July 1895.

Following Oscar's arrest and first trial in April 1895, Willie claimed that he gave his brother shelter when he was unable to find rooms in London. Willie said that Oscar "fell down on my threshold like a wounded stag". Standing by his brother, Willie wrote to Bram Stoker, "Bram, my friend, poor Oscar was not as bad as people thought him. He was led astray by his Vanity – & conceit, & he was so 'got at' that he was weak enough to be guilty – of indiscretions and follies – that is all.... I believe this thing will help to purify him body & soul."

On 13 March 1899 Willie died, aged 46, at 9 Cheltenham Terrace in Chelsea from complications related to his alcoholism

Willie's widow remarried in 1900. Her second husband, who became Dolly's stepfather, was the Dutch-born translator and **OB Alexander Teixeira de Mattos (81).**

Alexander was Dutch, but his family were originally Portuguese of Jewish faith that had fled to the Netherlands to avoid persecution. The family gave its name to one of the best-known banks in Amsterdam. Alexander’s parents came to England just before he commenced his education and on leaving Beaumont, his life was divided between the two countries. He started in journalism, became a drama critic and later editor of various Dutch newspapers and periodicals. In the 1890s, Teixeira was the leading translator for the Lutetian Society, a group whose mission was "to issue to its members, translations of such representative master-pieces of fiction by Continental authors as are unprocurable in English in an unmutilated rendering." He oversaw the Society's publication of unexpurgated translations of six banned novels by Emile Zola in 1894–5, contributing his own translation of the third volume in the series, *La Curee.*

Teixeira was known to his acquaintances as a dandy and a fastidious worker, keeping strictly to set hours, and was linked to the *Symbolist movement* as was

Oscar. He was also personal friends with Maurice Maeterlinck and Louis Couperus, both of whom wrote works he translated. He was politically liberal and a devout Catholic.

Dolly Wilde Photographed by Cecil Beaton

When Alexander married Lily Wilde he assumed the responsibility for his stepdaughter - Dorothy. She soon gained a reputation as a socialite, writer and conversationalist and gained notoriety for her lesbian relationship during WW1 with Marion “Joe” Carstairs, the Standard Oil heiress and known as the “fastest woman on water” for her speedboat exploits.

Meanwhile Alexander was Head of the Intelligence at the Department of Trade – an aspect of War at which OBs excelled. At the end of hostilities, he resumed his literary endeavours and is best remembered for his translations of the works of Zola, Chateaubriand, Couperus and many others. His most famous work was the first English edition of Gaston Leroux’s “Phantom of the Opera” and it says much of the high quality of his translations that so many are still in use.

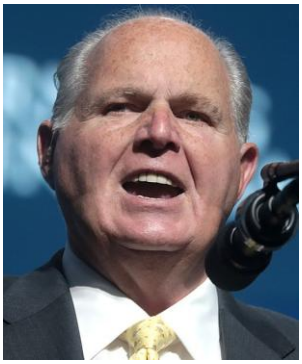
The New York Times, in its obituary notice, called him "one of the best translators of foreign languages of the present generation." The high quality and readability of Teixera's work was such that many of his translations are still in print today. For example, though his translation of *La Curee* is over a century old, its accuracy and style have given it a status still unrivaled by more modern versions.

When Alexander died in 1922, he left most of his inheritance to Dorothy, now living openly in Paris with Natalie Clifford Barney, hosting the best-known literary salon in the capital but also enjoying a list of liaisons, demi-liaisons and adventures. Sadly, Dorothy was addicted to heroin and alcohol that brought about her early demise in 1941.

What can one say in conclusion? The Wildes for the most part, as were many of their connections, brilliant but flawed.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

Can you compare the late Rush Limbaugh with William Buckley.




A great hero of Donald Trump was the late Rush Limbaugh: it is interesting reading the U S press on comparing him with **William Buckley. (39)**

William F. Buckley was an anomaly. He was a member in good standing of the New York City elite. But he was conservative. He was respected and adored by the New York liberal elite, and he never once had to compromise his beliefs to do it. He didn't have to give them a thing. He was an elite academic. He was an elite, unique mind. He was brilliant. He was hilarious. He was sardonic. He was sarcastic. He was a conservative.

Daniel Lapin wrote:

To get the most out of a **William F. Buckley** speech, you needed a dictionary. To get the most out of a Rush Limbaugh broadcast, you needed a sense of humor.

God and Man at Yale, Mr. Buckley's cri de coeur, was published in 1951, the year Rush Limbaugh was born. This critique of Mr. Buckley's alma mater, Yale, for its hostility to religion and its indoctrination of students in values that opposed those of their homes, launched a new era in conservative politics. With his high-brow Bostonian accent, his impeccable appearance and his reasoned and well-thought-out arguments, as well as those of others to whom he gave a platform in his *National Review* magazine and on his celebrated PBS television show, *Firing Line*, William F. Buckley was the man needed for the moment. Listening to him opine and debate allowed honest, intelligent and curious seekers of truth to weigh up different views. Only a few decades later, fewer and fewer Americans were interested in or able to follow complex, factual presentations. And fewer were being exposed to a wide range of views. The earlier criticisms against Yale were by now the equivalent of chiding your neighbor because his vicious pit bull wasn't well-groomed. A new man with a new method was needed to give voice to traditional American ideals, and Rush Limbaugh stepped up.

Like Mr. Buckley, Limbaugh laid out arguments and ideas, but rather than presenting them in lofty, measured tones, he wrapped them in bravado and sometimes cutting humor. I winced at some of his barbs and personally found them in poor taste, but I acknowledged that those crude words and the attention and hatred they sparked exposed millions of people to ideas that were being suppressed in major newspapers and magazines. A friend once remarked after watching the Sunday morning TV talk shows that he despaired when a Republican politician showed up with boring charts and diagrams filled with incontrovertible facts while his Democrat counterpart showed up with misleading statements delivered with passion and zeal. Crusaders will usually defeat accountants. Rush Limbaugh was a crusader; a man on a mission. He was also a showman and marketer and recognized that those qualities were needed to get any sort of hearing with the press.

Another commentator wrote:

"Nil nisi bonum. Do not speak ill of the dead. The Latin proverb has provided sage advice for centuries, yet the passing of Rush Limbaugh has caused some to turn to another thought leader: Mark Twain, who once observed on the death of a famous public figure, "I did not attend his funeral, but I sent a nice letter saying I approved of it." Limbaugh might have appreciated the humor, but then, it was probably too subtle for his taste".

Editor:

.A question of Lowbrow and the politics of Trump or Highbrow and the politics of Reagan. One often wonders what Buckley would have thought of Trump.

In an article for a Review March/April 2000 —the year Trump unsuccessfully sought the Reform Party's nomination—Buckley dilated on "the rampant demagogy in the present scene":

"Look for the narcissist. The most obvious target in today's line up is, of course, Donald Trump. When he looks at a glass, he is mesmerized by its reflection. If Donald Trump were shaped a little differently, he would compete for Miss America.

But whatever the depths of self-enchantment, the demagogue has to say something. So what does Trump say? That he is a successful businessman and that that is what America needs in the Oval Office. There is some plausibility in this, though not much. The greatest deeds of American Presidents—midwifing the new republic; freeing the slaves; harnessing the energies and vision needed to win the Cold War—had little to do with a bottom line. So what else can Trump offer us? Well to begin with, a self-financed campaign. Does it follow that all who finance their own campaigns are narcissists?

At this writing Steve Forbes has spent $63 million in pursuit of the Republican nomination. Forbes is an evangelist, not an exhibitionist. In his long and sober

private career, Steve Forbes never bought a casino, and if he had done so, he would not have called it Forbes's Funhouse. His motivations are discernibly selfless.

Buckley distinguished between two types of demagogy. One of which is "cynical demagogy"—i.e., ordinary pandering to voters. Trumpery fell into this category."

Hardly a ringing endorsement.

GISS - GOSS

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

A Weighty Issue

Ed: I wonder if like me you are on a diet? The aperitif, the odd glass of wine and perhaps a glass of Armagnac has seen the waistband expand. I know I am not alone as Mark Hedges the Editor of *Country Life* finds himself in a similar predicament when he wrote "my weight has shown the sort of compound growth a banker would swoon over ". I now pace around the house like a lamanitic pony in a starvation paddock: Lent has come early for me in January. Like Mr Hedges, I rode as an amateur jockey and in the school holidays, I was out with Peter Cazalet's string on many of The Queen Mother's horses: I was slim and trim. Mr Hedges was at Radley and spent his time "avoiding the Lancashire hotpot, the Hungarian goulash, the Irish

stew, that despite the different names were all the same ghastly, gristly gloop". At least at Beaumont they were honest enough not to give it a name!

Being deprived in youth, I now enjoy my food but despite leading an outdoor life, I probably do not take enough vigorous exercise. Mr Hedges finished his confession by remarking that we are the only species that puts itself on a diet which says more about my greed than my willpower.

PAINTING

"I thought this photo might be of interest. Perhaps for the Review? Wrote **Tom Scanlon.**
"When the New Wing was built, an artist called Fairclough (can't remember his first name) was commissioned to do this painting. I have a feeling there is another, bigger one somewhere. This one measures 9" by 7".
I have it because my father, who was an artist, had something to do with it.

ED: Interesting the painting - it is certainly new to me but I will put it in The REVIEW and see if anyone knows about the history. I wonder if the artist was Wilfrid Fairclough, who although better known for his etchings than oils, was Principle at Kingston College of art: would that fit in with your Pa?

"Yeah...could fit in, as we lived up the road in Wimbledon.....

I have also come across a couple of brochures from the centenary and will photocopy to you."

"BEAUMONT" Churches.

You may recall that in the last Review I mentioned the book "*Fifty Catholic Churches to see before you die"* and I felt that there were various omissions with Beaumont connections which are also worthy of consideration. I start with **RAINHILL: St. Bartholomew.**

Pevsner calls this 'the noblest Catholic church in South Lancashire'. It is a handsome neo-classical building, with an Italianate campanile, which has a splendid classical interior. The church is part of a group which includes the presbytery, school, convent and a large graveyard with a handsome Renaissance-style entrance arch.

The church was built at the expense of Bartholomew Bretherton, the Catholic owner of a very substantial coaching company in the early 19th century. The company's first staging post out of Liverpool was at Rainhill where the Ship Inn now stands.

Bretherton apparently had stabling for 240 horses in this location. In 1824 he bought the manor of Rainhill and built himself a new house across the road from the Ship Inn called Rainhill House (this is now the Jesuit Conference centre and has been re-named Loyola Hall). The church was built 1838-40, and followed by school and convent buildings, all paid for by Bretherton to the designs of Joshua Dawson of Preston (c1812-1856). This church is Dawson's only major recorded work. The building is constructed of locally-quarried red sandstone with roof-coverings of Welsh slate. The body of the church is in the form of a prostyle temple with a hexastyle portico with fluted columns of the Ionic order and a tall central doorway with an eared surround. The south side wall and the eastern apse have closely-set Doric pilasters

without any window openings; the north wall is also blind but without pilasters. Attached by a short two-storey link building at the northeast corner is an Italianate campanile added in 1849, with twin bell openings on each face and a shallow pyramidal roof.

The interior is Basilican in plan and character, with a nave of six bays of Corinthian columns, continued as fluted pilasters round the semi-domed eastern apse, which is divided from the nave by a round arch carried on fluted columns. The nave has a coffered barrel vault with semi-circular lucarne windows, while the side aisles have flat ceilings. To either side of the sanctuary are Classical arcaded screens. The southeast chapel has an elaborate canopy. Western organ gallery, the central section now glazed-in beneath.

For many years the interior had elaborate late Victorian polychromatic decoration; most of this was painted out in a recent redecoration in more neutral colours, but four figures remain in the apse. The interior has been considerably re-arranged. Early 20th century photographs show that there was then a central block of pews. A reordering of 1984 involved the removal of the original organ and the bringing forward of the original altar (much of its original ornament was removed at

the same time). The fittings include three 19th century brasses to members of the Bretherton family, including the donor, Bartholomew Bretherton.

The foundation stone was laid by Bartholomew Bretherton's daughter, Mrs Mary Gerard in April 1838. By the time her father died in 1857, Mary was a wealthy woman. She had been the sole beneficiary of her first husband, William Gerard; had been amply endowed with the residue of the estate of her second husband, Gilbert Stapleton; and was the inheritor of her father's lands and, on the death of her mother, occupied Rainhill Hall (later it became a Catholic retreat centre known as Loyola Hall). In 1866 she acquired her Lackham Manor estate in Wiltshire. She had the means to keep the two mansion houses and estates going, and to give away her home at Ditton Hall, Widnes to the Jesuits in exile from Germany in 1872.

Mary owned mines, quarries, woodlots, farms and their dwellings, and had a financial portfolio of stocks and shares. She was presented to Queen Victoria in 1849 by her sister-in-law, Lady Beaumont. Mary changed her last name to Stapleton-Bretherton by Royal Licence in September 1868 and was made a Marchesa Romana by Pope Pius IX in 1873. She was henceforth known as "Lady Mary " in many quarters. She was known for her endowments to the Roman Catholic Church and had an extensive network of friends, relatives and acquaintances among the Catholic gentry. She made several additions, including the gateway and the surrounding walls, to St Bartholomew's, the church that her father founded.

Mary died of breast cancer in 1883. She would have been a multi-millionairess by today's standards and her will with two codicils was 75 pages long. Her main heir was her first cousin once removed Frederick Annesley Stapleton-Bretherton (1841-1919) whose family then occupied Rainhill Hall as well as property in Hampshire. [1]A condition of Mary's will was that Frederick adopt the name Stapleton-Bretherton. Her Lackham estate was inherited by Sir George Errington, MP for Longford (no relation of Sir John Errington whose wife's jewels were set in the Beaumont monstrance) The Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary and St. Joseph in Aiskew, North Yorkshire, built in 1878 has a memorial window, dating from 1884, to Mary placed by her nephew the Hon. Miles Stapleton (1850–95), who became the 10th Lord Beaumont. (title now incorporated into the Dukedom of Norfolk).

The Beaumont connections to the Rainhill Church are through Mary's heir Frederick whose 5 sons were at the school. Frederick was married to Isabel Petre sister of Lord Petre (72): -

Frederick (92) Cavalry officer and horse breeder. Married to Bertha Stourton (3 brothers 79-92). Parents of Mary who married Colonel Jack Archer-Shee MC (20). Frederick is buried at Rainhill.

Robert (93). Royal Fusiliers KIA Boer War 1902. Memorial Rainhill

Edmond (00). Estate manager and WW1 Remounts officer. Buried Rainhill.

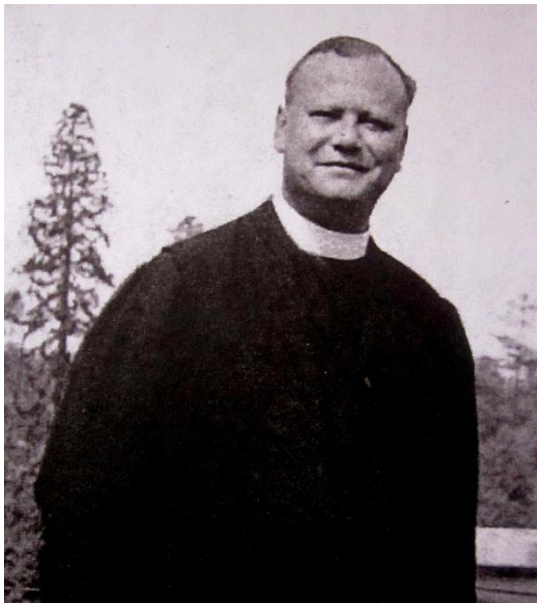
Wilfrid (03) Royal fusiliers WW1. Died of wounds 1914. Memorial Rainhill.

Vincent (08) WW1 Major West Lancashire Regiment. MC. Engineer. Buried Rainhill.

Their sister was Evelyn Princess Blucher who together with her husband is buried in the cemetery. So also, is Vice Admiral Kenneth Dewar (married sister Gertrude) father of Colonel Kenneth CBE (34)

Other sisters include Ethel mother of the four Throckmortons (29 -37).

MASTERS REMEMBERED



Fr Richard Ezechiel (Fr Fizz)

Born 24 August 1911 Died 19 January 1964

Richard Charles Ezechiel was born at Darjeeling, in the north of India. He was educated at Mount St Mary's College (as were his two brothers who survived him) and entered the Society on October 21st 1929. After his noviciate at Roehampton he did two years' juniorate there and then went to Heythrop for philosophy (1933-36). He spent the next four years at Campion Hall, studying mathematics. He took his B.A. in 1940 and proceeded M.A. in 1943. From 1940 to 1942 he taught at Beaumont and then went to Heythrop for theology. He was ordained at Farm Street by the then Archbishop Griffin on September I2, 1945. He taught again at Beaumont 1946-48 and then did his tertianship at St Beuno's. Afterwards he returned to Beaumont and remained there for the rest of his life. Well could Beaumont's Headmaster (Fr Gillick) say in his first 'Report': "With the death of Fr Ezechiel part of the very structure of Beaumont as we all know it has been carried away. He seemed so permanent, so essential, so integral to the place. He was not just a Third Playroom Master: he was a sort of foundation on which the stability of Beaumont could rest. There will be, - there are, as one sees from all the letters that have poured in-literally thousands of boys and men who look back with gratitude to the

self-sacrificing help he gave them and the values he helped to inculcate simply by believing so firmly in them himself . , ."

Fr Ezechiel was a great believer in hard work, and, to quote The Beaumont Review, "no-one could fail to be impressed by the sheer quantity of the work he got through in a day", He did little Sixth Form teaching, but, believing very much "in the value of a class-master who knows a small group of boys well, he took Rudiments A for three subjects and took a mathematics set up to O-Ievel. He was choirmaster and scoutmaster, coached rugby and cricket, ran the Scout Press, was an Assistant District Commissioner of Scouts, was in charge of Third Playroom and the K.B.S. and looked after the Laundry Dormitories, He produced the Lower Line Play each year, while it goes without saying that he found time to give special coaching, to compile the timetable, to give occasional sermons and days of recollection. During the holidays, he ran the Scout camp and gave many retreats.

"Like many men of great activity, he was a man of strong views, and not everyone appreciated the thought and experience which had formed those opinions. Many of those in authority, for example, whether boys or not, were some-times taken aback by the vehemence of his reaction against anything which seemed to him to savour of unfairness or injustice to those under his charge. In recent years it may not have been realized what a difficult struggle he had in his early days to resist and break down a system of privilege which, protected by tradition, could bear heavily and unfairly on those in the junior part of the school. Letter after letter has testified how happy and secure those new to the school felt under his care. His regard for the individual, and belief that sound development could not be hurried, made 'him suspicious of educational planning which would rush a boy through school at great speed. In his own teaching, through all these years, he was content to lay the foundations upon which others were to build.

"Probably the activity which gave him most pleasure was Scouting. He had become interested in this during his studies at Heythrop and valued it very highly as a means of developing initiative and confidence in the individual, as well as a spirit of service. He therefore founded the Scouts at Beaumont in 1941, and there began that series of camps and activities which have continued ever since. He was very touched by the congratulations and gratitude offered to him when the coming-of-age was celebrated in 1962. He was an Assistant District Commissioner, and officials of both the County and the Windsor Association were present at his funeral. 'We have a wonderful last recollection of him, conducting the singing at your camp fire. That will be a memory which is shared by many".

"The account of his activities could continue unendingly. Each will have his own memories: 'My husband and I have vivid memories of him standing by the Laundry Dorm on the first evening of term, comforting anxious parents and inspiring confidence in new boys.' 'I remember how in my first year at Beaumont, he was always there to help and encourage, and in small things, too, he was always sympathetic'. 'His warm smile and radiant Christianity must have greatly influenced

all of those boys whom he taught or supervised. He certainly influenced me, and I shall never forget him.' We are all grateful to have known and worked with a man in a great tradition. His faith was very simple and very strong, his loyalty to the Society of Jesus and his belief in Beaumont, while making him impatient of criticism and slow to welcome change, filled him with a courage, and cheerfulness, a confidence that all would be well if we did our duty wholeheartedly, which restored flagging spirits and brought warmth into the greyest day.

"The numbers of those who came to his funeral was evidence of the respect and affection in which he was held and must have been a great consolation to his mother and his family. As Sir Henry Abel Smith wrote to Fr Sass from Queensland: "The passing to a happier life of Fr Ezechiel leaves a tremendous gap in the lives of the numerous people who were privileged to be his friends. , . . What a tremendous influence for good he exerted on both young and old, "The foundations he has laid in many minds and hearts will carry on his life's work of making this a better, happier place by unselfish service. What a loss to Beaumont and to Scouting'.

A former Rector of Beaumont writes: "Though his life's work was given to Beaumont, he always retained a strong affection for the Mount, and certainly carried through life its strong stamp of robust piety and devotion to Our Lady. He was the only master I have ever known to complain when his time-table was reduced to 28 periods a week: he liked to be fully occupied; perhaps at times he tried to do too much. He had an extraordinary dexterity of tongue that enabled him to recite Latin from the Missal quite distinctly. But faster than many could follow with their eyes. Perhaps he acquired this in singing Gilbert and Sullivan operas at school: he retained a strong attachment to them afterwards as a means of entertainment and of teaching, He once confessed that his trouble in retreat-giving was that by the end of twenty minutes, he had given a three-quarter hour talk. He was a great personal friend to many on the staff at Beaumont, always full of good nature and understanding: he used to 'blow up' a good deal as a younger man, but there was never any resentment left behind, and it meant you could go and blow off steam to him. Of his many accomplishments I would like, and I think he would like me to pick on one. A sixth form boy once said, when the subject was being aired, 'If all masters taught Religious Doctrine like Father Ezechiel, it would present no problem," He taught his boys in Rudiments a vivid personal attachment to Our Lord through knowledge of His life. And this was the driving force in his own."

Fr Ezechiel had put on a great deal of weight during last year and had taken his rugby coaching more easily during the Christmas term, but had been in his usual good form until the last day of the term when he mentioned that was feeling some discomfort in his chest. At tea-time on December 20th he told the Rector that he was feeling considerable pain and the doctor and specialist quickly arrived and a massive coronary was diagnosed. He was anointed and taken to hospital. Next day he had recovered somewhat but was very weak and tired. On the Saturday evening he had another coronary and a third on the Sunday.

During the following week his condition became better, although it was clear that his heart had been badly damaged. Ten days later he began to suffer occasional black-outs, a ‘sign that his heart was finding the strain too much and he was moved from Windsor to the special heart unit at Hammersmith Hospital. His condition remained very serious, although he looked less tired and chatted easily and readily with his mother and brothers and the one or two members of the Community who were allowed to ‘visit him. But, the attacks continued and at about 2.30 a.m, on the morning of January 10th he collapsed and died shortly afterwards. The chaplain was with him. He was buried at Old Windsor on January 15th. Fr Provincial sang the Solemn Requiem, assisted by the Rector of Beaumont and the Headmaster of Mount St Mary’s, and the Rectors of ‘Stonyhurst, Wimbledon, Campion Hall and Stamford Hill were among the Fathers present.

ASTON MARTIN DP214 with a tragic end for an OB.

A remarkable evolution of the DP212 was the Aston Martin DP214 which had everything to achieve: a notable performance at the 1963 24 Hours of Le Mans: an extensive aerodynamic study, highly talented drivers and powerful machinery. Nonetheless, a similar mechanical failure crippled both cars entered despite the efforts of David Brown's men.

Aston Martin designed and developed a sportscar prototype derived from the DB4 GT, insufficiently powerful to achieve an overall victory at the 24 Hours of Le Mans. This was the Aston Martin DP212 which demonstrated as of its first participation at Le Mans promising performances against the Ferrari 330 TR and 250 GTO. Profiting from an exceptional top speed, nearly 300km/h in the Mulsanne Straight, Graham Hill even became leader in the beginning of the race before enduring a series of mechanical issues resulting in retirement after 78 laps. Despite this, the tone was set...

Galvanized by this thunderous premiere, the Aston Martin engineers worked for a year to optimize the aerodynamic performances of the DP212 whose high speed stability was not perfect. Several private test sessions were carried out in preparation for the 1963 24 Hours of Le Mans, without ever really convincing the official drivers, and at the evening preliminaries in April, the decision was made to present two DP214 chassis to the ACO marshals. The cars were assigned to Innes Ireland, Bruce McLaren, William Kimberley and Jo Schlesser.

At the wheel of the 0195 chassis, Bruce McLaren achieved a convincing first stint by occupying 10th place overall (1st GT) before letting Innes Ireland continue the race. For the BRP driver in Formula 1, advancement would take him to sixth place overall before a piston would explode going into the Mulsanne curve after 60 race laps. The disappointment could be felt in the pits, the fastest of the DP214s entered having failed to go any further than the DP212 in 1962...

As to the 0194 chassis, the car was ranked fifth at the eighth hour of the race. The excitement reached its peak when it reached the third step on the provisional podium at 2:00 a.m. on Sunday. The Aston Martin's performance finally seemed to demonstrate a level of reliability. Unfortunately for David Brown and his drivers, a defective piston forced the car to retire in the same manner as its sister had a few hours earlier… the disillusionment was immense!

This was the last appearance of the cars entered by the factory (until the official return in 2005). The rest of the 1963 season included some nice performances by the DP214s at the Guard's Trophy of Brands Hatch, at the Inter-Europa Cup at Monza, and at Montlhéry.

A replica of the 0195 that sold at Bonhams in 1917 for over £ 500,000.

The end of the Aston Martin DP214s' career would be as private title entries in sprint races, notably with the outfit of John Dawnay in 1964 and this is where **Brian Hetreed** enters the story.

Brian was the youngest of three brothers at Beaumont – **Vincent (34)** was a doctor, RAMC in WW2 and a POW on the infamous Siam Railway which he survived. **Michael (36)** was Lt-Colonel in the Royal Tank Regiment and finely **Brian** who left in 1945. We know nothing of what occupation he followed except that he loved Aston Martins and was noted as a talented sports car racing driver. In 1964 he had already won at Silverstone before buying the 0195.

Both 214 cars were entered at the Daytona 500 for the driver line-ups of Brian Hetreed /Chris Kerrison (0195 chassis) and Mike Salmon/Roy Salvadori (0194 chassis). The two cars were forced to retire without really ever threatening the winner a Ferrari 250 GTO (NART). At the 500km of Spa-Francorchamps, Mike

Salmon and Brian Hetreed retired with mechanical issues before tragedy snuffed out the career of a car whose potential was never fully realized.

At the practice for the 1,000km of Nürburgring, Brian Hetreed, owner and driver of the 0195 chassis, lost control of his car in very wet conditions on the Bergwerk curve and was killed in the accident.

The 0195 chassis in the accident at the Ring would eventually be cut up and destroyed on the request of Brian's widow but Its engine found itself in a Zagato DB4GT.

"POOP, POOP" said Toad. (Editor)

Like most small boys in the fifties I loved Grand Prix racing cars and that usually meant you were a fan of Ferrari or Maserati as the marques that dominated at the time. I went for the latter mainly because everyone else enthused about the former. Anyway, thoughts of fast cars were soon replaced by the reality of fast horses.

Many who know me realise how inept I am with what happens under a bonnet, and would have little idea on the cost and complexity of keeping the cheapest of Modena's machines on the road.

“Just don’t,” said the buyer’s guide and it was fairly emphatic, if lacking in detail.

But a Maserati Biturbo looked like a great plaything and was offered to me by a friend who had it in his Classic collection: it was restored to probably a higher standard than the condition when it left the factory. Should I have ignored “Mr sensible” and bought this eighties design with a twin turbo engine and that funky fork on the grill?

The Biturbo was launched in 1981 but it had been rushed to market by Maserati’s owners De Tomaso who were nearly broke and needed the sales. It did sell, but build quality was often faulty. Owners didn’t let turbos cool, so they went bang and even blew up. Maserati took them racing. They were explosively quick. And explosive. Today, none of this really matters. Most classic cars should be inspected by a professional and judged on their condition. Old Maseratis with a reputation for appalling reliability should just be bought blind, regardless of doom-mongers.

If you look what’s under the bonnet: all those hoses and wires. Heaven only knows what half of it does, and it probably needs someone with the divine powers to look after it. Fortunately, I have such a person.

The 1989 222 E coupé, I was offered was a vast improvement on the original Biturbo and has had nearly all the old faults ironed out. This car has all the charms and quirks one gets with Italian exotica: she is over thirty years old and is called Lola. The suede interior is in near perfect condition. On the road, the car can be *ferocious*. Turbo lag lulls you into a false sense of security before all the torque happens, nose raising skywards and watch that rear end on the bends. There is movement in everything from the tall-walled tyres though springy springs and old shocks. All that drivetrain and suspension is transmitted to the driver through the tactile points of that shiny wooden wheel and the squishy seating has been descried as “like sinking into one’s favourite armchair.”. What an experience! I wholeheartedly recommend trying it yourself except there are less than a handful left on the road in this country. This car is a real rarity and for speed and acceleration it has “nothing to prove”.

I have, to this day, never regretted owning my own piece of Modena motoring. I love it for all the right reasons; Because it's beautifully boxy, because it has a bit of a reputation, because of that trident, because it's not German, because it drives like Buckaroo, because it isn't flashy, because of that seemingly ridiculous historic 9 carat gold clock and because I ignored sensible friends. Finely, Because it's an eighties Maserati.

I'm certain there are a good number of other OBs that enjoy Classic Cars – I have previously featured **Anthony Hussey** and his Lancia. Let me know if you have a car of which you are particularly fond.

It is probably a bit late in life to think of forming a club especially as titles such as **The B U Motoring Society (BUMS)** might sum up past experiences and **B U Car Club (BUCCS)** smacks of unbuttoned Armani shirts complete with gold medallion.

In poetic mode I penned a **B U Committee "Motoring Ditty"**

Guy has a silver Royce with racing stripes in black,

JMPW had a rusty one that motored on best cognac,

Floodie has a German 4 x 4 for Chelsea Tarmac,

Richard has gone electric with "positive Irish feedback",

Robert has an original Landy for off the beaten Surrey track,

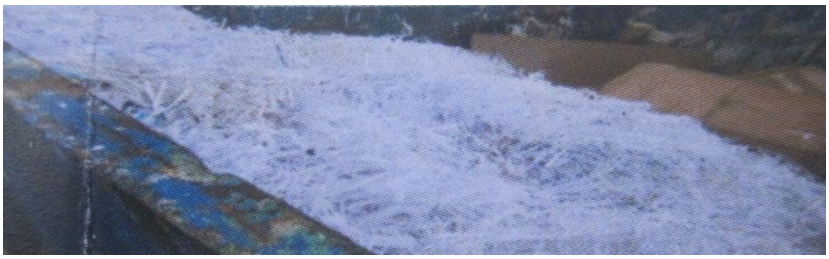
Mandy no longer has

The Bedford Pontiac.

FLOODERAMA

I, probably among many, received the “Flood Round Robin” at Christmas from which I gather that John required a haircut as first lockdown came to an end –

And initially, I thought the next photo was the result of Celia getting busy with the shears -



However, it turned out to be all the shredded records of John’s Office life (courtesy of Celia.)

John has also completed a huge project on the **Tolhurst family Tree** that has been waiting since the Centenary of the Northfleet Church (**G Gilbert Scott**) a couple of years ago. The Church was built in Memory of John’s great grandparents – Alfred and Sarah who sent all their sons to Beaumont. Indeed, there are 26 named Tolhursts in the Centenary lists. All told there are 530 descendants on both the male and female lines (at present counting).

Further to this, I was informed that one of my family photographs was the subject of discussion on the weekly Flooderama Zoom and I reproduce it as it has many OB connections:-

The photo was taken at The Dorchester 1932, I believe on the occasion of the engagement of Dorothy (Dot) Outred (seated centre) to **Peter Monro (29)** kilted. Peter was Captain of the School and Boats and an Army Boxer at Sandhurst, he was commissioned in the Seaforths but died a year after this party of pneumonia at Aldershot. His elder brother **Eric (27**) went from Sandhurst to 6th Ghukhas but died of appendicitis at Rwalpindi in 1937. Following Peter's death Dot married **John Tolhurst (25)** father of **Wilfrid (62) and Philip (67)** and their daughter Susanna married **Brigadier Desmond Ryan (44)**.

Others in the photo left to right standing: Pat McNally (Stonyhurst) married Mary Outred (boys went to Stonyhurst including motor racing millionaire Paddy). **Francis (Frank) Outred (24)**, Lawyer and MD Measures Bros. (Editor's Grandfather's Firm), father of **Simon (54)** Solicitor, **Charles (59)** Open scholarship to Trinity Cambridge and **Tony (60)** dealer in antiquities. **Tom Outred (28)** Rugby player and boxer, Guy's and RAMC. Father of **James (51)** who caused untold damage in the science wing with an unplanned explosion, Guy's and GP in Canada. Henry Wilkinson (Stowe) served with **P M Roddy** in the Cheshires WW2. His brother, Freddy "Wilkie" Wilkinson. father of **Mike (53)** soldier 9/12L, **Christopher (54)** wine merchant married Hilary, sister of **Roger Unwin (49). Richard (62)** soldier RHG/D. **Robert (62)** soldier 11H/RH and your Editor.

Seated from Left: **Charles Outred (29)** not in the Lists, but boxing Colour. GP and RAMC. (considered a "black sheep"). Dot and Peter, Kit Wilkinson (Editor's mother, born Measures) and Edward Cadic (Ampleforth).

Absent was **Francis (Toby) Gilbert (28):** he was my grandmother's ward and sent by her to Beaumont. Toby's father, my grandmother's brother and also that of May Outred (mother of those in the photo) had eloped with one of the parlour maids from the family home to Canada. Toby was brought up with my mother – he later made a great deal of money and lived in the Cayman Isles.

I don't imagine that "Floodie" explained all this to a probably bewildered Class of '60.

End to Confusion?

"Jill Paton Walsh, Lady Hemingford died in October which has probably eased the life of the wife of our Vice-President".

I hasten to add that her demise means that **JMPW's** wife Jill will no longer be pestered for autographs and questioned about her next Literary "oeuvre".

The first mentioned Jill (though born Gillian) married **JMPW's** elder brother **Antony (55)** in 1960. Both were Oxford graduates – Jill, English Literature at St Anne's. Antony Classics at Exeter. "Married alive" she turned to writing children's books as well as bringing up a son and two daughters. Jill and Antony parted in 1986, the same year she wrote "*Lapsing"* a novel about Catholic University students. Antony died in 2003.

All told she wrote about twenty-five children's books and a dozen for adults including a detective series .Her "*Knowledge of Angels"* a medieval philosophical novel was shortlisted for the 1994 Booker Prize. The book received mixed to positive reviews:- "an exquisitely mounted, immaculately designed fable". "Contrived, often describing an idealised world but with luminous moments quite outside the normal run of contemporary fiction, this is a serious children's book for adult readers, and none the worse for that".

The journalist Jan Moir once observed that Jill's no-nonsense "leader of the local Brownie pack" appearance belied a "volcanic love-life". In the 1970s she fell deeply in love with John Rowe Townsend, another children's author but refused to leave Antony for some years until her younger daughter had turned 18.

She and Townsend finally married in 2004 after Antony's death. She was devastated when Townsend died in 2014, but found renewed happiness with the journalist and peer Nick Herbert, the 3rd Lord Hemingford. Their wedding was broadcast on YouTube, with family members around the world attending virtually via Zoom on a big screen. Jill was made a CBE in 1996.

60 YEARS AGO.

The Easter Term.

Ex Cathedra:

There was a Shrovetide Barbecue in The Ambulacrum run over two nights complete with skiffle band. The magnum of champagne was won by one of the boys who immediately broached it with his friends, the number of whom turned out to be flatteringly high.

Fr Bamber gave again the Retreat for the senior boys at Downside (popular request).

Michael Bush and his Neri Orchestra gave a concert during the term.

Rhetoric Guests included Harry Hewett Esq, Professor Lewes, Mr and Mrs Carr-Jones, Brigadier Sir Geoffrey Hardy- Roberts, Master of the Household. Brigadier Edmund Peter Paton-Walsh Governor of Wandsworth Prison.

The Qoudlibetarians welcomed Dr Graham Weddell of Oriel, Oxford to talk on Brain -Washing.

Beaumont has been spruced up for the Queen's visit in May. This includes the re-painting of The White House and Infirmary wing. New crimson damask wall paper in the Lower line Refectory, The Hall and the new classrooms in the Old community wing (with their distractingly taking views of the lawns).

Group 11 French had a talk from M Stuart de la Mahotiere from the French Embassy on "Current affairs in France". (Ed: he later wrote the Book: *Towards One Europe)*

The Music Society went to Covent Garden for the Ballet and saw : *Les deux Pigeons and Veneziana.*

Kevin McArdle, Michael Marshall and Julian Murphy left at Christmas.

THE B U Play. - Treasure Island.

WHAT kind of a play makes a Centenary Play? To present something tragic or over-serious goes against the prevailing mood of jollification, and yet among comedies it is hard to pick out any that seems specially made for special occasions. The Beaumont Union in this year of years chose well with Treasure Island: good swashbuckling fun with plenty of colour and spectacle; romping and (snarling pirates

much in evidence, who summed up very appropriately the energy and youthful enterprise that always goes into the B.U.'s Shrovetide Play.

This was their 78th. These annual presentations started in 1877, and have only failed to turn up during the years 1940-46. How they have managed to get together from umpteen districts and walks of life, decide on a play, practice it at somebody's home in the evenings, come to Beaumont for one weekend of late nights on the stage, and turn out a first-class play on the Tuesday-for 78 years is a mystery. The result must be something unique. A among Old Boys' Unions for loyalty and devotion, and I hope we shall always be sincerely grateful.

There were thirty in the cast and the play was produced by Harry and Chris Hewett (taking a break from his Hollywood commitments.)

Public Schools Speaking Competition.

A Regional round of the PSSC was held at Beaumont between two representatives of Eton, Bradfield and Beaumont. Having been entertained to lunch (from which they suffered no ill-effects) Eton and Bradfield went first on the motion "This House considers that the future of Britain lies in Europe". This was followed by Beaumont (Morris and Haddon) taking on another Beaumont pair (Glennie and Palmer) Apparently ,for reasons unclear, a 4th school could not be found to partake. The motion was "That this House considers that the study of History is beneficial to Modern Society". At the end of the debate the Judges couldn't come to conclusion so one from each school should "Debate off" on the motion that ": This House considers that the press should be muzzled" Haddon represented Beaumont. At the end the close verdict went to Eton. (Eton's main speaker was one Jonathan Aitken, later disgraced Government Minister and now Anglican clergyman).

The Boxing Team.

Addison, Rogers, Marr, Lorant, Covernton, Thompson, Sheehan, Richardson.

Hinds, Creek, Chamberlain, McCaffray, Marshall.

Scott, Leggett, Steele.

Guy emulated his father who was Captain of Boxing in ’36 (But also of the School and Cricket).

It was another successful season in the Beaumont tradition. Results :-

Win Eton 5 -3,

Win Dulwich 7-0

Win Merchant Taylors 5-4

Win Epsom 7-1

However, the Juniors lost Gordon Boys 8-2 and Wellington 7-1.

SEVENS

The Reading Under 16 Tournament.

Our “A” team beat Reading in round 1 and 2, then E P Colliers, and Windsor Grammar in the final to win the READING STANDARD TROPHY. The CARMEN coming up the drive!

TEAM: Riodan, Keogh, O’Driscoll, Sheehan, Webster-Hall, de Lisle and Covernton.

Squash:

Captain J Murphy, Vice K McArdle, Hon Sec R Johansen.

Won 5 lost 3 – a fairly successful season .**The Ed notes that Hinds played well with both racket and words and as Johansen will be the only member of the team for next year "No great things can be expected!"**

B U news

Engagements: Richard Walmsley- Cotham (33), Anthony Russell (51) – Son current Lord Mayor of London, Sir Richard Barrow Bt, Clive (Dougie) Barr (54).

Weddings. Prince Guardino Rospigliosi (56), William Rigby (54) Anthony Thompson (55), Dominic Hunt (originally Pole) (54).

Births, Boys to John Martin (36), William Quine (48). Beric Raymond-Barker, Anthony Beeley (43), Michael Burgess (46), Basil Berkeley (43), John Harden (51), Lawrence Redmond Roche (28).

Girls to Vincent Hetreed (34), Sir Christopher Nixon Bt (36), Alex Waterkyn (40), David Peppercorn (50), Michael Russell (41), John Joss (50), John Schulte (52).

Deaths; Brigadier Cyril Murphy DSO MC (98), Captain James Stevens (97), Lt-Colonel William Haskett-Smith Late Ulster Rifles.

Courtney Anecdotes.

Nigel writes: -

I've been enjoying a good long read of your Winter Review – a pleasure saved for a rainy/snowy day straight after erecting a roost/nestbox in the hope that some local wrens will take up residence.

As usual, this Review is a fascinating bricolage of history and news. And it's kind of you to mention our 2021 BUGS dates (and some of my musings).

Reading the anecdotes of contemporaries reminded me that during 1962/3 I was secretary of Beaumont's Quodlibertarian Society. We held our monthly meetings in Ouzeley Lodge (also the venue for our ballroom dancing lessons by the sister of bandleader Victor Sylvester). It was a struggle to master an ancient typewriter to post calls, send out invitations and record the minutes.

(**Ed: Gwen Silvester was the youngest woman to be elected President Of The National Association of Teachers of Dancing; You should have won "Strictly" with her tuition**))

I recall that one of the guest speakers I was able to attract was Dr MacCarthy Willis-Bund, Dean of Baliol College Oxford. He was a very liberal Anglican cleric - for

example: he interceded for his student Howard Marks, who went on to become a notorious drug smuggler. The good Dean brought a suitcase full of Balliol's priceless silverware – some extremely old - and regaled us with its provenance and significance.

If I had hoped to gain a shortcut to Balliol I was sadly mistaken and had to settle for Manchester's School of Mechanical, Aerospace and Civil Engineering. But this had its compensations - one Saturday hop at the student's union featured the Beatles on the ground floor and simultaneously the Rolling Stones on the first. A quick way to learn decision-making … although sadly I can't remember now which I attended.

Your dedicated hard work on the Review inspired me to scour Courtney Towers for some photos that I thought might interest you. I think I may have given prints of some to Guy Bailey about 10 years ago but I don't think they've been used to date. Anyway, I'm sending you some scans.

Firstly, two photos of the school play in about 1959. Robert, I can't see you among this motley crew but if you have copies of the original Beaumont Reviews it may be possible to track down name the show, and the cast. Here are some clues: in the scene shot, Nick Hinds is the guide, perhaps with Darby beside him. I think that's Roger Johansen on the right, with Hilary Synnott (or is it Philip Stevens?). Could that be Charlie Poels with the pipe? I portrayed the governess and one of my charges is Johnny Cargin. In the shot of the cast I think Spade Grant is sporting the walrus moustache. That might be Paul Burrough next to Joey and Michael Tussaud third from right.

(Ed: My talents were never recognised and I didn't appear in any play during my time at Beaumont – nor was I invited to write for the Panto, but as seen in "Not the BU REVIEW have made up for it since. **The Play was Lower Line 1959 "Damsel in Distress".**

FROM The REVIEW;

Hay and P. G. Wodehouse together were bound to give us an amusing evening and so it proved. Lower Line showed this year that younger boys are capable of some good character acting, but can also do straight parts convincingly.

George Bevan (Roger Johansen) pursued his damsel in distress with such success that he won her in the end despite the 'rival charms' of the gluttonous Austen Gray (F. Gould-Marks), whose aplomb in eating must be virtually unrivalled on the Beaumont stage. The damsel herself Lady Maud Marsh (Paul Burrough) contrived to be feminine without being coy, no easy matter.

There was an excellent performance by R. Wilkinson-Latham as Lord Marshmoreton, a noble, blustering gardener, nagged by his masterful sister Lady Caroline (terrifyingly portrayed by Drostan Stileman - he might have had a curtain to himself!) and finally her clutches for the arms of Billie Dove (Hilary Synnott) who managed to convey her mature charms admirably. The staff of the Castle, particularly Keggs (Nicholas Hinds) had obviously spent much time in the Servants' Hall, and can apply for jobs as high-class domestics any day.

Reggie Higgins (M. Tussaud) had clearly swopped his mother's domination for the bossiness of his bride Alice (M. Ohly). Both parts were well done, but their future of 'Cathedrals and Cocoa' sounded dreary in the extreme.

Mac (M. Lake) and Percy (R. Stowell) were quite polished character parts, while the guests and trippers all contributed to a generally strong cast. Finally let us not forget Miss Mould (J.Towsey), the epitome of teashop respectability.

The sets were as well designed and con-structed as usual. Make up, and costumes were well up to standard even if Billie Dove appeared to feel the cold rather less than the others. Perhaps her new husband will buy her a fur coat!

Once again Fr Ezechiel found the right cast for the right play, and we hope we were the right audience."

Nigel continues - Gosh, it is shocking to see how many are no longer with us. Later I became a stagehand, creating props and painting scenery. The Green Room was a very good wheeze because no-one in authority ever bothered us. We could rush there during lesson breaks and make good use of the splendid toaster that someone had left.

In 1961 and 1962 I joined the script-writing team for the annual Pantomine – I think with guidance from an uncharacteristically patient Fr Hanschel. We would plagiarise a traditional panto with the aim of mentioning everyone who would be leaving that year and include 'in jokes' about the Jays and lay teachers. It was huge fun. One year we even managed to insert a scene in which 'Ape' Davis (an accomplished guitarist) sang a Johnny Cash song.

You probably have team photos of the 1962 1st VIII and the 1962/3 1st XV … but, just in case, I'm attaching scans

Courtney Coleman Covernton

Burrough Lake. Johansen Hinds Agnew

Cargin

J. HICKS
K. RIORDAN
A. KEOGH
F. O'DRISCOLL
R. FETTES
N. COURTNEY
R. J. JOHANSEN
M. WEBSTER-HALL
F. M. GOULD-MARKS
B. BELL
C. W. KELLY
A. P. DE LISLE
G. GREEN
P. COVERNTON
G. GRANT
A. MARR
R. SHEEHAN

As you'll see, I was in both teams. I was hopeless at cricket so became a 'wet bob'. In Henley's Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup the 1962 team lost to Radley, who went on the win that year. But as we had broken Beaumont's Henley course record (which still stands), Tony Scott and skipper Roger Johansen awarded Colours to the whole crew. A few years ago, when Paul Burrough was chairman of the annual dinner, he asked his fellow crew members to stand up and be recognised. Astonishingly, the entire crew was there, except for Mark Lake who wasn't able to travel from France.

The photo of the rugby team identifies all members. I can't remember now how successful we were but the coach rides to away fixtures were certainly memorable for the boisterous singing. When we played Eton, I was surprised to learn that there were no changing rooms for visiting teams. As we disembarked from our coach, each was met by their opposite number and shown to their room to change. My oppo

greeted me with: “How do you do, my name is Wake; I’m descended from Hereward the Wake.”

(**Ed:** The team was described as disappointing: a Lady on the touchline during the Wellington Match turned to her companion **“My Dear, I don’t think that Beaumont intend to score today”.** The Wake remark reminds me of the canine equivalent at Crufts – The Pedigree hound introduced himself as “Hallo, I’m Phydau, I have had a First, two Seconds and a highly commended.” To which the Scruff replied “ Well, I’m Fido and I have had a Fuck, two Shits and highly enjoyed it”.)

Herewith an aerial photo of Beaumont. Doesn’t the place look glorious! And in apple-pie order.

The back of the photo notes that it was taken by Aerofilms Ltd of Elstree and that I paid five shillings for it! I guess it must have been taken in late 1961 because the New Wing is clearly completed. The Chapel, War Memorial and Ambulacrum are

well-defined, the Captain's Lawn is immaculate and the specimen tress are impressive. Further afield you can see the Laundry Dorm, Fr Ross's vegetable gardens, the cattle in the front park and there is a glimpse of the Thames and Runnymede.

How privileged we were. (Ed: see "Not the BU Review for a take on this)

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO…….

Mark Ormerod (65)

Mark Ormerod

Mark is a Director of Strabens Hall, having previously joined as a Non-Executive Director and Member of the Board, from 2011 to 2019.

Having served as an officer in the Irish Guards Mark went on to work in the financial services industry, specialising in the areas of financial planning and asset management for a number of firms at director level prior to setting up his own company Hill Martin Limited in 1981.
After the sale of Hill Martin to Duncan Lawrie Private Bank in 2007 he remained on the Board of Duncan Lawrie before joining Strabens Hall as an Non-Executive Director.

Mark now continues to work in areas of business development and client account management.

Ed: I saw him in Boodles a few years ago but have heard nothing since.

MILITARIA.

Passing intertest in those that went into the Army after the War (rather than National Service) and I came across Three who eventually found themselves in The Royal Anglian Regiment: this might be described as a conglomeration of Regiments

starting with the Bedfordshires, Hertfordshires and Essex in the South to Lincolnshire in the North, Leicestershire and Northamptonshire in the West as well as the obvious Norfolks and Suffolks. Seeking information, I contacted **Gilbert Conner (56)** who although a Royal Fusilier also served with the Anglians. This rather like the BU opened up a forum in which various retired Anglians joined in and I gleaned the following:

Jeremy Frere (49) was the younger brother of **Adrian (46)** and they had an extraordinary international background. Their grandparents were born in the Cape Colony and went to farm in India where the Grandfather became a C of E vicar and moved to New Zealand where the boys' father was born. The Family then moved to Syria and finally England where he served as a Chaplain in the first War. His Elder son Jaspar, the boys' father, was commissioned in the Suffolk Regiment and was awarded an MC and then a DSO in that war, rose to Brigadier, commanded a Brigade and awarded an OBE in WW2. His younger brother went to Canada and became Assistant Commissioner of the RCMP and their sister married a German in China before eventually settling in New York. So, following his father's footsteps Jeremy was commissioned into the Suffolks (The Old Dozen) where the last commanding officer prior to amalgamation with the Norfolks (The Holy Boys) in 1959 was **Lt- Colonel Kenneth Dewar of the Ilk and Vogrie (34).** The last news I had of Jeremy was that he was a Company Commander in Celle, West Germany in 1966 with the 1st Bn The Royal; Anglians (now The Vikings) Described in the "forum"" as a proper officer and gentleman, he nevertheless fell foul of his CO the future formidable General "Guts" Creasey who happened to be a Norfolk!

Robin Drummond with Miss "Pompadour"

Next up for discussion was **Robin Drummond (54)** elder brother of **Colin (56)** now retired dental surgeon and yachtsman (more about Colin in the Summer Review). Robin went to Sandhurst and was commissioned as a Lincoln (The Poachers). In 1973 he was a Company Commander with the 2nd Bn of the Anglians (still the Poachers) in the Bogside of Londonderry at the start of the so called "Troubles".at

the end of his tour he was awarded an MBE. In 1979 he was back again in the Bogside this time as Commanding Officer of the 3rd Bn (The Pompadours) and was awarded an OBE. I have to say that it is a remarkable and fairly unique to have been so honoured on two tours. Last heard of Robin was that he was Defence Attache in Prague as a full Colonel.

Finally, There was **Michael O'Meara (55)** whose father was a surgeon in Bury St Edmunds. He too went to Sandhurst and naturally opted for the 1st Bn on commissioning in 1960, but with the amalgamations found himself with the 3rd Bn (the old Beds, Herts and Essex). For whatever reason he resigned his commission 18 months later. Michael's mother was Joan Ridley, British Tennis Player of the Twenties and Thirties.

A semi finalist at Wimbledon and the US Championships: she was Ladies Covered Court Champion.

What Michael did in later life I have no idea. Perhaps a contemporary can enlighten me.

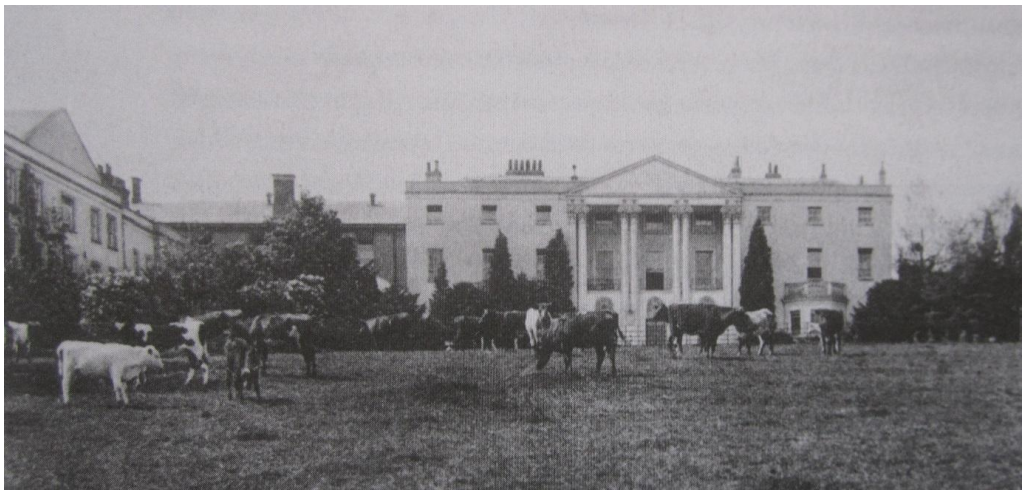
EARLY DAYS

In The Last REVIEW I had some correspondence with Jaime Arireta- Rossi concerning his grandfather's time at Beaumont and the following is the information I sent him about life at the school during that time in the 1870s

Beaumont founded 1861by the Jesuits to provide a school close to London convenient for both the sons of the Diplomatic Corps as well as the sons of British well- to- do Catholics. It grew rapidly and by the time your grandfather arrived there were over 100 boys. Still it was only 15 years after opening and it was not until the first visit by Queen Victoria in 1882 that its prestige grew to be considered the "Catholic Eton". Conditions in those early days were fairly basic but for all that the

education provided was to produce some remarkable people which it continued to do up until its closure.

Your grandfather, at the age of 10 would have been placed in the Preparatory department for his first two years and would have been housed in the school's main building known as The White House. Even in those early days, boys came from around the world including Australia India and the Americas and those without family or friends in England would stay at the school during the holidays where, apparently they were well entertained. I find it interesting that parents from such far flung parts would send their sons to such a recently established school with little academic reputation.



1880

Masters and Staff

Fr Thomas Welsby Rector 1871 -77 organised the year into 3 terms and the Easter Holiday and reduced the number of holidays including "Lame-Leg Day" at Whitsun to honour the wound of St Ignatius at Pampeluna. The Battle of Beaumont took place between the combined forces of Rhetoric and Syntax against Poetry. He built a new

wing and the White House became the Prep, school. He is also remembered for endorsing “Moule’s Patent Earth Closets as used at Beaumont” in the press.

Fr Francis Cassidy Rector 1877- 84 He built the swimming pool and welcomed Queen Victoria on her first visit 1882 followed by Prince Leopold and the Princess Helen of Albany. 1883 London University Matriculation Exams introduced. Association football replaced the Beaumont Grand Matches.

Sciences were taught from 1869 under Prof. Frederick Barff, Chemist, inventor and decorative artist. .

A caricature of Professor Balfe that appeared in Punch 1882. He was the inventor of the method of rust-proofing cast iron and the antiseptic Boro-glycerine.

The schools best known and loved Matron was Mrs Hatcher who arrived in April 1862 and served for thirty years: she was presented with a silver tea Service by the Beaumont Union when declining strength forced her retirement. She was known for her “black draught”, “pepsine and aloes” and her “port wine” for sore throats that apparentley burnt well when put on the fire.

Sgt Thornber Gymnastic and fitness Master

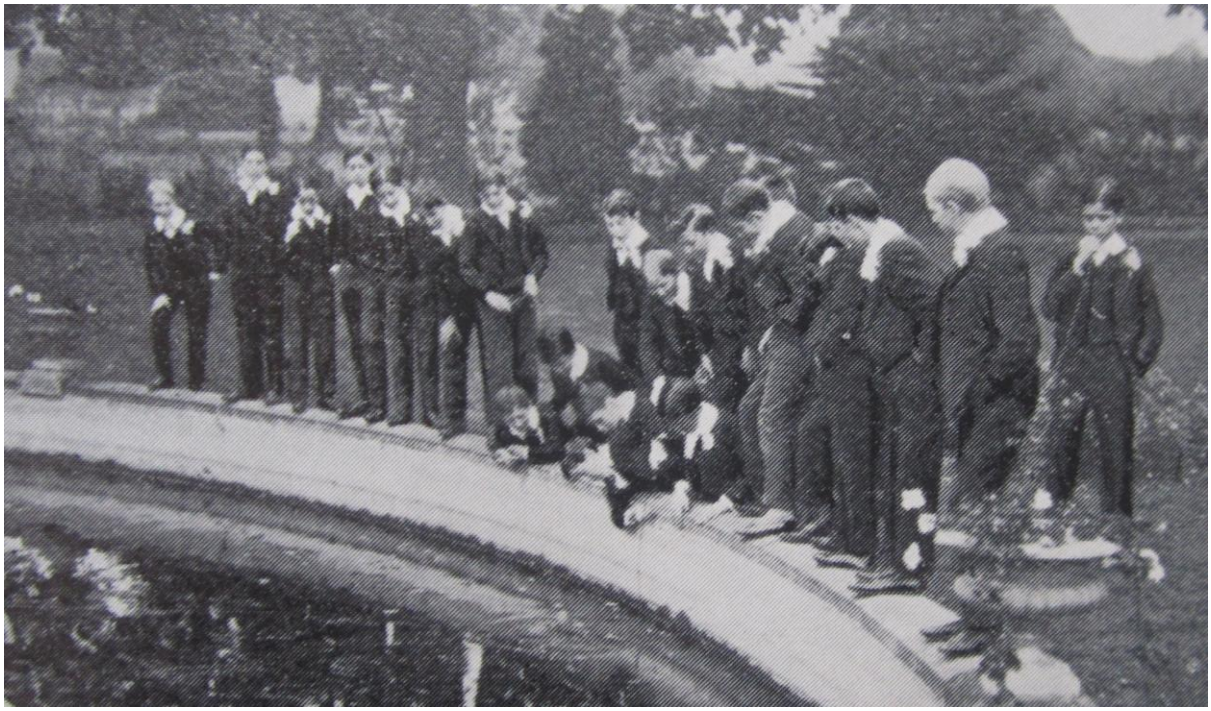
He enlisted in the Coldstream Guards 1858, and became a Staff instructor in Gymnastics and Fencing in 1870. He was employed at Beaumont in 1872 whilst still

in the army coming over twice a week. In 1880 he became full time living in the lodge at the front gate. He oversaw the building and equiping of the Gymnasium at the school and throughout his service not a single boy received serious injury. He retired in 1907.

The Music and Choir master was Samuel Smith, a composer in his own right, he was a chorister in the Chapel Royal, singing at the coronation and the funeral of King William IV before becoming master at Beaumont in 1861 a post he held for 40 years.

Recollections of the 1870s by an OB

I went to 'Beaumont Lodge,' as it was then called after the Christmas vacation, which in those days lasted for three weeks and three weeks only, and therefore about the middle of January. For some reason on this occasion three extra days were added to the Christmas holiday, and of this fact my father was not informed, and so he brought me to Beaumont three days too soon. He did not think it worth- while to take me back with him and therefore I was left behind when he. I returned to London. I soon met the four boys who had spent the vacation at School, two in the Higher Line and two in the Lower Line. I remember that one of the boys by name FiLOSE (son of Sir Michael from India and long since dead I believe),was terribly disfigured by the small pox which was then rife in England. I was entrusted to the particular care of a small boy called POETT from San Francisco (now Major-Gen. J. H.Poett, C.B.), for what was known as Walking-out days, a period of. Three days during which neither party could do any wrong, and the new boy was shown about the house and grounds and instructed by his mentor in all the rules and regulations of the School. As no conveyances could be got at any other place than Windsor everyone was directed to make for that place and so get himself and his luggage to Beaumont, for there were no such things as College Carts, and every boy had to bring his trunks with him to the hall door where they were at once seized and searched for contraband, among which Literature of every kind was reckoned. I have still got some very pious books which I was not allowed to have till they had been passed by the Spiritual Father and stamped with a large 'Beaumont.' Driving over from Windsor to Beaumont on a short winter afternoon, I remember it was getting dark, the ground was covered with snow and it was very cold. The drive. from the gate Lodge to the front door is steep now, but it was much worse when I first knew it, and about half-way up the traces of our fly (type of carriage) broke ! When we got to the top of the hill the language of that cabby was so dreadful that the Rector, who had come down stairs to receive us, was perfectly aghast and gave orders on the spot to have the drive lowered; in consequence the road was sunk to its present level. It will be noticed that it runs between steep banks.



Junior boys known as Third Playroom

Various Memories

Packing up Day.—This was a joyful event at the end of term. On that day alone talking in the dormitory was allowed. As a rule nothing might be kept in the Dormitory. All clothes except the ones we were actually wearing, were stored for us and the ‘same with linen and boots. On Wednesday ‘and Saturday night each boy found on his bed a clean towel in which was wrapped one pair of socks, one collar and one pocket handkerchief (in addition, on Saturday night a clean day and night shirt - pyjamas were not invented). More than that it was not thought possible that any boy could want, but on ‘Packing up Day,’ in addition. To our trunks all our possessions were found heaped on our beds, and we had to transfer them to the trunks; this generally consisted. in pitching everything, boots, books, clothes, linen, etc., into the trunk and then sitting on the lid to make it close. It seemed delightfully simple but we managed to make the operation last quite a long time.

Tearing up Day.-This also a joyous event before the School broke up and was prepared for long in advance. When in the Study place for the last time we used to tear up and throw down on the ground all used copy books, etc. But in addition to this, for some weeks before, all paper we get hold of was torn up into small pieces and carefully stored in empty desks, this being scattered about on ‘Tearing up Day,’ made quite a respectable mess all over the floor. I fancy some unsympathetic Prefect got to know of this little ceremony and had the desks cleared before ‘Tearing up Day,’ and the custom died out,

The Grand Academy.-This was once a year, *viz.*at Midsummer, and a very solemn event it was. I remember it used to be held under the oak in the woods, but the difficulty of hearing in the open air and the risk of a wet day caused this to be given up. As I said, the Academy was a very solemn event Latin and Greek figured largely in it: some learned professor in the audience would tell the wretched boy who was standing on the platform, to turn to such and such a page of the Author (Latin or Greek), and begin to translate at such and such a line ; he would then examine him, asking him to parse various words and phrases. It was all very boring and nobody understood much about it. After the Academy was over every boy was at liberty to leave and go home.

Reading in the Refectory.—For some time after I went to Beaumont the: Community used to take their meals with the boys, afterwards they had their own separate room. Reading in the Refectory before both the Community and the other boys was a serious affair and required a loud voice in order to be heard in the large room. It was in my time that the reading of the names of persons and places in the Roman Martyrology by the boys being so utterly unintelligible, a long-suffering Minister transferred the reading of it to one of the Community as is done to-day.

The Ground has been set out for a "Grand Match "- Beaumont Football with rules dating from the exiled Jesuits at St Omer in the 18th cent: it was also played at Stonyhurst and similer to those at Harrow, Winchester and Eton. The Goal posts were 25 ft high and placed 7ft apart and the pitch 70 ft. There was no limit to players, no off-side and poachers allowed. The Ball was kicked or "boxed" but could be forced into the opponents' goal in a "squash" similar to scrum with the defenders in a like compact body pushing against them. A draw was not allowed so the first goal scored counted only as a half.

The Grand Matches were played at Shrovetide with the final on Shrove Tuesday. Not only boys played but the masters and any OB who was present. The first Match decided who would play as "The English" victors and "The French" losers. Before each match the English gathered to sing God save The Queen" at one end of the playroom gallery while the French sang the Marseillaise at the other. A cannon shot started the game which lasted 2hours with another shot at each half-hour. At the end the National flag of the victor flew with the loser's at half-mast. The teams marched back to school to their national anthems with the vanquished first. The Last Match was played in 1892.

Football.-Football in my time was played on gravel. It was a sort of Association game with special rules which were read out by the Prefect in the Study Place at the be-ginning of the Football Season. Beyond a-pair of thick boots no change was made in our ordinary dress, coats were not allowed to be taken off, sweaters or shorts or anything of the kind were undreamt of. Nobody seemed to think it necessary to wash, even his hands, after a strenuous game. One would have thought that under the circumstance the matches must have been rather tame affairs but they were by no means so in reality. At first there were only two playgrounds and two matches, that of the Higher Line and that of the Lower Line, the result being that

the small boys stood about, afraid to play with the certainty of being knocked down if they did. Afterwards the boys of the Third Playroom had a play-ground and football match to themselves. 'The Grand Matches marked the end of the football season. They were looked upon as very important events. At dinner every boy who had taken a goal got a glass of wine, it was the duty of the Captain of the respective sides to point out who had qualified for this. I fear, among the small boys many were allowed to get goals rather easily but the dispenser of the wine was liberal, and only demurred if the number of the boys who had taken goals was impossibly numerous.

Cricket.-The Cricket field at Beaumont is perhaps the best private one in England. It was much enlarged in my time and has been again extended in the direction of the ' Beeches.

Other Games.—Between the Cricket arid the Football Seasons, Rounders and Band (a sort of Hockey) was played, but in my time I think that most of the other games were dying out. 'I only remember playing Prisoner's Base a. 'few times when some of the small boys were taken by one of the Masters for a walk to 'The Beeches. Warning was a game. played after supper in summer when the light was too uncertain for cricket. Many of the boys amused themselves at this recreation by catching stag beetles, a large handsome insect very common at Beaumont. They were taken to a desk in the Study. 'Place and there fed on beer and meat, surreptitiously brought from the Refectory, with. The idea of making the unfortunate creature strong and able to fight his neighbours in the adjoining desk. With the exception of the Sodality (for. the. Higher Line only) there were no societies or clubs of any kind: Fighting was allowed or at least winked at, afterwards but later forbidden. I fancy there was not much 'malice in the fights but the natural exuberance of boys is probably better provided for now by Boxing.

School Life - The life of a schoolboy those many years ago was much more Spartan in its character than it is now, and Beaumont was no exception to the rule. To begin with that delightful half-way house called the 'Preparatory School' did not exist (St. John's was not built till long after I left). The result was that a boy who had not been to a day school found himself taken straight from the nursery into all the rigours of a public school as it existed then. In my own case I suppose l had never seen an uncarpeted room still less lived in one before I went to Beaumont. Hot water was unknow 'except in the case of the four or five baths - we had a hot bath about once a term in the cold weather, in the summer we bathed in the river when the water was not over the bathing platform, it often was, and then the order was given, 'No bathing to-day.' Central heating had not come in and hot water pipes the least, very inefficient; the only warming a large room had was from an open fire place, and I can remember that we new boys in the Third Playroom never got near it or even had a look at the fire which was monopolised by the (to us) bad big boys. Out of doors, no matter how cold it might be, the unwritten law, which no one dare break, prescribed that great coats were effeminate and strictly forbidden. In the matter of food and drink, besides breakfast, dinner and supper, when the food was

wholesome but decidedly very plain, ‘ bread and beer” at 5 p.m. was the only other thing partaken of consisted of one glass of {very small) beer and a piece of dry bread. Soup at 11 a.rn. was only introduced just before I left. Still, for all that we were a healthy set. There was no such thing as an isolation House and apparently no need for one. During all the years I was at Beaumont we were always hoping that an epidemic of. ‘some mild disease would interrupt the ordinary routine of the School and perhaps oblige \is to be sent home, but nothing of the sort ever happened, Even the animals shared in this Spartan. severity. I remember one day meeting well-known Brother Barnes accompanied as usual by ‘Juno,’ the College dog, a disreputable but no doubt healthy animal, looking more disreputable than ever. I asked. Br. Barnes when he fed Juno? ‘’ Mostly Wednesdays,’ he replied.

People of note that were at Beaumont with Arrieta:-

Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, Secretary of State to Pius X

Marques Alphonso Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador to London.

Pemartin Bothers, Sherry producers Jerez.

Thomas Osborne, Sherry producer Jerez.

Duke de Stacpoole Irish landowner.

Claude Lindsay, Privy Chamberlain to three Popes.

Marques de Larios, Spanish landowner.

Hon Sir Charles Russell Bt , Solicitor to King Edward VII

Henri Brennier, French delegate League of Nations and International drugs Committee.

General Sir George MacDonogh. Head of Intelligence WW1 and Adjutant-General.

Hon James O’Beirne, British Minister who first proposed a Jewish homeland.

Duke de Santona, Spanish grandee who introduced polo to Spain.

Louis Quesnil, French politician and Secretary to the Senate.

Thomas Woodlock, founder and Editor Wall Street Journal.

Hon Samuel Uppington, South African Politician and lawyer.

Brigadier General Costello, awarded Britain’s highest award for Valour -The Victoria Cross.

Percy O’Reilly, Olympic silver medallist for polo.

Lord Russell of Killowen, English Law Lord and Justice of Appeal.

WILTON CARPETS

John Marshall came across the Wilton Carpets Website where they advertise that they provided “their best quality” to de Vere Beaumont:-

Quality probably but taste……

Philip Stevens continues his Memoire.

Chapter 3- Reposing Especial Trust and Confidence Wording from the Document of the Queen’s Commission

Officer Cadet Stevens, PMCJD (I’d added a few initials to sound important) aged 18 and five months, joined Intake 36 of Alamein Company, Victory College, The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst in early January 1964. My father took me there, and for the first time I entered the strange world where everyone seemed to call everyone else ‘Sir’. My new Company Commander called Colonel Stevens ‘Sir’, all the other officers and staff seemed to call each other ‘Sir’, and many of them called me ‘Sir’. Non- commissioned Academy training staff were selected from the best and most impressive senior warrant officers and sergeants of the British Army, but were expected to call their new charges ‘Sir’. We called the sergeants ‘Staff’ and the warrant officers ‘Sir’. It was soon to be obvious that the old belief was true; there was a considerable difference between the ‘Sir’ of a senior regimental sergeant major

addressing an idle officer cadet and the ‘Sir’ of that cadet’s reply. “You cadets will call me Sir, and I shall call you Sir. The difference, Gen’l’m’n, is that you will mean it.”

Day one in Alamein Company, before we paraded at the barber’s shop

It was well-known that the first six weeks at Sandhurst were Hell. The boy had to be remoulded into something that might pass as an officer cadet. This part of the first term was the basic training of a private soldier. It involved foot drill and arms drill. The first is marching, the second is weapon handling. We learned about cleanliness and

tidiness, and everything was constantly being inspected. The senior term, those about to be commissioned, formed the Cadet Government, and were receiving their first taste of administering military authority. They inspected the juniors’ kit, rooms, weapons and hair length. On my first inspection my platoon junior under-officer inspected my gym shoes, which I had not yet worn, and I took them out of their box for the first time, for his examination. Not clean enough and out of the window they went. I scurried down a couple of flights of stairs, collected the offending items and returned to give them a thorough whitening with the regulation cleaner, in time for them to be inspected again that evening during Show Parade, the daily parade of those whose kit was judged insufficiently immaculate. If one’s tie was less than perfectly knotted on the morning parade one would be back on Show Parade that evening, and reporting the offence for which one was on parade, it was “Idle Tie,

Sir", 'Idle Footwear, Sir", depending on the item under inspection. A particular bug-bear was that monstrosity, "Flukey tie, Sir."

We ran everywhere, ate mountains of food in seconds, always had too little time and slept at the least opportunity. Once learned, the ability to sleep anywhere, in any conditions, is a lifetime skill, never lost. We grew, we acquired muscle where none had been, we acquired physical confidence, and we learned to polish boots, clean kit and press and iron clothes within the finest of tolerances. A kind of basic idealised communism got us through; one of my fellow-cadets in Alamein had been in Guards basic training as his route in Sandhurst, so he led in teaching the arcane mysteries of turning very ordinary black leather boots into the gleaming mirror-like parade boots that were to be our precious companions for the next two years. Another was a maestro of the ironing board and taught many who had never used an iron how to iron everything and anything. One mystery was the knack of ironing trousers that delivered a perfect crease at the front; not for Sandhurst were the dreaded tram-lines, a double crease caused by 'Idle Ironing, Sir". In this way we all gradually learned the skills that were needed in the transformation from schoolboys into passable private soldiers.

The gymnasium, never called the gym, was the particular domain of some remarkable men, the physical training instructors – PTIs - of the Army Physical Training Corps. They spent their entire days either in the gymnasium, on one of the various assault courses or leading training runs around the grounds. As one lot of exhausted cadets finished their training session, the instructors would take over the next batch and do it all again. Proper gymnastics, assault courses, swimming, all was the same to them. The perfection of physique was not about body-building, but it was certainly about the body as fully-fit servant of the mind. The fact we all grew taller, heavier and more physically competent than we had ever imagined possible, all during this first term, was a side-effect of the régime. The PTI staff were the most dedicated professionals imaginable, at least for these early weeks. Their greatest achievements tended to be in the swimming baths, because here they were often confronted by cadets who had never learned to swim, and some who tried but simply sank to the bottom of the pool. Many cadets had to fit extra swimming lessons into the already frenetic daily programmes. The passion for fitness encompassed cleanliness and tidiness. Every piece of equipment had a rightful place, and after every exercise the kit had to be restored to it. Training began, of course, with inspection, of kit and person. At the very beginning of our first term the colonel commanding this part of our lives actually conducted the inspection himself. About 250 cadets were on parade, and he inspected each platoon in turn. A great cry rent the air: "Staff – Why is this cadet on parade".

"Officer Cadet Prince Faisal. You are the dirtiest cadet who has ever entered my gymnasium." "Staff. Take him away and teach him to wash."

If we thought that the instructors of the APTC in the gym were remarkable, we had yet to receive instruction from an even more tight-knit group of instructors; the Small Arms School Corps. This tiny corps, perhaps fifty or sixty men in the whole Army, lived for the world of small arms; rifles, grenades, light machine guns, pistols, anything that could be called a personal weapon. They wore old-fashioned caps, now familiar to us all through the photos of soldiers in 1914 before helmets were available, tended to be slightly older than most instructors, and were missionaries in their zeal to teach the religion of weapon-training. Of course, these high priests were not to waste the secrets of their wisdom on mere basic training programmes, and for the first weeks we were instructed by our own platoon Staff instructors.

Any graduate of 1960s Sandhurst has more memories of the warrant officers and sergeants than of the officers who thought they ran the Academy. The first of these supreme beings was our platoon drill instructor, Sergeant ‘Gunge’ Gilbert, a relaxed and amused man who would be few people’s role model for a Grenadier Guards drill instructor. He cared for his cadets, had a rare cynicism about the worth of any officer, and a worldly tolerance of the foibles of the more senior personnel of the sergeants’ mess. The relaxed and amused side of his character was little on display for the first term; he had much to teach us and little time in which to ensure that we would not let him down when the first test came.

After six weeks we faced the first hurdle in our journey towards earning our Commissions. The Academy Adjutant, Major Swinton, Scots Guards, a distant figure of whose exalted existence we were aware, would preside over ‘Passing off the Square’. The simple requirements were to march to where he stood, salute, announce one’s name and Army number, salute again and return to the ranks of fellow-cadets. However, this little ceremony had immense implications. Pass this test, and the delights of a weekend break beckoned. Fail, and one might well stay incarcerated in the Academy grounds forever.

Preparation for Passing off the Square had made clear that this one of our number was never going to achieve the standard necessary for success. We had not yet entered the orbit of our company sergeant major, the CSM. Alamein Company’s CSM was the famed, redoubtable and terrifying CSM Cliff Bostock, Coldstream Guards. However, CSM Bostock, at this stage we never thought of him as anything except CSM Bostock, made it his personal informal challenge to get this cadet through. Evening after evening, usually dressed in the immaculate uniform and white-banded cap of a Coldstream Guards warrant officer, but sometimes in civilian clothes that still proclaimed his real Guards drill sergeant persona, Cliff would coax Officer Cadet Mushota through the exact drill required for Passing off the Square. All this training took place either in our ‘lines’, the corridor off which led all our rooms, or in the little drill-yard behind the building. Cliff never got cross, never shouted, just slowly and methodically coaxed his cadet into a standard that would get him through.

We all Passed off the Square, and that same evening enjoyed the beer of The Ely public house at Blackbushe, the first establishment reached as one drove the required minimum three miles from the main gates before entering a pub. Cadets from across

the Academy had arranged to meet there. Those who had been at day schools were almost faint with relief that the ordeal was over, that the worst, beyond their imaginings, was behind us and that the future would never be like that again. The boys from boarding schools were less shocked by the six weeks' regime, but still glad to have it finished. In the corner by the bar, a group of about six cadets, three of us from Beaumont and the others being alumni of various other Jesuit boarding schools, chatted and relaxed, knowing that ten years of our experience had prepared us well for those six weeks of Hell. In truth it had been a very demanding six weeks, physically and mentally. We were proud to have passed through it, and we were already seeing the developing comradeship that would ensure our mutual support in further stretching times ahead.

Having crossed this first hurdle, we were thought worthy of CSM Bostock's formal attention. At first, we were to see the renowned public face of a famous fire-eating dragon sergeant major. Whatever his soft side may have been coaxing a cadet into passing his first test, the CSM was not averse to demonstrating that his reason for existence was driving for perfection, perfection in turning out immaculately presented for parade, perfection in the delivery of foot-drill, and in every other sphere where ran his writ. He was to take us all into his private heaven of the complications of drill manoeuvres that would serve us well in the unlikely event that we would ever need to form squares, face the natives and die where we stood. His passion was infectious, and few cadets could not at some time gain pleasure from the completion of some piece of drill that earned the Coldstream Guards seal of approval; 'That will do Gen'l'men, that will do.'

CSM Cliff Bostock knew that terrorising cadets was part of the job, a part of using limited time to reach required standards and he undertook that part of the job with energy and dedication, but we already knew that his real dedication was to seeing his charges succeed in whatever he was charged to teach us. Like everyone who might answer to him, we were wary, but equally we were rather proud of being under his charge on the drill square. Gradually CSM Bostock changed in our minds into Cliff Bostock, and later on, when we were of seniority to be allowed to invite our staff instructors to join us for a platoon visit to a pub, Gunge and Cliff were always invited, along with a couple of others who had some part to play in our training.

The challenge to get from the gymnasium to his room, change into the appropriate uniform and re-appear on the parade ground, all in the space of about ten minutes, usually defeated Mushota, and we would all help by assembling his rifle, fitting his belt and so on. On one occasion the too-many helpers were especially efficient and

Officer Cadet Mushota appeared on parade fully prepared in all respects. Cliff Bostock inspected the parade, stopped before our protégé; “Interesting turn out, Mr. Mushota Sir.” and moved on. In our haste we had equipped Mushota with collar and tie but had forgotten the shirt that went with them.

In due course, as this first term approached its end, and the prospect of taking part in our first Sovereign’s Parade began to loom, we were deemed fit to move from drill in the hidden places to drill where others could see us. The Victory College parade ground was the domain of a yet more senior figure, College Sergeant Major ‘Cynthia’ Whitbread, Grenadier Guards. The College Sergeant Major tried to be demanding and fierce, but his needs were simple ones. On a morning parade he would announce,

somewhat surprisingly it seemed at first; ‘This week gen’l’men, it’s Persil soap / Instant Nescafé / Smith’s Crisps.’ He was a keen entrant into the competitions for consumer prizes that were a feature of product marketing at the time, and needed all the packets, bottle tops or other wrappers that were required to be submitted with each entry. It was difficult to take seriously, however fierce he might be, a man known to spend his evenings filling in forms to compete for yet another fridge, electric kettle or useful household gadget.

Drill on the Main Square in our first term. Intake 36, Alamein Company with Sergeant Gilbert behind the platoon as always. One cadet had already left us, disillusioned, hence the gap in the rear rank.

The first time we marched, as part of Alamein Company, Victory College, The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, onto the Main Square gave memories to be treasured. The band played We’re the Soldiers of The Queen, and we marched taller and prouder than I had ever been in my life. Academy Sergeant Major Phillips, the senior warrant officer of the whole British Army, was now in charge. He took the development of our drill to yet more dizzy heights. We have seen two sentries at Buckingham Palace march in unison, no words spoken, from their sentry boxes, along their beat and return. The Academy Sergeant Major’s triumph was to have 1,200 cadets march off likewise in different directions, turn and return to their exact points of departure exactly simultaneously. Academy drill parades were always special. There was a profound satisfaction in being part of a parade of over one thousand cadets, all exactly in unison, all aware that we were, simply, the best. Family quarters for the instructing staff were at the back of the college buildings, and once a term the Saturday morning parade went to ‘visit the families’, with band playing, flags flying, bayonets fixed. We marched around the Academy grounds, children ran alongside, dogs barked and we stepped out with an extra spring in our steps. I knew then why all the films of soldiers marching to embark for war always have crowds alongside the troops, people love to be part of the parade.

A State Visit was arranged for the President of The Sudan, and we all went to line the streets from Victoria Station to Parliament Square, along Whitehall and back to

Buckingham Palace. We rose early, morning after morning, lined the empty streets and rehearsed every movement, including the exact moments when each section of the route-lining party would be called to Present Arms in a royal salute as the procession passed by. On the great day we knew exactly what to do. We lined the streets, the crowds behind us. I was exactly opposite the bell tower of Westminster Abbey. The procession approached our spot, the Abbey bells tolled out, the crowds cheered, and the procession rolled on, whilst we waited for the order that would never come. The noise had drowned out the call to arms, and I remained standing at ease as the State party trundled by. Opposite me was an officer cadet coming up through the ranks. Paddy had been a trooper in the Life Guards and was a veteran of guard duties on horseback in Whitehall, where Japanese tourists took each other's photographs, and English tourists of both sexes slipped scrap of paper with telephone numbers into the tops of his boots. As we marched back after this route-lining failure, he assured me that nobody would have noticed. Once he had fallen asleep atop his horse in Whitehall and awoken to find himself and horse trying to board a passing bus, with no obvious subsequent sign that he had been observed. He thought that failing to salute a passing royal procession was probably less worrying.

We never questioned why we learned to achieve the highest standards of drill. We liked being the best at it, and we certainly all felt the satisfaction of the end of a well-presented ceremonial event. In 'Goodbye To All That' Robert Graves wrote about drill in the First World War; 'Arms-drill as it should be done is beautiful, especially when the company feels itself as a single being, and each movement is not a synchronized movement of every man, but the single movement of one large

creature.' He went on to say that troops with guts but no drill were inferior to troops with guts and good drill. In his view, troops could only afford to neglect drill when they could fight better than the Guards. We might have questioned whether our chosen parts of the army needed to be compared with the Guards, but we never doubted the benefits of drill.

We exercised our battle skills on the heaths and open lands around Camberley, Aldershot and Salisbury Plain. Often, we were entirely alone in these desolate plains. Sometimes we were not. Colour Sergeant 'Gobshite' Hewetson was another fully life- sized character, with a remarkable vocabulary and sense of how to use it. Leading us across Salisbury Plain, in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night in mid- winter, Gobby found a car, occupied by a young couple. Sounds made it clear that they were getting to know each other better. Gobby bided his time, assembled his cadets around the car, and at a particularly unkind moment banged his open hand on the car roof, asking loudly as he did so whether all was well. I strongly suspect that the young couple still wake up in the night and recall their hasty retreat from the scene of their passion.

Sandhurst ran a two-year course, considered the minimum time required to turn a schoolboy into a career officer of the Army. Academic activity filled a large part of the time, a fact that had given rise to the saying that Sandhurst was a public school where the school corps had taken over. We were taught German by Mr Stallybrass, who supervised language tapes and ensured we listened to endless one-sided conversations, in which we filled the gaps by speaking into an instrument that bore passing resemblance to a very old-fashioned telephone operator's head-set. Whether we actually learned any German was a different matter. Our French tutor had served throughout the war in wooden minesweepers, had swept mines in the approaches to

Dieppe before the infamous raid on that port, and in the build-up to D-Day. We learned much about mine warfare, the different kinds of sea-mines and how to sweep channels in maritime minefields, and we learned much about the fog and fear of war. He was the only man I ever met who admitted freely that he spent the whole of his time at sea in terror, and I respected greatly a man who could talk freely about fear in such a place. Although the actual French part of French tutorials seemed unimportant, we all ended up speaking it moderately competently, albeit with rather more emphasis on maritime warfare technology than was likely ever to be required. We also learned some very basic science; my array of science 0-Levels helped me through this part of the course, as did the science course tutor, Colonel John Carver, another family friend whose wife was my sister Faith's godmother.

One result of deciding to try to learn languages, apart from the obvious advantage of not involving dissecting dogfish or getting involved in electricity, was that half a dozen of the least incompetent students in the German classes were selected to visit

the German officer cadet training school in Hamburg. Our hosts all spoke perfect English, were older and a great deal worldlier than we were. The commandant of the school was a long-time career soldier, who had been a boy-soldier defending Berlin in 1945. His office had a little collection of mementoes of his service, but do I just imagine that it included a human skull and a Waffen SS dagger? I presume that such things were easily found by a boy-soldier in the chaos of the Fall of Berlin.

Our hosts were hospitable. We visited a vast brewery, and enjoyed beer and würsten, were taken on a tour of the huge Hamburg harbour in an official launch of some kind. A day outing took us to see the Iron Curtain, where we were watched closely by East German border guards, some with binoculars, some with telephone handsets. We understood that this part of the border offered a particularly good viewpoint of the actual fence and some distance beyond it, into East Germany, and therefore was often chosen for VIP visits, hence the East German watchfulness. We visited, less officially, the Reeperbahn, nowadays coyly called a bar, restaurant and entertainment district in Hamburg. In those days it was altogether more obvious in its reason for being. Lines of shop windows on both sides of the street, all lit in bright neon colours. The window displays consisted of minimal furniture and a girl sitting, reading or simply bored. Curtains would close for a few minutes, and re-open, the girl re-taking her seat and still looking bored. This was the most immoral street in Europe, but it was packed with tourists, of whom the greatest number were British soldiers of BAOR, the British Army of the Rhine, part of the defence of Europe against the Soviet threat. Our hosts took us to a bar much more to our understanding, where we drank too much. Our hosts were accustomed to sing when marching everywhere, and showed off their repertoire. We tried to reply in kind, but had no marching song tradition to support us. Most of the songs that we might have sung were unsuitable. We could have sung about Hitler's monorchism, to the tune of Colonel Bogey, or about lavatory paper deficiencies in France, to the tune of the Marseillaise, but we were on our best behaviour.

I have forgotten what we offered our hosts when we reciprocated their hospitality. It may have been Windsor Castle and the Tower of London, but I do remember that they though Soho to be a very shabby place, nothing to compare with the dazzle of the Reeperbahn.

In my later years, particularly when being bored by old soldiers talking about their time in Germany as part of BAOR, I have referred to this exchange as 'The time when I was serving in Germany, but on secondment to the German Army, you understand.' By then being very hush-hush about the details I allowed many to presume that I had actually been doing something either interesting, or important, or both. If I could imply that Military Intelligence was in the mix, so much the better. It was only later that I realised that the phrase 'Military Intelligence' is seen by many non-military as the greatest oxymoron in the English language.

At some stage it became known that the CSM of another company had been awarded a medal in the Birthday Honours. If my memory serves, it was the MBE, not a usual medal for a sergeant major at that time. His company took him out, en masse, for a company ‘smoker’ at a local pub, to drink to his achievement. On the way back into the Academy grounds the convoy of cars passed the lake in front of Old College, the famous building that epitomises the buildings of Sandhurst. It appears that a number of cadets decided to chuck their CSM into the lake, a gesture of their pride in him. He emerged, wet but still dignified, said nothing and disappeared into the night. The morning came, but it appeared that the CSM had forgiven and perhaps even forgotten. Nothing was said for that day nor for a couple following. Then it transpired that a training run was on the programme, unusually to be led by the company staff rather than the APTC instructors. The run began as a march, just to warm up for the main run. The line of march took the company towards the lake, and then the order ‘Left Wheel’ led the entire company to march off the road and into the lake, not a cadet breaking ranks and not a glimmer of a smile on any staff member’s face until the last man was in. One did not get to be a CSM at Sandhurst without knowing just how to handle an uppity outbreak from the cadets.

We were obliged to write one long dissertation during our second year. The subject was entirely self-chosen, subject only to the tutor’s approval. Most colleagues seemed to want to write about military subjects, regimental history or old campaigns. John Carver, who was also my appointed personal academic tutor, allowed me a little latitude and I spent many happy hours writing letters to fairground owners, museums and collectors, trying to find out how steam-driven fairground organs worked, who made them and what had happened to them. I could only assume that getting letters on crested letter paper from Alamein Company, Victory College, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst, must have intrigued my correspondents, who replied to my questions with generous patience and good will. Many sent photographs; one sent a long and detailed explanation, which I understood, about how steam organs worked, and several sent vinyl records of music played on their machines. I still have them today.

Marnghi Fair Organ, a record sent to me by George Cushing, founder of the Thursford Collection in Norfolk

The mass of information enabled me to write up a long and colourful dissertation. I was confident that when it came to discussing the paper with the examiners I would hold my own; there could be no interviewer on the Academy staff who could claim greater knowledge of the fairground organ than I had learned in some short weeks of research. Thus it turned out; the interviewers were more interested in telling me about their childhood visits to the fair, and awarded me a starred A grade, probably the only academic distinction of my life. Only once did I ever actually meet one of the correspondents who had helped me, the operator of the Gallopers in a steam fair at Henley Royal Regatta, some years later.

Even in the academic terms, those four in the middle of the two-year course when academic work was at least as important as military learning, the military learning went on. The highlights were the major overseas training trips, two each year, half the Academy going on each one. The half where I belonged had the best of the opportunities. Twice we went to Libya, then under the pro-British rule of King Idris the Second. We walked about the desert, baked by day and frozen by night. We never saw a living soul in those open expanses, until we stopped at the end of each day. Then the desert came alive with local inhabitants, and we bought fresh oranges, fizzy drinks and cigarettes. One cadet lost his rifle and was reputed to have traded it for cigarettes. The trade was only reversed two days later after considerable negotiating by a fellow-cadet, of high family in the Arab world. These visits showed us a little of a world that would soon be closed to the West for the remainder of the twentieth century, when Colonel Gaddafi deposed King Idris. We had three-day breaks in the middle of both visits that I made. We were taken to Leptis Magna, which is probably the best- preserved ancient Roman city in the world, still untouched by the West. The Romans abandoned the city when the water supply

from the south dried up, and nobody moved in to take over the place for over a thousand years, until the Italian army occupied the area before the war, and did some damage in taking stone for railway ballast.

Trajan's Arch, Leptis Magna

One military part of Libya was a dawn ambush. We marched in great secrecy and darkness to set up this attack. A track ran about 50 metres in front of the slight ridge behind which we set up our firing positions, and we prepared to wait. In the first moment of dawn, the Gurkha soldiers who provided the enemy on these exercises were to walk up the track to their inevitable defeat. I next remember the shouts of Sergeant Gilbert, directing our ambush. The enemy Gurkhas were right in the centre of the killing zone, where we annihilated them with the weight of fire. As we stood down after this satisfactory result, Gunge let us know that if any of had managed to stay awake we would have triggered the ambush, on the first, not on the third, occasion of the Gurkhas' passing through it. Every single one of us had been so fast asleep that we had failed to hear them first or second time.

It was an expensive business flying half of the Academy, all the necessary instructors, medical facilities and stores to Libya, and the cheapest possible arrangements were made. Indeed, they were so cheap that at the end of the second long exercise in Libya, just before we were to finish our time at Sandhurst, the contracting airline suffered an engine failure on their only aircraft and we sat in Wheelus Field, an American airbase outside Tripoli for two days whilst the airline drove by lorry a spare engine to Perpignan in mid-France, where their fleet stood marooned on the tarmac. American bases were 'dry'; we had a little money left after our break in Tripoli in mid- exercise, but nowhere to spend it, and little or nothing by

way of change of clothing. Eventually the Americans got bored with our company and we moved down the road to the smaller and altogether more Spartan British base, RAF Idris, tactfully named after the king. Here we waited a third day, occasionally marching around the perimeter to stave off boredom.

Eventually the aeroplane arrived and we set off for home, for some reason ending up at Heathrow instead of the RAF base from which we had started. We were tired, fed-

up and desperate to get to Sandhurst and baths. The only duty-free drink on the plane was in litre bottles of spirits, and the duty-free allowance returning to the UK was a half-litre per head. At about eight o'clock in the morning a zealous Heathrow customs officer explained that each of us would have to pay duty on the excess half-litre in his possession. The officer instructor with us, Captain Mike Campbell-Lamerton, about to be appointed captain of the British Lions for their forthcoming tour of Australia and New Zealand, reasoned with the customs official. It was clear that the official saw his duty clearly and was intent on carrying it out. Mike resolved the impasse; leaning over the counter he spoke quietly to the official; 'We have been on Army exercises for two weeks, and we are all very tired. We have no money to pay the duty. If you think it will help, I shall suggest to each of these soldiers that they drink, here and now, half of the contents of each bottle. I know that I shall not be able to keep them under control after that, but I am sure you will be able to do better than I'. The unconventional way of negotiating can bear fruit when the conventional has failed.

In the summer of our first year a group of volunteers gave up most of our summer leave. We were to be the star turn of the Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Early on, we would demonstrate our daring in an assault course race. For the assault course we wore steel helmets, padded clothing and boots; the surface of the Esplanade at Edinburgh would make an unforgiving landing platform if one fell from the obstacles on the course. The Tattoo was always sold out on Friday evenings. The commentator would ask the crowds on one side to cheer on the blue team, and on the other to cheer on the whites. Cheering was the least of it; we could easily hear the bets being struck in the stands, the stakes frequently expressed in units of access to each other's bottles of refreshment. Let one side fall behind in the assault course race and the erstwhile supporters would urge them on by throwing the empties as they passed – we were glad of the helmets and padding. The finale of the tattoo came when we provided a silent drill display. The massed bands of the Scottish regiments playing, and during the playing we would march through the ranks of the bands, now immaculate in formal uniform, our 'Blues'. Of course, the bandsmen were far more brilliant in their uniforms, whilst the bass drummer of The Royal Scots Greys in his white polar bear busby, the only one in the Army, was especially notable. The Scottish bandsmen were unimpressed by the cadets who had infiltrated their parade, and most of us received kicks or a sly punch or two as we marched through. The ingrained respect for officers would not be given just yet,

not to Sandhurst cadets. Arriving at the front of the entire parade, we performed a short but complex arms drill, all with no word of command from start to finish.

Twice a year we trained with the French officer cadet school at St Cyr, in a spirit of considerable mutual hostility. When my intake's turn for this exercise came we spent several days in France, in a constant state of considerable physical exertion, mindful that the French cadets seemed to consider that the Geneva Convention did not apply to captured Sandhurst cadets. As a result, the attack and capture of 'enemy' positions, or defence of our own, was undertaken with a degree of adrenalin rush that was as near to the excitement of war as we were likely to experience in our training.

St Cyr came to Sandhurst as well, and after the exercises had ended we entertained the French cadets, like the Germans, older and worldlier than we, to one of the social highlights of the year, La Madelon Band Night, dinner in honour of our guests. The Sandhurst staff band played, the principal trumpeter delivered his triumphant Post

Horn Gallop played whilst using a rifle barrel as a trumpet, and everyone drank too much. After dinner the French cadets set out to enjoy our hospitality, in groups as guests of each company's Mess. Noise levels and boisterousness rose, and the highly polished Captain 'Timmy' Phipps, adjutant of Victory College came into the Alamein Company Mess to bring rapidly deteriorating Mess Games under control. The French army rose as one, seized fire extinguishers and all other possible weapons and turned on the unfortunate Captain, last seen running, perhaps literally for his life, to the Sandhurst Officer Instructors' Mess.

The Academy Drill Competition took place twice a year. It was a matter of high prestige for the drill staff of the winning company, especially as the senior drill instructor of every company was from one or other rival Guards Regiments. Winning also carried large influence in the competition to be Sovereign's Company, the champion company of the year. In Alamein Company our popular company commander, from a distinguished county regiment, had completed his time at Sandhurst, to be replaced by a maniacally enthusiastic new company commander from the Parachute Regiment. He was determined that Alamein Company would win the Drill Competition, an unlikely ambition, given that our general tendency was to feature in the lower levels of the competition every time. A couple of days before the competition, our company commander addressed us all in the company ante-room, our common-room. He expected us to do better than ever before. Of the twelve Academy companies, he was looking for a top three finish. At the end of his exhortation, he prepared to leave the room. Our equally new CSM, another Coldstreamer, Wally Freeman, successor to Cliff Bostock, called the room to attention and saluted the company commander out of it. He saw the company commander disappear down the corridor, came back into the room, closed the door

and spoke in his turn. “You ‘eard what the company commander said, Gen’l’m’n. Now listen to me. Ninth will do, Gen’l’m’m. Ninth will do.” We came twelfth. Of twelve.

Religion played its part. Every month had its Academy Church Parade. Polished and shining, but without rifle or bayonet, we paraded on the Academy Square. A visiting dignitary would inspect us. On one occasion the inspecting dignitary was a young, very dedicated American general, with many stars on his shoulder and more medal ribbons on his chest than any of us had ever seen. He took his inspecting very seriously, stopped in front of many cadets, inspected their turnout, spoke to many, and moved slowly on. We all enjoyed the spectacle of Major-General John Mogg, the Commandant of Sandhurst, trying gently to move the inspection along, totally without success. By the end, cadets were fainting all around us, but the comments passing quietly over our shoulders from the ever-amused Sergeant Gilbert were worth the discomfort. We understood that he was not a great fan of American generals. He explained graphically that most of those medal ribbons related to highly suspect off-duty labours in the less respectable parts of German cities. After inspection, we marched to the Academy chapel. Here, at the doorway, we halted and CSM Wally Freeman would pronounce an order that resonates down the years; ‘Fall out, the Roman Catholics and other heathens.’

All the while we thought about our choice of arm, the part of the Army that we would join after gaining our commissions. Some cadets were technologists and had no thought but of The Royal Corps of Signals, or the Royal Corps of Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. Many were from military families, and were predestined to

continue as sons of the regiment. Some were so inevitably bound for the Guards that they scarcely needed their chins at all. I wanted to be an infantryman. For no reason beyond the fact that the father of a friend at Beaumont had been in the regiment, I decided to apply to join the Durham Light Infantry, and in due course was interviewed by four generals, the Colonels of the Regiment of the four regiments of light infantry. Having absolutely no family connection with any of the regiments I was not really surprised that the famous and elite DLI did not feel any pressing need for my services. General Sir Geoffrey Musson was Colonel of The King’s Shropshire Light Infantry; he was the archetypal British general, a large man who walked behind great white moustaches. He bore a considerable reputation as Adjutant General, responsible for many matters, including discipline throughout the army. Most generously he took me aside after I had learned that the DLI would not take me into their family, and offered a place in his regiment. I did not mention that I had no idea whether Shropshire actually existed outside the pages of P. G. Wodehouse, and even less about who or what the KSLI might actually be. However, the regiment was probably going to be no worse than any other, and I was glad that I no longer had to worry about where I might end up after being commissioned. I did know that Major Peter Bush, a popular officer instructor in Victory College, was in the KSLI, and that

the Light Infantry mess dress was one of the more glamorous to be seen in the Academy dining halls on formal dinner evenings.

Final exams, rehearsals for Passing Out Parade and appointments with real tailors to have uniforms fitted filled the last few weeks. As an officer joining an infantry regiment, my uniform allowance was £240. Fortune smiled on me, and Peter Bush, the regimental representative at Sandhurst, told me that an officer, very much my own shape and size, was about to retire from the Army. Would I like to buy his complete set of uniforms second-hand? The going rate was to pay half of cost when new. My allowance therefore went half to this unknown benefactor, and left me with £120, enough to buy a Saviile Row dinner jacket and suit. My mother gave me Granpa's sword, which I had refurbished, and its scabbard re-covered. With all that done, I was able to think about whether my apparent lack of success mattered. I had achieved little or nothing on the sports field, had risen no higher than Cadet Corporal, whereas friends and contemporaries had been Cadet Sergeant, Cadet Colour Sergeant, Junior and even Senior Under Officer. To my surprise, I had done some things right, and perhaps the steam organs tipped the balance. Perhaps my training was not so undistinguished after all; I was to pass out of Sandhurst placed 55th of 226, in the well- regarded top 25% of the intake. My final assessment, not shared with me at the time, but seen exactly fifty years later, "An intelligent young man with a developed sense of humour. He has the potential for becoming an above-average officer."

So it was that in December 1965, aged 20, I was able to march onto Academy Square for one last time. We went through the parade, including the emotional finale of leaving the parade ground by marching up the steps to the main door of the Academy, and out of the cadet existence into the real world of soldiering. This emotional and impressive ceremony always impresses parents and visitors to the Passing-Out Parade. They are impressed by the standard of the drill parade, by the bearing of the Sergeant Instructors at the back of each company of cadets and by the stern discipline and determination to excel, showing on every face. They heard nothing of the gentle continuing banter of Gunge Gilbert, there to the end, commenting on the parade, the royal person representing the Queen, the guests and the ladies' tastes in hats, and

the state of the Academy Adjutant's horse's bowels. That night we were able to wear our officers' mess dress for the first time at the Commissioning Ball, and at the stroke of midnight removed strips of material covering our Second Lieutenants' pips and celebrated our new importance.

Commissioning Ball, December 1965. Two of the five of us married the girl they had invited to the ball.

In due course I was sent an imposing certificate from Her Majesty The Queen. She, “Reposing Especial Trust and Confidence in his Loyalty, Courage and Good Conduct,” appointed me a Second Lieutenant in her Land Forces.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Robert Schulte (54)

My very good friends from across the waters,

Agnès joins me and you all in regretting the inability to foresee our meeting in Verdun or other suitable venue for our reunion in the coming year. But we send you all our best wishes for 2021, good health and plenty of joy and happiness in all fields of activity,

We are very sorry to see Covid19 wreaking such havoc in our ability to meet, and for us, Continentals to see clearly possibilities of our crossing the Channel for a quiet series of meetings in London. And so, we revert to e-mail and such modern means of communication. We have one of our grand-daughters studying art at St Martin's College of art and design, after two years of same in Reims, and we do plan to visit her there. But when ?

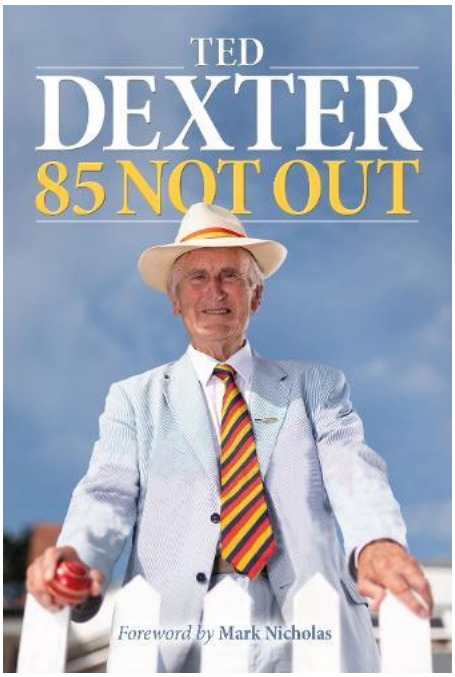
I have told you of my appreciation to see and live the amazing Beaumont Spirit, which continues to live amongst a solid group of "oldies", despite the fact the College closed down over fifty years ago ! Congratulations. Keep it up. Let us continue to learn, through the season's series of news and updates, the life of -old boys-, which we should of course print and leave to our younger generations as examples of life at the turn of the 19th Century and the first 3/4 of the 20th.

I must thank those of you who have written to us recently, in particular Tony Outred who sent us a good photo of earlier, easy times, and Philip Stevens who sent me an e-mail I saw in a a flash before it disappeared somewhere...I must admit that I am still struggling with Windows 10, which has replaced W7, and still plays strange tricks on me !

Best wishes to you all.

From Peter Burden (66)

Thanks for keeping us up to date with all things Beaumontanum.
The cricket lovers in the BU may be interested to know that I spent the first lockdown completing a job which I had started the year before in collaborating with the great Ted Dexter on his autobiography.



MEDIA REVIEWS

It's thrill and Ted's excellent adventure...one which chronicles his rich and varied years.
An excellent book and certainly leaves its reader with a good understanding of the way Ted Dexter thinks. It is highly recommended.
Dexter's autobiography details a colourful life that has certainly been well lived.
An enjoyable romp through the fullest of lives
A book that needs to be savoured-delightful anecdotes, a life-time of cricket wisdom and astute insights of a 85-year-old former great who remains keen and sharp as ever.

Peter Continues:-
It was an immensely enjoyable task and I'm happy to say that the book was published in the Autumn to an enthusiastic reception. (**ED:** Dexter served in my Regiment 11th Hussars as a N S Officer in the early Fifties during the Malayan Emergency.)

I also attach a photograph I found recently of the 1936/37 Beaumont XV, of which my late Dad was skipper and (I think) scrum half.
The team (Ed I have added details)

Back row from left:

W J Ross, (Hugh rather than Michael. Entered SJ Ordained at Beaumont ’54 Spent most of his life in Rhodesia) . **K M Nixon**, (Kenneth, Captain of XV next year. Entered SJ another for Rhodesia, succeeded brother as 3rd Bt.) **R F Anderson**, (Richard Captain of School, Woolwich Rainey Anderson Prize fr Maths, R E, WW2 MC Italy, Post War Malaya MID, Lt – Col. OBE). **P K Hall-Patch,** (Peter to RVC London and Edinburgh, WW2 Capt. RAVC, MRCVS) **G F Scrope,** (Geoffrey, WW2 Lt Col. Green Howards Knight of Malta, Knight of St Olav, Vice – P{resident Heraldry Society). **J R de la Mare**, (James nothing known) **N F Downie,(** Niall, To RVC London. WW2 Capt. RE MC, Fed Vet to Canadian Government) **J R Freeman**, (John, Medicine at Barts to Ireland then Vet at Clonmel) **J E Stiebel** (John WW2 Captain RM Commandoes **KIA Sicily**)

Middle row:

J F Leadlay (John, New Coll. Oxford. WW2 Lt Green Howards), **C M A Bathurst**, (Christopher, South African, to Queen’s Camb. Major RA MID US Bronze Star, MD of Shaw Wallace Alcoholic beverages) **P A M Burden**, (Paul to St Mary’s Hosp. WW2 The Buffs **WDD)**. R C Van Cutsem, (Richard, Capt Boxing, WW2 Lt Royal Irish Fusiliers). **D M Sweetman** (Denis To Woolwich Capt. Boxing, Tombs Mem. Prize. Lt RA **KIA Dunkirk 1940**)

Front row:
R A Rigby (Robert WW2 Capt RASC), **M K Fox.** (Michael WW2 Capt. KOSB)

I wonder if any of them are still with us? (ED, Sadly NO)

From John Marshall

I had sent the group of OB 67s a note about Mr Leggett as they had mentioned him in an email and I wanted them to know about the Nobel prize winner and your notes about the Leggett background. You will enjoy this from **Richard Ortoli:**

“An additional piece of trivia is that during the war my parents lived for some time in Englefield Green and became very friendly with the Leggetts and stayed in touch with them. It was pure happenstance that my brother and I happened to go to Beaumont but I remember that Mr. Leggett was always asking how my parents were. He was a very human person and what little I gleaned of physics and chemistry was probably thanks to him (not to forget Mr. Allen either...).

“I have been in touch with **Sir Anthony Leggett** from time to time by email.

“On the subject of Fr. O'Hara, I don't know if you remember one of his quotes, which I still think about, that infinity was looking out into space and seeing the back of our head.

“By the time we got to him, he had become very eccentric. I served his mass regularly in one of those tiny, individual chapels, doubtless because I rang the bell well, and one day at consecration he was raising the host and before I could ring the bell he asked me: "boy, do you believe that this is the body of Christ?" I must have had a deer in the headlights look on my face as I desperately strove to find the right answer. I finally figured that discretion was the better part of valour and answered with a timid "yes." He shot back: "I am glad you think so, I am not so sure..." So much for firm beliefs.”

ED: Doubt: who doesn’t – isn’t that what Faith is all about.

“NO, Not THE B U REVIEW”

Parodies, Spoofs with a sprinkling of satire: please feel free to contribute to some passing whimsy. Contributions to this Literary Backwater are gratefully received.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTMAS and BEYOND

From Johnnie Spewer

Trust you're ticking over nicely. Mindful as I am of the seasonal importance of stockings (especially for the elderly), I thought the attached review might come in useful if you need suggestions to give Annie, sorry Father Christmas, for filling yours...Happy Christmas!

From The Editor

Yes, I'm ticking over nicely on all cylinders though Covidious Albion is doing its best to ensure a no holds barred Brexit. At least we will able to enjoy seasonal feasting with an unending supply of unsaleable Welsh lamb and Haddock in Excelsis sung by the Grimsby fishwives Choir – I would recommend their rendering of "3 Ships go Sailing By" (the total fleet).

The mention of stockings and I remain hopeful that Annie's fishnets will be on the bedpost. In the meantime, thank you for your synopsis of the **"Cup Cake Mystery" (Book Review see below)** which I'm certain will find a suitable place somewhere with my highbrow readership'. Also, gratefully received is the full breasted Red Robin Card that arrived this morning with its overflowing of grovelling obsequiousness that I find so appealing and which has found a place on the mantlepiece though I must inform you that it is not quite centre stage). I have been overwhelmed by the handful of Cards I have received – what it is to be so esteemed.

Annie joins with me (at the advised distance) to wish you both all the Warmth that a Yule Log tossed on the fire can bring.

"Lockdown ye merry Gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay, as we have avoided Tier 4 till after Christmas Day".

From Johnnie Spewer

A New Year 'spasm' has overtaken me which, if only to remind you of the part **Rev Joe Dooley SJ** played in my/your Stuarts steep learning curve, seems to ask to be sent to you...You can blame it on the bossa nova, if you like... I put it down to haunting images, largely fish related... of the Haddock in Excelsis I/you won't be singing in Beaumont's converted choir loft, of Annie's fishnet stockings attached to your bedpost overnight, which I'm assuming, by the way don't, unlike Lonnie Donegan's 'chewing gum', 'lose their flavour' etc etc.

'Oh me oh my oh you'... onward and upwards to you and Annie, and keep those seasoned literary juices flowing, In the meantime ……

'Bring Back Dover Beach', as Matt Half-cock once wined... (The Ides of Jan 2021)

Dover's been a bit bipolar lately ... 'Totally bunged up on Christmas eve', 'Eerily empty on Brexit eve'... Rod McKenzie, policy director at the Road Haulage Association (RHA), says: 'Come the second week in January, the real chaos is going to be invisible chaos, when people don't know what paperwork they have to fill in to get the Kent access permit (aka Kermit) to travel into the county...'

Forget the county! What about the country?? There's no shortage of Muppets, as today's duty propagandist for The Sunday Telegraph, Home Secretary Priti Patel (writing "As a fully sovereign nation, Britain can look to the future with hope and optimism") reminds us. But is Sesame Street seriously supposed to be subbing for Downing Street?

Manic or depressed... if it's any consolation for those on medication, Dover's got form. Back in 1670, there was a treaty - almost as murky as The EU–UK Trade and Cooperation Agreement 2020 - called The Treaty of Dover (also known as the Secret Treaty of Dover) signed between England and France. It required Charles II to convert to the Roman Catholic Church and assist Louis XIV to conquer the Dutch Republic. In exchange, Charles would secretly receive a yearly pension of £230,000, as well as an extra sum of money when Charles informed the English people of his conversion, and France would send 6,000 French troops if there was ever a rebellion against Charles in England.

Imagine, 'it's easy if you try...' Mr Johnson secretly receives a yearly pension from the Brussels/Berlin/Beijing/Jeddah Axis of £2,300,000 to assist the Axis to take out... a dodgy tax haven called the Isle of MAN, as well as an extra sum of money when he informs the English people of his conversion to Woke-ism. And the Axis would send 60,000 jihadists if there was ever a rebellion against Mr Johnson in Blighty's Covid Land. Indeed, 'Imagine all the people (not) living for today... Aha-ah...' as Lennon was wont not to warble.

The mind can only boggle... As Walpole once opined, shaking a covered tray of 16 cubic dice when the bells were rung in London on the declaration of war against Spain in 1739, 'They may ring their bells now, before long they will be wringing their hands.'

Hand washing or not, the essential elements of our situation have altered little since Achilles first dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, or 'Sophocles long ago Heard it on the Aegean...' In which case, in place of Johnny Cash's 'Sea of heartache, lost love' etc... put Matthew Arnold's 'Ah, love, let us be true To one another!'
(Over...)

From The Editor (On Second Lockdown Day)

A missive from you and an address from the PM – what a day!

I well remember Fr Joe's discourses on "The Stews" though his knowledge of Nell left much to be desired by adolescent youth. For no good reason and in view of our

present situation I thought of Browning and his “Home thoughts from God’ knows where” which might tickle those parts seldom benefiting these days …..

Wishing you all that Climate changes,

“Home Thoughts from Ice-alation” (if your heating is off)

OH (No), to be in England,
Now that New strain Covid’s there,
And whoever wakes in England,
Seems totally unaware,
That the lowest scumbags’ stupidity beggars all belief,
As they shout around the hospitals giving 2 fingers to grief.
While the Boris struts his stuff on a COBRA pow-wow,
In England - now!

And after January, when Feb follows,
And we emerge from our shielded temples of Apollo,
And Astra Zeneca feeds vaccines to our NHS cavernous hollow !
Hark, where Matt Handcock made his pledge,
Leans to the microphone and scatters platitudes like clover,
Blossoms and dewdrops and “tiers” at the
cutting edge -
That's our wise man; he makes each lockdown seem
twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture,
That first fine careless Spring 2020 rapture!
And though the economy looks tough with no revenue,
All will be fine when Sunak spends anew,
On Brexit, which will be a dower or sour,
Depending on your point of view,
Personally: - has me reaching for bottle and cork-screw.

BOOK REVIEW: From residual critic Johnnie Spewer

The Case of the Covid Cup Cake is a detective novel by Welsh writer Agatha Twitchet. Drawing back the curtain on village life in the middle of the First Corona War of 2020, it is published by Harp-on-Colons.

When Covent Garden florist Abe Somerset, on holiday in Wales, dies after taking his afternoon tea of crumpet and cupcake at the Cakes ‘r Stale café in the Much Binding in The Marches village of Castle Caved-In, Inspector Knackered o’ the Backyard is despatched to spearhead the investigation.

An autopsy reveals that the cause of death was poisoning by covid, a toxic alkaloid obtained from the Bonsai Tree, and that Somerset ingested it with his afternoon tea; while a search of his clothing reveals a quantity of Yuan (‘the people's currency’) in his hip pocket.

Knackered learns, to his surprise, that Somerset was not only friendless but also a man of no wealth - on the death of his partner, Ms Eli Maugham, he’d merely inherited the other half of the flower shop’s wilting dahlias (the bulk of which had been assigned as collateral to the Inland Revenue for upfront hard-Brexit import duty bills) and his partner’s unpaid credit card account with Lift Me Up And Thrust Me Apart, a private-equity-funded boutique massage parlour on the shores of Loch Back Combed. A tiff with his partner had led the latter, in a fit of pique, to forge Somerset’s signature on a Personal Guarantee form.

Which means Knackered must widen his search for a motive. As for the culprit, he begins by interviewing the locals; Castle Caved-In florist, locked-down, almost stretched out but watching religiously for signs of any tampering with the pastries trading vigorously across the street by the town’s solitary high-end vendor ... until, that is, he hears the wail...‘’Someone left the cake out in the rain..!’’ to end all wails, which turns him atheist on the spot.

And only when Knackered wakes up from his afternoon nap to ‘’I don't think that I can take it, 'cause it took so long to bake it, and I'll never have that recipe again...’’ followed by an apocalyptic ‘‘Oh! Nooo...!!’’ does he even begin to think about what he’s supposed to be doing and, more importantly, where he actually is... which, as his google map points out, is not ‘‘MacArthur's Park, melting in the dark...’’ but Much Binding in The Marches, belting (it out) with the lark, definitely descending.

Which means that a vaccinated and re-invigorated Inspector can start looking for evidence of malpractice ... among the town’s tarts, excuse me, cupcakes... past, or not, their dubious sell byes.

But is one of the ‘cupcakes in the rain’ a covid one? And if it is, how did a waterlogged pastry end up in Cakes ‘r Stale’s pantry, and then on a plate in front of Somerset? Who’s got it in for Somerset? And Why?

The answer, if you can cope with a water-logged winter and the blank verse from page 333 onwards, is on page 666...

Next Missive -

Acting as agent for publishers Hiccup & Thistle I’m in search (not of Lost COVID-19 Time but) of an author with the skills of a Faulks to write the novel Lord Marchmain’s son might have written had he survived to inspect today’s theatre of the absurd where every postman is a postms searching for, if not an identity, certainly the last bell on its round to ring twice.

SEBASTIAN FLYTE: “THE SYRINGE OF HONOUR TRILOGY…”

a glorious fusion of comedy, satire and farcical despair.

‘’Unquestionably the finest novels to have come

out of the COVID-19 Test Series’’ –

Cyril Washbrook (Lancashire opening batsman)

I have hopes of a film script emerging from your inspiration

My Dear Johnnie,
Your contribution to the Waugh Effort is to be highly commended. Like Ritchie-Hook, Boris’s thunder box has been blown away in the “panda moania” that has broken out among the masses.
I have today, despite the warning, been to the Jab-berwock (! avoided the jubjub bird and the frumious Bandersnatch). I can now apply for my green card which will be issued in Red as no one is going anywhere: this was not the Covid we voted for – or Boris promised.

However, thinking of slithy toves and in particular The boro-Gove who came whiffling through the tulgey wood, and burbled as he came “O frabjous Brexit day! Callooh! Callay !” I heard him chortle in his joy unaware that no one can get out of this country of ours without a blood test, a health check, a racial awareness course ditto conflict resolution and low betide the exporter of an M & S sandwich pack regardless that it has curled up its edges in disgust at the bureaucratic margarine (butter is banned) that was supposed to smooth its onward passage into an E U well past its sell by date.

Bring back Ritchie- Hook I say, for a full frontal, (trans gender permitting), regardless of cost, assault, leaving our pockets aside, “Follow me, persons!”.

With no expense spared,

Robert.

PER-VERSE PLEASE…….

Were We The Lucky Ones?

(loosely after A A Milne)

Rodney went to Ampleforth and was buggered in his sleep,
George was at Downside, beasted and called a creep,
Henry at Stonyhurst had cold showers and went on icy runs,
We went to Beaumont, were we not the lucky ones?

For,
David gained a scholarship and went into Grammar One,
Charles was in Ruds A and found the work quite fun,
Mark was “Bogs” Bamber’s Beadle in the lazy B stream.
William funked the Common Entrance and joined the “C” boys’ team.

David learned Greek and studied Aristotle,
Charles enjoyed maths and was awarded his boy scout woggle.
Mark coasted in French and earned Fr Borrett’s traffic signals,
William was lounged twice a week and studied female nipples.

David was in Rhetoric, Quod Bod and Captain of the School,

Charles ran the Sodality, Higher line debating and obeyed all the rules.

Mark was a triple colour and at all the sports excelled.

William raided St Mary's and after a pub crawl was finally expelled.

David went to Balliol and then Lincoln's Inn for the Law,

Charles tried for a vocation but had worries he could not ignore.

Mark passed into Sandhurst and rowed and played rugger for the Army,

William bet on the horses, the dogs and bought himself a Ferrari.

David was at the Bailey, took silk, a judge and chairman of his club,

Charles left the J's for Molly went to Bali for the clubbing, sand and grub.

Mark travelled the world, did a little fighting, and was promoted for his zeal,

William invested in Night life and made the odd property deal.

Now,

David and his lady wife have retired to their estate, enjoy shooting and cruising on their boat,

Charles left Molly for academia and is known to students as the grey-haired old goat.

Mark retired from the forces and has a home overlooking the Mediterranean Sea,

And William made a mint, married his sexy secretary known as Miss "Cup D",

Their son Piers is now Head Boy at SJB.

Wartime Home Guard. (recently released archive)

Beaumont June 1945: The War in Europe has just ended or has it?

To Zer Var Office:

Message reads: -

"*Ve vish to vork (veapon training) in ze Vindsor Great Park zis Veekend. varrant vanted".* Roarbitz, Officer Commanding Beaumont OTC.

This message was picked up together with her coffee, (she had a penchant for black and sweet) by a young Wren on her first spell of duty at Bletchley Park. She hurriedly applied lipstick before reporting the matter to her superior.

Desmond Socks-Treet (40) was lying in his bath of warm scented jasmine surrounded by candles with hints of cinnamon and rhubarb dreaming of that little boutique on the Rive Gauche, he had in mind on his discharge next week, when this agitated young lady burst in seeking advice "Try the petals of a rose, add its green leaves, its stem, and don't forget its buds. Immerse in clear water and wait to reveal its rosy delicateness, fruity accents and acidulated green notes..... The rouge on your cheeks suits your complexion and I will shortly attend to your need".

Having "deciphered" that the message was not in French - his speciality, Desmond took the bold decision to send it on to **"5"**.

The DG at **"5"** knew exactly the right man for investigation and interrogation techniques having honed them at The Bailey before the War – **Edward Fussen** who had recently returned from giving PG Woodhouse the third degree**.** "Fuss, I need you to go to Old Windsor there is something rummy going on – Hun infiltration and all that sort of thing, gather you speak the lingo".

"Know the place well, I was there from 18 -23".

"Knew nothing of this" said the DG. "Well" replied Fuss:" this is ...but then decided not to state the obvious..

Fuss didn't wish to make his visit manifest and would therefore pop down in the Royce so he could blend in at the guestroom. It was therefore just bad luck that who should he meet on the steps of The White House but his old chum from Upper Syntax **Justin Favour.**

"Good Heavens, Fuss, what brings you to the Alma Mater". "Passing by and just thought I would have a quick poke,..Juss, as we used to – what are you up to". "A bit hush, hush old Boy – off abroad, **"6'** you know".

Fuss made a mental note to check how someone with Juss's academic gravitas could have possibly got into **"6"** even with the Beaumont connections.

Meeting Fr Rector, Fuss was informed that "Beaumont was like an old tree in a shattered wood still miraculously flourishing representing the infallible Church and the Glories of Empire and apart from that Fr Josef would look after him. I will send Heinrich to find him – Heinrich's honour is loyalty and one of our best boxers".

"Velcom to zer College" said Fr Josef when he appeared: "Vill you vish to see zer Vhite House actually Blackhaus disguise- at sis moment - joke: kommen zis vay.

"Gott in Himmel" expressed Fuss and turning, whispered to Juss "Who is this man?"

"Favour minor tells me he is known as Jo Goballs, public speaking, drama and Scout master ".

“Donner und Blitzen” muttered Fuss.

“Ah you guess, I’m Austrian”, said Fr Josef. “No, REALLY,” replied Fuzz. “I need to visit the Armoury”. “Ah Zer Kommandantur: you vill vish see zer Freiherr? “Please goose step zis vay – joke again”

Fuss, as if by habit, turned up his jacket collar stuffed his hands in his pockets and followed Fr Josef down the corridors through the boot room to the Ambulacrum. He passed boys blancoing belts and gaiters and cleaning muskets, old habits die hard he thought before entering the Office.

Behind the desk lounged Captain or was it Hauptman Freiherr Ernst von Roarbits, Officer commanding The Beaumont College Corps. Fuss immediately noted the immaculately polished riding boots, the tap of the riding crop, the jacket that could have been made by fashionable Berlin tailors Averbeck & Broskamp, the trimmed blond hair, duelling scar and monocle.

“Velcome” said the voice: “You Vish zer Tea and Crumpet - nien- in zat case you may leave Frauline – Joke!

“Just passing” replied Fuss, picking up the Almanach de Gotha from the desk before slamming it down upsetting the inkwell. “ Vhat, I mean WHAT, is going on”.

“Well, Old boy” came the English drawl. “Family over in the Thirties, Beaumont till forties, Indian Army for Waries. Officer Commanding by golly whiz!” “Took over from Lord Fitz – Tonks to all who knew him, limp you know, horse shot from under him; dashed fine fellow our Fitz. Only here short time, so off to South America or East Africa – many kindred spirits, - joke. J’s offered me a year but need someone else with a limp: war wounds requisite for job, gather they have Irish Guardsman in mind”.

“The message?” queried Fuss. “We at ”5” believe there are only two things that smell of fish and one of them is fish”.

“Oh, let me explain” replied Ernst: “Alles hat ein Ende, nur die Wurst hat zwei” (Everything has an end, only the sausage has two). I’m certain that you at “5” will understand).

At that moment from the ambulacrum came that much- loved song of the Beaumont Korps; Led by Marleen (Mills, wife of Barney). Perhaps, others will recall Marleen’s other big hit of the Fifties “ Yvonne, Whatcha Doing” which held such resonance for those that heard it on a sultry night as the moon was rising…..

But the sound of the Band’s Glockenspeil brought Fuss back to reality:

Underneath the School clock,

We waited for our fate

Father I remember

The way we used to wait

‘twas there you whispered tenderly

Twice nine from me

It will hurt you’ll see

The prefect of the feruly

Dear Fr Corbishley

When we’re playing soldiers

in the mud and cold

And the old Corps colours

on the trooping are unfurled

We sing the old school song

with all our might,

To Runnymede

our pack is light

For we are the Beaumontani

The home guard boys army.

“I think” said Ernst,” this calls for Cocoa, if you will excuse me Fuzz, I must go and find mien Frauline!”

Personna

Socks-Treet; (Knox-Leet). Bletchely Park operative, founder of Dyptique in Paris.

Fussen: (Cussen) barrister, Judge, Lt-Col Int. Corps attached MI5.

Favour: (fictitious).

Rector: (Fr Helsham). Much loved wartime Rector.

Heinrich: Heinrich Wolfgang Pribram, of Austrian descent, Cambridge boxing Blue 1946.

Fr Josef (Fr Aschauer). An Austrian national on the Nazi blacklist. He was initially interned but released to teach German. Rowing Coach, Scout leader, photographer. Much admired and mimicked for turn of phrase and accent.

Von Roarbitz (Freiherr Ernst von Roretz). Family escaped Austria, OB 42, Capt. Indian Army. OC Beaumont OTC 1945. Sisal grower Kenya.

L D S.