

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2014



Where I lived in France we had a small lane that passed our entrance and from time to time we would see the odd person or small group purposefully walking along the road. Staff in hand, a scallop shell about their necks indicating that they were pilgrims traveling along one of the old routes from Le Puy or perhaps Conques heading for St Jean de Pied Port and the crossing over the Pyrenees. Their objective was St Jacques de Compostela. I always had a sneaking

admiration for them as I am no great walker following the old Cavalry idiom of “why walk when you can ride”. I was reminded the other day by Robert Bruce of the Naval signal of “Bravo Zulu” – a job well done and on your behalf I would send that signal to three OBs who have just made the pilgrimage to Santiago setting off from Ponte Lima in Portugal and making the 100 miles in 8 days to raise money for HCPT. John Flood, Arthur Cope who had come over from Indianapolis and Patrick Soloman were joined by another Patrick (not an OB) of a sprightly 84. You can read John’s report further on in the Review but for the moment I am certain you would wish me to signal to them:-

“BRAVO ZULU”

The Review is available in PDF for those that wish a hard copy – [click here](#) if you wish this version.

## **THANK YOU**

**Your committee wish to express their thanks to those of you who answered the call for funds – you have been exceedingly generous and it is much appreciated. The finances of the Beaumont Union are now secure for the foreseeable future.**

## **PAST EVENTS**

### **THE BU LUNCH**

Another success story; 62 members enjoyed an excellent lunch at The Caledonian greatly enhanced by excellent speeches from Guy Bailey supported by Bill Gammell.



Guy technically challenged by the microphone



Bill “and God Bless Marylyn Monroe”

For those that thought that travelling up to London was too far you might wish to note that **Tony Parish** had travelled from Italy, **Peter Johansen** from Monaco and **Thierry de Galard** from Paris. Thank you to them and all the others that made the occasion so enjoyable.

Thank you also to **Tony Parish** for having so many photographs taken nearly all featuring none other than Tony Parish. “Muto Grazie Tony”





“Reach for your wallets”



The Chairman's table (Mike Bedford seems to have had a temporary upgrade)



“Guy keeping us well amused”



“We spent a great deal of time raising a glass or two.”



“or three”

## REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

**“At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will **pray** for them”**

I have altered that well known phrase from Laurence Binyon’s poem as it is more applicable to our Catholic tradition. Indeed Fr Lucie-Smith in the Catholic Herald wrote:-

Remembrance Sunday is not a Christian feast, but Christians, and Catholics, do mark it. We Catholics can mark it with ease, because the whole concept of remembering the dead and observing anniversaries is not alien to Catholicism. We pray for the dead, and we are familiar with the structure of the liturgical year. Remembrance Sunday even falls in November, the month of prayer for the dead. While not exclusively Christian, Remembrance Sunday fits in well with Christianity, because it represents an outgrowth of Christian practice.



With **Fr Michael Campbell-Johnston** away in San Salvador, mass was celebrated by **Fr Peter Kelly (50)** with **Fr Peter Marsh (50)** and a congregation of about 150. They included two of our wartime veterans **Michael Gompertz** and **Michael de Burgh** both of whom left Beaumont in 1941 and saw most of their service fighting in Italy.

### **PRESENTATION OF THE CORPS COLOURS TO ST JOHN'S**

Following the Remembrance Sunday Mass the recently restored and framed Colours of the OTC / CCF were presented in a short ceremony at St John's by **Brigadier Anthony Stevens** on behalf of the BU.





(The photograph is angled to prevent reflection)

### **The History.**

The origins of the Beaumont College Corps go back to 1870 and the Victorian ethos of the day. A group of boys took to drilling as an unofficial pastime and a drill sergeant was hired at £1 a day to come twice a week. It was not until 1905 following the Boer War that the Corps was formalised through the auspices of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood VC, the father of two Old Boys. The Corps was affiliated to the East Surrey Regiment, this later changed to the Guards Regiments of the Household Division. The Beaumont Corps was the only school with such an affiliation.

Colours carried by British Infantry battalions represent their tradition and honour and this was also the case with the Beaumont Colours presented in 1906. Two Colours are usually carried: The King's or Queen's Colour based upon the National Flag and the Regimental Colour which is usually a flag of single colour taken from the uniform facings.

The Beaumont Corps Colours were therefore unique not only in their composition but also that Beaumont was only one of a handful of Schools to have them presented and carried on parade. They were also the first and only Colours consecrated according to the Catholic rite.

The first Trooping the Colour parade was held in 1908 and apart from the period of the Great War continued annually till the Second World War. They were trooped for the last time in Beaumont's Centenary year 1961 and were laid up in the College Chapel in 1967 following the closure of the school. The Colours then disappeared for over forty years before they were rediscovered, restored and presented to St John's by The Beaumont Union in 2014.

During WW1, Beaumont suffered amongst the highest casualty rate of any Public School with French and Americans among those killed. An OB, Captain Jack Marriott RN was one of the signatories to the Armistice in 1918 and another, General Sir George MacDonogh was the King's Representative to bring home the body of the Unknown Warrior for burial at Westminster Abbey. In WW 2, the School Corps was part of the Home Lands Battalion of The Home Guard with responsibility for Windsor Castle and the other local Royal Residences. Over and above the normal call of military duty, OBs made a special contribution to the organisation of escape routes and the Resistance in occupied Europe.

In the school's existence, there was no battlefield where Old Beaumont Boys did not fight with valour and distinction.

In his Reply, **Giles Delaney** the Headmaster, explained why the Colours had been hung at this particular position in the Gallery rather than in the Chapel which would have been the more usual. "Each day the majority of boys will pass this place and will see The Colours, read the notice and hopefully find the inspiration of service that were instilled in past generations of Beaumont boys".

The BU then enjoyed an excellent lunch and the kind and generous hospitality of St John's.

## FUTURE EVENTS



### [THE BATTLEFIELD 2015 Trenches Trip](#)

For perhaps the first, and perhaps the last time ever, the Beaumont Union is taking a party to visit the sites of the Great War on the Western Front. The trip will focus on the actions involving Beaumont old boys in which they lost their lives. Their names are written on the war memorial. OBs fought and were killed taking part in some of the best-known battles of the Great War. These include The Somme – including

Delville Wood and Thiepval, the four named campaigns of the Ypres Salient, The Artois – including Vimy Ridge. Three OBs fought and were killed fighting for France, and we shall mark their involvement as well.

Wherever possible, we shall also be able to include memory of family stories of those on the trip.

The trip is open to all members of the BU and their families

The trip is organised by the Beaumont Union and will be guided by Philip Stevens (OB'63). Philip is author of "The Great War Explained, one of the best selling books about the Great War written for the lay reader. He has been leading and guiding trips to the Western Front for twenty years. For more information about Philip's background go to [www.thegreatwarexplained.com](http://www.thegreatwarexplained.com)

### **Outline Plan**

Monday 18 May – after breakfast departure from the War Memorial, second pick-up at Dover Docks.

Four nights in Ypres

One full day and two half days visiting sites in the Ypres Salient

One day visiting sites on the Somme

One day visiting sites in the Artois

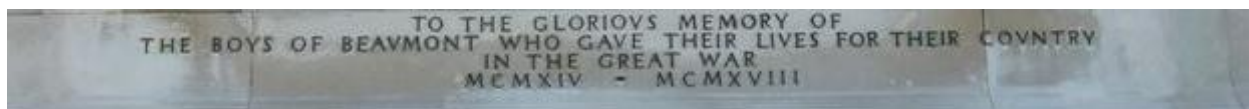
Friday 22 May – Mid-afternoon return to UK

### **Cost**

This is numbers-dependent. The maximum capacity for the trip is 50, and with the trip fully booked the all-inclusive cost will be less than £800 per single traveller, £1,400 for a couple sharing a room. All meals, including house wines, are included in the price. Refreshments on the ferry, other drinks and incidentals are not inclusive. Deposits will be called at the end of December, final payments before the trip.

### **Action**

Places on the trip will be allocated on a first-come basis. Please advise Robert Wilkinson [robertsnobcob@btinternet.com](mailto:robertsnobcob@btinternet.com) by 20 December of your intention to join this important BU event.



### **OBITUARIES. Please see separate "dropdown"**

I have been informed of the following deaths: - **Ian Sinclair (57), Philip German-Ribon (30). John Keighley (45).**

## IN THE NEWS.

### MASS MEDIA

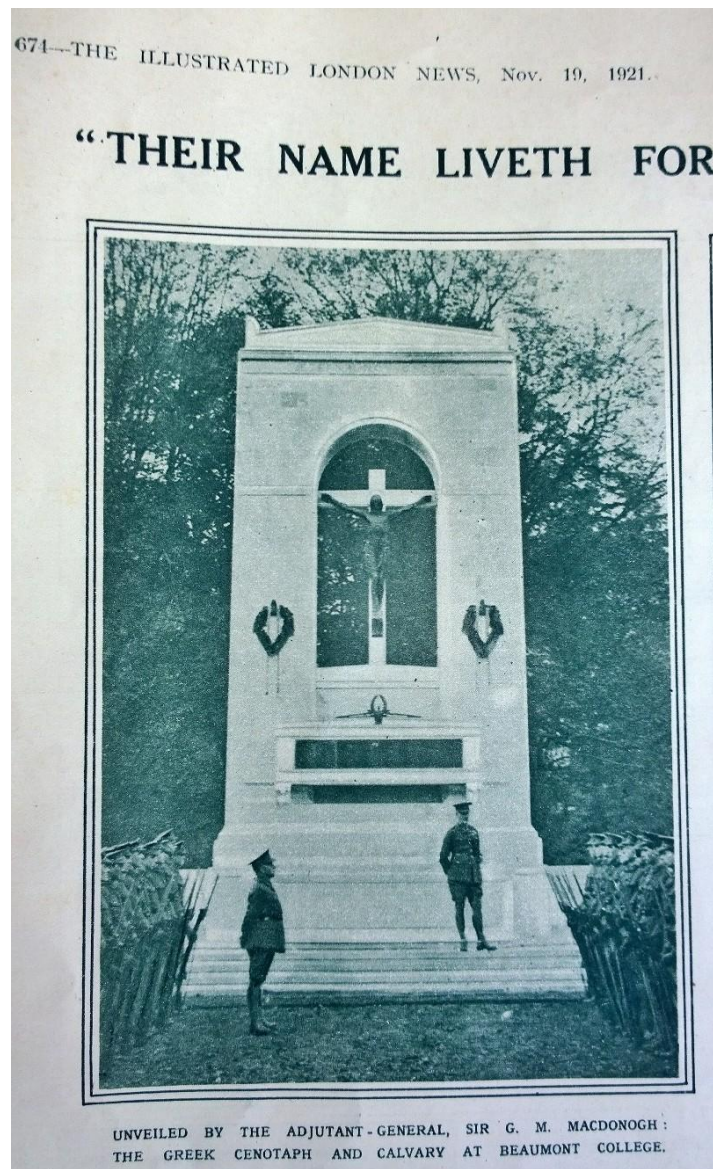


Many of you like me will have either visited “Blood swept lands of sea of red” or purchased one of the ceramic poppies. They have all sold which is hardly surprising in view of the culture of the Poppy in the British psyche today. However when the flower was first proposed a voice of dissent was heard from Old Windsor as discussed in a new book; read on –

From *THE POPPY* written by Nicholas Saunders. The author is the world’s leading authority on the anthropological archaeology of the First World War. A lecturer in the department of Archaeology and Anthropology at the University of Bristol, he undertook the first-ever study of Great War material culture as a British Academy Senior Research Fellow at University College London between 1998 and 2004. His exhibition of trench art from the war was for five years a centrepiece of the In Flanders Fields Museum in Ypres, Belgium. He has published more than twenty-five books, including *Trench Art*, *Killing Time*, *Alexander’s Tomb* and *Matters of Conflict*, and has appeared in documentaries for the BBC, the National Geographic Channel and the History Channel. He co-directs two major Great War archaeological projects, in Jordan and Slovenia, and lives in west Sussex.

“Looking back with the hindsight of a century and with the help of testaments, the poppy now seems an obvious choice to symbolise the War dead. Yet as Earl Haig and The British Legion was championing the flower in the autumn of 1921, a dissident voice was heard. In November, **Lt- General Sir George MacDonogh**, the

Adjutant General unveiled the war memorial at Beaumont College and uttered a remark which ran counter to the prevailing mood. "The poppy", he thundered, "is a pagan flower, it was the symbol of the dead and the last thing we want to do is to forget them". MacDonogh fell back too hastily on his upper class education in the classics, in which the opium poppy, not the corn poppy carried this burden of symbolism.



As MacDonogh's outburst made clear, there was genuine confusion among the British public about whether the emblem was the opium or the corn poppy as there still is today. Both flowers grew in England, the former mainly red but also purple and white, while the latter was mainly scarlet but sometimes orange or pink. For a century or more, English poetry and literature had blended the appearance and

symbolism of the innocent and the narcotic and more so since the English poppy had a dark secret – it was not quite as innocent and romantic as it seemed.

Since before the 18<sup>th</sup> century, home grown opium poppies had become a staple of English folk medicine and in some areas especially in East Anglia it was cultivated in every back garden. The amount used was astonishing. Various concoctions were so popular that the amount of narcotic they contained was investigated by a Parliamentary report in 1843. It was observed on the eve of the battle of the Somme that the native fields of Norfolk were far richer in poppies than the battlefield in France. This comment meant innocuously might just have concealed an interesting truth. For a large proportion of the populace a poppy was an opium poppy.

The British legion was aware of the poppy's status as "The Flower of Oblivion" among both mortals and the gods and confronted the issue head on vowing to resurrect the poppy as the flower of their remembrance. Both The Legion and MacDonogh, each in their own way, failed to grasp that the poppy had two faces one of remembering and the other forgetting.

MacDonogh's view was to remain in a minority. Greatly impressed of the success of the first poppy day in 1921, The British Legion arranged that in future the flowers would be made at a special factory in Richmond by wounded ex-veterans. Numbers sold doubled the following year and the Dominions followed suit in adopting the emblem. The Remembrance poppy had stormed public sentiment and was established in the landscape of commemoration".

My thanks to **Tony Parish** who discovered this cutting and photo from The Illustrated London News when glancing through a copy in family archives. An extraordinary find in view of the date and provenance.

## **IN THE PRESS**

**The page turns for Woolley Hall from "Berkshire Life"**



*Woolley Hall on the outskirts of Littlewick Green*

We can't help but think there's a novel in this story somewhere as a new chapter opens for Woolley Hall, and estate and country house on the outskirts of Littlewick Green, nr Maidenhead.

As you will see, we have the possibility of Victorian melodrama with a kindly soul jilted at the altar (but Dickens did that with Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*). Or we might go for a historical blockbuster spanning 1,000 years.

But back to the current tale with news that Woolley Hall has been bought by luxury homes builder Millgate, who propose to convert the Listed main house into apartments, and transform the stable block into mews houses. Millgate are known for their unique and stylish properties, so it comes as no surprise to learn that a small number of luxury country mansions are planned for the grounds.

The main house has had some notable occupants over the years, none more so than **George Dunn**, bibliophile and keen student of palaeography and early printing. Dunn lived there from 1886 until his untimely death in 1912, aged just 47.

Educated at **Beaumont College**, Windsor, he was an expert on no fewer than four different subjects: astronomy, arboriculture (the trees he planted are one of the hall's fascinating and unique features), horology and antique books.

He built up an impressive library at Woolley Hall, collecting early English law books, medieval manuscripts, early printed editions and stamped bindings. After his death the library was broken up and sold off to collectors worldwide, realising over £30,000.

Perhaps he buried himself in books to avoid dealing with a broken heart. The story goes that on the morning before his wedding day, his bride-to-be ran off with his

brother. The wedding breakfast, which was laid ready for the celebration, was left untouched for the remainder of his life in an eerie yet somehow fitting echo of that of Miss Havisham.

Even before Dunn arrived the house had a rich history dating back to at least the beginning of the 13th century. Over the years since then, Woolley Hall has passed from the hands of the Forester family through a fine selection of the British aristocracy.

By the beginning of the 13th century the estate was held by the Forester family, passing then to the de Fiennes through marriage and eventually through the nobility to Ralph Newbury, master of the printing house to Queen Elizabeth and James I.

Generations of the gentry passed on or sold the hall until George Dunn purchased it.

The current house was built in the 1780s but greatly expanded and refitted in 1891. Many 18th century features remain although there have been various additions over the years, right up to a 1970s office extensions.

More recently it was an HQ of Scottish and Southern Energy until jobs moved north of the border. Various planning applications failed to gain approval until the end of 2013 when residential development was agreed.

Ed: George Dunn was the eldest of three brothers at Beaumont leaving in 1881. His youngest brother was **Thomas (87)** appointed Bishop of Nottingham in 1916. I think we can assume he was not the villain in the piece, though by standards at this moment in my Diocese who can tell. The guilty man was **William (83)** and the young lady a certain Jane Leadbitter. They lived at Lilystone Hall, Ingatestone, Essex.

AT AUCTION

# Bonhams





Lot 642  
1927 Dennis 2½-ton Truck Chassis no. 31891 Engine no. 21374  
**Sold for £7,360**



## FOOTNOTES

- The Dennis brothers, John and Raymond were engaged in the cycle business in the late 1880s, moving on to produce motorcycles, cars and then commercial vehicles, the first of which a 15cwt van - appeared in 1904. Dennis's earliest vehicles featured the firm's patented worm-drive rear axle, unlike those of their rivals, almost all of which used chain drive. The firm is inextricably linked with the manufacture of public service vehicles and more especially with the Fire Service, its first fire engine being delivered to the City of Bradford in 1908. White & Poppe's 40hp four-cylinder, T-head side valve engine was fitted to many Dennis products, and in 1919 they

purchased their Coventry-based engine supplier. A variety of lighter chassis was produced during the 1920s with payloads of 30cwt, 2 tons and 3 tons, which were fitted with both van and lorry bodies. Dennis did not enter the heavyweight market until later in the 1920s and introduced its first forward control models in 1927. During this period the 2½-ton chassis was one of Dennis's most successful, being supplied to municipal authorities for use in refuse collecting, gully emptying and other such duties.

This 2½-ton Dennis comes with its original buff logbook listing **Beaumont College, Windsor as first owner**, followed in 1937 by one H K Keeling, of Wokingham and then in 1977 by L J & G M Cullimore, of Charfield, Gloucestershire. The vehicle is finished in the livery of the Cullimores, who are the only owners recorded in the accompanying old-style green continuation logbook and old-type Swansea V5.

## **AT THE PUBLISHERS**

Quite a number of OBs have written and published books and a good many have been mentioned by other authors but it is an elite that have been the subject of a biography and the latest to have their life discussed is Peter Levi.

### **Peter Levi – poet, priest and life-enhancer**

A review of Peter Levi: Oxford Romantic, by Brigid Allen. A loving biography of a poet priest who went from emaciated El Greco to fat country squire.

**BOOKS** [A.N. Wilson](#) 30 August 2014



Peter Levi Photo: Getty

**Peter Levi: Oxford Romantic** Brigid Allen

Signal Books,, pp.452, £19.99, ISBN: 9781903493989

Hilaire Belloc was once being discussed on some television programme. One of the panellists was Peter Levi. The other critics expressed their doubts about the old boy. Levi leaned forward in his chair to say, with passionate intensity, 'But Belloc is worth discussing... because he was... very *nearly* a poet.'

At the time, I thought this judgment a trifle snooty. Could the words 'very nearly a poet' not be applied to Levi himself? In the years since he died, however, revisitations of Levi's work have convinced me that, uneven and florid as his poetry is, he was very definitely a poet. True, you can hear echoes of his masters in his verse – Valéry, George Seferis, Wallace Stevens. But he was what the title of this book claims — an Oxford Romantic, unafraid of being heroically pretentious, who stood out against the blokeishness of 'The Movement' .

You could not overpraise this book. It is so punctiliously researched, and so well written. It describes a loveable, fascinating character whose life was consecrated to art; and the consecration took fascinating twists and turns. Brigid Allen has unearthed the details with prodigious skill. The father, Bert Levi, had Sephardic

forebears who sold carpets in Istanbul. The fervently Catholic mother, Mollie, persuaded Bert (who had been married before) to convert. Their three children all became members of religious orders — the daughter a nun, the two boys, Anthony and Peter, Jesuits. Peter was excited by the heroism of the Elizabethan martyrs and this, combined with his admiration for his teachers at **Beaumont**, was what led him to join the Society of Jesus.

How could such a funny, creative, accident-prone young man fit into the Ignatian straitjacket? He would eventually leave the order and marry the widow of Cyril Connolly, so you would think his belief in a priestly vocation was a mistake. Actually, both Levi and the Jesuits emerge well from this book. Though his superiors were sometimes exasperated by his behaviour, and delayed his ordination because they worried about his suitability for the priesthood, they gave him a pretty cushy ride. He was allowed to keep literary earnings, so he had cases of Berry Brothers claret delivered to Campion Hall in Oxford and ate out regularly in restaurants. He flew off to Greece whenever he liked, and wrote some very good books, because his superiors did not overburden him with teaching or parochial duties.

## **ON TELEVISION**

### **A celebration of all things Gothic**

This autumn, BBC Two, BBC Four and the British Library are celebrating all things Gothic with a new season of programmes exploring the literature, architecture, music and artworks that have taken such a prominent place in British culture.

The Gothic imagination with its love of the awe-inspiring, the wondrous and the uncanny has cast long and beautiful shadows across all aspects of our lives for hundreds of years

# Dan Cruickshank and The Family that Built Gothic Britain



Tuesday 21st October, 9pm

Written and Presented by Dan Cruickshank

**FOUR**

Chairman  
Architect  
The House  
Production Assistant  
Production Coordinator  
Production Manager  
Executive Producer  
Written and Directed by  
Dan Cruickshank  
Iain Lamb  
Neil Smith  
The Bedford  
Patrick Smith & Oliver Richmond  
Richard Phillips  
Paul Crossley  
Tina Dool

## Dan Cruickshank and the Family that Built Gothic Britain

Dan Cruickshank explores how the great icons of Gothic British architecture were all created by one brilliant, if highly dysfunctional family – the mighty Scotts. Built by the Scotts over a single century, St Pancras Station, the Albert Memorial, Liverpool Cathedral, Battersea Power Station, Dulwich College, the chamber of the House of Commons and even the red phone box, were built by a grand-father, a father and son who defined Britain's new architectural style.

**ED;** I found it interesting if over dramatized and one learnt a little more about the younger George who sent his three boys to Beaumont.

For those who missed the programme I reprint an article on George that appeared in The Guardian.

### **The man between**

His father built St Pancras station, his son designed the red telephone box. But who was George Gilbert Scott Jr? By Jonathan Glancey The Guardian



Interior of St John the Baptist, Norwich... the most frightening building in England?

Norwich's medieval cathedral is festive as a Christmas tree. With its vigorous spire, vibrant stone carving, contemplative cloister, variety of historic styles and bright setting in a Georgian close, it is acclaimed by historians and loved by congregation and visitors. But there is another cathedral in Norwich - and this one is severe, chaste and forbidding. The Roman Catholic cathedral dedicated to St John the Baptist sits just outside the old city walls, on the site of a former prison. It was realised between 1884 and 1910 in a strict Early English idiom, its tall, narrow lancet windows like a suit of armour in stone, but stripped of all colour and adornment. Formal where its medieval sibling is informal, the cathedral is rather frightening - perhaps one of the scariest buildings in England.

What makes St John's, now the Catholic cathedral of East Anglia, especially sad is that it ought to have been the crowning glory of the career of George Gilbert Scott Jr (1839-1897). An innovator, Scott Jr occupied a key role in the development of English architecture between 1870 and the First World War. But he was also an alcoholic who, at the age of 45, was certified insane. He is one of England's most unfairly forgotten architects, his work now eclipsed by that of his father and son.

His father was Sir George Gilbert Scott, that tireless Victorian goth whose most celebrated buildings include the Midland Grand Hotel at St Pancras station in London and the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens. Scott Sr was, I suppose, the Norman Foster of Victorian England; forever busy, an inveterate traveler, he ran the biggest and most prolific architectural practice of his day. Scott Jr's early years (Eton, Cambridge, a fellowship at Jesus College) were cosseted by his father's self-made fortune, and he lived the rest of his life in the imposing gothic shadow of Great Scott.

Unlike his father, Scott Jr got to build a great church that became a cathedral - but even that was to be overshadowed by the mighty Anglican cathedral Giles Gilbert Scott designed for Liverpool. Giles was one of Scott Jr's six children - and one of the 20th century's greatest architects. With Waterloo Bridge, the red telephone box and those magnificent power stations at Battersea and Bankside (now Tate Modern), his reputation soared.

Sandwiched between these two hugely successful and knighted professionals, Scott Jr's life was perhaps inevitably squeezed between the pages of history. Now, though, he has been thrown a lifeline by Gavin Stamp, the architectural historian, whose compelling new biography of "Middle Scott" attempts to redeem a misunderstood artist, and in the process explain why it would be unfair to judge Scott Jr's career on the disturbing experience of St John's.

After all, the whole drive of Scott Jr's aesthetic was against the rigorous early gothic style pursued, for the most part, by his father. Far from being a chip off the old block, Scott Jr was a kind of revolutionary. Not only was he one of the pioneers of an imaginative revival of perpendicular gothic - that very English style of the 14th and 15th centuries represented by the Somerset parish churches and the airy chapels at Windsor and King's College Cambridge - but he helped give rise to a new form of English domestic architecture. This was the "Queen Anne" style, which allowed the late-19th century house to escape the strictures of ecclesiastical gothic propagated by the Scott Sr generation. In doing so, Middle Scott was the creative missing link between the Victorian gothic revival and the arts and crafts movement, between Pugin and William Morris.

In his 1870s heyday, Scott Jr designed two radical churches, the Vicarage St Agnes Kennington and All Hallows Southwark, plus a trio of fine, unpretentious churches in Yorkshire. The tiny church of St Mary Magdalene at Eastmoors is a particular gem, with all the life and warmth St John's so singularly lacks. Sadly, his masterpiece - St Agnes - was badly damaged in the blitz and demolished after the war; so too All Hallows. In fact all too many of Scott Jr's buildings have vanished into dust, including his one shot at a country house, Garboldisham Manor in Norfolk.

But the handsome Queen Anne-style rectories that survive in Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, Great Bedwyn, Wiltshire and Pevensey, Sussex, demonstrate what a fine designer and builder Scott Jr was. He was a brilliant decorator, too, and loved to design furniture, wallpapers, carpets, metalwork and needlework; he even designed a bidet. In 1874 he joined with fellow architects to set up Watts and Co, a decorating business to rival the hugely influential Morris and Co. He had a passion for collecting antiques, refusing to limit himself to any one style of architecture, furniture or decoration. "I yield to no one," he wrote, "in my love of medieval art, but I recognise the merits of the really good work of all schools."

Unlike his purposeful father, he wanted to keep churches in their original condition. He was a great admirer of Wren, and sympathetically restored Pembroke Chapel, Cambridge. He even won praise from the prickly Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, established by William Morris in 1877 to put a halt to the overzealous restoration work of the many disciples of Scott Sr.

Scott Jr's life began to change in 1880, when he converted to Roman Catholicism from Anglo-Catholicism. This new faith brought him a wealthy client: Henry Fitzalan-Howard, 15th Duke of Norfolk. The duke commissioned Scott Jr to build a church in Norwich - but what he wanted was nothing less than an Early English building, the favoured style of Scott Sr. Like all architects, then and now, Scott Jr found it hard to turn a job down. So he built St John the Baptist (raised to cathedral status in 1976) as if his father's hand was guiding him. The morbidity of the cathedral (Stamp describes its "sombre interior" as "melancholy and unloved") suggests this was not a happy experience.

Was it this curb to his creativity that ruined Scott Jr? Here was a sensitive, imaginative, skilled and wealthy Victorian, an apparently content husband and father of six children, four of whom survived into adulthood. But following his conversion to Rome and the Norwich commission he turned to drink; then in 1884 he was certified insane.

The great church was completed by his brother, the anti-Catholic John Oldrid Scott. Separated from his wife and children, Scott Jr began to spend time in Rouen with a mistress between spells in Bedlam and St Andrew's Hospital, Northampton - where the gothic chapel had been built by his father. Scott Jr attempted to set the asylum on fire, brandished knives and smoked pieces of cheese in his pipe. He was convinced that the US had invaded Canada and that Gladstone was dead. He was to die, suffering from cirrhosis of the liver, in one of the bedrooms of the Midland Grand: his father held him in his architectural arms until the last.

Remarkably, Scott Jr's practice continued to evolve under his brilliant protégé, Temple Lushington Moore (1856-1920), one of England's most original and, until the blitz, influential church architects.

Was Scott's depressive psychosis, as Stamp suggests, hereditary? Perhaps. **Giles Gilbert Scott** once said: "Grandfather was the successful practical man, and a phenomenal scholar in gothic precedent, but father was the artist." An artist, yes, but how tragic that the Norwich cathedral, Scott Jr's biggest commission, was to prove a denial of his innovative artistry, a return to his father's pedantic form. How strange that he finally died in the Midland Grand, deep in the clutch of Scott Sr's particular and forceful genius. How intriguing that his finest works - St Agnes and All Hallows - were designed before his conversion to Rome. How very sad they have gone.

## ARTICLES

### The Camino Way

**This article is taken from John Flood's Blog that was published on the Website on the "Just Giving Page".**

I first went as a helper in HCPT Group 24 to Lourdes from Beaumont in 1965. I am marking my 50th pilgrimage in 2015 by participating as a support driver for the 7 day HCPT Cycle from Versailles to Lourdes which involves a commitment to raise at least £2,000 for HCPT, but for my 50th year I would like to raise at least £3,750 to



aid HCPT, this being the equivalent of the cost of taking 5 disabled and disadvantaged children for a holiday of a lifetime in Lourdes.

My own exercise challenge is more imminent as I am walking, with 4 others, about 100 miles (allowing for us to lose our way occasionally!) on the Camino pilgrimage route from Ponte Lima in Portugal to Santiago de Compostela in Northern Spain between the 6 and the 13 September. Our ages range from the mainly late 60s to a venerable 84! Two of my walking companions were with me at Beaumont, **Arthur Cope** from Indianapolis and **Patrick Solomon** from Epsom, and they are supporting me in seeking sponsorship for HCPT. My only previous sponsored walk was only 4 miles along the front at Brighton but raised £2,000 in 3 days, so I am being more ambitious this time!



### Camino Day 1

Amazing day - hard but great! See the message left to the Brits by Jim the cheeky Yank who had steamed ahead. Stopped for lunch - all in 17€ for 5! Made the summit of 410 metres after steep, rough & long climb - on the descent stopped for another G&T 1km from hotel. The others got there before Pat & I and failed to wait outside leaving us to do an extra mile BEYOND the hotel! They were moderately apologetic!

### Camino Day 2

After an appalling night with a dog barking half the night the day started wet with the regular search for Patrick's glasses - concluded he had packed them in his case which had already gone! 14 miles to Tui into Spain but in the end mainly a beautiful day. Highlight was visit to new Auberge recently opened by a very interesting lady whose life was changed by walking a 880km from Lisbon & back after the death of her husband and is now married to her companion and treated us like royalty,

especially Pat who she said had the most fantastic blue eyes! Patrick was overjoyed when reunited with his glasses! Great Tapas for supper.

### Camino – Day 3

Today it was John who nearly got off to a disastrous start, inadvertently packing all his socks in the main case which is collected early each morning! The distance was shorter than hitherto and mainly flat and there was no rain – in fact a mainly sunny day with initially quite a bit of shade through the wooded paths between the oak and eucalyptus woods. We visited Tui Cathedral before leaving the city and then had our last close view of Portugal across the river. There was no facility for a coffee stop but the lunchtime restaurant was very pleasant with tables in the garden and even a hammock for Patrick & Pat in turn to take a nap, and in Pat's case a swing with two Korean girls! The comradeship that develops with other Camino walkers of all nationalities along the route is an important feature as one passes other people or they pass us and then congregate at the various pit stops. Arthur's fluent Portuguese and Spanish and Patrick's Castilian has proved a considerable advantage.



After lunch the route took us alongside what must surely be one of the longest polygons in Spain – a hard, hot and ‘orrible route, followed by a seemingly never ending boring and unattractive slog into O Porrino itself. Hopefully this was a one off as generally the route has otherwise been attractive and rewarding. The hotel when reached was older than the previous night with its superior bathrooms. Patrick cheekily used his Spanish to ask for the best room but when he got to it, it had no balcony and no window in the bathroom causing him to examine John’s room next door, but in the process the door of his room blew to with the key left inside! In the meantime the lift had packed up and we were on the 5 floor!

#### Camino – Day 4

Our departure from the town with the largest polygon in Spain brought us quite quickly to attractive country paths and eventually to a village where 4 coffees and homemade cake cost us just €4. That set us up well for a climb to 235m and when we reached Mos at the top, a welcome water break. We later discovered that our Yank compatriot, who had again taken off early alone, was already approaching our

destination for the day 7km further on! We think he was trying to put a respectable distance between himself and his company the previous night.

We then had a steep descent towards the plain below where we found a restaurant which served some delicious squid. There we were caught up by the Gucci coach party and for the second time in two days Pat was greeted by someone who completely independently of each other said "What beautiful blue eyes - you remind me so much of my father"!! (A picture will be posted when I next have wifi access!).

By the time we reached the town of Redondella we were hot and tired and an ice cream was very welcome. There then followed a very attractive path and the second climb of the day to a very special drinking fountain and a long break, followed by our first spectacular views of the sea. And as we entered Arcade the advanced party were there to greet us and by the time we had covered the last 100m slope to the terrace in front of the hotel, Jim already had the Gin & tonics on the table! Suitably refreshed Pat accompanied me on the 15 minute walk to the sea where I enjoyed the most welcome swim since my last encounter with the damsels on the Menorcan beach! This gave me my healthiest appetite so far for an excellent supper and the prospect of the first lie in! Pat was in great form and the stories flowed amongst great laughter!



Camino OB style

Camino Day 5

With the exception of Jim we left Arcade later than usual in the knowledge that we were on our shortest walking day and, perhaps more significantly for the first time nearer the finish than the start. However by the time we reached somewhere for a late lunch we all commented that it had not felt that much shorter than previous days. As we get closer to Santiago there are more and more fellow hikers along the route and the average age seems to come down, highlighting that ours is substantially above average at 69.

There is plenty of time to chat along the route and we enjoy this. Pat is now very knowledgeable about how we learnt on Kandersteg station that Beaumont was closing when this was reported in the DT in July 1965 and all that happened after that, but he is the ultimate raconteur and his stories have included one of the best I have ever heard, the “ST ST ST ST” story from Freddy Wolff – an absolute classic!

Lunch was leisurely consisting of tapas and particularly good today. It wasn't very long after lunch that we entered Pontevedra and realised what a delightful town we had come to. Most of the walkers we had met before seemed to be there including the Gucci 17. One of them announced that she lived in North Yorkshire and I was astonished to find that she was an immediate neighbour of Sleightholmdale Lodge where we had stayed so many times in the 90s!

Dinner tonight was a strange experience, especially for Jim who ordered ham and got beef, which wasn't even on the menu. After dinner we hunted down the Pontevedra Parador in search of the Gucci ladies for Jim, but alas they had all gone to bed!

## Camino - Day 6

We knew today was to be our longest day so far, but also one without the customary elevations to contend with. Pat accepted an invitation from Jim for an early start but we learnt later that he had demoted this sub-mariner to a lower rank, having walked Pat straight by the only coffee outlet in 22kms! By contrast, after a detour to see the Cathedral and Convent chapel at Ponteverde, we arrived at that café an hour and a half after they had passed it by, this in under 2 hours, to find the Gucci coach parked outside. They were soon back on the bus leaving us briefly in the company of the 3 Spaniard men with whom we had shared the path. We had only had our first mouthful of the best Tortilla yet when 10 Spanish ladies came over the brow of the hill 20 yards back. As we were leaving they asked Arthur what the photos in my map pouch represented and he gave them a potted history of HCPT which resulted in the Just Giving site receiving €40 and reaching 90% of our target.

We had not seen any rain since Sunday morning and would almost have welcomed the previously forecast deluge as the afternoon got hellish hot. Arthur was gasping and eventually asked a local where water could be obtained and we were directed to a shop that opened especially for us where we got one Helluvadeal with a litre of icy water for just €1. Patrick negotiated the purchase of the largest tomato in the shop and was given it for nought! This unscheduled stop meant that the two Dublin ladies overtook us, but we caught them up when we stopped at an Auberge. That was close to our destination where Arthur had his hair cut and Jim befriended a German

lady who he later invited to karaoke, only to be rebutted with the immortal words "I am not from the "Congo"!"

Mass was at 8pm followed by a simple but excellent dinner served by a charming waitress. After dinner Arthur timidly approached the Irish ladies and told them that he had been trying to imitate their accents, which gave me the long awaited opportunity to drop him right in it by my telling them that Arthur had originally predicted that they were 2 Sisters Oh be Joyful, not the tax inspectors that they actually are! We then beat a hasty retreat and, not for the first time on this pilgrimage, laughed the night away ....! With tired legs and painful feet we took some solace that we were now  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to Santiago and our penultimate day would be  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the length of walk we had achieved today.

### Camino - Day 7

The penultimate day started early for Jim but his subaltern, Pat, was late on parade so they didn't leave till 08.10 after Pat's demotion. I was in trouble because last night's blog had still to be written but we were away by 9.30. In fact the late departure meant that the first coffee stop coincided with the Madrilenas time at the cafe. Email and website addresses were requested of us and Pat has subsequently predicted that the first Spanish HCPT group could be born from this encounter - so there is a challenge for the 10 lovely ladies.



The walk then took us past a cute nursery school where the children were all out playing and the words "Safe journey" were displayed in most languages. We promised to send them a postcard on our return home. Our next pleasure was coming across a Good Samaritan who had driven his car with a trailer full of fruit and water from Portugal and was handing this out to all the Camino walkers.

Lunch was again with the 10 Madrid ladies (Carmen, Maria (2), Blanca, Ines, Concha, Laura, Bea, Silvia & Gabriela) who very kindly shared their provisions with

us to supplement our Empanadas and tiny peppers, a specialty of our destination today, Padron. We hit that by 4.30, the "A" Team having said they arrived by 2! The hotel was opposite the station from which we could have reached Santiago in 15 minutes and we resisted that temptation every 15 minutes as the trains came through. After supper Arthur and John visited the outside of the ancient Padron church of Santiago which contains a stone, the legend being that this is the stone to which St James moored his boat when arriving in Padron from the Holy Land. And from there back to the hotel and bed before midnight ahead of the final long and hilly 24km to Santiago de Compostela in the morning.....

## **Camino - Day 8**

The leader of the "A" team left Padron alone at 5.30am armed with his team mate, Pat's, torch. He was on a mission to make the Pilgrim's Mass at noon as he was leaving for the airport before 5am on Sunday. Despite walking in the dark for the first 2 hours he tells us he walked into the Cathedral at 11.58! What a guy!! He is therefore the smartly dressed one in the arrival pictures because he had had the benefit of a much needed scrub up!

The "B" team, supplemented by the intrepid Pat, were 4 hours behind him and there were prospects of delay when Patrick (who you may remember mislaid his glasses on day 1), first questioned where his vital pilgrimage "passport" was and then required us to search his backpack for his forgotten morning pill! His memory is not a patch on his 84 year old namesake! They are both "Patrick John's!

We met a Spanish group of 7 outside a church and she gave us the story of St James in very interesting detail.

As we stopped for a coffee on the second short stretch of main road a car full of the Madrilenas was passing and gave us a very healthy hoot! The coffee break was peppered with intense hilarity for reasons that now escape us! Before we left the main road a second Madrilenas vehicle gave us a healthy encore!

We had a spring in our feet today and the several hills seemed to pass easily in our stride. For the 6th day in a row there was no rain, contrary to expectations. We did get very warm and every so often dipped our hats into the many fountains and even one stream to cool our heads. There was debate as to where to stop for lunch, but the eventual choice was a good one with an excellent Tortilla and tomato salad and large beers. As we emerged a young girl from Portugal was struggling up the hill and asked if we had any water which she took with great gratitude. Later after passing through the last of the many pretty villages that we had wound our way through in our 100 mile journey, we came into sight of our destination on the distant hilltop. Going down the long descent to the river we caught up with the Portuguese girl and Pat gave her his water and was rewarded with the loveliest of smiles. We engaged her in conversation and now know she is Patricia and lives where Arthur & Jim started their 240km journey in Porto, where she does social work. This was our last of many inspiring encounters along our pilgrimage route which each added hugely to our experiences of this journey. Then over the river bridge and the long steep slog up the hill to the town took us past the huge hospital which will have been a place of great sorrow in the summer of 2013.

On arrival at the Cathedral it seemed surreal as, unlike Arthur & Jim's first journey here a year ago, the square was full of the paraphernalia associated with the end of the Tour of Spain Cycle race which finishes here tomorrow and loud music. There was an element of disappointment, especially after climbing the 33 huge steps to the Cathedral door, only to be turned away, but all that disappeared when he entered a little later by a side door to find Jim already there and a Spanish mass in progress. We also met our German friend, Christine, who later took our photos and shared a drink with us.

After collecting our individual certificate a "Compostela" and meeting our Irish friends there and then our own scrub up, we had paella at our hotel and shared our joy at all our experiences. Arthur & John then walked back to the Cathedral and found the old town was electric with crowds of happy people, including our bumping into our Norwegian friends who we had last met last Sunday when Pat gave them a rendition of "Singing in the rain"! That was just one of so many of his unique contributions to the last 8 remarkable days in which he was the most remarkable achiever!

There may be an Epilogue tomorrow after we have attended the Pilgrims' Mass.....





## Journey's end

### The Epilogue

To conclude our Pilgrimage we attended the Sunday Pilgrims' Mass in the Cathedral at midday. The church was packed with standing room only but we found positions near to the high altar. There were several concelebrants and great music and I am told by our two Spanish speakers, Arthur & Patrick, that the sermon was inspiring and simple, advocating one making the Sign of the Cross, instead of succumbing to temptation. After Communion we witnessed the spectacle of the huge Botafumeiro being swung across the high altar by half a dozen Tiraboleiros. Later I returned to ascend the stairs to the right of the High Altar to offer the prayer I had brought at the statue of St James the Apostle.

The Pilgrimage over, Pat was intent upon our spoiling ourselves with a drink in the Parador adjacent to the Cathedral where the four of us raised a glass to our missing pilgrim, Jim, who sadly was already over the Atlantic travelling in the opposite direction to Arthur's wife, Sharon, who happily was joining him a day later than intended. A Tapas lunch was had at a location which by chance turned out to be an ideal spot to witness the gathering cavalcade of vehicles that heralded the arrival later of the cyclists at the end of the Spanish equivalent of the Tour de France, this including about 100 police motor cycle outriders. While the razzmatazz of this event impacted hugely on the more typical gathering place for Pilgrims in front of the Cathedral, we never-the-less continued to meet friends made along the route from innumerable countries both in the Cathedral and outside the café. They had in their individual ways added greatly to our experience along the route from Porto or Ponte Lima to Santiago, a journey that was both different, but at the same time similar for each of us. Pat reckoned it was more difficult than the Wainwright Coast to Coast he had undertaken in his 80 year, over 4 years ago.

Sharon duly arrived in the evening and we returned to the Cathedral Square in time to witness the roar of the crowd as a leading cyclist came over the line before entering a restaurant that forms part of the Parador for an excellent meal and emerging to the very loud concert singing that then filled the square in music that Patrick, a celebrated musician since his Beaumont days, declared to be "really quite good"!

In the morning we hope to attend the English mass and see the museum before we part company, Arthur & Sharon to continue their tour of Spain & Portugal before travelling to Moscow by boat from St Petersburg, and the two Patricks and John to Epsom, but each of us to a life enriched in some way by this extraordinary experience, too difficult to adequately describe in words here and only capable of being understood by personal experience.

If you have followed our journey through our daily reports we hope you have also enjoyed it. We have greatly valued and appreciated all your messages of support and the overwhelming donations so many have made to already result in our original target being met and exceeded today in aid of HCPT and the 2015 Cycle and subsequent Easter Children's Pilgrimage to Lourdes. These have now reached in

excess of £4,000 and perhaps may yet surpass £5,000. The Chairman of HCPT has suggested that we have redefined "Pilgrimage"! Let his be the final word as he also appropriately wrote "Testimony to what we all know of the great man, that 84-year-old Pat gave up his water to an unknown struggling junior. Respect".

### FR HENRY DAY SJ

I will be producing a general article in VRIL in 2015 on the work of Chaplains in the Great War but earlier this year a piece appeared in Jesuit & Friends on some of the Order that volunteered and went to the front. Among them was **Fr Henry Day (84)** one of seven brothers and the sons of Sir Henry Day Judge of the High Court that passed through the school. Sir John was known as "Judgment Day" or "Day of Reckoning" for the severity of his sentences but his two youngest boys Henry and Arthur proved to be quite unruly during their schooldays and were among the leaders of Lower Line that ambushed The Higher in the legendary "Sod Fight" of 1880. Henry and Arthur joined the Jesuits and both were chaplains in WW1



Fr Henry Day SJ MC

**Fr Henry Day SJ** (1865-1951) had offered his service as a chaplain days before the outbreak of war and given his experience of riding on the Zambezi Mission and more recently with the North Devonshire Stag Hunt, he was appointed to the cavalry division. As chaplain he witnessed the advance from Suvla Bay (Gallipoli), the fighting on the Salonika front (Macedonia) and the last six months of the fighting in France. He was awarded the Military Cross and the Order of the White Eagle of Serbia. The following is an extract of his experiences:

*On Wednesday November 3rd, at six-thirty in the morning, we landed on the pier at West Mudros. From the same place the Division had set out three months previously to the number of over five thousand of the finest troops that Britain had sent out from her shores. A shattered remnant of four hundred returned. At ten-thirty we formed up, and started for camp. A search for food had been made, but none had been found. We were heavily laden, many carrying the additional burden of incipient dysentery, fever and jaundice. So weakened were all by the physical conditions of the past months that it took the party five hours to march the four and a half miles to the bare space on the rocky upland which was to be our rest camp. From necessity a halt had to be called every two or three hundred yards, and during one of these in the village of X an amusing incident occurred. I was lying by the roadside in the rear contemplating a Union Jack flying over a large white house in the outskirts of the village, the Military Governor's residence, when my reveries were interrupted by the approach of a cavalcade headed by a similar flag borne on a lance top. The General, mistaking me for the C.O., stopped and interrogated me sharply. He wanted to know what the \_\_\_\_\_ troops under my command were doing lying about in the village. I explained that I was the chaplain, and referred him to the Colonel fifty yards up the street. It was flattering to be mistaken for the commanding officer, especially in the circumstances of being unshaven for three days, in ragged attire and without collar or tie. Yet in spite of the compliment I resented the professional lack of sentiment. The General was Sir William Western, K.C.B., I did not know him at the time, but was early privileged to make his acquaintance. I discovered then that he was one of the kindest and most considerate of men. He had a long and honourable record of service. He had been wounded during the Dardanelles operations, and was subsequently appointed Military Governor of West Mudros. He was amused to hear of the first impression he had made on me."*

Despite having been in danger often during the years of the Great War, it was not until the week before Armistice that he was wounded. He was with a unit which was advancing too fast in pursuit of the retreating Germans; it came under fire from British guns and it was by a shell from 'friendly fire' that the chaplain was wounded. He was in hospital in London and then served for some time in the army of occupation in Germany. Later he wrote two volumes of memoirs, *A Cavalry Chaplain* and *Macedonia Memories*, about his experience as a chaplain. Lieutenant-General Peyton paid him this tribute:

"Most gallant amongst that gallant body of men 'the padres' of all denominations, who in all theatre of war shared the dangers, and hardships of the trenches, and the open field; and ministered with such sympathy to both the spiritual and bodily wants of all ranks: Father Day stood out for his simplicity, bravery, and breadth of vision..."

### **"A Cavalry Chaplain" by Henry C Day SJ MC.**

It is a very readable account of his service and covers the period of mobilisation, attached (initially) to 3rd Mounted Bde and the Derbyshire Yeomanry and his subsequent experiences as the RC Chaplain to the 2nd Mounted Div through

Gallipoli. Lots of anecdotes and a lot of colour on many of the COs, Brigadiers and some officers in the Division. Seems to have spent time with each Yeomanry unit for days at a time and gives some entertaining accounts. Also includes his time with the QODY which he regarded as his favourite regiment.



Henry's "Dear Dorsets" on patrol

He describes Lt Col Troyte Bullock as popular and is very complimentary about the regiment. The "Dear Dorsets" and describes a few days stay with them in Egypt before embarking. He marched across the Suvla Plain with the Div on the advance to Chocolate Hill on the 21st August, coming under shellfire with the rest of them. Nothing really groundbreaking but a very good supplement to existing histories and adds considerable colour to the lifestyle and conditions of life in barracks in Egypt and in the trenches at Suvla. Contains a few interesting ink sketches.

## LEGAL FIRMS

Apart from spending time in Uniform brought on by the various conflicts during the School's existence, the preferred chosen profession of OBs was the Law. Most of us were aware of Firms such as Charles Russell (Ed. My solicitors), and Tolhurst Fisher but the oldest of "the Beaumont" firms was Munster, Roskell, Witham & Weld. Among the Munsters was **John (69)** treasurer of the BU for 50 years. One of his sons **William** was superior of the London Oratory 34-60 and his brother **John** KIA with 13<sup>th</sup> Hussars in 1917. **Charles Roskell** the first Beaumont boy was also in the firm as was his son **Charles (18)**. **Charles Witham (00)** was the son of the senior partner and **Philip (17)** Lt Grenadier Guards WW1 and a prisoner of the Japanese in WW2. **Humphrey Weld (1863)** inherited Lulworth.

The last OB connection with the successor firm that became Witham & Weld was **Jerry Hawthorne (67)**

and this piece is taken from Jerry's Blog.



“Leaving one's workplace after 42 years must be difficult for anyone but the difficulty is substantially ameliorated by departing for another even older great firm in London's Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Lawyers tend to be self-centred especially litigation lawyers where often the name of the game is proving to the judge jury and the other side how right one is and how wrong one's protagonists are.

Anyway here edited to protect the innocent are extracts from my farewell speech:

Some 42 years ago when searching for what were then called “Articled Clerk” vacancies I received two letters – you should bear in mind that email had hardly been invented at that time. One was from Brendan Garry who was then a Partner at Witham Weld and the other was from Farrer & Co who were the solicitors to HM The Queen. Upon being interviewed here by Brendan I told him of the other interview with Farrer & Co being arranged. Shortly afterwards, he telephoned me with an offer to join Witham Weld as a Articled Clerk provided that I accepted the offer within two hours. Obviously, that gave no time for the interview with Farrer & Co and the rest is history.

In the 1970s Articled Clerks or Trainee Solicitors, as they are now called, were not usually given seats in separate departments but had simply to undertake whatever was thrown at them. One of my earliest duties involved travelling to a large estate in Ireland – The .... Estate – to secure signatures to a conveyance required before the end of the tax year. Having arrived at the large Irish mansion I was taken to some large upstairs windows to attempt to shoot geese with their shotguns - with no success. The other great recollection of that client I have is that the trustees' grandfather was with others responsible for the building of the Royal Albert Hall. The clients in Ireland owned a grand tier box at the Royal Albert Hall which they were happy for Witham Weld partners and staff to use. Attending for the last night of the proms was a great occasion but there were also pop concerts, tennis and other activities at the Royal Albert Hall which we used to enjoy before the box was sold on.

The ... family in Dorset were also then clients. I recall driving down to their estate for the first time and when I stopped to check a local map there were some huge

bangs and my old Morris Minor bounced up from the road though thankfully landing on four wheels. No one had warned me that ...Castle was next to the army firing ranges. Speaking of castles, another frightening episode arose upon my visiting the late Duke of ... Castle in .... Problems had arisen with some battlement repairs. The Duke who seemed quite elderly, arranged for a large ladder to be brought to the castle wall which he then proceeded to climb up. Frankly I have little head for heights and certainly not for climbing long distances up ladders but he was about 40 or 50 years older than me then so I felt that I had to follow.

Another Catholic peer of the realm the late Lord ...who was a client of Brendan's, once asked me to have lunch with him at the House of Lords which was a great experience. Years later however I saw a letter he wrote to Brendan Garry hopefully in jest, asking whether Witham Weld had been responsible for the downfall of more old Catholic families than any other institution since the reformation. But thankfully times and peers of the realm, have moved on.

The two most unusual matters that I recall at Witham Weld were firstly in the early 1970s there was an appeal during Mass for some £25,000 for the repairs needed for a central London church roof. As it happens, among the congregation was an American oil prospector. After mass he told the parish priest that there was a problem for his company which might be resolved by the church which would then also have its roof repaired. The problem was that oil had been discovered in the ... North Sea oil field but American law did not then permit loans to be made based on oil under the sea. The oil had to be extracted before money could be lent but oil extraction was and is very expensive. In England the loan was regarded simply as a commercial transaction so it was agreed that if the church supported the loan (at no liability to itself) it would receive 0.00001 per cent of the oil revenues up to £25,000. This would then enable the American company to benefit and secure loans directly.

The charity commission had no objection so the matter was agreed in principle which meant that as an almost newly qualified solicitor, it was necessary to get up on oil prospecting and North Sea oil finance documents. The task was made somewhat less difficult by the American oil company agreeing to pay all the costs including those of any American agents we involved. The deal was eventually done successfully and the church roof repaired. Shortly afterwards however another oil field was discovered immediately under the ... oil field in the North Sea and the process was repeated but by then we all knew what we were doing.

Secondly and perhaps the most exciting task I undertook at Witham Weld was that of being honorary solicitor to the visit to the United Kingdom of Pope John Paul II in May 1982. Unlike the recent visit of Pope Benedict XVI which was a state visit, Pope John Paul II's visit was pastoral, which meant that it had to be paid for by the men and women in the catholic pews rather than the government. As Honorary Solicitor more experience covering a large number of different areas of law was gained at that time than might have been accumulated after years of work. Trademarks and licensing were essential for the papal visit finance raising; 1982 was well before the mobile phone had been invented so deals had to be done with British Telecom/The Post Office for arrays of telephone lines at various sites around the country; there were negotiations with the police for security; rights of way and licences for using fields stadiums and offices. Finally when all was almost ready for a visit, war broke

out with Argentina about the Falklands. The visit was almost cancelled but His Holiness thankfully arranged an almost impromptu visit to the Argentina for June 1982 which meant that he could still visit England in May. As was the practice in those days there was a free public access to all the events although what with opposition from Dr Ian Paisley and the fact that an attempt had been made on the Pope's life only in 1981, security was a problem. However all ended very well and successfully.

Overall, the past 42 years have been very happy and interesting ones professionally. There have however of course been some difficulties but there have been huge benefits for our clients over the years and for most of the staff and partners.

Jerry is now a consultant with Farrer & Co – the Royal Solicitors specialising in dispute resolution and deployment law – it is unlikely that his services will be required at The Palace.

## **GISS - GOSS**



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

**From The Business Insider (Australia) 9 July 2014**



Added after a century to the Australian War Memorial's roll is the name of **Charles Antoine De Guerry Dalglish**. Captain Dalglish, 1st Battalion, The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), was born in Goulburn, New South Wales, in 1883. He served with the regiment in the Boer War, and was later killed in the fighting for the French village of Soblonnières on September 8, 1914.

Almost 59,000 Australians died fighting in the Great War.

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### From The Tablet 6 August 1921

#### MEMORIAL TO MR. A. W. DOUGLAS-DICK

The memory of **Mr. Archibald William Douglas-Dick**, of the Scots Guards, who was missing on November 17, 1914, and is presumed to have been killed in action at Veldhock during an attack by the Prussian Guard, has been commemorated in the church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Broughty Ferry, by the installation of a new peal of nine bells. He had been through three weeks' desperate fighting, and was the only officer left in the trench with the sixty remaining men of his battalion. The bells and the tower to receive them are the gift of his parents, Brigadier-General and Mrs.



Douglas-Dick, of Pitkerro House, Kingennie, Dundee, and the largest of them bears his initials with the words "Mater Dei memento mei," copied from an old pre-Reformation bell.

The ceremony of blessing the bells took place on Sunday before last in presence of an overflowing congregation in the little church. Father Hampton, S.J., who was rector of Beaumont whilst Mr. Douglas-Dick was a student there, was to have preached the sermon, but was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending. His place was taken by Father Barrington Douglas-Dick, uncle of the young officer. The preacher pointed to the appropriateness of bells as a memorial, for their call to Worship would remind all that they were consecrated to the service of God and one's neighbours. Archibald Douglas-Dick, said the preacher, was, above everything, deeply and fervently religious. He was a good son and brother, staunch comrade and friend and a brave soldier, possessing a bright and sunny disposition which endeared him to all his brother officers. Thus he writes home of his life in the trenches, that "amidst the squalor and sordidness of the life"—such that we who never witnessed it cannot realise—the one consolation was the constant practice of his religion. The last words he is recorded to have said were words of cheer and consolation to a soldier friend who had just been wounded. Even as he spoke he was cut down.

After the sermon, Father Russell, the parish priest, acting as the deputy of the Bishop of Dunkeld, blessed the bells, assisted by Father Stuart and Father Toner. General and Mrs. Douglas-Dick were present at the ceremony' in the tower. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, given by Canon Malcolm, of St. Patrick's,, Dundee.

Amongst those present, besides Brigadier-General and Mrs. Douglas-Dick, their daughters, and Captain Caulfield, were Canon M`Donald and Father Donagher, of St. Joseph's, Dundee ; Baffles Archer and Gullies, of Dundee Town Council; Rev. Mr. Waring, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Broughty Ferry ; Major Cappon, who designed the tower. The bells were manufactured by Messrs. Gillett & Johnston, at Croydon, Surrey ; Mr. Johnston carrying out the ringing of the bells during the ceremony.

## The Douglas Dick Family.

The father of **Archibald (07)** was Brigadier General Archibald Douglas Dick Laird of Mains whose seat was at Pitkerro Castle north east of Dundee.



The young Archibald's mother was Isabelle Parrott born in 1863, daughter of John Parrott, a Virginian banker and merchant. She is related to Tubercio Parrott who built the house featured on Falcon Crest the TV Series. She married Brigadier Archibald Douglas-Dick in 1883 and bore one son and six daughters. The paintings by John Singer Sargent were commissioned by Mrs. Dick's mother. Four of Isabelle's Parrott nephews also of the banking family came to Beaumont from the USA. Stephan (12) left for Harvard, William (13) to The Catholic University Washington and Lt US Airforce WW1, Edmund (13) Yale, Lt US Airforce, KIA 1918. Francios (14) Catholic University, US Army Killed active Service 1917.

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## The Danish Consul in a BU Tie



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**CALLED TO THE BAR:** Ravi Rangee Dolsingh, second from left, son of the late Rangee Dolsingh SC, is flanked by his mother Sara Dolsingh (left); his wife Jennifer Alcazar-Dolsingh centre, and his in-laws Heather and Anthony Alcazar of the Danish Consulate in London).

**Anthony Alcazar (58)** is the Honorary Consul for Denmark in Trinidad and Tobago which might well come as a surprise to those that remember him. This snippet came from Reg Carlton-Morris :-

Dear Robert,

Not so long ago I happened upon this photograph on-line of Anthony Alcazar (BU '58) who was a chum of mine at Beaumont.

At the time this photograph was taken in 2009 Anthony was the Danish Hon. Consul General in Trinidad I believe.

I last met Anthony in 1969 when I found myself on a 2 week layover in Port of Spain, Trinidad when flying for BOAC having left the RAF at the end of '67 following 8 years in the service of HM as a pilot.

Whilst on the island I contacted Anthony and his brother Alan (BU '59) and spent an enjoyable evening with them at Anthony's home.

Recently it was great to be in touch again with old friends Frank Staples (BU '57) and John Wolff (BU '58).

My wife Rosemary and I will be back at our primary home in deepest Norfolk, UK in a month or so following a pleasant interlude at our cottage on Cape Cod.

Very best wishes

Reg

Chatham, MA., USA    ([contactreg@aol.com](mailto:contactreg@aol.com))

Having made contact with Reg, I asked him about **Frank Staples** assertion that he and his family were associated with Tulyer the '52 Derby winner. Reg replied:-

My mothers family were involved in horse racing....Grandfather James Burns was a well-known Trainer and owner based in Ayr, Scotland back the beginning of the 20th Century, but who ran the Irish stables at Lumville in the Curragh as well. Uncle Tommy Burns and son TP Burns (my 1st Cousin) both leading jockeys of Ireland in their time. Tommy Burns moved to live and permanently settle in Ireland and ran Lumville and later on son TP took over the place.

However I have no recollection of Tulyer (1952 Derby winner) being involved, however that horse was I believe sold afterwards to an Irish Stud.

Also have no recollection of ever discussing Tulyer with Frank Staples.....but Frank may well have a far better memory than mine !

So the name of the great horse Tulyer certainly rings a bell at the moment, but no more.

As a child of 4 yrs old I was inspired cousin Jimmy, TP Burns's brother, who despite being an Irish National joined the RAF and with fellow crew members stayed in our home in outer London (Middlesex) on visits in 1944-45. Sadly his Halifax bomber disappeared on a Hamburg raid about 6 weeks before the war ended....all the crew were lost.

Because of cousin Jimmy Burns my interest in flying began and a full career of aviating in the RAF and BOAC / BA followed.

To return to BU matters.....2 or 3 years ago **John Wolff** did tell me that he had relatives who live in Brewster, Cape Cod a small town close to Chatham where my wife and I keep a home.

The late **Hal Danby (BU '58)**, a good friend of mine at Beaumont has a brother **Philip (BU '57)**, known as Pip in those days, whom I believe now lives in Osterville on Cape Cod, the other side of the town of Hyannis to our cottage here in Chatham MA. But have not looked him up as I did not know Pip well when at Beaumont because he was somewhat senior to me.

On another subject: I gather you were in the army Robert and am interested to know if you were ever involved with the paras?

One of my many roles when flying my RAF Argosy a/c was to drop members of the Parachute Regiment (and SAS !) in various places. Were you ever one of those daring individuals who leapt out of my aircraft I wonder?

The British made AW Argosy powered by 4 Rolls Royce Dart engines, the C130 of yesteryear, could be used in many different guises....passenger mode, freight mode, heavy drop and para.

We were forever on the move and I could find myself anywhere between the UK, our European bases in Germany and even the Arctic Circle to as far away as Singapore....with much of the Med., Middle East and Africa thrown in.

In between times could also find myself dropping small items from the aircraft's rear doors from a height of 50 feet, which concentrated the mind.

Known as a 50' drop, that stuff was packed in well padded bags without using a parachute of course and literally thrown out.

In those days we had British bases all over. Some exceedingly large.

I was based at RAF Khormaksar, Aden for a couple of years, a vast place, mainly flying around our ME bases small and large, but from there was also sent for longish periods to Kenya, Southern Rhodesia and Swaziland every now and again which broke the tour up nicely.

Even dropped in to see the French one day at Djibouti. Quite fascinating. Later on would regularly visit their airbase at Istres, near Marseilles.

It was a great lifestyle and much enjoyed. Maybe you were in some of those spots?

On that happy note will sign off. All the very best

Reg

**Ed:** Reg's Uncle Tommy Burns known as the "Scotchman" rode for over 40 years and won 21 classics. As a trainer he claimed five 2000gns, five 1000gns, one Derby and four Oaks. He was the oldest trainer in Ireland and a great character. His son TP Burns is also considered one of the all-time greats of Irish Racing. There was a marvellous story of Tommy told by Aubrey Brabazon

'The Scotchman' had a reputation as a 'stopping jockey'. Returning to Kildare and finding his train not stopping, he pulled the communication cord and hopped out. "As he disappeared across the track, the well-known racegoer 'Buckets' Maloney put his head out the window and shouted "Tommy, I've seen you stop many a horse, but this is the first time I've seen you stop a train".

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### **Royal British Legion Service of Remembrance**

How many noticed on the Television an individual wearing a BU tie seated among the VIP guests of the National President – Vice Admiral Peter Wilkinson CB CVO. It was there worn by **John Flood**. The ceremony was opened with a veteran of the Parachute Regiment telling of his experience of "D"Day; He had "jumped in" to take Ranville alongside **Major Gerry Ford (30)**.

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I had a missive from **Christopher Lord** explaining his absence on Remembrance Sunday: "Regrettably I shall be abroad, but I shall think of you all and say a little prayer in a Venetian temple".

Ed. Why do I suspect that the temple is the Cipriani.

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### **800<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Magna Carta**

Those concerned that despite our connection with Runnymede, there will be no BU input for the celebrations planned for next year can now rest easy. I have heard from **Anthony Northey** that he is on the Magna Carta 800th Anniversary Committee and the Magna Carta 800th Anniversary Legal Committee on behalf of the Notaries Society.

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### **In Court**

I saw **Johnny Muir** at a memorial service a couple of months ago (also present was **Varyl Chamberlain**). I said to Johnny that I was surprised to see him believing him "detained at Her Majesty's pleasure". Apparently Johnny, always the man of principle, had made a stand over Council Tax and had his day in court. Johnny

declared to the Bench that “the charge came from a Kangaroo Council and he was now in a Kangaroo Court”. With that, the Magistrate pressed a buzzer saying “Call security Call Security”. Johnny now realising that discretion was better than valour decided a conciliatory course of action was required – capitulated and paid both tax and fine (Before security arrived).

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### **At The Wake**

I attended **Philip German- Ribon's** funeral on behalf of the BU. Also present were **Edwin de Lisle** and **Anthony Tussaud** there to support **Anthony** and the family. I also met **Michael Sandoz (66)** Philip's nephew who had flown over from Canada. Michael who was born and brought up in Switzerland emigrated to Canada where he practices as a Civil Engineer based in Ottawa: he had no idea that the BU still existed.

**Anthony G-R** is one of the few people who can say truthfully “That Lloyd George knew my father” See Philip's obituary.

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### **Miss-spent youth.**

Listening to **Bill Gammell** at the lunch one recalled his escapade with **Roger Fiennes** when they bicycled to St Mary's Ascot for possible assignments. The alarm raised and the police called they made good their escape but later received a panning for their trouble.

Sitting beside me, **Nigel Courtney** told me of a visit to the Convent in 1963. Further updating of schoolboy transport meant that Nigel drove in **Patrick Covernton's** illegally kept car (the tax disc was a Guinness beer mat) for a rendezvous with their then girlfriends. A similar fate awaited them but they managed to return to the school unscathed except for being hit on the back of the head by tools that came loose during an emergency halt. On this occasion their jaunt was undiscovered by the “Js”. Patrick was later expelled just weeks before the end of his last term when his various motoring escapades came to light: he took the Queen's Shilling.

I have often wondered whether there was any serious rejoicing when Beaumont closed. I would not have been surprised if the Reverend Mother and her community at St Mary's had sung Magnificat relieved that the girls in their care would in future remain safe.

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### **Downton Abbey**

It is good to know that despite certain improbable sub-plots certain facts ring true. These include the use of Highclere as an Officers Hospital from the start of the War.

Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple wrote to The REVIEW on 17 Oct “Jock was hit last Tuesday. He has a bad wound in his side. Last night the war Office told us he had sailed from France in a hospital ship and later in the evening Lady Carnavon rang up from Highclere to say that Jock had arrived there and was doing nicely .....

Followers of fashion will be pleased that authenticity was also maintained when Rose was presented at Court: both the young lady and Cora Grantham wore dresses based on original designs by **Edward Molyneux (05)**.

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### **At Dinner**

The Royal Marines celebrated their 350<sup>th</sup> birthday on 28 Oct so I sent greetings to **Robert Bruce:-**

Thanks! How very observant of you! Attended 350<sup>th</sup> Dinner in the Guildhall in London with 350 guests - never seen so many mess kits in one place! Duke of Edinburgh, as Captain General, spoke without notes and very amusing too! Great night.

Bootneck!

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### **The Queen's Outfit**

**Oliver Hawkins** seems to remember that Her Majesty wore yellow for her Centenary visit in 1961. In the painting of the event now at St John's she is wearing light blue. Oliver thinks that this colour was chosen at random as it was painted from a black and white photograph. Anyone remember- personally I back light blue.

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## **CORRESPONDENCE**

### **From Simon Li**

Dear Robert,

Brother Jo

My classmate John Flood, whom I saw on a visit to London earlier this summer, urged me to take another look at the BU website you run. I did so and write now to thank you for the wealth of compelling reading, photos and the memories they stirred up. My gratitude and hearty congratulations to you.

Indeed the range of topics was so extensive and the queue of articles so long that I wonder if your considerable technological skills so admirably displayed might stretch to installing a contents box high up (such as one finds on any longer Wikipedia page) to help guide readers to particular articles or allow them to bypass material that they've already read. Not that I necessarily have the faintest idea what I'm talking about, as I'm a Luddite of the first order.



I saw John because he was kind enough to make the long drive up to Knightsbridge to collect from me two framed photos of HCPT groups (I think in 1966 and 1967) that belonged to my late brother Joseph. I had found them when clearing out a couple of Kensington flats my parents had owned in preparation for selling them after my father passed away last year.



Jo was one of the "victims" of the closing of Beaumont as he had to finish his schooling in the bleak surroundings of that other place "Nr Preston". He went on to earn his undergraduate and master degrees in Physics before deciding belatedly that what he really wanted was to be a doctor. So he backtracked to obtain the necessary courses to enter medical school. He qualified as a radiologist, and practiced in Birmingham for many years. He happily collected wine and wrist watches and became quite an accomplished cook, regularly treating a wide coterie of friends to Sunday lunches and at holidays such as Christmas. He died terribly prematurely in 1995.



Along with the Lourdes photos I found more photos of Jo at Beaumont, either class pictures or photos related to rowing. Jo was a pretty good cox, I believe, though as someone who idled the summer terms away pretending to play cricket--I must have been the least competent wicket keeper who ever donned a pair of gloves--I did not, to my regret now, pay much attention to his doings at Beaumont. Mea culpa, though the stratifications of Beaumont's system probably contributed to that divide. There's also a quite good shot of the chapel, though I don't know where that came from.



Anyway, I hope you find some of these photos of interest to other BU members from the last couple of years of Beaumont, and that they are of sufficient clarity to publish.



**ED-** Apart from Jo who are the others

Again, thank you very much for your excellent custody of the BU website that helps to keep the Beaumont spirit alive. Best wishes,



ED-.This must be one of the last group photos

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From **Anthony Northey**.

Dear Robert

Thanks for your email + news etc.

Please keep up the good work. It is really incredible that the B U is in such fine form - nearly 50 years after "the closure". A few points 1. Unfortunately I cannot make the BU lunch this year. I very much regret this as it is exactly 50 years since I and "my cohort" left Beaumont. I will be in Hawaii at the Conference of the Australian and New Zealand College of Notaries at the time of the lunch. Back in 2009, I managed to get together quite a few of the 1959 intake for a lunch and a stay at the Beaumont House Hotel to mark 50 years since we first crossed the thresholds of Beaumont. 2. I will send you a cheque shortly as a donation to B U funds. 3. I thought I had sent you an email earlier on this year (but cannot find it in my outbox, so probably did not send it) indicating that I am on the Magna Carta 800th Anniversary Committee and the Magna Carta 800th Anniversary Legal Committee on behalf of the Notaries Society and that at one of the meetings, I was told by representatives of the Surrey

County Council that you had given the Council a very good talk about your books and the Meads etc. in the light of the Runnymede site, where Magna Carta was "sealed" (not signed). 4. I was co-opted onto the Council of the Intelligence Corps last year.

As a member of their Council, I have just been on a very well organised visit to Upper Normandy with the Corps to mark the 100th anniversary of the formation of the Intelligence Corps at the start of the First World War. It was a 3 day trip, which featured a parade by regulars, reservists and veterans in Bois-Guillaume, a service in the cemetery where the first member of the Corps to be killed was buried, a Civic Reception at Bois Guillaume. Major John Hamill organised a visit to the vast cemetery at Etaples, which is beautifully tended by the Commonwealth Graves Commission. Visiting that particular vast cemetery brings home to one the immense loss of life in the First World War. Major John Hamill provided us with a list of the first members of the Corps back in August 1914. I managed to provide him with some detail about a 2nd Lieutenant J V Hay, about whom he had no detail in his booklet. By chance a feature/article in the 4th August 2014 Law Society's Gazette gave a lot of detail about him.

Another name in that list, is 2nd Lieutenant E. De Trafford and again there is no detail about him. I was wondering, if he was part of the De Trafford family from Malta, who were at Beaumont. Do you have any information in the B U archives, which could throw any light on this person? Alternatively, if you have an email address for any surviving member of that family, I could make enquiries direct. I attach an excerpt from the booklet, which lists the founder members of the Intelligence Corps and includes 2nd Lieutenant E. De Trafford.

Thanks for the email, Robert.

I will get cheque for "party funds" before I leave for Hawaii this week

I got onto Beverley Sillitoe at the Stonyhurst Association about Edmund De Trafford and obtained quite a lot of info about him, which I have passed onto "the historians" at the Intelligence Corps at our meeting at Chicksands yesterday morning after their Worldwide Officers Dinner in the Officers Mess there on Thursday evening . A great evening, but having a serious meeting early on Friday morning (the next morning), chaired by Major General Jim Hockenull (who has just taken over as Corps Commandant from Sir Nick Houghton) perhaps was not the best of timing! In exchange I was able to provide Beverley Sillitoe with some detail about Edmund de Trafford's time in the Intelligence Corps.



Hectic week, as on Wednesday, I was at Westminster Abbey for the Opening of the Legal Year Service representing the Notaries Society with 3 other Council members and the breakfast Reception at Westminster Hall afterwards. Good occasion - photo attached showing Chris Grayling (Lord Chancellor) and myself (on left) + 2 other of our Council members.

Trust that the B U lunch goes well - everything be equal - I I will be there next year. A preliminary note of the date would be much appreciated as my 2015 diary is fast filling up.

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**From John Tristram**                      WW1 Casualties

Robert, I was messing around on the internet yesterday and re-visited the Roll of Honour on the Wimbledon College site. Their casualty rate must have been up with Beaumont's from an equally small or smaller base. There is an element of double counting, eg Dease, the war's first VC, shared with Stonyhurst, and my uncle Eric Tristram shared with St Georges Weybridge, but they did clock up 3 VCs in the 2 wars.

It is also noticeable how many 'Beaumont' names feature, eg de Trafford, Raymond-Barker, de Weck, Bellasis, Clifford, Considine, Galton, Synnott, Weld, Maybe some of these are also double-counted.

Total numbers WW1 129, WWII 59. I thought you might be interested.

ED. John raises an interesting point that certain individuals are listed as war dead on several memorials and are counted in the casualty figures for more than one school. The names of OBs can be found not only at Wimbledon for the Army Class but also at Eton and Beaumont's other Catholic contemporaries. Statistics need to be considered with this in mind as it obviously distorts the overall figure of Public School casualties. For those interested I publish below those of the principle Catholic schools:-

Name	No of Pupils 1914	Served	KIA	%
Ampleforth	130	nk	64	-
Downside	nk	506	109	21.5
Oratory	70	428	84	19.6
Stonyhurst	309	1012	168	16.6
BEAUMONT	192	599	132	22

**Malcom Pritchett** further emphasised this spread on school memorials with an Obituary he sent me of **Capt Wilfrid Bunbury** which appeared in the November 2014 Edition of Catena (The Catenians Magazine). He attended Beaumont but maybe not for long (ED 2 years) as he also went to St Georges Weybridge and St Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham.

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### From Nigel Magrane

Hi Robert,

Sorry I couldn't attend the lunch. I had another London lunch the next day and couldn't manage (or afford) both.

I have had some threats to my emails and have been obliged to change my password. A number of suspect email addresses were identified by Outlook.com. One of them was [jihanrahan@aol.com](mailto:jihanrahan@aol.com). Do you recognise it as a BU member?

Hope you are well. Best wishes. Nigel

**ED.** I put Nigel's mind at rest. However I wonder whether like **John Hanrahan** it is better to be considered a potential virus or to be informed that one's missive has been placed automatically in "junk" mail.

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ED I saved this one till last

**From Nick Warren**

Dear Robert,

Thank you for all your fine efforts for the BU events and for the splendid Lunch yesterday. Food, wine, the Hon Life President's speech and the company were all splendid, and although many old friends were unable to make it, we all enjoyed another gathering of our illustrious Beaumont past.

I feel however that I must draw your attention to the complete omission of the line:

'et dimitte nobis debita nostra'

from our otherwise spirited rendition of the Pater Noster. I was hoping that my own sins were about to be forgiven via our joint appeal, so I was a bit dismayed that our collective, and always loud, appeal to higher authority was thus not made.

**Since young Mike Bedford was leading us at the time, straight into 'sicut et nos,,,' we must presume that his own list of transgressions was so long that he preferred to duck the appeal pending the return of sobriety.**

I trust that the full version will be restored on another occasion.

**Was everyone else too polite/p\*\*\*\*d to notice?**

Great afternoon!

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ON THAT NOTE

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND ALL THE BEST FOR THE NEW YEAR

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