

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW
SPRING 2022



Looking through the “glossies” I often note the advertisements put out by schools today. I know I’m a bit of a cynic but I do find the slogans used somewhat banal. Perhaps I should accept that the market demands these expressions, and schools are probably paying agencies large sums to come up with

some eye-catching phrases. Ampleforth offers you “A compass for life “ and Downside “For a life fully lived”. If you wish for “A nurturing environment” look no further than the Oratory and Worth has “Heart and soul” with its education. Stonyhurst has kept with “ All that I can be”: an unsurprising take on its motto “Je puis”. Elsewhere you might consider “Uniqueness” “ Inspirational;” Be brilliant” and unless you suffer from memory loss “Unforgettable”. It would be nice to think that if Beaumont was still in existence we would not have found it necessary to advertise our wares but I have a suspicion that we would have been among the throng. The offer of “The Eternal over the earthly” although seeking the spiritual high ground might not appeal to the financially savvy parent of today. My own “Beaumont is best and bugger the rest” wouldn’t pass the scrutiny of the Standards Authority: Old Windsor didn’t prepare me for a job in advertising. Perhaps, I for one should learn from St John’s “Where Knowledge becomes Understanding”.

NOTICES

DIARY DATES for the YEAR.

25th May 2022: BUGS Spring Meeting at Westerham

3rd OCT 2022: BU LUNCH AT THE CALEDONIAN

13th NOV 2022: Remembrance Sunday

VERDUN TRIP.

The Battlefield tour is sadly cancelled. Like the battles fought there “hopes raised and then dashed”. See below from Philip Stevens:

“I don’t think a trip is a practical plan. I would not set up one after a long gap, without a recce trip to make sure of all the logistics of eating, visitor access, routes etc., and I don’t have time to devote to the recce, then organising everything before the trip itself.

Nicky and I are planning to be away for a couple of months, a last Hurrah before my knees give out altogether, which really does take out spare time to prepare Verdun.”

OBITUARIES.

I regret to inform you of the death of **Paddy Coffey (54)** at his home in Tenerife. **Fr Michael Bingham SJ (59)** after a life among the poor.

Andrew Pace wrote to tell me that **Terry Fallon** has died. “He came to Beaumont mainly to Coach Rugger having been an Oxford Blue (with Grace and Smith) an Irish International Travelling Reserve and played for Bordeaux and London Irish. He also taught French and was credited with incentivising many "C" streamers (myself included) to pass their French 'O' Level by bribing us with the promise of pints of beer which were redeemed at Lords. It is said that Terry lost track of how many of his pledges had been called in and that, eventually, the Umpires on the field had to

ask for the noise from the Tavern to be toned down. He had been commissioned into the Paras and took part in CCF activities in support of Captain Kelly and Col Roddy.

I learnt of his death from my local Parish Priest who is a Belmont Monk and was Headmaster of Belmont when Terry went there following the announcement of the closure of Beaumont”.

THE WAR MEMORIAL

Our Memorial has at last been cleaned. Work finished on 18th January and John Flood and myself went down to see the result which is excellent.

The B U is very grateful to De Vere in getting this important work done despite the problem of funding at this difficult time in the hospitality sector. They also had to contend with the intransigence and unhelpful attitude of the bureaucrats at Windsor Borough Council.



The second phase will be to have the stone re-grouted where necessary and any minor repairs carried out.

ANOTHER CASUALTY.

You may well think – how can another OB casualty from the Great War not be recorded. According to the Centenary lists “**Macnicol, Angus J Bayne , 1904-07: served in the European War Lieut. RFA .**” As with a number of OBs, for whatever reason, no one at the school or with the BU were informed or became aware of his death. He is now listed in our **Great War Archive**.



Lt Angus Bayne Mcnicol RFA (07). The son of Captain Mcnicol spent three years at Beaumont before leaving for Victoria College Jersey at the age of 14. On leaving school, he was commissioned in the Seaforth Highlanders but later transferred to the RFA. In France he was posted to D Battery of 34 Brigade RA in support of 2 Division. He died of wounds during the Battle of the Arras that began 9th April 1917 which initially featured some notable successes. The opening advances, particularly at Vimy Ridge, achieved impressive gains with a relatively low casualty rate. The battle also succeeded in drawing German forces away from the French attack at the Aisne. Beyond the first few days however, casualties rose exponentially and the battle ground to a halt. **Angus, aged 24 was buried at Aubigny Communal Cemetery Extension. He was unmarried.**



“Artillery in action Battle of Arras”

SOCIAL GATHERINGS

The Bedford Lunch.

I have mentioned in the past that by way of “mea culpa” I often find myself prior to a Beaumont Lunch at Boodles kneeling in the confessional queue at Westminster Cathedral. I am not alone, as I often seem to be joined by others like minded over the years. **John Wolff, Mark Marshall, Chris Tailby** and this year I was joined by **Patrick Burgess**. I cannot speak for my fellow penitents but I wonder if this might be considered a “pre-emptive strike” : resolve against the possibility of over-indulgence.

Francophiles among you may well know of the dish *Ortolans à la Provençale*. These small songbirds are caught during their autumn migration, fattened on grain before being drowned in Armagnac. They are then roasted and eaten whole with one’s head under a napkin. The first taste is salty and savoury followed by the delicate flavour of the fat. The crunchiness of the bones gives it an overall flavour of hazelnuts – a most sensual experience. What of the napkin? Some say it is to guard the aromas. Others that it is to “hide yourself from God” for such an indulgence. credence to the latter is that the ritual was devised by a priest in about 1800 and was said, certainly in South West France, where I lived, to have been a JESUIT.

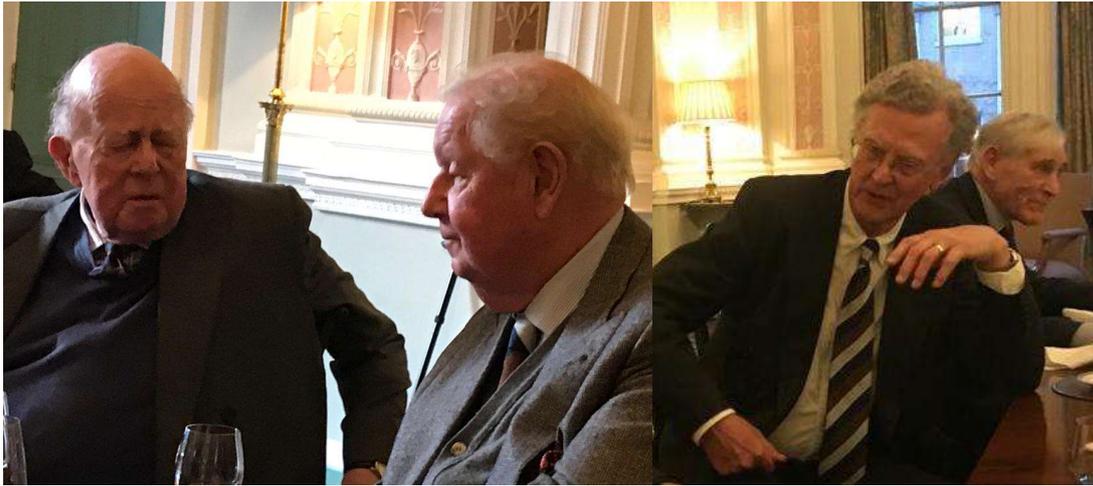


So, you may well understand this approach to a Beaumont Lunch at that august club in St James's. though I must hasten to add that Ortolans are not on the menu though napkins are naturally provided. (Before you think otherwise, there is no truth that above photograph is of a certain Dealer in Antiquities).

This year the "Friends of Bedford" were able to gather again for their annual Christmas Lunch (under the threat of another Lockdown so our numbers were reduced) Guy Bailey was unable to attend and regulars Parker and Bill Gammell were indisposed. Chris Tailby was "confined to Barracks" and Mark Marshall admitted "wimpish behaviour". Despite their absence a good time was enjoyed by all.



Some of The Friends



Tim O'Connor

Host - Patrick Burgess

Nigel Courtney



Derek Hollamby

Ant Stevens

Tony Outred



John Flood, Club member John Wolff

Guest Mandy Bedford, Richard Sheehan



Well, these are our two senior Officers Stevens and McHugh **BUT the ED seems to have had a camera problem after the passing of the port!**

De LISLE LUNCH



Gerard de Lisle gave a lunch also at Boodles. Described as a “Beaumont Union Flavour”. Gerard was joined by **Jeremy Gompertz, John Wolff, Robert Wilkinson, Edwin de Lisle and Gloria Hooper**. Gloria is the sister of the late **Tegla (59)** and one of the influential Catholics in the House of Lords.



Gloria Dorothy Hooper, Baroness Hooper, CMG, DSG, FRSA, FRGS is a British lawyer and a Conservative life peer in the House of Lords. The daughter of Frederick and Frances Hooper, she was educated at La Sainte Union Convent High School, Southampton, and at the Royal Ballet School.

Baroness Gloria Hooper has had a remarkable and diverse career in international law, politics and as a patron of the arts and social causes in both the United Kingdom and abroad.

Elected to the House of Lords in 1985, Baroness Hooper has been Deputy Speaker and Deputy Chairman of Committees in the Lords. Between 1999 and 2001, she served as a Parliamentary Private Secretary to Foreign Secretary, William Hague, MP, and as a Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State in the Departments of Health (1989-92), Energy (1988-89) and Education (1987-88). Before entering the British Parliament, Baroness Hooper was a member of the European Parliament, at which time she was also a Partner at Taylor & Humbert LLP.

Outside Parliament, Baroness Hooper serves as Governor of the Centre for Global Energy Studies and as Vice-President of Canning House, an organization that seeks to stimulate understanding and engagement between Britain and the Spanish-speaking world. In recent years, Baroness Hooper has also worked on the Inter-Parliamentary Union and Parliamentary Delegation to the Council of Europe.

Baroness Hooper received a Bachelor's degree in Law from the University of Southampton and was a Rotary Foundation Fellow at the Universidad Central del Ecuador. Gloria is also a Dame of the Order of St Gregory the Great.

Ed: I have recently heard from Gerard that he is off to Barbados for the month of February where he will be joined by his sons and their families.

ANOTHER “Beaumont” vintage.

Although not on the Boodles wine list, Gerard brought to my attention another “Beaumont “ wine he had recently enjoyed:-

Beaumont Hope Marguerite Chenin Blanc 2019

One of the most exciting Chenin Blancs currently being produced in South Africa, the Beaumont Hope Marguerite has won praise from top international wine critics like Tim Atkin and Jancis Robinson. The fruit used in this wine is carefully selected from the estate’s oldest Chenin plantings which date back to the 1970s. The wine is fermented in large French oak barrels and aged on the lees to add additional character and complexity.

The result is a powerful, full-bodied white wine which is reminiscent of fine white Burgundy. On the nose there are intense notes of white peaches, vanilla, and mango, while the first sip reveals a firm structure and bright tropical fruit flavours. This is a wine which will respond well to ageing and can be kept in the cellar for at least 5-7 years.

ARTICLES

THE Café Royal

All this mention of food and drink brings to mind BU gatherings of the past:

The Beaumont Union used the Café Royal as a Dinner Venue in 1901 and in the late 1930s and again in the 1950s and it is surprising that it had not been used more often as **OB Daniel Pigache’s** family started the business and he would be the Managing Director after the Great War. The “Café” is no more, after a chequered history, and is now a hotel though retaining much of its extraordinary décor.

Few Institutions can boast a history as rich as this one. Such a louche and libidinous past, with so many stories playing out as some of the greatest figures of modern times drank and (occasionally) dined – scandal, intrigue and ruin just a breath away. And rarely has a place been so studied, conceptualised, remodelled, restored and quietly relaunched, as the magnificent Café Royal.



The Café Royal was where bohemia collided with high society, where the louche and the lovely lingered late into the night with an archetypally West End cocktail of immigrants, celebrities, hangers-on, fine diners and nostalgic whiners. Its importance is enshrined in its Grade I listing, the highest possible protection and one that few restaurants (as the most ephemeral of interiors) are afforded.

Where would you start a history of the Café Royal? Perhaps on the night that Oscar Wilde got so high on absinthe that he imagined himself in a field of tulips? (They were chairs a waiter was stacking around him.) Or perhaps on the night the Marquis of Queensberry walked in to find the Irish poet dining with his son Lord Alfred Douglas, the shock that precipitated Wilde's downfall? Or perhaps in celebration of a dining room that defined an artistic moment in which James McNeill Whistler, Walter Sickert, Augustus John and Aubrey Beardsley could be found chatting together? Then again, you could choose an evening when Aleister Crowley, Virginia Woolf, Sir Jacob Epstein (who sculpted Wilde's tombstone in Paris) and Winston Churchill might have been found dining there.

In the early 20th century, the Café Royal was a haunt of two future kings, Edward VIII and George VI. An entry in the waiter's instruction book read: "Prince of Wales, Duke of York lunch frequently. Always plain food. No fuss."

The regulars also included Virginia Wolff, Noël Coward, Rudyard Kipling, J.B. Priestley, and George Bernard Shaw.

From the local press:-

"Large crowds gathered outside Vine House in Park Road, Surbiton in May, 1898. They had come to pay their last respects to George Pigache, a flamboyant

Frenchman who had died unexpectedly at 47. **George was the father of Daniel Pigache OB (00)**

George was a gifted musician who played several instruments and had accompanied many famous opera stars at private recitals. He was also one of the finest wine connoisseurs and gourmets of his day - a fact which increased his weight to a prodigious 36 stone, making him so fat he found it impossible to get into the family coach for his morning drive to Surbiton station.

Instead he had to travel in a large hired waggon from the local livery stables.

Once at the station, he couldn't manoeuvre his vast bulk into the railway carriage unaided. So, the station master selected three especially hefty porters to heave him into his carriage every morning, and painfully extract him from it at night.

He made his last journey to the station in a handsome casket of Spanish mahogany mounted with silver. Then he was put aboard a special train en route to Brookwood Cemetery. "Great care had to be taken in the transportation of the coffin due to the unusual size and weight; but everything was done quietly and decorously," reported the Kingston and Surbiton News.

Monsieur Pigache came to live in Surbiton after marrying the only daughter of Daniel and Celestine de Nicols, founders of London's famous Cafe Royal in Regent Street. Their rise from rags to riches had been remarkable.

Daniel, a native of Burgundy, married his cousin Celestine in Paris in 1854. He was a coachmaker, she a shop assistant, and both were poor. Soon after the wedding they took joint management of a wine and spirit business, which they later bought for £240 saved from their joint earnings.

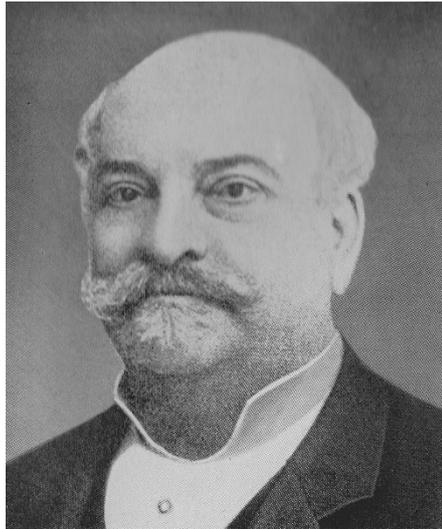
The business was not a success, and in 1863 they came to England - allegedly fleeing from numerous creditors and the French authorities. Celestine kept them going by taking in sewing while they became naturalised and changed their surname from Thevenon to de Nicols.

Their penury did not last long. Both had enormous energy and vision, and within two years they had opened a small cafe in Glasshouse Street. They called it the Cafe Restaurant Daniel Nicols. But soon it was attracting the best-known names in intellectual and political society, and they re-named it the Cafe Royal.

As business increased, they expanded sideways into Regent Street to create the premises that are still one of London's major restaurant landmarks.

The Cafe Royal made its name by serving the best food and wine ever seen in London. This was largely due to the de Nicols' future son-in-law, George Pigache, who chose the wines and supervised the kitchens.

"In 1884 the Cafe Royal had the best cellar in the world," wrote a noted connoisseur. "Fifteen years later it was the best ever seen on earth."



Daniel Nicol

The Nicols decided they needed a country estate in keeping with their new-found wealth. They chose Surbiton because it had fine country scenery within easy reach of Regent Street. Early in the 1870s they bought centuries-old Berrylands Farm. They demolished the farmhouse, and replaced it with Regent House, a sumptuous mansion boasting the rich, gaudy, almost decadent opulence that was the hallmark of the Cafe Royal.

The Nicols engaged an Italian artist to create their outrageous - and shrewdly calculated - extravaganzas at Surbiton and Regent Street. During the week, when the Cafe Royal was crowded with customers, the artist worked at covering the walls and ceilings at Surbiton with heavy-bosomed naked nymphs and masses of gilding.

At weekends, when the Nicols were holding unparalleled parties at Regent House, he would move up to the Cafe Royal and work on the same sort of decor there.

Surbiton then consisted mainly of middle and upper-class families whose lives were patterns of Victorian gentility. They had never seen the Nicols' like before, and in the years the French pair lived there, it seems their neighbours made no contact with them whatsoever. Not that Daniel and Celestine would have missed them.

Surrounded by their private deer park, which stretched from what are now the Berrylands and Park roads right down to the railway line, they entertained international personalities on a tide of Cliquot pink champagne.

The ballroom at Regent House was huge - quite big enough to accommodate the full-size orchestra, conducted by the world-famous Leopold Wenzel, the entire corps de ballet of the Empire Theatre, and the scores of music hall stars who came to entertain the weekend house parties.

It was easy for the Nicols to arrange such entertainments; for in 1884 they had taken over a derelict, half-completed building in Leicester Square, and transformed it into the Empire Theatre (known initially as The Pandora.) They intended it to be a

sideline, but it had as big an impact as the Cafe Royal. Right from the start, the great crimson and gilt theatre, with its golden foyer, was the most luxurious ever built in London. And from 1887 onwards, after three disastrous years of comic opera, it became noted as the finest variety theatre in the world.

The residents of Surbiton may have given Regent House a wide berth, but the most famous personalities of the day loved its larger-than-life atmosphere.

The great diva, Adelina Patti, was a frequent guest, as were Sir Blundell Maple, founder of the furniture store, George Edwardes, head of the Gaiety Theatre, and many more.

The working people of Surbiton mourned most when Daniel died from diabetes at the age of 64. Memory of his own early money troubles made him generous to those in need, and in the words of the Kingston and Surbiton News: "He was a good friend to the poor of the locality, and no appeal was ever made to him in vain." Daniel Nicol died at Regent House in 1897, and the ballroom in which he had entertained so lavishly was converted into a temporary chapel of rest for him to lie in.

When he left Surbiton for the last time in his splendid silver and mahogany coffin, it was borne by a coach drawn by two black-plumed horses, and flanked by six outriders. Behind came an open carriage piled high with wreaths. Behind again came a long procession of mourners who accompanied the body to the Church of Notre Dame in Leicester Square before it was taken by train for interment at Brookwood.

It was an appropriately stylish exit for the man who had revolutionised cafe society and theatrical life in Victorian London.

George Pigache's memorial is, in a sense, the house logo used on napkins, stationery and many other Cafe Royal items.

This originated when George suggested that the letter N for Nicols, surrounded by laurel, and surmounted by a crown, should be used on all the Cafe Royal's cutlery, china, napkins etc. Only later did Daniel realise that "his" new logo was a copy of Napoleon's crest. "Daniel was a red-hot royalist, and he was furious with George for deceiving him," "It was too late to change things, and the logo is still in use to this day. People assume it stands for Napoleon, but really it's for Nicols."

Celestine continued to live in Regent House until her death in 1916. Then the estate was sold off for housing.

Today the mansion where famous names cavorted beneath canopies of naked nymphs has been replaced by Regent Road, while the deer park is covered by rows of sedate 1920s housing. There is still one reminder of the pink champagne era: Regent Cottage, the pretty little building at 19 Berrylands, was once a Nicols' estate lodge.

The Nichols' Empire Theatre has been converted into three cinemas, and all its original interiors have been destroyed."



So much for the father and grandfather of **OB Daniel Pigache**, but following their demise, he played his own part in the history of the Café Royale. Initially while he learned the trade, his grandmother continued as Manager until the First War. In this period he managed to get married twice, firstly in 1907 which ended in divorce and then again in 1914. Daniel Joined up in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers serving as their Captain and Adjutant and was MID.



Captain Daniel Pigache Royal Fusiliers during the Great War



Returning to London he changed his name to Nicols-Pigache and became the Café's Managing Director. Once more the Café Royale was the place to be seen to wine and dine but Daniel decided that the place needed a refurbishment and a make-over an estimated cost of half a million pounds. He borrowed half of this sum from the Bank of England and unfortunately there was a huge overspend and in 1927 when the Bank could not be repaid both The Café and Daniel were declared bankrupt. This also coincided with his second divorce: a most costly affair. This brought to an end the Nicols and Pigache family connection with the Café although Daniel was to later write a book "Café Royal Days". In 1946 he yet again changed his surname to just Nicols.

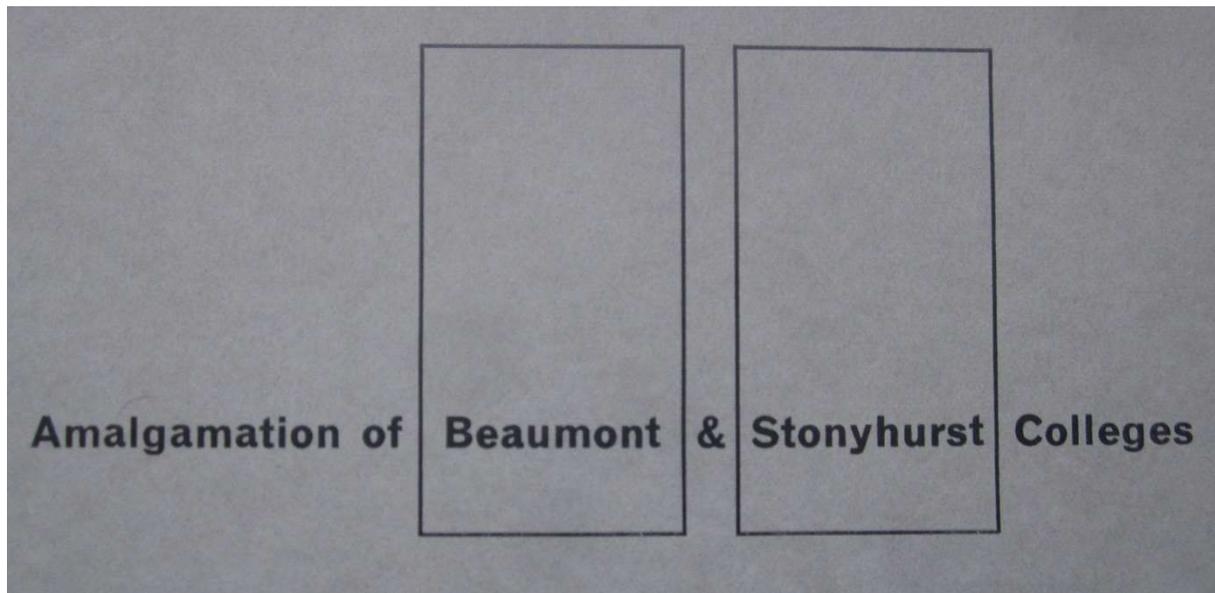
Daniel was not the only OB connection to the family. His elder sister Louise married Henry Prendergast in 1901 and their son **Richard was at Beaumont leaving in 1929**. He was at Trinity Cambridge, Barrister Middle Temple and Capt. Irish Guards. His elder sister Marie-Louise married **Leo Burgess (21)** the same year 1929.

Closure of Beaumont

by John Mulholland OS 71

ED: John wrote to me to ask my views about the closure of Beaumont and the move to Stonyhurst – a period that coincided with his days at Stonyhurst and

where in his writings he hopes to rectify his views and those of many of his contemporaries.



I expect it is strange to see an OS writing an article on the closure of Beaumont. I was at Stonyhurst from 1966 to 1971 and therefore knew many boys who had been at Beaumont or St John's who arrived at Stonyhurst in that era. While writing a memoir on my years at Stonyhurst the issue of the closure of Beaumont featured in conversations and correspondence. I began to realise that I knew little about the closure. So I decided to find out and wrote this piece which is destined to be an appendix in my forthcoming memoir. I wanted to put on record what happened as my discovery of the facts profoundly challenged an incorrect narrative I had held for over 50 years. By putting this piece in my memoir, I hope it will be read by my fellow OS and help them appreciate the challenges faced by Beaumont and St John's boys in 1960s.

In addition to Stonyhurst, the Jesuits had another public school located at Old Windsor – Beaumont. The estate had been sold to the Society of Jesus in 1854 where it housed Jesuit novices of the English Province. In October 1861 it became a Catholic boarding school for boys with the title of Stanislaus College, Beaumont, named after St Stanislaus Kostka. Adjacent was its prep school, St John's Beaumont.

The school was popular with its location close to London. It had a number of prominent old boys including Sir Henry Burke KCVO, grandson of the founder of Burke's Peerage, an owner of Aintree Racecourse, the first President and co-founder of Sinn Féin; Sir Anthony Legget - Nobel Prize winner, Brigadier General E W Costello VC, Olympic Gold medallist - Freddie Woolf, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott OM - architect of Liverpool Anglican Cathedral and Peter Hammill founder of the progressive rock band,

Van der Graaf Generator.¹ In the 20th century a number of old boys had prominent roles in military intelligence in both World Wars.

In 1961 Beaumont celebrated its centenary and was thriving numerically, academically and in sports. A new accommodation block had been built with considerable contributions from parents and old boys. The school with 260 boys was fully booked and the future looked secure.

However, in 1964 the English Province of the Jesuits was suffering from a problem in recruiting and retaining priests. The Province also had a commitment in resourcing missions in Rhodesia and British Guyana. The Superior General in Rome, Fr Jean-Baptiste Janssens SJ, decided to review the problem and appointed an assessor, Fr Gordon George SJ, a Canadian Jesuit, to examine the issue and come up with a solution to release Jesuits in the UK for mission work.

In addition, Janssens had a reforming agenda for the Jesuits and decided to challenge the Jesuit educational institutions. In bold language for the 1960s, in his *Instruction on the Social Apostolate* he spoke of completely uprooting the spirit of 'caste' among Jesuits and their students. They should not appear 'to be allied with the rich and the capitalists'. Those especially who labour in the educational ministry should manifest 'an interest and concern for the proletariat that is equal to, or even greater, than that shown to the rich'.²

The Jesuits had two top schools for the privileged: Stonyhurst and Beaumont. They were the most expensive in fees. The next one down was Mount St Mary's, near Sheffield. Then there were the less expensive or non fee paying state schools such as Wimbledon College, St Ignatius Stamford Hill, Preston College, St Aloysius Glasgow. Initially it was decided to close Mount St Mary's but the Bishop of Leeds objected and threatened to petition the Pope. When Fr Gordon George SJ told the Bishop of his intention to close The Mount, the Bishop responded with words along the lines: 'Over my dead body – come to me when you have closed one of your snob schools like Stonyhurst or Beaumont!' With a bias to the less well off it would have been politically unacceptable to close one of the larger of state schools. So the spotlight then fell on Stonyhurst and Beaumont.

¹Peter Hammill's younger brother, Andrew, was in my year at Stonyhurst.

²*Historiography of the Jesuits in the Late Modern Period* by Jeffrey P. Avon Arx SJ.



Stonyhurst was seen as the spiritual home of the Jesuits in the UK and older than Beaumont. Stonyhurst had been gifted to the Jesuits by the Weld family on condition it was a school and that if it ceased to be so then the estate and buildings would revert to the Weld family. So the Jesuits would make no financial gain by closing the school. It was deemed by the Canadian Jesuit that Beaumont should be “amalgamated” with Stonyhurst, by shutting it down. Also Beaumont was near London and selling off the buildings and estate would bring a windfall to the English Province. Shutting down Beaumont had a touch of ideology around it as the Jesuit philosophy at the time was to renounce any abiding sense of elitism or preferential attention to the wealthy and well-connected.³

All this logic and decision-making was done in secret, without any consultation with the schools in question. During the process Fr Pedro Arrupe SJ became the Superior General and made the final decision. Predictably when the surprise announcement of closure was made in 1965 there were outcries of protest. It was a public relations disaster and all stakeholders: boys, parents, past parents, OB and lay staff were astonished and felt they were the victims of uninformed incompetence in which their voice was not heard. Many of the Beaumont Jesuits were deeply upset and angered by the decision, made in secret on the recommendation of the Vatican emissary, who knew little about schooling in the UK. The English Province, led by Fr Corrigan, was caught between a rock (Rome) and a hard place (anyone connected with Beaumont) and tried to sell the idea as a ‘merger’ or amalgamation of two schools. But this simply did not happen. All Beaumont traditions were lost in the transfer of boys to Stonyhurst.

In 1966 some Beaumont boys doing ‘O’ and ‘A’ Levels stayed on till final closure in July 1967 but the majority moved to other schools at short notice. Many came to

³See pages 286-304 Chapter titled: *Gordon George and the Visitation of the English Province, 1964-65* by Fr Oliver P. Rafferty SJ in *With Eyes and Ears Open: The Role of Visitors in the Society of Jesus* by Thomas McCoog SJ.

Stonyhurst in 1966 when I also arrived. In addition to Beaumont boys arriving so did many St John's boys who had been destined for Beaumont. My memory was that it was pretty chaotic. The school as the largest as it had ever been and the rapid increase in numbers was referred to as the "Beaumont Bulge". The excess numbers of boys resulted in some sleeping on camp beds in the gym and the Ambulacrum, an indoor sports hall, until more permanent arrangements could be made.

Wikipedia records:

Beaumont finally shut in 1967, amid a storm of protest from parents and old boys who had contributed to an appeal to fund a new accommodation block. This led among some to the colloquialism "Pulling a Beaumont", referring to an ability to cause mass confusion and protest in seemingly benign circumstance.

David Grey (OS 69) spent his first two years at Beaumont and then moved to Stonyhurst in 1966. He was given the task of being a representative of Beaumont boys in his Syntax year (1966/67). He went to Fr Earle, the headmaster, with a list of things which would help Beaumont boys in their transition. He was not listened to and all his ideas dismissed out-of-hand. Unsurprisingly this caused resentment among Beaumont boys who just had to accommodate themselves and lose their past identities.

Some Beaumont boys who transferred to Stonyhurst were also unsettled and felt unwelcome. Among them was Patrick McGrath (OS 67) who was so unhappy he ran away from Stonyhurst and later became a successful gothic novelist. Jonathan Eveleigh (OS 70) who transferred to Stonyhurst in 1966 recalls: **'Moving to Stonyhurst was a major assault on the senses after our bucolic time at Beaumont in the bosom of civilisation and culture'**.

The whole affair resulted in very few OB choosing to send their sons to Stonyhurst. Instead they tended to send them to Ampleforth in north and Eton in the south. It worth nothing that in 1985, Fr Peter Knott SJ, a Jesuit Chaplain, was appointed at Eton to minister to the swelling numbers of Catholics - the first appointment of a Catholic Chaplain since the Reformation. As a result of closing Beaumont only two Jesuits were released to overseas missions. But they were sent to an elite boarding school in Harare, St George's which defeated the purpose. So not only had the goal of releasing Jesuits for mission failed, a perfectly good school was closed. There are now more Catholic boys at nearby Eton, than were ever were at Beaumont. Not only did the Jesuits fail in their declared goal but scored an own goal which reverberates through six decades.

The Beaumont site is now a four star hotel and conference centre. In 2016 I attended a 5 day residential training course there and had to take a two hour exam on the last day of the course. So, I was back on the site of a former Jesuit College taking an exam, 45 years after taking my 'A' Levels. Over breakfast on the last day one of my fellow trainees informed me that the hotel was on site of a former convent. I looked up from my breakfast cereal and said 'Really?' I later discovered that after Beaumont

closed in July 1967 it became a temporary convent for a year as some nuns rented it from the Jesuits while their own buildings were being refurbished.

At the OB Dinner in 1988, the Chairman, Fr Bamber summed up the situation:

There came in '64 from Canada the Jesuit visitor, and his deliberate determination to close the school. He spoke of - the Raj: at least they had experience of how to handle such a situation. There was, in this case, to be no warning or discussion. Something, seemingly unjust and even sinful. Beaumont was not suffering from a lack of demand and applications, there was no spare capacity. In fact in 1965, the year the closure was announced, numbers at the college were three quarters of those at Stonyhurst itself. The position of Beaumont, near Windsor, with the river and the opportunity for boating, as well as cricket and other amenities had been appreciated from the outset: the proximity of London airport came later. The abolition of Beaumont was the intention; not of possible continuance in another form. In practice, with Stonyhurst it was an absorption, not an amalgamation. Different as two sisters often are, one would wish for more of Beaumont to be acknowledged.

Back in 1965 the reason given was there was a shortage of Jesuits to run Beaumont but that may have been an excuse rather than a reason and the school would have been closed anyway for Rome to be seen to be having a bias to less well off. It assumed Jesuits were essential to lead and teach a Jesuit school. But in the following 50 years Stonyhurst moved to a model of a lay headmaster and mainly lay teaching staff with only one Jesuit as a chaplain but with the school maintaining a Jesuit ethos. But such an innovative solution was probably beyond the imagination of anyone involved at the time.

In addition to closing Beaumont, Fr George identified a number of factors which resulted in a shake-up of personnel and administration in the English Province: an 'exaggerated devotion to tradition' and a 'mindset that generated attitudes in the modern era that were inappropriate, irrelevant or obsolete' which resulted in the inability of the Society of Jesus in Britain to keep up with the changes in British society, also a certain intellectual stultification and 'state of anomie'⁴ especially among younger Jesuits that required major changes in Jesuit training.

Gordon George did not reserve his attention just for the English Province but enforced the Superior General's agenda by 'visiting' Rhodesia and Guyana. This is from Fr Mark Hachett SJ's account in a memoir:

One major event took place at St Aidan's, the visitation of Gordon George which was to lead to its closure. Personally, the visit was remarkable for two conversations at the foot of the stairs. Once he asked me whether I would like to be Novice Master. I indicated that actually I had never thought about it. On the second occasion he asked

⁴Anomie – a societal condition defined by an uprooting or breakdown of any moral values, standards or guidance for individuals to follow.

*me if I was frightened of him and on being told that I was not, he pointed out to me the enormous powers that he had and that I ought to be frightened of him.*⁵

A thoughtful uncredited piece on the closure appeared in *The Stonyhurst Magazine* in October 1967. It was written either by a boy or a master who had been at Beaumont and moved to Stonyhurst. It has been written a few weeks after the final closure in July 1967 and is remarkable in that it is written from the heart with a surprisingly forgiving spirit, given the circumstances. It is appropriate that this author has the last word:

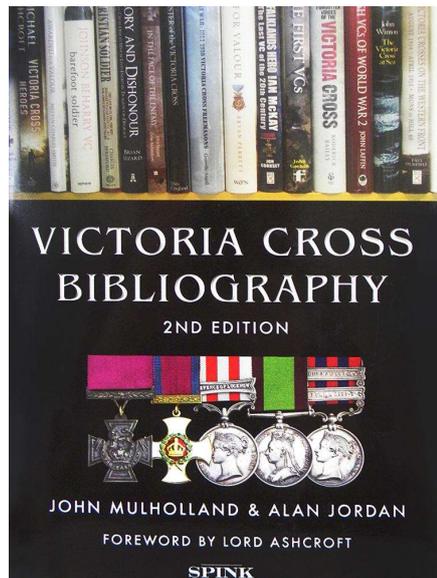
Of course, we all tend to idealise the past, to soft-pedal the weaknesses and drawbacks and to look back on scenes and incidents through a rose-tinted cloud of reminiscence. The upsets, the difficulties, the disappointments sink down into the hidden recesses of the memory or are recalled with a detachment and a calm, perhaps even an amused calm, as Time's healing hand removes the sharp and jagged edges. One must realise that, when thinking of all that Beaumont has meant to us. Yet, making such allowances, one still recalls Beaumont with a very deep affection, as a school marked by a spirit of easy familiarity, informality and homeliness. How much sheer location and buildings contributed to this, it is hard to say; I think they certainly did have a large effect. More important, of course, were those personal relationships, so intangible yet so real, which marked the history of the school, coalescing into a spirit that is felt and realised, though probably never defined or even definable.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to Robert Wilkinson OB 62, John Flood OB 65, David Grey OB 66 and OS 69 and Richard King OS 71.

Ed: it is interesting to note in the Amalgamation booklet: "it has been decided to run the two schools together as one at Stonyhurst"..."the uniting forces of Beaumont and Stonyhurst will undoubtedly provide better educational opportunities for all boys". Perhaps the intentions were good but am I being somewhat harsh if "Anschluss" springs to mind?

In the 1970s the Stonyhurst uniform was changed to a black three piece suit for Sunday and a green tweed jacket with grey trousers for mid-week. At this stage the school tie was changed to red, as it was felt that a green jacket should not have a green tie. The colour red has no particular historical connection with Stonyhurst. Green ties could still be worn until the mid-1980s. **Did it never occur to the Stonyhurst authorities to adopt a colour or colours with their "Beaumont connection" or was that too much to ask?**



Finally, I should add that John is the author of “The VC Bibliography”

The late Fr. Michael Bingham SJ : his “raison d’etre”

“Faith that does Justice – Justice that seeks God”

I was born in England in 1941 of a Protestant father from Northern Ireland and a Catholic mother from London. I was sent away to a Jesuit boarding school for 10 years, after which I joined the novitiate in 1959. Philosophy followed, then graduate studies in English at Oxford. I taught in another Jesuit school for three years before starting theology at Heythrop College in London, which I completed at Regis College in Toronto, Canada, returning to England for ordination in 1974. After a few months studying Spanish in Mexico I took up residence in Medellín, Colombia, attending the Instituto Pastoral Latinoamericano for another few months before doing Tertianship in a poor neighbourhood under Miguel Elizondo from 1975-6. I stayed on for a further three years in the Jesuit parish there as a member of the staff, moving to another poor parish of ours in Cali for two years, and lastly to a country parish near Barrancabermeja before returning home at the end of 1983. Since then I worked in a Jesuit parish in inner-city Liverpool for 14 years, and in 1998 moved to Northern Ireland to join a small insertion community in a ‘nationalist’ (catholic) area of Portadown.

It was not till I moved to Canada in 1972 to complete my theology that I felt able to develop my interest in social justice. I first did a pastoral placement in an Institute for young female offenders, and then as member of a small community did supervised chaplaincy work in prisons.

On several occasions I stayed at various Jesuit missions to the native American people. In 1975 I visited various basic Christian communities, mainly in Mexico, before arriving in Medellín, Colombia, to study pastoral practice in Latin America following the principles of the 1968 CELAM (Latin American Episcopal) Conference. In Tertianship there we ministered to the poor amongst whom we lived. Afterwards I helped briefly in 1976 on the mission teams in the diocese of Riobamba, Ecuador, being caught up in the military raid on the Latin American bishops' meeting there, detained briefly and expelled from the country. Until 1983 I was assigned to poor parishes in Colombia. Besides performing regular pastoral duties. I was chaplain and catechetical coordinator in the Fe y Alegría schools in Medellín (until I was effectively declared 'persona non grata' by the bishop), and in Cali did some conscientising work amongst neighbourhood groups. The Jesuit social centre CINEP (Centre for Research and Education) in Bogotá offered training and reflection to those of us in the popular pastoral sector. Before leaving Latin America I helped out for several weeks in a parish on the outskirts of Managua in Nicaragua, at that time facing the Contra rebellion.

For the next 14 years from 1984 my work in an inner-city parish in Liverpool, marked by high unemployment and substandard housing, was part pastoral, part community development. I helped to organise housing tenant groups, children's play schemes and adult learning, all in a context of good relations with the local Anglican church. I did some work with drug addicts, studying for a Master's degree on the subject. During the 1980s I was active in promoting Central American solidarity, and took part in protest rallies against the presence of nuclear bases. Within the British Province I belonged to our Social Apostolate group, becoming a member of the social ministries Commission, and helped to host two meetings of the northern sector of Mission Ouvrière. (French Mission to the Working Class)

In Northern Ireland, where I have been now since 1998, my work has been marked throughout by the issue of political and religious division. Besides helping in the parish and in a nearby prison, I have become involved in our local neighbourhood organisation, being currently on the management committee, and have supported people in their opposition to sectarian parades through the area. Within the town of Portadown I belong to an inter-church group of clergy and church workers, a lay-led group that promotes reconciliation, and another that offers mediation services to individuals and groups in dispute, aware of the recent influx of migrant workers into the area and the growth of racism. Further afield I work with Mediation Northern Ireland, based in Belfast, providing training sessions to groups on issues around conflict. I recently did a Master's degree in Reconciliation Studies in Belfast, and have done courses in dealing with trauma, suicide and depression. I also help to staff a telephone service for those contemplating suicide. I continue to be a member of my Province's social ministries Commission, liaising with Irish Province representatives in the field, and maintain links with Mission Ouvrière. I recently contributed an article in a publication by the Faith and Justice Centre in Dublin on 'The Church's Social Teaching in Action'.

In spite of a conventional, even privileged upbringing, around 1968 certain interests and concerns were emerging in my consciousness before theology, apparently extraneous to any religious or spiritual dynamic: awareness of social inequities, the call for radical change, the survival of human cultures and natural resources. On a visit to a Jesuit mission in Northern Ontario I recall the sensation of getting down from the ice-bound train one Christmas and approaching the township almost on tiptoe through the snow for fear of damaging fragile sensibilities with my clumsy mental and cultural baggage. Hearing the stories of the inmates in a women's gaol in Toronto where I was chaplain, I found myself looking at the underside of society and discovering that it looked, and felt, completely different. I don't think I have seen things quite the same way since. In a cramped little Tertianship house in the 'misery belt' of Medellín I wrestled with the contradictions and dilemmas posed by our 'parachuting' into the lives of these chosen neighbours around us. I felt again the sense of awe and hesitancy before the vulnerable existences and relationships disturbed by our appearance. Our professed 'poverty' was a sham in the midst of the humble yet dignified people, for we were by any definition 'rich' - in money, resources, power, influence, education and opportunities. Yet so poor we discovered ourselves when compared to them in terms of generosity, availability, mutual dependence, authenticity and spontaneity.

We concluded that taking a leading role would only perpetuate the people's sense of impotence and incompetence. It felt like a 'handing over' - or even 'handing back' - of power and dignity to those to whom it had rightfully belonged. We reasoned that the best gift we could offer them would be to accompany them in their pains and trials, their hopes and struggles. As I settled into the rhythm of life in the world of the marginalised, it felt like being at the centre of the world. This was where lay new hope for a better order of things. Though the senses were continually assailed by sights, sounds and smells associated with the detritus of society, it was a privilege and a blessing to be there. The sense of being part of a continentwide community of purpose and commitment was a powerful support and motivator. There was a clear political and social project to establish a just society with which we could identify and to which owe allegiance. Back in Britain, in a parish in a disintegrating part of inner-city Liverpool, I recognised the same world of ordinary human lives whom wealth, success and fortune pass by, here marked by unemployment, and superfluous to the national enterprise. Here again were the friends I had already made in Latin America, whose powerlessness is their greatest poverty, their humanity their greatest richness. Lack of access to social participation, whether in the slums of Medellín or in an inner-city estate in Liverpool, produces characteristic patterns of behaviour, values and world-view. I realised that the faith that emerged from this experience was qualitatively different. I saw the spirituality of the poor as the paradigm of all spirituality, where a sense of dependence and impotence is the absolute condition of our relationship with God. Not only that, but these virtues that survive in our impoverished and cynical society have enriched my own spirituality.

One day a young man whom I had known came to me asking for help. He was one of the many drug abusers in the neighbourhood. I became aware of the pain that was not as public as other ills of social marginalisation, but just as real. Having tended to focus on people more as a class or collectivity. I became more attentive to individual and personal needs. Building relationships in Northern Ireland I have sensed the contradiction between living in solidarity with our Catholic neighbours and trying to bridge the rift with the Protestant community. How can I be committed to one and yet detached from both? If I pursue the cause of reconciliation, can I really affirm that I am committed to anybody? Here the priority is the healing of differences and divisions. Between the rights and demands of each, one can occasionally glimpse in the gap the ideal of a higher, or deeper justice, where truth and compassion meet.

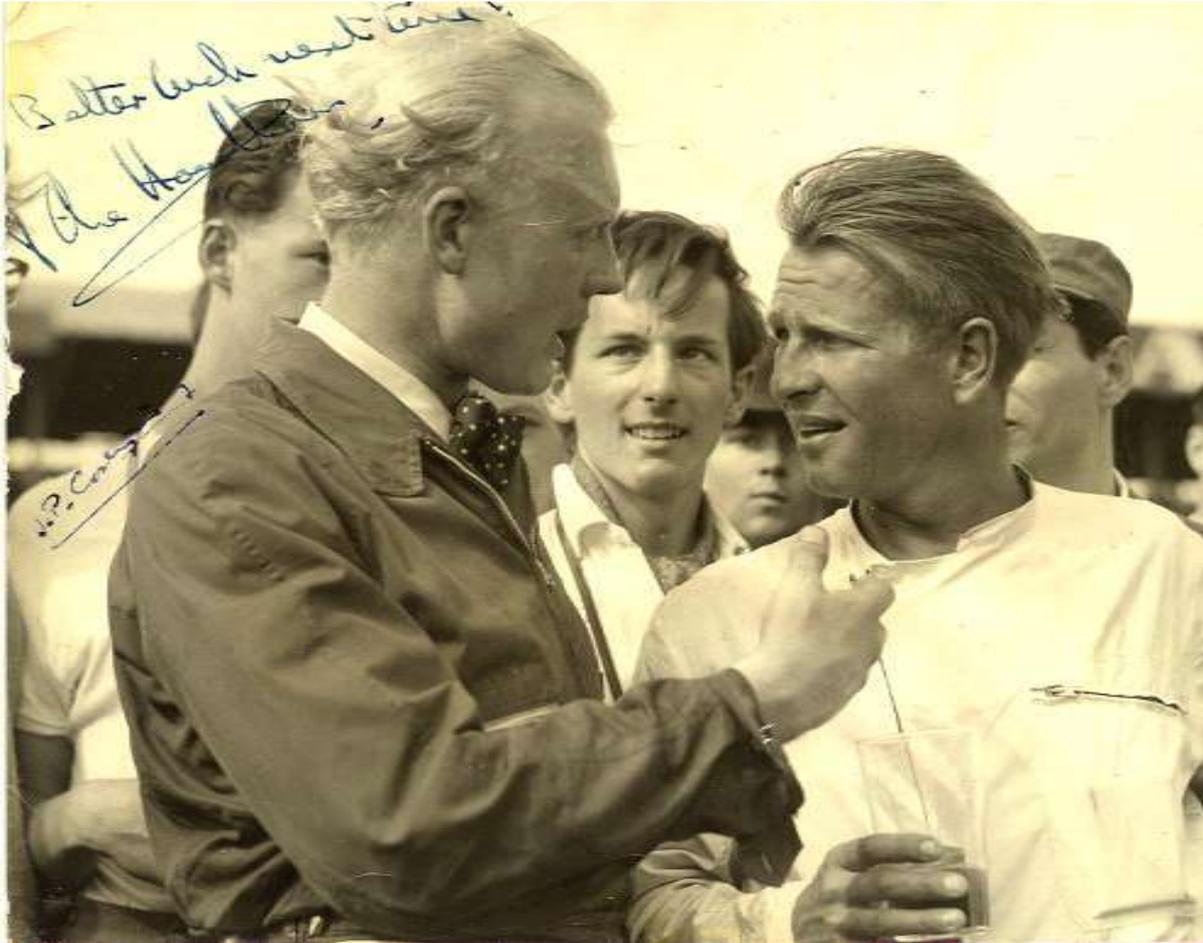
The link between justice and God came gradually for me. It was like a re-exploration of my faith as I matched my experience of the poor with my beliefs. The image of Jesus, 'pioneer of our faith', the lowly leader who calls us to follow only where he has gone before himself, was very strong from my days of Tertianship, and the vision of his kingdom was the template for transformative action in the world. Jesus' option in favour of the excluded and vulnerable, and challenge to the upholders of power and privilege, sprang out from the pages of the gospel as I re-read them, and were reinforced by the 4th decree of GC 32.

I aspired to a more radical poverty in solidarity, like the generous 'emptying out' of Jesus, to the extent of accepting criticism and misunderstanding without defence. All choices, all judgments, tended to be made in this light – discerning them from the perspective of the poor. In the early years of my experience little self-reflection took place, so focused was I on living out the consequence of my commitment. Only later did the people among whom I worked help me to look more closely at my moods and my desires, and integrate my own spirituality with my life choices. Learning to relate more to individual needs has led me to be more aware of movements of the spirit in myself, and become more understanding of people, the reasons for their being where they are, and their capacity for moving forward. Where once 'contemplative in action' was simply activity driven by a conviction, it has become more a being in tune to God's love in me.

Michael Bingham died on 12th January at Portadown. (Ed: at Beaumont he is remembered not as a great games player but someone who was involved in all other aspects of school life – The Sodality, Quods, Music, Scouts, Rhetoric and all the plays and panto).

TRIBUTE to TONY PARISH

The Best "life remembered tribute" to Tony is to recount his famed school escapade of 1958 in his own words that I first published in the Spring of 2014.



“Tony Parish had been in touch with me about selling some of “the family silver” so I gave him the details of a “well-known Antiques Dealer” . Later he wrote again:-

“I recently met your cousin **Anthony Outred** and, of course, we ended up talking about the “good old days” over a plate of Spaghetti alla Putanesca and Prosecco di Valdobbiadine. He was entertained by some of my “feats” accomplished at Beaumont especially the Formula 1 GP escapade to Silverstone in 1958. This photo sums it up: between the winner Mike Hawthorn (Ferrari) and second placed Peter Collins (Ferrari) there is an admiring school boy (Tony Parish).

I had to climb out of the window at six o'clock in the morning and slide down the drain pipes in order to meet my friend Sir John Whitemore (later to become a successful racing driver) at the BPH. He took me to Silverstone in his TR3 and I had to arrange for pals to cover me up during the school activities of that Saturday. Notwithstanding all the perfect organization (I even scored in a rugby match on the Runnymede), next morning I was caught out because that photo appeared on the Sunday Times ! **George Stanton (1958)** tried to take the newspaper away from Fr Costigan .but it was all too late, he saw it sliding under the door !.

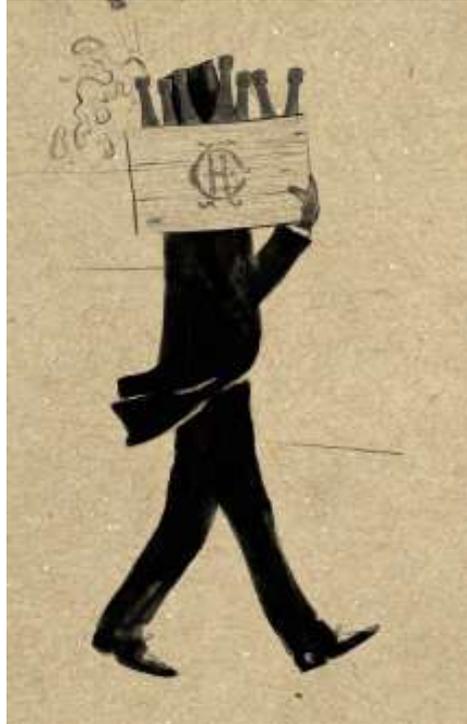
At Beaumont I was known as Ferrari-Parish since I was nuts about Ferrari. I even though I was a Ferrari and would fool around pretending to be one. My love for these

cars stemmed from the fact that I had been several times with my father to visit Maranello. I remember being taken down a narrow highway in a 5 liter 375 Ferrari sports car which was being prepared for the 1954 Le Mans 24 hr race. My father supplied Maserati with Ferodo brake linings (drum brakes in those days) while Ferrari used Giralings but he was on good terms with both teams and was always going down to Modena for test sessions. I was taken along when on holiday and on one occasion I met Sterling Moss. Ferodo had a well equipped assistance van and when they came to Italy they would take me along with them to the races at Monza. I was put in charge of the tea service so I was able to meet all the racing drivers of the time.

At Silverstone I had a mechanic's pass so I was able to get around the pits with ease and as soon as the race ended. I was first to get to the race winners. I had learnt the tactics at Monza) Anyhow, the event made quite an impression at Beaumont and I became an instant hero. Fr Costigan didn't really know how to punish me, he even signed the photo !. But he couldn't let me get away with it and at the same time he didn't want me to become a martyr. He made me an offer in typical Jesuit style, an offer I couldn't refuse . I had to volunteer to go on a retreat in St John's Wood and it was term's end anyway so off I went for a whole week . Great time but that's another story.

But that's not the end of this story. On January 25 1959 Sir Stirling Moss wrote an obituary on Mike Hawthorn in the Sunday Times in which he mentioned the photo : "clearly framed between the two drivers was an ecstatically happy and admiring school boyhe had played truant from his public school to be at the grand prix ,but had been caught fair and square when his headmaster opened the Sunday Times . The boy made no complaint about this but asked if he could have a copy of the picture. We decided to go one better and have both drivers to sign it. Mike roared with laughter and the story and wrote on the photograph "better luck next time !" Now I am afraid the picture will be doubly tragic for the schoolboy enthusiast" I never got the second signature because Peter Collins died at the Nurburgring soon after.

GISS - GOSS



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

MORE DINNERS.

The City of London Catenian Association is celebrating its centenary this year and have been invited by the Lord Mayor Vincent Keaveny, who happens to be a member, to hold their dinner at the Mansion House on 29th March. In the chair will be this year's President **Patrick Burgess**. Who Else !

The BLUE BOY.

Gainsborough's masterpiece 'The Blue Boy' returns to the UK (accompanied by an OB)

Exactly 100 years, to the day, since it left

On 25 January 2022, Gainsborough's '*The Blue Boy*' returned to Trafalgar Square, exactly one hundred years, to the day, since it was last seen in this country.



On 25 January 1922, the National Gallery and the nation said goodbye to Thomas Gainsborough's (1727–1788) 'The Blue Boy' (1770).



Image: Thomas Gainsborough, 'The Blue Boy', 1770. Huntington Art Museum, San Marino, California (21.1) © Courtesy of the Huntington Art Museum, San Marino, California

Bought the previous year by rail and property businessman Henry E. Huntington, 'The Blue Boy' went on display at the National Gallery as part of a farewell tour. During the three weeks it was on display in Trafalgar Square, 90,000 visitors came to see the painting before its departure for California.

Before it left, the National Gallery's then Director Charles Holmes wrote 'au revoir' on the painting's reverse, in the hope that the painting would return one day. Now that dream is coming true as the painting is being generously lent to the Gallery for an exceptional free exhibition.

The work is now owned by the Huntington Library, Art Museum, and Botanical Gardens in San Marino, California where it has been on display for the past century. The popularity and influence of the painting has made it an icon, quoted by contemporary artists – including Kehinde Wiley (who will be exhibiting at the National Gallery at same time) – and referenced in Hollywood films.

'The Blue Boy' has never been lent – until now – and it is unlikely to ever be lent again.

'The Blue Boy' represents the best of 18-century British art and is Gainsborough's eloquent response to the legacy of Sir Anthony van Dyck (1599–1641) and grand manner portraiture – therefore the display, 'Gainsborough's Blue Boy', will not only reunite a British icon with the British public, but also with grand manner paintings in the National Gallery Collection and beyond. This free exhibition in Room 46 will also include a select group of paintings that demonstrate the profound influence of Van Dyck on Gainsborough's practice and identity.

Dr Gabriele Finaldi, Director of the National Gallery, London says 'The loan of Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' to the National Gallery is truly exceptional and a unique opportunity for visitors to see Gainsborough at his dazzling best. Rich in historical resonances, a painting of supreme poise and elegance, 'The Blue Boy' is without doubt a masterpiece of British art.' It will be exhibited until 15th May.

Karen R. Lawrence, Huntington President commented 'This masterpiece has made an indelible mark on both art history and popular culture, capturing the imaginations of a wide range of audiences. Given 'The Blue Boy's' iconic status at The Huntington, this is an unprecedented loan, one which we considered very carefully. We hope that this partnership with the National Gallery will spark new conversations, appreciation, and research on both sides of the Atlantic.'

Representing the Huntington was **Simon Li (65)**



Trustee Simon K.C. Li retired from full-time journalism as assistant managing editor of the Los Angeles Times in 2007 after 23 years there. During his tenure at the Times, he directed coverage of the Gulf War. He has served on the board of directors of Inside Climate News, which was winner of the 2013 Pulitzer Prize for National Reporting, and the International Press Institute. He received his bachelor's degree in English Language and Literature from the University of Oxford and his master's in journalism from Columbia University. He was elected to serve on The Huntington's Board of Governors in 2010. He also serves on the board of Huntington Memorial Hospital, Pasadena.

Li and his wife, June, are originally from Hong Kong. June is an art historian and the retired founding curator of The Huntington's Chinese Garden. Both are long time supporters of The Huntington, helping to fund the construction of the garden as well as its programs. "Simon's long dedication to The Huntington, along with his experience and excellent judgment, will serve The Huntington well," said Rothschild. "He's a deeply analytical and incisive thinker. I look forward to working with him

on the Board.



Following a visit to the Gallery, a Lunch was organised by John Flood for Simon and June at The Clermont: in evidence Simon Potter, Chris Newling-Ward, Mickey and Pip Parish.

(John adds that afterwards he made his way to The Cathedral where he was the ONLY OB IN THE QUEUE).

Saint in the making

{From Catena February 2022}.



The young Dr Michael Strode

The CMBC (Committee for Brother Michael's Cause) was launched on 7 December 2021 at Our Lady of Victories Church in Kensington, London. Its purpose was to seek prayers and testimonies for the Cause which cannot formally begin until 2025.

Richard Sheehan, from City of London Circle says: "Brother Michael Strode has greatly influenced my life.

I have known him literally for decades because, when he was a doctor at Chailey Heritage, he was a good friend of my uncle, David Willis, a convert and a doctor in Guildford. Both our families were introduced to HCPT pilgrimages as helpers, in my case nearly 60 years ago. I still go regularly in a group founded by late fellow City of London Catenian, **Mike Bedford**, for the Beaumont Union."

John Flood of Epsom Circle, secretary of CBMC, and HCPT helper since 1965, said: "Brother Michael's initiative in founding HCPT, had a formative impact on our family life, as his initiative brought me and Celia together, with our four children becoming helpers, and one the Chair of HCPT for six years. Now, our objective is to obtain powerful testimonials from anyone whose life he touched, regardless of whether or not they met him. There should be many Catenians amongst the authors."

John Wolff, a member of CBMC, adds: "Brother Michael was completely focused on inclusion and a pioneer in this field. The way he worked was to encourage not just the people going on pilgrimages, but to really highlight the impact of caring for others on those serving and supporting people. For him it was 'millions of extra acts of kindness'."

He continues: "From the age of 68, Michael spent nearly 30 years in the Cistercian Abbey on Caldey Island. He felt drawn there to deepen his friendship with Christ, although he was well aware it would not be an easy life. On Caldey, he felt drawn to share his spiritual thoughts through publishing his prayer cards. He seemed to sense a calling to reach out to a wider audience than HCPT."

There is a lovely prayer in his diary written in his 90th year, which encapsulates the way he wanted to live his life:

Jesus,

There are two things that I long for

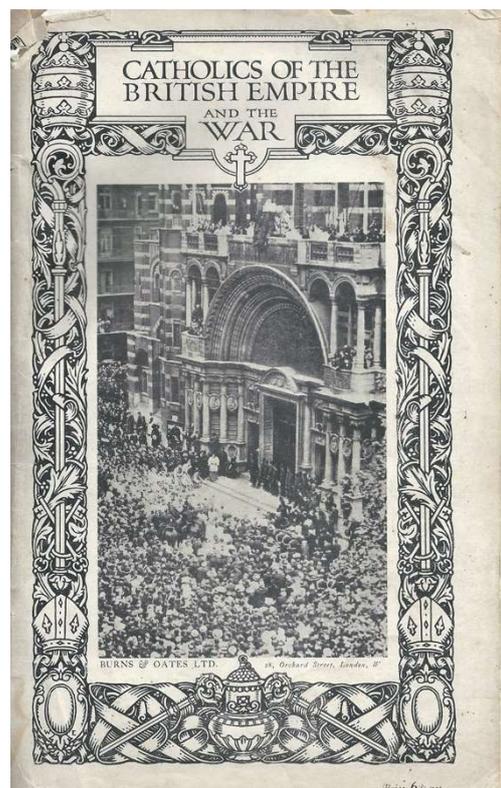
to become wholly yours losing myself in your love –

and sharing with others the wonderful truth of your love for each of us.

I hope to do this through my writings – but above all by the witness of my life – and there is much to be done.”

Burns & Oates WW1 Commemoration Booklet

Oliver Hawkins came across this piece of memorabilia – A Publication on Catholics and the War in which we seem to get more coverage than the other schools:-



WHAT THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND HAVE DONE.

The unparalleled response of Catholic Schools and Colleges in Great Britain and Ireland to the call for volunteers would be completely demonstrated if it were possible to obtain full details. This, unfortunately, is not the case; only a few representative examples can be given. These, however, should be enough to convince anyone of the magnitude of the effort which the young Catholics of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales have made.

Stonyhurst College.

Serving, 707; Killed, 57; Wounded, Prisoners and Missing, 90. Honours (including 3 V.C.'s) and Mentions in Despatches, 85.

Beaumont School, Windsor.

Serving, 509; Killed, 58; Wounded, Prisoners and Missing, 81. Honours and Mentions in Despatches, 135.

Clongowes College.

Serving, 455; Killed, 28; Wounded, Prisoners and Missing, 56. Honours and Mentions in Despatches, 49.

Downside School.

Serving, 352; Killed, 44; Wounded, 55. Honours and Mentions in Despatches, 40.

The Oratory School, Edgbaston.

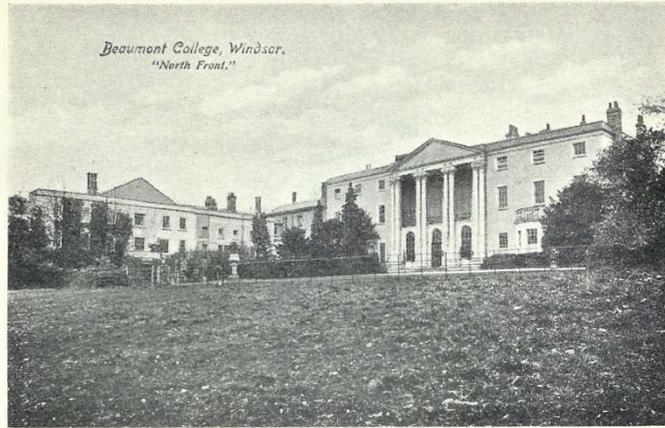
Serving, 351; Killed, 41; Wounded, 55. Honours and Mentions in Despatches, 24.

St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw.

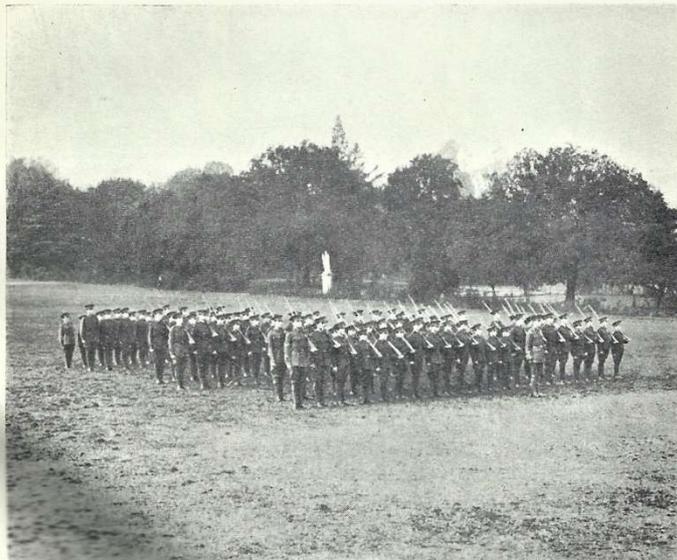
Serving, 322; Killed, 16; Wounded, 15. Honours and Mentions in Despatches, 6.

ED: The Booklet was produced in '16-17 so the statistics for those KIA have little bearing on the final truth not only for ourselves but for the other schools as well, though they give an indication that sadly our percentage of deaths is going to be on the high side. It is also worthy of note that although we had no VCs awarded our Honours and awards were considerably higher than any of our contemporaries.

It is also of interest that Ampleforth is not mentioned: at this stage of its history it was considered a minor school and did not grow in importance till after the Great War.



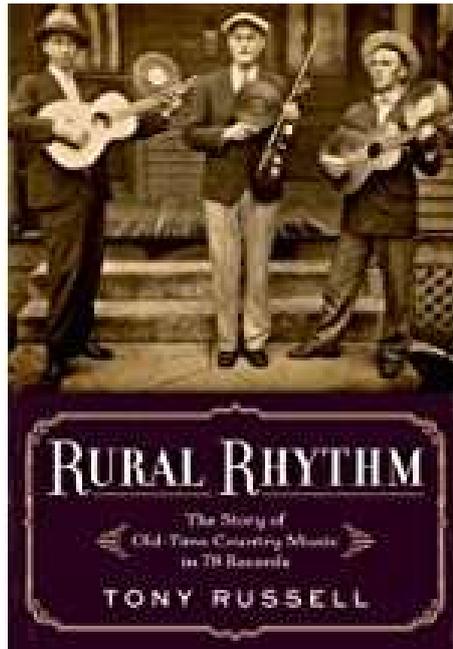
BEAUMONT SCHOOL, WINDSOR.



BEAUMONT SCHOOL OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

Lovers of COUNTRY

Rural Rhythm: The Story of Old-Time Country Music in 78 Records 01-Feb-2021
by **Tony Russell** £19.16



There are many biographies and histories of early country music and its creators, but surprisingly little attention has been given to the actual songs at the heart of these narratives. In this groundbreaking book, music historian Tony Russell turns the spotlight on seventy-eight original 78rpm discs of songs and tunes from the 1920s and 1930s, uncovering the hidden stories of how they came to be recorded, the musicians who sang and played them, the record companies that marketed them, and the listeners who absorbed them.

In these essays, based upon new research, contemporary newspaper accounts, and previously unpublished interviews, and copiously illustrated with rare images, readers will find songs about home and family, love and courtship, crime and punishment, farms and floods, chain gangs and chain stores, journeys and memories, and many other aspects of life in the period. *Rural Rhythm* not only charts the tempos and styles of rural and small-town music-making and the origins of present-day country music, but also traces the larger rhythms of life in the American South, Southwest, and Midwest. What emerges is a narrative that ingeniously blends the musical and social history of the era.

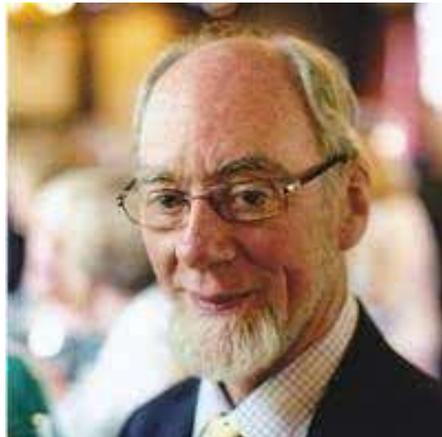
About Tony Russell

(after Beaumont he studied classics at Magdalen Oxford)

Tony Russell is a music historian who has written on country music, blues, jazz, and other forms of popular music in a wide variety of publications. He is the author of *Country Music Records: A Discography, 1921–1942* (OUP 2004) and *Country Music Originals: The Legends and the Lost* (OUP 2007), both of which received Best Research in Recorded Country Music Awards from the Association for Recorded

Sound Collections. He has been twice nominated for a Grammy award for historical liner notes, and holds Lifetime Achievement Awards from the ARSC and Belmont University. Among his other works are the pioneering *Black, Whites and Blues* (1971), *The Penguin Guide to Blues Recordings* (2006), and the almost twenty-year run of the journal *Old Time Music*, which he founded and edited.

MEMORABELIA



Malcolm Pritchett (59) wrote to me with a couple of photos and saying:-

“I recently restored an oar from the 1959 3rd VIII (which I broke in my last term). I attach a picture, although sorry it is not so easy to read all the names.



(**Ed:** Apart from Paul Podesta, John Bokor-Ingram and Malcolm everyone else seem to be “under the sod” or no longer in touch). **How many others have broken oars** – I certainly have one and my late brother Richard broke his – OB walls seem to be well decorated.

Malcolm continues “I also attach a picture of the roof of Studies “A” where one of the Stevens tribe pasted several Guinness posters. The rumour was that he (whoever he was) was told to take them down. No headmaster would dare to do that these days !



I am sorry I don't have a picture of Fr Ross' pyjamas on the flagpole nor of Fr Ezeckiel's bicycle on the roof !! Both items did reach those dizzy heights in the 1950's.

Ed: How many other items found their way to the dizzy heights? I know my brother **Mike (53)** managed a chamber pot on the flagpole which Tom Kelly shot down (he was after all the pre-War Middle East Rifle Champion) – Mike replaced the pot with a metal one.

News (a tad late) from THE OFFICE for BUDGET RESPONSIBILITY

"It is the duty of the Office to examine and report on the sustainability of the public finances"

Sir Christopher Kelly



Non-executive member, Oversight Board chair

Sir Christopher has had a long and distinguished career in the civil service and beyond. He served in various roles in HM Treasury and the Department of Social Security, ending his civil service career as Permanent Secretary of the Department of Health between 1997 and 2000. Since then he has led on a number of reviews and chaired a wide range of committees and organisations including the NSPCC, Financial Ombudsman Service and the Committee on Standards in Public Life. He is currently chair of the Kings Fund and the Responsible Gambling Strategy Board, a senior independent non-executive director on the board of the Co-op Group and member of the Advisory Board to the Institute of Business Ethics.

Appointed June 2017, re-appointed June 2020

Traitor King

By Andrew Lownie

Fr Kevin Fox mentioned to me that he was reading this book and I also found it among my presents this Christmas.



"Traitor King looks at the years following the abdication of Edward VIII when the former king was kept in exile, feuding with his family over status for his wife, Wallis Simpson, and denied any real job. Drawing on extensive research into hitherto unused archives and Freedom of Information requests, it makes the case that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were not the naive dupes of the Germans but actively intrigued against Britain in both war and peace.

Ed And I don't have to tell you that there are Beaumont connections to the story.

As Prince of Wales

The story begins at Fort Belvedere the Prince's residence at the southern end of Windsor Great Park close to Virginia Water. A sham Gothic royal folly with battlements, rows of cannons, turrets and a tower, it had been built for William, Duke of Cumberland between 1746 and 1757, then embellished in the reign of George IV.

Prince Edward had taken over the grace and favour residence in 1929. He was later to write: *'The Fort had been more than a home; it had been a way of life for me. I had created the Fort just as my grandfather had created Sandringham; I loved it in the same way; it was there that I had passed the happiest days of my life'*. The Lady that helped him with the decoration and style was his then mistress Freda, the wife of William Dudley Ward, a Liberal Member of Parliament and later the wife of **Bobby de Casa Maury OB**. As with Wallis, there was a certain mother fixation. He called her 'Fredie-Wedie' and their correspondence was marked by lots of baby talk ('vewy angwy', 'your own little David is cwying so hard inside') and dirty jokes. Freda, a petite, elegant, loyal, discreet woman with a good sense of humour, she was seen by the Duke's friends as a good influence on him. Freda only learnt that she had been dropped as a royal Favourite when the Buckingham Palace switchboard refused to put through her telephone calls, but what most hurt her was the behaviour to her two daughters Penelope and Angela, as he 'had been like a father to them'. As she later told the author Caroline Blackwood:

They adored him.. Bur once he met the Duchess, they never heard from him again . . . The Duke did something that really shocked me. It was so petty and cruel that it really hurt me . He had arranged for one of my daughters who was quite small at the time to receive a pearl from a jeweller every time she had a birthday ... The idea was that she would have a necklace by the time that she was grown up ... The moment. he met the Duchess he cancelled the order with the jeweller! I thought it was really shocking that the Duke, who had more jewellery than anyone in the world, would take away a tiny /pearl necklace from a child."

Returning to the 'Fort', **Sir Giles Gilbert Scott** had added a guest wing in 1936 and Edward had installed central heating, en-suite bathrooms, a tennis court, swimming pool, and in the basement, a Turkish bath. It was his private retreat where he had entertained most weekends and where his romance had played out with the woman

for whom he had given up the throne. Now he was having to leave it and his staff to venture into an uncertain future.

Ed: In 1927, prior to moving to Belvedere he went to see Jesse Mathews, soon to be the wife of **Sonnie Hale OB**, co-starring with him in Charles B. Cochran's lavish revue, *One Dam Thing After Another*. The Prince of Wales, was so captivated by her that he leapt to his feet in the stage box, shouting 'Bravo! Bravo!' He reported her 'devastating' physical attractions to his brother, Prince George, later the Duke of Kent. George went to see for himself and agreed.

The princes ordered the 12th Earl of Airlie, father of the late Sir Angus Ogilvy, and his brother, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, to invite Matthews and another member of the cast, Sheilah Graham - later F. Scott Fitzgerald's 'beloved infidel' and a formidable Hollywood gossip columnist known to some stars as 'Miss Poison Pen' - to supper at the Berkeley.



Jesse Mathews

The object was to inquire discreetly if Matthews was willing to dine *a deux* first with the Prince of Wales, and then with his brother.

'Jessie,' Miss Graham recounted later, 'coming from a Cockney family in Soho, was under the impression that a royal command could not be refused. So, she said "yes", without having any idea what she was agreeing to.'

The first dinner, alone with the Prince of Wales, took place at York House, St James's Palace, with the servants banished and HRH serving the star himself. She was surprised by this, then astonished to find herself shortly afterwards in bed with the heir to the throne, an episode that was over almost before it began, as the Prince, was a disastrously incompetent lover.

With extreme apprehension, Matthews returned to York House for dinner with Prince George, who ate nothing, appeared to be very much the worse for drink and possibly drugs, showed a bizarre fascination with the texture of her evening dress, and finally slumped unconscious over the coffee and liqueurs.

Ringling the bell, she informed the footman: 'His Royal Highness appears to be unwell. Would you bring my wrap and arrange for a car to take me home?'

Matthews was so ashamed of these episodes that her strait-laced Cockney family was kept in ignorance of them, and in 1974, when I wrote my biography of her, to coincide with her own ghost written memoirs, leading lawyer Lord Goodman, on her behalf, forbade any reference to these royal interludes.

As Duke of Windsor

Moving on ten years to 1937 and not only did the Prince now Duke of Windsor marry Wallis Simpson but in October, as admirers of the Third Reich, they visited Nazi Germany.

On Monday 11 October, the couple arrived by train in Berlin at a station festooned with alternating Union Jacks and swastikas, to be met by Robert Ley, the head of the National Labour Front, the foreign minister Ribbentrop, and representing Britain, a lowly third secretary, – the British Ambassador, Sir Neville Henderson, had diplomatically taken a leave of absence, whilst his deputy **Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes** later visited the couple privately at their hotel.'

With the outbreak of War, The Duke who saw himself as head of "the peace movement with Hitler at any cost", reluctantly accepted the post of Liaison Officer to the French Forces.



John de Salis

On 6 October 1939, the Duke set off on the first of his tours of the French defences, a two-day visit to the French First Army on the right flank of the British Expeditionary Force facing Belgium, and the French Ninth Army on its right flank between Fourmies and Charleville, covering the last stretch of the Belgian frontier to the Ardennes. He was accompanied by **Captain John de Salis, 8th Count de Salis**, a last-minute

substitute to act as his translator and help write up the report. Salis had known Wallis whilst attached to the Washington Embassy during the 1920s, but it was his background in intelligence - he later served in MI6, - that accounted for his appointment. His role was to keep an eye on the Duke and report back on him. (it was less than favourable)

What the Duke was particularly concerned with, was to have his chef released from French conscription. Monsier Dyot, excellent by all accounts, had previously been Chef to **Jacabo Duke of Alba** but was not required at the Embassy in London when the Duke was appointed Ambassador. It was seen as typical of the Windsors that their first thought was for themselves.

ED: There have been several books written about The Windsors and this one is “entertaining, interesting and well researched” at the end of which you are left thankful for the abdication.

From “The Universe” 23rd Oct 1936

The King Sends His Best Wishes To Beaumont, His 'Neighbour'

**BEAUMONT
KEEPS JUBILEE**

*Pupil of 75 Years Ago at
School's Diamond
Jubilee*

WHEN Beaumont College celebrated its 75th anniversary on Saturday, the following message was received from the King's Private Secretary:

"I am commanded by the King to convey to all who are assembled today to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Beaumont College the King's sincere thanks for their kind and loyal message. His Majesty sends his best wishes for the future prosperity of the College."

Beaumont is His Majesty's neighbour, the college property adjoining Windsor Great Park.

Beaumont Lodge, as it was then known, was bought by the Society of Jesus in 1854 and used as a novitiate until 1861, when Manresa House, Roehampton, was founded and Beaumont was opened as a school.

Although invitations to the celebrations were confined to parents of the boys and members of the Beaumont Union, 800 were present.

Among these was Mr. John Munster, who went to Beaumont in the first year of its opening as a school 75 years ago. Other veterans present were Sir Gilbert Heathcote (1863), Mr. Charles Clifford (1864) and Mr. Robert Berkeley (1865).

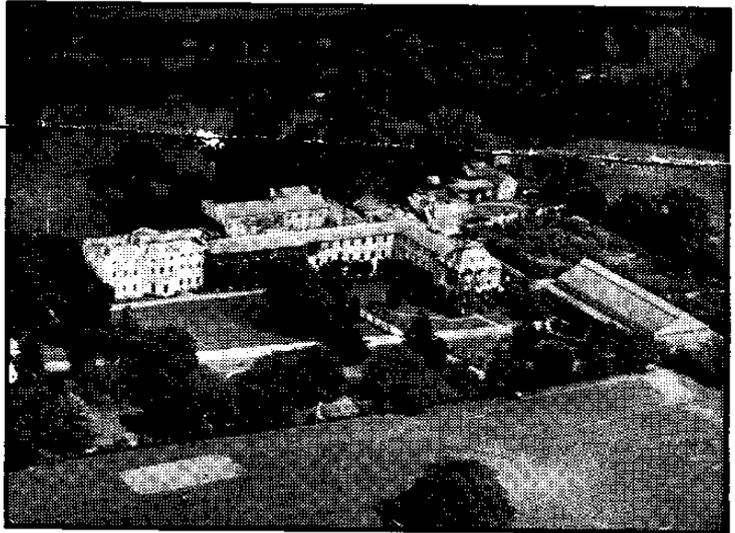
Many of the guests arrived in time for Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Cotter. The sermon was preached by an old boy, Mr. Charles Smith, C.B.E.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

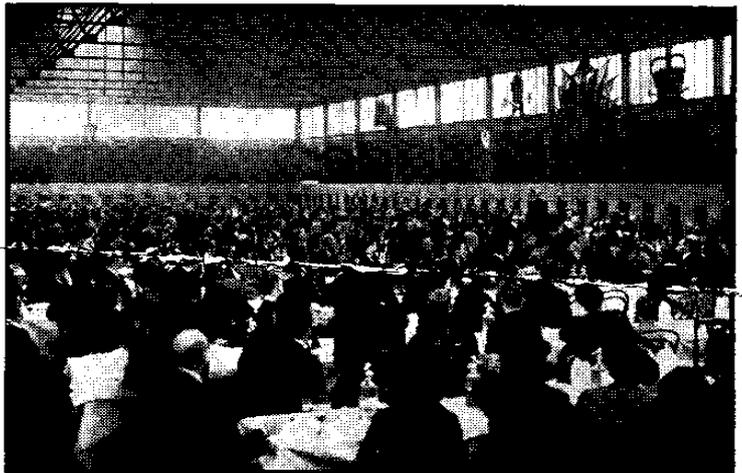
After the loyal toast at the luncheon Sir Stephen Kiliik, a former Lord Mayor of London, proposed "Beaumont College."

He pointed out that Beaumont was a comparatively small school of 180 boys, yet in the past school year two scholarships to Loughborough College and St. Mary's Hospital, London, had been gained; 17 Higher Certificates; 39 School Certificates; the first, sixth and fifteenth places into R.M.A., Woolwich; two into the R.A.F., Cranwell, and four had passed into the R.M.C., Sandhurst, one being second. He considered these results a great achievement.

Fr. F. Devas, S.J., D.S.O., replied to the toast in a most humorous speech. He was followed by Lord Russell of Killowen, who said that he had the two qualifications necessary to do justice to the occasion, namely, a fierce pride in the past of Beaumont and an unquenchable faith in her future. He also stressed the special work that had been done by Fr. Bodkin, S.J., Bishop Aston Chichester, S.J., and the present Rector, Fr. Weld, S.J.



How Beaumont College, Old Windsor, looks from the air. Beaumont celebrated the 75th anniversary of its opening on Saturday.



Scenes during the jubilee banquet at Beaumont on Saturday.

Fr. Weld expressed his gratitude to those who had come to make the day what it could not otherwise have been. He specially welcomed Mr. John Munster. Mr. Munster received an ovation when he rose to express his great joy at being present.

In the evening the boys, under the tuition of Fr. Boyle, S.J., Prefect of Studies, produced G. B. Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*.

The previous day, Requiem Mass was offered for all the old boys who are dead, amongst whom are numbered Bishop Dunn of Nottingham, Bishop Galton, S.J., Fr. Herbert Lucas, S.J., Sir Mark Sykes, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Francis F. Urquhart and Prof. Edmund Gardner.

Amongst the old boys who were present or had written expressing regret at their inability to attend were Fr. Francis Woodlock, S.J., Fr. W. Munster (Superior of the London Oratory), Fr. C. Lattey, S.J., Fr. F. M. de Zulueta, S.J., the Earl of Granard, the Hon. Mr. Justice Langton, Lt.-Gen. Sir G. Maedonogh, Vice-Admiral G. C. Dickens, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Brig.-Gen. E. Costello, V.C., Prof. de Zulueta and Mr. George Ogilvie-Forbes, who at present has charge of the British Embassy in Madrid.

*Reprinted from the "Universe,"
October 23rd, 1936.*

Who was Sir Stephen Killick who proposed the College toast? He was not an OB nor a parent as far as I can discover



Sir Stephen Killick Bt GBE was elected Lord Mayor in 1934 (George V's Silver Jubilee year), having previously been Master of the Fan Makers in 1917, and Sheriff in 1922; in 1927 he was elected Alderman. He started life as an office boy and became a stockbroker, writing *The Work of the Stock Exchange*, and *Stock Exchange Accounts*. Widely travelled, he was an authority on Argentina, writing *The Manual of Argentine Railways*. He was also the first President of the Fan Makers' Golfing Society in 1932.

Adrian Myddleton-Evans



Born 1895 in Chichester the son of Charles Hanmer Myddleton Evans an Actor manager and his wife Agnes (Heathcote-Hacker) and died Oct 1982 Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital.

Prior to his arrival at Beaumont in 1905 he had been a page at the Papal Court (though not recorded.) He left school in 1910 and served in WW1 as a Lt in The Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He became a school master and was Headmaster of Leas House School, a Preparatory at Kingsley Way, Finchley, North London. In 1945 there was a court case in which he was found not guilty and was awarded costs.

The Times, London, 19 October 1945

High Court of Justice: King's Bench Division

Punishment of boy: Action against head master fails

Feldman v. Evans; before Mr. Justice Wrottesley (Ed: Later Lord justice of Appeal)

HIS LORDSHIP gave judgment for the defendant in the action in which Peter Feldman, a boy aged eight years, suing by his father, Mr. Emmanuel Feldman, of Aylmer Road, Finchley, N., and Mr. Feldman claimed damages for alleged assault from Mr. A. Myddleton Evans, the head master of Leas House School, Kingsley Way, Finchley.

The plaintiffs' case was that on March 10, 1944, Mr. Evans beat the boy by striking him on the leg with a stick or other instrument, drawing blood.

Mr. Evans, in his defence, denied liability, and said that it was a term of the contract between himself and the parents of boys that he might administer corporal punishment if he considered it in a boy's best interest. On March 9, 1944, the boy struck a fellow pupil in the face with a piece of metal, injuring him, and it was agreed between him (Mr. Evans) and Mrs. Feldman, Peter's mother, that he should administer corporal punishment to Peter if inquiry showed that there was no sufficient provocation for his assault on the other boy. Mr. Evans admitted that,

having found that there was no sufficient provocation, he gave Peter six strokes on the naked buttocks with a flat rubber instrument about 17½ inches long, 2½ inches wide, and ¼ inch thick, and that in the course of that punishment the boy sustained slight grazes of the upper right leg, and he pleaded that the punishment was reasonable and was justifiably and moderately administered.

It was stated that the day before the punishment was administered the infant plaintiff found the handle of a motor-car door on a piece of waste land. Another boy tried to take it from him and pushed him over and the infant plaintiff struck him with the handle, first in the stomach and then in the face, injuring his nose. The only real issues were whether or not the punishment inflicted had been excessive, and whether or not Mr. Evans had struck the boy on the bare buttocks with an unsuitable instrument in such a way as to draw blood.

At the conclusion of the evidence counsel addressed his Lordship.

MR. JUSTICE WROTTESELEY, in giving judgment, said that the real question which he had to decide was not whether there had been an unjustifiable assault on the boy, but whether the punishment administered had been excessive. It was given by this kind of glorified slipper, an instrument made of the kind of material used for the rubber soles of shoes, which, in his view, must be a safer thing to use on the tender skins of small boys than a stick or cane. The instrument had, however, the disadvantage that the toe of it was square and, therefore, had a corner which might break the skin.

Having carefully considered the evidence he had come to the conclusion that the boy's skin was not bruised by the whacking which he received, but that in the course of being beaten he squirmed or moved so that by accident the toe of the instrument bent round the boy's buttocks and grazed him in two places on the leg. People who punished little boys like the plaintiff must be careful, but he was satisfied that in the present case no unnecessary violence had been used and that really the matter was a storm in a teacup. There had been no undue violence shown, and the grazes from which the boy suffered were small and trivial and were caused by accident. There would be judgment for the defendant, with costs.

FROM beneath the FLOOBOARDS

Another item found in the White House during renovations was some "Prep":-

A.M.D.G.

G. Byrne

Nov 3rd 1888

1) 7 miles ^{per} 5 - 22 - 4 ^{hrs}

$$\begin{array}{r} 8 \\ \underline{61} \\ 2468 \\ \underline{5} \\ 12314 \\ \underline{1231} \\ 13545 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 357 \overline{) 13545} \quad | 35 \\ \underline{1161} \\ 1935 \\ \underline{1935} \\ \dots \end{array}$$

Answer 35 Times

✓

2)

$$\begin{array}{r} 1760 \text{ } \overset{\text{hrs}}{\text{in one mile}} \\ \underline{2} \\ 3520 \text{ } \overset{\text{hrs}}{\text{in one mile}} \\ \underline{3} \\ 10560 \text{ } \overset{\text{ft}}{\text{in one mile}} \\ \underline{12} \\ 126720 \text{ } \overset{\text{inches}}{\text{in one mile}} \end{array}$$

✓

Gerald Byrne (88) was the second of three brothers at the school. He followed **Henry (87)** and behind him was **Alfonso (90)** who died of enteric that same year at Bloomfontain in the Boer War and is named on the War Memorial.



They were the sons of General Thomas Edmund Byrne of Teckles Park near Camberley and Eliza Larios. The General is listed as a racehorse owner and breeder. Eliza a member of the Spanish/ Gibraltarian clan of whom 10 were at Beaumont, she met her husband when he was serving on The Rock. Another of her sisters married Colonel James Hickie the father of **Carlos (88)** a contemporary of Gerald and **Manuel (91)**. Carlos had a very distinguished army career commanding a Brigade on the western Front in WW1.



Gerald Bertram Byrne was born on 10th November 1873 in Aldershot, Hampshire, t He was commissioned into the British Army for service initially with the Militia as a 2nd Lieutenant with the 3rd Militia Battalion, Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment on 1st March 1893, and having been promoted to Lieutenant on 27th February 1895, was then commissioned into the Regular Army as a 2nd Lieutenant with the Rifle Brigade on 17th July 1895, and promoted to Lieutenant on 23rd October 1897.

Byrne saw service with the 2nd Battalion during the reconquest of the Sudan in 1898, and was present in action at the Battle of Omdurman and the entry into Khartoum on 3rd September 1898. In the aftermath of the operations in the Sudan, Byrne then moved with the 2nd Battalion to Crete to assist in the suppression of the Cretan Revolt, but with the outbreak of the Boer War was then sent to South Africa, and took part in the operations in the Natal including the action at Lombard's Kop before taking part in the defence of Ladysmith, during which he was present in the sortie of 10th December 1899 and the action of 6th January 1900. After the lifting of the siege of Ladysmith in February 1900, Byrne went on to participate in the operations in Natal from March to June 1900, including the action at Laing's Nek on 6th to 9th June 1900, the operations in the Transvaal east of Pretoria from July to 29th November 1900, including the actions at Belfast on 26th and 27th August, and Lydenberg on 5th to 8th September. He was ultimately present on operations in the Transvaal from 30th November 1900 through to the 31st May 1902 and with cessation of hostilities.

During the conflict, Byrne had been promoted to Captain on 18th March 1901, and his younger brother had died at Bloemfontein on 10th June 1900. Byrne saw service in Egypt from 26th September 1902 through to 21st November 1905, and then in India from 22nd November 1905 through to 31st March 1906, after which he was stationed in Winchester, Hampshire. Byrne remained a Captain through to his retirement on 23rd September 1911, and then assumed the rank of Captain with the Special Reserve of Officers seeing service with the 5th Battalion, Rifle Brigade from 20th May 1912.

In the meantime he had married Aileen Myrtle Whitaker on 10th December 1906 at Palermo, Sicily, with whom he had issue of two sons, one in 1907 and another in 1915, by which time he was living with his family at St George Hannover Square, Belgravia, London.



The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, Officer, O.B.E., 1st type, Military Division. hallmarks for London with date letter 'd' for 1919; Queen's Sudan Medal 1896-1898; (LT. G.B. BYRNE, 2/R.BDE.); Queen's South Africa Medal 1899-1902, 3 Clasps: Defence of Ladysmith, Laing's Nek, Belfast; (CAPT: G.B. BYRNE. RIFLE BDE.); King's South Africa Medal 1901-1902, 2 Clasps: South Africa 1901, South Africa 1902; (CAPT. G.B. BYRNE. RIF. BDE.); British War Medal and Victory Medal with Mention in Despatches Oakleaf; (LT.COL. G.B. BYRNE.); Khedive's Sudan Medal 1896-1908, 1 Clasp: Khartoum, regimentally engraved naming; (LT. G.B. BYRNE. 2/R. BDE.),

With the outbreak of the Great War he once again took up an active commission, and as a Major, saw service out on the Western Front from 16th March 1918 as the Commandant of the General Infantry Base Depot at Le Havre. It was this valuable service in connection with military operations in France that Byrne was appointed an Officer of the Military Division of The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in the London Gazette for 5th June 1919, and additionally awarded a Mention in Despatches in the London Gazette for 9th July 1919. Having been ultimately promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on 13th April 1920, he reverted to the Reserve of Officers, and was removed from that list on attaining the age limit on 10th November 1928. His campaign medals were sent to him in January 1922 when he was shown as living at King's Worthy in Hampshire. Byrne who went on to live at Geln House, Sarisbury Green, died on 3rd December 1940 when over in the United States of America at Bethesda, Maryland.

Los Larios, a dynasty that modernised the Campo de Gibraltar.

Mention earlier of the Larios Family and the following article appeared on *Alcance* a Gibraltarian website:-

Digging into the past of Campo de Gibraltar brings up many surprises. There are amazing stories that reveal the previous splendour of the area. One of them is the saga of the Larios Family



Pablo Antonio Larios & Leocardia Sanchez with their sons while at Beaumont

The Larios family left their mark on the Campo de Gibraltar and Gibraltar, having a tremendous importance on the economies of both regions. Its members also 'Anglicised' the region by introducing social and sporting practices previously unknown in the rest of Spain, such as polo and fox hunting.

The family also built spectacular luxury mansions with landscaped gardens in British colonial style; some of which have survived the test of time to this day.



The first in the Andalusian branch of the Larios Family was Pablo Larios y de las Heras, who was twice widowed and moved to Málaga, when the city was experiencing boom time.

Pablo Larios settled down with his four children (Manuel Domingo, Pablo, Martín, and Juan). After the death of Pablo, the family split up into two branches: Manuel Domingo and Juan remained in Málaga, and Pablo and Martín settled in Gibraltar and Cádiz, where they formed societies called 'Marín Larios, Lasanta y compañía' (Cádiz) and 'Larios Hermanos' in Gibraltar.

Pablo Larios y Herrero de Tejada, born in 1793 in Laguna de Cameros (La Rioja), was the first of the Larios family to settle in Gibraltar where he married Jerónima Tashara y Cheli and had eight children. Larios bought the Club House Hotel from Isaac Cardozo, the building which is now the City Hall in Gibraltar.



Gibraltar: Now City Hall

The family focused its efforts on commerce and banking in Gibraltar, and in agricultural and forestry properties and associated manufacturing and processing industries.

The Larios were the biggest landowners in Campo de Gibraltar, and in 1869 they began purchasing massive farmlands.

In 1887, the Larios of the 'Sociedad Industrial y Agrícola de Guadiaro' (SIAG) incorporated 329 of their existing farms with assets in the agricultural colonies of San Pablo and Tesorillo, as well as in San Enrique de Guadiaro and San Luis de Sabinillas.



City Hall Gibraltar 2019

They continued to buy large areas of land in Campo de Gibraltar, becoming Europe's largest landowners, with more than 17,000 hectares.

They also bought up mortgages and unpaid loans, including those of the sugar industry of San Luis de Sabinillas, the mill of Gaitán, and some farms from Jimena.

In 1888 they opened the cork factory near the San Felipe breakwater in La Linea, which was the first cork industry of its kind in Spain.



Cork Factory

In San Roque, in 1895, they acquired the Cortijo de la Cruz, the Cortijo de Las Cañadas and in 1896 the Cortijo de La Alcaidesa.

The 'Casita de Campo de San Martin del Tesorillo' was the first residence of the Larios family in Campo de Gibraltar. There, they organised hunts and celebrated with lavish parties and banquets attended by nobles, politicians, bankers and well-known artists of the time.

In 1898, the siblings Larios Sánchez Piña bought an estate in Guadacorte where in 1902 they built an English colonial style luxury mansion. It had stables, a race course, hunting kennels, a jetty for rowing and fishing competitions, a polo field, and a golf course. Hunts were organised with dignitaries from Great Britain and the Campo de Gibraltar.



Another colonial-style mansion was also built by the Larios in los Barrios, Campo de Gibraltar, by Monte de la Torre on the La Almoguera estate.

The most emblematic of their grand colonial-style mansions was the Hacienda de Gomares y el Cobre, in Algeciras, where they also built another mansion which no longer exists. In the last years of his life, Pablo Larios, who was married to Josefa Fernández de Villavicencio, lived there in the Palacio de Marzales, built in 1929 on the San Bernardo de Algeciras estate.

Your Gibraltar TV also ran the following in March 2020:-

Restoration Of Antique Mirrored Sideboard Belonging To The Larios Family

The Department of Environment and Heritage recently commissioned the restoration of a unique piece of antique furniture that once belonged to one of the most well known families in Gibraltar's history, the Larios.

A statement from the Government follows below:

This ornate mirrored sideboard dating from the late 1800's once adorned the dining room on the first floor of the current City Hall when it was the property of the Larios Family. The City Hall was originally constructed in 1815 by one of the Rock's leading merchants, Aaron Cardozo. Over the years the building changed hands a couple of times, being occupied by the Gibraltar Garrison Club in 1833 and becoming the Club Hotel from 1839 until 1875. It was then purchased by Pablo Antonio Larios y Tashara, one of the leading business men and property owners of the City. He was the scion of an old Castilian family who had acquired a right of residence in Gibraltar.

Larios carried out an in-depth renovation and refurbishment of his new acquisition with a new storey being added along the west face of the building, crowned with a white marble balustrade. There was extensive refurbishment, which included the dining room, situated to the south of the building; the main features of the room was the fireplace with panels of carved alabaster and a massive richly-carved sideboard.



This sideboard was subsequently moved to other premises. It was re-discovered years later in a private property in Main Street and the new owner kindly donated it to the Government via the Gibraltar Heritage Trust who were instrumental in liaising with the developers in the build up to the conservation work.

This piece is carved from walnut wood in the Victorian Rococo style (also known as Late Baroque) which was highly in fashion into the 1870s. Highly embellished furniture of this period often features themes inspired from nature such as fruits, seeds and nuts as well as Greek inspired imagery – in this case goddess-like carvings on the posts and ornamental urn finials along the top. It is likely that this piece was made to order by a cabinet maker in nearby Spain where Walnut Wood is easily available. Note the monogram 'PL' on the shield centre, top of the piece which confirms ownership of this statement piece by Pablo Larios himself. The piece was restored by Robert Sanguinetti and took three months to complete and can be viewed in the lobby of the City Hall.

Minister John Cortes said, “We have such a rich heritage in Gibraltar. Sometimes it turns up in unexpected corners in unexpected ways. The Larios dresser is a work of art and I am so pleased that it has been so expertly restored and found its place back home in a place where it can be seen and enjoyed by all”.



War Diaries

As so often what I produce for The Review is sparked off by an Email – this one from **Gilbert Conner**, onetime Royal Fusilier who had been approached by a brother officer who was collating details of The Regiment's War Dead for their Memorial Book in the RF Chapel in the Church of Holy Sepulchre, London.

I was able to send on the details of the two **Stapleton-Bretherton brothers, "Beaver" Berrill , Joseph Lynch, Robert Outram and Clement Harter** as well as others who served. It so happens that several were with the 4th Bn. that was deployed to Mons at the start of the War and took the full force of the German assault and where Lt Dease (Stonyhurst) won the first VC of the War. Clement Harter's brother James was the Adjutant and sent the following piece to the editor of The Review. (**James DSO, MC** was eventually a Major-General and later The Colonel of the Regiment between 1948 -54. Apart from losing Clement his other brother **John was also KIA** with the DLI)

HARTER' s Report

On A hot August day, the advance guard of the 3rd Division sat resting in the shade of the friendly poplars which stand like sentinels along the Grand Routes of Northern France. The officers were eagerly examining the monument raised to the honour of their forebears in arms at Malplaquet, tracing the records of their own regiments thereon: the men whose' thoughts were far from war were munching the many apples showered upon them by peasant women with the invariable remark, 'A bas les Allemands !, A Berlin !'. But for the incessant stream of fleeing women, children

and old men, hurrying along with their few treasured possessions clasped tightly in their hands, it was hard to realise that we were at war.



“4th Bn. Royal Fusiliers at rest after their forced march”

Suddenly into this peaceful scene galloped a Staff Officer,- ‘ The Germans have crossed the Dyle in no great strength. The Ninth Brigade will march through Mons and throw out an outpost line along the canal between Nimy Bridge and Jamappes.’

Orders were soon issued, and the Royal Fusiliers, Scots Fusiliers and Northumberland Fusiliers appointed to sections of the outpost line along the canal, the Lincolns. ‘being detailed as Reserve at Cuesmes directly behind Mons.

A general march forward into Belgium began, the country became more and more intricate, intersected with canals, railways, tramway lines and roads, and all the adjuncts ‘of the many mines and factories of this busy mining district, The regiments dispersed to their allotted areas, while the Headquarters Staff repaired to their central position at Cuesmes,

An excited and agitated Mayor, who at first resisted all warlike preparations, being unconscious of the impending danger, agreed eventually to assist the English in their defensive operations. Telephone Exchanges which had been quiescent since the general mobilisation were re-opened after great difficulties, the operators refusing to transmit any messages except under the orders of the Mayor.

The mayors of the neighbouring towns were summoned and were finally prevailed upon to carry out the orders of the General. Town criers paraded their beats

sounding drums and calling upon the inhabitants to return to their houses and remain there between sunset and sunrise, to close all shutters, and except under urgent necessity to remain indoors by day and use basements and lower rooms only. The upshot of this was to produce a general stampede to the 'Mairie.' How are we to proceed to the mines? How are we to carry out the early morning shift? English sentries block the roads to our homes,' The townspeople seemed incapable of grasping that the enemy was at their very gates; even among the soldiers the same spirit prevailed in cases where officers were young and inexperienced: and one platoon thought fit to indulge in a bathe in the canal when every moment was of value.

This inexperience was soon righted by superior officers, and by sunset bridges had been mined, entrenchments dug, machine guns placed in position, strong barricades built on all roads and the towns cleared by armed pickets.

In spite of reassuring reports that the enemy was advancing in no great strength, the excited inhabitants continually gave information of long columns marching from Soignes and a breathless engine-driver who had escaped from Brussels with his engine, reported that the country around Brussels was infested with German troops and that he had seen the battalions of the 84th Regiment marching that morning from Soignes with guns.

By ten o'clock the enemy's cavalry patrols had attempted to cross all the bridges, two officers of a Reserve Regiment of Hussars were mortally wounded on Nimy Bridge, boldly endeavouring to break through the wire entanglements. Otherwise the night passed without incident.

Morning dawned and signs of German infantry were reported from all directions. They appeared to be massing in the dense woods beyond the canal and patrols were continually endeavouring to force their way towards our Outposts.

Orders were then issued from General Headquarters to arrange for the preparation of a defensive position on the high ground between Caesrues and Frameries, and the outposts were instructed to hold the enemy off until sunset of that day. With the help of the Mayor a few unwilling civilians were collected and marched off with The Lincoln Regiment to entrench this position The 108th Battery, arriving after forced marches also entrenched itself in conjunction with the above, and registered a zone preparatory to assisting the infantry,

In spite of distant rifle fire which foretold battle, the townspeople flocked to church at the usual hours, no sentries being now available to control the civilian population. Shells started to burst along the whole length of the canal, Jamappes railway station was soon in flames, Nimy Bridge being also heavily bombarded,

At 11 a.m. the Northumberland Fusiliers reported heavy columns of infantry moving towards them, into which they poured a heavy fire. The Royal Fusiliers also reported that four battalions had been massed in the woods {opposite Nimy Bridge

and were now sounding the advance on bugles, and throwing out lines of extended infantry,

For four hours the outpost line poured a heavy fire into the advancing lines of Blue-gray clad forms. Owing to the tardy arrival of our artillery the infantry had to fight out their battle alone.



Men of the 4 Middlesex and 4 Royal Fusiliers battalions fight off the attack by the German 18 Division (image from 'Mons 1914: The BEF's Tactical Triumph' by D Lomas and E Dovey © Osprey Publishing, part of Bloomsbury Publishing)

An officer arriving from Nimy Bridge reported all the machine gun detachment killed. and that they had bravely worked their guns man relieving man until the last man was struck down, Lieutenant Dease being three times wounded before he ceased controlling his fire.

At 3 p.m. the order was received for the evacuation of the outpost line and the occupation of the defensive position in front of Frameries. First the transports of all regiments moved back carrying the wounded wherever possible, field ambulances having not yet arrived, The regiments then evacuated their trenches in good order, and collecting in convenient places, marched back through the shell-swept streets, leaving rear parties to delay the oncoming Germans. Meanwhile in the face of heavy rifle fire, the officers of the 57th Field Company R.E., of whom only one returned, lighted the fuses on the various bridges..

At dusk a weary but unshaken brigade was in position on the hill of Frameries in contact with the other brigades of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's Corps.

Looking down upon the flaming valley beneath, the full realisation of the horrors of war was for the first time brought vividly before one's mind, as the roll-call was taken and the names of comrades and friends were found to be among the missing.

LILLE, AUGUST 1914

Another short article on those first days of the War were written for the REVIEW by Jules Ernoult at 16 when on the school summer holidays at his home in France:-



General mobilisation being completed and the reservists once more accustomed to military life, the wheels of organisation soon ran with even smoothness. At the outbreak of the War, I was employed as express messenger by my father, who was Commissioner for the requisition of leather for military purposes. Every day I spent at Lille cycling in the morning along the main road from Roubaix. All the bridges were guarded by reservists equipped only with a 'kepi, a rifle and a bayonet, and all along the road I met troops of horses commandeered from the surrounding districts on their way to the artillery and cavalry barracks, and military motors and army wagons belonging to the Army Service Corps.

The entrance to Lille was guarded by soldiers who examined passports, questioning all comers as to the nature of their business.

The streets were unusually lively, crowds congregating at the town hall and around the offices of *L'Echo du Nord* which published the latest despatches every hour. The Rue de l'Hopital Militaire was almost quite blocked by Red Cross vans and ambulances. I was twice able to get into the Citadelle, an old fortified barrack dating back to the days of Louis XIV, in my father's motor. The place is in excellent condition in spite of its venerable age and on the extensive parade ground within its

walls young recruits were drilling. The staff was billeted in an adjacent street along which a line of motors extended waiting for orders to be transmitted to the various barracks, As the nearer approach of the Germans was reported the preparations for defence were pushed on. General Percin military governor had decided that as the forts were too old to withstand the enemy's artillery, the town could only defend itself against the cavalry which would precede the main body,

Guns were mounted on the old fortifications, batteries of the 75mm. gun were placed ready for action at various points in the surrounding country, and trenches were dug along the main road from Lille to Roubaix. The tramways were stopped, all were forbidden to enter or leave the town and the surrounding villages between 6 p.m and 6 a.m.

Some Uhlans fleeing from the battlefield in Belgium, had been captured by our troops and brought into Lille. They were tired out, but fine soldiers and well-equipped.

We seemed quite ready for the arrival of the Germans when the Minister of War telegraphed to General Percin, ordering him to declare Lille an unfortified town.

The troops were moved back on Arras and Amiens, the Army Service Corps left Lille for Normandy and the town with its surrounding forts and trenches was abandoned to the enemy.

J. ERNOULT (Syntax 1.) Jules left in 1916 to join the French Artillery. RIP 1962 in Saumur.

CANADIANS

Georges Vanier, Governor General of Canada was not the only distinguished Canadian of the last century to send sons to Beaumont. Another soldier and diplomat Maurice Pope was seven years older than Vanier and his friend.



Maurice Arthur Pope was born 29 August 1889 at St. Patrick, Temiscquata County, Quebec. He was the third son of Joseph Pope (who, at the time, was the private secretary of Sir John A. Macdonald) and of Henriette, the eldest daughter of Sir Henri Thomas Taschereau. Sir John was the uncle of **George Macdonald (76)**. Maurice was also the grandson of William Pope a Father of the Confederation. Maurice received his early education in Ottawa at both the Model school and the Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

He entered McGill University in the fall of 1906 to begin his studies in civil engineering. After a difficult second year at McGill, he decided to take a year off, during which he worked at Frankford on the construction of the Trent valley canal. He returned to McGill in the fall of 1909 and graduated in 1911. He then joined the Engineering department of the Canadian Pacific Railway (CPR) in Montreal. Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914, Maurice joined the Canadian Officers Training Corps (COTC) contingent at McGill. The CPR sent him to Quebec City that fall where he continued his military training in the evenings. He returned to Montreal before the end of the year and was gazetted a Lieutenant in the 4th Field Company, Canadian Engineers (CE).

Maurice joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF) in April 1915 and went overseas that August. He was stationed at the Canadian Engineers Training Depot at Shorncliffe and proceeded to France on 1 January 1916. He became staff Captain (Intelligence) of the 11th Canadian Infantry Brigade (CIF) and, later Brigade Major of the 4th Brigade, CE. He returned to Canada in June 1919 but in June 1920, Pope was sent to Belgium to serve with the Canadian Battlefields Memorial Commission. He married the Comtesse Simonne du Monceau de Bergendal of Chaumont-Gistoux, Belgium that September. Maurice Pope returned to Canada to serve under the District Engineer Office (Toronto) and was then selected for admission to the staff college at Camberley.

Following his years at Camberley, Pope proceeded to Victoria, B.C. where he served as a General Staff Officer. In the Spring of 1931 he was sent back to England as interchange Staff Officer at the War Office.

He returned to Canada in the spring of 1933 and was stationed at National Defence Headquarters for two and a half years, mostly in the Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence. He then attended the Imperial Defence College in London and from 1937 until early 1940 he was again at National Defence Headquarters and was Director of Military Operations and Intelligence during the latter part of this service. In May 1940, Pope proceeded to England where he served as Brigadier General Staff at Canadian Military Headquarters in London. He returned to Canada the following February and was Assistant Chief of the General Staff until March 1942 when he was appointed Chairman of the Canadian Joint Staff Mission in Washington. He returned to Ottawa as Military Secretary to the Cabinet War Committee and member of the Chiefs of Staff Committee.

He was sent to Berlin as Chief of the Canadian Military Mission to the Allied Control

Commission in October 1945. **It was then that his son Thomas was sent to Beaumont leaving in 1948,**

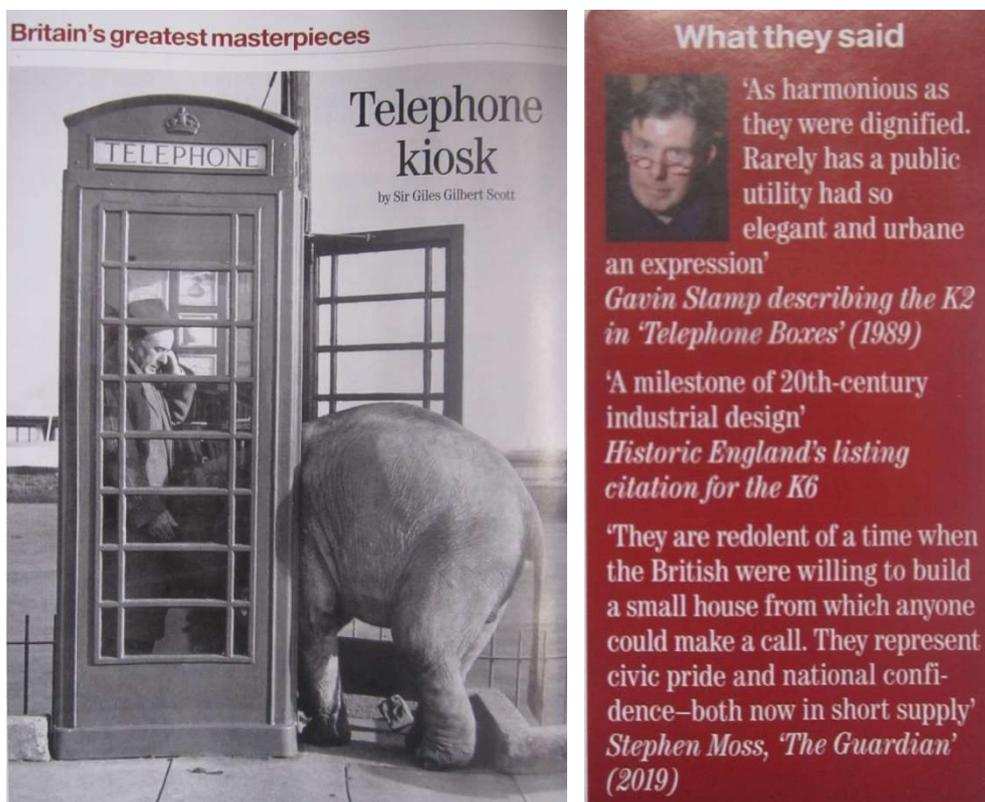
In June 1950, General Pope was appointed Canadian Ambassador to Belgium where he remained until late 1953 when he became Ambassador to Spain. Maurice Pope retired in March 1956, after which he edited his father's memoirs, *Public Servant* (1960) and wrote *Soldiers and Politicians: The Memoirs of Lt. Gen Maurice A. Pope* (1962). He died in Ottawa in 1978.

Thomas Pope Maurice de Monceau Pope died at Jacksonville FL in Nov 2017

After Beaumont he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Toronto in 1952, he greatly enjoyed a long career as a Counsellor in the Foreign Service of Canada (1954-1969) with postings in Hong Kong, Cambodia and Japan, followed by an even longer career in finance at Bankers Trust in New York (1969-1990) where he oversaw the Credit Policy Group. He spent his retirement years successively in Bodega Bay, CA, Hilton Head, NC and Atlantic Beach, FL, where he bought and sold single family properties and enjoyed competitive amateur tennis. Thomas was married twice firstly to Brigitte Fondacci and following her death to Elsa Mae Troeh: he had one daughter.

COUNTRY LIFE 19 January:-

Featured Giles Gilbert Scott's Telephone Box among **Britain's Greatest Masterpieces.**



Britain's greatest masterpieces

Telephone kiosk
by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott

What they said

'As harmonious as they were dignified. Rarely has a public utility had so elegant and urbane an expression'
Gavin Stamp describing the K2 in 'Telephone Boxes' (1989)

'A milestone of 20th-century industrial design'
Historic England's listing citation for the K6

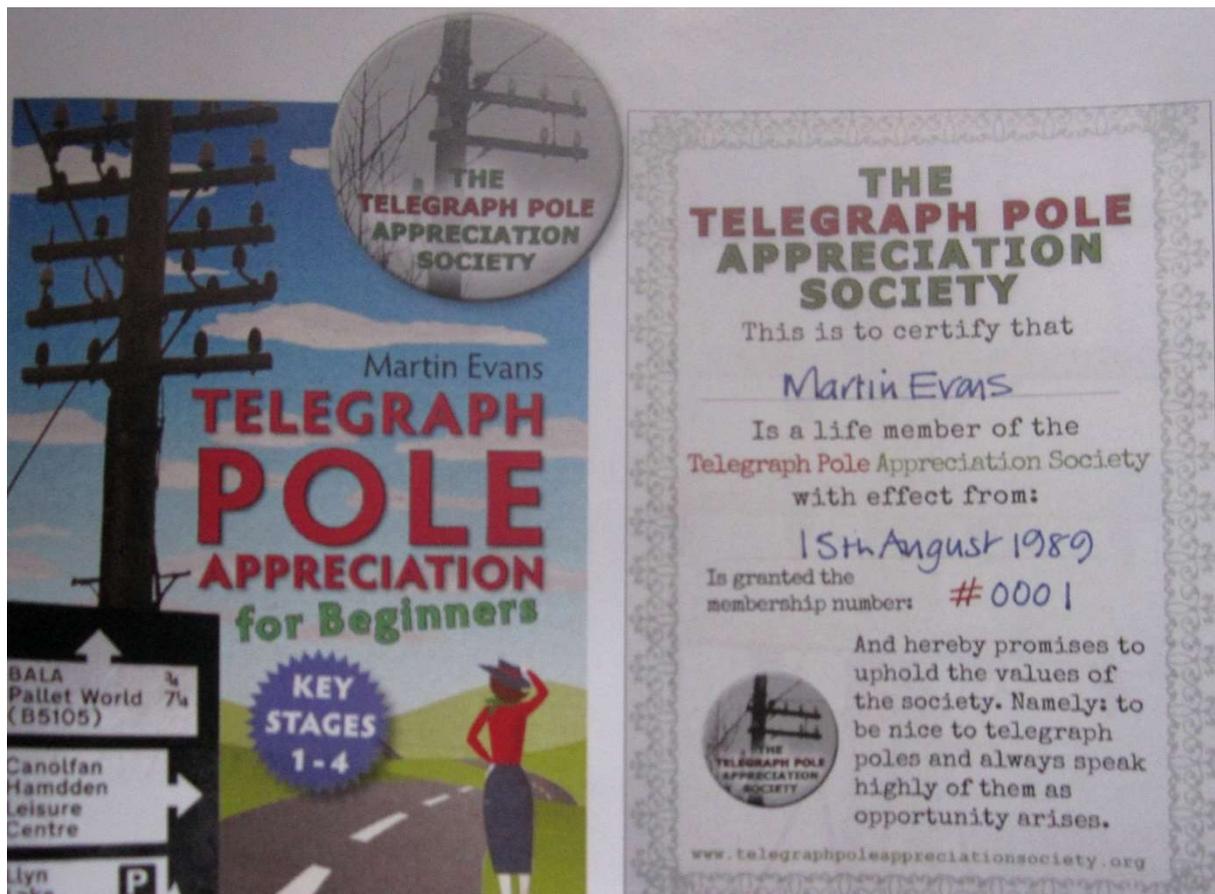
'They are redolent of a time when the British were willing to build a small house from which anyone could make a call. They represent civic pride and national confidence—both now in short supply'
Stephen Moss, 'The Guardian' (2019)



“Boxes on parade” outside the Law Courts

ART CLASSES

I don't know about you but I certainly learnt perspective in Colonel 'Roddy's art classes and the subject always seemed to be telegraph poles. So ,I was amused to read in the same edition of *Country Life* a piece on the “Telegraph Pole Appreciation Society”: Roddy would certainly have been a paid up member.



TRIVIA.

Bamber Gascoigne (TV presenter and Author) who died 8th February was the great nephew of **Gerald Milne- FitzGerald (95)** through Bamber's Gt. Grandfather Robert 1st Marquis of Crewe.

60 Years Ago The BEAUMONT REVIEW.

Ex cathedra

The Centenary fund stands at £82000. Out of which the New wing and the Boathouse have been built and the Old Community wing converted to studies.

At present there are no funds for a new Cricket Pavilion and the Kitchens to be updated.

Expeditions went to The London Zoo, Madame Tussauds, The Law Courts, The Tower of London, The Wellcome Museum of Medical Science and the Courtauld Institute of Art.

Theatre visits included the Piccadilly Theatre for *L'invitation au Chateau*, the Royal Opera House for *Swan Lake* and The Old Vic for *Macbeth*.

Rhetoric Guests included the Actress Margaretta Scott (mother of Hugh Wooldridge), Dr Kenneth Garlick Oxford Art Historian, Sir Robert Birley Headmaster of Eton, Sir Charles Mott-Radclyffe MP for Windsor, and the Actor and Director Lionel Jefferies.

Four new hard Tennis courts have been laid between the College shop and the Squash courts.

In a recent Knowledge Competition run by the magazine of that name, the winner was John Flanagan of Ruds A whose' first prize was a Trip to Paris.

The Choir recorded somewhat belatedly the Christmas Carols: available on LP at 25 Shillings.

Robin Gore Syntax 2 died in Canterbury Hospital at the end of an illness that he had suffered from since birth: he had tried to live a normal life including tennis and squash and insisted on going to Lourdes as a "helper".

Ruth Agnew also died after a short illness. The mother of Patrick and Ian and the daughter of Captain Charles Moore – she was on the Parents' Committee and a Centenary Fete organiser and was with her Husband at The Queen's Visit to Beaumont.

Sir Sydney Cockerell, the museum curator and collector who stayed at Ouseley Lodge during the War Years and arranged school visits to the Royal Library at Windsor Castle has also died. Another was Mr Watkins onetime Warden of Runnymede Boatman of the Boat Club and School Laboratory Steward.

Finally, on the death toll was Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent (Tonks as he was known), who lived at Cumberland Lodge and commanded the Corps during the War Years. Wounded with the 11th Hussars in WW1 when his horse was shot from under him he suffered a limp but refused the Rector's offer of a horse preferring to march with the Boys.

A conference during Easter week run by the Catholic Missionary Society at the school on Conversion and Ecumenism saw an attendance of over 200 priests with visits by Bishops and the Papal Nuncio. One delegate was heard to say "Who wouldn't be a Jesuit living in surroundings like these!"

LOURDES PILGIMAGE

A group went out with Freddy and John Wolff to help with the fledgling HCPT: Coleman, Tussaud, de Wolff, Forbes, Burgess, Kelly, Poels, Gillibrand, C Russell, A Russell, Monaghan and Gore.

OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY DINNER

No day could have been better calculated to arouse University loyalties than Boat Race Day itself, 7th April. The Lower Line Refectory, clad in its lovely claret colour, made a perfect setting for the polished tables and the College silver, glowing in the

light from candelabra bravely decked in Light and Dark Blue. Thirty sat down to the splendid dinner provided by Fr Minister and excellently served and managed by Mr Billy Daffern, the Butler. O.B.s were soon threatening to sconce each other, and the scene was reminiscent of High Table in some college not far from Isis or Cam. Our two O.B. Chaplains, Mgr Alfred Gilbey and Fr Michael Hollings, were unfortunately unable to attend, mainly because this year's dinner was organized at short notice by Oxford O.B.s when it became clear that inertia had prevailed at Cambridge. Next year's dinner will be arranged by Rory O'Sullivan (Peterhouse, Cambridge), and 1963 will be the tenth year since the institution of this party, although it yielded to more grander functions in the Centenary Year.

In past years the chair has been taken by Colonel Dallas Waters, Sir Charles Russell, Leopold Clasen and Leo Burgess among others. At this) the eighth dinner, Revd Fr Rector took the chair, flanked by the principal O.B. guest, Fr Hugh Ross, making a welcome visit to England from Rhodesia, and by the Guest of Honour, the Master of Campion Hall other than Fr Deryck Hanshell. We were also glad to welcome Leo Burgess. After Rory Nicholas had briefly paid tribute to the College's hospitality, he proposed the health of the Guests, which was drunk in a particularly good port. Rising to reply for the guests, Fr Hanshell spoke first in a delightfully light vein, then passed to more reflective views upon the Universities and the ways in which he thought Beaumont would have to gear itself to them to ensure the steady flow of boys to Oxford and Cambridge. After his considered words, he proposed the toast of 'Beaumont at the Universities'. Fr Costigan replied for Beaumont with a characteristically hospitable welcome to the Oxford and Cambridge Society; pausing to thank the organisers, he gently reminded his hearers not to overlook the other seats of learning, for Beaumont had them well in mind. He expressed the hope that 1963 would see a record number at Beaumont for the Oxford and Cambridge Dinner, and then very kindly invited the company to further refreshment in the First Guest Room.

After dinner, youth mingled with age and the conversation turned this way and that. It was late before all had reluctantly left, every-one having found, it seemed, much pleasure in meeting old friends and discovering common ground with new ones. Besides the excuse for enjoyment, we had demonstrated our continuing belief in 'Beaumont at the Universities'. More than three hundred O.B.s have represented the School at Oxford and Cambridge so far.

The Choir produced Gilbert & Sullivan's *Patience* for this year's concert. Well received by the initially restless Beaumont audience. The story was read entertainingly by Jeremy Nightingale. *Patience* was sung by Peter Hammill (future lead singer of Van Deer Graf Generator), The rapturous maidens were Nicholas Bell, Alan Mitchell, Andrew Hillier and John Marshall. The Dragons were Patrick Burgess, Nick Hinds and Brian Bell. John Hayward sang the role of Grosvenor the Idyllic poet. Fr Fizz, Bunthorne the fleshly poet. Tommy Clayton at the piano.

A most pleasant entertainment with six encores!

B U Play

The Ringer (Edgar Wallace) This year's B.U. production of *The Ringer* came well up to the level of its predecessors in sheer entertainment value. As is often the way with thrillers, it started slowly, as the background of the plot was being filled in and 'atmosphere' was being built up. The slowness of the first act, with its prosy monologues and contrived encounters, has undoubtedly to be laid more at the author's door than at the actor's. Nevertheless, if a criticism might be ventured here by one who saw several rehearsals before the actual performance it is unfortunately true that the act progressively lost 'punch' the more often it was performed; maybe this is only to be expected when actors have become jaded by long rehearsals concentrated into a few hectic days; maybe, on the other hand, a little more 'folding of the hands in sleep' between the Saturday and the Tuesday might have been beneficial to actors and acting alike. . . . Verb. Sap!

As always in B.U. productions, the 'bit'. 'parts provided us with no less enjoyment, and certainly no lower a standard of acting ability, than the main characters. Mention must be made of Laurence Roche as Benny, Harry Hewett as Detective-Sergeant Brown, and Leo Burgess as Detective Atkins, if only to express regret that their appearances were so fleeting. To them and to F-F. and John Wolff, G.Lake, M. Hoare and B. Berkeley, we express our appreciation for filling the small and unglamorous parts which went to round off the whole in workmanlike fashion.

So far all criticism (in the broad sense) has centred round the male characters; the time has come to consider the ladies. There were three of them, and each, in parts of differing length and scope, gave an admirable and quite impeccable performance. The leading lady in terms of length of time on the stage was Cora Anne Milton played by Diana Nicholas. As a coquette with an outlaw husband, but not in any sense a tough 'gangster's moll', Cora Anne won all hearts largely by her lilting. A Southern (American) accent; this, maintained without lapse throughout, was something of a tour de force; but it was only an adjunct to the all-round acting ability displayed by Miss Nicholas in this part. Marie-Anne Hewett filled the smaller and less rewarding role of Mary Lenly with complete conviction and capability. In the shortest female role of Mrs Hackitt, Dulcie Churchill gave us perhaps the lightest and most richly comic moments of the play—one might call it a perfectly-observed study in inebriety. She was well matched by her equally errant spouse, Samuel Hackitt (taken by G. R. Wolff), in providing of the light relief in the play. Samuel, of course, was on the stage longer than his 'wife'-yet not a moment too long for us to appreciate his spontaneous-seeming yet care-fully-studied characterization, and his excellent sense of timing. As an Old Lag of quite a different cut John Lenly (Martin Churchill) had a suitably furtive air and a worried expression. Though he obviously had something on his mind, unfortunately at times it seemed it was not his lines!

The play was satisfactorily staged, and the technical problems of the scene in Meister's house ingeniously surmounted. Altogether, this must be added to the lengthening list of B.U. successes, at least by the acclamation of the audience who saw it through to the end, if not by the standards of the local Press critic who assessed it entirely by the evidence of the first act.

Lower Line

Ten Little N***s (Ed being PC)**

Lower Line presented such a splendid performance of Agatha Christie's "Ten Little N*****s" that it is not at all easy to appreciate it in the manner it deserves. Obviously a long exhaustive catalogue of its excellencies even if space made this possible, would be tedious and undesirable. Therefore, if certain aspects of the production are passed over in silence and all the members of the cast do not receive their individual meed of praise, on no account should this be construed as a lack of appreciation of them.

The acting was of a very high standard: all the characters without exception had studied and assimilated their parts well and they played them with genuine feeling and understanding: one particularly pleasing feature of the acting should be recorded (since it is one which is not always found in school plays): it is that the cast acted as a team: There was not the slightest suspicion that any one actor was over-acting his part in order to outshine his fellows.

The entire cast were splendid, but no-one who was present at the play would find invidiousness in the singling out of Potter and Greenfield for particular praise. Potter was simply magnificent: his poise, his self-assurance, the fluent ease with which he took command of the panic situation produced by the gramophone-record revelations, were superb by his dominating personality, he bound the cast into a unit. He reached even greater heights, however, at the end of the play by his extremely clever acting of the insane High Court Judge, in his fiendish exultation at his supposed triumph, It requires even now very little effort |see him gloating demoniacally, fondly dangling a noose from one hand, and clawing feverishly and insanely at the air with the other.

The difficult part of Emily Brent was played by Greenfield: he acted the prim, desiccated spinster to perfection. It was a joy to note how skilfully he maintained, through-out, the wide-eyed, Cassandra look-accusing and condemning-and kept up the appropriately stern, sentiment-free, prepare-to-meet-thy-doom' tone of voice. His acting of this part was such that many in the audience must have been subtly induced to suspect that Emily was the homicidal maniac behind it all, only to have their suspicions shattered when-in a typically prim and spinster like fashion-her spirit, too, passed on to join the shades of the other departed n*****s.

Elocution was very good; and it was remarkable what a variety of accents were

successfully imitated and sustained. Penruddock's ultra Poona accent came across well; it was delicious to note how, when his wandering mind began to conjure up the captivating picture of his dear lost wife, the Poona-ism tended to disappear, and rightly, since the gallant old soldier was gradually fading away! As for 'Kelly's deep-chested, husky tones. They must have induced many a sympathetic sore throat amongst the spectators; and Morton-Clarke's sudden, piercing, authentically girlish screams still echo in our ears,

The cast did full justice to the working-out of Agatha Christie's ingenious plot: the mystery, suspense, and tension were maintained, almost to an agonizing degree; and the remarkable denouement burst upon the audience 'as a startling and bewildering surprise.

This splendid performance bears testimony to the colossal amount of hard, patient, painstaking effort put into it by the producer—Fr Ezechiel. We are deeply grateful to him, to the cast, and to all those responsible for the scenery, the costumes, and tire excellent make-up, for what was a very enjoyable and thrilling evening's entertainment.

The Corps of Drums

Resurrection of the Corps dates from the Summer term, when a number of the more enthusiastic cadets decided to restore what had been lacking at the College for the last four years. As was expected, some of the 'volunteers soon found out that life in the Corps was no easier than in the ordinary platoons, and they subsequently left. However, many stayed to try their talents.

During the Christmas term practices were confined to the Ambulacrum, but with six hours of practice a week behind us, we were considered good enough to parade in the Easter term. Though some people think we can only play '*McNamara's Band*: the Corps' repertoire now consists of some twenty tunes. The spirit has never been higher, yet there is much room for improvement both in music and in drill; much work and effort will therefore be needed if we are to successfully Troop the Colour this Summer.

Our thanks must go to the Commanding Officer, Capt Kelly and numerous members of the Staff and College who have encouraged and helped us. In particular, to Mr Donovan, S.J., without whose skill and drive we could neither have started nor continued. We also owe a debt of gratitude to Drum-Major Smith (Rtd.), who returned to instruct us but who has suffered much from illness since then. (Ed: one has to ask whether his malaise was brought on by the Band's performance!)

Higher Line Debating

The Beaumont Union Debate provided the House with perhaps the best speaking of the year, coming, I might add, from both sides of the House. The motion debated was 'This House would welcome the abolition of Capital Punishment' and was opposed by a team of the Beaumont Union comprised of: Mr Q. de la Bedoyere, Mr G. Lake, Mr G. Pritchett, and Mr L. Roche.

Other motions carried: Deplores civil disobedience as a means of self-expression

: Marry their daughter to black man than a beatnik.

: Prefers the blush of scandal to the cloak of anonymity.

: Beaumont should not expand beyond its present numbers.

During the term we welcomed a team of speakers from St Mary's, Ascot. The motion debated was This House deplores Lord Snowdon's appointment to *The Sunday Times* which was defeated with an overwhelming majority for the Convent,

The P.S.D.A. Debating Competition came second in the semi-finals to Bristol Grammar School, but managed to beat Eton and the City of Bath School. M. Cronly and E. Monaghan, the two speakers for this debate spoke exceptionally well on the impromptu motion, 'This House welcomes the result at Orpington'.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr Donovan our Speaker, for all his assistance and advice has produced some excellent debating.

The Quods

During this term the Editor and his assistants began their preparatory work on Vrill, work which should reach its climax early in the Summer Term. The members found sufficient time from their other activities to attend several meetings. And if the number of meetings was not as high as might have been hoped for their quality and interest were sufficient to make this a worthwhile term,

The Bluemantle Pursuivant at Arms, Mr Brooke-Little, talked to us about heraldry and succeeded in dispersing some of the mists surrounding this subject, one of which few, if any, of our members had any previous knowledge,

Professor Cormack spoke to us and also to the members of Group I about Roman Cookery, another subject which we found both unusual and interesting.

From among our own members E. K. Monaghan delivered an illustrated lecture on *Dada*, a topic to which he had devoted much interest and preparation. And P. Burgess, whose familiarity with his subject has already been witnessed in these pages, delivered a lecture entitled: 'Architects and Architecture'.

As can be seen, the subjects expounded and discussed before the Society were extremely varied and not just limited to literary matters. Members of the Society have had the unique good fortune to be able to listen to, and question, people who

are acknowledged to be authorities on their subjects, and to obtain a knowledge and general interest which is the mark of a properly educated man. It only remains for me to thank not only the visiting lecturers, who took the trouble to come to speak to us at Beaumont, but also the members of the Society who succeeded in producing lectures of quality and interest.

Music

"Hell is full of musical amateurs; music is the brandy of the damned." And for those who agree with G.B.S., Old Nick must have had quite a bean-feast during this Easter term. Our musical interests have ranged from Corelli to Khatchaturian; we have even had a go at some of our contemporary American composers - but with little success. As usual, the Tuesday evening concerts have been well attended and have provided members with a good deal of classical entertainment. (Jazz seems less popular than it was - Wagner has 'received the largest audience so far!') Besides these concerts, on Friday nights less formal discussion lectures' are held. Jeremy Nightingale, the dedicated Savoyard gave excellent talks on Gilbert and Sullivan (what excellent talks on Gilbert and Sullivan what else?). The Treasurer gave a homily on Dvorak's Cello Concerto, (illustrated on the Society's new record player and played by Rosrtopovich, the Russian 'cellist. Other lectures were on Beethoven, Mozart and Liszt. Here I might add that the gramophone (which was so kindly given by one of the parents) behaved well and also commanded more respect than The usual.

The Higher Line's piece de musical resistance took place on the 9th March when we attended a performance of Tchaikovsky's "Le. '*Lac des Cygnes*' at the Royal Opera House. Svetlana Beriosova, dancing the double role of Odette-Odile, performed with a grace and fluency which confirmed the flattering write-ups we had all read. (Write-ups'. That reminds me of the story of the man who, on leaving the theatre, turned to his friend and said: 'Fortunately I read the reviews or I might have enjoyed the show). Anyway, reviews or no, it was an evening /which many will remember for some time. Later in the term the Lower Line members saw the same performance. Alas, Beriosova. was not dancing, but by all accounts it was equally enjoyed as the Higher Line production. Anyway, it was rather a treat and made a change from the usual visit to one of the Savoy Operas.

I think the more talented members of the Society soon realised that in spite of our gramophone's "diamond needle and bass response nothing sounds quite like the real thing. And so, a live concert was arranged. Francis D'Almada played very evenly and had obviously practised his technique a good deal. Our Chairman's agility on the flute amazed us all and his freshness delighted every ear present. He was ably accompanied on the piano by J. Martin, a member of the board.

Of course, it must be remembered that in a Society of our size so much depends upon the generosity of those who can afford to further the musical appreciation of

the college at large. In this respect our most sincere thanks must go to Fr Rector, our Vice-President and President, who have enabled us to look forward to a more musically fruitful year.

Scouts

THE Rover Crew, under the benign influence of Fr Sass continues to expand as J. Coleman and H. Synnott were invested as Rovers towards the end of the term. F Neckar and J Sweetman have been carrying on their admirable work as Assistants with the Troop and Seniors respectively; and the latter is to be congratulated on gaining his Service Training Star, and still more upon gaining the Duke of Edinburgh's Award, Gold Standard, the first of, it is to be hoped, many in the Group. The others Rovers too have contributed their quota, and M. Morris embarked on what turned out to be a flourishing class in Semaphore, we are sorry to have to say goodbye to him now, and thank him for all his valuable work as Rover Mate. *Floreat!*

The Seniors have had an enjoyable, if un-spectacular, term. They spent the first part on the usual activities such as pioneering, and the second in devising the assault course for the Troop. After a good deal of preparation, the final course was quite successful and enjoyed by all. A man-hunt organized on 'Shrove Monday' went very well, each 'spy' losing his trailers at least once.

Both Seniors and Troop have made good of the camp-site, and a group spent Provincial's Day there on the Senior Pioneer badge. This, with other activities during the term, led to N. Hillier, A. Northey, J. O'Hara and I. Prove gaining their Bushman's Thong. It is unfortunate that no new Queen's Scouts materialized, and disappointing to see the number of older Seniors who are within easy reach but apparently struck by lethargy.

The Troop meanwhile has not been inactive. In the assault course already mentioned, the Eagles were worthy winners. Other patrols might have done better if they had been content with only one Patrol-Leader each. A general air of keenness has resulted in an un-usually large crop of proficiency badges; and in particular the following are to be congratulated on achieving their Scout Cords: A. Cope, J. Flood, C. Newling-Ward, M. Newton, C. Morton-Clarke, and J. Rogers.

The Scout Press is still occupied to capacity (sometimes beyond !) and his sterling work there has gained N. Bell his Printer's badge. For a variety of reasons, one hopes that others will emulate his example.

After the end of term, a good custom that had lapsed for eight or nine years was revived in the form of an 'Easter' camp. A small group occupied the college camp-site for four days, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Although the ground was almost waterlogged, the cooking was excellent and the hungry campers were well fed.

It was a pity that R. Cree had to retire early on account of sickness but In compensation for his departure in the arrival of N Bell with a Swiss friend The latter, with A. Cope, was largely responsible for the erection of a splendid monkey bridge, though all took part in this in the intervals between eating and sleeping. A successful 'Night Op' was held on the final evening, there was a fine camp-fire (built by Brian Bell) which the which the Scouters and Mr Donovan attended.

Visitors to the camp included F. Neckar. and his young brother for one day, I. Prove. J and W. Orchard for another :and several parents. For these and others, coffee and tea were almost permanently 'on tap'. The actual campers were: I Sweetman whose organizing ability the whole thing was almost entirely indebted, B. Bell, A. Cope, R. Cree, J. Flood: C. Newling-Ward, H. Ives, D. Hewett, and C. Bell.

Altogether writes one of the campers, 'we had a wonderful time. We owe our thanks to the Scouters who helped us greatly with Masses, gear, food, clearing-up, etc; and also to everyone else who helped make the camp such an enjoyable and memorable experience.'

B U

R A Fane- Gladwin has been commissioned in The Scots Guards and P B Critchley in The Queen's Own Buffs. Basil Eugster late Fopt guards is promoted Brigadier, Anthony Crouch Lt. Colonel And Gregory hinds has passed out of Dartmouth to HMS Rhyl.

Peterborough in the Telegraph noted that Joseph Ruiz de Arana known in England as the Duke of San Lucar at the Spanish Embassy is now The Duke of Baena and was one of the late Queen Mary's closest friends.

Ralph Bates had the lead role in Dostoievsky's *The Possessed* at The Player's Theatre Dublin.

Alan Wardale is one of New Zealand's foremost surgeons with expertise in deafness.

Gp. Capt. Desmond Hanafin CBE, DFC, AFC, is retiring from the RAF His last flight will be in the SE5 flown by air aces Mannock and Bishop and restored at Farnborough by Hanafin.

Hatches: Sons – Peter Moss, Laver Oliver and Robin Drummond, Daughters – Sir Richard Bird, and Denis Sevenoaks.

Matches – Patrick O'Reilly to the daughter of Capt. Everard Mayne OB, Philip Collingwood to the daughter of Sir William Codrington OB and Martin Wells.

Marriages: Dr Ian Kerr, Anthony Mornement, John Mitchell and Christopher Dunn.

Dispatches:



Gerald Russell son of the Hon Cyril OB came to St Johns in 1906 and left Beaumont in 1912. He was in the XI and held for many years the record score in an out-match of 154: appropriately he donated the scoreboard and a sight screen. On leaving he went up to University College Oxford but with the outbreak of War he took a commission in the RFA and was awarded an MC and MID: at the War's end he was a Lt- Colonel. He then joined the Family Solicitors and on the death of his Uncle Gerald became senior partner at the age of 32. Cyril loved sport whether it be racing, tennis and especially golf. He led the Halford Hewitt side for many years and organised the Russell-Wagg Invitation matches at le Touquet. Gerald loved Beaumont and not only appeared year on year in the Union Shrovetide plays but took on the role of Treasurer. He married Barbara daughter of Sir James Reynolds Bart. He was the father of Cyril, Fr. Alastair who celebrated his requiem and Colin.

Major General James Harter DSO, MC.

James left Beaumont in 1904 and was commissioned in the Royal Fusiliers. During the Great war he lost both his brothers including his twin John. He was MID five times, wounded, awarded both the MC and DSO and was invalided home. After the war he married and left the army and ran Langham Fruit Farms and appointed DL for Essex. In the Second War he commanded 5th Bn of the Suffolks, commanded Portsmouth Garrison before North Midland District. Between 1948- 54 he was Regimental Colonel of The Royal Fusiliers.



Brig. General Francis Fuller CB, CMG.

The eldest of four brothers at Beaumont: he left in 1885. He passed into Woolwich and was commissioned in the RE. He served in South Africa and was MID and awarded both the Queen's and King's medals. In the Great War he was again MID, wounded and made a CMG. In 1919 a CB, Commander of the Greek Order of The Redeemer, the Legion D'Honneur and the Italian War Cross. He retired from the Army in 1926.

Philip Maguire

At Beaumont 1888 to 1895. He went on to Stonyhurst for the Philosophy course before joining the Militia. His life's work was translating books into Braille for the Institute for the Blind. Died at his home in Hove.

Wilfrid Stonor

The cadet branch of the Camoys family. He was the second of five brothers at the school leaving in 1894 for the Colonial College. He went first to New Zealand before settling in India as a mining engineer where his pastime was big game hunting and natural History. During the Great War he joined an Indian militia. In 1923 he married a cousin Bertha Cary of Tor Abbey (cousin of Lancelot OB KIA) and they settled in family home in South Ascot.

John Price-Jones.

Born in Alexandria and left Beaumont with his elder brother in 1923. He went on to Wye Agricultural College before settling in South Africa to farm.

Edgar Bohane

Edgar was at Beaumont 1919-23 before joining his father in the famed company of Kopke & co of London and Oporto. A director of the company he travelled extensively and spent his whole life in the Wine trade. He was the father of Michael (49) and Paul (52).

SPORT

The Pilgrims

Beaumont Pilgrims captained by Paul Burden (father of Paul and Peter) played 4 matches in the summer of '61. Results:-

Old Amplefordians lost by 4 wkts. (revenge for last season's drubbing)

Old Wimbledonians Lost by 73 runs. (poor showing on a wet wicket)

Stonyhurst Wanderers Won 106 runs. (even worse weather)

Downside Wanderers Match Drawn (both sides scored plus of 200)

Boxing



One of the most successful in the history of the club. 5 matches won and 1 drawn and only 12 bouts lost in the whole season.

Colours to Burrough, Sheehan and Thompson. Vests to Rogers, Addison, Riorden and Marr.

Thanks as always to Col. Roddy, Johnnie Johnson. Farewell to Fr Hanshell and welcome to Fr Lynch as patron.

Results:-

Merchant Taylors won 6-1

Eton won 5-3

Epsom won 5-3

Wellington drawn 3-3

Harrow won 7-2. (Ed: Paul Burrough told me that Harrow at first declined the match as we were not thought good enough opposition for them.)

Graeme Grant (Captain) on behalf of the team thanked all the unsung heroes who did not get fights but kept at it to provide the luckier members of the club with sparring partners. Theirs is as great a contribution to the general success of the team as anyone else's and is much appreciated by all concerned.

Squash

A very inexperienced Five this year but what they lacked in technique was made up for in enthusiasm.

Matches were lost against Windsor Squash Club, Wimbledon Vagabonds, Kingston Cutlets and the B U.

Matches Won Windsor S C on second meeting.

Players – Johansen when available, Crompton much improved, Hicks useful player, Muir has great promise, Haywood “wily” and M Russell another with a future.

Boat Club

The main event was Reading Head of the River. The “A” VIII felt confident having beaten the “B” VIII and Eton Excelsior in a 2.5 mile row up stream on the Home Reach.

Over the 3.5 mile race they dropped six places and never settled or enjoyed the race.

However, they did break the Easter Term “set piece” record set in 1957.

“B” VIII or Beelzebub, could not hold the “A” VIII on their first encounter by 6 lengths but came home the same distance over Excelsior.

At Reading starting in 75th position we left the other crews well behind – unfortunately the same thing was happening with the crews in front – we rowed on our own! “Our rating was high and a lower one would have produced a better result”
Mr Lipscombe Coach

Rugby

The “A” XV in the Easter term tends to be experimental and an opportunity for young prospects to show their worth for next year. With so many of the original 1st XV off for sickness, injury and other activities more than usual had to step up to the mark. A match drawn and three lost was hardly a success story.

The Under 14’s continued their excellent record with another 3 wins : their record for the season is 11 matches won, 2 lost with 202 points against 93.

The Saga of the Reading Under 16 Sevens

ED- Talk of “Pulling a Beaumont” and Heaven Knows what the Rugby Authorities would say today - read on:-

The 'B' Seven were drawn to play in the preliminary round, and now began an extraordinary succession of disaster and triumph. To begin with, a pair of boots mislaid, which cost precious minutes on the journey. Then a hurried change and rush to the field of play, where referee and opponents were already waiting. A gratifyingly vigorous start and we soon had the vital first score. But “whoah there”; wrong opponents. Too late. The mistake was not discovered till half-time. We played out the game and then found ourselves threatened with disqualification for beating the wrong team To avert this fate we had to board a bus and play our original opponents on a distant ground. Disposing of them also by 15 points to nil we continued our progress and arrived back at the original ground just in time to play our next opponents – a large and confident team from Oxford whose capabilities were soon apparent, and they led by six points at half-time. All seemed lost. The forwards, who had worked like heroes, were tiring ,and only superb tackling by Warren stood between us and disaster. Remember Goliath. A break by Arnoux's long pass and Warren scored far out. Ormerod converted. We took new heart and pressed - Too casual, their defence attempted to run out of trouble and a man was caught in possession behind his own line, Foot up in the resulting scrum, and Ormerod, with his eighth successful kick in as many attempts, catapulted the ball over the bar on the stroke of time: Vintage Greyfriars.

But the fireworks were not yet over, Bruce had been crippled in this game, and for the next round we were allowed to play Coleiro, Hicks moving from hooker to centre, and Arnoux to scrum-half: We were twice in the lead in this game, losing it the first time through a dropped pass. Then in the second half Ormerod, who had played and kicked magnificently, was concussed in making a tackle. He had to be assisted off the field, but came on again as soon as possible and played by instinct, though obviously in a daze - Again a large bulk bore down on him, again Ormerod hurled himself into the tackle, and this time stayed down, knocked clean out. The other side scored from the movement, for Hicks was now hobbling, and Ormerod had to be carried behind the goal and propped against the post, for all the world like some mascot, while the kick was taken. The scores were now level and well though six tired men played, they could not hold the other team for ever. **But if ever losers carried off the glory for ever it was the 'B' Seven.**

Team: - Warren, Arnoux, Bruce, Ormerod, Kelly, Hicks and Kenny.

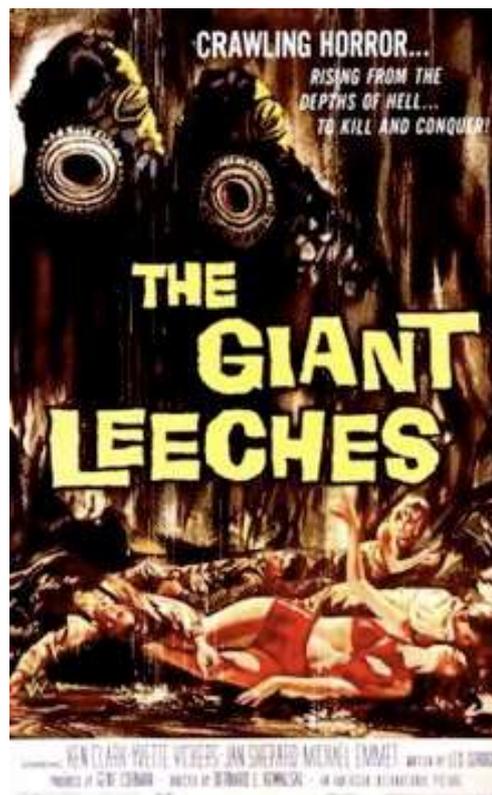
Athletics.

The Club was reformed under the Captaincy of Colin McArdle who later won the Cross-Country and the 440 yds at the Spring Meeting. Others that excelled themselves and were awarded crests : Grant, Lake, Cronly, Capel-Dunn Gould-Marks and Sommi.

MORE FROM PHILIP STEVEN'S MEMOIRE

Chapter 7 – The Giant Leeches

A 1959 'B' movie starring two giant mutant leeches. Starring Ken Clark and various young ladies who were always about to go bathing or were lightly-clad for other reasons. The film was so bad that the producers did not bother to protect its copyright. It was popular among the soldiers when shown at the Army Kinetographic Corps' Terendak camp cinema.



Poster for The Giant Leeches CRAWLING HORROR.... Rising from the Depths of Hell... To Kill and Conquer!

After a year in this strange inter-world in Singapore, divided between military training activity and louche off-duty relaxation, the battalion moved north, to Malacca and Terendak Camp, the home of 28 Commonwealth Brigade Group. The KSLI had been part of 28 Brigade before, during the Korean War, and a few older soldiers had served during that time. We were now part of the strategic Reserve of SEATO, South East Asia Treaty Organisation, ready to defend the world against the expanding Communist peril. We joined battalions of the Royal Australian Regiment, the Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment, assorted supporting Royal Engineers, Gunners, shadowy SAS troops, large amounts of light artillery and a large collection of the enormous support group that a modern army brigade requires. Some socially

superior Lancers in armoured reconnaissance vehicles occasionally joined in our exercises. They did not belong to the brigade and, of course, never actually ventured into the jungle. Their limited contribution was to keep roads open and safe from the CTs (Communist Terrorists) who might otherwise have swept through the peninsula in a moment.

A long-standing tradition, dating back to the Great War was revived. Marching infantry passing cavalry would break into the 1913 song; "Hello, Hello, who's your lady friend?" in a reference to the supposed close relationship between man and horse. As the Lancers' horses had been replaced by armoured vehicles shortly after the Great War, the song was slightly out of date, but armies are full of out-of-date traditions. The Lancers didn't enjoy it, and that was the whole point.

We were the new kids on the block; the Australians and Kiwis had served during the Borneo Confrontation, in which many had seen active service, so secret that we were unaware of exactly what had been going on. Now they and we were training for a new role. The threat that the Vietnam War might develop into a wider conflict was a real concern. Planning was driven by the Domino Theory that as one country fell to the communists, the next would be at risk. We were now in a new, strange world, where military training was a matter of life or death, in preparation for the real thing. We were more used to adorning the scenery rather than fighting in it. The brigade focus was on being ready to move north, to the border between Vietnam and Thailand, if need should arise to prevent the Chinese-backed North Vietnamese from moving across that border. Our secondary role was to be the 'spearhead' for full-scale involvement in Vietnam itself if the Chinese government were to change attitude from supporting the Viet Cong to active participation. For the Australians, in particular, there was the high probability that they would be going to Vietnam, as indeed they did. Not surprisingly, they and the New Zealand troops took training very seriously. Pam. 11, the pamphlet manual of jungle warfare training was every officer's bible, and throughout the brigade training was conducted at a tempo that was certainly not the norm in 1 KSLI, C Company excepted of course.

Against this serious background, Johnnie and I were summoned to see the Commanding Officer. Colonel Neil had two jobs to offer. As he explained his requirement, it became interesting; this was sounding like serious military work, needing volunteers, probably for a mission of derring-do. The reality was not what I expected. Colonel Neil needed one officer to take charge of his new and ambitious plan to create a famous regimental free-fall parachuting display team, and another to take charge of the water-skiing and similar activities that would form part of the leisure-time offering to the regiment. Johnnie, the senior of us, had the choice; I would get what he did not want. Johnnie selected the opportunity to parachute, and suddenly, with no warning, boats were back in my life.

As regimental water-skiing officer my duties were time-consuming. My platoon and I trained in military matters each morning, but on several afternoons each week I attended to these extra duties. Two corporals and a mechanic from the transport platoon tended the boats, taught the customers to water-ski and managed the operation for which I was nominally responsible. I was in charge of the bookings and also an essential part of the team; we needed drivers for the boats and I picked up the demands of driving a ski-boat without trouble. Having done so, I spent many hours driving around just off the beach and inviting favoured friends to join my craft. Favoured guests included girls selected from among the very few whom we knew in Terendak. To an onlooker, my new resolution to be a good soldier was clearly being tested, but I knew that the Commanding Officer, no less than he, had personally selected me for these arduous responsibilities.

Of course, even the sea was a place of risk. Sea snakes were famously able to kill almost at a glance, and the actual but less dramatic threat of jellyfish was to be considered. It was wise to ski or swim wearing a silk one-piece overall. These were always black, I presume that some tailor had a bolt of black silk that needed to be used. It was a downside that very occasionally a jellyfish sting did happen, but the discomfort was tolerable. In later life I would find that diving on holiday sometimes involved proximity to sea snakes. As is usual, the snakes were far more interested in getting away from humans than in attacking them. The upside, of course, was that wet black silk clings most appealingly to the figures of the daughters of the Mess.

Military exercises involved new skills, including much training in the Viet Cong Village that I have mentioned, the large and realistic layout, complete with many layers of tunnels and concealed bunkers. The Gurkha battalion provided enemy formations, and were more than willing to fight it out in the last corner of the last tunnel if necessary. The combination of this village, the training of reluctant US aircrew and the emerging awareness of the American public's deep political dislike of involvement in Vietnam made it possible to see why the Viet Cong simply could not be defeated by any conventional means.

We were to learn new drills, including flying in and out of jungle positions in helicopters. We would come to know our dedicated flying support unit very well. 645 Squadron, Fleet Air Arm was, and remains today, a close ground support unit. They flew into and out of small jungle clearings, they took risks that would not be acceptable in other environments, and they believed that if you remembered a party you had not really enjoyed it in the fullest sense. To get to know these fliers, we held a Mess dinner night one Saturday.

After dinner, with our guests wondering, as usual, why we had forgotten the Loyal Toast, mess games began. As usual, mess rugby featured, and as usual nobody achieved the feat of emerging from the scrummage in the tunnel of over-turned sofas. However, on this occasion, inter-service rivalry saw a few suffer blood wounds

in trying. In due course, the evening ended, and Colonel Neil set off for home, about three hundred yards away, with his guests, the three senior officers of the Fleet Air Arm squadron.

Sunday morning began with everyone in some degree of fragility. Some fuss about missing persons, but nothing to concern us. However, it became clear that the missing persons were the three Royal Navy guests of our colonel. He himself had found his way home, but had lost all three guests on the way. One had been found in the early hours, directing the traffic around a non-existent roundabout in the middle of the main drive that ran through Terendak Camp. The second was less easy to spot, he had fallen into a deep monsoon drain that ran alongside the same road and was found the following morning, sleeping peacefully, oblivious to the search parties tracking to and fro on the road a few feet from him. The third took longer to unearth. He had managed to track down his host's house, and climbed in through an open window. Wanting to find the bathroom before bed, he had found a walk-in laundry cupboard and mistook a pile of clean laundry for the porcelain. Relieved, he then settled down on another

pile of clean clothes mistaken for a bed. He was found in mid-morning by a startled house-boy getting out clean table linen for lunch that day.

We had a Church Parade that Sunday, and held a drinks party for our Fleet Air Arm guests and the families of the Mess. After a warm morning's praying, the ladies of the Mess were glad to be offered their choice of drink. Long cold iced drinks were on offer, particularly the very similar-sounding whisky-based and gin-based John Collins and Tom Collins. One major's wife, selecting from these choices offered by a mess waiter, announced that after all that praying she "could really do with a long, iced John Thomas."

On Monday we started training to board and disembark from the Squadron's helicopters, and found ourselves being flown here and there by the pilots who had enjoyed our hospitality 36 hours before. I was flying with one who confessed as he flew tree-high along a river-bed that he was still suffering from a major headache, and wanted more than anything a quiet day in bed. We were grateful that the Royal Navy had sent us the top pilots in the British forces for this training; lesser men could not have completed their tasks in the grip of two-day hangovers.

As an aside, many years later, in a wholly different setting, I met again one of the intrepid Fleet Air Arm pilots. He took little reminding of that dinner night and its aftermath, saying that in his entire life he had never had a worse hangover and in his entire flying career had never been more unfit to fly.

Several soldiers had been sent for language training. It was desirable that any small group of men on patrol would be able to communicate with the local people and so

build goodwill and obtain information. During one early exercise the whole battalion was to undertake a river crossing. The bridge at the edge of the village was deemed to have been destroyed, and swimmers took ropes across the river, to enable the rest of the battalion to pull themselves fully laden through the water, some thirty yards wide, with thick jungle canopy on both banks. Within moments of our purpose becoming clear, the bridge was crowded from end to end, with the villagers and every passer-by who could get a vantage point. As man after man launched himself into the river, grasping the rope and setting off into the deep, the crowd's excitement rose. It was clear that we were providing entertainment of the highest order. One of my platoon corporals had passed his language training tests very recently and went over to practise his Malay on the audience. In mid-conversation he suddenly ran back to where we stood, waiting our turn to cross. His Malay language skills were basic, but adequate to learn that the village had come to terms some time ago with the existence of a large crocodile that occasionally came up river and took a dog or pig from the river bank. The anticipation of seeing a British soldier eaten before their eyes was the biggest treat in the area for many years. We were distinctly glad to disappoint them; the male Malay Saltwater crocodile, was known to be the largest in the world, with a median length of over 4 metres, up to 6 metres for an older adult.

Large animals were rarely any real threat. The dignified Rodney Hazzard was obliged to show a turn of speed, trousers clasped at half-mast, when he left a jungle track to answer a call of nature and met an irate wild pig, but apart from him I was never aware of anyone facing risk from a larger animal. It was disconcerting to turn a corner of a track and find fresh animal droppings whose quantity indicated some formidable

resident of the jungle, but we never found the animals themselves. However, the smaller animals, especially insects, were always very common. Scorpions came in two sizes, small and reputed very dangerous or large and reputed to be merely excruciatingly painful. Centipedes were one-sized, about five inches long and also feared by most. They seemed to cause more concern than scorpions at the end of the day when seeking a patch of ground where a sleeping roll could be laid safely. One or two casualties arose from stings and bites, but in general the threats were greater than the realities. I only saw two snakes in the jungle, both very dangerous and both clearly as apprehensive about us as we were about them. Given an exit route they immediately removed from the scene of encounter and left us to our progress.

Leeches were a different matter; folklore had identified various unusually unpleasant varieties. Bull leeches competed with Tiger leeches to be the most particularly attracted to human blood, and most soldiers took exceptional care with their leech-avoidance preparations. Repellent juice would be spread carefully on shirt-cuffs and collar, and attention would be paid to the tops of jungle boots, where trousers were tucked in. More would be spread on the waistband of trousers. Minor areas of risk

being out of the way, most soldiers spent most preparation time in giving the greatest attention to the fly-buttons; leeches were known to prefer using trouser-flies as the best way to find unprotected skin, and the mythology of leech preference as to where to attach themselves for blood-sucking was elevated to medical doctrine. Most soldiers were more afraid of that eventuality than of any other jungle risk. Perhaps they had watched *Attack of the Giant Leeches* too often.



A publicity still from *Attack of the Giant Leeches*. All that feeding on human blood seemed to give the leeches a human-looking shape.



A good-sized bull leech

Thunder could be interesting. Most of our training took place within 200 miles of the equator, and tropical storms were serious affairs in their season. The noise of tropical rain in the jungle almost prevents thought, and when accompanying a thunderstorm the effect of it all together is humbling but also majestic. Trees struck by lightning seem to explode, and if that happens at night, in total darkness, it always seems to be very close indeed.

Dinner nights and less formal hospitality exchanges took place in the intervals between training in the jungle. We entertained our Commonwealth colleagues, and were entertained in turn. We invited our Australian colleagues to afternoon tea and sought to show up their colonial uncouth by offering tea in bone china cups, and thinly sliced cucumber sandwiches. They invited us back to Happy Hour and offered tinnies and jellied pigs' trotters. They were felt to have had the better of that home and away fixture. We invited them to a Dinner Night and demonstrated our sophistication by setting up the casino and offering blackjack and roulette. At a late hour one of our officers decided the guests had over-stayed their welcome and rolled a tear-gas training canister under the roulette table. Unfortunately, the dilute tear-gas stayed at ground level, rolled out of the mess, downhill and into the sleeping quarters of the sergeants' mess of a totally different unit. A degree of upheaval followed, but an enquiry by military police was hampered by the completely cooperative but useless statements made by all present.

We were invited back to dinner at the Australian officers' mess. An Australian general was guest of honour. The custom of this battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment was that after dinner the younger officers of the battalion would call a 'court-martial' of the senior guest, and this was duly done. The guest was prosecuted, defended and found guilty of some suitable offence. The court adjourned to a corner to decide on its sentence. A problem now arose; the defendant could clearly be seen to have no sense of humour or appreciation of the fine old tradition in which he was playing so central a role. Finding a suitably witty but very slightly ego-pricking penalty was

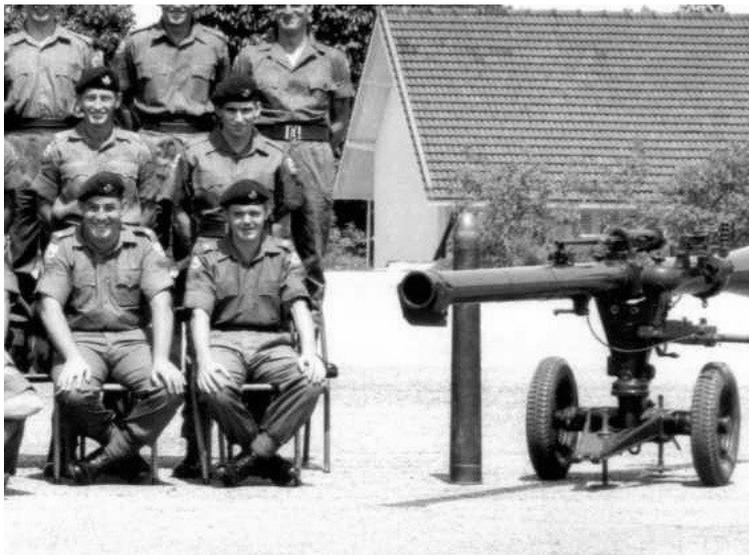
proving difficult. After some time, a loud, drunk and very clear-speaking Australian voice was heard; 'Christ guys, why don't we just hang the c***?' The Australian general turned to his host and announced: "I may be thought to lack a sense of humour, but I do not find that very funny." As he left the room, accompanied by the Australian battalion commander, the last sound that the general heard was the laughter of the Digger junior officers, deciding that if their careers were blighted they might as well see the funny side.

Terendak Camp was a modern and well-equipped camp, well able to cope with housing a mix of several thousand soldiers of three nations, each proud of their national prowess. For the soldiers, it was also crushingly boring, apart from Thursday nights after they had been paid, in cash. Then it was never boring. The various units' orderly officers, not always me as the KSLI officer by now, liaised with the provost marshal and military police, and few of the weekly fights that broke out in the other-ranks club in the centre of camp ever caused lasting injury.

The one really serious outbreak that I was too close to having to try to resolve took place, inevitably, on a Thursday night. The All Ranks Club was a social club, in the centre of the camp, with heavy drinking on pay-day. Privates and lance-corporals of

all the nations represented in the brigade mingled there. As the story was explained in the aftermath, a drunken Geordie ex-miner climbed onto a table and offered to fight any man of any nation. A Maori about two foot taller than the Geordie walked to the table and speaking somewhat disparagingly of the mining physique made clear that he was accepting the challenge. Immediately, and with all his force, the Geordie took on the fight with a mighty, accurate and totally incapacitating kick, without lifting his foot above table-top level, thereby landing the only blow of this particular combat firmly in the wedding area. The Maoris and the rest of their battalion set about a revenge mission. The KSLI's assorted Geordies, Cornishmen, Shropshire famers boys and all the rest pitched in with a will, and it scarcely needed an invitation for the Aussies to join the set-to. RPs of all the units in Terendak, the Royal Military Police and eventual drunken exhaustion brought the small war to an end. Over all, over the next several days, it seemed to be considered that a thoroughly good night had been enjoyed by all.

An inter-until sports day was organised, with teams entered by the three or four larger units, the Commonwealth battalions, Royal Artillery and armoured support unit, with smaller units providing what entrants they could. In the best Commonwealth spirit of friendship this day was conducted in a spirit of fierce competitiveness. We had a favourite for one event, the hammer-throw. Corporal Power, a good name for so large a man, entered the arena when his first throw was called. He was not carrying his hammer, but had looped the wire that connected weight and handle, around his ankle. This enabled him to hobble onto the field in a manner that was, correctly, expected to suggest the convict past of the Australian nation. There were no actual deaths in the melée, but many Australians let it be known that this escape was not for lack of willingness to try.



*Corporal Power, seated left, anti-tank gunner,
With my name-sake, WOMBAT anti-tank rifle, loud, dangerous to be near and
probably useless.*

Despite the water skis, inter-unit hospitality and rivalry and the laid-back approach, we lived in a state described as 'ready-to-go'. The required that minimal time be wasted if the order should come to go north to the Thailand / Vietnam border. The three infantry battalions rotated High Alert and the one on call was to be ready to move as a fighting unit at six hours' notice. This sounded very efficient, but in truth it could never have been that straightforward. There was the political factor to be included in planning, which involved a decision by the newly-independent Malaysia that no troops based in the country would be permitted to proceed directly to the fighting. As a result, our efficient move north would begin with a 150-mile drive south to Singapore to begin the journey to the front. As we were deemed 'air-portable' the idea was that the brigade would actually fly up to the fighting area. However, the reality must have been that moving by air over 5,000 men, a regiment of artillery, and all the equipment that the brigade needed, was simply impossible, and most of the circus would have been transported by ship, with all the loading at embarkation and unloading on arrival that such a move entailed. All things considered, the idea of one battalion moving at six hours' notice suggested that they would be on their own for days or weeks in the fighting area until their equipment and everyone else caught up with them.

A brigade of some thousands of soldiers, accompanied by families, has a lot of children of school age. There were two schools in camp, primary and secondary. The teachers were not military, but they seemed to be involved with the Army Education Corps. They were all female, mainly single and they lived in a couple of large houses. Their position in the social hierarchy was unclear. Being not military, they could not really be invited to military events in the Mess, but being female, and generally party animals, they were always welcome at every other time. They gave the best parties. Each seemed to have her particular man-friend from one of the Messes, but nobody went to their parties without anticipating a lively evening of loud music, lots of drink and much of that fashionable dance of the time, The Twist. Originally developed by followers of Chubby Checker it had evolved into the oddity practised by Army officers everywhere and called by disbelieving females The Military Twist. This style of dance,

and the comments of watchers possibly explains why a whole section of men in their seventies today are insistent that they retired from the dance-floor many years ago.

At some time late in 1967 a great change was much discussed. The Army was shrinking, and modern development needed more interchange of officers and senior non-commissioned officers between the Army's battalions. Most of the old country regiments with just one battalion would merge into larger regional regiments, forced into new families, some with little in common with each other. The four regiments of Light Infantry were more fortunate. The four were to become three, in a new regiment, called the Light Infantry. The KSLI would become the 3rd Battalion, The Light Infantry. We would keep much of our old identity, and the regimental silver

would all stay with us. This was to happen sometime next year, but at this stage, little seemed really to have altered the status quo. However, the Durham Light Infantry, the regiment that I had originally applied to join, was the junior of the four regiments, and four into three did not go. Despite much talk of a merger between all, the DLI considered that theirs, one of the most famous fighting regiments of the world wars, a regiment that raised over 40 battalions in the Great War, was to be disbanded.

As this life went on, it fell uneasily into a pattern. There was stifling life in Terendak Camp, at least lightened by water-ski duties, and a real sense of purpose when training in the jungle. The solution was to find life away from the Terendak one. A small motorbike gave me access to Malacca city, about 15 miles south, and I found a bolt-hole, a small Chinese tea-house overlooking the Warriors' Field, Padang Pahdalawan, in the city centre. There I could read and drink tea, watch the world and escape from a life in which was good for a social soldier but hopeless for me. I came to like the elderly Chinese couple who ran the place, and was greatly moved to be invited to some of the more public mourning moments when the old man's wife died. When I left Malacca, the old man gave me a set of rice bowls to take home as a keepsake. I hope that I never betrayed any military secrets to Peking as I exchanged words, nods and smiles with these people. For some reason I never told a single person that I had created this small release mechanism. Perhaps the memory of the Plymouth warning about Chinese intelligence being everywhere still lingered.

The small motorbike was replaced by one that gave freedom to travel further. I had not dealt with any technicality like passing a test or getting proper clothing.



Yamaha 125, identical in every respect, including condition when bought

My longest journey was a distance of a little over 150 miles, taking me from Malacca to Singapore and a couple of nights staying again at The Casuarinas. The barefoot chic of the place would not attract the jet set; there was a degree too much barefoot

and a degree too little chic. I called on the family of a colonel on the staff at British headquarters in Singapore, he having some medical connection with my father's service during the war. Not having a phone number, I just turned up on their doorstep. To say that they were overwhelmingly pleased to see me would be to put it a little strongly, indeed, I think that they had little idea of who I was. Nonetheless, explanations made, they did actually invite me to supper on the following night, and took me to their club.

After this interlude, the journey back took me up the only real north-south road, a single tarmac lane with compacted gravel verges on either side. It was customary that vehicles approaching each other would move slightly to one side of the tarmac, keeping outside wheels on it and letting the inner ones run on the compacted laterite gravel verge. Anybody travelling north would be well aware of the huge logging trucks hurtling south, carried teak tree trunks to the docks at Singapore. Drivers were unregulated and paid piecework rates, so much per delivery. Inevitably I met one, on a bend, he was travelling too fast to risk taking a single wheel off the tarmac. He swerved a little; I swerved a lot and left the tarmac. As my front wheel hit the gravel the bike tipped over, and I continued my journey, half on my bike, half off, feet first and on my back. The front trailer wheels passed my right legs, and the rear wheels passed my left shoulder. I had been carried across the road, under the lorry and into the ditch on the opposite side. The lorry, perhaps even unaware of the incident, did not stop for me to exchange insurance details with the driver. I was alone in the middle of Malaya, nobody stopping to help me. The importance of wearing proper riding wear was now obvious. My shorts and flimsy shirt had done nothing to protect those parts of me that had not been still aboard the bike as we rode under the lorry. Bleeding heavily, in the greatest pain and with only my crash-helmet still serviceable, albeit battered and ruined, I had to retrieve the bike from the ditch, thanking my stars that I had not been able to afford a larger and heavier model. As this all went on by the roadside, various

cars and buses, and a few more logging trucks, rushed by and decided that I did not need help. It was clear that I would leave the place under my own power or never leave it at all. Some basic struggling helped by the tiny tool-kit that came with the bike enabled me to straighten the handlebars and crushed footrest. Re-mounting, I rode on. In a short while I came to a small town, where the local policeman directed me to the blessed relief of the British Military Hospital, Kluang. I was fortunate; they had a well-equipped emergency centre, with capacity to treat burns. The cleansing and other treatment was agony, but the existence of a proper air-mattress burns bed was fantastic. I lay on a bed of blown air, my wounds healing and skin re-forming. In the end the scarring was so little that I wondered whether the amount of blood had confused me about the extent of the damage, but there was no doubting that for ten years or more afterwards an occasional skin irritation would erupt as some piece of gravel worked its way to the surface, in one part or another of my back or thighs.

The Australians held a large-scale training exercise. It was to last a week, and about half of the KSLI officers and many senior non-commissioned officers were to be umpires. I was to be an umpire, 'embedded' with a company of Australians, with CSM Eddie Waters as my assistant umpire. The battalion of Gurkhas stationed at Kota Tinggi were the enemy.

Day after day Eddie and I accompanied the company as they set about the business of destroying the Gurkhas, occasionally tying a label to an arm, abdomen or other body part, to indicate that the soldier in question had taken a wound. Treatment and evacuation of these 'wounded' had to be conducted using the protocols laid down in Pam 11. Each evening Eddie prepared some meal, whose basic ingredients were Australian army rations, spiced with something from the little bag carried for the purpose. The meal was accompanied by cool, sweet water from a liana. The Australian company commander, who had clearly not experienced his battalion's recent active service, was fascinated; in his world water appeared in large green jerry cans every evening. One evening, the jerry cans could not be delivered, and the situation looked serious to Eddie and me as we drank our tea and warmed some shaving water. A helicopter appeared, but was unable to land in the close thicket. After some discussion on the radio, the helicopter crew agreed to hover as low as possible and drop the jerry cans through the canopy of trees. Eddie instantly took my arm and led me away to a safe distance as a dozen or so five-gallon containers, each weighing 40 lb., say about 18 kilos rained down, to burst with a gratifying shower of water as they hit the ground. We were encamped for the night on the top of a very steep hill, perhaps four or five hundred feet above a river. Plan 'C' or was it 'D' by now, was for a water party to descend to the river and bring back water that could be purified overnight and used safely in the morning. However, it was late afternoon, and darkness would fall, as it always did, at 6.30. At last, needs must, and after risking a sip of the water in such plentiful supply for his umpires, the company commander at last listened to the advice of a man for whom the jungle was second home, and the plentiful water all around was tapped from the vines.

On the following morning, the Australians were to learn another lesson that might well have kept a few alive when they would be pitched into real soldiering in Vietnam. They were preparing a surprise attack onto a hill where the Gurkhas were known to have set up defence. The company halted by the trackside, and the company commander found a small clearing to which he summoned his second-in-command, his platoon

commanders and other specialists, like the sergeant commanding his small mortar capacity. They gathered round in a close group to hear the whispered orders. Suddenly, a cluster of thunderflashes erupted all around, and a Gurkha leaped out of his hiding place and disappeared into the undergrowth, not a shot fired. Eddie and I sprang forward, casualty labels at the ready. Eddie's first call was to the company commander: "Sir, stay still and silent, you're KIA (killed in action)." We decided that

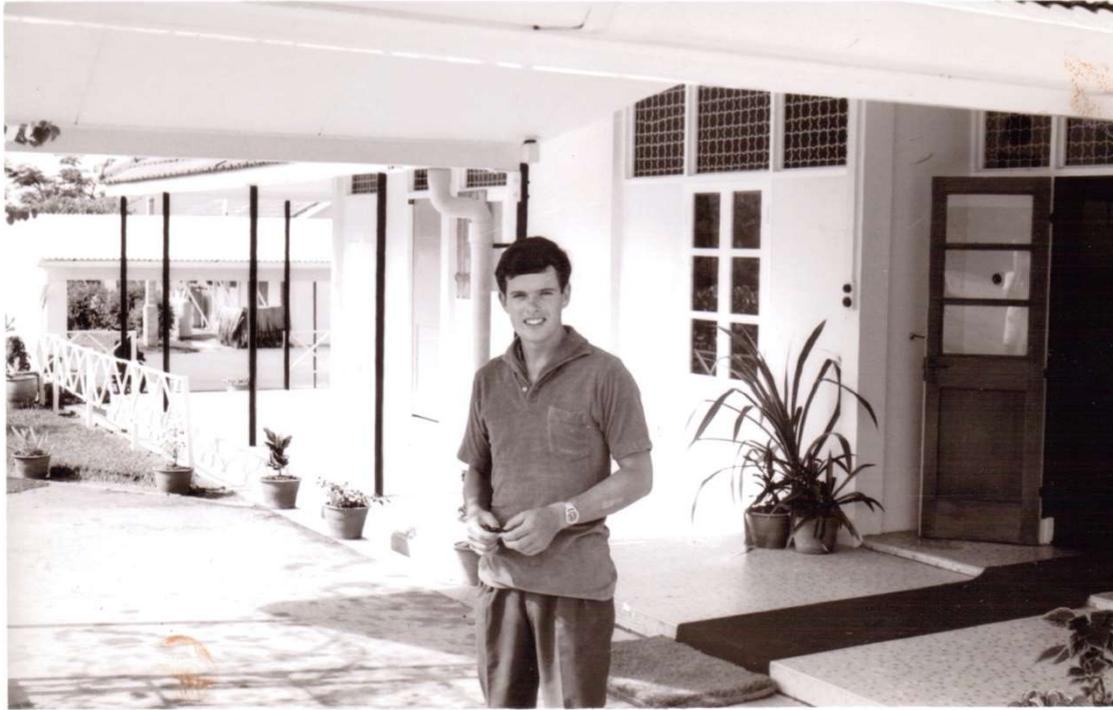
the second-in-command had received an open abdominal wound, and several more were also more or less incapacitated. We then stepped away and left the remaining command group to sort out the mess. No attack could be launched whilst half a dozen casualties, most of the command group, were being evacuated, and surprise had been lost. Occasionally I had seen an angry military figure, but the Australian company commander took his anger to a new level, aware that he had been found out, very publicly, in the total failure of the attack that his commanding officer had ordered. It was all our fault, no attack like that would wipe out a company headquarters group, and on he went. We Poms had the last word; we wrote our report on the company's performance during the exercise, or more truthfully, Eddie told me what needed to be said and I wrote the report. Nobody questioned the heavy casualty rate that we had inflicted on the Diggers.

I was actually happy in the jungle, the life suited me, the only two snakes that I ever saw were more interested in getting away than in killing anyone, and the centipedes, scorpions and leeches were just an occupational hazard. Only once did we have to get a helicopter in to evacuate a soldier who had been stung or bitten. The only greater emergency was when a lorry carrying a dozen or so soldiers of another A Company platoon slid down an embankment and turned onto its side. A full-scale medical emergency was called, and helicopters were sent. Before they could arrive, we had to clear a space at the roadside to enable them to land. The soldiers set to with enthusiasm, cutting away vegetation, bushes and small trees with their machetes. By the time the helicopters were overhead there was ample landing ground. However, the enthusiastic ground clearance meant that, instead of just a couple of slightly serious casualties of the vehicle accident, we had two more, soldiers inflicting alarming injuries on themselves as machetes cut into an arm and leg respectively. Above all, in serious jungle one never met senior officers, particularly the one who ordered one of our three Army Air Corps helicopter pilots to fly back to Terendak to replenish the supply of ice for his daily gin, served by a mess waiter on a tray.

Like every soldier in the British Army, I was relieved when it became clear that we were not to go to the Thai border with Vietnam after all. Opinions about the political wisdom of being there were not within our pay grades, we went where we were told, but we had military opinions. These were already firmly set on the idea that the Americans, despite limitless resources were losing the war, and nobody wants to be on the losing side.

Always in the back of my mind was the inadmissible realisation that the Army, or probably more accurately, the regiment, and I were not suited to each other, but there was still more than a year to serve before it would be permissible to apply for permission to resign my commission. This part of my life was not one that I wanted to record, and I have just one photo of my own from Malaya. It merely confirms that

despite having been promoted to lieutenant I was still far too young to be taking life seriously, expecting soon to be fighting CTs .



22-years old at Terendak Officers Mess

At some stage soon, if custom held sway, I would be posted away from the battalion, perhaps to the Light Infantry depot in Shrewsbury as a platoon commander training platoons of recruits, perhaps to do something similar at a unit like the Infantry Junior Leader's Regiment. Whatever would be offered, I was certainly going to accept it.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Christo Skelton

“Relations”

I have reached a point in my life where I am interested in my family genealogy and was astonished to find family connections to two individuals that I was at Beaumont with. The two came from Catholic aristocracy and were Robert Stonor and Hubert de Lisle. I was using My Heritage.

I don't know if this is noteworthy but I found it fascinating that two of my contemporaries at Beaumont were distant relatives.

Ed: as I have always said nearly everyone at Beaumont was related even if the French say “à la mode de Bretagne”.

From John Marshall

“Bright Jap Chap”

In 1976, I was teaching at St John's Beaumont. During the school summer holiday, I went to stay in Oxford at the home of one of the boys called Robinson. On the Sunday evening I went to the Jesuit church for mass and I knew that Fr Costigan was based there. In fact, as it turned out he was in the porch when I arrived (late) and he handed me a copy of the parish newsletter, not recognizing me I suspect but with the words “ something to read if the sermon gets boring”! So after mass I made myself known and he told me to drive him round to the house of a parishioner and BU parent and this turned out to be Mrs Burrough She immediately presented Fr Costigan with a generous G & T followed by one for me.

Fr Costigan had another reason for wanting me to come, once he knew I was teaching at St John's and this was to do with Mrs Burroughs's house guest, a Japanese woman studying at Oxford I suspect. She had a son of ten and this boy was destined to start at St John's that September. The mother chided her son when he came into the room for being so dirty from playing outside. But the child beamed when Fr Costigan upbraided the mother suggesting the boy was only dirty on the outside but quite clean inside. (Ed – I think Fr Costigan thought of me in the reverse)

So, Takahashi duly came to St John's speaking very little English and because he was ten he was to go into Lower Figures which meant from the very beginning he would be required to continue studying English but also make a start on Latin and French.

I don't recall much about Takahashi, though I have a photo of Third Match on the front field in which he is playing with enthusiasm. This is because I never taught him but now wish I had, though it would have been one of those trying experiences for a teacher when you just know your pupil is much brighter than you are.

I was on “Laundry Dorm Duty” one evening early that first Christmas term and as I went round the cubicles, wishing each boy “good night” before “Lights Out”, I came to Takahashi's cubicle and found him sitting cross-legged on his pillow with a book resting on his feet. I stopped in my tracks and asked him what the book was. He still didn't have much English so with a broad smile he just raised the book so that it hid his face but enabled me to read the title: Teach Yourself Arabic.

Upon searching Google Scholar yesterday, I discovered that he is based at the University of Tokyo and writes about and translates philosophical texts originally in Syriac.

I wonder if he is still in touch with Stonyhurst where he subsequently went before going on to St Andrews.

From John Joss (California)

“Ageless”

Many thanks, Robert. I trust that you will follow up with a success message. I regret that I will be unable to attend on the 7th. (Bro Michael Strode’s Mass)

ED – I think I will be lucky to see it in my lifetime but you never know!

John - Well, Robert, in my lifetime, too--I'll be a piano next year.

ED - As Tom Lehrer said -"Life is like a piano. What you get out of it depends on how you play it."

John - Katherine and I love Lehrer and have his records. Also Dave Frishberg, RIP (same irreverent genre).

From John Tristram.

“ March on the Colours”

Did the Beaumont CCF have Colours and if so what happened to them? I was reading a post in “Arrse” which suggested that public schools, apart possibly from Eton, had standards but not Colours.

ED - we had Colours presented to the then Corps before WW 1. They now hang framed at St John’s.

Infantry regiments in which we were included carried Colours usually a King’s/ Queen’s Colour that was basically the Union Jack and a regimental one: although it was proposed that we should have the former as well it never materialised. Standards were only carried by the 2 regiments of the Household Cavalry, the Heavy Cavalry (Dragoons) and the Tank Regiment. Light Cavalry have Guidons. Hope this helps.

John -, thank you. While the college was associated with the Household Division I had imagined that the red backing to the badge indicated connection with R Berks, who wore the Brandywine Flash, which I am sure you know all about. Most of my military career I wore the flash. First with 4/6 R Berks, then with DERR, then with C (R. Berks) Coy 2 Wessex. Sadly, subsequently commanding another company in 2 Wessex and then transferring to 1st Battalion I lost the distinction. John

ED - As much as it would be nice to think that the Red backing was associated with “Brandywine” I think it was worn to indicate CCF in the same way Officer Cadets at Sandhurst or Mons had White. The Beaumont Corps started off associated with the East Surreys (see below) which is why we ended up with this cap badge design.



The only time this changed when in WW2 we were granted the privilege of wearing the Garter Star as part of the “Home Lands Bn” of the Home Guard providing protection at The Castle and the other local Royal residences.

John - thanks. I am sure you are correct but I don't recall seeing other units at CCF annual camp wearing a red backing.

ED – I will investigate further.

From Colin Bell

“Fr Gerry Hughes”

I was very saddened to see the demise of Fr Gerry Hughes. He taught classics at the very tail-end of Beaumont, and in Syntax 1, we had him for Greek. He was outstandingly knowledgeable - I believe he was a double-first at Oxford, and outstandingly enthusiastic - at pretty much everything he participated in. He didn't just teach us the Greek language, but respect for a founding culture and philosophy. His teaching was truly transformational - I would regard him as the best teacher I ever had, and I did a stint at Oxford. Not surprisingly, the entire class passed their Greek 'O' Level that year. I gave his example to a lecture-hall full of teachers, in Kathmandu, a couple of years ago. Even now, one can attend a long play in London like 'Iphigenia', and be transported, still, by that enthusiasm.

From Nigel Courtney

“TIES AGAIN”

Since the Army Flying Museum at Middle Wallop has shown a marked interest in my father Donald's battlefield photos and his DFC (as a Gunner with wings) I've been watching their free 'Lockdown Lectures' series. The current one was produced in

collaboration with the REME Museum and records how the REME and the AirOP became closely linked.

I mention this because the panel chair in the video, Major (retd) George Bacon of the Army Air Corps, is sporting what looks like a BU tie (scroll down in the attached still from the video). Could he have been at Beaumont? Or has some other outfit appropriated our hallowed badge of office?

ED: Major George “Smokey” Bacon MBE was not at Beaumont (nor any other Bacon for that matter) but he certainly seems to be wearing our tie. In the past it has been said that one of the Oxbridge colleges have the same as ourselves though scrutiny has produced negative results. As far as I’m aware no Regiment or Corps have our colours. It maybe that some Club unknown to us have adopted them but in which case Benson & Clegg would have stocked them. There remains the possibility that Bacon was at St John’s and they are in the process of adopting the Tie – so he maybe “legit”

I think it is understandable that with colours of such distinction that others might wish to wear them or have adopted them since our seeming demise”.

No, Not The BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW.

MEADS FEVER (after John Masefield)

I must go down to Beaumont again, for reasons I cannot quantify,
And all I ask is to wander with my memories from that last month of July;
And the White House and the chapel in my thoughts awaking,
And the War Memorial in the ornate grounds, and the sunshine breaking.

I must go down to the Old School again, even though I cast it aside,
In passing years without a tear that may not be denied;
And all I ask is our Reach of the Thames with the thoughts of the eights rowing,
And the oar spray and the cox’s shout, and the rhythm flowing.

I must go down to the Alma Mater again, to recall my misspent schoolboy life,
Past the pitches on the meads and the scene of many a strife,
The beauty of the cricket ground and the laugh from a fellow O B,

And enjoy a glass or two, recall our dreams when we were so carefree.

ENCOUNTERS

I saw this monitor in the Higher line gallery

A bit of a ponce thought I,

He said you are not marching in a straight line

Boy comply.

“Do you think I’m doing a Highland fling or the palais glide”

I said to the Monitor, I don’t know why,

(He reminded me of a bossy girl guide)

Report to the Lounge tomorrow morning and gave me a steely eye.

I went to a French class in the old community wing,

“A” level course

Thought I would give it a try,

Boring: so for a bit of a laugh “fixed” Titsi Hayward’s chair.

Get out, get out and go and get Max as I went out the door on a wing and a prayer

(he shouted at me as he really let fly)

Lunch time visit to Brogie, and now for that cigarette hole in my tie.

I met Captain Kelly on the Corps Thursday

Idle on parade he shouted: at me no chance to deny,

You have dirty boots, filthy brasses and warrant a kick up the arse

Ruddy army, under my breath thought I

Double to the War Memorial and back for extra drill class

He said to me and slapped his thigh

I gave him a look that said you must be joking

But he tweaked his moustache and marched on by.

I went down to the Bells as I fancied a drink,
A thirst to satisfy
“Have one yourself” I said to the cuddly Barmaid in pink,
“and pints for my friends - we’re dry”.
In comes the Rector with visiting Parents, obviously trying to impress
“A glass of dry sherry Father”, before I finish mine and say goodbye,
Back to school forthwith came his terse reply
To the first Prefect nevertheless,
Oh well, that was bad luck for the last day of term in July!

ON THAT NOTE.....

L. D. S.