

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW
SUMMER 2022



The Platinum Royal Jubilee is with us and I was looking back to 1897 when Queen Victoria celebrated her Diamond as the closest equivalent. The June REVIEW of that year was given over entirely to a commemoration edition. The special cover with the Royal Coat of Arms was approved apparently by The

Lancaster Herald, the Lord Chamberlain and the Home Office. As a frontpiece we had a photo of the picture presented by the Queen on her first visit followed by a special song /hymn/ ode composed specially for the occasion by music master Samuel Smith to words by Fr Joseph Keating with the refrain:-

“Sound ye guns, her fame to the skies! Flash it a-far, ye fires of the crest!

Blazon it every flag that flies!

Great Victoria, good and wise, Whom God hath so greatly blest!”

This was followed by the Jubilee sermon, numerous poems written by the boys in praise of the Monarch (including one in Greek), essays on the reign concerning The Colonies, The Army and Commerce; all in all, what today would be considered an OTT tribute to the glories of The Queen, The Empire and Beaumont’s part in it.

1897 also saw our Army on a couple of punitive expeditions or “special military operations”, firstly into the kingdom of Benin which was ransacked and absorbed into colonial Nigeria. Then there was the Siege of Malakand on India’s N W frontier which was all part of the perceived long running threat by Russia to British interests (Costello OB was awarded the VC there) and necessitated our marching into Afghanistan on various occasions.

So here we are, celebrating another Royal milestone and yet another conflict with Russia: history repeating itself.

However, in this REVIEW, despite the Editor’s avowed loyalty to H M, I have refrained from a specially garnished Commemorative Edition, so there are no odes, poems, essays to the Glories of the past seventy years: sorry to disappoint.

NEWS.

Diary Dates.

3rd OCT: BU LUNCH AT THE CALEDONIAN. PLEASE note in your diaries.

13th Nov: Remembrance Sunday at The War Memorial.

LOURDES at EASTER.

With COVID still a major factor, HCPT Group 24 (Floods & Burgesses) was the only London Beaumont Region Group that went on this limited Pilgrimage. The Group took 6 or 7 youngish adult Jet Setters who last went in 2016. They were all over the moon having another opportunity to go.

BOFS.

Mandy Bedford with **Mons. Jim Curry** took a smaller than usual group to coincide as usual with the HCPT pilgrimage.

John Flood reported:-

On the Thursday Night we broke with tradition and sang both the Carmen and the Pater Noster rather earlier than midnight and at the Grand Hôtel Moderne rather than the Terrace Restaurant, this in recognition of the impact of the passage of 3 years since we last assembled in Lourdes for this purpose. This way all 6 OBs in Lourdes were present. We hope that 2023 will see the return of both the majority of the Pilgrimage groups and the BOFs to their normal capacity, especially after a very successful pilgrimage this year with around 600 pilgrims, from which I believe only 2 pilgrims contracted Covid during the pilgrimage.



“Giving tongue” Richard Sheehan, David Liston, John Flood, Tony Outred, Tim O’Connor. Front: Robert Schulte.

The 6th HCPT Cycle 2023 and the 2nd Pat Hall Memorial Walk

John Flood has signed up for his 4th sponsored HCPT Cycle from Versailles to Lourdes in Holy Week 2023 as the driver of the Sweeper Car (aka 'The Popemobile on account of his navigator being the Cycle chaplain). In the past he has linked the sponsorship he has undertaken to secure to his previous walks, two of these referred to elsewhere, being the Camino and the Menorcan coastal circumference and the other being the 1st Pat Hall Memorial Walk. Between them they raised in the region of £10,000 for HCPT.



John & Pat celebrating in Compostela

Pat Hall was one of the founder trustees of HCPT and founded 5 different HCPT groups. He accused John of "hood-winking" him into walking 100 miles of the Camino when he was 84! The Memorial Walks in his name honour that accomplishment.



Robert Bruce & Arthur Cope on the 1st Walk

The 2nd Walk is expected to take place on Sunday 31 July and the longest version of 4 different walks will replicate one day of the Camino, being 12+ miles from Hampton Court to Roehampton Gate in Richmond Park, via Kingston & Richmond. Afterwards there will be Mass and a buffet supper. Anyone interested in either

walking or providing sponsoring should contact John as soon as possible at johncaflood@gmail.com

CLASS of '60 "DIAMOND Rag.



John Flood once more.....

Having been thwarted by Covid in 2020, the Class of 60 held its 7th reunion on 6 May, this time as on 3 previous occasions at The Rag in Pall Mall. Of the original year, of 76, 50 of the surviving 63 members were contacted, 25 sent their apologies and 12 attended, for the first time with 7 of wives of members of the year. At one time the attendance would have been 28, but for all manner of generally very good reasons, several couples and individuals had to pull out, 2 and their wives sadly on account of accidents involving a broken neck or broken ribs. For those who made it, the occasion suitably marked 62 years of comradeship of those in the year that in the main concluded 5 years at Beaumont a week before learning of the bizarre decision to close the college. Perhaps the absence of the Alma Mater explains why so many of the year have stuck together in the way that they have, with 45 attending at least one of the 7 year reunions.

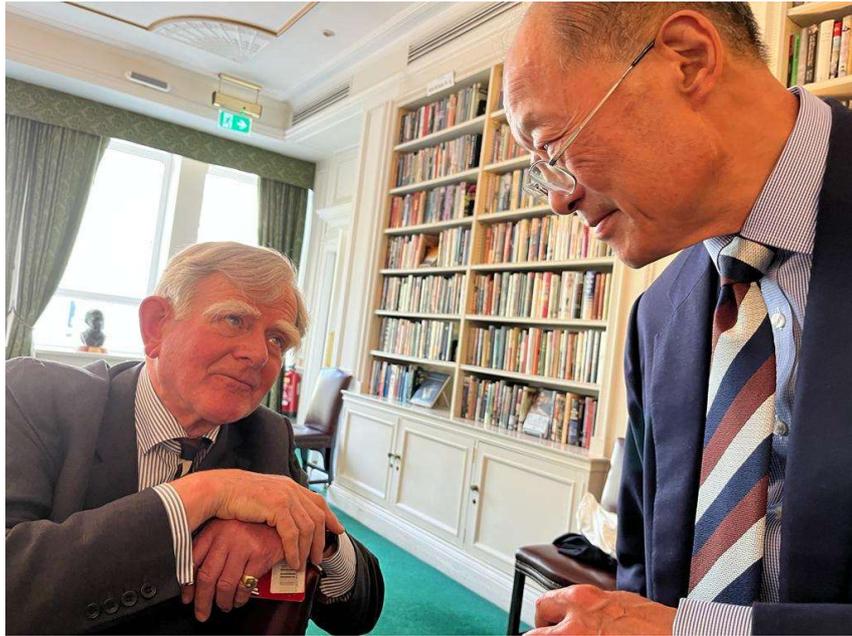


Niall during his Old Windsor days

This year saw Niall Carney, at Beaumont for just 4 terms until Easter 62, attending having got wind of the event from a contemporary who was not coming. Niall wrote in to seek details. He then wrote to say he was booking a flight from Sydney, adding "Curiosity is one of my vices"!



Retired Judge John Devaux, David Danson and from Australia Niall Carney
"transportation for life is no longer on the Statute Book".



“For your eyes only” Henry Hayward and Simon Li from the U.S of A



Michael Newton to Sharon Cope “ If we keep quiet, Chris may spare us his party act” .

ED I understand that “A little treasure of Garnacha, generous and juicy (and here I’m not discussing the wives) but the Campo di Borja was enjoyed with the Rib of Beef.....

Attendees: Apart from Niall Carney, Arthur Cope and Simon Li came from the USA and the others from England were David Danson, John Devaux, Mike Dickens, John Flood, Henry Hayward, Chris Newling-Ward, Michael Newton, Mickey Parish & Paul Reynier

DAY 2



(Potter makes an unobtrusive arrival)

To extend the opportunity for catching up, especially for those from abroad, the day after the lunch a second lunch was hosted by Celia & John Flood at West Hylands with 12 present from the day before, others attending including Simon Potter and, well known to several OBs, Arthur Cope's sister, Marcia Donaldson and her husband, Bill.

BUGS

Our Golf Society held their annual meeting at Westerham on 25th May: Full report in the next edition of The REVIEW.

“JEEVES TAKES CHARGE”

Hugh Wooldridge is directing a new production of “*Jeeves takes charge.*” And seeks backers.



HUGH WOOLDRIDGE (66) (*Director and co-adaptor*)

Hugh produced, directed and co-adapted the original production of *Jeeves Takes Charge* at the Lyric, Hammersmith in 1980. He started his career assisting well-known London directors including Alan Ayckbourn, Michael Blakemore, Freddie Carpenter, Philip Grout, Hal Prince and Eric Thompson. He has been the Associate Head of Music for TVS, responsible for ITV programmes and programming in the South of England; he has run his own multi-media production company, The Jolly Good Production Company, and he has directed shows in London and around the world for the past forty-five years.

More recently, he has written and directed spectacular shows celebrating Andrew Lloyd Webber (*The Music of Andrew Lloyd Webber in Concert* – US and International Tours recently revived at the University of Oklahoma); Alan Jay Lerner (*An Evening with Alan Jay Lerner* – PBS, The New York State Theatre and the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane); Stephen Sondheim (*BAM Salutes Sondheim* – New York, and *Sondheim Tonight* – Barbican Centre, London); the centenary of Ira Gershwin (*Who Could Ask For Anything More?* – PBS and the Royal Albert Hall); Hal Prince (*Gala Concert for Hal* – PBS and the Gasteig, Munich); Tim Rice (*An Evening with Tim Rice* – the Royal Albert Hall and the Holders Festival, Barbados); a salute to Trevor Nunn (the Royal Albert Hall); and the *Golden Wedding Anniversary of HM the Queen Elizabeth II and HRH Prince Philip* (Royal Festival Hall). He also writes and directs *The Night of 1000 Voices* at London's the Royal Albert Hall, where he also devised with Tim Rice and directed a spectacular new production of *Chess in Concert* with Josh Groban, Idina Menzel, Kerry Ellis, Marti Pellow, Clarke Peters and Adam Pascal introduced by Sir Tim Rice.

Hugh has written a tribute to P G Wodehouse on Broadway, *Play On Words* with Hal Cazalet, the Estate-approved stage adaptations of *Rebecca* by Daphne Du Maurier and a new musical version of *The Ghost And Mrs Muir* (yet to be produced). His

original concept musical using the words and lyrics of Alan Jay Lerner, *Almost Like Being In Love*, was produced by and at the Royal National Theatre in London with Siân Philips, John Standing, Anita Dobson, Clive Carter, Anna Francolini and Matt Rawle.



Photographs of Edward Duke (OS) from the original 1980 production

Edward Duke's proudest moment came when he was invited to privately perform *Jeeves Takes Charge* for HM Queen Elizabeth II and the Queen Mother – who was an avid Wodehouse fan.

Hugh writes: “With my 'leaving no stone unturned' hat on, I am raising pennies to put on the revival of *Jeeves Takes Charge* which I first directed with an OS actor in 1980(!) We now have to reach the sum of £50,000.00 pretty quickly. In all seriousness, are there any of our former school chums who have large wealth and might like to invest?

So many people in my profession - myself included - have lost all our life's savings, everything, in the past two years of Covid - so I am looking towards people who may have had some success because of the pandemic. In the medical supplies' profession; in the grocery business...

By any chance, do you know of any such folk? I would write to them personally. But attached below is some general information about the production itself.

You might, you might just know someone who might like to sponsor the production for £2,000.00.... (Or less. Or more.). I would be very happy to give back a 10% Finders' Fee to the BU.”

Contact: hughwooldridge@aol.com

OBITUARIES.

See OBITUARIES on the NEWS dropdown. I regret to inform you that the following have died recently.

David Hewitt (66): He had a stroke some years ago, and had been living in very difficult circumstances for a while.

Michael Gompertz (41). WW2 veteran, Doctor in Cheltenham

Christopher Roberts (54). Lived most of his life at the family home Oxendon Grange, Market Harborough.

James Dudley (59). In his father's footsteps to Beaumont, Trinity Dublin and an Irish Solicitor.

Patrick "Hasty" Haran (60) Somerset solicitor and 1st XI Off-Spin bowler.

Richard Belloc-Lowndes (53).Descendant of the literary Bellocs.

Belated:-

Wg Cdr Timothy McElhaw (44) died 23 February 2018 aged 91. Last RAF pilot to shoot down enemy aircraft in aerial combat 22 May 1948. SEE BELOW:-

ARTICLES

The Last Fighter Pilot.....

Tim was born in Swindon but shortly afterwards his parents split and eventually remarried. He was brought up mainly by his father though he remembers being taken to Mass at great speed by his Irish mother on the back of her motorbike. In 1936 he was sent to St John's and although his father wanted him to go to Marlborough he went up to the College. At school, he played in both the 1st XV and 1st X1 and gained a place at Trinity Cambridge to read Maths. At the same time, he joined the RAFVR not because he really had any wish to fly but to escape conscription for the mines. In fact, he found on his first introductory flights that he suffered from air sickness. However, he was eventually selected for Cranwell and on commission was posted to Palestine and a spitfire Squadron No 208.

Israel declared Independence in May 1948 and the members of the Arab League responded with invasion. On 22 May, the last two RAF squadrons were lined up on the airfield at Haifa ready for departure for Cyprus; they were not expecting an attack. Egyptian spitfires, mistaking the base for an Israeli target destroyed two British spitfires and damaged eight others.



The majority of the pilots were recovering from a severe hangover when the attack occurred, having enjoyed a particularly exuberant dining-in night when it had been decided to burn the mess to the ground to prevent it falling into the hands of the Israelis. The RAF put up a standing patrol over the airfield when another attack wave came in; this time they were ready and shot down two and the Bren gunners on the ground accounted for one more. The patrol was now taken over by Tim and another pilot, they had only been airborne a short period when the Egyptians attacked again. Tim recounted;

“I saw a single spitfire turning over the airfield and came in behind it. It had clear Egyptian markings and terrified of causing a diplomatic incident, I called the tower, asking if I could shoot it down; the CO said something like “Get the B----- !” Meanwhile his chum had dived for the deck and nipped up a narrow valley in the hills hoping to loose me I suppose. Well, my excess speed was so great that I had to cut the throttle to avoid overtaking him. I gave him three short bursts from close up and he just went straight in. It was the first time I had done any air-to-air firing. I had barely completed the turn over the airfield when I saw another. I put in a longish burst and bits came off and down he went – he made a good prang when he hit the ground as he still had one bomb on”.

Tim McElhaw has gone into the history of the RAF, as the last pilot to shoot down another aircraft in close aerial combat. It was not the end of the story as 208 Sqn moved again from Cyprus to the Canal Zone and commenced observation flights along the Israeli/ Egyptian frontier as a ceasefire was called in January 1949. Flying a mission to verify the situation in the Sinai, a flight of four aircraft including one flown by Tim was engaged, first of all by an Israeli column resulting in one pilot having to bale out and another aircraft was damaged. Two Israeli spitfires then came on the scene being flown by a couple of mercenaries and both were experienced North American WW2 fighter pilots. They made quick work of the inexperienced British, one was shot down and killed and two were forced to bale out, including Tim. It was later said that the British had orders to fly with their guns unloaded and that Tim had done remarkably well to outmanoeuvre one of the attackers and get on his tail before being hit by the other. On landing, they were taken prisoners by the Israeli Army. The Israeli authorities claimed it was a case of mistaken identity and the “fog

of War”, but the evidence that the crashed British aircraft were well inside Egyptian territory was quickly removed and was seen as another sign of Israeli duplicity. After interrogation, Tim was eventually released and returned to England.

That was not the end of Tim’s combat service, having converted to meteor jets, he then found himself posted to a mixed squadron of American and British in Korea flying Sabres. He was assigned to the 16th Fighter Interceptor Squadron. At the time it was based at Suwon Air Base about 20 miles south of Seoul and was engaged in operations. With him flying missions was the future Apollo 11 astronaut Buzz Aldrin. Tim was awarded the US Air Medal for his services. He attended the RAF Staff College and served at the HQ Allied Air Forces at Fontainebleau before promotion to Wing Cmdr. He retired in 1970. Although not in touch in recent times with the BU he was a member up until the school’s closure.

ED: It is interesting that with the coming of the jet age and the passing of aerial combat, the RAF would seem to lose its appeal and excitement for OBs and those intent on a service career in the years to come, reverted to the Navy or the Army.

AN OB WHO WAS PART OF AN AMERICAN LEGEND



Henry Gordon “Paddy” Kenyon (39) was born at Kingston the son of Thomas Kenyon and his wife Margaret. They later moved to Bognor Regis and Paddy was sent to Ladycross and from there to Beaumont in 1935. Paddy went up the “B” stream and was neither an academic, sporting or military star. He played in the 2nd XV, had a minor role in the higher line play and rose no further than Cadet in the Corps and a 2nd class shot. The Masters probably didn’t see him as boy destined to play a significant part in one of the heroic feats of WW2: he would probably have agreed with them.

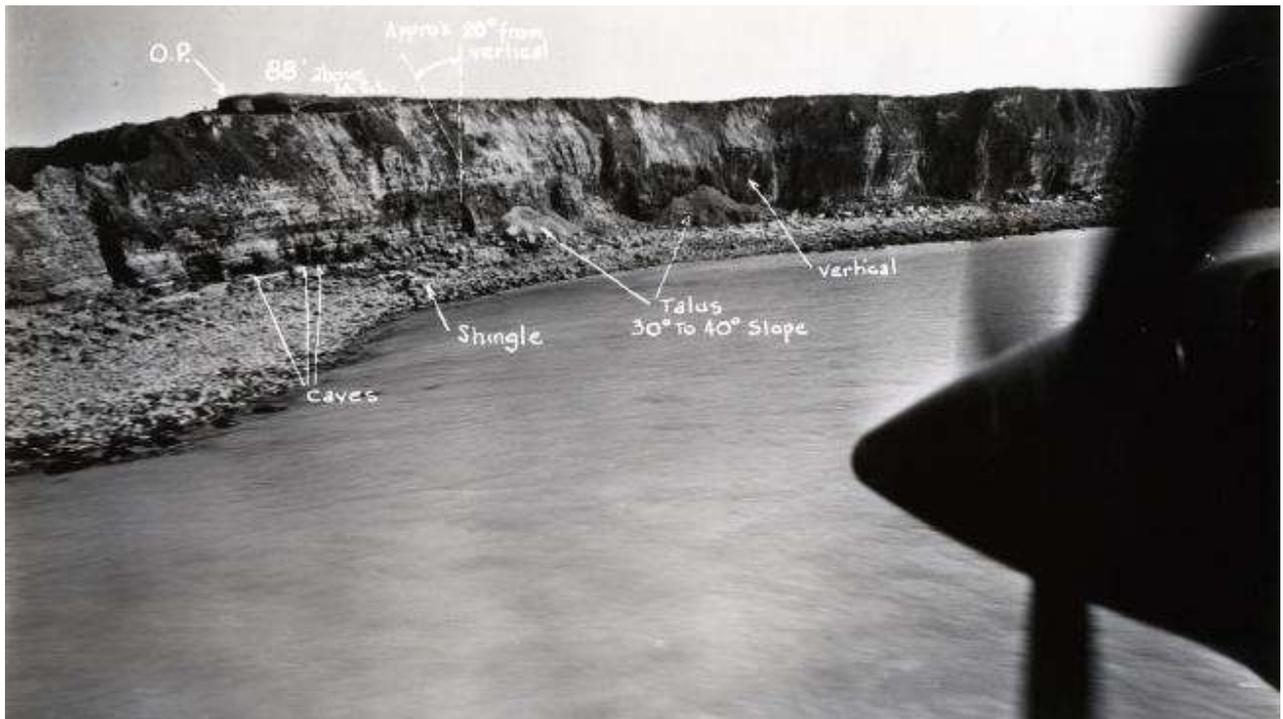
Initially, he joined up as a rating in the Royal Naval Reserve but was eventually sent for officer training and was commissioned as a Sub-Lt in 1942. The most promising young officers went to the ships, **Paddy** went to Combined Operations which meant landing craft and ships with their main depot in Scotland. Here, they learnt the

necessary skills and then trained the Army and Marine forces in ship to shore assaults. All this came to fruition when in May 1944 **Paddy** was posted to join the crew of HMS Prince Charles.



This was a merchantmen converted early in the war. Armed with 2-12pdr guns and equipped with heavy-duty davits, she could carry 8 Landing Craft Personnel (Large) or LC Assault or LC Support (Medium) and troops. She was among a number of ships belonging to the landing ship flotilla named for members of the Belgian Royal family and in her previous existence had been one of the Belgian Ferries on the Ostend - Dover route.

HMS Prince Charles was to play a significant role on the D-Day landings, she had been assigned to transport 300 US Rangers of the 2nd Battalion to Omaha Beach where the Rangers objective was to take the Artillery battery on the dominant Pointe de Hoe (later misspelt Hoc) .



Early on in the war, following their defeat of France in June 1940 and the occupation of the northern part of the country, the Germans came to understand the strategic importance of Pointe du Hoc. As a part of their defensive system along the Norman coast known as the Atlantic Wall and established under the direction of Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, the Germans installed a battery of 155mm guns on top of the cliff. The guns had a range of approximately 20,000 yards and could cover both Utah and Omaha Beaches with artillery fire.

To destroy the Battery, The Rangers, who were commandoes modelled on the British, would have to scale the not insignificant 100 foot cliff face below the emplacement.

The Germans failed to believe that the Allies would consider the cliff top accessible by sea. The Americans, however, considered it an assault point and reasoned that with a well-trained force, soldiers could land on the narrow beaches below at low tide and ascend the cliffs with the assistance of ropes and ladders.



Colonel James Earl Rudder

With the rest of the invasion Fleet, HMS Prince Charles crossed the Channel in the cover of darkness and anchored 10 miles off shore. **Paddy Kenyon** had been selected to command LCA 888 taking in the Commanding Officer Colonel James Rudder and his Headquarters to their assault position at the base of the cliffs



At 0445 on the morning 6 June, the lead elements of 2nd Ranger Battalion boarded their designated LCAs and headed out into the choppy sea for an hour-long trip to their destination. They were led in by a motor launch commanded by the senior Lt from the Prince Charles. Riding in the landing craft was rough and cold, and several Rangers became seasick. Others worked vigorously to empty water out of the boats in an effort to keep them from sinking.

The assault force was carried in ten landing craft, with another two carrying supplies and four DUKW amphibious trucks carrying the 100-foot (30 m) ladders requisitioned from the London Fire Brigade. One landing craft carrying troops sank, drowning all but one of its occupants; another was swamped. One supply craft sank and the other

put the stores overboard to stay afloat. German fire sank one of the DUKWs. Once within a mile of the shore, German mortars and machine guns opened fire on the craft.



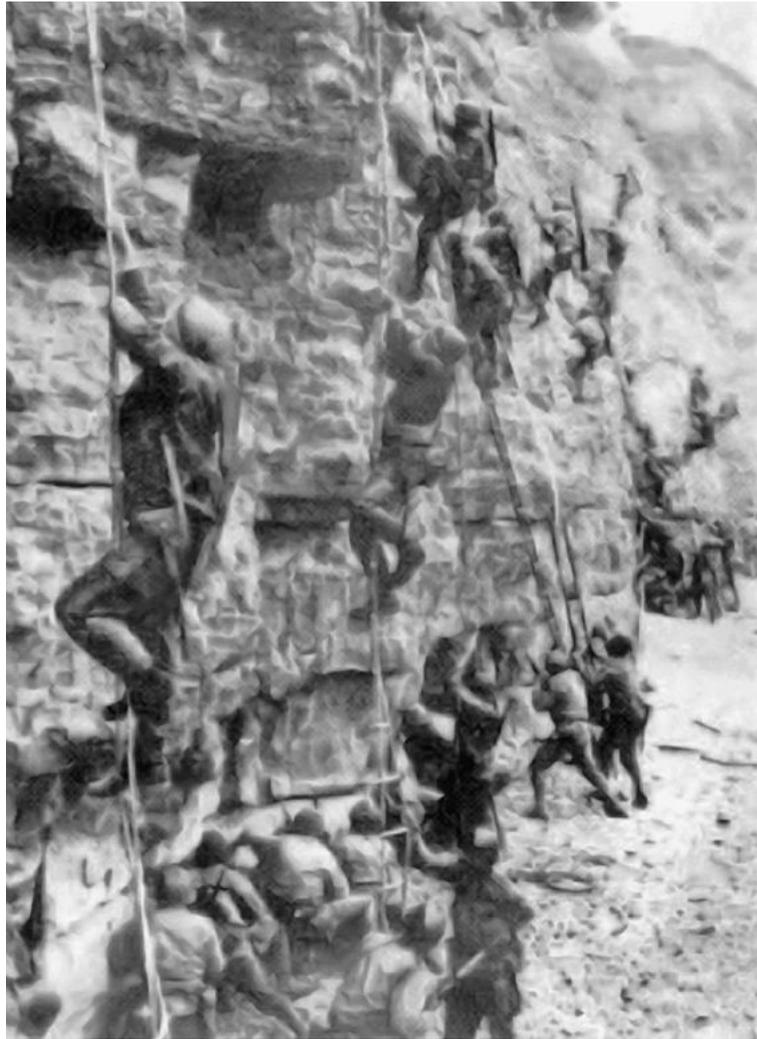
At 0645, another Company of The Rangers landed on the shore of Omaha Beach: their objective were the defences on another area of high ground – The Pointe de la Percée. They were immediately subjected to German artillery fire. Before even making it to shore, the lead craft was hit by artillery fire and the company lost its first fifteen men. A second LCA was also hit with incoming fire and the fifteen men aboard this craft were either killed or wounded. Roughly ten minutes or so after landing they had fought their way to the base of the cliff to begin the ninety-foot ascent to the top of Pointe. Upon reaching the base of the cliff, the Company Commander soon realized that of his original seventy-man team, only thirty-five were left to climb the cliffs. By nightfall, that number would fall closer to twelve. Upon reaching the cliff top, the Rangers immediately set out on patrol, knocking out enemy strongpoints atop the cliff and moving their way towards where their fellow Rangers should be at Pointe du Hoc.

While this Company of Rangers were climbing the cliff side of Pointe de Percée, Rudder's Rangers had not yet made it to shore. H-Hour was set for 0630, but as the early morning sun began to rise, the Colonel (according to the US Story but it could have been **Paddy**) quickly realized that something was wrong. The cliffs in their line of sight were actually Pointe de la Percée and not Pointe du Hoc – the Motor launch commander was "told" of the error. The waters were choppy and the current so strong that it caused the Rangers to travel some three miles off course of their objective.



“Going In”

Once back on track, the Rangers were now well behind schedule. Naval ships watching the landing craft travel ashore were responsible for laying covering fire. However, because the Rangers were scheduled to land on the beach at 0630, the naval ships ceased their covering fire at 0625. Because of their navigational mishap, the Rangers did not land on the beach until 0710, nearly forty minutes after their scheduled time. The delay gave the Germans enough time to recuperate, reposition their defences, and lay heavy gunfire on the incoming force. **Paddy's** LCA was the first to land at the base of the cliff.



The Rangers then experienced much difficulty climbing up the face that day. Many of the ropes that caught hold of the cliffs that morning were completely covered by enemy fire, making the number available for climbing severely limited. The wet ropes were slippery and soldiers were weighed down by damp uniforms and mud clinging to their clothes, boots and equipment. German bullets and “potato masher” grenades rained down from above. Nevertheless, the Rangers climbed to the top of Pointe du Hoc while under enemy fire. Several German soldiers were killed and others driven off from the cliff edges when Rangers opened fire on them with Browning Automatic Rifles.

Once they had established a foothold on the cliff top. Their Shore Fire Control Party called for ship to shore fire which stopped several enemy counter-attacks which would otherwise have wiped out the assault force...The gallant fight of the Rangers against great odds and difficulties was an inspiration to all who witnessed it: The Rangers were magnificent.

The Assault on the Pointe de Hoc is part of American Legend and made a national hero of Colonel James E Rudder. It was ironic that having made the climb they discovered that the guns had been removed from the casemates and were not an immediate threat: they were discovered later in the morning and destroyed. It begs the question as to whether, with better intelligence, this courageous assault was necessary

I have found no record of **Paddy Kenyon's** actions on D Day except that he took in Colonel Rudder and was the first to land- they remain unsung except that his actions went beyond the call of duty: **he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC) in recognition of an act or acts of exemplary gallantry during active operations against the enemy at sea.**

Paddy died at Sudbury, Suffolk in 1986 but his LCA 888 has been re-discovered rotting in a shipyard where with three others since the aftermath of the Normandy Invasion. It is being restored and will go to a new museum near to Pointe de Hoc.

MUSIC COMPOSERS

Beaumont had connections to two of the best-known composers of the 19th and early 20th Century both of whom sent their sons to Old Windsor. They wrote great songs still sung today such as "Love's Old Sweet Song", "The Kerry Dance", "Soldiers of The Queen", "Lily of Laguna" and "Tell me Pretty Maiden".



James Lynam Molloy was born near Rahan in County Offaly and attended St Edmund's College (Ware). After leaving the College, he went to the Catholic University in Dublin, graduating in 1858. Further studies brought him to London, Paris, and Bonn, before he settled in London from about 1863 with a lawyer's degree. However, he never practiced law. Instead, he worked as a private secretary to the then attorney general. It was at this time that he first came to know Beaumont when he helped to start the Athletics Club. In 1865, on behalf of the Baker

Street Club, he offered two prizes for a couple of races and the Sport became an annual event.

He was a war correspondent for the *London Standard* on the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 and travelled widely, particularly in France. From 1880 he lived in Henley-on-Thames near London and his son **Maurice** was sent to the school leaving in 1893 having been an athlete like his father playing in both the Football and Cricket XIs.

Molloy's first songs date from 1865, but his career really took off with the regular London ballad concerts from the late 1860s and particularly during the 1870s. His most often quoted successes in his own lifetime were songs like *Clochette* (1867), *Thady O'Flynn* (1869), *Eily's Reason* (1871), *Dresden China* (1875), *Darby and Joan* (1878), *Love's Old Sweet Song* (1884), and *The French Partridge* (1904). "*Love's Old Sweet Song*", proved to be a best-seller for many years, particularly popular with sailors, and immortalized in Joyce's *Ulysses*. Conan Doyle references *The Old Sweet Song* in *His Last Bow*, 1917. Several of his songs were written in collaboration with W S Gilbert, including *Thady O'Flynn* (used in the operetta *No Cards*), *Corisande* (1870) and *Eily's Reason*.

From early on, his music included songs relating to Ireland, and although many of them made no use of Irish traditional melodic or rhythmic elements, they gained such a popularity in the early 20th century that some gained a folksong status. These include his still-famous *Kerry Dance* (1879) and *Bantry Bay* (1889) to which he wrote both words and music.

Many contemporary writers considered Molloy's songs to be above average. An 1867 concert review remarks: "Mr Molloy's songs are (to use a common expression) 'for the drawing-room,' but there is more in them than in the generality of effusions written now-a-days for young lady amateurs, who cannot perceive the charm of a higher order of composition." The 1874 song *Don't be Sorrowful, Darling* has been described as "One of Molloy's simple little ballads, with a great deal in it. Music and Words are equally earnest and impressive." Apparently, Molloy did frequently manage to respond to demands for the popular with a product that could also satisfy a certain artistic standard. In an obituary on Molloy, the well-known lyric poet Fred Weatherley claimed that Molloy "will be remembered, or certainly his songs will, long after the 'superior' and so-called 'art-songs' of to-day are forgotten."

In 1874, Molloy also wrote a book called *Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers*. He died at his home in Henley in 1909. His son **Maurice** went to the States and for a time was the Agent for Jay Gould and his son Frank, the great business rival of the Mackay Family: Ironically **Maurice** had been a contemporary of **Clarence Mackay** at School. To complicate matters further Jay Gould's son -in- law was **Prince Hely de Perigord (73)** and Frank Gould was married to a niece of **Eugene Kelly (79)**. Maurice later returned to England and married in 1914 Mary the daughter of Admiral Walter Codrington (cousins at Beaumont). Maurice had a brother (not at Beaumont)

who was KIA in 1914 and his sister was a nurse throughout the War in France: she later became a Benedictine nun at Stanhope Abbey.



Leslie Stuart born **Thomas Augustine Barrett** just overlapped with Molloy, he was an English composer of Edwardian musical comedy, best known for the hit show Florodora (1899) and many popular songs.

His career started in Manchester as a church organist, for 14 years, and taught music while beginning to compose church music and secular songs in the late 1870s. In the 1880s, he began to promote and conduct orchestral and vocal concerts of popular he and theatre music as "Mr. T. A. Barrett's Concerts". He then focused his composition on music hall, including songs for blackface performers, such as "Lily of Laguna"; songs for musical theatre, such as pantomimes and London shows touring through Manchester; and ballads such as "Soldiers of the King". Stuart later campaigned against the interpolation of new songs into musical theatre scores and for better enforcement of musical copyrights.

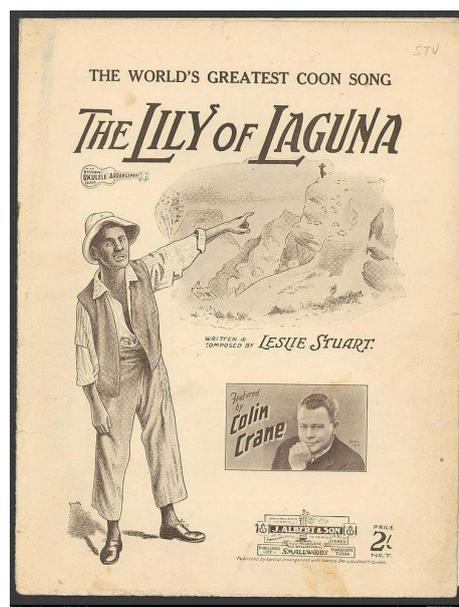
In 1895, Stuart began to write songs for George Edwardes's London shows at the Gaiety Theatre and Daly's Theatre. His first full musical comedy score was Florodora in 1899. The show became an international hit, and its song "Tell me, pretty maiden", became a vaudeville standard. Other musical comedy successes followed, including The School Girl (1903), The Belle of Mayfair (1906) and Havana (1908). Of his later shows, only Peggy made much of an impact. By 1911, Stuart's gambling debts sent him into bankruptcy. Unable to adapt to changing musical tastes, he was no longer in demand as a composer, although he had some success as a piano sketch artist in variety theatre.

Stuart was born in Southport on the Lancashire coast. He was the younger son of Thomas Barrett, a cabinet-maker, and his wife, Mary Ann Burke, *née* Lester, who were both from western Ireland. He grew up in Liverpool, where he attended St Francis Xavier's College. His family moved to Manchester in 1873.

Stuart began his career aged 15 as organist at Salford Cathedral. He held the post for seven years, and then moved to be organist at the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, where he remained for another seven years. To augment his salary he composed church music and taught.

Stuart also promoted and conducted orchestral and vocal concerts. In the 1880s and 1890s he presented "Mr T. A. Barrett's Concerts" at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and later at the larger St James's Hall. These concerts featured popular orchestral music and selections from comic operas by such composers as Sullivan and Cellier, and excerpts from English grand operas by Balfe and Wallace.

Thomas Barrett had been property master at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, and his son quickly gained a taste for the theatre. Gradually the music Stuart composed for local shows, and his popular ballads and music-hall songs began to supersede the composition of serious and religious music. He composed music hall songs as "T. A. Barrett" and under the pseudonyms "Leslie Thomas", "Lester Barrett" and, most notably, "Leslie Stuart". He wrote many popular songs for the blackface performer Eugene Stratton, including perhaps his best-remembered music hall song, "Lily of Laguna" (1898), and "Little Dolly Daydream." He also wrote the patriotic ballad "Soldiers of the King" (1894, now sung as "Soldiers of the Queen"). In 1886, Stuart married Mary Catherine Fox, a schoolteacher (died 1941).



Stuart's earliest theatrical composing and writing was also for the Manchester theatre. Here he provided songs and incidental music for, in particular, the local pantomimes, which boasted famous names in their casts. Stuart made a name in the 1890s by writing popular individual numbers that were interpolated into several West End and touring musicals by other composers. Later in his career, he would actively oppose this practice. The first of these songs was "Lousiana Lou". This had already been published and performed in music hall before being picked up by Ellaline Terriss, Lady Hicks (Brother -in Law **Stanley (90)** and inserted, along with "The Little Mademoiselle", into the original production of The Shop Girl (1894), at the Gaiety Theatre.

During the run of George Edwardes's *An Artist's Model* (1895), Stuart wrote several numbers that were interpolated (including "The Soldiers of the Queen", which was later famous as "Soldiers of the King"), and both wrote the lyric and composed "Trilby Will Be True" for Maurice Farkoa to perform at Daly's Theatre. Subsequently he had songs used in *Baron Golosh*, *The Circus Girl* (1896), the London production of the American musical *A Day in Paris* (1897), Carl Kiefert's *The Ballet Girl* (1897) and *The Yashmak* (1897).

Stuart composed some 65 songs including, in addition to those mentioned above, "The Bandolero", and "Little Dolly Daydream." His instrumental pieces included at least one Cakewalk. As a songwriter, Stuart suffered so much from the effects of copyright infringement that it can be speculated that his move to the musical theatre was an attempt to avoid the loss of royalty income from the publication of sheet music and performances.

Stuart's greatest acclaim came in 1899 with *Florodora*, his first full musical comedy score, with a book by Owen Hall. With traditional slow love ballads as well as waltzes and more rhythmic and playful concerted numbers, the score and show became a worldwide hit. The double sextet from that show, "Tell me, pretty maiden", became a vaudeville standard. The music critic Neville Cardus wrote about the "beautiful and unexpected phrasing and transitions" in the number, continuing, "it begins with a long phrase, rather like the opening bars of a Brahms symphony. It is extraordinary to find music such as this in a musical comedy". He ended by writing that in its own way it was "just as perfect a composition ... as is the quintet in *Meistersinger*".

Florodora was followed by *The Silver Slipper* (1901), *The School Girl* (1903), *The Belle of Mayfair* (1906), and *Havana* (1908). All these shows were successful and were produced internationally.

Stuart was an active campaigner for intellectual property rights and called for tighter laws on both national and international copyright. Publishers and wealthy second-rate songwriters would pay producers, for the exposure, to insert their songs into a hit musical. With the strength of the fame of *Florodora* behind him, Stuart succeeded in stopping this practice in his next few pieces. Similarly, he had succeeded from time to time in parts of his fight in Britain and in America against unauthorized music distribution and on behalf of firmer national and international copyright laws.

The success of Stuart's shows led George Edwardes to hope that he would be able to replace the Caryl & Monkton writing partnership on their departure from the Gaiety Theatre. Stuart's next show, *Captain Kidd* (1909), however, was not for the Gaiety, and it was a flop. *The Observer* praised the performances of Terriss, Sir Seymour Hicks, (**Stanley's brother**) and Ivy St Helier, but said that Stuart's music "had one striking and ingenious melody ... and two or three pretty tunes, and was adequate throughout without being remarkable." His next production, *The Slim Princess* (1910), made only a modest impact, though it was produced in New York as well as in London. *Peggy* was produced at the Gaiety in 1911 and had a reasonable but not outstanding run, from March to November in London, as well as a

Broadway run. In the words of Stuart's biographer Andrew Lamb these pieces "failed to add to his reputation"

By 1911, the lack of any new stage successes, coupled with gambling debts and the interest due on them, resulted in Stuart's appearance before the bankruptcy courts. He was declared bankrupt in 1913 and not discharged until 1920. At the age of 48 he found that changing tastes in musical styles and the influence of modern dance rhythms meant his career as a composer was effectively over, although he did write a number of songs that were inserted, against his principles, in the shows of other composers and a musical, *Bubbles* (1914), that was produced only in the provinces on a small scale.

Stuart retained an income, provided by continued revivals and performances of the popular *Florodora*, and supplemented this by appearing with success in variety theatre where he performed his most famous songs accompanying himself on the piano. However, after the bankruptcy, he began to drink and have marital problems. Stuart's last years were spent partly in trying to achieve production of his musical play *Nina*, also known as *The Girl from Nyusa*. The Shubert brothers took out an option to produce the work, but nothing materialised. In 1927, shortly before his death, Stuart wrote a series of fourteen short pieces for the *Empire News*, consisting of recollections and reminiscences. They were collected and republished in 2003 under the title *My Bohemian Life*. Stuart and his wife, Kitty, had five children who survived to adulthood, that included the actress and singer Mary "May" (1886–1956), Marie "Dollie" (1891–1949), **Stephen "Chaps" (b. 1894)** and Constance "Lola" (b. 1896).



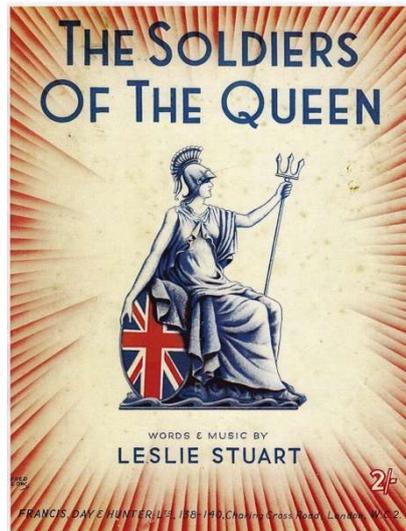
The actress May Leslie Stuart

Stuart died at his daughter May's home in Richmond in 1928, at the age of 65, and was buried in the local cemetery.

The mid-twentieth-century critic James Agate said that he had proved the quality of Stuart's music: he took a Stuart song, halved the tempo, supplied German words – and serious musicians accepted without demur his assertion that it was a recently discovered cradle song by Brahms.^[28] In 2003 the critic Rodney Milnes called Stuart

"the most gifted composer of musical comedy in Britain between Sullivan and Vivian Ellis".

A 1941 biographical film entitled *You Will Remember* about Stuart starred Robert Morley as Stuart. It features several of Stuart's songs. Stuart's songs have been used in over a dozen other films. A bronzed plaster plaque of Stuart, made by John Cassidy, was placed in the Manchester Central Library in April 1939, inscribed "A son of Manchester who moved the nation to song".



His son **Stephen "Chaps" Leslie Stuart** came to Beaumont in 1907 during his father's decline and eventual bankruptcy. Chaps though made his name at school when he stroked The VIII to win for the first time at a First Class regatta: they beat Thames RC at Staines in the final of the Junior Vllls and received much praise in both national and local press. Chaps left in 1912 and was commissioned in the RFA but was badly gassed in France from which he never fully recovered. He stayed in the Army and served in the Desert Campaign with the 8th Army as a Lt-Colonel he then became the Inspector of POW camps in England. In 1948 he had a relapse of his gas injuries which left him an invalid till his death at his home in Roehampton in 1952.

POWER Living.

Country Life Feb 23rd.

"Long gone is the Thames-side wasteland – a new neighbourhood is thriving and the transformation of its centrepiece, Battersea Power Station, completes in September."



You don't have to be a fan of Pink Floyd or inflatable livestock to admire Battersea Power Station's 'toppled table' silhouette. (For the uninitiated, a blow-up pig was tethered to it for the 1977 *Animals* album cover- it escaped and caused havoc with the Heathrow flight path before landing in Kent.) For decades, this dramatically decaying 'temple of power' has been surrounded by a vast, fenced-off waste land, but a £9 billion regeneration has changed its fate; once complete, this buzzing area will provide 4,239 homes.

Built in two halves from 1929 and designed by **Sir Giles Gilbert Scott** of red telephone box and Tate Modern fame, its boiler house (the central part) is so enormous you could fit St Paul's Cathedral inside. At one time, it produced one-fifth of the capital's power, responsible for electrifying the BBC Television Centre, Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Carnaby Street and Wimbledon.

We were lucky that, during the Blitz, the Luftwaffe (like our RAF pilots), found the plumes of white vapour from its two 331ft - tall chimneys too useful as a navigational tool to risk bombing it. Then, in 1955, the icon as we know it was born with the completion of the second half of the 'table'. However, electrical output waned and both stations 'A' and 'B' were shut by 1983; thus, began decades of conjecture over the Grade II*- listed building's future.

After plans to turn it into a giant rubbish incinerator were scrapped, a proposed theme park ran out of money in the 1980s, but, not before large sections of roof had been removed. Michael Jackson considered creating Neverland UK here and, later, permission was granted for a hotel and offices, but that didn't happen either. Other possible fates included a retail/residential conversion criticised for its 'airport-lounge treatment: a biomass-energy plant with a mammoth eco tower (or 'inverted loo roll holder' as Boris Johnson had it) and Cirque du Soleil base, but these plans petered

out too. Chelsea FC had eyes on a new stadium, but were outbid when Knight Frank negotiated a land-mark deal with a Malaysian consortium for S400 million in 2012- and now we get to the good stuff.

Londoners used to admiring the building from afar- floating at the end of a row of .pretty workers' cottages, perhaps, above the London planes of 200-acre Battersea Park or across the Thames from Chelsea's Cheyne Walk - saw the chimneys come down and go back up again, one by one, overseen by Historic England, and have enjoyed wandering right up to it since Circus West Village opened in 2017.

The 42-acre site is totally unrecognisable. Railway arches house restaurants, cafes and shops, including a Gordon Ramsay pizza There's a theatre, the acclaimed Archlight Cinema, crazy golf, dentist, Moyses Stevens florist, deli, bike shop, brewery and 19 acres of open and green space. Thames Clippers stop here and the jetty, where once a million tons of coal were unloaded annually, hosts outdoor cinema screenings. More than 1,500 residents live in avant-garde buildings, some using water and boating as architectural inspiration.

The reincarnation of Battersea has been navigated by architects WilkinsonEyre (ED no relation) and interior designers Michaelis Boyd. It now houses 254 homes: Switch House East and West in 1950s and Art Deco style respectively. Both are topped with three glazed stories and contain studios to five bedrooms and penthouses (prices start at £865,000), making the most of floor-to-ceiling Crittal windows. Boiler House Square offers a clever twist to traditional London-it is a normal garden square of 20 villas: only 160ft up, on the roof between the chimneys.

'Iconic in nature and stature, and an investment case of its own kind, the former industrial power station is quite possibly the last opportunity to purchase a home within a prime London landmark of this prestige,' says Meriam Lock-Necrews, head of residential sales, who believes that, post-pandemic, buyers are now returning to London with 'a new lease of life: searching for just the 'diverse mix' that the area provides.

Last year, the first power-station residents arrived and the shiny new Tube station opened. The two cavernous turbine halls are almost fully transformed into glass-fronted shopping galleries- expect Ray-Ban, Ralph Lauren, Tommy Hilfiger, Aesop and Calvin Klein-and there'll be a food hall, cinema, event space and bar in the vintage -'James Bond'-style Control Room B-opening in September, perhaps around the time that Apple moves into a new six-floor London HQ in the boiler house. Phase 3 will bring more killer views from Battersea Roof Gardens, designed by James Corner of Field Operations, who did New York's High Line, and the UK's first Art'otel with a rooftop pool; phase 4, with its red-brick-style mansion blocks echoing Prince of Wales Drive, is also under way. In a humorous nod to heritage water vapour can be seen pluming from two chimneys - from the underground heating and cooling system-and the north-west chimney will be topped with a viewing platform opening later this year.



When the entire complex is complete (there are eight stages, finishing in 2030), there'll be a £13 million medical centre, police offices, nursery and 25,000 people living and working on site, with an estimated 40 million visits per year, bringing the UK a £6.1 billion tax boost—a perfect way to celebrate the building's 100th anniversary. London's newest neighbourhood has arrived.

All in the detail:-

The Bank of England is said to have burnt huge wads of bank notes in the power station's furnaces, fearing invasion in the Second World War.

Six million 'Golden Brown Pressed' bricks were used to build the power station and the same firm, Northcot Brick, handmade 1.3 million more from the same Gloucestershire quarry for the restoration.

The thriving Battersea Power Station choir already has more than 100 members.

The building has appeared in Batman movie *The Dark Knight*, Hitchcock's *Sabotage*, The Beatles's *Help!*, Doctor Who, Monty Python's *The Meaning of Life*, Sherlock and The King's Speech.

ED: and one should add "and the whole show thanks to an OB"

GISS – GOSS



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

Richard Sheehan sent in some snippets

Thank you for sending the Spring Review which as always is very interesting. I have a few comments to make regarding various points that occurred to me – not only in the latest Review but also from the previous one. So, in no particular order:

1. Re the “amalgamation” with Stonyhurst; the question was asked: 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?

I recall at that time that I wrote to Fr.TP Dunphy SJ, by then I believe the Rector, suggesting that as with Haileybury & ISC, perhaps the amalgamated school could be called Beaumont & Stonyhurst [or vice versa]. He informed me that this would not be possible. Such was the attitude during a very unfortunate period all round, from which I don't think that the Jesuits in England have really recovered.

2. There was a certain amount of comment about items which found themselves on the Dorm “A” Roof.

Linking that with the reference to the centenary of Beaumont; a few hours after the centenary dinner in the Ambulacrum [at approx. 2am] **Paddy Covernton** (the instigator of course) **James Ryan** and myself – all in Dorm A, went down to the Ambulacrum and removed the main shield, with the Beaumont Crest, which was quite large and from memory it needed all three of us to carry it. We then put it up on the roof of Dorm A, again not an easy

process, where we fixed it to the clock tower in the middle of the roof. All the while, because of the centenary celebration, the White House was floodlit, also illuminating Dorm A roof. So, if anyone had looked out of a window we'd have been seen. Fortunately, that didn't happen and 'they' never knew who did it - though Paddy was number one suspect. We felt however that it had to be done (to perfect the celebrations you understand).

3. Re the **Larios family** and their various properties, including Monte de la Torre On and off over 20 years we stayed at Monte de la Torre. Paddy Covernton is the reason for this because when he served in Gib, Paddy became friendly with the Agnew Larios family and since we were looking for somewhere to stay in the area, Paddy's wife Sarah suggested Monte de la Torre. After that we went there virtually every summer. Initially I didn't realise that there was a Larios family connection with Beaumont, although I was aware of the Royal Calpe Hunt and as I understand it the hunt kennels were at Monte de la Torre - though no longer in use in our day. Indeed besides hunting, polo was a big pursuit of the family and as you know the Larios brothers as a team were one of the best in Spain.

4. Photo of **John Webber**

In the days when I was point-to-pointing I used to go each weekend to Cropready Lawn near Banbury to ride on John Webber's all-weather gallop. Again, I hadn't realised the Beaumont connection till I bumped into John at Cheltenham a few weeks after I'd started. He was wearing a BU tie. The Webbers are a very nice family and over the years I got to know them well – raced against them the odd time. **Ed:** I served alongside John's brother **Dickie** in the Corps HQ in Germany: he was a Colonel in the 4/7DG

5. **Corpse Johnson**

I agree with **Bobby Fettes** that Johnny Johnson really was someone special. I feel too that I should apologise to Bobby for having 'biffed him out of the ring'. From memory that would have been at St John's in the Animal Boxing Competition - always a hard fought contest where you'd lay down your life for your animal. **Ed:** I remember the Animal competition and having to fight **Ian Agnew** – neither of us really wanted to hurt the other as we were good friends! - I also recall being laid out in a bout against St John Fisher: not certain that boxing was high on my sporting CV.

RACING: The Grand National

*"It's an amazing story and Sam has been dreaming of winning this ever since he used to ride Auntie Dot on his rocking horse, trained by **John Webber**, when he was a little kid. So, this really is the fulfilment of a life-long dream."*

Robert Waley Cohen 2022 winning owner.

Many of you will have watched this year's Grand National – another “fairy tale” ending with Sam Waley Cohen winning the Race on his last appearance in the saddle. The family were great friends of the Webbers and Robert, Sam's father (owner of Noble Yeats) said in his TV interview after the race that Sam had started off as a small boy on his rocking horse. He “rode” his first National dreaming he was on *Aunty Dot* John's horse that was 3rd in the '91 National. I think John would have been tickled pink at the result.

The name of Topham will always be synonymous with the Grand National having run the race since the 1840s. **Edward Anthony (96)** would take on the role of handicapper and be clerk of the course for 22 years between 1910 and his death in 1932. During his time, Edward would greatly enhance the reputation and popularity of the race both at home and abroad. The year before he took over the reins of running Aintree, James Hennessy, the father of **Raymund (09)** and **Maurice (09)** had won the race and this with a horse that had been used as a family hack for a couple of years.



"LUTTEUR III"

Lutteur had been inept on the flat for which he had been bred but then proved a natural over fences. He was sent over to England for a tilt at the National and with his French jockey, the pair was taken to the hearts of the betting public, it was a popular win. If Lutteur had got off to a good start, Edward's term of office did not fair so well. It was often jokingly said that the object of the fence builders of the Grand National was to eliminate the entire field. In 1911, they almost achieved this to near perfection. Of the 26 runners, 4 finished and only the winner got round without having to remount. Lutteur was one of the fallers. Edward did not have an auspicious start as the man in charge at Aintree.



66 runners in 1927 (over Valentines 2nd time around)

However, in the years to come, he was to have the race broadcast for the first time in '27, have the biggest field of 66 runners in '29 and see the Americans attempt to win in '30, but they were not successful. Edward was concerned by the number of moderate or no-hoppers that entered the race and interfered with the better horses. He had the conditions changed so that only those that had been placed in a three-mile chase could run. As a Handicapper, he was considered one of the best, a man with his own opinion and not swayed by the views of others. Edward's brother had been at Oscott and took over on his death; he had married the formidable Miriam, the "Ruler of Aintree" in the years after the Second War. She ran Aintree till 1973 when financial difficulties forced her to sell.

The Topham Trophy run since 1949 is a memorial to the family, run over the Grand National course on the second day of the meeting but over a shorter distance. The John Webber inspired Sam Waley Cohen has won this race on two occasions.

National Tittle-Tattle.

Richard Sheehan told me that he, like many had backed the Fox Pitt horse *Snow Leopardess*. A member of that illustrious Equestrian Family, which includes Olympic Medallist William, is his wife Alice Plunkett. Alice is well known in her own rite as part of the ITV Racing Commentary team and the only lady to have completed Badminton and the National Course. Alice is the niece of Sara, the widow of the late **Ian Agnew (62)**. Further to that, Richard was a chum of Alice's father David (Downside). David worked as an Insurance broker with **Frank Staples (57)** at Bradstocks in Lloyds.

Your **Editor** used to compete at events in Kent with William Fox Pitt's mother Marietta who bred the foal from *Snow Leopardess* before the mare went back to racing. Mentioning this to Richard and he told me that his wife Marylu had sat next to her at a lunch given by Maggie Burgess (wife of **Patrick (63)**). To add to this the

horse was trained by Charlie Longsdon whose mother I knew in my youth and I went to her “coming-out” dance in 1964. Ah, all those connections!

THE late IAN AGNEW

If anyone who lived or worked in the Square Mile had opened their windows on a November evening at 6pm in 2009, they might have caught the sound of something that hasn't been heard in the City for over a century.

The bells of St Katherine Cree church escaped the Great Fire of London in 1666 through a lucky change of wind and managed to remain unscathed by bombs in both world wars, and also feature in the nursery rhyme “Oranges and Lemons”, where the bells sing out about “maids in white aprons” who worked in the nearby Leadenhall market.

They were rung yesterday after the culmination of a successful appeal to restore the rotten housing to its former glory – including the biggest and noisiest of the bells, the tenor bell, which has been retuned and dedicated to **Ian Agnew**, the former deputy chairman of the Lloyd's of London insurance market who died aged 64 in March.

(**Ed:** if memory serves me right Ian sang tenor in the Choir so rather appropriate.)

Further to this:- **In 2013 “The Irish Aesthete” wrote:-**

“Fort William, a mock-Gothic mansion on the River Blackwater at Lismore Co Waterford which has had a succession of owners including, in the 1940s, Hugh Grosvenor 2nd Duke of Westminster. His fourth wife, Nancy, owned the racehorse Arkle.



it was bought by **Ian Agnew**, one-time Deputy Chairman of Lloyd's. Ian acquired the place on a whim but he had strong Irish connections through his mother, Ruth Moore who had grown up at Mooresfort, County Tipperary. The Moores were an old Roman Catholic family. Ian's great-grandfather, Arthur Moore was created a Papal Count in 1879; the previous year he had provided most of the funds necessary to establish the Cistercian monastery of Mount St Joseph outside Roscrea, County Tipperary. Curiously Glencairn, the estate immediately adjacent to Fort William is today occupied by Cistercian nuns.

Ian and I never spoke much of his forebears but among the most remarkable was his maternal grandmother, Lady Dorothea Feilding. A much-decorated volunteer nurse and ambulance driver during the First World War, in September 1916 she became the first woman to be awarded the Military Medal for bravery in the field. After she died in 1935 her husband **Captain Charles Moore** moved to England to become manager of the Royal Stud. Continuing those links, Ian's father **Sir Godfrey Agnew** was for 21 years Clerk of the Privy Council.

A wonderful man with seemingly boundless gusto, Ian Agnew went to enormous trouble to restore and modernise Fort William while ensuring none of the patina it had accumulated was lost. (He also put in some time trying to teach me the finer nuances of fly fishing on the Blackwater, with less successful results.) The outcome was a house of tremendous comfort and warmth, very much a reflection of his personality and that of his beloved wife Sara. Sadly, Ian died four years ago and since then Sara has been literally holding the fort, and continuing the tradition of abundant hospitality already established while her husband was alive. I could not begin to enumerate the charmed days I have spent at Fort William, but I have also managed to work there with equal delight: more than one piece for this blog has been written while sitting at the George III secretaire which can be seen in a corner of the morning room.

I cherish all those memories because the time has now come for Sara regretfully to pass on the baton. Without question she is going to be enormously missed by everyone in the area but one wishes the new owners as much delight in Fort William as was enjoyed by Ian and Sara – and their lucky houseguests. An image that sums up Fort William in recent years: a passage leading to the ever-welcoming kitchen bathed in sunshine (something the house's spirit has seemed to radiate even on days of rain). And there on the rug is the Agnew dog Alfie, who despite his recumbent pose for the camera has been ever a faithful and tireless companion on Fort William walks no matter how far the distance or how bad the weather."



Photo James Fennell

Sara & daughter outside the House

Mention of the Agnew grandfather **Charles Moore** and your Editor always pigeon hole's him as a very distinguished Royal Stud and Racing Manager but I have now come across this by an Edward Little whose interest is in Irish cricket

“Charles O'Hara Moore was a useful batsman, who holds two Irish records which seem unlikely to be taken from him. At 49 years and 254 days he is the oldest player to have made his debut for Ireland, unless some of the earliest cricketers whose details have not been discovered were older. This seems unlikely. Further Charles is the only Papal Count to have represented Ireland, and possibly any other country, at cricket.

He hailed from a Tipperary landed family, his grandfather and father had both been the local Member of Parliament in the Conservative/Unionist interest. The latter had also been created a Count by the Pope. Charles learned his cricket at **Beaumont College, a small Jesuit run public school near Windsor. Perhaps he was, even then, by proximity at least, establishing his royal connections. Beaumont is no more but was a fine cricket school, providing the brothers PA and WW Meldon for Irish Cricket as well as GWF Kelly, though he was educated in at least two other school also.**

Charles was never totally devoted to cricket, his only appearances in Ireland, of which scores have been seen - apart his one match for the national side - being for Cork County between 1928 and 1930. He made some useful scores in the twice

yearly matches with Dublin University. In 1928, in College Park, the formidable combination of Tom Dixon and Pat Thornton bowled the County out for 165 with Charles top scoring with 32. Rain intervened on the second day to enable the visitors to force a draw. Another draw came at The Mardyke the following year when Charles, having been out for 7 in the first innings hit stylish 90* in the second to set up a run chase, which the University declined to pursue.

His one match for Ireland came against MCC at The Mardyke in the summer of 1930. The Irish selection was, to say the least somewhat bizarre, and must have owed much to the desire to attract local interest. Thus Sir George Colthurst, Captain/President of Cork County was invested with the captaincy, though he was probably not worth his place in the side. The team included four new caps, three of whom, including Charles were local players making their only appearance for Ireland. The fourth incidentally, was Harrow schoolboy Fred Covington, whose Irish qualifications were somewhat dubious. He was to play only one more match, the second MCC game which immediately followed the Cork fixture. In the match itself, Ireland were outclassed, having to thank a downpour - which intervened when they stood at 4-2 in the follow on - for the fact that they escaped with a draw. Charles, at 8 in the first innings was caught for 10 off the bowling of RHJ Brooke who had opened MCC's batting but was also a useful medium pacer. Brooke gained an Oxford Blue in each of the next two seasons and later played for Buckinghamshire, but his work as Church of England clergyman restricted his appearances. The catcher was the young Nawab of Pataudi, later, of course, to play for England, captain India, and be the father of another Pataudi who also captained his country. In the second innings at The Mardyke, Charles came in at 3 and was on 0* when the providential storm burst over the ground.

As already mentioned cricket was far from Charles only interest. As an officer in the Irish Guards he had a distinguished war record in the great conflict of 1914 - 18. He was awarded the Military Cross and received two mentions in despatches, all these events occurring in 1917. Later he devoted his time to the racing scene and to the royal service. Thus he became not only manager of King George VI's thoroughbred stud, continuing this role under Queen Elizabeth II, but was also Extra Equerry to both these monarchs.

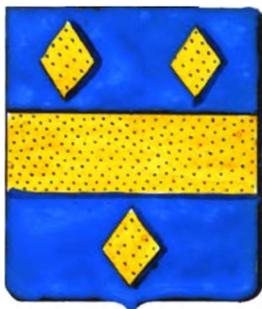
Lastly it may be noted that on cricket scorecards he has always appeared as O' Hara Moore. In Who Was Who, Burkes Irish Landed Gentry/Irish Family Records and Army Lists, O'Hara always appears as his third forename with Moore the sole surname.

CELEBRATIONS Down Under.

There are a fair number of OBs celebrating their 80ths this year. **Paul Podesta** sent through some Videos and photos of **John Cronly's** "Do": a surprise Party. with 30 attending, friends from many walks of life. Weather behaved with no rain. The African was kept to honour John's roots in Kampala, Uganda.



MONEY in BEER



According to the Bloomberg financial news agency, the Belgian families Van Damme, **de Spoelberch** and Mevius are the fourth richest family in the world with assets totalling 49.4 billion euro. The Mevius and the Spoelberch families have been involved in the management of the Artois brewery in Leuven since the 14th century. After the merger with Piedboeuf from Liège, the Van Damme family joined the group. The three families have since reduced their interest in the AB InBev beer group. However, this divestment has not made them any poorer.

With mergers and acquisitions, the three families have created one of the largest beverage and brewing companies in the world. Stella Artois, Budweiser and Corona remain some of their popular products.

Particularly noteworthy is the fact they are the first families in the rankings that do not come from the United States.

Three generations of the de Spoelberch family were educated at Beaumont. The Spoelberch family first gained recognition in the 14th century. In 1636, Jan Baptist de Spoelberch (also Joannes Baptista Spoelberghs), warlord in service of the emperor, was confirmed in the nobility by the Emperor Ferdinand II, who gave him the title of Knight of the Holy Roman Empire. King Philip IV of Spain confirmed this the nobility in 1651.

The family were traditional landowners, who built up a considerable wealth through the purchase of real estate and wise marriages. They succeeded in the revolution years without sustaining much damage or loss.

By the marriage in 1873 by Adolphe de Spoelberch (1839-1913) with Elise Willems (1855-1941), daughter of Edmond Willems, the Spoelberch family inherited the Wespelar Castle estates, which remain in their possession today.

The first to come to Old Windsor was **Vicomte Thierry (01)** the son of Comte Louis. Thierry married Countess Isabelle d'Oultremont but they had no male offspring and he died in 1953 having lived out his life at Wespelar.



Thierry's uncle Adolphe married Elise Willems, daughter of the Brewer of Artois (Edmond Willems), the De Spoelberch family joined the small group of shareholders of the Artois brewery . They found themselves together with another ancient noble family, Mevius, after the marriage of Amélie Willems (1859-1947), Elise's sister, with Senator Eugène de Mevius.

Adolphe's grandson was the next family member at Beaumont. **Werner (15)** was involved with the brewery, married the Baronnes Elinor de Haas Teichen and represented his country as a downhill skier at the winter Olympics in 1936 . He finished 50th which may be considered creditable as his country is not known for its snow and mountains. He died in 1987

Joint financial efforts helped not only to develop the Artois brewery but also made it possible for many other breweries to be bought before and after the Second World War and Stella Artois was among the biggest Belgian breweries. Still, it remained a relatively modest company, which was not named among major industrial groups.

Adhering to the world of industry, changed the life of the descendants of Adolphe de Spoelberch. Some of them played an active role in the brewery. All of them grouped themselves in family companies that were willing to invest new capital in the Brewery whenever it became necessary. Mergers, capital increases and share value have resulted in the the Spoelberch being rated the wealthiest family in Belgium.

Werner sent his eldest son **Nicolas (50)** to Beaumont. He, together with his younger siblings, Philippe and Sibylle, live in the multiple mansions of the domain (among which were a temple, a pyramid, a Chinese pavilion and ... a former bunker). The imposing Renaissance style castle of the 19th century (Thierry's home above) was

destroyed in 1954 and replaced by a castle designed by the architect Pierre Barbe, whose elegant classicism has long been associated with the rich industrialists. It is occupied by Nicolas, whose son Grégoire succeeded in 2007 his Uncle Philippe on the board of directors of AB Inbev of which Stella Artois is a part.



The new castle of Wespelaar.

NAVAL Anecdote

Chris McHugh wrote to the Association of Retired Naval Officers (ARNO):-

I much enjoy reading the weekly ARNO news-sheet and especially your Platinum Tales. The following recollection may be worth publication as one of those tales. Alternatively, it might be more appropriate to publish it as part of that “Glorious Gallimaufry from the Grumpy Old Engineers”:

As a Lieutenant, I was the marine engineer officer of HMS Matapan, the last of the World War II Battle Class destroyers, which had been converted into a sonar trials ship. We were on a goodwill visit to New London in Connecticut, the home of an offshoot of the US Naval Underwater Systems Centre located in the adjacent Fort Trumbull.

The date was 4 July 1976, the bi-centennial anniversary of the American declaration of independence. Our Commanding Officer had received a formal invitation from the local mayor to attend, with four of his officers in full dress uniform with swords and medals, an important commemoration ceremony organised by the local administration in the grounds of Fort Trumbull for 3pm that afternoon.

After several weeks at sea, doing trials with a US submarine, the wardroom was letting its hair down at lunchtime with, thankfully as it subsequently turned out, very liberal quantities of G&Ts and horse’s necks. After lunch we donned

our white No 5s ice cream suits, collected our swords and boarded a mini-bus which had been sent to collect us.

We arrived at Fort Trumbull in brilliant sunshine and blue skies to find a large gathering of probably a thousand of the local US great and the good, with many in a variety of US service uniforms, a US Navy band, a local choir, and a detachment of soldiers dressed in red period uniforms of the 1776 era. As we were ushered into the front row of seats before the stage, it was clear it was to be a grand affair.

When the introductory music had finished, the mayor, a portly but affable lady as it turned out, took to the stage and after welcoming us all, a succession of VIPs spoke with recollections of what the anniversary means to the United States, the importance of New London in the state of Connecticut, histories of the role of Fort Trumbull in 1776, etc. etc.; the list seemed interminable.

Eventually, the affable lady mayor returned to the stage, everyone stood up, the band struck up the Star-Spangled Banner, and the choir sung all four verses whilst everyone in uniform saluted and all the others clutched their right hands to their chests. After more than 90 minutes in the hot sunshine we thought that was the end of it, but alas it was not to be.

The lady mayor returned to the stage and made some flattering remarks about the co-operation between the USN and the RN and about the visit of a Royal Navy warship on such an auspicious occasion. And then, to our total horror, she asked if all five of us would be willing to come up onto the stage and sing the three verses of God Save The Queen as a gesture of the great fraternity that exists between the United States of America and the United Kingdom.

Whilst we all know the words of the first verse, the lyrics of the second and third verses are largely forgotten, even if some of us sang them at school speech days so many years earlier. Our Captain muttered softly out of the corner of his mouth: "No option gentlemen, we've just got to do it. We'll just sing it three times over".

As the band struck up the UK national anthem, all five of us crowded unceremoniously in front of the single stork microphone and, fortified by the many lunchtime G&Ts and horse's necks, we sung with gusto the national anthem three times. The applause from the audience could be heard even down at the ship!

ED: What about 5 VERSES of THE CARMEN.....

“THREE MEN on a WALK”

As in the boating tale by Jerome K Jerome an intrepid trio of OBs had a few “incidents” on their way:-

The Via Francigena



Following their walk of part of the Portuguese Camino route in September 2014, and of the Menorcan coast in June 2017, **Arthur Cope (65), John Flood (65) & Patrick Solomon (65)** undertook the first phase of the Canterbury to Rome Via Francigena pilgrimage route, reaching Dover at the end of day 2.



They highly recommend it as a walk of a little under 20 miles through beautiful Kent countryside, with very few upward inclines. Most of the walk follows the North Downs Way and much of it is through fields with the route well signed.



(The ED. Notes the “wisdom of Solomon” carrying an umbrella !)

As in Menorca they left one car at their destination and the other at the starting point. They used the Two Sawyers Inn in Woolage Green as the former on day 1 and the latter on day 2. John had given Patrick one set of his car keys before leaving Canterbury Cathedral, just in case anything went wrong. It didn't on day 1 but for some reason the keys were returned to John at the beginning of day 2, and he decided to empty his pockets of one set of keys into the boot of Arthur's car before departing the Two Sawyers, and then followed these with the 2nd set, a mistake only discovered in the middle of nowhere three quarters of the way to collecting his own car in Dover! Arrival there involved first a taxi back to Woolage Green.

To add insult to injury the Flood car was one of 6 that had a ticket stuck to their driver's doors, despite the absence of a yellow line or a no parking sign. Battle is now ensuing with the ticketing company!

(ED. notes that injustice does not end with schooldays)

“TO the HORSE”

The Copper Horse or Copper Cow as some remember it was very much part of our school memories. **John Joss** asked me if anything had been written about its part in our life and the answer seems to be **No**: so, to rectify the matter.....

Boring history to start us off

The Copper Horse is an 1831 equestrian statue of George III . The monumental bronze statue by Richard Westmacott (other work includes the Wellington Monument Hyde Park) stands on a stone plinth at Snow Hill in the Great Park at the southern end of the Long Walk, a tree-lined avenue which leads in a straight line about 2.65 mi from the George IV Gateway at the Castle. It became a Grade I listed in 1972.

The statue was announced in January 1821 by George IV to commemorate his late father George III, who had died one year before. George IV had visited Westmacott's studio in December 1820, where he saw a smaller equestrian statue of George III that had been commissioned by the Liverpool Corporation to celebrate the king's golden jubilee ten years earlier, delayed through very slow collection of public subscriptions. That smaller statue, now displayed in Monument Place, Liverpool, depicts George III in classical garb, mounted on a horse, with his right arm outstretched, in the manner of the second century Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius in Rome. Westmacott had studied there in the 1790s under Antonio Canova.

The hilltop was the proposed site for several earlier monument – the Duke of Cumberland planned to reconstruct the Holbein Gate from Whitehall there, and there was another proposal for a Temple of Diana – but none came to fruition, so the site was still vacant. According to contemporary newspapers in January 1821,

George IV ordered "a full-length statue in bronze of George III to be erected on the top of Snow Hill, Windsor Park, with his hand pointing towards his favourite residence, Windsor Castle".

The monumental bronze statue, larger than life size, is about 26 ft (7.9 m) high. Westmacott's statue has an iron frame clad in bronze (not copper, despite its common name) which has developed a deep blue-green verdigris patina. It is mounted atop a large stone base which is a further 27 ft (8.2 m) high and measures 36 ft × 28 ft (11.0 m × 8.5 m) at its base. The stone base, designed by Jeffrey Wyattville (architect for most of the early 19th cent additions to Windsor Castle, though not the Chapel which was the work of Henry Emlyn the Beaumont architect) is composed of flat stones with irregular rustication. It is oriented east–west so George III turns slightly to his right and gestures with his right hand north towards Windsor Castle. Other irregular stones are scattered around the statue at top of Snow Hill. The base bears the ironic inscription in Latin: *Georgio Tertio / Patri optimo / Georgius Rex*, which translates as: 'To George the Third / the best of fathers / King George'. Like so many father–son relationships in the Hanoverian family, however, George III and George IV were known to have despised one another.

Westmacott was formally commissioned in 1824, and the Duke of Wellington authorised the release of 25 tons of obsolete brass cannons to him the following year, to be melted down for the casting. Sections of metal for the statue were cast before October 1828, by which time it had already been christened the "Copper Horse". The statue is credited as a key turning point in the revival of bronze statuary in the UK.

The stone base took several more years to complete, built around a 16 ft (4.9 m) tall brick core sunk 8 ft (2.4 m) into the ground. George IV laid a foundation stone on his birthday in August 1829, but the statue was not finally installed until 31 October 1831, over a year after his own death. The total cost was over £18,700 for the statue and about £10,000 for the plinth.

School perspective.

It remains in our memories from school runs, the Inter-House Cross-Country, and Corps Field Days. I don't recall stopping to enjoy the view.



Photo of the "Cross Country" rounding the statue with a Master acting as Marshal to ensure no short cuts.



This "Close-up" photo of King George was taken by **Gerard Young (30)**, later theatre manager and agent for his chum **Sonnie Hale (30)** and his wife Jessie Mathews, was taken sitting on :- The head of the "COPPER HORSE" .Gerard lost a leg in WW2 so no more pranks of this sort.

It was certainly part of “Beaumont folk Law” that the statue was scaled and name or initials inscribed on the more intimate part of the stallion’s anatomy – no idea how much space there was by 1967 or whether they are now part of the Grade1 listing !!.

“If you are sent on a Windsor Park run to the Copper Horse,

The weather is foul, wet and cold and you consider halving the course,

But If you make it there, climb the statue, and inscribe your name upon the stallion’s balls,

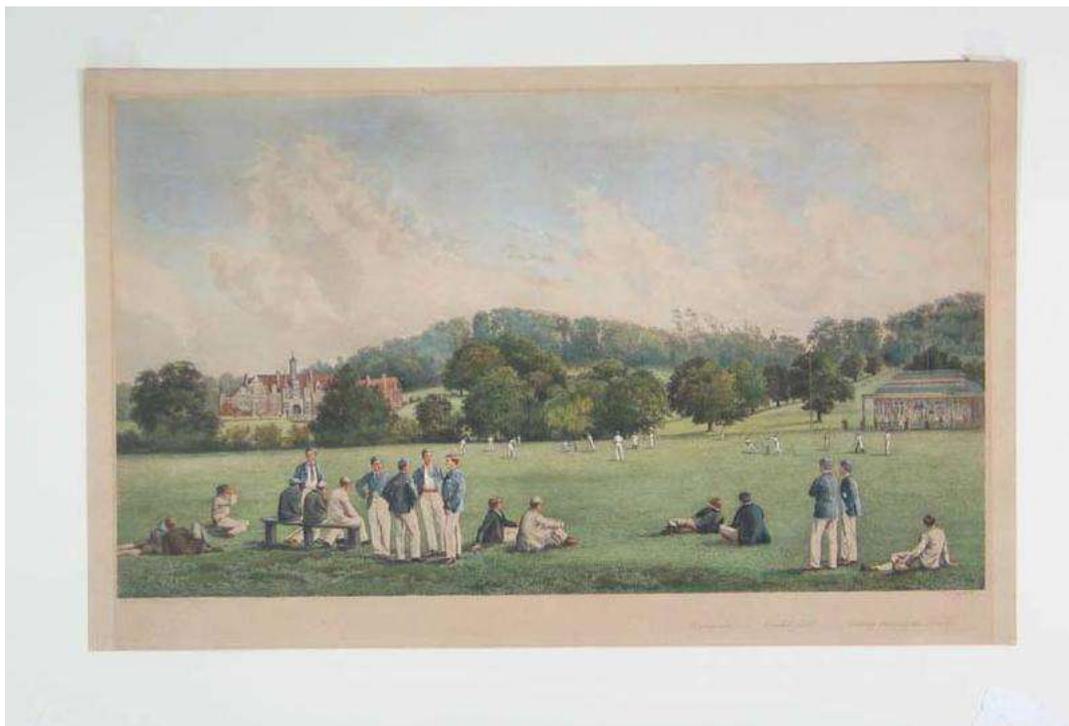
You will find your father and your grandfather’s inscriptions upon the genitals”.

I would welcome admissions from any OB “taggers” (pre-graffiti period).

Finally, it is worth remembering that the Great Park is not as we recall. If Beaumont still existed there would be no longer access for the runs or leisurely walks and certainly no more Field Days. The Park is now the realm of trippers, burger vans and the litter they leave behind.

CRICKET ETCHING.

Tom Scanlon came across this picture of the Cricket Fields which is held by THE MELBOURNE CRICKET CLUB MUSEUM in Australia. It was presented to them by an Anthony Baer who was not an OB. The Etching is known to many of us but one had no idea that a copy had found its way to Victoria.



Their description:

“Colour etching of a cricket match at Beaumont College, Berkshire. The game is taking place on a large, open field, and to the right is a pavilion with figures standing outside. In the foreground, several boys are watching from the boundary, some wearing cricket whites and blue striped blazers. The image shows a side-on view of the wicket. The school building, a brick, mock-Elizabethan structure designed by John Francis Bentley in 1888, is to the left of the composition. The image is surrounded by a plain border with the names of the publisher, printers and etcher in the lower section, along with a caption that reads "Beaumont _ 'Cricket field' _ looking towards the Beeches".

Ed: The artist was F P Barraud (1824 -1901). He specialised in architectural paintings and this one with another of St John's 1892 were among several of public schools. These included Radley, Marlborough, Cheltenham and Shrewsbury. As far as I can tell Beaumont was the only Catholic school he depicted.

Polo

By accrued Olympic medals, Polo was the most successful game for OBs and it is good to report that despite trying to retire, Edwin de Lisle is still actively involved. The “Ed” was recently chatting with Edwin as we both played in years past and Edwin’s sons still do, and I later came across this piece from *Rutland Pride: the County’s social magazine*.

“The Rutland Polo Club is one of the highlights of this area, a magnificent sport played in an equally magnificent setting.

The equine population in Rutland exceeds that of most counties in the UK. In addition to hosting The Burghley Horse Trials every year, the area is also the territory for the Cottesmore Hunt, one of the oldest foxhound packs in Britain. On top of these proud boasts, Rutland has its own Polo Club, home to some of Britain’s best players and has welcomed royals for a game.



Edwin with admirers

It was brought to Rutland in 1971 by eight friends and founders of the club. They were all keen riders and were looking for a spot of entertainment outside of the hunting season. **Edwin de Lisle** is the club's only remaining founder.

"We were all mad on hunting," says Edwin. "The problem was, the hunting season only lasted from October to March. We needed something to keep us entertained during the summer months, so we decided on polo."

"The nearest club to Rutland was at Melton Mowbray in 1909, having been raised by Col EH Baldock. He had commanded The City of London Yeomanry 'Sharp Shooters.' They first played near Sysonby Lodge and later at Brentingby."

"After the First World War, polo was played but the Club ceased to function in the 1930s. In 1971 Colonel Tony Gilks, Major Charlie Humfrey, Mike Seckington, other local enthusiasts and myself started up the present Club which was recognised by the Hurlingham Polo Association in 1972."

"Play was originally at Luffenham Airfield and then moved to Cream Gorse and the Oakham Showground," says Edwin. "In 1993 we gave up renting the Rutland Showground and made a second polo ground at Langham."

Rutland's tournaments have become very popular and many teams come from across the country to compete.

“Many former Rutland Polo Club members are now medium and high goal players in top polo competitions across the country,” says Edwin. “His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has played at the Club and more recently, in May 2002, Prince Harry played at Rutland in the Eton vs Uppingham schools match.”

Shortly after the formation of the club, the first trophy now known as the Assam Cup was acquired. The cup was a large and splendid example of Victorian silver, originally commissioned as a challenge cup by a club located in the Assam area of India.

“When polo ceased in India, a man named Leetham returned to the UK and brought the cup with him, offering it to the Hurlingham Polo Association. As Rutland had been formed only recently, it was suggested that we might have the cup.”

The Westerby Group Assam Cup sponsored by Westerby Investment Management was played for in June this year. Winners receive the cup and magnum bottles of Pol Roger champagne, one of the finest champagnes in the world.

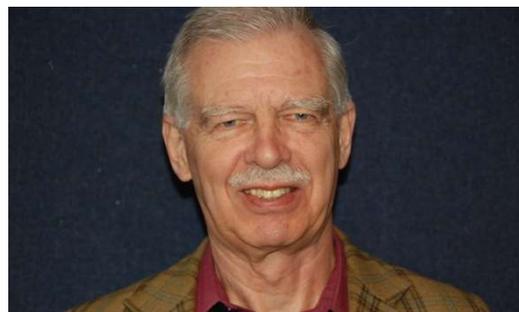
Other cups at the club include the Rutland Cup, the Flindlay Cup, the Ruddles Cup and the Whitbread Cup, all for their own individual tournaments played throughout the year.

In August, there’s the Escalina Ladies Open, The Hartropp Trophy and The Sandicliffe Cup amongst others.

“Polo ponies are extremely sensitive and highly tuned,” says Edwin. “Any small shake or movement may take the horse off in a different direction to where you want them to go. It’s a difficult sport and its great entertainment to watch them play to such a high level of skill.” The ponies at Rutland are from Argentina, South America, New Zealand and Australia.

ED: Edwin organises and hosts a charity lunch each summer in aid of Military Charities.

MORE on Fr Michael BINGHAM (59)





A Tribute from the above:-

Michael Bingham has just died, aged 80, of Covid 19 in Northern Ireland. Mike was a Jesuit priest who grew up in England, moved to Colombia to work with schools for poor people in the favelas, spent some years in a parish in Liverpool and lived his last twenty-three years on the 'front-line' between the Ulster Unionists and the Irish Nationalists in Portadown. We overlapped for some of our early years as Jesuits but I had not seen him for more than forty years when I bumped into him in Ireland in 2000.

An invitation to Portadown followed and he met me at the station which was ten minutes from the house on (or near) the Garvaghy Road, a frequent flash point in the divided town. The 'ten minutes' took an hour as every second person seemed to know Mike and he had some words with each one. Witnessing this was an insight into the gentle 'presence' that Mike was. I do not think programmes, seminars and strategic plans featured high among Mike's priorities. He was simply there among the people willing to listen and talk to anyone on either side. And he did this day after day.

Yes, there were some projects and for many years he worked in the prison but what struck the visitor was the simple not threatening engagement he practiced. I wonder what his job description was. I doubt if he had one. What is the job description of a favourite aunt? As soon as you try to construct one you rob it of its immediacy.

And he had a mischievous side to him. He calmly announced over lunch he was going to see the cardinal that afternoon. Would I like to come? I looked at my trainers and scruffy clothes and said I was in no way dressed to meet a cardinal. 'Nonsense', he said, 'you'll be fine'. So we drove to Armagh, the ecclesiastical capital of All-Ireland, and were duly shown into His Eminence's reception room. Mike briefly introduced me and then said to him, 'Look at his old clothes and dirty shoes!' The cardinal laughed, he clearly knew Mike well, but I had a moment of profound embarrassment – much to the delight of Mike!

It seems to me we can learn from people like Mike to be 100% attentive to others without having a hidden agenda. We are told that Jesus once went to a wedding. No one had any expectations beyond enjoying themselves. But there was a crisis and a great deal of embarrassment. Mary noticed it and drew Jesus' attention to it. He protested a bit but then quietly did something that led the people themselves to discover he was taking their simple offering of all they had – some water – and transforming it into something beyond their dreams.

It was simply a sign, John tells us, but people have teased it out ever since. What does it mean? Jesus has come to take our simple efforts and make them life giving for us and for others. There is no great trumpeting of his actions. He wants to slip away and let us enjoy the results, though he is the one that brings them about. I am sure the many people who will gather at St John the Baptist Church on Garvaghy Rd next Monday to bid Mike farewell will be thinking, 'that's what Mike did.'

A High Sheriff's Adieu

Ed: I thought I might be the only OB producing the odd verse, evident in my various pieces on Beaumont life in "Not The B U Review". I'm glad to say that I am not alone having come across this offering by Patrick Burgess in the *High Sheriff's Association Magazine*.

*Goodbye jabot, goodbye tights, Goodbye cruising round the streets at nights;
Goodbye breeches, goodbye laces, Goodbye to all those quizzical faces;*

*Goodbye to racing between the County boundaries, And no more quick changes in
tree-shaded lay-bys; Goodbye to buttons and their threat to my sanity Goodbye to
buffets and their strain on my vanity*

*Goodbye to sitting in the front row pews, Goodbye to buckles and to shiny shoes;
Goodbye to grandeur, goodbye to prudence (Now it's 'Hello humility' and say 'hi' to
indulgence).*

*So, I'm free to burst out of my velveteen shell, Leave my recycled speeches on the
road signs to Hell, And hit the high spots in a new shrieval low:
My twelve months is up, and I've got to go!*

*But it's farewell to our helpers and the Clerks we can't rattle, Fare thee well to our
regiment returned, lean, from battle, Fare thee well to the wondrous, quiet doers of
good works, Fare thee well to the chain gang, who serve, and get no perks.*

*And my thanks to the County, Police, everyone: There is sorrow in parting, but,
Sweet Jove, we've had fun !*

Patrick was High Sheriff of West Sussex 2013-14 .

MINI MANIA

I have had little response to OB's and their favourite "Limos" so I have had to "Wheel" out another that I have at home – my MINI :-

This is the car that started the small car revolution. If you've never driven a Mini, then you're in the minority. Most of us squeezed ourselves behind the wheel at one time or another in our formative years and if we're honest, most of us had a whale of a time.

My garage door slowly retracts, two peppy headlamps reflect the crisp mid-morning sunlight. The encroaching rays illuminate that heart-melting stance. With a solid thump the door is fully open, and there, sits an unpretentious classic ...



My example is a little special, it is a Rover made Mini Mayfair the last of its line built in 2000. To us she is known as "Miss Bean".

The seats wear Rover-style cream leather, complemented by check cloth, deep carpet lies underfoot, as well as on the kick-strips on the doors. The fascia is walnut and the instrumentation in cream has that fifties sports car look.

it's time to hit the open road... On with the leather gloves ...

Turn the ignition and the Mini's sound is raw. This car is undiluted joviality on wheels. You can never be angry with it.

It doesn't matter if no production Mini ever cracked the 100 mph barrier, thanks in part to the model having the aerodynamic properties of a piano. However, any turn in speed feels sufficiently amplified to produce goose bumps. A steady 50 mph can result in a childlike sense of occasion that tingles the senses and tickles the heart.

Purely due to cost, Rover shelved the engineering required to add a much-needed fifth gear, while road and engine noise, plus a harsh ride, all help give this car a false impression of speed. However, the animated Cooper engine in my car packs a punch. Accelerate into a corner, and the Mini grips like a scalded cat, in fact better

than my Maserati. The heavy steering provides pinpoint accuracy if you gleefully pretend to be one of Michael Caine's Turin gang.

Every bump resonates through the interior like a bomb blast, overpowering the revvy engine's high-end drone, and juddering your elbows and shoulders. The Mini's front end digs in determinedly as you skate around each bend in complete control.

The chassis may hark back to a world of our schooldays but its capabilities are phenomenal. Overcook it and the front end can slide on like a Jack Russell on laminate flooring, yet you need to push incredibly hard to lose control.

We're eventually pursued by the clichéd silver BMW sitting nine inches from the Mini's chromed rear bumper, but not even the unfriendly German can match the Mini's taut vivacity through corners. When the road straightens out, The BMW's mannerisms change from annoyance that we are in his way to sheer fury that he can't get past. and it is not until we encounter a long, undisturbed straight that the Panzer tank proceeds on its way. He might power on by, but we are the ones laughing.

The feeling is reverberated by those who witness the little car clattering past, as we turn into a village. Distinguished individuals of all ages turn their heads to watch us scuttle down the potholed road projecting a look of approval as they tear up with nostalgia or simply revel in such an intricate design appearing before them.

Children point and shout, the Mini's dinky shape pulling at their heartstrings.

The Mini captures the trends of every decade, culminating in a cocktail of bygone, younger days where everyone and anyone harbours nothing but happy memories and laughter. The Mini eventually so endeared by the British that it literally became a part of the family.

Human nature is to anthropomorphize inanimate objects, bestowing them with a personality and reading human faces into machinery. When it came to christening cars with names and a gender, the original Mini was the ultimate cute relative who could do no wrong. It slipped through the social network to join the Range Rover on the classless plinth to which so many designers aspired. You could literally get away with anything in a Mini.

I find that any bad driving behaviour on my part is instantly forgiven by other drivers. Nostalgia gives us the "get out of jail free" card. Yet upon seeing my silver Mini, other drivers smile and wave with wistfulness.

This demonstration of the model's responsiveness in town soon hammers home just how useful these dinky classics remain in urban areas.

When the little car is parked back in its garage, one can feel the same disappointment as when one's childhood best friend's mother would call him in for tea. Left outside devoid of the company so enjoyed over the past few hours, the world strangely feels less colourful.

Now, we can't talk about how great the Mini is without mentioning the downsides. For one, they can corrode horrendously. They can also offer all the reliability of a politician, and are rather fond of burning oil if not cared for. Run one into the ground and it will give you hell to pay.

So, just like any classic car, potent design flaws are hidden behind that trademark darling face – but that doesn't take away from the Mini's sheer brilliance. The imperfections give it an endearing quality not unlike those of your childhood stuffed Teddy Bear. In period, everyone's Mini was different, tailored to their own circumstances; some were polished to within a micron of their life, whereas others were abused and ignored yet an integral part of everyday being. The Mini was once the backbone to the British economy for family and commuting duty.

The humblest and cheapest was the van and in my Regiment where horses and polo ponies took precedence, mine in British racing green took pride of place. Without care for social status it could be found in the Owners and Trainers enclosure, the No 1 car park at Ascot, in Berkeley Square for The Blue Angel or Annabel's and was parked outside the front door at Claridges on our wedding night.

It seems everybody had one, or knew someone with one, as their first car. It witnessed first experiences with the opposite sex, and was ever present in the background as you collected your degree, gained your first job, got married or laid a family member to rest.

When the day finally came to bid farewell after one MOT test too many, with filler dripping from the rotten sills, the heart was broken and the eyes shed tears. We all reflect our happiest, and often darkest, times upon the humble Mini – and that's why we love it.

As a car, it was far from perfect when new. It is pretty hopeless on motorways, and incapable of carrying more than a few shopping bags in the boot – but it was the first taste of freedom for many. A real ticket to ride. As generations grew up and life got in the way, sadly many Minis fell by the wayside, but they left so many of us with potent memories that we will never disregard.

For these reasons alone, we adore the little vehicle; it was our little friend who became a global icon. Besides the driving experience, it was – and remains – as close to a living thing as mankind has ever been able to manufacture on an industrial scale.

Last of The CARYS

Looking for a spring break the Wilkinsons decided to visit Devon and stay at Torquay. We booked into the Cary Arms on the beach now owned by Peter de Savary ('83 America's Cup) which had excellent reviews. I quickly realised that the hotel took its name from a family whose last of its male line was **Launcelot (08)** later KIA in the Great War; The family home Torre Abbey now forms the principle

museum and art gallery in the town, so the opportunity to read up on the family background.



In 1196 six Premonstratensian canons founded Torre Abbey when the local lord of the manor of Torre, gave them land. By 1536 the Abbey's annual income made it the wealthiest of all the Premonstratensian houses in England. The canons surrendered in 1539 at the dissolution of the Monasteries. Dissolution resulted in a widescale demolition of the church and east range, and all items of value, including the lead from the roofs, were taken. The south and west ranges were mostly unscathed and, in 1598, were converted into a house. After a succession of various owners, the house became the possession of the Cary family in 1662.



Torre Abbey in late Victorian times

The story of the last generations of the Carys starts in India.

The jewel in the crown of the British Empire, was a place of opportunity for those seeking to make their fortune, and was a particular magnet for the younger sons of the English landed gentry. Members of the Cary family were no exception.

When George Cary IV died in 1828, Torre Abbey was inherited by his eldest nephew Henry Cary. As Henry's younger brother Bernard had missed out on the inheritance

there was probably little to keep him in England and he decided to try his luck in India. He joined the Indian Army, rising through the ranks to become Lieutenant-Colonel. He and his wife, Eliza Castelli, had two children, Sulyarde Bernard (1847–1915) and Eliza (1838–1908), both born in India. Bernard and his wife later moved to Austria, but their two children stayed on in India, spending most of their lives there.

Many of the well-to-do British in India spent their winters in the larger cities, with a seemingly endless round of receptions, parties and other social occasions. However, the searingly hot Indian summers proved too much for those from northern climes, and those who could afford to do so moved for the summer months to the cooler hill towns, such as Simla and Darjeeling. Getting to these places often involved many days of difficult travel along rough cart tracks, something that caused a great deal of grumbling in high places, even the Viceroy complaining. The younger Eliza Cary married Franklin Prestage, an agent for the Eastern Bengal Railway Company, and it was he who promoted the idea of the construction of a railway to Darjeeling, the 'Queen of the Hill Towns'. His scheme found favour with the Bengal government as not only would it cut out days of arduous travel, but it would also encourage trade and reduce the cost of goods being transported to Darjeeling. The line was built to a narrow gauge of just two feet and was very steeply graded, having to rely on a number of spiral loops and other devices to gain height in places. Franklin Prestage, although in overall control of the line's construction, needed another engineer on site and Sulyarde Bernard Cary, Franklin's brother-in-law, was appointed chief engineer, a position he held until well after the line's completion. When he retired, he was presented with a parchment scroll from his colleagues, contained in a magnificent solid Indian silver case, now in the Torre Abbey collection.



The Carys with Launcelot between his parents

An album of photographs came up for sale in the USA a while ago and show that the Cary and Prestage families maintained a lavish lifestyle, in keeping with their social position. The photos were mostly taken by Anna Prestage, one of Franklin and Eliza's daughters.

Sulyarde Bernard Cary had married Elizabeth Jane Hindmarsh, with whom he had a son, **Launcelot Sulyarde Robert Cary**. Elizabeth died on board a passenger ship plying between Aden and Colombo in March 1892 and was buried at sea. Sulyarde didn't remain a widower for long, marrying Georgeanna Emma Dix, the daughter of George Frederick Dix and Emma Churchill, in Bombay in 1893. They had a daughter, Hilda Dix Cary, born in 1895 in Darjeeling. Like most children of the British elite Launcelot was educated in England, being sent to the Beaumont near Windsor.

Due to the length of time it took to reach India, those sent to school in England rarely returned home except for the long summer holidays, so in the Christmas and Easter breaks, Launcelot would have travelled to Devon to stay at Torre Abbey. Colonel Lucius Cary, who had inherited Torre Abbey on the death of elder brother Robert in 1898, had no surviving children, so it was arranged that when Colonel Lucius died, Torre Abbey would pass to his cousin, Sulyarde Bernard Cary. However, Sulyarde himself died a few months prior to Colonel Lucius, so young Launcelot became the next in line.



This is a photograph of him aged ten years old, holding a military helmet and clutching a toy rifle. This is a particularly poignant picture, as Launcelot was killed at the Battle of the Somme in the First World War, when he was serving as a 2nd Lieutenant with the Devonshire regiment. He was only 25, and had inherited Torre Abbey less than three weeks earlier, and with his death the direct male line of the Cary family of Torre Abbey came to an end.

Launcelot had gone to France with 9th Bn. and took part in The Somme attack on Mametz 1 July 1916, when all the officers were either killed or wounded. later he was in the assault on Bazentin Le Grand Wood and High Wood. He was KIA there on 20 Jul 1916. His brother officer, the war poet, Lt Noel Hodgson wrote:

I that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

As a small boy Cary, when at Torre had said "I would like to die in a cornfield" and so it came to pass with his arm raised to signal his men to take cover from the machine guns in a field of waving corn. Only a couple of hours previous he had given the water from his flask to a dying man saying "I won't be needing this". His body was never recovered and he is Commemorated on the Thiepval Memorial.

As a post script the Wilkinsons decided that the Cary Arms Hotel was not up to their exacting standard and cut short their visit.

FOOTIE Fame.



I'm not a follower of 'the round ball' but I couldn't help but pick up on the news that Real Madrid had beaten Manchester City in a thrilling semi-final of the European Championship: a competition the Spanish Club has won on 13 occasions. They are

now captained by an exceptional Brazilian player and this is the first time in the club's history since a certain Guatemalan **Federico Revuelto (95)**.

Since its foundation in 1902, Real Madrid has had world-class soccer players among its ranks, including Latin representatives. If there is someone who deserves a special distinction, it is the Guatemalan Revuelto who helped to write the history of 'The white team' from the beginning.

Revuelta was part of Madrid from 1902 to 1912. He played as a left winger and with his performances he earned a special place in the rich history of this club. In 1904 he became the first foreign captain.

Federico was born in Guatemala in 1883, but fate led him years later to continue his life in Spain and that is how he arrived at Real Madrid, an institution with which he won four consecutive titles between 1905 and 1908. In addition, he scored a goal in *The Copa del Rey* of 1908, one of the best performances in his time with the Club.

A few years after retiring as a Real Madrid player, Federico Revuelta continued to be linked to the team by joining the managerial board in 1912, and then as Club President in 1916. His legacy has not been overlooked: he is still remembered as one of the best players produced by Central America, and today Federico is in the Real Madrid Hall of Fame with a Guatemalan flag.

Anecdotes from St John's

John Marshall wrote:-

Below is a message from an old St John's pupil of mine- Peter Cullivan. His parents split and his mother Anne Macnamara a concert pianist married another pianist (and conductor) Howard Shelley. When the mother was in between marriages she was kind of adopted by the composer Herbert Howells. Peter lost his mother six months ago and is now on very good terms with both his real father and his stepfather. His half -brother is Alexander Shelley now also a very successful conductor like his father. Peter is an investment banker living in Ireland.

Peter Cullivan and Jean-Paul Kernot left St John's in 1975 and 1976 respectively.

"John-Paul Kernot was another who went on to Eton and then was a contemporary of mine at Cambridge. I think he read English at Trinity. **(ED: his father Cecil '54 was also at Trinity)**. Just two memories of Beaumont for me - when I first arrived at St. John's in September 1971 Jim Gordon used to take us down to the pool for swimming lessons! I remember it being very dark but a big pool! As of the end of the 1972 summer term that stopped sadly. I also remember Jean Bedford (Marion Clegg's predecessor as the Lower Elements teacher) marching us over to the Corpus Christi Oak for an art lesson in boiling weather in June 1972! It always

looked like an amazing place to me and I was very sad we never got the chance to move on there after St.John's! Neither my parents nor I had any interest in Stonyhurst and there was a Beaumont connection in our family through the **De Stacpoole** family who I understand were Irish cousins of ours."

Can you fill me in on Jean Bedford and the Stacpooles????? Was Jean Bedford one of the great Beaumont family?

ED:- this is what I wrote about the de Stacpooles in one of the Runnymede Books:

"The fortunes of families can be as changeable as the winds and not just in terms of wealth. The Stacpooles were originally a Limerick family but when an ancestor converted to Catholicism in the late 18th century and moved to London their position in society started to change. This man had good business sense, became a friend of the exiled king Louis XVIII of France and went with him to Paris at the time of the restoration and was ennobled. His son did even better; he travelled to Rome and financed the rebuilding of St Paul outside the Walls, one of the four great Basilicas and containing the tomb of the Apostle. Stacpoole was rewarded with a Papal dukedom. The "de" was added to differentiate themselves from their country cousins back in Ireland. However, matters took a turn for the worse, when the eldest son ran off with the governess and was disinherited but eventually the situation was resolved. It would be the 3rd Duke Stanislaus who sent his boy George to Beaumont leaving in '79. While on his honeymoon, Stanislaus had visited the ruins of Fontenelle Abbey at St Wandrille-Rancon in Normandy and had fallen in love with it. Originally, a 7th century Benedictine foundation of Carolingian style with several saints to its name, the abbey was suppressed and partially destroyed at the time of the Revolution and Blessed Louis Lebrun martyred. George spent his early childhood either in Paris, or for the summer months, growing up amidst the ruined walls of the abbey. This was only interrupted by the Franco Prussian War when the site was occupied by the invading forces. His mother died while he was still young of typhoid which she caught on a visit to Naples and his father decided to take holy orders and enter the priesthood.

There can be few catholic boys at school when asked their father's occupation can say "Priest, Bishop, Vatican official and personal friend of Pope Pius IX". On leaving school, George took a commission in the Prince of Wales Regiment of Yorkshire, acquired further land at St Wandrille and established a pied a terre there for when he was on leave. It was while he was on visit to Ireland to hunt that he was introduced to Pauline his future wife and although the meeting of spouses is often a matter of chance, this one had only come about by the intercession of a saint.

There is a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes in the woods of the Tobertynan estate erected on a pine tree some ten years after the apparition at the grotto. It was placed there by Edward and Eliza McEvoy owners of the property in thanksgiving for the birth of their daughter. They had been married for seventeen years and it was only after they sought the intercession and blessing of a priest, we now know as St

Charles of Mount Argus, that Eliza conceived. The child was christened Pauline as the Saint used a relic of St Paul of the Cross to bless the parents.

St Charles had been raised in Holland but spent his clerical life in Dublin with the Passionist Order and conducted his entire ministry there. Known for his piety, his prayers were widely sought by many and letters arrived daily at Mount Argus seeking his help and guidance. Great cures were attributed to him and it was because of this reputation that the McEvoy's sought his assistance. St Charles later visited Tobertynan to bless the shrine to Our Lady and it was after various miracles through his intercession, he was canonised by Pope Benedict in June 2007.

When the estate passed out of the hands of the Stacpoole family, the labourers and the local people took over the care of the shrine and a plaque placed there to the memory of those past events.

Following their wedding, George took Pauline to live at Fontenelle and their daughter was born at the abbey. However, Pauline, unlike her husband, whose youth had been spent on a long wandering holiday through the resorts of Europe, yearned for Ireland. Her mother offered her Mount Hazel in Co Galway and the couple settled there in 1886 with a London house in Cadogan Gardens. Perhaps the importance of this arrangement is best expressed through the words of Oscar Wilde.

Lady Bracknell....Land gives one position and prevents one keeping it up.

Jack....I have a country house with land, about fifteen hundred acres but I don't depend on it for income...the poachers are the only people who make anything out of it.

Lady Bracknell...A country house!....You have a town house I hope? A girl with a simple unspoilt nature could hardly be expected to reside in the country.

Bishop Stanislaus left Fontenelle to his daughter following George's move to Ireland, but with no head for business, she could ill afford the upkeep and the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen was seduced by the idea of re-introducing the monks once more to the Abbey. The Church purchased it in 1893 and the Benedictines are there to this day.

George's son another George would follow his father to Beaumont, one more member of "the last lost Raj in the rain" as the land -owning Irish aristocracy are aptly described.

**The Committee for Brother Michael's Canonisation (CBMC)
- an update.**



Mike Bedford & Brother Michael in Lourdes

During the HCPT Easter pilgrimage a meeting was held to promote the envisaged Cause for the canonisation of the founder of HCPT, Brother Michael Strode. The HCPT Beaumont Legacy document prepared by John Flood (65), secretary to CBMC, suggests there may be as many as 100 members of the BU who have been to Lourdes with HCPT. Many of them could provide valuable powerful testimonials in support of the envisaged Cause. John asks that, irrespective of whether or not you met Brother Michael, you consider whether his life has influenced your own, perhaps, for example, through his initiative in founding HCPT. If this is the case you are encouraged to seriously consider providing a testimonial and letting John know of your intention - secretary@brothermichaelstrode.org. The website www.brothermichaelstrode.org provides guidance and may be of interest to all members of the BU.

PHILIP STEVENS continues his MEMOIRE

Chapter 8 - Floreat Salopia

Let Shropshire Flourish - The county motto of Shropshire

The powers that rule careers of young officers decided that I was the ideal person to be sent to the KSLI regimental depot in Shrewsbury, to lead a small semi-independent unit called an Army Youth Team, an AYT. We were a sergeant, a corporal, three soldiers and me. We were to travel the length and breadth of Shropshire and Herefordshire, and parts of adjacent counties, spreading word of the Army to schools, youth clubs, young farmers and anyone else who would listen. We would set up our stall at agricultural shows, fetes and in market squares. I was proud of 73 AYT, my first and only essay at independent military leadership; all my previous crises had happened under some degree of supervision.

Getting home in the middle of July, I was free to kick my heels for three weeks, taking some of the annual leave that had accrued during the last 18 months. The first weekend a group of friends drove up to Hereford, where my brother Mark was cox of a crew in the National Youth Rowing Championships. Beaumont had been closed down at the end of the summer term, euthanised to end the misery of its decline, and Mark and his fellow crew members had stayed on for a week to train for this championship. This was an odd book-end: our great-uncle Jim had been one of eleven boys who had formed the first intake when St John's opened, and Mark was one of the three last pupils to leave Beaumont.

I took sister Mary and a friend of hers to London Zoo, went to Bristol Zoo with sister Toe and her boy-friend, visited the famous Barry Docks yard where hundreds of steam locomotives were lined up waiting for the scrap-man's torch. Then we went back again to visit the Barry Island Pleasure Island. We were unimpressed by Cheddar Gorge, even less impressed by the new and innovative Lions of Longleat. Toe's boy-friend, a Sandhurst friend and I hired a boat from Bushnells in Maidenhead for a week. In a week we got from Maidenhead to Hampton Court, back to Maidenhead, where we entertained friends aboard, then rushed upriver to Pangbourne. A recurring theme in my diary was 'drinking in several pubs'. All good things come to an end, and as Bushnells had told us that the boat we had hired was being scrapped after our trip, we had little worry about pushing the engine to its limits as we covered this distance in just seven days. The craft was ready for the scrap-heap when we got it back to its home moorings.

Eventually, after this glad-to-be-back leave, I took a train to Shrewsbury, and was ready to start work as the public face of the Army in Shropshire.

Of course, I could not take on responsibility for representing the Army without training, so almost immediately I was sent on a course. For two weeks I lived in the historic Royal Artillery officers' mess at Woolwich, each day travelling around the garrison square to the Army Recruiting School where I was to learn a skill that has followed me ever after. Every day, for the whole ten days, we learned the art of public speaking. We spoke in conversation, in small groups, to large rows of empty chairs. We spoke after preparation, or with none. We spoke about topics we knew, or about topics of which we had never heard.

Every morning began in the same way. The school owned two top-hats, and on arrival for the first session of the day everyone was handed two slips of paper. One was used to write a number from 1 to 5, and on the other we wrote the topic for a talk. It was to be about anything that one liked. The papers went into the appropriate hat. The first part of the day was then taken up with each of us in turn walking to the front of the room and taking one piece of paper from each hat. That gave a topic and a number of minutes during which one spoke on the topic. The time began immediately, so everything was literally without preparation. To begin with we were

kind to each other, but in the second week we were out to catch each other unawares. One of us drew the task of talking for the full five minutes about a subject that had been written in by a PG Wodehouse enthusiast, Apostolic Succession in Abyssinia. We heckled and were heckled in our turns. We learned the business of using voice and body together to project the story. We learned about how to manage a recruiting team and we learned about representing the Army in all that we said and did. It was a truly life- changing course, proof again if I needed any that the Army could do ordinary things extraordinarily well when it wished.

Back in Shropshire the role of the small team of the AYT was to build on the relationships that our predecessors in the job had created. We were to promote the Army to all the right youth clubs, to schools and to anyone who wanted to listen. We were to visit Women's Institutes and I would address Round Tables, Rotary and British Legion. Looking back on the role, I am not sure why we visited a Borstal for hardened criminal youths; I did not see that recruiting one of them to the ranks would add to my prestige. And at the back of my mind lingered the wonder why I had been selected to represent the Army to the youth of Shropshire when my annual reports in the battalion had made me wonder why I was in the Army at all.

The Army provided me with a Land Rover, a mini-bus for taking groups to activities and a 3-ton lorry for carrying stores and equipment to shows and demonstrations. It was a small problem that I had not passed my driving test. I started lessons but time was pressing and the timetable only gave time for one lesson lasting an hour. There had been a couple of vague driving experiences in Terendak, but it would be exaggerating to call them driving lessons in any accepted way. Armed with this very limited experience, I presented myself for the test, to be conducted by the chief transport officer of the West Midlands military region, also based in Shrewsbury. We set off several times, stalling at five- or ten-yard intervals. I was incompetent, out of control at all times. After perhaps ten minutes I was invited to pull over. 'Do you absolutely have to have your licence for this job?' followed by a thoughtful pause. 'OK, let's just drive about a bit and we'll call it another lesson.' After a marginally better ten minutes, another stop. 'Do you think that was bit better?' We set off again for a while and a third stop. 'Look, you really aren't fit to be on the road, but if you'll promise me that for a month you'll never once exceed 30 mph I'll pass you.' After dropping him back at his office, I drove back to the depot, as fast as the car would carry me.

For a fortnight, life was very strange. My predecessor in the AYT was still in place, so I was a spare officer with time on my hands. That made me ideal for a number of jobs that needed doing, but which were not important enough to justify formal use of an officer's time. I drove to Aldershot, taking the KSLI bugles to a specialist in maintaining military musical instruments. I spent three days in London, at the studios of the Army

Kinematographic Corps, overseeing the editing of a film that had been filmed about life in Malaya. That film would become one of the less-requested items on our menu of activities and talks that we could offer to the youth-clubs of Shropshire, but it would become popular with the Women's Institute, where continuity was always a problem: we often had to stop and rewind the film when someone in the audience recognised a local boy. An officer was needed to provide a link between the local paper, the Shropshire Star and the KSLI. The paper had decided that it would be a good idea to create a set of place mats to mark the impending creation of the Light Infantry as a regiment, and the loss of the name of the KSLI, the country regiment. Each mat would feature a facsimile of a news item about the regiment, published over the years. The paper was to produce the news clippings and I was to suggest which would make the most suitable subjects for the project. Spending time in a dusty newspaper office's archives was not an official part of anyone's job description, nor was the drive to visit the RAF base at Abingdon, to arrange an unofficial ride for the first placemats to Malaya.

The local major general sent for me, I had no idea why. He was friendly and encouraging, which was not what the usual reaction of senior officers when they had to notice my existence. Major General Gillett had an idea that he wanted to try out, a local version of the Aldershot Military Tattoo, and he wanted me to get involved. The Command Display Consultant, Western Command, and he actually existed, was the man to visit, and a fortnight later I went to see him. The idea of something that would actually be a great success was germinating.

Johnnie Chisholm had also been posted back to Shropshire, in his case to train recruits at the regimental depot. Some weeks after our arrival we both received copies of a formidable document sent from Headquarters, 17 Division, Malaysia, the command formation of which the Commonwealth Brigade had been part. It appeared that during an exercise only a few days before we had left the battalion, my platoon had handed over to Johnnie's group a new type of anti-tank weapon, a Carl Gustav Rocket Launcher. To all appearances this was a long piece of drainpipe with a funnel welded onto one end, like a Wombat without wheels, but it was an expensive and secret piece of drainpipe. In the course of our lifting platoon stores, in nets slung from the cable winches of hovering helicopters, we had failed to exchange signatures to confirm that I had formally relinquished this equipment into his care, and that he had received the exact inventory that I had passed to him. At the end of the exercise, it was realised that the Carl-Gustav had disappeared.

It would be reasonable to ask why we carried anti-tank weapons in the jungle, where no tank could possibly enter, but the idea was that it provided an extremely potent capability to destroy quite serious fortified positions, on account of being designed to be effective against up to 400 mm thickness of the best armour. The battalion was almost the first in the world to carry the weapon, and not only was it genuinely a 'secret weapon', it was an expensive one, costing many thousands of pounds,

certainly more than the cost of employing me for several years. It worked, and was used in air- portable and airborne forces operations, including the Falklands war, for about 25 years. It was not thought to be clever to have lost one at the time and in the place where we had been adjudged to have done so.

The procedures for such events are established. A Court of Enquiry must be held, and after due consideration the offending party must be identified. Where the Army has suffered financially it will be appropriate that the identified offender will suffer stoppage of pay for some time, to help make up for the loss. We were found to have been offenders rather than simply unlucky; after all, we had failed to complete the necessary paperwork, and armies cannot function without proper paperwork. The fact that we were in the middle of the jungle, on exercise intended to simulate real warfare, was no excuse. Stoppage of pay for many months was prescribed. I was so stunned that I had no idea of what to do next, but Johnnie was sterner. He immediately focused on the weakness in the enquiry's procedure, that we had not been informed of the impending enquiry, had not been invited to make any statement, not been given the chance to attend the enquiry in person, nor even to arrange for anybody to represent us. He took our case straight to the top of UK Western Command, within whose jurisdiction the depot at Shrewsbury fell. The general at Western Command was John Mogg, a lieutenant general proudly aware of his own Light Division heritage. He sent us to see Army Legal Services, and a very well-briefed colonel who took on the whole of our worries. After some weeks we received copies of this colonel's report to the general. It appeared that the whole process of setting up the court of enquiry had been flawed; most importantly in the fact of the whole event having taken place without our knowledge. The colonel wrote of wrong and dangerous conclusions drawn from nebulous and untested evidence, and suggested that the original process had to be scrapped. He also thought that a re-run of the court was not practical. General Mogg decided that the report was appropriate, and advised Johnnie and me that we were to worry no more about the whole incident. He also offered the thought that if the rocket launcher had fallen into anyone's hands it would probably now be serving as a very effective chimney in a village hut somewhere in central Malaysia, and that the risk to western security was extremely limited.

Carl Gustav, the most expensive chimney in history?

The summer was the season when the AYT came into its own. We spent weekends at shows and fetes. These varied, from the major social fixtures like the Shrewsbury Flower Show to the village fetes that formed part of every community's calendar. We had acquired or inherited, only Corporal Armstrong knew how, a 1940 vintage army signals lorry, of the type familiar to all who watched war films. It was very tired and certainly temperamental. The body was bolted onto the chassis, and these bolts steadily worked themselves loose as we drove around the county. Every 300 miles

the lorry was taken to a depot at the other end of Shropshire where a mechanic had the tools and know-how to be able to re-attach body to chassis. We fitted



loudspeakers and a record player to this venerable memento of an earlier age, and for the whole summer we presented the Army as a career choice to the sounds of the meagre stock of vinyls in our possession. The only ones that remain in mind are A Whiter Shade of Pale and The House of the Rising Sun. These two were the staples of our play-list. We acquired a couple of Beatles records as the year went on, and a few others.

We had a cleverly devised shooting gallery that offered shooting air-rifles at proper military targets. The gallery was easy to set up, offered no prizes and would not pass any modern risk assessment. However, it had some attractions: the best scores were noted on a blackboard, and each target was presented to the person who had shot at it, giving them something to show for their efforts. Most attractive of all was that it was free to enter.

Marching bands were always the main attraction at these shows. Fiercely competitive teams of teenage girls marched in formation, some twirling batons and others playing kazoos, always with older band leaders in front to lead the parade. The same bands competed at every show, and our little recruiting display became a meeting point and social centre for the members of several bands. The team came to know the older band leaders and were always willing to assist them as they tried their hands at archery or air-rifle shooting, both of which required much attention in assisting them to hold the equipment correctly. As officer in charge I was a distant figure, internally entirely willing to help any number of older cheerleaders to hold their bow and arrow, but externally the lieutenant's uniform set me apart as being only for posh girls. However, the county regiment was a very tangible part of Shropshire, and always, many of the 'Old and Bold', retired soldiers, gravitated to our display area as well, always wearing something to mark them out as ex-servicemen, usually at least the regimental tie, but often a badged blazer as well.

Not surprisingly, the AYT stand was always busy, with the mix of marching band members, youths who could impress them with their shooting prowess and the Old and Bold.

I was not confident that all our toil under the hot Shropshire sun ever gained a single recruit for the Army. However, I never doubted that the parents of a number of the

older cheerleaders were at least highly aware of the existence of the military and of their daughters' newly-discovered interest in young men in uniform. Equally, I never have doubted that Shropshire in the 1960s was very different from its neighbours, not least because there were many areas of the hilly parts of the county where television had not yet penetrated, and where entertainment was home-made, and we were part of the home-made mix. There was one area in particular, rural even by Shropshire standards, where a local vicar ran a very lively youth club. The club was called "Hope", a name that the vicar had inherited. The vicar told me that some previous vicar had founded the club, and called it Hope in recognition of his own hope that he could get the daughters of the village to the church before the midwife got them to the delivery room.

We had a special presentation for groups of girls at schools and clubs. This was an introduction to self-defence. We showed how to discourage an attacker, gain time to escape and prevent him from following. It never occurred to anyone that our best

advice should have been to follow the suggestion of the grizzled sergeant major at Aldershot, to "run like F***." One technique was specifically appropriate to dealing with an attacker from behind. At one club we demonstrated this technique to the girls, whilst the rest of the team practised judo with the boys. We explained that it would ensure freedom to escape. Question from the audience, would it hurt the attacker? We explained that this was precisely the intention. 'Well I wouldn't want to do that then, not until I'd had a chance to see whether I fancied him.'

In October I took another part of my accumulated leave. Being very short of money, I took a fortnight's temporary work. McGraw Hill, a large American publishing company, had a site in Maidenhead and needed some intelligent student labour to sort out the muddle in their print archive. As technical publishers, they specialised in very short runs of academic papers, and always printed extra copies of everything. The extras were not made up into books, but were stored in sheet form ready to be made up if there should be more demand than allowed for in the original print run. Our job was to sort out the piles of parcels of sheets and recommend what should be kept and what could be pulped. None of us had the faintest idea of the subject matter involved in any of the parcels. The job was horrible, heaving parcels of paper off racks, inspecting them and heaving them into new stacks or onto the pile of those destined for pulping. After two days we entered into collective bargaining with the manager. We told him that while we were happy to do the job, it was worth a great deal more than he had offered at outset. He knew he had been found out, and agreed a new and much more satisfactory hourly rate for us. At the end of the first week allowed for the job we met the manager again. We suggested, and he agreed, that the whole exercise was simply shuffling unwanted parcels from one set of racks to another. The obvious course would be to send everything more than three or four years old to be pulped, save the cost of renting storage, and be willing to re-set any papers that needed a second edition. The manager did his sums, and decided that

he could stop renting an entire warehouse, pension off the two elderly storemen who looked after it, keep a contingency fund in case a need to reprint a paper might arise, pay us a bonus for the idea, and pay our second week's wages even though we would not be needed.

Suddenly, I could afford a car. My sister Clare had a venerable Austin A35, and as I write I recall the registration number, AMO 870. She had just got married and wanted to sell it. I kept £60 out of the clutches of Mr Riches, the family bank manager at the Midland Bank in Amesbury; he had old-fashioned ideas about Army officers who lived beyond their means. Clare sold me the car, and the road from Shropshire to Maidenhead was open to me. I could work in Shrewsbury but spend weekends and more in Maidenhead.

The winter in Shrewsbury was cold, with a good deal of snow. When the spring and its rains arrived, the River Severn did as it always does, bursting its banks in many places, inevitably flooding our recruiting office, by the low ground of Mardol Quay, at the Shrewsbury Welsh Bridge. This made contacting our customer base difficult, because all our contact lists and engagement calendars were out of reach, upstairs above an inaccessible flooded office. To keep ourselves busy, the team offered to help me in a tricky piece of engineering. I could not blame Clare for the fact that the main gasket of my prized A35 had blown fairly spectacularly under my demanding driving style. Corporal Armstrong and Lance Corporal McAferty were keen motor

enthusiasts so we all set about replacing the blown part. My contribution was minimal; things that happen in car engines were and remain a mystery.

After the floods receded, we achieved one really worthwhile success in our proper role. One evening, driving back to Shrewsbury after visiting a youth club, we stopped for fish and chips in the village of Cleobury Mortimer. It was quite remote at the time. On top of a very steep hill, buses rarely visited, and it was an example of a settlement where it was perfectly usual for people to live for years without ever getting even as far as Shrewsbury. As we waited for our order, we chatted with a few local teenagers. Did they have a youth club? They did, and we went to see it. It was actually the front room of the mother of one of them, and she was very keen that they find somewhere more formal. I wanted to help, and spent time trying to find out what could be done. The local headmaster became involved, and between us we found a more or less derelict store-room in the town. He undertook to find out how to get occupancy, and the AYT decided to help by restoring it. We needed money for re-wiring, plumbing and so on, but there was no money. I remembered the charity that had found money for me to go to the world premiere of Countess from Hong Kong a couple of years previously, and decided that there was nothing to waste but the cost of a postage stamp. The chairman remembered CP, of course, and offered financial support. A grant of £250 meant that we were in business. Corporal Armstrong took on the role as head plumber, Lance Corporal McAfferty had been an

electrician before joining the Army. Over many weeks we laboured, with the end-result that there was a fully functioning youth club at Cleobury Mortimer. One very important life lesson was a by-product of this venture, and it would serve me well many years later. If setting up a venture in a foreign country, always plan your own exit as you plan your project. The headmaster had undertaken to ensure that the club would go on after our having completed the building work, and he did. Once our work was done, we were able to leave it all in his hands.

Apart from the cold and wet winter, we had to contend with another problem. Shropshire and Herefordshire are agricultural counties, to an extent that seems today to belong to a different era. On 25 October 1967, just after I took over the AYT, Foot and Mouth Disease struck hard in the Welsh borders, and the policy of slaughtering all infected animals overwhelmed the resources available to cope with the aftermath. Over 95,000 animals in just four counties were slaughtered in the first month, and when the epidemic ended in June 1968 the total had risen to 433,987 animals, and all these had to be incinerated. This enormous slaughter fell almost entirely on Shropshire, Herefordshire and Cheshire. From end to end, the smoke of enormous funeral fires defined the county skylines, whilst the smell of burnt animals hung over the entire area. A sense of grief was everywhere. No markets opened for several months, in a region where weekly markets were the mainstay of social life for many farmers from remote valleys. Schools saw no pupils from the farming community during that winter, and all social life was suspended. At first nobody wanted outsiders like us bringing the disease into their communities, and we were entirely useless spectators of the greatest crisis to hit British farming in a generation or more. After the worst was over we were much used in a logistics role, we had vehicles and local knowledge that was vital in getting help to farms suffering terribly from the effects of the only disease management known to work, killing all the animals and isolating every farm that had been infected. (As an aside I am editing this whilst under lockdown

caused by Covid-19, proof that these things have affected life unimaginably before, and will do so again.)

Oswestry, Shropshire, 1968. Foot & Mouth pyres dominate the skyline.

By May 1968 there were no animals left to slaughter and life began to resume its normal patterns. Naturally, family tensions in the remoter farms had led to many divorces and suicides as farmers lost everything they had spent their lives achieving. It was impossible to achieve anything that was within my remit, so I was half-heartedly leading the team in our recruiting activities, trying to contribute the limited help that we were able to offer to a few of the clubs and societies that were still functioning. My annual confidential report was written by the retired colonel who was in charge of the Army Recruiting and Liaison Office in Shrewsbury. He was not complimentary about my contribution to calling recruits to the defence of the nation,

knowing nothing about what we had actually been doing, which was being done through a different chain of command. It did not help that we were thought to know which farmer had treated a military Land Rover as spoils of war and spirited it away to be hidden somewhere on his farm.

As the outbreak came to its end, and our small team began to pick up the pieces of everything that we had abandoned, it came a complete surprise to be ordered to attend the Army Recruiting School again. This time I was to be a guest lecturer, speaking to the course of would-be leaders of their own AYT's about how we had handled ourselves during the Foot and Mouth outbreak. It was a strange turn of chance that the Prime Minister was in the House of Commons, declaring that the outbreak had ended, at the very time I standing up to deliver my lecture on my contribution to its ending. Somebody must have thought that we did good things during that dreadful winter, but it was not the retired colonel in the recruiting office.

One oddity of this time was that a 'flu epidemic that began as the foot and mouth outbreak was ending seemed to be very unimportant in Shropshire. The tragedy of the first half of the year had been so great that the 1968-9 Hong Kong 'flu epidemic, which never really took hold in the thinly populated county – population density, 250



persons per square mile, compared with Hampshire 965 per square mile - was never going to seem to be as large as what had come before.

An Army camp in Cheshire held a set-up of which I had never heard. It was effectively a war-gaming centre. Groups of about twenty officers at a time would spend a few days there, on a single military game. Each officer was given a role, perhaps US President, Secretary General of the Communist Party of the USSR, President of France and so on. Each then had his small team of advisors. The directing staff was called Reuters and their word was to be taken as reliable,

whereas other Press reports were not. Each group went off to its own room, which held table, chairs, a telephone and writing materials. After a few minutes the telephone rang, and a voice announced that Reuters reported some event, nothing very significant, but perhaps an apparently incident between two countries. Each group then had a brief time in which to react as they felt fit. The US President might make a Press announcement, not through Reuters, but through his national Press, that set out the US position. The USSR might issue a reply, and so on for about 45 minutes. There would then be a pause, Reuters would announce what had been going on, and differentiate between 'It is reported', which might or might not be true, and "Reuters announces", which was to be taken as true fact. A session of the UN took place from time to time, at which groups presented their public stance on the developing situation, which did not have to reflect whatever private negotiations might be happening.

As the game developed, all sorts of people seemed to be around listening and taking notes. The idea was that the games enabled political and military planners to let people create unpredicted outcomes from small beginnings. Some outcomes were indeed unpredictable: in one game two of us represented the USSR in a game that began with a Reuters announcement of a minor incident of border guards somewhere in the eastern part of Europe. I cannot remember what happened over the course of the game, but Reuters never disallowed any actions that we announced from Moscow, and it was only when we forced the US President to issue an apology at the UN Security Council for their attempted land grab that Reuters felt the need to step in. The Speakeasy at Beaumont had prepared me exactly this sort of environment.

Another gaming week revolved around politics in South and Central America. The game was chaotic. Not one of us had the faintest idea about the countries we represented, nor about the military, political or other conditions that appertained to them. If the people watching with note-books gleaned any pearls from this week's effort, they were certainly not pearls that we had identified.

As an aside about military war games, the most commonly gamed scenario was set in Germany. This country was where West and East glared most menacingly across the Iron Curtain, and where British military dispositions for a Russian incursion were thickest on the ground. Extreme suggestions always emerged from these games, but in one meal-break a couple of us asked the organisers whether anyone had ever thought of building a wall to cut off West Berlin from the world. The reply was that "No, it was never suggested" and that it would have been ruled out anyway, as being so far-fetched that it would reduce the scenario to wild fantasy rather than serious possibility. They assured us that the Berlin Wall, built only a few years previously, really had come as a total shock to the West.

One of my first meetings in Shrewsbury last year had been with Major General Gillett. The vague plan that he had proposed was about to come to fruition: the county and city of Hereford was to hold the Hereford Military Show. For some weeks my whole attention was given to preparation. As the great weekend drew near, a pop-up arena took shape in a field near Hereford city centre. From all over the Army, units began to arrive. The Royal Signals motor-cycle display team arrived and rehearsed. The Royal Tank Regiment sent the largest vehicle they possessed. It was known as the Mighty Antar. It weighed exactly 20 tons and was carrying a Centurion tank, itself weighing 51 tons. This massive assembly was driven by a corporal who probably met the Army's minimum height requirement by a hair's breadth. The Red Devils arrived to check out the ground for their display. Other parts of the Army did likewise, and the whole was turning into a significant circus and I was the manager of the circus ring. I was in heaven, this was the best thing that could ever happen to a 22-years old lieutenant. The corporal actually let me drive his vast Antar around the field, the Royal Signals lent me a spare motor-cycle as my personal transport, and the local Army unit sent a dozen men to help with preparation. Others were involved, but this dozen men were different. Clearly apart from the gang, they wore the brown beret of Special Forces, coming as they did from Bradbury Lines, the SAS base in Hereford. They set to with a will, especially after I asked whether any knew Eddie Waters or my recent platoon sergeant who had come to me straight from serving with them. The less willing members of the show team were shamed into following their example. Major General Gillett came to see how it was going, expressed satisfaction and left me to it. All the while, the Command Display Consultant did the work that mattered.

Mighty Antar and Centurion tank. 71 tons.

The three days of the display were a success. The crowds thronged in, the weather was perfect after a wet start, the arena display teams all performed as well as one could ask and the Red Devils ended each evening with their usual skillful aerial display. It was almost enough to make me want to stay in the Army. The local brigadier commanding in Shrewsbury took the Last Post salute as the final day's show ended, called for me afterwards and was very complimentary. It was odd realising that a brigadier and a major general both considered that I had done an excellent job;



it seemed improbable that either had ever seen my confidential reports from the battalion.

1968 was summer of flower power and the student revolution. President de Gaulle found it necessary to assemble troops outside Paris, in case of revolution, and all over Europe students placed flowers in the muzzles of sentries' rifles, outside Buckingham Palace, in Berlin, Athens and a score of other countries. Shrewsbury School, one of the oldest in the country, had its school cadet force, which was affiliated to the KSLI. The school corps' annual Efficiency Inspection, Field Day and Trooping the Colour took place on a particularly hot day under the eye of Sir Geoffrey Musson, that that famously stern warrior, the Adjutant-General responsible for Army discipline, the man who had offered me a place in his regiment. A couple of officers from the Light Infantry depot were sent for the day to act as assistant inspecting officers, and we duly inspected groups of bored schoolboys struggling to do useful things with those same huge and heavy portable radios that, on a good day could transmit a signal across a whole playing-field. The highlight of the day was the march past. Sir Geoffrey inspected the corps of boys, saluted most rigidly as they paraded past him, and by no moment of relaxation hinted that this day was any less important than if he had been standing-in for the Queen on Horse Guards Parade in London. The headmaster stood beside him on the dais, proud of his boys' performance on this important day, beaming with goodwill.

After the formality of the parade, Sir Geoffrey turned to the headmaster and asked whether it might be appropriate to speak to the boys. The head beamed again as he called the lines of fine young men to gather round the dais. Sir Geoffrey tugged at his moustache, lowered his head and leaned forward, adopting a Churchillian pose. The words came out in similarly Churchillian bursts; 'I think, that some of you, might have taken the trouble, to clean your boots today. Most of you, would have been better turned-out, with a decent haircut.' And so he proceeded, a rock against which the waves of student revolution had broken without effect. The boys loved it; this fierce man was living up to their every highest expectation of seeing Colonel Blimp himself, and only the headmaster was not amused. It was only much later that I decided that

Sir Geoffrey had almost certainly thought that no other performance could have interested the boys during that long rebellious summer, and that at least some part of his message would get through to them, even if they would resist its significance at the time.



General Sir Geoffrey Musson, GCB, CBE, DSO Colonel of the KSLI, the of the Light Infantry

Herefordshire County Army Cadet Force held a training weekend for the various platoons based in towns around the county. My AYT was to provide support and lead rather better training than the cadet force's amateur officers could deliver. I was glad that when we ran rifle-shooting with proper rifles, there were no sub-machine guns. Overall, we were able to provide a necessary degree of expertise, with no mishaps. I set a map-reading course. Two boys were lost for some anxious hours and rescued miles away from the planned rendezvous, clearly affected by my own map-reading jinx.

Despite the successes with the AYT, there was no hiding the fact that my military career was more or less dead: the thought of returning to the regiment was enough to ensure that conclusion. I could not yet leave, but I could not do any more than go through the motions of staying. I seemed to spend more time at home in Maidenhead than in Shrewsbury. Trading up from A35 to a very second-hand mini-van proved that I had made a good choice. Apart from anything else, the brakes didn't cease to function from over-heating, a trying fault of the A35. My speed from Shrewsbury increased, and very early one morning I made the trip of 148 miles from Maidenhead, in 150 minutes, despite there being no motorway and almost no dual-carriageway. Nowadays, with much better roads and much faster cars, I allow twice that time if I am lecturing in north Shropshire. One trip was interesting: I picked up a hitch-hiker, and warned him that I was in a hurry. That was not, he said, a problem, as he was as well. After very few minutes he asked me to stop, he wasn't in 'that much of a hurry' after all.

As a part of the Maidenhead end of life, I was torn between a spiritual and undeclared love for one girl and the rather less spiritual demands of another. At different times

the mothers of both demanded to know of my intentions towards their respective daughters. To one I could reply honestly and regretfully that we were just good friends, as we remain; Pamela would later be godmother to my oldest son. The other mother wanted no reply; she answered her own question, a little less delicately than I thought appropriate under the circumstances, and a little more publicly than her daughter would have liked, at top voice at 2 a.m. outside her house, overlooked by many neighbours half-hidden behind their bedroom curtains but anxious not to miss a word of the outburst.

The winter of 1968-9 was not a success. The 'flu epidemic seemed to affect each member of the team in turn, the weather was very cold, with snow a constant problem whenever we ventured off the major roads. Our formal activities were half-happening, but many had to be cancelled because of the weather, or 'flu in the team. The egregious colonel in the Shrewsbury recruiting office was bald, the only factor that prevented his tearing out his hair as he tried to get me to do some work, and others had also noticed that the shine had gone out of the AYT's halo. The Army had not let me resign my commission last year, on the grounds that there was no officer in a position to take over command of the AYT in Shrewsbury. However, at last, in February 1979, I was able to hand back my military equipment, sign various papers, have a deeply satisfying and insubordinate closing meeting with the unpleasant retired colonel who had been my nominal superior officer in the Army Recruiting and Liaison Office in Shrewsbury, have interviews of the "I'm not cross but we're very disappointed" variety with two other colonels, and shake the dust of the military from my feet. They were certainly glad to see me go, but not as glad as I was to be leaving.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Tim Barry

I always enjoy your huge efforts to keep Beaumont alive. Well done and keep at it!

There is a problem with the current Spring review. The Rector at Beaumont when I was there in the early 1950s would be turning in his grave and asking the Good Lord for retribution for the grievous errors that have befallen his good name!

In the obituary for Richard Mills-Owen the poor man is called "Lewy" and ...

In the obituary for Paddy Coffee "Louie"

He was always the Rev. Sir Lewis Clifford Bt. - 5th baronet of "New Zealand". With emphasis on the IS of LewIS - definitely no French in his ancestry - well not since 1066 that is!

Keep up the good work and please call the baronet by his anglicised name in future.

ED: Always happy to be corrected. However, (in my defence), my Father who knew him as a friend and my brothers Mike and Chris who were there while he was Rector always spoke of "Lewy"; so perhaps I may be forgiven. The Jesuits apparently always called him 'The Bart'. I hope I have not shown equal disrespect when mentioning in past Reviews Fr Fizz Ezechiel, Fr Daddy Sass, Fr Bogs Bamber, Fr Botty Hull or even Fr Wally Weld. None were intended.

Concerning "Louie" - certainly Mea Culpa: must be the near twenty - five years I spent living in France !

As per the school report "could do better".

Thank you for your kind words – much appreciated,

From John Marshall

My old St John's boy student, Kwesi Amihyia , attended the recent STONYHURST DINNER at a large modern hotel near Liverpool St and says they had about 300 in attendance! I'm envious!

Hope you are well.

We were in U.K. to visit my sister in London and Mark in Suffolk three weeks ago and will be over for the Queen's Platinum Jubilee celebrations in June.

ED: I would like to think at BEAUMONT - Quality over Quantity and North of the Park!! (though I must admit that in the words of Stalin " Quantity has a Quality all of its own)

John:

I imagine Beaumont still existing and over the years going to dinners where that kind of number would show up. And the idea that if one wanted one could turn up at Runnymede on a Saturday and watch the 1st XV!

While in England I stayed in Egham with the wife and son of Colin Ballantyne and she very kindly took me to Runnymede. They have this strange sculpture now showing 12 bronze carved seats representing a jury in about the spot where the 3rd XV would play. I also was taken to the Air Force Memorial.

From Timothy O'Neil-Dunne (OS 71)

My brother – P. Jarlath O'Neil-Dunne was at Beaumont – leaving in 1962 after which he went to Balliol, Oxford. I went to Stonyhurst since Beaumont shut to new intakes

the year I was supposed to be there. So I was at Stonyhurst 1966-71. That was after 4 years at St. Johns.

I just happened on your site. My year is organizing a 50th+1 anniversary this year. A few of us had brothers who are BU.

We have accumulated a few artefacts including a few from BU who went onto Stonyhurst. Thus, I have a copy of the May 67 School photo from Stonyhurst. Ditto Summer '66 from St Johns.

I thought it would be interesting to connect. I kept up with a few BU who knew my brother. **Anthony Northey** was my family's lawyer for example. Sadly, my brother passed away in 1998.

Ed: For those who might remember Timothy:-

Timothy O'Neil-Dunne is an independent operator. He was formerly Principal at 777 Partners based in Miami USA. Immediately prior to joining 777 full time - he joined Flair Airlines in Canada as CCO where he led the commercial transformation to a pure ULCC. He has founded a number of companies including VaultPAD Ventures an accelerator exclusively focused on the aviation travel tourism and leisure sectors and Air Black Box an award winning Aviation and Travel Software company. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne has over 40 years of experience in the travel and distribution technology industry. His expertise is broadly in all areas of the travel distribution and supply chain. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne is uniquely able to approach the market from both a strategic as well as a detailed manner. He is active in providing strategic and business development services as well as planning and implementing solutions for B2B and B2C based clients in Travel, Tourism, and Transportation industries. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne has been involved with many of the top travel companies (traditional and eCommerce) such as Expedia, Travelport, and Sabre. He has published 3 books in Travel Distribution and Aviation. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne is a frequently quoted and a commentator in travel and technical journals. He was a Founding Node and a Writer at TNooz, now PhocusWire. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne's Professor Sabena Blog is read worldwide. He was a permanent advisor to the World Economic Forum. Mr. O'Neil-Dunne also founded Air Black Box and led the company until its sale to 777 Partners. Timothy holds 3 patents in aviation technology.

Specialties: International Management Consultant. Global Travel eBusiness, Airline commercial operations. Whether you are a Business Startup or a mature organization I can help. Leadership, Strategy, Technology, Operations, Marketing , Supply Chain, Distribution.

ED: I occasionally receive correspondence from various people asking about relatives or the history of Beaumont. This is one such:-

From Clare Castell.

I hope you don't mind me contacting you. I stayed at the Beaumont De Vere hotel this weekend in Windsor and became fascinated with its history. We ran a small teacher training event for our non profit charity Blossom Education and we had no idea when we booked the event at the hotel that we would be surrounded by such a strong Catholic history. We founded our non profit during Covid 19 and have been working to support new mothers and families struggling by providing education and support.

Bizarrely the vision for this work came from a trip to Lourdes so it seemed so fitting that we were suddenly in a venue with such strong connections to Lourdes.

I wondered if you knew what used to be in the conference rooms by the 1705 bar? It would be interesting to know the grounds and a bit more about what was onsite. It was a very special weekend and although we are not officially a Catholic organisation we are founded by six Catholic mothers with a vision of bringing a change to the way families are supported in the very early days of parenting. We did sprinkle some Lourdes water in the room and it was only when I left I saw the history of this site!

Anyway, any information gratefully received.

ED: I duly replied and also directed Clare to our Website: -

From Clare Castell

Thank you for your reply, I shall certainly have a look around the website. It's good to know we were in the science block, there was a test on obstetric knowledge and the aspiring new teachers sat it in one of the science rooms by the sounds of things.

It certainly feels like a very lovely building and I am sure full of happy memories for you all.

In previous years I've taken a group of students to Lourdes for the Westminster Diocese pilgrimage but we've not been able to organise that this year. It's wonderful to hear that your group are still able to go. My former teacher at my old school had a disabled daughter who would always attend this pilgrimage, I can imagine it was a very big event.

Thank for your reply and good to make a connection with you. We've booked again in November. Say a prayer for our new little organisation as we hope to grow and bring support, help and education to families that struggle.

ED: I had another Email from one Mervyn Wolffsohn who had come across my article about his father's reminiscences of The Great War AUTUMN REVIEW 2017.: His father Arthur was at Beaumont for a year leaving in 1906:-

"My father was born 1895 and died 1969. He was an orphan when he went to Beaumont, sent there by his aunt.

Whilst he was serving in France both his "adopted parents" and his only sister died. So, he decided to go to Chile where his mother's parents had settled.

He joined Shell [in those days Shell Mex] where he remained until retirement.

He married in 1939 retired in 1953.

He brought me to school in England on his retirement and I returned home in 1958.

My family migrated back to the UK in 1970". I think he wanted to blot out anything to do with the war and before. He was a quiet man and in a way very lonely as he had no immediate family and in Chile all families were huge.

John Cronly wrote from Australia to ask for a translation of The Carmen.

For what it is worth:-

"Let us dutifully sing together all the voices of the Beaumontani, sweetly, both the young and the old; Although we have fought, let us now set aside our swords, whether we were Romans, or Carthaginians. May this beauty never ever be vain; Long live the unstained name of Beaumont.

John then with a much better translation

Men of Beaumont, young and old, let us sing together, powerfully yet sweetly. Although we fought in the past as Romans or Carthaginians, now is the time to sheathe our swords! For ages to come may the name of Beaumont continue to flourish. May its reputation never be sullied.

Not my translation but quite good I think.

Mike Lazar has dementia but still full of Beaumont memories.

We belong to a dementia group and at a sing song we sang the Beaumont song.

This gave him a real lift, his partner filmed it on her phone and showed it to his kids.

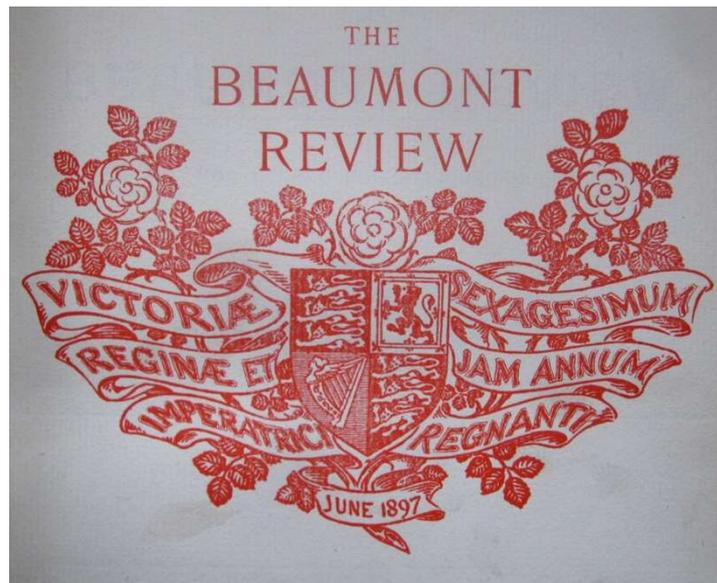
This gave him a real lift.

Singing it in English is I think a bridge too far.

Best wishes and thank you for keeping us all together.

NO – NOT THE B U REVIEW.

JUBILEE 1897 Style.



Oh, to be at Beaumont
For this Diamond Jubilee bouffant,
When they wake in the dorms, give thanks for The Queen in prayer
Enjoy, this glorious morning, and this most joyous affair,
That the lowest to the most senior of boys
Round the school ring out the cheers and songs in a cacophony of noise,
While the Js and Masters prepare for this Royal celebratory Kowtow,
At Beaumont —now!

And after breakfast, when High Mass follows,
With the sermon on God bless the Queen and all her sorrows,
Hark, the Samuel Smith triumphant ode
With Fr Keating words of imperialism flowed
Glory to the Navy and the Army our Colonies and Dominions
Not forgetting Beaumont's part with all those upper crust opinions.
Hark (again),
That's the elite of Rhetoric: they sing each verse twice over,
Lest you should think they never could remember
Great Britannia's past and Beaumont's part in magnificent splendour!

(Mea Culpa to Robert Browning)

With Summer coming, like "Raty" one's thoughts turn to the river.

WETBOBS,

There were a bunch of boys who were useless at cricket,
Out first ball with the bales off the wicket,

Not for them the Schismatic golliwog awards,
Or the glory of carrying your bat at Lords.

Its reinforced boating shorts and black walking shoes,
Thoughts of pretty girls cheering the crews
It's down to the old boathouse by the Meads,
To start on fixed fours, catch a few crabs diving for weeds.

Taking out a clinker scull and learn feathering the oar,
Falling in, and doggy paddling bedraggled to shore,
Working up for the Beaumont Regatta race day,
First or last or just part of the river display.

Then it's on to the eights and life is more serious,
The impudent cox and the coaches imperious,
We row to the Home Park by way of the lock,
Shewed off our prowess to the blonde in the frock.

Have you an invitation to trial for the Eight at Easter
Be paced by Beelzebub and easily beat her,
In prep for Henley fed on Guinness and steak
Circuit training with "Corpse" till the muscles ache.

The Eton race and you hope for the best,
Fast away and at 38 keeping abreast,
But their power and weight soon starts to tell
and we lose half a length but going well.

And so, to Henley and an American College Crew

But morale is high and our confidence grew.
We go to the stake boat at Temple to cheers of our friends
We come under orders - What fate portends.

The Americans get away like the proverbial off a shovel,
We are also off with a strike almost double.
Passing Remenham, we are a canvas adrift,
And the cox calls for more and gives us short shift.

Into Stewards and the roar of the crowd,
Is Beaumont drawing level heading for victory unbowed?
Well, not this time but perhaps one of these days
We will take the cup with amazing displays.

So back to our reach and rowing for fun,
Our last few weeks are passing like the setting sun,
Coach had a letter from the "Girls" at Phyllis Court,
Voted best looking crew: that's good on my school report!

ENJOY THE SUMMER

L. D. S.

