

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2022



I'm often asked how do I find the time to write so much for The REVIEW and where does all the material come from. Well firstly, I don't spend all hours beavering away, tapping with one finger on my computer – I haven't progressed in the last twenty years since embracing modern technology. Most of my time is spent outdoors and although in the last year I no longer have horses at home to exercise daily, I'm much involved in "Jump" racing which was my first love from

school, and takes me all over the country. I'm also the "jobbing" gardener with fairly extensive grounds to maintain. However, my indoor hobby, based around my love of history and an inquisitive mind, includes Beaumont and the many extraordinary people that spent time there. (I'm not certain that all were educated). The internet has made a tremendous difference to research work and thankfully it has not "killed off" the book trade which is another great source of information. I find it fascinating to discover new facts: an example you will find in this edition. Roland Berrill's obituary of 60 years ago in the Review runs to a few lines that "he left Beaumont in 1913 and died in 1962". It seems, it was unknown at the time, that he founded "Mensa" and was also a War Poet.

Plenty more to come and I remain grateful for any "titbits" you can send on to me.

NEWS

The Lunch:

A very successful gathering at the Caledonian saw just under 50 attend (10 more than last year). Judging by the "B & Bs" a good time was had by all. A huge thanks as always to Mandy Bedford who did all the work to organise the party.



"Trencherman" Darby getting "stuck in"

The list was as follows:

Chairman's Table: Robert Wilkinson, Tony Outred, Oliver Hawkins, Roger Darby
Bertie de Lisle, Paula Bailey Amanda Bedford, Mgr Jim Curry

Peter Moss, Anthony Hussey, Peter Bicknell, Jeremy Connor, Guy Bailey, Mike Parker, John Wolff, George Stanton, Nick Warren

John Paton-Walsh, Barrie Martin, Peter Peake, Derek Hollamby, Donald Houlihan David Collingwood, Philip Critchley Michael Morris.

Paul Burden, Tom Scanlan, Nigel Courtney, Rupert Lescher, Stephen Crompton Christopher McHugh, Anthony Northey, Jonathan Johnson

Andrew Geddes, Richard Sheehan, John Flood, Michael Burgess, Mike Wortley. Chris Newling-Ward, Paul Reynier, Fr Kevin Fox SJ.

Paul Dutton, Julian Langham, Peter Savundra, Edwin de Lisle, Michael Hetreed Varyl Chamberlain, Chris Tailby.

“Photos” (John Flood mainly responsible).



Oliver Hawkins



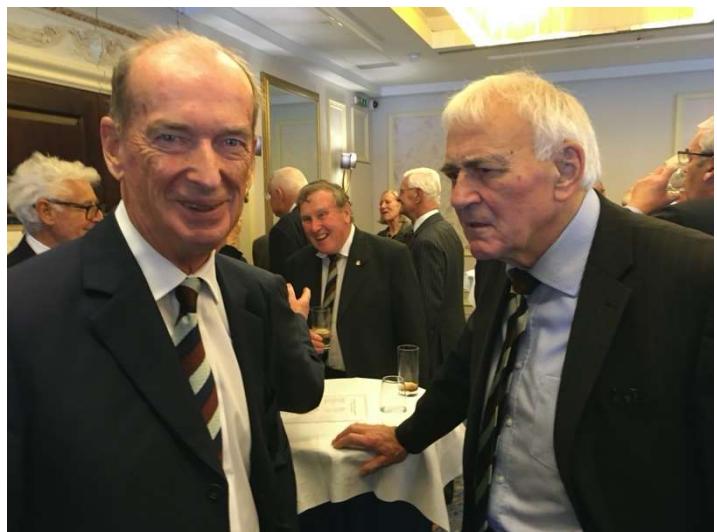
Richard Sheehan with Jonathan Johnson



Over from Portugal Don Houlihan with Rupert Lescher, Paul Dutton



Ex RMAS Philip Critchley & David Collingwood. Tony Outred (wearing a “fascinator”: must be antique).



Varyl Chamberlain (with own bottle?) Stephen Crompton & Paul Burden



Andrew Geddes (Old Metal Marketeer tie?) & Michael Hetreed. Bertie de Lisle



Mandy Bedford & Chris Newling -Ward. Julian Langham (back from The States)
& Peter Savundra



Jeremy Conner (dressed for the occasion) . Barrie Martin and Michael Morris.



John Wolff and Peter Bicknell



George Stanton (Beaumont's most beaten boy)



Nigel Courtney, Paul Burden, Tom Scanlon.



Peter Peake



Mike Wortley, Anthony Northey, Michael Burgess



Edwin de Lisle



Chris McHugh and Anthony Northey (caption to Me !)

Chairman's speech



"Getting stuck in straight away – my thoughts on The future of the Lunch. The facts are these: We cannot keep back the tides of time, and our numbers are bound to dwindle (though up on last year) and we do not want a slow death. At the same time , I am against including our wives to boost numbers as that would alter the concept of this gathering. I have a horror, of a few old and bold sitting around a table dribbling into our soup while our careers discuss our ailments and afflictions.

There always remains the possibility of having the Lunch combined with Remembrance Sunday which is more family orientated, and I know there are those

who would like this: it is a different form of get together and may be an eventual solution in the future

I'm very much aware that what matters to you is enjoyment and that should have a greater weight than numbers, and providing that pleasure continues - well, so should the lunch, though possibly a smaller venue may eventually suit us better.



Some of you might remember Peter Sellers playing the Bugler Gunga Din in the Film: The Party – refusing to die however many bullets he took : I think We have much in common.

All being well, we will therefore be back next year and it will not require “The shot across the bows” .



Mentioning which, my “Nemesis”- Bootneck Bruce had the temerity to send me a missive: “ Dear Donkey Wolloper, The prospect of a Cavalry Officer attempting to fire a ‘shot across the bows’ is deeply worrying and potentially extremely dangerous! Please stick to those elements of gunnery with which you are familiar!

Bootneck, cannot be with us today as he has just had an Op to replace some moving parts : You will not be surprised, that I sent him some further improvements, his surgeon should carry out, while he was in the operating theatre.

Please also spare a thought for Mark Addison who goes under the knife today. Apart from which, his doctor has told him - "his bollocks are too big – he was not aware that there was a size limitation". On your behalf, I replied with that old adage of dear Fr Bamber to Ruds B " Boys, let your balls hang down".

Changing the subject completely. I cannot let the moment pass without mentioning our late Monarch. And what we will certainly miss is her smile. And that was much in evidence when she came to Beaumont all those years ago.



Photo courtesy Simon Potter

Her visit only 8 years into her reign, her first visit to a Catholic school, the Jesuits, and only 10 days after her meeting with The Pope: The establishment must have wondered what on earth was going on. We were still in a time.



Her contact with Beaumont, up until her visit might not have been described as “endearing”: She had been called a “ferret to her face” by Charles Moore her Racing Manager when paying him a surprise visit: as she said at the time to the QM she had probably been called many things behind her back, but never a ferret to her face . and then according to Malcom Pritchett in the Telegraph:

We sometimes watched the polo on Smith's Lawn. On one walk, a school friend tripped over a dog lead and swore rather profanely. When he picked himself up, he realised that holding the lead was the Queen: She just smiled. On yet another occasion at the polo in the 1950s when Juan Nelson had brought over his team from the Argentine, a dog peed on a fellow OB's picnic hamper which received spirited and fruity language, to be answered with. “I'm so sorry” as the Queen retrieved the offending corgi.

Her visit to Beaumont was one of her early significant gestures, that would occur; time and time again in her reign. We have been fortunate to have been her loyal subjects.

Her final journey took her past our Rugby pitches on Runnymede, both Boat houses, the Beaumont Reach and the Bells.

It is extraordinary to think that because of her longevity, this was the first State Funeral procession into Windsor when the Beaumont Corps was not been on Street lining duty, having done so for 3 previous Kings.



Having said that David Sheldrake who runs, the still named Beaumont College Farm organised the Tractor Guard of Honour as the procession passed through Old Windsor. Some may have heard him on Radio 4 “Farming Today” telling of the close relationship between The farm and the Queen. In 2007 she sent replacement

Heifers to restart the Herd of pedigree Sussex which had to be destroyed after the outbreak of Foot & Mouth.

Now, Less serious, it would be amiss if I didn't recount an episode from my Beaumont life. There were many but I will recount just one.

I go back to my very last week at the school, when with a group of friends idling away a summer's afternoon on the cricket flats, we were joined by John Iverson who had left a few years previously (Contemporary of Judge Jeremy), John had called in on an impromptu visit. He suggested we go for a drink at The Bells. A bit dicey, but there you are.

Here, I interrupt my story to tell you that John had gone into the Hotel business and was eventually to become the manager of The Lancaster in Paris. Many think of the Crillion or the George V, but for the discerning guest the only place to stay in the French capital is and remains The Lancaster

In the early 60's, John was a trainee at The Savoy and he told this story:

At a time when the decade was beginning to swing, such was the case with a young lady seated at a table in the ballroom, and both she and her companions, failed to realise that one of her breasts had escaped from her dress.

(**ED: Having been told that I must be the only School REVIEW Editor who has produced a “Centrefold” - Hermione Darnborough “Miss Winter 2017”, I thought better than to illustrate this particular lapse in dress code)**

It was however noted, not by John, but by a newly arrived young waiter from Italy who immediately picked up a soup spoon and with considerable dexterity managed to pop the fugitive back in, without too many guests becoming aware of the incident.

One man who did note it, was the Maître “D” who summoned the Waiter, who approached him with trepidation “ I must congratulate you young man on your quick thinking and the speed of your action, BUT here at The Savoy we do things differently: you should have warmed the spoon first.

I always felt that at Beaumont we did things differently, though not with soup spoons.

Let me return to that visit to The Bells. We were enjoying the early evening when John had to leave and it came my turn for some refills. I went to the bar, when who should walk in but The Rector Fr Costigan with some prospective parents. My companions scarpered (if you can imagine Roger Darby scarpering) leaving me to say “Good evening Father, can I offer you a glass of sherry”: I don't think it would have made any difference, if I had offered Whisky which I learnt later was his tipple.

He hissed at me “get back to school immediately”.

So, it was the next morning and my last full day at Beaumont that I had the inevitable summons to the First Prefect “ Wilkinson, The Rector has ordered you to have 12 ferulas for being in the Bells”.

“Yes, Father, but may I just mention 3 things. 1. I’m over 18 and can legally drink , 2. Next week, I will be in the Army and 3 I’m bigger than you are. Brogie looked at me quizzically and said “Tough, hold out your hand”.

I left Beaumont with my academic record unblemished by any achievement. I might mention that I had received the History prize in my first 3 years but to be told that I was to study Geography for A level in its place; why – Wilkinson, you love history and you will always love history so there is no need for you to formally study it any further.

To add to my angst, I was to study French, having failed my O level: I was told I was just idle. You don’t get more Jesuitical than that!

Well, the French didn’t last long as together with my brother Richard we were ejected from the course by a furious Titsi Haywood for a practical joke which he didn’t appreciate. (retaliatory action for a visit to a boring Moliere play at the French Institute , the evening we were supposed to be going to Covent Garden with the Music Society)

It has to be said that , as you know from The REVIEWS, I continue to study History and I ended up living in France for well over 20 years. The Js would say - they were proved right and I must admit they have a point.

To add to my lack of academic success , I was dropped from the 1st XV (replaced by Bedford, not that it made much difference to the results) and on the river didn’t get further than the 2nd V111. Though I thoroughly enjoyed it.

It would seem I had little to thank Beaumont for. But something obviously rubbed off on me, as I raced and rode my horses in the Beaumont Colours, Nor would I be standing here, following in Guy and JMPW’s footsteps, trying to keep us together and the show on the road.”

I will end with one of my poetical offerings – The Aftermath.

I have just been to the BU lunch,

And some who made it to this affair

Will wake next day like me wishing their sore heads would disappear

Was it the Chateau Beaumont or that extra pint of beer,

I do not know, I do not care, it may have been the Armagnac or another glass of good cheer.

It might have been the club port, the dry martini or the spritzer: my mind is not quite clear.

I think we went on afterwards to another Club or pub: heaven knows where with a jolly group of senior citizens from my year.

Perhaps, it better if my memory does not reappear

I know I 'm far too old for these elixirs of life

Now I will have to face the music, the strife, and all those words of wisdom,

The "Might have known it was the B U " from The WIFE.

DIARY DATE: NB Next Year's Lunch Monday 2nd October.

Volunteer required for Chairman: Please apply.

“LIGHT BITES”

Noted absentees included Ant Stevens en route to Aus, Patrick Burgess higher Diocesan matters, Tim O'Connor not liver but Livery in the City, Henry Hayward Cornish Covid, Derek Hollamby “unbalanced” after his booster, David Liston altercation with a bicycle.

“Tit Bits” of Conversation.

Roger Darby and Bertie de Lisle discussed vegetables – “ Arthur Fallowfield’s – the answer lies in the soil”.

Anthony Hussey was back from “Revival” not Lazarus but with his classic Lancia at Goodwood.

Chris McHugh with a new BU tie from St John’s at a quarter of the price of Benson & Clegg “What’s there not to like” as the modern phraseology goes .

Old “Buff” Philip Critchley admired David Collingwood’s neckware ‘ like the battle shredded Colour’ : a display of age and character.

Forget Richard Sheehan’s BU braces, John Flood’s BU telephone is the new “must have” – what next the Golf Clubs?

Andrew Geddes “ last minute dot com” made his booking just before the deadline - nothing like flying by the seat of your pants!

Don Houlihan was over from Portugal but had not brought his golf clubs.

“Jacketless John” in his haste for the party took wife Jill’s jacket in error: not that he could conceivably get into it , anyway we are not yet into cross-dressing.

That Catholic village of Mayfield saw Barrie Martin and Peter Peake make the journey – Our “Dick & Gladys” of ’59 Panto fame: No song and dance this time.

Michael Morris, School Captain (62) recalled his no “lounging” policy with fellow “liberal” Oliver Hawkins: I don’t think it lasted with later regimes such as “Birch ‘em Burgess” and “Beat ‘em Bertie”.

Friends re-united: Peter Savundra, Michael Hetreed, Chris Tailby, and Julian Langham since ’66 and their dispersal to “the outer darkness of less favoured establishments”.

Paul Dutton was able to “Bug” the Chairman and managed to hear every word.

Peter Bicknell failed to “dig” Michael McAvoy out of Dorset.

Judge Jeremy Connor was sartorial elegance in morning dress – not for us, but he previously attended the Red Mass at Westminster Cathedral for the start of the Legal year.

Varyl Chamberlain extolled the virtues of culinary Chichester from The Ivy to Giggling Squid and Lime Squeezee: The Editor will be visiting.

Jonathan Johnson had on his phone the photo of his presenting The Queen with an Abacus for Prince Andrew: general opinion was that it should have been a Barbie Doll.

I was surprised that Beaumont’s most beaten Boy - George Stanton didn’t have a number of cigarette holes in his tie in memory of this distinction.

Rock band member Nick Warren complained that our Base singing was too treble for his Lee Marvin rendition of the Carmen.

I gathered that Messrs Wolff, Stanton and Warren reconvened at Marylebone Station for another “Snifter”: one presumes they were later, or much later, safely delivered to their various homes.

Remembrance Sunday.

“When French Resistance leader Jean de Vomecourt was captured, he was brutally tortured by the Gestapo before being deported to Germany, where he was beaten, kicked, and starved and put to work in the mines at Sachsenhausen. When the Germans gave the order to evacuate the camp to the sound of Russian guns in 1945, he volunteered to stay behind with those too weak to move. He was later pushed alive into the ovens after the camp commandant decided to liquidate all witnesses to their bestiality.” Extract from the recently published VICTOIRE.

Jean gave his life trying to look after the less fortunate: an example to us all and a Beaumont Hero.



We gathered, as always, at the War Memorial to remember our Dead especially those who gave their lives. Some 80 OBs and their families attended and the Mass was celebrated by Fr Michael Holman with Fr Kevin Fox. Yet again we were blessed with fine weather.



The Remembrance: **Colonel Philip Critchley**. The Last Post – Luke who is going on to Millfield and hopes to play flyhalf for England one day.

Afterwards, following the unfortunate withdrawal of our invitation to St John's, we lunched at De Vere in the old Lower Line Refectory. The Hotel looked after us splendidly and at such short notice: we are extremely grateful to them and the unanimous opinion is that we should repeat the "culinary experience" next year.



The Lunch "left overs"



Viewing the refurbished swimming pool with Mandy considering a “Dip”.

St John's Lunch Saga.

I was telephoned by Dr Smith who is the “caretaker” headmaster on the Wednesday prior to ask who the B U were, and why were we invited to Lunch especially as it cost a good deal of money which could not be reconciled with the school budget. I had the distinct impression that we were unwelcome guests! He told me that he was cost cutting, laying off staff and had to account for every penny.

Later that day, I received another call to tell me that he had decided to cancel the lunch altogether; I offered to personally to cover the costs but this was not accepted (I must check my credit rating). He did not want us at the school.

This is sad, but we can only hope that our normal close relationship will be resumed as soon as possible.

John Flood said it all when he wrote:

“My personal view is that the interim headmaster's comments as to the Beaumont Union's relevance to St John's was indicative of a very unfortunate lack of appreciation of the value to St John's of our heritage and tradition, but it was a personal view, which should not be allowed to prejudice the BU's bond with St John's. A decision not to provide us with lunch, made in a more timely manner, may have been necessary, but we have received a welcome expression of regret from an embarrassed Jesuit at the courtesy of the late withdrawal of the invitation.

The coupling of the dismissal of our relevance to St John's with the request for bursaries struck me and others as at best tactless, and very out of character with his predecessors, who were clearly appreciative of the value of our connection to the school and of the legacy of Beaumont.

My hope is that the next permanent appointment will be of someone who also recognises our worth and will want St John's to inherit something of the Spirit of Beaumont. It is also important that, as our days are increasingly numbered, there will be a desire and intent at St John's to remember those who are listed on our outstanding War Memorial on future Remembrance Sundays, when none of us are able to do so".

Final thought on Remembrance.

Below is a rediscovered poem by **Lt Roland Berrill (13) RFA** from his anthology.

TRENCHES

OUR world is cold and mist and wet, Rusted wire on twisted sticks and the sodden sombre silhouette of an unknown soldier's crucifix ; Loud coarsest caw of carrion crow, A wearied buzzer's hymn of blood, a song of corpses in a row and months of mystery and mud.

Here where the rodents wheeze and snore and the rain drips on from the filthy bags, It's hard to grasp that this is War, a thing of fire and fife and flags ; For there's no other shade than slate In all our hearts this winter's morn, Unshaven souls awake to hate the aching misery of dawn.

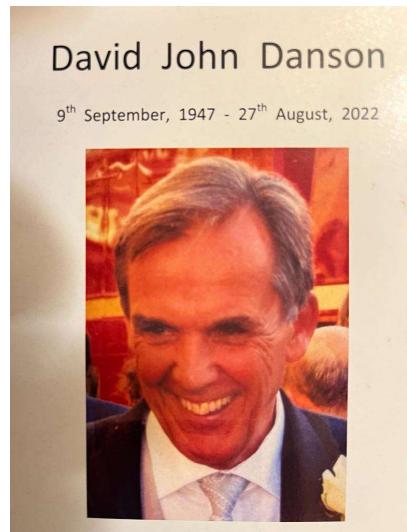
Yet every post brings envy's page from daring Youth ; the solemn pride of those that bore us ; and from age the prayer that God may guard and guide ; And silk has smudged this scented sheet kissed ere young love must turn again tonight, high-vitalised and sweet — They are ours, and we are men.

RECORDING.

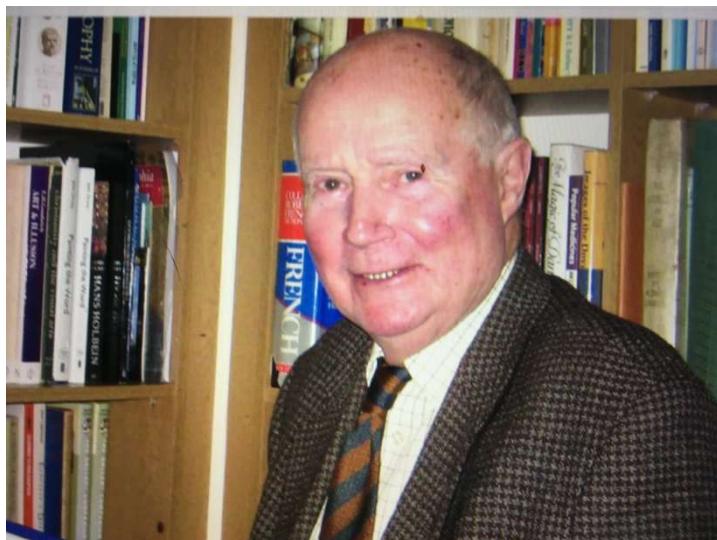
Tony Savundra has recorded himself playing the “Pater Noster” on the organ at Englefield Green. If anyone would like a copy to sing along with – let me know and I will Email a copy.

OBITUARIES

Charles O'Brien(67) died in July. And **Philip Anderson (67)** in November.



David Danson (65) after a short illness, proud father of Olympic Gold medal winning Alex.



Lionel Gracey (45), Surgeon, Cambridge Golfing half blue, British Amateur Champion. BU Halford Hewitt team member. He was later one of the leading ecclesiastical art experts in the country. I hope to have a full obituary for the next edition of The REVIEW.

Her Majesty's Visit to Beaumont – A Personal Recollection. Oliver Hawkins.

All those who were at Beaumont in May 1961 will have their own memories of the day that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth visited the school. Since the time of Queen Victoria Beaumont had always liked to feel it enjoyed a degree of royal favour, so the young Queen Elizabeth's visit could be seen almost as a continuation of that tradition. This of course did nothing to lessen the excitement we felt as we lined up outside the White House, waiting for the procession of cars and the arrival of Her Majesty.

The painting of the visit now in St John's, probably taken from a black and white photograph, shows the Queen in blue. My own memory is of a dazzling yellow silk coat-dress, lending additional glamour, were any such needed, to the figure being greeted by the black-clad Jays.

A programme had been drawn up representing all aspects of school life. Finding out which boy's study was on the itinerary – Michael Quinlan's – I persuaded him to hang a painting of mine directly in the line of sight, thus ensuring a polite comment from the royal visitor.

My own moment came when the Queen was presented to a group, the Quodlibetarians, supposedly reading poetry – not an activity that dominated many of our lives. I was able to explain that the verses we were reading were by an old boy of the school, Peter Levi, and Her Majesty was gracious enough to appear interested in the somewhat obscure Jesuit poet.

At the end of the day's activities we all re-grouped on the White House steps to sing *Domine Salvam Fac* and wave off the Royal party, and as Fr Costigan announced a week's holiday in the Queen's honour we gave a cheer that could have been heard in Windsor.

Looking back I feel that Beaumont did rather well in allowing so many of us a role, and an opportunity to meet our sovereign, whether as School Captains or lowlier players like myself. Doubtless many will have gone on to meet the Queen again in their later careers, but that bright day in May will remain a memory to cherish.

John Marshall (added his)

I don't think I ever told you this but when the Queen visited Beaumont I was at St John's in 1961 and at the dress rehearsal I saw that Fr Dunphy had arranged for the captain and vice captain of the school, **Chris Garrard and Peter Hammill** (whose father was a prisoner in Stalag Luft III), to be allowed to shake the Queen's hand.

Aged 12, my brain was working: how can I get her to notice me? I know! Put on Michael's kilt which he had bought when he was 12.

As the Queen walked past me , she didn't speak to me but wanted me to hear as she half turned towards Fr Dunphy, as she said " It's nice to see someone with a kilt on!"

My plan had worked!

A COUPLE of PHOTOS of The DAY



HM with the future **Sir Christopher Kelly** and receiving a gift for Prince Andrew from future surgeon **Jonathan Johnson**. Many of you are aware of Christopher's career in the Civil Service and beyond but for those unaware of our distinguished surgeon:-

Jonathan is an Orthopaedic Surgeon specialising in Spinal Surgery. He was appointed to St Marys Hospital and Medical School in 1984 and the staff of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital as a Spine Surgeon in 1992, leaving in 2003 to help set up and lead the spinal services at Ravenscourt Park Hospital part of the Hammersmith Hospitals Trust.

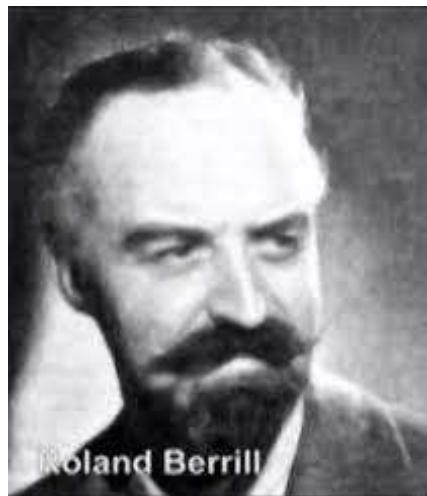
He qualified at Barts, training in Trauma and Orthopaedics at UCH and the Westminster Hospitals. His specialist spinal training took place at UCH and the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital with a European Fellowship in Gothenburg Sweden and Oslo Norway.

Jonathan is on the staff of the Princess Grace Hospital. He is a member of the International Society for the Study of the Lumbar Spine (ISSLS), the North American Spine Society (NASS), a founding member of the European Spine Society (SSE) and the President of The British Association of Spinal Surgeons.

ARTICLES

THE FOUNDER OF MENSA

Roland Fabien Berrill (1897–1962) was a British-Australian who was the co-founder (with the English barrister Lancelot Ware) of Mensa, the international Society for intellectually gifted people. He was also a War poet.



Berrill was born in Sydney Australia in 1897, but left with his family in 1901 and came to London. Together with his brother Bernard entered Beaumont in 1907. They both left in 1913, Bernard went on to Balliol and was later KIA with the Royal Fusiliers in 1915. Roland served with the RFA during the War and later with the RAF eventually leaving the service in 1922. He studied law and although he was called to the bar, he never practised as a barrister but being a wealthy young man, he lived on the dividends of his investments.

In 1918 he published a book of poems "*Inspirations of Armageddon*": According to the reviews "This work has been selected by scholars as being culturally important, and is part of the knowledge base of civilization as we know it". Below is an example of his work:-

LE PERMISSIONNAIRE REVIENT

"HERE with the lonely darkness of the skies, While far away a battle's anger dies, I try to feel you near me in the gloom, To see the gold glint in your bright brown eyes.

Ah, love ! so short a yesterday, and now These tethered horses lunging in the slough; And still those young lips hot upon my cheek, The softness of your hair about my brow.

On that last morning crept I down the stair, Opened your door and saw you sleeping there — Beautiful sweetheart ! did you feel a kiss Just where your forehead warms to meet your hair ?

Before I left I stole this little shoe, worn thin where we have danced the hours through, And now I press it to my lips as if Its sweet shaped emptiness were part of you."

Roland spent most of his life in England with had brief trips to Tangier in 1936 and New York in 1937 and later South Africa: he never went back to Australia.

Mensa was founded by Berrill and Lancelot Ware at Lincoln College Oxford on 1 October 1946. Having met on a train and had started talking about intelligence testing, a topic of great interest to Ware, who was working at the National Institute for Medical Research.

In Oxford, they discussed the formation of a club dedicated to intelligence. There they formed The High IQ Club, with Berrill doing the funding. They chose the name Mensa because it meant altar table in Latin and was also suggestive of the Latin words for mind and month i.e monthly meeting of great minds around a table. Berrill had the first Mensa "idiosyncratic" literature printed the same month in Caythorpe Lincolnshire and became the society secretary

Berrill was an unashamed elitist, who regretted the passing of an aristocratic tradition. He regarded Mensa as "an aristocracy of the intellect". He noticed with some disappointment that a majority of Mensans appeared to have come from "humble homes".

At an early Mensa organizational meeting, one of the people present proposed that black people be excluded from Mensa. This was met by shocked silence. Then Berrill proposed that the motion be amended to exclude "green people with yellow stripes" instead. This amended motion passed, with one vote against. If the minutes of that meeting had not been lost, that statute might still be on the books of Mensa.

The constitution listed the Society's main purposes: to

1. identify & foster human intelligence to benefit humanity.
2. encourage research into the nature & uses of intelligence.
3. provide an intellectual & social environment for members.

Other goals of the organisation were the furtherance of literacy and programmes to develop the minds of gifted children. Mensa also provided contact between people of high intellect, both for professional and social purposes.

There were no educational requirements for membership, nor stipulations about gender, age, race, creed, colour or national origin. The majority of members were male, the youngest members just 2 years old and the oldest members were 100+. Members have included both obscure and famous persons, including writers and scientists.

Intelligence was measured by the Stanford-Binet IQ test, in which an IQ of 132 was the minimum acceptable score. Other standardised intelligence tests could be used eg the Cattell Culture Fair Intelligence Test. To become a Mensan, the only qualification was a score at the 98th percentile. And that the approved intelligence test was run and supervised by a qualified examiner.

On 22 November 1948 Roland spoke at the Socratic Club at Oxford combining with the Dominican Father Victor White, on the topic "Beyond Myth and Dogma" at Lady

Margaret Hall. (White's works include *Soul and Psyche* and *God and the Unconscious*. He was a pioneer in the 20th century dialogue between psychology and religion, as well as a close friend of the psychoanalyst Carl Gustav Jung.)

Berrill was thick-set and sturdy, with a full dark beard and moustache. He believed in palmistry, phrenology, astrology and dianetics (the metaphysical relationship between the mind and body). These views were not popular within Mensa.

Berrill was a member of the "Men's dress reform movement". He desired more colour in men's clothes, and objected to the uniformity common in those days. believed that the democratic movements of the French Revolution had led to the increasingly dull male look: "to escape the guillotine, dress as bourgeois as possible." The party's goals were largely reactions to circumstances brought on by World War I. They saw the everyday man as "oppressed by capitalist labour" and saw his clothes as "depressing" and lacking in creativity. The military-style uniformity of the interwar period had created a culture of men who were happy to see others dressed like them, as opposed to seeing those who craved individuality.

Roland never married and died at his home at Eastbourne in September 1962.

TRAGEDY at SEA

Two OB wives torpedoed in separate WW1 maritime disasters.

It was in May 1915 that the Lusitania was sunk; of almost 2000 passengers and crew only some 750 survived among them was Mrs Nora Bretherton the wife of **OB Cyril Bretherton**. A barrister living in America, Cyril had left the school for Lincoln College Oxford in 1889. In this period, he mixed the stage with the law and was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn when he was not performing with a travelling theatre company around the country. Before he emigrated to the United States in 1907, he had also begun contributing light verse to Punch under his pen-name of "Algol". Cyril settled in Los Angeles, took out American citizenship and also joined the editorial staff of a Californian newspaper as well as practising at the Bar. While there, he was joined by his fiancée Nora, a lady of Irish descent whom he had met in England. In May 1915, Nora now married, with a boy of 3 years and a girl Betty just 15 months and expecting a third child, took ship on the Lusitania to visit her parents and introduce them to her new offspring.

RMS Lusitania was the fastest and most sumptuous liner in the Cunard Line. In 1914, she had been initially commandeered by the Admiralty as an armed cruiser, but she proved unsuitable for the role and resumed her passenger duties provided she was available to carry government cargo. To what extent the Brethertons were aware of the implications of this is not clear. On 7th May, the liner was torpedoed eleven miles off the Old Head of Kinsale on the southern Irish coast. It was just after 2pm; Nora was on the steps between decks when the explosion occurred. She immediately took Betty to the lifeboats and asked the men gathering there if one would go below to the next

deck and rescue her son from their cabin; no one volunteered. Nora, thrust Betty into the arms of one of the other passengers for safe keeping and went down to the cabin herself. Returning minutes later with her son, she ran to the man to whom she had entrusted Betty – she was no longer with him. It is not known if he had placed her in a lifeboat or had simply abandoned her.



Nora was turned away from two lifeboats and it took pleading to allow them onto a third. Undoubtedly, there was panic and disorder and many of the lifeboats capsized, there were also acts of selfless heroism by those aboard and by the Irish seamen that came to the rescue. However, none of it was shown to Nora Bretherton and her children.

Once in Cork, Nora put a notice in the Examiner seeking any information about Betty. Any news was to be passed to a Miss Browne. This lady was the sister of Fr Francis Mary Xavier Browne SJ, famed for his photographs on the Titanic. Fr Francis had travelled from Cherbourg to Queenstown on that ill-fated ship; a present on his ordination from his uncle the Bishop of Cloyne. He was responsible for many of the photographs of life during the maiden voyage that forms the major archive today. John Jacob Astor offered to pay his travel onto New York, but telegraphing his superiors, he received a message "Get off that ship – Provincial" and the matter was settled. Fr Francis would also be remembered by many OBs that served with the Irish Guards in the Great War as their courageous chaplain. It was he that gave that gave a Marian medal to the young officer, but future Field Marshal Earl Alexander, a non-catholic who then wore that medal all his life.

Returning to the Brethertons, Betty's body was washed up some four days later and was buried at the local convent. Cyril came over shortly afterwards and although a US citizen, like Harry Butters, he took a commission, and served in the Artists Rifles for the remainder of the War.

When peace came, he joined the staff of the Irish Times writing a weekly features column that was described as “the most brilliant of its kind in any newspaper written in the English language”. Cyril was described as “the most remarkable, irritating, whimsical brilliant and lovable fellow” and the first journalist to use a typewriter in Dublin. He also secretly became the Irish correspondent for the Morning Post and the Philadelphia Public Ledger. These papers revealed his vitriolic anti-Irish viewpoint at a period of further troubles on the Home Rule issue. There had been the war against the IRA until 1921 with its unrestrained policy of retaliation for any act against the Crown. The peace treaty that followed split the Nationalist movement between those that accepted the treaty and its cessation of Ulster and those that still demanded a united country. The civil war though short was bloody and among the casualties were several of the historic homes of OBs.

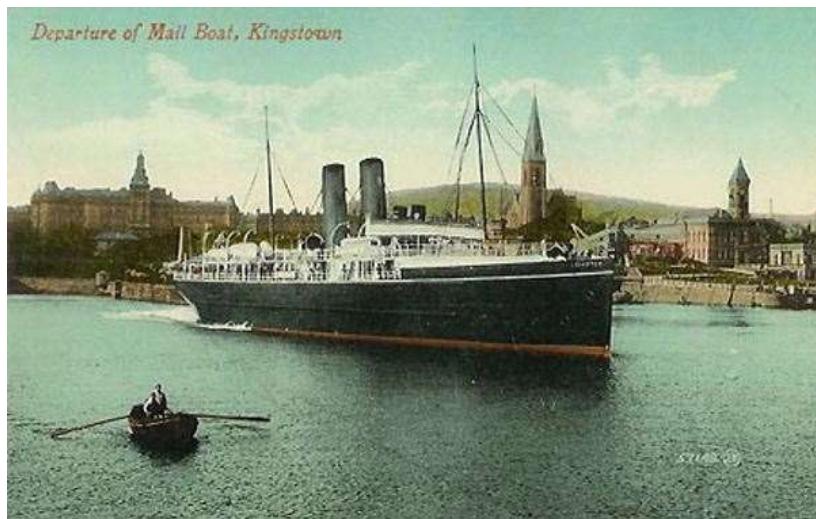
Such was Cyril’s invective at this time that he was advised to leave the country for a while. He wrote in his book “The Real Ireland” that the people, with the possible exception of the Mexicans, do more of the things they like doing and less of the things they dislike, than any other race. The keynote of the Irish character is “dreadful frugality, not born out of poverty but out of ignorance”. Sinn Fein failed because of “instinctive monarchy or chieftainism or matriarchy”; the book was suppressed in Ireland. In 1924, Cyril left Dublin for London and the Morning Post on a permanent basis where he started his famed column as “Peter Simple”, a pseudonym that was later taken on by Michael Wharton in the Daily Telegraph. Cyril also wrote for the Evening News and was a contributor to Punch. Away from journalism, he found time to practise as a barrister on the South East circuit and wrote several other books. Bretherton was also described as an ardent Catholic and a passionate lover of animals and was especially interested in the welfare of those kept in zoos.

Cyril Bretherton’s uncle, an Egyptologist who spent years searching for the temples of the Phut dynasty, of which the disappearance was so complete, as to give rise to the expression “to go Phut”.

Second Tragedy.

Born in Ireland, son of a Merchant Malster, John Randal Plunkett. Plunkett Brothers had started business in 1819 and mainly supplied Guinness & Co with their malt. Leo’s father and family were descended from St Oliver Plunkett. His mother Cecilia came from a well known family of surgeons and her father was a friend of Dickens and Thackeray. Leo followed his brother Bertram to Beaumont leaving in 1897. He became a journalist and emigrated to Canada in 1902 and was Sporting Editor of the *Free Press*. Later he was Assistant Editor of the *Gatriday Post*. In July 1910 he married Dolly (Lucy) Harrington in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Dolly had arrived in Canada with her mother and her three sisters also in 1902. There is no record of Dolly’s father and her mother married a Charles Baird that same year. In 1916 Leo and Dolly (Lucy) Plunkett arrived in Liverpool from Canada, giving Leo’s family’s home,

Lansdowne Road in Dublin, as their address. Leo later enlisted with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers in 1918 and was sent to France in August of that year..



On the 10th of October 1918 Lucy sailed from Ireland to England with her sister-in-law, Sheelah Plunkett, on RMS *Leinster*. Sheelah was a V.A.D. nurse with the British Red Cross

Shortly before 9 a.m. the ship left Carlisle Pier, Kingstown (now Dun Laoghaire), Co. Dublin, Ireland. Bound for Holyhead Anglesey, Wales she carried 813 passengers and a crew of 78, drawn from the ports of Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) and Holyhead.

By far the greatest number of passengers on board were military personnel. Many of them were going on leave or returning from leave. They came from Ireland, Britain, Canada, the United States, New Zealand and Australia. As the *Leinster* set sail the weather was fine, but the sea was rough following recent storms. Earlier that morning a number of Royal Navy ships at sea off Holyhead were forced to return to port due to the stormy conditions.

Shortly before 10 a.m. about 16 miles out of port a few people on the deck saw a torpedo approaching the port (left) side of the ship. It missed the *Leinster*, passing in front of her. Soon afterwards another torpedo struck the port side with the explosion traveling across the ship, also blowing a hole in the starboard side. The torpedoes had been fired by U-Boat 123

In an attempt to return to port, the *Leinster* turned 180 degrees, until it faced the direction from which it had come. With speed reduced and slowly sinking, the ship had sustained few casualties. Lifeboats were being launched. At this point a torpedo struck the ship on the starboard (right) side, practically blowing it to pieces. The *Leinster* sank soon afterwards, bow first.



Many of those on board were killed in the sinking. In lifeboats or clinging to rafts and flotsam, the survivors now began a grim struggle for survival in the rough sea. Many died while awaiting rescue. Eventually a number of destroyers and other ships arrived. The survivors were landed at Dun Laoghaire where the ferry terminal now stands. 569 were lost. The sinking resulted in the greatest ever loss of life in the Irish Sea and the highest ever casualty rate on an Irish owned ship. Dolly (Lucy) Plunkett was among the survivors. Leo's sister Sheelagh perished.

Ten days after the sinking of the *RMS Leinster*, UB-123 detonated a mine while trying to cross the North Sea returning to her home port: There were no survivors.

After the War, Leo and Lucy Plunkett settled in Leicestershire. He gave up journalism and returned to the family Business as 'Malster Managing Director'. Leo died in 1961 but no record of Lucy's death has been found.

"HIS NAME LIVES ON AMONG THE ALPS"



Capt. Valentine Ryan (99) was the elder son of Major General Valentine Ryan of Co Tipperary, After Beaumont he went on to Woolwich and a commission in the RA. He had a meteoric, if short, climbing career in the first decade of the 20th century making various first ascents in the Alps. Ryan was described as: "...fired

into something like heroism, inspired to pursue adventurous and almost romantic achievement...he attacked new spheres of difficulty and danger...Ryan's name lives on among the Alps' The Lochmatter brothers were his usual guides and together they had a number of impressive seasons climbing numerous new routes. Among his numerous climbs:-

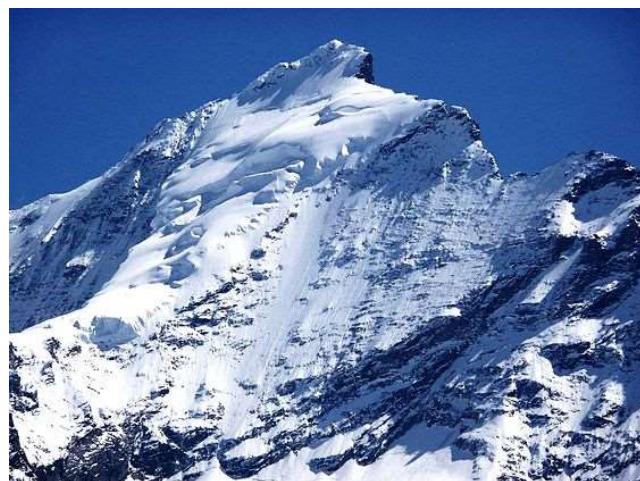
The ENVERS des AIGUILLES de CHAMONIX:



|The first ascent June 20, 1906, by Valentine John Eustace Ryan

The Ryan route was considered for a long time, before the advent of the "Piola" routes, as the most beautiful route on the Envers des Aiguilles de Chamonix. Its opening was a feat for the time due to the commitment, the technical nature of the route and above all the speed of the rope. Ryan, accompanied by guides Franz and Joseph Lochmatter, managed the ascent there and back from the Montenvers hotel for the day.

The TASCHHORN



1906 - August 11. The first ascent of the southwest face of the **Täschhorn** (4490 m.). This climb turned into one of the most epic adventures in the history of mountaineering. Franz's brother Josef Lochmatter and their regular **Valentine John Eustace Ryan** - one of the most successful lead / client teams of all time - were involved. The other members of the group were the thirty-year-old Geoffrey Winthrop Young , the oldest of the group, and Josef Knubel , an equally famous mountaineer. Geoffrey Winthrop Young described it with typical erudition in a memorable chapter of his book *On High Hills* .

"The five climbers, in excellent shape and very determined, from the beginning all found themselves engaged on an unexpectedly dangerous route, which offered little chance of reliably insuring themselves: "I looked down and observed the deadly prolongation of the precipice that descended with the its narrow and snow-covered frames, protruding one on top of the other ... and I realized in a flash what it must be like to repeat this downhill route. For hours ... we had been climbing aware of the risks that each of us was running ... the slip of one of us would have endangered all the others ».

They continued more and more busy on crumbly and unprotected mixed terrain, until just below the summit, as whirlwinds of snow beat their faces, they were faced with a huge rocky leap. Tied the ropes together, Franz Lochmatter first faced the obstacle with superhuman effort, followed Josef Lochmatter and then, both **Valentine Ryan** and Geoffrey Winthrop Young , trying to follow, took a pendulum flight and only with the most desperate maneuvers were they able to reach the two guides. Finally, Josef Knubel followed the rocky leap carrying three sacks and several ice axes. At the top Young asked Lochmatter : " Franz, have you ever done something more difficult? ». "No," he said thoughtfully. "More than that, is impossible.

GRANDES JORASSES to PUNTA CROZ



1911 August 14th. The first certain ascent of the Grandes Jorasses to Punta Croz.

Valentine, a wealthy man spent many years living between Switzerland and Ireland. He served in WW1 and was wounded and on retirement was High Sheriff of King's County and a knowledgeable collector of Roman coinage.

His YOUNGER BROTHER



Valentine's brother, **Lionel** (00), In the previous couple of years had also climbed with the Lochmatter guides and in January 1901 had made the first winter ascent of the **Weisshorn** while still at Sandhurst. After commissioning he was posted to India but died shortly after arrival in 1903.

EVEREST 1922 Centenary.

(Partially from “Christ Church Matters” sent by Patrick O'Reilly (53)



One hundred years ago, the first expedition to attempt the ascent of Mount Everest set out from England. members included Lt Colonel **Edward Strutt (91)** (climb leader) and Dr Tom Longstaff (Eton) both had been together at Christ Church, Oxford matriculating in 1893.



Strutt 3rd from right back row

Strutt arrived at Oxford after a spell at the University of Innsbruck: He took no degree. After Oxford, both these young men who were scions of wealthy Families – had financial need of an occupation but Strutt, as a hobby, took up part-time soldiering, obtaining a commission in the 3rd battalion (militia) Royal Scots.

Strutt had commenced climbing in the Alps as a schoolboy (his governess was Beatrice Tomasson, one of the first women mountaineers and although 15 years older than Strutt, they were said to be “romantically involved”) . He had qualified for admission to the prestigious Alpine Club well before his election in 1895, having reached the minimum age of 21. During the decade leading up to the outbreak of the First World War, he visited the Alps regularly, summer and winter. His usual base was St Moritz, fashionable, expensive and frequented by royalty. It was here that he became friends with the Austro-Hungarian Imperial family, to whom he would later render loyal service.

Strutt went to France with his regiment and was wounded, blown up by a ‘bouquet of six shells’, October 1914. In 1916, he was posted to Salonika as principal liaison officer with the French commander of the allied forces in the Balkans, and was rewarded with the DSO and the Legion d’Honneur. In February 1919, whilst on leave in Venice, he received new orders.

'You will proceed at once to Eckartsau and give Emperor and Empress moral support of the British Government. They are stated to be in danger of their lives and to be suffering great hardships and to lack medical attendance. Endeavour by every possible means to ameliorate their condition'.

Commenting on these orders, Strutt wrote in his diary: 'We, all concluded that the Emperor must mean the Emperor of Austria but disagreed as to interpretation of 'moral support'. None of us had any idea where Eckartsau was. 'The next day, the British military mission to secure the safety of the imperial family – Lieutenant-Colonel Strutt and his batman – set out for Vienna, arriving three days later, leaving in its wake a host of grovelling petty-officials. A haughty demeanour, bluster and bluff would characterise Strutt's dealings with Austrian officialdom at every level – from railway guard to Chancellor – and a month later he escorted the Imperial couple safely into Switzerland.

At the end of March 1922 the Everest expedition trundled out of Darjeeling. Among the team was also John Noel the son of **OB Colonel Hon Edward Noel**: educated in Switzerland he was not only a mountaineer but also the expedition photographer. The route to Everest lay first through the steamy jungle of Sikkim and then across the arid Tibetan plateau. Dr Longstaff, the traveller, delighted in the journey; Strutt, on the other hand, did not, as George Mallory observed:

'A usual and by now welcome sound in each new place is Strutt's voice cursing Tibet- this march for being more boring, dreary and repulsive than even the one before, and this village for being more filthy than any other. Not that Strutt is precisely a grouser; but he likes to ease his feelings with maledictions and I hope feels better for it.'



This photo shows, back row (left to right); Henry T Morshead, expedition leader Charles G Bruce, photographer John Noel, Dr Arthur Wakefield, Dr Howard Somervell, John Morris, Major Edward 'Teddy' F Norton and, front row; George Mallory, George Ingle Finch, Dr Tom G Longstaff, General C Bruce and deputy leader Edward Lisle Strutt

On 1 May, the expedition arrived at the site of their base camp, at an altitude of 16,800ft, just below the snout of the Rongbuk glacier. By 19 May, camp IV had been established the North Col, a saddle of snow and ice at 23,000ft and the key to the upper reaches of Everest. The plan was simple, four climbers and nine porters would place a further camp at 26,000ft, the porters returning to the North Col, and the climbers making a rush for the summit the next day. In the event, camp V was placed at 25,000 ft. and the summit attempt was thwarted by the wind, cold and lack of oxygen making progress painfully slow. They turned back at 26,700ft., surviving a near fatal fall on their descent to the North Col. A week later a second attempt was made assisted by oxygen. a subject that had divided opinion: it was unclear that the benefit would outweigh the effort of carrying the cumbersome equipment and some felt its use was unsporting, only "rotters" would do so (Strutt). They reached 27,300ft, seventeen hundred feet below and half a mile from the summit, but had to turn back At the end of May the expedition re-gathered at base camp where, resurrecting his clinical skills, Longstaff examined them all; everyone bar one was pronounced unfit for a further attempt. Nevertheless, a third and final assault was launched and ended disastrously, when an avalanche engulfed the party, killing seven Sherpas.

The expedition members received the Olympic medal in alpinism at the 1924 Summer Olympic Games. To each of the 13 participants Pierre de Coubertin

presented a Silver Medal with gold overlay. Strutt vowed to de Coubertin that his medal would eventually go to the summit: This was achieved in 2012.

Strutt and Longstaff were influential figures in British mountaineering between the wars and both were elected President of the Alpine Club, a distinction their Oxford contemporary, Leo Amery, politician and Secretary of State for India (1940-5) who was also a Club president, considered, along with the Premiership, to be 'the two highest honours attainable.'

Not certain the Js would agree with the last statement.

The Early “Beaumont Bogs”.

It could only be at Beaumont that “Moule’s Patent Earth Closets” were installed. Undoubtedly, the Js would say they were years ahead of their time with their “Green credentials”. Not only installing but advertising their virtues.

Forget academic results, sporting prowess send your boy to Beaumont “for the Best Bogs”.

Born in 1801 and a hero, in a small way, of the 21st century “green eco-movement”, the Rev. Henry Moule patented an earth closet system in 1860. His motives were to save his poor Victorian parishioners from cholera by devising a sanitary but simple set-up, suitable for homes where indoor piped water was an impossible dream. The big drawback is that someone has to haul earth around: first filling up the hopper which releases a dollop of earth or ash at the right time, and then emptying the bucket.

Moule quoted a biblical precedent for his efforts, from a set of instructions about cleanliness: "And thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be, when thou wilt ease thyself abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee." (Deut. 23:13)



Moule discovered that he could recycle the earth and use the same batch several times and use the contents to beneficial effect in the garden. He persuaded a farmer to fertilise one half of a field with earth used five times in his closet and another with equal weight of superphosphate. Swedes were planted in both halves and those nurtured in earth manure grew one third bigger. Far more important Moule believed that if this system could be adopted widely it would go a long way towards preventing the spread of disease, thereby leading to a general improvement of everybody's health. He took out a patent for his system in 1873.

These Loos were introduced to Beaumont by Fr Welsby who became Rector that same year and was a convert to the system. I can only assume that the school had sufficient servants to empty the containers and the contents did much for the vegetables produced by the farm. One reads of no complaints in the early REVIEWS.

Henry Moule died in 1880, but even in his seventies he was still trying to persuade the British government that the earth-closet was the system of the future, and he nearly succeeded. Nevertheless, in rich countries, because it does rapidly and effortlessly remove the sewage from the house, the water-closet won the battle.

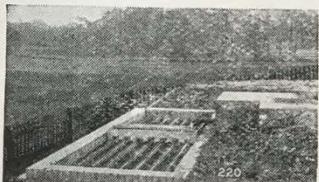
The water closet had been invented in the 18th century and was modernised by the likes of Thomas Crapper in the 1880s but Beaumont would have to wait till the late 1920s before the earth closets were confined to history.

At the Farwell Dinner given by the BU for **Fr Chichester** at The Criterion in 1929, **Sir George Langton** in his "panegyric" mentions:-

"And then I mention with some hesitation, what in some ways, is the most magnificent structural alteration of all - the total abolition of Moule's Patent Earth Closets (*loud applause*). You would hardly believe me gentlemen, but in my younger days, when I first went to Beaumont, the chief notice the school received in the press was that at intervals in the advertisement columns of the newspapers, there appeared a testimonial signed by **Fr Welsby**, Rector of Beaumont, testifying to the efficiency of Moule's Patent. I am sure we are all delighted to think they have gone and I hope Fr Chichester will remain proud of the fact that he was responsible for the abolition. (*cheers*).

The new sewage plant was installed by Tuke & Bell Ltd as advertised by them in The REVIEW.

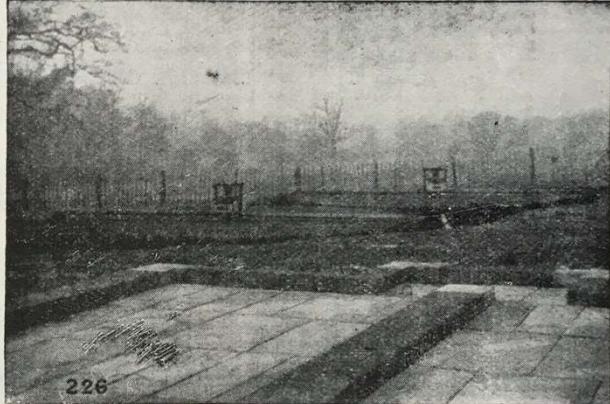
SEWAGE INSTALLATIONS for Country Houses, Cottages, Colleges, Convents, Schools, etc. not connected to a town sewer.



Booklet
No. 8
Post Free
on
application

A FEW INSTALLATIONS.

Beaumont College, Windsor
St. John's Junior School, Windsor
Convent of the Sacred Heart,
Tunbridge Wells
St. Francis' Home, Batcombe
Besford Court, St. Joseph's, Besford.
St. Anthony's Homes, Feltham
Castlenock College, Ireland
The Convent, Tourmakeady
and in every County in the Country.



**TUKE & BELL, Ltd.,
Carlton Engineering Works, Lichfield.**
Offices :—No. 1 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,
LONDON, - - W.C.2.

2022 "Hot news for Loos"

"Solid waste is "flushed" away with a conveyer belt in the Sandi toilet, invented by recent Brunel University graduate Archie Read for the hundreds of millions of people who are currently living without safe sanitation.

Read designed his waterless, off-grid toilet primarily for rural sub-Saharan Africa, where this problem is particularly acute. But globally, more than 1.7 billion people did not have access to basic sanitation services such as private toilets or latrines in 2020".

Not that Boys appreciated it during the "Moule Years", but Beaumont was ahead of its time.

GISS - GOSS



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

The BEAUMONT CASUALS

This article came about with the discovery of a cup at St John's with the Casuals inscription on it. When a few years ago the resurrected BUGS challenged the Old Boys of St John's to play at the Society Meeting at Westerham: we named their team the Beaumont Casuals and this is how it came about and its leading figures.

This was a Club for younger members of the UNION (under 25) who would like to socialise together: **Dinner at Simpsons in The Strand three times a year** and play cricket and football. It was formed in 1905 and would last up until the outbreak of War. The Driving force behind the Club was **Francis Patmore (03)** of whom more later. With him in this enterprise was **Stanley Hime (04)** who was then up at New College Oxford and **Arthur Freeland (04)** Oriel Oxford and a Boxing half Blue. Also, **Edmund Skinner (04)** son of the Surgeon General and at Sandhurst,



George Gomez (03) future Mexican international footballer, polo player and member of the International Olympic Committee. **Raphael Peon (05)** another Mexican who later succeeded to large estates there. The Hon Secretary was **Bernard Tubini** from a noble and wealthy banking family in Constantinople.



Tubini and his wife sailing in the Med.

They played their first soccer match against Westminster Arcadians in December 1905. Unfortunately, two Casuals failed to show after the Dinner the night before and despite the presence of George Gomes they lost 3 -1.

Well, what of the founder: Grandfather Patmore was a friend of Charles Lamb and William Hazlett known for his “gossipy” books. Although Peter produced some serious work on the collections of old master paintings at the time, he was

unfortunately associated with Hazlett's adultery with Sarah Walker to the detriment of his reputation. He further became a pariah, when he stood trial for murder. He was the second to journalist John Scott in a duel over a literary quarrel during which Scott was fatally shot. Patmore was acquitted but was always considered by society to be a rakish character.

His son Coventry inherited his father's enthusiasm for writing and mainly produced poetry, the best known of which was "The Angel in the House". This came to symbolise the Victorian feminine role – which was not necessarily the ideal amongst feminists of the period. His epitaph was the "I have written little, but it is all my best" and summed up one of the least known but best regarded poets of the era. Many of his friends and admirers had hoped that he would be appointed Poet Laureate when Tennyson died in 1892, but he never sought the position.

Francis or Piffie, as he was often called was the son of Patmore's third wife, and Coventry having converted to Catholicism, Piffie was sent to Beaumont leaving in 1903 and was Captain of The School. Despite having been inspired to write poetry when young, he decided to join the Army and the Hampshire Regiment.

Most people have heard of the Battles of the Somme and Passchendaele and perhaps even the Gallipoli campaign. Few, however, are aware that thousands of British troops fought in Mesopotamia (modern Iraq) during the Great War and that the Army suffered one of its most humiliating defeats there. Moreover, for many of those men who joined the Hampshire Regiment in 1914 in a spirit of excitement and adventure, Mesopotamia would be their graveyard.

The British were in Mesopotamia for one primary reason: oil. With the Royal Navy increasingly reliant on oil-powered ships, it was vital that the newly-founded Anglo-Persian Oil Company (APOC) be protected from the Ottoman Turks who were fighting alongside Germany and Austria-Hungary in the Great War.

Mesopotamia was also of major geo-strategic importance – as Iraq is today. In 1914 the British Empire had to protect the Persian Gulf because of its proximity to India. There were worrying signs, too, of increasing German military and economic influence in the area with many Turkish regiments advised or even commanded by German officers.

In 1915 the focus of the War Office in London was on the Western Front and Gallipoli and responsibility for the Mesopotamia campaign was initially left largely to the British Indian Army. The subsequent 'mission creep' – pushing on beyond the original military goal – and confusion between the authorities in London and India when the campaign began to unravel lay at the heart of the disaster that overtook the Army at Kut in 1916.

The 4th Hampshires, including Francis, were on Salisbury Plain for their annual summer camp when Britain declared war on 5 August 1914. Men immediately

flocked to enlist and the battalion was soon ‘oversubscribed’. The Army’s solution was to authorise the Battalion to be split into 1/4 for those with military experience and 2/4 for the volunteers.

The backbone of the 1/4th Battalion were the pre-war Territorial soldiers officered by both Regulars and Territorials. The War Office quickly decided that units such as these were sufficiently experienced for them to replace Regular Army units overseas, particularly in India. On 9 October the 1/4th Hampshires sailed for Bombay, arriving a month later. From there they travelled to the British Army base at Poona.

On 18 March 1915 the 1/4th Hampshires arrived at Basra from India as part of build-up of British and Indian forces in Mesopotamia. However, other elements necessary for a deeper advance up the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, particularly medical and logistical support, were not increased.

The Hampshires were initially employed north of Basra on steamers on the River Euphrates, operating against Turkish lines of communications. The battalion was ordered to Ahwaz in Arabistan (in modern Iran) to confront Turkish forces threatening the APOC pipeline there. The Hampshires spent a month operating in difficult terrain – often swampy – and increasing heat, but the Turks refused to give battle and the battalion returned to Basra.

The Allies, by this time strengthened by the arrival of reinforcements returned to the offensive and on 4 June captured the town of Amara. Conditions were far from ideal – the flooding of the Tigris resulted in waterlogged ground while the extremes of heat and swarms of flies must have seemed utterly alien to the British soldiers. The operations around Amara saw the British use a variety of vessels – particularly flat-bottomed bellums – to cross the flooded ground and attack Turkish positions. This became known as ‘Townshend’s Regatta’.

The advance northwards continued, with the commanders justifying each new objective as necessary to protect the one previously captured. In truth, Basra could have been defended comparatively easily once Qurna and Amara had been taken.

The next attack, on the town of Nasiriyah, 28 miles up the Euphrates from Amara, followed a month later. The first assault on 14 July using boats failed. A second attempt was made on 24 July, with the 1/4th Hampshires in the thick of the fighting in temperatures that reached 110 Fahrenheit. In one 24-hour period alone, 15 men collapsed with heatstroke, one dying. The Turks eventually withdrew and Nasiriyah was occupied on 25 July. The Hampshires, having suffered 30 per cent casualties, were then taken out of the line and returned to Amara. Just eight officers and 167 men remained fit for duty.

General Sir John Nixon, senior commander of the British Indian Army, ordered a further advance, despite misgivings from General Townshend the commander in the

field. Kut-al-Amara was taken on 27 September 1915, but crucially the Turkish forces there escaped and regrouped. More troops were sent to reinforce the Division which advanced again to Ctesiphon, but with his supply lines stretched beyond their limits, Townshend decided to withdraw to Kut pursued by the Turks.

The exhausted troops of 6th Division reached Kut on 3 December 1915, having marched 44 miles in just 36 hours. The garrison had stockpiles of supplies and, with reinforcements expected to arrive within a month, Townshend took the fateful decision to stand at Kut and defend the town.

Kut stands on a peninsula two miles long by one mile wide within a horseshoe bend of the River Tigris. The population was around 6,200, mainly Arabs, most of whom chose to stay during the siege. The arrival of Townshend's 6th Division pushed that figure up to nearly 21,000. Of these, 197 were men of the 1/4th Hampshires, comprised mainly of the battalion's Headquarters and A Company.

The siege began on 7 December 1915. Relief was expected to arrive quickly, and this was the major factor in the decision to allow the native population to stay in Kut. However, it had a huge impact on the availability of food for the troops.

The town was subjected to shelling, sniper fire and attacks by aircraft as well as frontal assaults by Turkish infantry, particularly in the early stages when British losses numbered between 150 and 200 each day. However, Turkish casualties were also very heavy and so they settled in for a long siege aimed at starving the defenders into submission.

The food situation within Kut quickly became serious. Fresh meat ran out at the end of December and three-quarter rations were introduced in mid-January. Mules and horses were slaughtered to supplement supplies, but many Indian troops refused to eat horseflesh because it was against their religion. Rations were cut again in February by which time the hospital was filled with men suffering from dysentery, scurvy, malaria, gastroenteritis and pneumonia. By the end of the siege, up to 80 soldiers a day were dying in Kut, many from starvation.

The winter weather added to the misery of the Kut garrison. Heavy rain left soaked men to the skin, filled trenches with water, and leaked through the hospital roof. The nights were also bitterly cold.

On 29 April 1916, with food supplies exhausted and all hope of relief gone, Major-General Townshend surrendered the Kut garrison and its 13,309 personnel to the Turks.

During the five-month siege 1,025 men had died from enemy action, 721 from disease and 72 were missing. A further 2,500 men had been wounded and 1,450 were in hospital.

Nine men of the 1/4th Hampshires died in Kut during the siege which left ten officers including Francis, and 178 other ranks to march out of the garrison when it surrendered on 29 April 1916. The captured men marched together as far as Shumran where the officers and rank and file were separated. They were forced to march the 1700 miles between Baghdad and Kastumuni. Francis was recorded as often carrying the extra kit of weary infantrymen in worse condition than himself. At one stage, he managed to escape but was re-captured and badly beaten for his efforts. He was flung into a primitive gaol where he was starved, maltreated and contracted typhus. He was then tied to a mule and transported semi-conscious to another prison where with his deteriorating physical condition, the Turks eventually exchanged him for other captives.

After a long period in hospital which saw the War come to an end, Piffie went coffee planting in Kenya and produced his one book "Friends and other Verses". He came home to England to die in 1932, never having fully recovered from his treatment by the Ottomans.

The Casuals Cup now in the possession of St John's

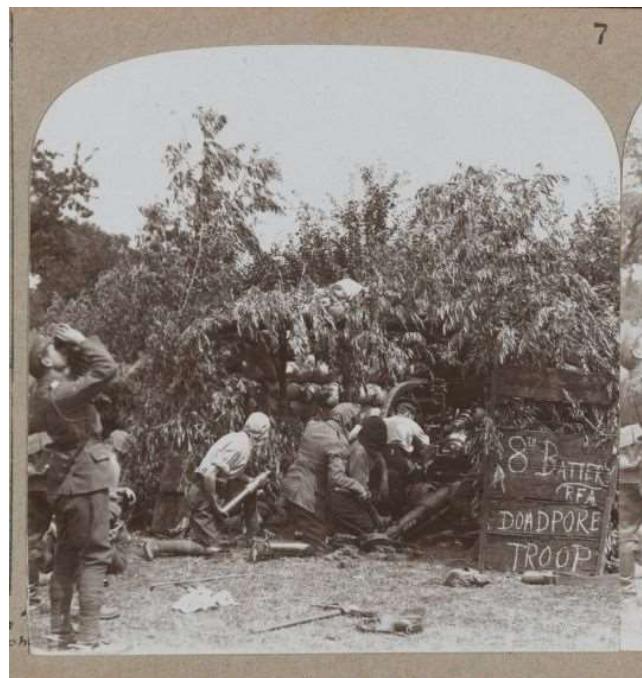


The Beaumont Casuals Cup presented to **F W BURKINSHAW** in 1907



Capt. Francis Burkinshaw MC RFA. (07) was the son of Charles, a landowner and farmer of Cotes Grange in Lincolnshire. At Beaumont he was a particularly good at football and played in the XI. Wishing to enter the Army he left for the Army Class at Wimbledon, before Woolwich and a commission in the RFA. Between 107 and 1910 he played for The Casuals.

In 1910, he was posted to India, but in 1914 he went to France the Indian troops of The Meerut Division and took part in the Battle of Loos in 1915.



In action at Loos

He was awarded the MC and was twice Mentioned in Dispatches.. Returning to India, he was next deployed to Mesopotamia with 19th Battery, 9 Bde RFA to take part in the Relief force for Kut.

British did not stand idly by and abandon Kut to its fate and made several attempts to break through to the besieged garrison. On 4 January 1916 a relief force advanced up the Tigris to Sheik Saad which was captured five days later after fierce fighting. The next objective, known as The Wadi, was taken on 14 January at which point the Turks withdrew to strong defensive positions at the Hanna Defile (Um-El-Hanna).

On 21 January the Relief Force attacked at El-Hanna in atrocious conditions. Thick mud made the movement of troops and equipment difficult and the Turks had had time to improve their defences which were a mile in depth.

The attack was a disaster. After shelling the Turkish positions, the British and Indian troops advanced in heavy rain over flat ground which afforded neither cover nor surprise. The attack was abandoned and the British soldiers, cold and wet, withdrew. Those unfortunate enough to be wounded on the battlefield had to crawl back as best they could through the mud and slime.

Francis was among the wounded with a bullet passing through his neck and injuring his spine. Paralysed he was in hospital in Amara before being moved on a hospital ship bound for Bombay. He died during the voyage at the age of 26 on 30 Mar 1916 and was buried at sea. He is Commemorated on the Basra Memorial.

Francis's father had died in 1908 and his mother had a window dedicated to their only son at St Mary's church, Upgate, Louth, East Lindsey, Lincolnshire.



UBIQUE/ QUO FAS ET GLORIA DUCUNT [trans: "where right and glory lead"]/TO THE
GLORY OF GOD AND IN LOVING AND PROUD MEMORY OF CAPTAIN FRANCIS/
WILLIAM BURKINSHAW R.A., M.C., AGED 26 YEARS, WHO ON H.M.H. SHIP "VARELA"
ON 30th MARCH, 1916 DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN MESOPOTAMIA AND WAS/
BURIED AT SEA. REQUIESCAT IN PACE. ONLY SON OF MARY ANN BURKINSHAW/
AND THE LATE CHARLES WILLIAM BURKINSHAW OF COTES GRANGE IN THIS
PARISH.

RACING STORIES.

There is a story that once as a child Queen Elizabeth II was asked what she would most like to become. Promptly she answered: "A horse." The tale may be apocryphal, but there is no doubt that love of the thoroughbred has always been with her. The Queen was not only a passionately interested horsewoman but also the industrious and ambitious owner of a considerable racing stable.

By the time she was five, the London Evening Standard wrote that Elizabeth was already "an accomplished and keen little horsewoman," and in that same year her grandfather christened a three-year-old filly "Lilibet." Another time, when she was 12, **Captain Charles Moore**, her father's trainer, took her with the King on a tour of inspection of the royal stud at Sandringham. When showing one of the mares, Bread Card, Moore's memory temporarily deserted him. "I can't remember her pedigree offhand, sir," he confessed apologetically. "I know it!" piped Lilibet's shrill, treble voice in the background. "She is by the Derby winner, Manna, out of Book Debt by Buchan." And she was quite right, too.



Charles Moore might have added that the owner of Manna was **Henry "Shanghai" Morris** and they had sat in the same class at Beaumont. Manna won the Derby by a record distance in 1925 and previous to that won the 2000gns.

ED:I have horses with Jamie Snowden in Lambourn and after a morning on the gallops we were chatting about amusing racing stories and I told him this one of Freddie Wolff's

FREDDIE WOLFF (29)



Freddie used to tell the story that he had horse in training with one Sid Fardell. He was informed by his trainer that this horse was to have its first race on a certain Thursday, however that was a day when Freddie, as Chairman of The Metal Exchange had to be in Paris for an International meeting so would miss the event. He would not be back until the next day but would then come down to the yard to discuss the horse's performance. Freddie told Sid that he must let him know how the race went by sending him a telegram as he was eager to know the result. That Thursday afternoon the telegram duly arrived at Freddie's hotel and was handed to him at reception. Eagerly opening it, Freddie was totally perplexed to read " SF, SF,SF, SF, SF" . Freddie knew that Sid was tight with the cash and that you were charged by the number of words - but this was incomprehensible. Arriving back home Freddie made haste to see Sid and demanded an explanation. "Oh" says Sid, " its quite simple " Started Farted, Slipped & Fell, Shot the Fucker, See you Friday, Sid Fardell"!

This story (to be taken with a large pinch of salt) was recounted not only by **Freddie** but by **John** and its last outing was by **Arthur Cope** at the "66 lunch earlier this Summer.

Ed: Jaime asked me how my colours had come about and I explained that I had started race riding in my last year at school and had decided like Freddie to use a variation on the same theme. I also said that Beaumont had, for such a small school, a great racing tradition. I mentioned Paul Webber's father **John** who trained for a number of OBs (Jamie trains for the Old Radleians), The **Tophams** of Aintree fame, the **Hennessys** and **Lady James Douglas** Derby breeder and owner, and the other Derby winning owners **Sir Humphrey de Trafford**, '**Shanghai**' **Morriss** and **Sir Reginald Macdonald Buchanan**.

At the last-mentioned Jamie laughed and said had I heard Mark Prescott's story of Sir Reginald:-

Sir Mark Prescott Bt on SIR REGINALD MACDONALD-BUCHANAN. (15)



Reginald's "Black & White" Whisky colours

Mark Prescott is one of the leading English Flat racehorse trainers with his yard at Newmarket: Winner of this year's "ARC" with Alpanista: he is also a racing historian, commentator and raconteur. One of his stories concerns **Sir Reginald MacDonald Buchanan (15)**, a formidable man seeing service with the Scots Guards in both Wars, MFH, and the Senior Steward of The Jockey Club which in his time was the regulating authority for British Racing. He was also a successful owner and breeder with his wife Catherine: horses such as Derby Winner Owen Tudor and the sprinter Abernant, one of the fastest horses ever. His trainers included Noel Murless, Henry Cecil and Mark Prescott.

This story was on the subject of getting "an 'Imperial' dressing down".

Mark Prescott: "If you ever get a bollocking, you must just take it. Never answer back nor try and explain. One Sunday afternoon, I was having a quiet nap when the telephone rang: it was Sir Reginald.

"Good afternoon, Sir", what can I do for you".

"If you are so idle, if you cannot be bothered, if you are so conceited, so smug and self-satisfied and so pleased with yourself that you do not feel it necessary to telephone me after one of my horses has run then I must inform you the next time if you do not ring me within 1 hour of Arisaid running his race , not only will I take my horses away but my wife's horses as well, from your yard and you will be sweeping the streets because you deserve it. Is that quite clear".

"Yes, Sir Reginald, and thank you for informing me".

I put down the telephone and had a chuckle: Arisaid was trained by Henry Cecil !!

End of a partnership.

The death of Mimi Lady Manton in August at the age of 97 has separated her for the time being from her twin sister Evie Stockwell who previously was the wife of Thomas Magner until his death and the mother of John who owns Coolmore the largest and most successful horse breeding operation in the world.



The Beaumont connection is that the twins were the daughters of Major Thomas Hallinan (12) of Ashbourne, Co Cork who died in 1959. Pictured here as a School Captain (complete with moustache).



Evie and Mimi with Fairyland when she won the Chevely Park Stakes at Newmarket in 2018. The Horse was bred by Evie's daughter Anne.

Lady Mimi Manton, was a "tremendous enthusiast" for racing, and a successful owner. Trainer Aidan O'Brien said: "She was a very special lady. We knew her through Evie and we used to meet her at the races, especially at York. She had an unbelievable interest and passion and knowledge of racing."

The sisters also celebrated their longevity in the naming of the filly "We Are Ninety", who Hugo Palmer trained to win at Listed level in 2016 and finish sixth in the Ribblesdale Stakes at Royal Ascot.

"She was a wonderful woman and a tremendous enthusiast for the sport," Palmer said. "We Are Ninety was a 90th birthday present from Peter Magnier, her nephew, and she was a lovely filly who won the Bouquetot Listed race at Newbury and ran well in the Ribblesdale."

Lady Manton still had horses with Palmer and Richard Fahey, for whom Have Secret carried her colours to victory in a nursery at Haydock just before she died. Her husband Rupert, who died in 2003, won the Kim Muir Chase at the Cheltenham Festival on Gay Monarch in 1955 before becoming a successful owner-breeder.

After their son Miles won the Grand Military Gold Cup on Silver Stick at Sandown in 1998, and he was presented with the trophy by the Queen Mother, Lord Manton reportedly told her: "I owned the horse, bred the horse, saddled the horse and bred the jockey."

He served, as did Macdonald-Buchanan, as Senior Steward of the Jockey Club from 1982 to 1985 – at a time when that body still ran British racing.

Magnier reminder.

John Magnier made his fortune breeding champion racehorses, his shrewdness and toughness would have taken him to the top of any business. "The softest thing about Magnier," it is often said, "is his teeth." Nonetheless, Magnier's family background and racing connections stood him in good stead, says the Irish Independent. Born in 1948, the son of "well to do" farmers, he grew up near Fermoy in County Cork where his family had been breeding horses since the 1850s. His mother, **Evie Stockwell**, who ran the family stud after the death of Magnier's father, was a particularly formidable figure and a close friend of Ireland's most successful trainer, Vincent O'Brien. The connection between the families was cemented when Magnier married O'Brien's daughter, Susan. Evie then ran the National Hunt part of the enterprise at The Grange Stud in Co. Cork.

END Note

The mention of Mark Prescott and Alpanista: this amazing grey mare has Galileo as grandsire owned by the **Magniers** and also on both sides of her breeding she goes back to Gainsborough, Derby and Triple Crown winner owned and bred by **Lady James Douglas**, wife of an OB sister of OBs and Aunt of OBs.

"Lads of Letters".

Gilbert Conner on receiving the Lunch notification:-

How good to see your name come up on the screen.

I note Mandy uses a Barrington in her address group, can there be a connection with Barrington Tristram? I am copying this to John Tristram, who is also a Barrington. He and I have a family connection which goes back to my grandmother on my mother's side. He and his roots stretch back to what he calls his Lavantine family who were go-between the Ottomans and the rest of the world as bankers.

John was a little younger than me at Beaumont, he and I share cousins, some were Beaumont and others Oratory who we used to play cricket, until our closure when they took on Downside, which I gather has now closed.

Schools are now important businesses. Your web-site has done a lot to educate me on the run up to the closure of Beaumont. I had left before it happened, but now St John's, St Mary's Hall and Stonyhurst operated as a single brand.

ED: Good to hear from you Gilbert. No Idea about Mandy's Barrington boss as to whether he has a Beaumont connection. The Oratory / Downside match never really caught on and only lasted a couple of seasons : they needed our Caché !! School as businesses – I gather Hugh Dickinson is very much involved.

Barrington John Tristram:

Downside not closed. It just doesn't have any monks any more. They have removed to Buckfast Abbey, where Liz Knight-Gok, another Tristram cousin, lives on the estate, as her partner works as the chef for the monks. Gilbert, it's Levantine not Lavantine! Our Barrington forebears owned the property that became RMCS Shrivenham. Unfortunately, the 3xgreat grandfather of **Gilbert, Gerry Ford and myself**, General John Barrington, died before succeeding to the (Irish) Viscountcy, unlike 3 of his sons.

ED: Dear Both, Being the inquisitive sort, I checked out General John and noted that his father in law was a leading Slave owner: Trust you are not being harassed for a Mea Culpa or compensation!!!

Barrington John Tristram:

You sent me to Google as well. I wonder if Florentius Vassall, General John's father in law, was a forebear of Christopher John Vassall, the civil servant who spied for the Soviets? I recall that Shute Barrington, the Prince Bishop of Durham, was a correspondent of William Wilberforce, so the family slightly on the side of the angels!

ED: Smacks of the equivalent of a climate change trade off.

Gilbert Connor:

That is a very good hand to play. There is nothing wrong about being a slave owner, one can only be judged on how one treats them. You both know the rule, St Paul delighted in being a slave and pulled up Peter for not being consistent. As for how

one spells that is a matter between me and Google. Not even Google gets everything right, I suspect something has to do with the software.

Barrington John Tristram:

Fair enough, but most of the family money probably came from honest British graft and chicanery. The first Viscount was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not forgetting Daines Barrington, the lawyer. And as to my direct Tristram ancestry, an admirable policy of marrying heiresses.

ED: As dear Major/Colonel Roddy would say to us “Never marry for money but always marry where money is. I did neither and I’m reduced to teaching you wretched boys”.

Barrington John Tristram:

This is a quiet day so I have been on google again. Do you remember Major, (or was it Col?) Blyth-Praeger, Pat Roddy's predecessor as OC CCF? I looked him up. His parents were members of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, a society devoted to magic and mysticism. He was however educated at Stonyhurst, his mother at least becoming a Catholic. He was described as a civil servant, so presumably his military rank was from war service. In 1962 he was vice president of the British Society of Dowsers, and he contributed articles to their journal between 1958 and 1978. I don't know how long he was involved with the CCF, but he doesn't seem to have left much of a mark.

ED: yes, I did know about Blyth-Praeger. He was in 4/7 DG during the War and was recruited to command the Corps when Freiherr von Roretz emigrated to Kenya in about '48. He certainly was an odd ball and I think was at Beaumont for about 4 years but at least there was Tom Kelly to keep things ‘Guards fashion’. I must dig out the article I prepared for the Winter Review. (SEE next Article but one).

Gilbert Connor:

He, Kelly and Percy did a very good job, as did the man in the laundry. Brother Higgins was a good wicket keeper. What was the name of the lady who cleaned the dorm in the building Fr Ezichiel lived and whose cat **Richard Rutherford** shot and killed when he was aiming at the poor animal's tail?

ED: You are thinking of Mrs Mills wife of Laurie Mills who was originally the boiler man but then looked after the armoury. Ex private Wiltshire Regiment and was a POW for most of the Great War. He was quite a character. They lived adjacent to the Laundry Dorm. The Mills's had a rather attractive daughter and they were concerned about her with the senior boys. This heralded the cry from Mrs Mills into the night sky of “Whatcha doin Yvonne”: it became a catch phrase around the school!

Gilbert Connor:

Thank you for your last, I wonder what we would have done without Mrs Mills' cat. I do remember the armourer. I wonder where I got the name Percy, perhaps it was from 'Dad's Army'.

Barrington John Tristram:

Gilbert, you are correct that Percy was the armourer. Ex Suffolk Regt. He used to keep up a low level whinge about Tom Kelly, presumably because he got bossed around although I think he had also been an RSM.

ED: Both, I'm not infallible on Beaumont matters, but I think Percy was Percy Martin, Tom Kelly's predecessor who had been the Corps RSM from after WW1 till after WW2 and certainly a senior Warrant Officer: apparently a legend in his day. Laurie Mills would have taken over in the Armoury 1957.

Barrington John Tristram:

Correct, yes Percy Martin. And I should have written 'chunter' rather than 'whinge'.

Andrew Geddes

Having made his acquaintance at The Lunch, I was interested to hear that Andrew is another "Metal Markets" man together with John Wolff. I too had a Family interest in the Trade with Metal Bulletin that provides information to the markets: later bought out by **Sir Patrick Sergeant (42)** and his Euromoney. So, a bit of research:-



Andrew Geddes MA(Oxon) FIOM³ M EWI

Metallurgist & Commodity Trader

Andrew Geddes is an Oxford Metallurgy graduate who has worked in the primary metals (non-ferrous) industry in the commercial field internationally. He has held senior positions over last 40 years with metal producers, traders and fabricators and has done business in 70 different countries around the world and has been a regular visitor to 50 of them.

He has used London Metal Exchange extensively as well as FX markets for hedging. During this time he has resolved many disputes / litigations for Company/employer.

He has primary raw materials experience including, but not limited to: aluminium, alumina, copper, magnesium, silicon, nickel and cobalt. His experience also covers broken contracts, fraud, market loss valuations, hedging loss valuations, agency arrangements and contract negotiations including shipping and warehousing. In addition to regular hedging his LME experience includes frequent placing of metal (mostly aluminium or zinc) onto LME warrant, LME warehousing deals and taking metal off LME warrant. Warrant swaps, location swaps.

He has given advice and/or expert witness services for disputes in Italy, Switzerland, Sweden, Singapore and the UK. He has also produced reports and given oral evidence in court (LCIA, ICC, SCC, SIAC and High Court London) and has many excellent references available from international law firms.

Training:

Metallurgy Honours Degree at St Catherine's College Oxford University
Expert Witness Institute Membership & Accreditation
Cardiff University Law School Expert Witness Accreditation
IMD Business School, Lausanne

Membership:

Fellow of the Institute of Materials, Minerals & Mining
Expert Witness Institute, London
Institute of Directors, London

Andrew has lived with his family in the area around Eaton Square and Elizabeth Street for almost 30 years. He currently lives in Gerald Road, just off Elizabeth Street.

Having worked in the international commodity trading sector for about 45 years, he occasionally does consultancy work or appointed as an Expert Witness in large value metal disputes, he is now semi-retired so has extra time to be able to devote to local issues.

He attends/assists in meetings of the Westminster Cycling Campaign committee (a constituent part of the London Cycling Campaign) so has already been involved in helping to resolve matters for the future of cycling in London, specifically on issues affecting cyclists in Belgravia.

Andrew's involvement with the Belgravia Neighbourhood Forum promotes particular reference to representing the interests of cyclists.

ODD BALLS

We had exceptional Masters, those who one felt were characters rather than academics and Beaumont also welcomed to the staff the “odd Ball”. One such was John Blyth-Praeger who succeeded to the command of The Corps in 1948.

John had seen war service with the 4/7th Dragoon Guards before retiring as a Major.

He took over from The Freiherr Von Roretz who had decided to emigrate to farm in Kenya.

Blyth-Praeger parents Wilfrid and Lilian were members of The **Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn**. This was an organization devoted to the study and practice of the occult, metaphysics, and paranormal activities during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Their involvement came through their friendship with W B Yates. Both parents were amateur composers. Later Lilian certainly converted to Catholicism and John was sent to Stonyhurst. Wilfrid acted as PS to the Earl of Dysart who was also their friend and benefactor. Wilfrid lived many years after his wife's death in 1942 finally succumbing in a mental hospital (Holloway Sanitorium) at Virginia Water in 1955.

Major John F F Blyth Praeger was a founder member of the Radionics Association and a member of the British Society of Dowsers,

Radionics is a method of energy based distant healing which has the potential to support anyone no matter where they might be in the world.

Radionic practitioners recognise that all life is made up of vital and subtle energies which can be affected by the everyday traumas such as accidents, shock, environmental and emotional stresses. These subtle energies make up the invisible matrix of the physical body

Through the skill of dowsing and with an analysis of the conditions of the subtle energies a practitioner of Radionics is able to restore harmony and balance to the flow of energy through the chakras and subtle bodies in order to optimise health and well being.

What is Radionics?

Radionics is a healing technique in which our natural intuitive faculties are used both to discover the energetic disturbances underlying illness and to encourage the return of a normal energetic field that supports health. It is independent of the distance between practitioner and patient.

A trained and competent practitioner can discover factors contributing to disease within any living system, be it a human being, an animal, a plant or the soil itself. Appropriate therapeutic energies can then be made available to help restore optimum health.

The origins of Radionics are attributed to a distinguished American physician, Doctor Albert Abrams (1863 – 1924) of San Francisco, and it has since been developed by numerous other research workers and exponents including Ruth Drown, George de la Warr, T. Galen Hieronymus, Malcolm Rae and David Tansley. But Radionics

should not be thought of as a recent invention – it harnesses ancient human skills that have been neglected.

The nature of the energetic processes entrained in Radionics are not yet fully understood, but there is now ample evidence that we are all linked in some way at a higher level of mind, and it is believed that this is the level engaged during radionic practice.

Radionic healing is not so much directed at the physical reality of the body, but rather at the invisible energy matrices which are believed to lie behind it.

For the purpose of assessment and treatment, Radionics sees organs, diseases and remedies as having their own particular frequency or vibration. These factors are expressed in numerical values which are known as “rates” and radionic instruments are provided with calibrated dials on which such “rates” are set for analysis and treatment purposes. These figures have a significance more symbolic than mathematical.

Basis to radionic practice is a disciplined dowsing or radiesthetic skill. In trained hands Radionics can be used to help to restore the health of people, animals, plants and the soil wherever in the world that need exists, and with no depletion of material resources.



A depiction of a divining rod in use in Britain during the late 18th century, from a volume by Thomas Pennant.

What is Dowsing?

Dowsing is a technique used to uncover information through our own natural intuitive sense. We can pick up energy vibrations which are then magnified through a pendulum or dowsing rods. This ancient skill goes back hundreds of years when it was mostly used for finding water.

By careful questioning dowsing can be used to discover factors contributing to health or disease within any living system, be it a human being, an animal, a plant or the soil itself.

They begin by identifying a ‘positive’ or ‘negative’ response through the pendulum. This is typically a circular motion, clockwise or anti-clockwise. Participants then experiment to discover whether they prefer to work through a list of options, obtaining ‘yes’ or ‘no’ results, or if they find it easier to fan out the choices and see which they are drawn to through dowsing.

Once this initial response you move on to try different themes. Asking clear precise questions is very important and the association provide a helpful manual to assist with this. There is usually a selection of fruits. Which is best for you? Would it be better washed? Has it been sprayed or affected by air travel? There may also be numerous supplements, tissue salts and homeopathic remedies to dowse over.

There is a tray of crystals which all have their own radiatory energy and some participants are drawn to a particular stone on display that feels good to them. If time we may also look at colours to see what effects they have on our energy field.



They also spend time experimenting with dowsing rods to identify positive and negative spots in the landscape. We can look for underground water and detect its direction of flow.

We may also dowse for the ‘aura’ or energy of trees. Each tree has an energy field and by sending positive thoughts and appreciation it may be possible to sense an expansion of its aura.

Your manual will have different approaches and diagrams so you are ready to work independently at home. It is usual for everyone to dowse successfully by the end of the day and a few weeks’ practise will enable quicker and more confident results. Some participants follow on from the Dowsing Day by joining our Introduction to Radionics course, where their dowsing will be used to discover more about the ways we can help others through a wider understanding of how disease affects both the physical and subtle layers of our being.

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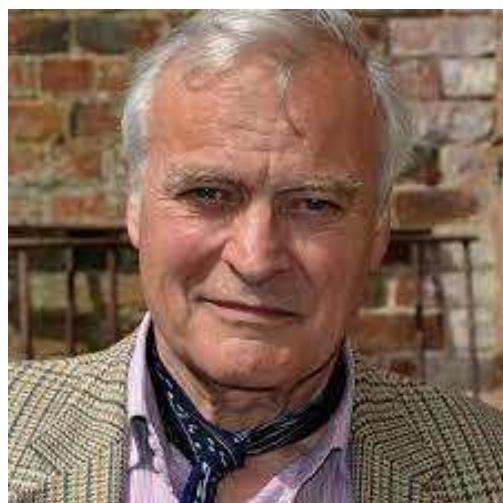
Blyth Praeger also contributed to *The Aylesford Review*, a literary quarterly sponsored by the British Carmelites, 1955-1968,

John became a civil servant. He inherited his parents' interest in alternative ways of understanding how the world works.

Peter BURDEN (revisited)

Ed: I thought of Peter as most of my summer leisure time consisted of re-reading old Dick Francis and John Francome racing thrillers.

Peter ghost wrote several of the latter's novels and they certainly have a distinctive style which I much enjoy.



Before Peter Burden became a full time author, he was many things. After a spell as a restaurant troubadour, he travelled to Morocco in the early 70's to buy ethnic garments and gather a great deal of life experience. He became a fashion king and in 1975 launched the cult jeans brand, Midnight Blue. He was also the owner of a non-winning race horse in the 80's and a writer of radio jingles.

His first novel *Rags*, published in 1987 and based on his experiences in the fashion trade, was described by the Mail on Sunday as "a splendidly lively whiz through the fashion fringes of the Swinging Sixties." It quickly appeared in the bestseller lists and was followed by several more novels, including collaborations in turf fiction with John Francome. Peter was later responsible for transforming Jenny Pitman into a best-selling novelist, having introduced her to the idea and ghosting three best sellers for her. More recently, he ghosted the posthumous autobiography of 60's heartthrob, David Hemmings. He followed this by helping Leslie Phillips with his autobiography, *Hello* and, most recently, by producing the well-received, incisive and forensic examination of the activities of Britain's most controversial tabloid, in *News of the world? Fake Sheikhs & Royal Trappings*, described by former editor, Derek Jameson as "a well-documented exposure of underhand tactics, gross intrusion and embarrassing cock-ups."

Since 2009, Peter has worked closely with actor John Challis, best known for his creation of '*Boycie*' in the nation's favourite TV comedy, '*Only Fools and Horses*'. They have produced two much acclaimed volumes of autobiography - '*Being Boycie*' and '*Boycie and Beyond*', two novels based on the character '*Reggie ffinch-Leigh*', and a superb portrait of John's historic home - '*Wigmore Abbey - the Treasure of Mortimer*'.

For the last 10 years Peter has provided a monthly opinion column to the London paper, *Kensington, Chelsea & Westminster Today*. During the 2020 lockdown he worked with legendary English cricketer, Ted Dexter, to produce one of the most highly regarded cricketing autobiographies of recent times.

Mystery critic's identity unmasked

South Shropshire News Published: Oct 5, 2009

The identity of a mystery critic who has been prowling Ludlow's restaurants has been revealed - with the help of Twitter and an IT expert who can't afford to eat in the places featured. The identity of a mystery critic who has been prowling Ludlow's restaurants has been revealed — with the help of Twitter and an IT expert who can't afford to eat in the places featured. Mr Pernickety, the author of a gastronomic guide to Ludlow, has been unmasked as bestselling author who lives in the town and who is related to one of the greatest romantic poets. He was unmasked in a joint operation by Shropshire Star reporter Andy Richardson, who contacted him via Twitter, and IT lecturer Bill Pearson, from Nantwich. Mr Pearson said: "It wasn't too difficult to track him down. I think he'd left enough clues for people to find out." For the full story see today's Shropshire Star

Mr Pernickety, the author of a gastronomic guide to Ludlow, has been unmasked as bestselling author and Ludlow resident Peter Burden. Mr Burden is a distant relative of the romantic poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

He was unmasked in a joint operation by Shropshire Star reporter Andy Richardson, who contacted him via Twitter, and IT lecturer Bill Pearson, from Nantwich. Mr Pearson said: "It wasn't too difficult to track him down. I think he'd left enough clues for people to find out."

Mr Pearson added: "I run my own food blog - <http://goodfoodshops.blogspot.com> - which looks at food in Cheshire and neighbouring counties.

"I've written a lot about Shropshire, though I can't afford to eat in some of the fine dining restaurants in Mr Pernickety's guide."

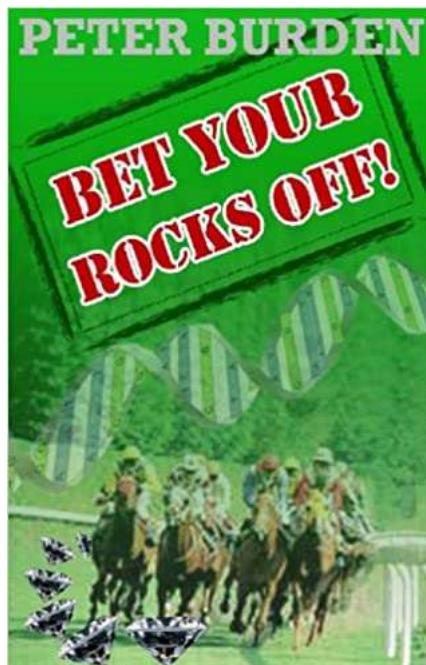
Today Mr Burden accepted that the game was up, and said: "It's our bad luck that we didn't cover my identity well enough.

The aim of the guide is to tell it like it is. A lot of people, without knowing I'd written it, have told me how accurate it is, so we've done something right."

Mr Burden has written a number of bestselling books, a series of race-track thrillers with Jenny Pitman, autobiographies with star actors and a book called *Rags*, that made the Sunday Times bestseller list. He lived in Herefordshire for 20 years before moving to Ludlow.

A fast moving thriller set in an upper crust world of aristocrats and the seriously rich, all of whom are on friendly terms with racings ruling elite The Jockey Club.

Sir Hugo Tarrington knows better than most that the surest way to win is to cheat and with the backing of the Al Hassans a well-established Franco-Arab racing family, he has the chance to stage the coup of his life.



Abdel Al Hassan, who is a leading light in genetics, adores his mother above all else. He is determined to see her restored to her rightful place as the Grande Dame of racing following the unfathomable disqualification of one of her horses at Royal Ascot.

These two old Harrovians cook up the coup of all racing coups, an almost infallible way of winning the English Derby and restoring Madame Al Hassan to glory. It had nearly been achieved in 1844 when Levi Goodman won The Derby with a 4 year old ringer called Running Rein. But he was caught before he could collect.

Throw in the trainer – American born Annie, Countess of Tenbury, a beautiful woman trying to make it in an unashamedly man's world and Madame Al Hassan's rapidly failing health, and it becomes a battle of resolve to see the horse first past the post.

Not only is *Bet Your Rocks Off* a great, humorous read, it lifts the lid in an enthralling way on how betting coups work some barely legal and some outright criminal.

WANTING A B&B

Old stone farmhouse, amazing views near Ludlow:

The Poles is set amid the undulating hills of South Shropshire, beneath a wooded chase where Tudor princes hunted.

The 250 year old stone farmhouse lies in a secluded valley of the River Teme, three miles west of the ancient hill town and borough of Ludlow.

The Poles is the home of Peter & Nina Burden; he is a writer; she is a vintage fashionista. The house is full of books, pictures and Nina's distinctive taste in furniture and furnishings. They can advise on pretty much any aspect of the area - its history, geography, gastronomy and entertainment – and especially welcome artists, writers, musicians and performers.

FINNALLY; I gather from Peter's brother Paul that Peter has just come out of hospital this month after a serious Op: we wish him a speedy recovery

DE LA SOTA

(Basqueing in glory)

From Henry Hayward:-

Many of you probably read the Thunderer but you might well have missed this article. I am 90% certain that the subject is our Ramon as the portrait, which has not shown well when copied by me, might be the same as Ramon used as a passport photo, less the dress and magnificent hair style!

I last met with de la Sota when he came to lunch or something at Sandhurst with me. I remember him being very interested and well informed about weapons. A few years later he was occasionally seen on television as the link between the Basque nationalists and the king. I bumped into his brother Pedro in London for a brief period as we had friends in common but have sadly not seen/heard from him since.

Art stolen in civil war is returned

Spain

Charlie Devereux, Madrid

Two paintings stolen from an aristocrat by Francoist forces have been returned to his descendants 85 years later, in a case that could set a precedent for the recovery of other assets and artworks seized in the Spanish Civil War.

The paintings were tracked down by Ramón de la Sota Chalbaud, the great-grandson of Ramón de la Sota y Llano, the Marquis of Llano.

In 2018 his cousin spotted them in the online catalogue of an exhibition at the Mapfre Foundation in Madrid. The portraits, by Vicente López Portaña and the Flemish painter Frans Pourbus, had been lent to the exhibition by the *Palacio de Almudro*, part of a chain of state-owned hotels. They featured in a

300-strong collection featuring works by Goya, Picasso and El Greco.

De la Sota y Llano, a Basque industrialist, was awarded a KBE by George V for lending his fleet to help the British in the First World War. He became a target for Franco because of his Basque nationalist sympathies. When fascist forces entered Bilbao in 1937 they went after his properties there.

His death in 1936 did not stop Francoists trying De la Sota y Llano 13 months later. They imposed fines equivalent to

The pair of stolen paintings included a portrait by Vicente López Portaña

€4 million on his family and confiscated his art collection.

Some of the paintings were returned after Franco's death but the family continued to hunt for the missing work.

Earlier attempts to reclaim assets illegally taken by the state have failed because of a six-year statute of limitations. But the family's law firm, Ramón y Cajal, argued that it should apply from when the paintings were located, in 2018. It also argued that the statute should not apply in this case because the assets were seized through violence.

The works will be shown at the Bilbao Fine Arts Museum from September 2.



ED: Henry's missive to his year group had me "digging and delving" into the de la Sota family and their involvement in Spanish politics. My first general comment is how convoluting has been their world with its various machinations. We started off in the 19th century with the two Monarchist factions – Alfonsionists and Carlists both of whom were represented at Beaumont with Alfonso XII's cousins at the school as was the Carlist pretender the Duke of Madrid. There were at one time 11 OB's in Alfonso's administration. With the fall of the Monarchy, the Dictatorship, a new Republican Government with left wing tendencies eventually brought about the Nationalist insurrection. Franco was brought in to command the Nationalists who were a broad coalition of right-wing republicans, Alfonsionists, Carlists. Also amalgamated with the Carlists were the Falange – a fascist, anti-communist, anti-separatist and staunchly Roman Catholic grouping. You will recall that I have previously written that it was 3 OB monarchists who brought in Franco to command the Nationalist Forces. The Basque Nationalists had their roots in Carlism but these two allies fell out when the Civil War broke out. The Carlists with the Falangists fell in strongly behind a unified Spanish State so the Basques opted to support the Republicans who offered them autonomy. So much for the big picture: now for the de la Sota family.

The patriarch was Ramon de la Sota-Llano a Basque first and foremost. He was also a shipping mogul and lawyer with one of the largest fortunes on the Iberian

Peninsula. A reputation he shared with the de las Rivas family and the sons of the Marquis de Mudela went to Old Windsor in the years prior to the Great War. Ramon's business interests had started with mining and the export of steel, but in 1910 he expanded into shipping with construction and later with his own fleet. In the Great War, he leased many of his ships to the British Admiralty and in 1921 received an honorary knighthood. The year before, he had bought the steam yacht that had been built for Frederick Vanderbilt and then requisitioned by the Royal Navy as HMS Warrior, and he had her berthed at Bilbao. In politics he represented the Basque province in the Spanish Parliament and was President of the Basque Provincial Council.



Ramón de la Sota y Aburto was born in Las Arenas (Bizkaia) on August 13, 1887. He was the second of the thirteen children of Ramon de la Sota y Llano.

After studying in Bilbao until secondary school at the age of 16, he went to study in England, first English and then engineering at King's College in London.

In 1912 he finished his studies and returned to Bilbao, and soon began his political career. In 1917 he was elected Provincial Deputy for the district of Balmaseda and the first nationalist president of the Bizkaia Provincial Council managed to be elected President, a position he held until May 1919, introducing a series of fiscal and operational reforms in the Corporation, although he continued as Provincial Deputy until he resigned in 1925.

He married Sofia MacMahon y Jacquet, daughter of Pedro MacMahon Aguirre (Marquis of MacMahon), with whom he had six children. He sent his eldest son Ramon de la Sota y MacMahon to Beaumont in 1930.

Ramon Aburto was a director of various companies ranging from steel to banking. In August 1936, on the death of his father, he inherited the direction of the vast family business, but he was in charge of it for a short time.

The Sota family was, at the time of the Franco uprising, not only the most important business group in the Basque region but also in Spain, as well as one of its greatest fortunes, both in Spain and Europe.



The Franco Nationalist forces attacked in North East Spain against the separatist movement with the most infamous of their actions the bombing of Guernica in April 1937 carried out by the German Luftwaffe: it opened the way to Bilbao which fell into the hands of General Mola's troops on June 19, 1937 and, like many other properties, those of Sota in the city were the object of acts of robbery and looting.

When the Francoists advanced on Santander, helped by their allies the Italians, a large part of the Basque forces withdrew to the bay of Santoña. There they capitulated. Among the conditions of surrender was to respect the lives of the prisoners, and for the most politically responsible people and for army officers, the right to choose to go into exile abroad. The Francoist with their characteristic bad faith, once they saw the Basque battalions disarmed, mocking the pledged word, denied the capitulation. They held a riot of court-martial trials and sentenced all prisoners en masse to the death penalty and thousands were then summarily shot.

Not content with these war crimes Franco moved against the de La Sota family; The accusations against Sota lacked reliable evidence and almost all of them referred to periods long before the war, however the most damning was that all the members of the family belonged to the Basque Nationalist party. The sum of the fines imposed on the Sota-Aburto couple and the family exceeded three hundred and seventy-four million pesetas, the highest amount that the Francoist authorities imposed on the persecuted in all Spain.

Ramón de la Sota y Aburto was expelled from all the businesses he controlled and prosecuted without apparently ever being heard. In addition to the fine of one hundred million pesetas and the confiscation of their properties, the de la Sota paid an even higher price for their support of the Basque Government, since the shares of the Marine Company were sold at war price, their ships passed to a minority shareholder and almost two hundred paintings, a real art gallery of great value, disappeared confiscated by the Government.

Despite the Supreme Court ruling, the paintings were not returned to their owners. 92 of the canvases have disappeared, and what is more serious: apparently some have been stolen from the same judicial deposit where they were delivered and sold in the market by antique dealers and individuals.

Four canvases, including a Goya and a Greco, decorated the offices of the Ministry of the Interior. Until now, a Dutch Christ, attributed to Van Dick, along with other silver objects, had been found in Burgos, decorating the room in the Palacio de la Isla that Francisco Franco occupied during his visits to the city. The works of art were first deposited in the Burgos National Furniture Warehouse, and later transferred to Madrid.

At the time of the occupation of Bilbao by Franco's troops, Don Ramón de la Sota ordered all his ships to dock in British ports, but the Franco government claimed them. For the English Admiralty, there were two governments in Spain at that time, one *de jure*, that of the Republic, and the other *de facto*, that of Franco, and considering that Bilbao belonged at that time to the Franco regime, the English ruled in favour of Franco, ordering the return of the ships. In this way, 40 ships, among the most modern that at that time sailed in European waters, were handed over to the Franco Government.

So in June 1937, Sota y Aburto left Bilbao and settled in exile in Biarritz, together with a large part of his family. His exile lasted until his death. Away from business he dedicated his time to research on topics related to the sea and ships, as well as reading about economics, literature, history, etc.

He participated in the meetings in Bayonne of the Basque Government in exile and was preparing his return from exile in the summer of 1978, for which he made a quick trip to Bilbao, when he died at his home "Etcheperidia" in Biarritz (France) on August 4, 1978.

His eldest son Ramon since leaving Beaumont had also been involved in the family businesses but with the family and the Basque Government now in exile the younger Ramon went to The States as their representative. The USA initially refused entry to any of those fleeing the fighting in the Basque homelands, but Ramon spent time visiting established communities to try and raise support. He found that, although the majority were sympathetic, they lacked a national consciousness to take any action.

The exiled government set up its headquarters in the New Weston Hotel and later the Elysee in Manhattan. They tried to create their own identity among the US politicians and the élite of New York focusing on trying to influence policy and attitudes towards the Franco regime. Nationalist propaganda stated that the Basques were anti-Catholic and Communist. It resulted in the Church being the main lobbyist against allowing Basque immigration to America. The Basques were to find that they had few friends and allies to their cause.



With the outbreak of WW2 and America's entry into the War The younger Ramon enlisted and rose to Sergeant in the Marine Corps. He served with distinction in the Aleutian Islands where he was wounded in the savage fighting to dislodge the defenders and received the Purple Heart and the Silver Cross. At the end of hostilities, he went to Argentina working as the regional Director the OSS - the forerunner of the CIA tracking down Nazi war criminals.

In the shady world of intelligence, he worked alongside MI6 and the French Deuxieme Bureau. While in Argentina he met and married Teresa Zorraquin.

Ramon was part of the Basque Information Service (SVI, the Services): an espionage organization that the Basque Nationalist Party created during the Civil War and that little later was incorporated into the Basque Government as an auxiliary agency.

Ramon y MacMahon was a very well-connected person, who devoted himself to exports after the world war and who, from France, where he ended up settling, continued to maintain close contact with agents of the Basque Information Service who had been at his orders and with which he continued to collaborate sporadically.

When President Eisenhower recognised the Franco regime in 1953, he returned both decorations and his American passport to the Pentagon.

However, he continued to interact with former US Intelligence and CIA contacts during the 1960s, even when the Basque Information Service no longer existed.

Ramon died young in 1971 at the age of 56



Ramon y MacMahon sent his two sons to Beaumont in 1958. Ramon the eldest rowed in The V111 and on leaving was involved in Basque politics. In 1979 he was elected to the Spanish Senate on behalf of the Nationalists and was a member of the Commission on Industry, Commerce and Tourism.



Pedro

After Beaumont, Pedro studied filmmaking in Paris. He made his initial works in cinema, documentaries, in France. The first documentary he made in the Basque Country was *Nortasuna* (1976), about the sculptor Remigo Mendiburu . He made his first feature film in 1980, *Sabina Arana* but it had very mixed reviews. He then took part in the Inspection department, making the 17th, *Matxitxako itxasguda* (1983) and

the 19th, *Euskara* (1984). In 1989 he made his main work, the feature film *Viento de Colera* with Juan Echanove and Aitana Sanchez-Gijon as the protagonist.

“THESPIANS”

One of the most memorable aspects of Beaumont were the “Plays” BU, Higher Line, Lower Line , Class, and not forgetting The Pantomime.

Barrie Martin sent me some photos of the 1958 Higher line play “ Grand National Night” : Starring **Barrie Martin!**

“ When the fire has burnt low, and the family retired to bed, *Grand National Night* is the sort of play we re-light our pipe to listen to. It presents – as the ethical and social realities of a Britain into which the School boy will emerge – drink, divorce, homicide, a little successful gambling, wholesale equivocation – and success the infallible criterion of right !” So, began the critique. It was a performance much enjoyed by all.



Barrie as Gerald Coates -“Cultured, Prospering, Cool-headed” The syphon would have been made by the Eugster family (**Edward (18) Chairman**) – Worlds largest producer.

Ian Glennie as Joyce – “The Circe,” who showed exceptional care with attitude, movement and poses.



"Smooth" Gerald with "soak' Mrs Babs Coates (Ian Agnew).



Christopher Collingwood, Patrick Agnew, Barrie Martin, and Michael Bingham



Ian Glennie , Patrick Agnew (Morton the Butler) and Philip Rousseau as "Pinkie Collins" - the personification of self- sufficient comfort.



The Cast including Paul Haden as the Detective and Andrew Stibbs as "the Yorkshire Bobby"

More on “CLOSURE”

I heard from Henry Sire (Stonyhurst):

“A friend of mine has just sent me the Beaumont Union Review, with its account by John Mulholland (OS) of the closure of Beaumont. This has made me reflect that I have had in my possession for the last ten years a private account with an indirect bearing on it, specifically on the Visitation of Fr Gordon George. It is even more hard-hitting than what John Mulholland writes. The account was sent to me for my eyes only, but I realise that that there are many people who would be interested in the inside story, and I send it to you to do what you wish with it.

Let me add that in the last year or so I have had occasion to look at several of the Beaumont Union Reviews as they appear on line and I have been struck by how extraordinarily well written they are. I don't see any indication of who the writer is, and perhaps it is you. There is also the good service of preserving a wealth of information about persons and institutions which would otherwise be lost.”

THE VISITATION OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE SJ, 1964-5

Extract from an account titled “Lest we forget” written by James Higgins, who was a Jesuit in the late 1950s and early 60s, and sent to me on 29 February 2012

The account describes what the writer presents as chicanery on the part of the Jesuit Provincial, Fr John Coventry, in appointing Fr Bruno Brinkman to run Heythrop College as effective head, while he appointed Fr David Hoy in 1958 as a figurehead rector. The writer cites Fr Peter Levi, at that time a young priest of the Province, as his friend and informant.

Unlike Coventry or Brinkman, Fr Hoy was himself unquestionably a model of obedience: and he would have needed all the more to be so if he had had any inkling of what had been afoot. He may well have had his suspicions, of course, but whether in sober truth he knew the reason for his appointment seems doubtful, for anyone who can look back to the subsequent developments, all unforeseen as they were. The most significant was the Visitation from Rome five years later, which involved Fr Hoy's being made, quite outrageously, the scapegoat for the inevitable chaos, by the Canadian put in charge of what became virtually a punitive expedition. But in default of firm evidence either way, to my knowledge, I can only say that it would have been quite out of character for Fr Coventry to have shared the secret with either of them, Rector or Visitor. Fr Hoy was there merely to save the appearances and accommodate Brinkman, with no questions asked. Or at any rate answered.

Because the truth underlying all this never emerged at the time, from the 1960s onwards the more callous spirits in the scholasticate assumed that his role was simply that of a rubber stamp. (Not even Peter Levi seems to have guessed, as I surmise: for, knowing what he already did, he would surely have expressed sympathy for the victim.) Moreover it seems incongruous altogether that the Visitor who arrived in 1964 to inspect the English Province of the Society (and went about it like some sort of political commissar in a totalitarian state) should in fact have been sent at all, by the Superior General. For had he but known it, Fr Janssens was the very man who had forbidden Brinkman to run the scholasticate, though for five years now he had been doing exactly that. Or was *that* precisely the reason? And the Visitation a parting gift, made in the last few asthma-plagued weeks of his life, aware that his instructions had been flouted all these years? At all events, when he died in 1965 the appointment and the mandate lapsed, to everyone's great relief. Not to be out-maneuvred, the erstwhile Visitor decided to wait on the outcome by making his ‘annual retreat’, doing the spiritual exercizes for eight days as the Jesuit rule prescribes, thereby giving himself time to observe with more than usual detachment the march of events. When the eight days had passed and he emerged from his ritual privacy he found that his mandate, which had expired with the General, Fr Janssens, had been renewed by the Vicar General appointed to run the Society pending the election of a successor. So for the English there was no escape. It was not so much ‘business as usual’ as ‘out of the frying pan into the fire’.

He was called Gordon George and had been Provincial in Canada recently enough for a Hungarian priest, just returned and living at the time in Munich, to have told me a year previously that trouble was on the way for the English. (That conversation took place in August 1964 at the house of Russian-speaking Jesuits, called, in the *Atlas Geographicus Societatis Iesu*, 1964-5, the *Slawische Residenz*.) The trouble-maker shortly became a controversial figure nationwide for insisting on the closure of Beaumont College, despite not only a fund organized by old boys to keep it going (for it had been losing money) but also the offer made by Monsignor Alfred Gilbey, himself an alumnus, to act as Rector. That seems to have been a veiled way of pledging his financial support, continuing the generosity he had exercised for years on end (just a hundred terms) at Cambridge, as Chaplain to the University, a post requiring a private income to support it. Though the Visitor's function was merely that of inspector, he seemed far from interested in any kind of historical explanation for anything, but concerned merely to change or eliminate whatever he did not like. That appeared to be almost everything he found awaiting him: and his time in England was a visitation indeed. Sweeping judgements were made on the flimsiest of pretexts and there were sackings galore, many of them quite literally at sight. Ugly scenes were



Henry Sire is a Spanish-born British historian, Catholic author and a former Knight of Malta. He was suspended and later expelled from the Order following the publication of *The Dictator Pope*. He is a traditional Catholic educated at Stonyhurst and Exeter Oxford. He is the author of six books on Catholic history and biography, including one on the famous English Jesuit, writer, and philosopher Father Martin D'Arcy. *The Dictator Pope* is the fruit of Henry Sire's four-year residence in Rome from 2013 to 2017. During that time he became personally acquainted with many figures in the Vatican, including cardinals and curial officials, together with journalists specializing in Vatican affairs.

A further missive from Henry:

By the way, in the last few days I have discovered that Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the founder of the Olympic movement, visited England in 1883 and has some fairly detailed remarks on Beaumont in the lecture, *L'Education Anglaise*, which he gave in Paris in 1887 and his book of the same title published the following year. This is a stop-press discovery of mine, but I dare say that Omnes Beaumontani have been aware of it for the past 144 years.

Ed: Of de Courbetin, we knew of his visit but not of his mention in his lecture. We understand that he was much taken with the country house atmosphere of Beaumont and its attitude to sport and games. He had come to stay to see his Russian/Polish friends the **Stadnackis**: Konstantin became Irish, European and World tricycle Champion before returning home and the army of the Tsar.

Pierre de Coubertin was stunned by what he witnessed on the fields of play. At Beaumont and the other schools, the Baron observed a level of camaraderie between teammates—and sometimes competitors—that set his mind to thinking about its broader applications. Camaraderie is nothing less than mutual trust and friendship—and as the Baron noted, it emerges quite naturally in shared goals that drive a team toward victory.

Henry Sire directed me to other articles concerning de Coubertin:-



The young Baron

De Coubertin's father was a staunch royalist and an accomplished painter who focused on Catholic and Classical works, perhaps pining for another age. His mother, overly pious, often encouraged the young Pierre to 'play Mass' and dearly hoped he would enter a monastery or at least be ordained a priest. Their family life was paradigmatic of the stifling co-dependency that existed between a certain type of Catholicism and the aristocracy during a period in French history that was thick with enemies for both the Church and the privileged elite. However, the de Coubertin family was by no means a haven of Catholic orthodoxy, with a grandfather who was a freemason and a great uncle who was a priest with liberal and socialist tendencies. The latter had been outlawed by the family and when the young Pierre wished to tend to his grave he was told this would be useless as his eternal damnation was certain. With such 'dangerous' influences knocking at the door it was decided that it would be better for the boy's spiritual health if he were sent to the Jesuits, who would surely heal any tendency towards unorthodox opinions.

His time at Saint Ignatius College, Rue de Madrid, in Paris certainly had an impact. The provision of a gymnasium and six playgrounds made an impression on the young student. However, it seems that his humanities teacher, Father Jules Carron, had the strongest influence on him. An enthusiast for the world of antiquity, Father Carron spoke with love of ancient Greece, the country of philosophers and poets, where discordant factions and provinces were united in harmony by the call of Olympia. This must have sounded very attractive to the young baron who longed for a clear sense of his place in the world. A solid classical education with an extensive knowledge of the history of Greece and Rome was thus received gratefully by de Coubertin from Father Carron. Like many teachers, his was a hidden and heroic struggle in the anonymity of the classroom to widen the horizons of his young charges and fill their hearts with knowledge and a desire to dream and change the

world. It filled the young baron with a fascination for Olympia and a romanticised nostalgia for a place where honour and glory dispelled conflict and uncertainty.

Tour of Britain

De Coubertin was generally impressed by the Jesuit Fathers' educational skills, piety, persuasion and self-assurance. However, with the honourable exception of his classics master, it is not clear that the Jesuits had any deep or lasting effect on the conflicted young boy. In fact, at a later time he was dismayed by the French Jesuit schools' indifference to his ideas for educational reform. These ideas were stimulated by a tour of British public schools in 1883, particularly by the meritocracy and competitiveness he experienced there. **The first stop was Beaumont, the Jesuit College in Windsor, where he was deeply impressed, especially by a prize given to a swimmer on the occasion of a banquet held by an association of former pupils. De Coubertin thought that here sport extended beyond the childish games of Parisian schools and was valued as more than merely a pastime.** He also travelled to Stonyhurst where he was to praise the 'moral atmosphere' of the English Jesuit schools. Other stops on his tour included Eton, Harrow and Rugby. It was clear to him that in Britain, sport was permitted as an unbridled contest, forming character and helping the competitors let off steam. This attitude was perhaps attractive to a young man wrestling with doubts about his own identity and purpose. Competition was encouraged, valued and rewarded, and this was clearly expressed in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, the novel about Rugby school still basking in the legacy of Thomas Arnold, whose educational ideas de Coubertin studied closely. At Rugby, there existed a vigorous mix of piety and physical health. This 'muscular Christianity' was credited by de Coubertin as one of the reasons for the successful spread of the British Empire. This was in stark contrast to France, where he attributed the defeat in the Franco-Prussian war to a lack of good physical education for the masses. Wistfully, de Coubertin would return to France hoping that maybe educational reforms based on what he had learnt in England could turn around Gallic fortunes.

A CRICKETER from Between THE WARS .

Arthur Whittingham played in the XI in '33 & '34

He was an opening bowler, and usually batted at the back end of the order.

In 1933 : the XI played 13, won 5 , lost 5 , drawn 3.



He was awarded both Jacket and Colours and they won the Oratory Match by an innings and 14 runs:-

Though Wittingham bowled so well, creating a new record of eleven wickets in the match, beating that of the Rev. Robert Eaton who took ten wickets so far back as 1884, full credit must be given to P. Cantopher, who, in the first Oratory innings, took 5 wickets for 47 runs in 21 overs, the largest

NB. Robert Eaton was in the Oratory XI.

1934

The side Played 12 matches. Won 6, Drawn 5 lost 1. Another win at Lords by 69 runs.

Sixty five minutes remained for play, and the Oratory were made to follow on. When Gorham went in first, it was clear that forcing cricket was intended, but any idea that the bat should dominate the ball was frustrated by the medium left hand bowling of Whittingham. After Gorham had been run out by a smart return of Dewar's, Whittingham took seven wickets for 25 runs, hitting the stumps six times. It might be urged that he was favoured by the methods the batsmen employed, but to the writer it seemed he bowled particularly well, and at no time was it a safe proposition for the batsman to attempt to hit him at sight, and the balls with which he dismissed Burns and Molloy seemed to be especially good deliveries. So well did he bowl that the innings might not inaptly be called Whittingham's innings. The ninth wicket fell five minutes before time, and as Sykes was unable to bat, an innings victory was recorded for the first time in these matches, the second total being 86.

Not only the bowler on this occasion but also the batsman ! Arthur also played in the First XV and boxed for the school. On competitive entry into Sandhurst he was in 2nd place and was later commissioned into the Indian Army: Punjab Regiment.

60 years ago (from The REVIEW)



Ex Cathedra

Having unofficially used the Arms of the Kostka family since the school was established the title has now been formally regularised through the generosity of Lt **Colonel Geoffrey Scrope OBE (38)** Vice President of the Heraldry Society.

The School re-opened in September with 271 boys: accommodation is now at a premium. The Old Community wing is now fully completed as rooms and Classrooms.

A new building has appeared behind the Science Block known the "Log cabin".

Miss Kickham has retired as Matron after seven years owing to ill -health to be replaced by Miss Rice.

(**Ed:** Miss Kickham had replaced Miss Gooley in 1956 giving rise to that shout from the 3rd XV " Kick 'em in the Goolies!")

With the arrival of Brother Frolich who played in the Irish County Championships, Basketball has been adopted whether like water polo it will have its brief day remains to be seen. At the moment it is proving popular.

At the end of October Fr Parker died having been on the staff for over 40 years. Gt War Chaplain, Commander of the OTC, Bursar and Minister.

Rhetic entertained **Colonel Dallas Waters (07)** CB DSO Registrar of The Privy Council , Dr L Harrison Mathews Director of The Zoological Society, Mrs Ellen Hoare OBE from the London County Council and the Australian Opera soprano Dame Joan Hammond.

Establishment.

Choir.

The usual High Masses were sung including Mr Clayton's Missa Beaumontana for St Stanislaus (now lost?). Apart from the carol service the choir did the round of Old Windsor on the back of the school lorry (Fr Sass at the Wheel) to raise funds for Oxfam: much appreciated particularly at The Bells.

CCF

A Demo Squad was formed under Sgt de Lisle. Junior platoons drill has never been higher,

The signals did little work and proved themselves incapable. The separatist Corps of Drums did well on their exams to quote D/M Burgess “ I wouldn’t touch the rest of the Contingent with a mace”. Field Day was cancelled through lack of time.

Debating

PM John Cargin , Deputy Andrew Dearing, Leader of the Opposition Anthony Russell, Deputy Nigel Courtney. Hon Sec Patrick Burgess. Master at Arms Christopher Kelly.

Motions “ This House deplores competitive examinations “: carried.

“This House would rather be Red than Dead” ; Carried

“ This House is of the Opinion.”: carried

“ The CCF can neither save or serve the Nation”: Carried

“ This House has no Ambition:” motion defeated and the Government fell.

Quodlibetarians.

Hon Sec: Nigel Courtney. Treasurer R Robinow.

Talks include Andrew Dearing :The British Constitution. Mr David Allen: Humour (illustrated) .

Prof Gordon from Reading University on W B Yeats.

The Vril Board was elected with Anthony Russell as Editor, Patrick Burgess his assistant and Christopher Kelly as Business manager.

Music

Two outings to the Festival Hall , The Dave Brubeck Concert band The Messiah. At home Mr David Gatehouse gave a clavichord recital at Ousely Lodge.

Carpentry

Apart from the standard desks tables etc there is work in progress on a canoe, a wooden framed motor car and a small yacht.

Hobbies

Model aeroplanes are in vogue with the smell of dope and diesel- the sound of small engines and the not infrequent collision with terra firma. The odd wireless set and gramophone have also come off the production line.

Motor.

Apart from successful film shows such as The Golden Age, Moscow and Back, and a Tribute to Fangio. The Society has bought a car – a semi abandoned Austin 12 was found near the Boathouse, acquired for £5 and pushed back to school : it requires some major repairs which required a loan from Fr Brogan and a garage. It is currently suffering from the cold weather.

Scouts

Troop Camp was at Tofts Monk Norfolk . It rained every day ! However normal activities – Cooking competition, Night Ops , swimming and hiking and a visit to Gt. Yarmouth.

Kandersteg: Our second visit after the success of the first trip three years ago. Two weeks of fine weather. The group was split into three patrols – each had a rest day (cooking etc) in- between expeditions. Main objectives the Loetschen Glacier and the ascent of The Balmhorn (13,000ft) which took eight hours. A day trip to Italy, a visit to The Jungfraujoch and by coach to The Three Passes and The Rhone Glacier. Three set off for their Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award (50 mile hike) led by Old Gold James Sweetman – Brian Bell, Nicholas Hillier and John O'Hara – achieved with blisters.

Entertainment

Higher Line Play: *Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*: starred Patrick Burgess and Anthony Russell in the lead roles. Arnoux stood out in the smaller parts and Cree was “quite the liveliest girl on the Beaumont stage for years”.

Pantomime: *Cinderella*. With the departure of Frs Hanshell and Murray it would be difficult to maintain the exuberantly high standard, however all went well with a book written by Courtney, Dearing, Burgess , Russell and Andrews. Produced by Fr McCluskey. The only let down was the back drops and that the newly recruited stage hands were not slick enough in comparison with the performers. Having said that a first- class end to the term “ The mighty made themselves look silly , the dignified sang and danced and Lower Line enjoyed themselves immensely - it is what keeps the school community ossifying into a rigidly stratified aristocracy”.

Class Plays

The whole of Ruds C took to the boards in a most successful portrayed Detective story: a great start to the evening.

More crime from Ruds B with amusing acting from Shand as the Maid and a most convincing crook in Ciuffardi (was he acting?).

Ruds A went oriental with a playlet both serious, mock serious and amusing.

Grammar 111 went for the farce based around a boy with a saucepan stuck on his head

Grammar 11 went for satire and a Victorian melodrama of the Boer War: swagger canes much in evidence.

Grammar 1 light hearted and skilful frenzy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* .

BU

The dinner in October was held at St Ermin's with Freddy Wolff in the Chair and Gerry Lake proposing his health : a record number attended.

Halford Hewitt: to the surprise of themselves and the correspondent of The Times the side beat the fancied Uppingham in the first round by 4 to 1. In the second we came up against the even more fancied Watsons and only just went down 3 to 2.

News

Anthony Stevens (RA), Andrew Watt (6th Ghurkhas) , Paddy Doyle (Ulster Rifles) have been commissioned from Sandhurst.

The Duke of Baena, Spanish Ambassador to the Netherlands is retiring.

Harry Seward and **John Ewart** were competing with their Dragons at Cowes.

The Cricketer reported the success of the Oatlands Park XI this season with much credit going to the bowling of **Julian Murphy**.

Dr John Williams was on TV discussing the problem of athletes and the use of drugs.

Captain Charles Moore has retired as the Royal racing and Stud Manager an appointment t he has held since 1937.

Consolidation in the Wine Trade saw **Jim Peppercorn's** Morgan Furze becoming part of International Distillers.

The Evening Standard interviewed **Eric Cooper-Key** of Security Express on the payment of wages by cheque that became legal on the 1st March.

The Daily telegraph welcomed **Peter Levi's** new book of Poems - Water, Rock and Sands" compassion, delicacy of observation and elegance.

The BBC reported the fire that destroyed the Compoflex Factory at Oldham. The managing Director is **Patrick O'Brien (25)** during the War he was posted to the USA as part of the Rocket Research programme : he was awarded both an MBE and the US Legion of Merit for his work.

Snippets: Barrie Martin is now at Trinity Dublin, Gerard de Lisle (58) with the Australian Trade Commission in Lima, Jonny Coleman (62) is at The Sorbonne, John Appleby is waiting for his commission in the Canadian Seaforths. David Hiscocks (59) is playing rugby for London Scottish.

Anthony Thompson is working for Aureol Tobacco in Sierra Leone with his immediate boss Mike Sheridan (49). Richard Peyton (60) and Douglas de Winton (59) share a flat: There are four other contemporaries working at Lloyds. Nicholas Sturridge is in Chicago on a Dental Research scholarship. John walker, Nicholas Pertwee and Christopher Gompertz are together studying Japanese at the University of Tokyio.

Hatches: Daughters – Jose Dias, Miles Hoghton, and Richard Bickford. Paul Shanks.

Sons – Anthony Bernard, John Bracey-Gibbon, Richard Dunhill, Hugh Meyer, Richard Gompertz.

Matches: Malcolm Pritchett, Andrew Clasen, Michael Farrell and Chris Cafferata.

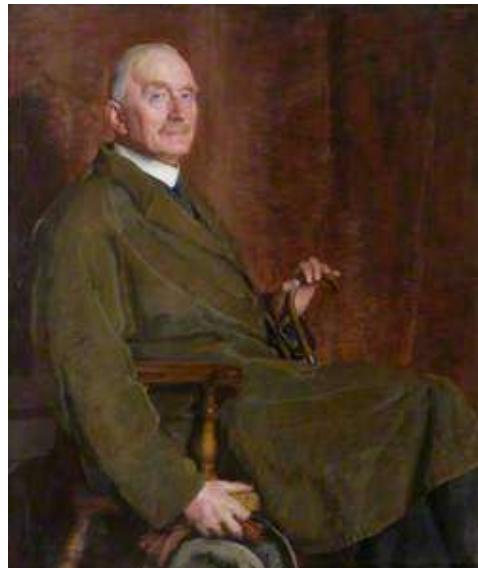
Marriages: Patrick Cunningham, William Humphreys, Roger Vickers, Patrick Deane, John Rutherford and David Holden-White.

Dispatches;

Thomas Pritchard (00) : County Court Registrar, Solicitor and partner in the family firm of Pritchard & Englefield, Master of the Worshipful Company of Painters & Stainers.



Admiral Sir Gerald Dickens son of Sir Henry KC and a grandson of Charles. To Stubbington and Britannia. 50 years in the RN, French interpreter, Gt War HMS Harpy, First Naval instructor at the Imperial Defence College . Captain Battlecruiser HMS Repulse, ADC to the King, Director Naval Intelligence. Commander the Reserve Fleet and retired in 1938. WW2 went as Naval Attaché to The Hague: brought to UK the Dutch Royal Family in 1940 and returned them in 1945. Among his decorations KCVO, CMG, CB, GC Orange Nassau, US Legion of Merit and the Legion d'Honneur.



Major Malcolm Hay of Seaton (97), GS of the Marquis of Tweedale. Managed the Seaton Estates. WW1 Gordon Highlanders, Wdd, POW Exchanged, Head of Military Communications Branch. (later at Bletcheley). Author on Scottish History, Religion, The plight of the Jews. He was actively involved In work for POWs and The Jewish people. A Knight of St John, Royal Company of Archers, DL and Hon LL.D Aberdeen University and a Donor to Beaumont.

Colonel J Douglas Mallins (10) to Woolwich, R E. WW1 Severley wounded, Mdd and MC . retired 1939. In Burma at the time of the Japanese invasion. Took part in the 1942 "March out" from which he never fully recovered from.

Hubert Tichbourne Hibbert (95). Family donated the "red" vestments to the School. To Rhodesia to farm. A GS of the last Catholic Earl of Shrewsbury.

Edward Eugster (18) Son of Colonel Eugster , he followed his father as Chairman of The British Syphon Company - the largest syphon works in the World. During WW2 worked on the development of the Beaufighter. A flying enthusiast he had his own plane before the War and continued after. "A racy and humorous lecturer, a fellow of infinite jest, an admirable mixer exuding optimism".



Roland Berrill (13) The Founder of Mensa at his home at Eastbourne: see Article.

Edward Berkeley (41). At the young age of 39. During the War he had served in the R.E.

Simon Creak (61) who died suddenly at his parents' home on Boxing day.

SPORT

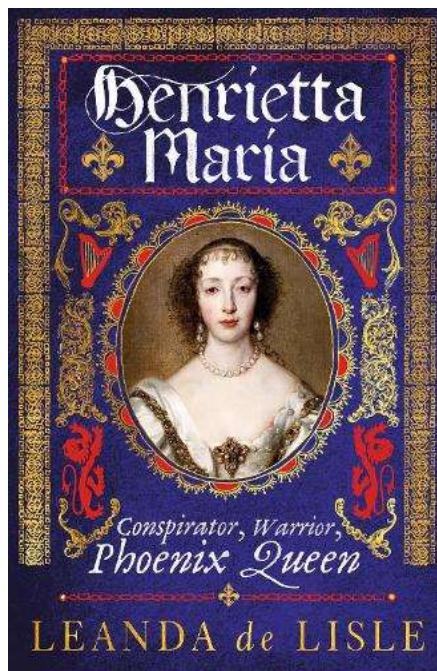
First XV



The season cannot be termed other than a disappointment to all concerned: dogged by injury they failed to win a match despite some good play. On the last day of term, they played Blackrock over on their English tour but were no match for their lively threequarters.

CHRISTMAS READING?

Latest from Leanda de Lisle (daughter in law of Gerard (57)



A myth-busting biography of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, which retells the dramatic story of the civil war from her perspective.

Henrietta Maria, Charles I's queen, is the most reviled consort to have worn the crown of Britain's three kingdoms. Condemned as that 'Popish brat of France', a 'notorious whore' and traitor, she remains in popular memory the wife who wore the breeches and turned her husband Catholic - so causing a civil war - and a cruel and bigoted mother.

Leanda de Lisle's *White King* was hailed as 'the definitive modern biography about Charles I' (*Observer*). Here she considers Henrietta Maria's point of view, unpicking the myths to reveal a very different queen. We meet a new bride who enjoyed annoying her uptight husband, a leader of fashion in clothes and cultural matters, an innovative builder and gardener and an advocate of the female voice in public affairs. No bigot, her closest friends included 'Puritans' as well as Catholics, and she led the anti-Spanish faction at court linked to the Protestant cause in the Thirty Years' War. When civil war came, the strategic planning and fundraising of his 'She Generalissimo' proved crucial to Charles's campaign.

The story takes us to courts across Europe, and looks at the fate of Henrietta Maria's mother and sisters, who also faced civil wars. Her estrangement from her son Henry is explained, and the image of the Restoration queen as an irrelevant crone is replaced with Henrietta Maria as an influential 'phoenix queen', presiding over a court with 'more mirth' even than that of the Merry Monarch, Charles II. It is time to look again at this despised queen and judge if she is not in fact one of our most remarkable.

MEDIA REVIEWS

'With grace and sensitivity, de Lisle cuts through the misogyny to reveal a different Henrietta Maria... De Lisle understands that history is a story of people; she possesses a visceral understanding of the emotions that swirled inside Henrietta Maria... she was not England's greatest queen, but she was probably the most remarkable' - *The Times*

'A glorious resurrection of one of the most misrepresented queens of England... finally, thanks to Leanda de Lisle's meticulous research, she has a biography worthy of her fascinating life' - Amanda Foreman, author of *A World on Fire*

PHILIP STEVENS MEMOIRE CONTINUES:

Chapter 10 – And then the lover

And then the lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow. - Shakespeare, As You Like It, The 3rd age of man.

A neighbour in Maidenhead was found to have a quite remarkably beautiful sister, who now appeared. She may have appeared before my seeing her now, but then I had eyes for no other than the now-firmly-EGF. Even through my state of rejection, I could see that Mary-Anne was without doubt the most beautiful girl I had ever met, and I fell romantically and lustfully in love with her. She was also one of the nicest and most kind people I could imagine knowing. In short time I had transferred my heart to new lodgings. We were happy together. We were glad be together and counted the day lost if we were not. Our romance grew and perhaps I had found the girl I wanted to marry, although hindsight tells that she was a little cagier than I about that aspect of our plans. My family and friends approved of her, and her mother approved of me.

Much of that summer of 1970 revolved around being with Mary-Anne until the end of August when she took her mother abroad on holiday for a fortnight or so. After two days, I was lonely, missing her more than I had imagined I could, and counting the days until her return. My old Army friend Johnnie Chisholm lived nearby, and set out to distract me, inviting me to a party being given by a young trainee nurse he had met in a pub in Clapham. Pining for my absent love seemed preferable, but Johnnie dragged me along, promising that there were only three certainties in life; death, taxes and a nurses' party. Johnnie settled down with his trainee nurse, and I settled down with a glass of whatever paint-stripper was then being drunk at Clapham bottle parties, probably Hirondelle. After a while, Johnnie walked over leading a girl by the hand, sat her on my lap and announced that we should get to know each other.

Nicky had been at school with my sisters, her father was a doctor like my own father, and other points of similarity emerged. From that day on, we met every day and I drove to London in the evenings just to drive her the two miles from late duty at St. Thomas's Hospital to her flat. On the second day we went to tea at Greenlawns with

my mother, staying for about an hour, and on the third we went to supper with Nicky's parents. Both visits were successes, and whilst Betty certainly liked and approved, Nicky's father was more cautious. Her mother only commented that if they ever got married their children would be born talking.

I have always claimed that Nicky and I were engaged only a week after our unconventional introduction, but in fact my diary says it was nearer three. One evening we were caught in a traffic jam on the South Circular road near Richmond, as I drove her back to her lodgings. Conversation flagged as we sat together in my Morris Minor, and to my complete astonishment I heard myself asking Nicky whether she would like to marry me. As far as I recall I spoke with both hands on the steering wheel, and the actual question was; 'Do you fancy getting married?' Nicky looked a little surprised, coughed to give herself time and said; 'Alright.' We seemed to have got engaged in order to fill a gap in the conversation.

We had no money, no place to live and there was little prospect of either appearing anytime soon. We hardly knew each other and knew less about getting married.

However, surprised though I was at having proposed, I knew without doubt, all obstacles forgotten, that I had done the right thing. By the time we got to her lodgings, still in shock, the idea had taken firm hold in our minds and we were ready for the chorus of astonishment that arose as a flat full of trainee nursing friends realised we were telling the truth. One of the flat-mates was enraged that her own newsworthy romance was totally forgotten in the excitement, and was only prevented from full-blown hysteria by a sharp smack.

We went to tell the parents. When Nicky and I arrived at Greenlawns, at little notice, we felt it best to break the news as we walked through the door. Betty turned to my brother Mark, at home at the time – 'There, what did I tell you!' Champagne was on ice, and the fatted calf killed. She rushed Nicky off to her jewellery box to find a ring that could act as a temporary engagement ring pending my sorting out things that the prepared would-be bridegroom has usually dealt with before asking the question. Betty was thrilled that I had done so sensible a thing. It wasn't relief, I think, but recognition that a girl I had known for so little time, whom she had met once, was the genuine article.

Armed with Betty's approval, we went to Nicky's parents next day. Nicky's father, Michael, was strongly opposed to the whole idea, and looking back I think he was justified in his view that this was madness. We had known each other for a matter of days; Nicky was 19 years old, just out of school and in the very first stages of three years of nursing training. However, on top of that Michael was prejudiced against insurance people and the Norwich Union in particular. He had lived next door to an insurance man some years earlier; a man who had abilities to upset the whole

neighbourhood, and Michael feared that his daughter was likely to find such a man to be a very poor catch.

There were some implications to this sudden engagement. A pressing one was to explain to Mary-Anne what had happened. She returned from holiday and I went to see her. It was not easy to sit down and explain how the circumstances under which we had parted three weeks before, talking of more than temporary things, had been overtaken by meeting and becoming engaged to a girl I claimed never to have met only after she, Mary-Anne, had gone abroad with her mother. Perhaps I would not have believed the tale either. She left the room and I never saw her again. She was the most beautiful, loving and nice girl I had met in my life until that point, and even now I recall her with fondness and I regret the way I treated her.

A great piece of good fortune now arose. As a member of the staff engaged to be married, I would be allowed by the Norwich Union to obtain a mortgage at preferential staff terms, but only if we would live in the area where my insurance activities were centred. Nicky and I were offered a loan of £6,000, an enormous multiple of my salary at the time, and entered the housing market. Our first two buying ideas were rejected; both of them for structural problems that would never normally have been spotted by a house valuer, but the Norwich wanted to protect their investment and were thorough in their inspections. Third time lucky, we found a semi-detached, three-bedroom house, with decent garden, and garage, another Norwich requirement, just behind Carshalton High Street, for sale at £6,250. To raise the £250 shortfall, and the legal fees, I borrowed £400 from a friend, and Nicky and I went calling. An elderly lady was the seller, and was taken by our story. We offered her asking price, shook hands and

were all ready to move in that evening. The next day, the selling agent rang me at work. Another couple had offered more money and would we be prepared to enter a bidding war? We couldn't; our first offer was absolutely the maximum amount we could find in the world, and I resigned myself to losing the ideal first home. An hour later, the seller herself rang me. She wanted me to know that although the agent wanted her to accept a higher offer, she was committed to ours and we need not worry. We were able to repay her kindness in due course, when we found ourselves with more than one offer for houses we were selling. We took her stance on each occasion and stuck, regardless, with the first offer that we had accepted.

So it was that in March 1971, we became homeowners. For £5 we bought the fridge left behind by the previous owner. She left behind two dreadful old beds as well, and those plus my record-player formed the extent of our worldly goods. My sister Clare gave us a milk saucepan, and my brother Simon lent us a small portable gas-ring and bottle of the kind favoured by road-menders in their huts. Parents produced a few sheets, blankets and towels. Nicky and I bought two each of knife, fork and spoon, cup and plate, and with this modest collection of household assets we set out

to make our home together. It did not occur to us to worry that we had not a stick of furniture, no carpets or rugs, no pictures or curtains and no hope of being able to afford any. I moved in and began a daily double commute, to the Norwich Union office in the grim Elephant and Castle shopping centre, and backwards and forwards to St. Thomas's Hospital London to catch moments with Nicky as she went on or came off duty.

The nurses' flat in Lavender Gardens, just off Clapham Common was replaced by lodgings owned by St Thomas's Hospital, in Ebury Hill Street, behind Westminster Cathedral. A bearded dragon guarded the door, and men were not allowed in after 10 p.m. That didn't matter, our centre of gravity was firmly based on the pride of our own first home together in Carshalton.

Wallington, next to Carshalton, is the home of Wallington Missionary Mart, a second-hand furniture dealer and auction room that exists to raise money for Christian missionary work by selling goods given by people who support their work. We discovered that if one was not too fussy about condition, a wardrobe could be bought for a pound or two, a table or chair for shillings. After each payday Nicky and I would take our very small hoard of savings to the Missionary Mart and add another piece to our slowly growing set of household goods. Many a millionaire has had less fun furnishing his home from Bond Street and St James's than we got from the triumph of finding another kitchen chair for five shillings. We painted inside and restored the garden outside; getting a head start with the latter project by visiting the last day of Chelsea Flower Show after Nicky came off duty and was still in uniform. We left staggering under the weight of gifts of plants given to her by exhibitors breaking down their stands.

Nicky and her mother Aileen were also making her wedding dress, under conditions of great secrecy. Michael was still opposed to the marriage, and the dress had to be brought out only when he was not around. I was unaware of the dressmaking but very aware that I too could only be brought out when Michael was not around. He and I exchanged almost no words beyond 'Good Evening' and 'Oh – it's you again.' It was a remarkable coincidence that he was always about to leave any room that I was about to enter.

A lot of our free time now involved driving. Apart from the daily journey to pick up Nicky after work and spend a brief time together having a drink in The Cardinal pub behind the cathedral, we also found time to visit family all over England, her sister Helen in Loughborough, my sister Faith in Market Drayton, brothers and sister in Bristol. As most had not yet met Nicky, this was a round of introductions, always ending with the expressed opinion that I was more fortunate than I deserved. One trip involved visiting a family friend of Nicky's parents, Bishop Gordon Wheeler, bishop of Leeds. They knew him from his time as administrator of Westminster Cathedral, where two of Nicky's brothers had been choristers. He had agreed with

Nicky years before that he would conduct her marriage service, whenever it might be. His original question on the subject, 'When the time comes, will you let me marry you?' had taken her by surprise, she knew that Catholic priests do not marry and wondered whether bishops were different. As his services were clearly about to be called upon, it seemed fair that he should at least have met the young man about to marry her.

Nicky and I were unique, a curiosity amongst our friends, the only people who were engaged. We were invited to a formal celebratory meal with the parents of friends; our hostess, now Janette Samengo-Turner, was originally Janette O'Connor, whom I had first met in her role as Head Girl at the Convent in Maidenhead in 1949. That was a memorable mark of our changed position in the world, because since leaving the Army, in my case, and school, in Nicky's, formal celebration dinners were not part of our social lives in any form. It was a heady evening for our engagement to be the reason for such an event to be held.

As an engaged couple in a singles world, we went out with friends, to fairs, the seaside, even to dinner with ex-girlfriend's parents. EGF's mother approved of our new status. We were also the only people with our own home, which gave us a popular venue for the sort of informal parties that are decided upon at 7 p.m. to start at 8 p.m. and end as the dawn lightens the sky. Our elderly neighbours were tolerant and indeed friendly, never obviously complaining about the noise, and even seeming not to mind one particular record, a German compilation of Bundeswehr marching songs, with military band accompaniment, played very loudly and very late at night at most of these parties.

My mother had a little store of three cut but unmounted gem stones, including a pale Burmese sapphire. They had, it seemed, come into her possession in Alexandria in 1941 or 2. An Egyptian merchant, worried about how he would escape from Egypt when the Germans broke through, as they certainly would, offered the stones as his deposit on a seat in my parents' car when they would themselves flee East as the Germans arrived from the West. Betty did not drive, and my father, busy in the base hospital behind the Eighth Army and awaiting the start of the Battle of Alamein, certainly had no expectation of getting back to save his family in the event of Rommel breaking through. Whatever may have been the back-story of these stones, my mother had them, to take out of a small pill-box and offer to us. Nicky chose the sapphire and we went off to the rabbit warren of streets behind Oxford Street to meet Mr Castle and Mr Baker. These two craftsmen were manufacturing jewelers, working in old-fashioned style in a building full of similar artists. They admired the stone, showed many photographs of things we could copy or adapt, and made up suggested lay-outs in plasticine. They treated this commission as the most important they had

on their books, and never by the slightest hint suggested that their normal custom was at a rather more expensive end of the market than the £75 that was my budget. In the end Nicky ended up with a ring that has seldom left her finger ever since, a stone with a history and a ring that was made for it and for her together.

I had a last New Year's Eve to celebrate as a bachelor, and was one of a party that set out from David's flat in Earl's Court to see in the New Year in Trafalgar Square. We stopped several times on the way, and arrived in the square in time for the midnight celebrations. I am hazy about why we decided that it would be a good idea to jump into the fountains on a particularly cold night and splash water out onto the crowd and hazier still about why I did not notice that one person in the front row did not back away from the cold shower. However, there was nothing hazy about the promptness with which I sobered up as I realised that the long arm of the law was attached to this person. I was arrested, placed in a Black Maria and sat shivering cold and wet whilst the police went about arresting a full complement of passengers for their van. We were decanted into Savile Row Police Station and in due course I was charged with Conduct Liable to Cause a Breach of the Peace, contrary to the Trafalgar Square Act, 1844. Processing the charge took long enough for me to miss any public transport back to Earl's Court, where I arrived, cold, wet and developing a hangover at about 3 a.m. I had time to rush to Carshalton, change and dash back to Bow Street Magistrates' Court. Outside the court room, the arresting officer and I chatted, once he had recognised that the carefully turned out young man approaching him was the disorderly youth he had arrested last night. He told me that this was a case meriting a £2 fine, and that he'd see it OK. My case was called; the arresting officer gave evidence, and answered the vital question;

'Was drink involved in this case?'

'Oh no, Your Worship, quite sober.'

'Very well, I find the case proven. Personally, I think that anyone who braved the fountains in last night's cold deserves a medal. Fined two pounds.'

Bow Street, the prisoners' dock on the right

I forget the exact headline of the brief article in that day's Evening Standard, picked up by other papers, but think it was something like 'Hooligan deserves medal, says magistrate.' The news reached Maidenhead, and I was summoned. It was perhaps



a little severe for Betty to say that my father would have been ashamed to be alive to see his son in the police courts, but it was clear that I would almost certainly lose my job and any prospect of ever getting another. Uncle John, at Greenlawns for the New Year, came from a generation for whose older members Bow Street on New Year's Day was more a rite of passage than a stigma. He was less condemnatory, more inclined to be amused. When I went to the office on the following day I was not surprised to find that my manager too was a newspaper reader, but he seemed to think that the insurance industry would perhaps survive despite having a convict on the employment roll.

It may be that all brides-to-be and prospective mothers-in-law summon the unsuspecting groom to Peter Jones to assemble a wedding list. In my case it was a straightforward process. Every idea that I put forward was dismissed more or less without discussion. Every idea that Nicky put forward was welcomed, modified, just a small amount, and every idea that PM-i-L suggested was adopted without further ado. By the end of two long days we had a list that would achieve various purposes. There was a range of household items that we would need, which would suit a variety of degrees of financial limitations, and which would not cause us depression when they had to be used on the occasion of a prospective donor's visit to Carshalton. Some of the presents are still in use almost fifty years later; perhaps like my grandfather's axe they have needed a new head a couple of times and new hafts, but they are still the presents that we were given.

At some stage we went to see Mr. Riches, the bank manager at Amesbury, the one who had such a tendency to appropriate my bonus payments from Norwich Union, on the flimsy pretext that I had already spent them. He was encouraged, and encouraging; he probably thought that this customer with a casual attitude to overdrafts would become a settled citizen under the influence of matrimony. Without going so far as to offer free money, he seemed to suggest that a sensibly married young man with career prospects was more to his taste than whomever he had

thought me to be previously. Even the Norwich Union seemed to join in the general air of benevolence: the distinctly second-hand Morris Miner was replaced by an actually new Ford Escort, in an unflattering colour called Aubergine, and more importantly I was given an uplift in pay, 7.5%, to reflect my impending change of matrimonial state. The increase, £94 per annum, was scarcely life-changing, but Mr. Riches probably liked to see the extra £6, after tax, that reached my bank account every month.

Meanwhile, with Anne Mederer having helped me to establish my credentials, my barren patch of London SE1 and surrounds was becoming a productive base on which to build my career. The housing market was in full cry, and Norwich had come up with an insurance policy that covered the death, disability and accident risks that might face someone buying a house at the limit of their financial resources. This package had the advantage of paying substantial commissions to the building societies and others who might be able to grant mortgages. The business rolled in and I did little to earn my credit. However, there was a postal strike for some weeks, and some part of each day was spent driving around, collecting and delivering correspondence between the various people involved in mortgage transactions. Perhaps that literal 'going the extra mile' was what justified my pay that year. However, there was plenty of time for preparing the new home that needed some internal decorating and garden titivation before it would be fit for a couple getting married in the autumn.

Derby Day in 1971 was occasion for a day off, with Bertie, the racing aficionado in the Croydon office. He had suggested that a day at Tattenham Corner would be beneficial. All the conversation was about one horse, the brilliant Mill Reef. In 1970, the colt had been seen off fairly comprehensively in the 2,000 Guineas, by an equally brilliant one-mile specialist, Brigadier Gerard, and the betting market was not totally convinced that Mill Reef was a genuine Derby contender. However, Bertie was very confident that this could be our day. A modest stake at 3/1 paid off, and I cannot recall why we felt it right to invest our winnings in some later race about which I recall nothing. However, whichever horse it was obliged, and going home I could afford to think about what to wear on my wedding day as well as afford the ferry crossing to Ireland for our honeymoon.

Mill Reef, the horse that paid for the necessities of getting married.

Ed: Philip's mention of Bow Street - my father spent a night there so qualifying for the Bow Street Club a like-minded Society of London Hospital students just after WW1. Likewise, Nigel Courtney's father was incarcerated in the cells there in 1944 having been arrested as a possible German spy – wearing pilot's wings on an army uniform. He was in fact back from Normandy to be decorated by the King!!.

CORRESPONDENCE

From Hubert de Lisle:

“A Tale of Two Statues”

Maïnick & I attended the Haig Commemoration for the restoration of the equestrian statue of FM Haig in Montreuil-sur-Mer.

on the 17th – 19th of June 2022 coordinated by Johnnie Astor (grand-son of the FM) [we were both at Mons OCS in 1966]

The equestrian statue of FM Haig was sculpted by Paul Landowski (1875 – 1961) and unveiled 1931.

ED: “Standing in the beautiful, peaceful town of Montreuil-sur-Mer in front of the theatre, the equestrian statue of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is one of the few reminders of the almost forgotten pivotal role played in this pleasant little town, by Britain and its Empire during the Great War. Haig was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army on the Western Front for most of the war, from December, 1915. From the Spring of 1916, the British GHQ was based in Montreuil”. Montreuil was chosen as GHQ for a wide variety of reasons. It was on a main road from London to Paris—the two chief centers of the campaign—though not on a main railway line, which would have been an inconvenience. It was not an industrial town and so avoided the complications alike of noise and of a possibly troublesome civil population. It was from a telephone and motor transit point of view in a very central situation to serve the needs of a Force which was based on Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Le Havre, and had its front stretching from the River Somme to beyond the Belgian frontier”.



HAIG



EDWARD V11

Hubert continues:

Landowski was also the sculptor of "Christ the Redeemer" in Rio de Janeiro in 1931
Landowski also sculpted the equestrian statue of King Edward VII (L'Entente Cordiale in 1904) Place Edouard VII , rue Caumartin , in Paris 9ème , and that of Marshal Foch in Victoria , London .

My personal story is that the equestrian statue of King Edward VII in Paris was saved by my father **Ambrose** , and his few British friends . They dismantled the statue in 1939 and hid it away before the German arrival in Paris. My father was arrested by the Gestapo in September 1940 and incarcerated in Frontstalag 220 in St Denis , near Paris. He was liberated by the Americans in the summer of 1944 and together with the surviving expatriates they re-instated the equestrian statue on its pedestal.

I wrote an article for the Guards Magazine on the Entente Cordiale 1904 – 2004 following the HM The Queen's visit to Paris in 2004 , published in the Summer of 2005 .

ED: A few steps from the Opéra Garnier, Place Edward VII is a sumptuous stopover. It is also an opportunity to dwell on the atypical personality of the short-lived king (1901-1910), A man who, tired of waiting to ascend the throne, always preferred the Paris of the Belle Époque to the good morals of native England.

A deadly boredom for Albert Edward, especially as his mother did not make room for him. So why, without a real official function, languish in prudishness when the neighbouring capital offers all the pleasures of life?

Paris, transformed by Haussmann, has just entered the era of modernity. From the 1880s, it became the world capital of leisure, entertainment, and pleasures. All the pleasures... The food is famous there, and there is no shortage of good addresses. And above all, the sex there is without equal in Europe.

In short, as soon as he can, Edward stays in Paris. Theatres, cabarets, restaurants... The Prince enjoys all the charms of Paris. A dedicated room is reserved for him at the Chabanais, the most famous brothel in Paris, near the Palais-Royal.

After 60 long years of waiting Edward VII will assume his throne with rigor and seriousness, notably leading a policy of cordial understanding with France. Logical, one would be tempted to add, after so many services rendered

Rue Edouard VII and its square pays homage to the most Parisian of English kings. And the Landowski statue represents a sovereign mounted on his horse with nobility.



The Princess de Sagan

Two of the French mistresses had Beaumont connections: Jeanne de Seilliere, Princess de Sagan, the mother of **Helie (73)**, mistress 1866 to 1880. Helie's younger brother was said to have been Bertie's child.

Marie Hope-Vere (Guillemin) was his mistress in the early 1900s mother of **Edward (98)** and **Ralph (00)**. Both boys went on to Eton to complete the education. Their father divorced Marie in 1905. There is a street in Biarritz named after her.



EDWARD HOPE VERE ARCHIVE

"Edward James Hope-Vere, born in 1885, was the elder son of Colonel James Charles Hope-Vere, of Craigie Hall and Blackwood, Kirkmuirhill, Lanarkshire; his mother being Marie, daughter of M. Guillemin, of Villa Navarre, Pau, and great-granddaughter of Marshal Lannes, Duc de Montebello. After going to Beaumont and Eton, he decided upon a military life and passed into Sandhurst, but reasons of health compelled him to abandon the Army for the Diplomatic Service, in which he was appointed an Attaché in 1905. In the following year he worked for some months at the Foreign Office, after which he served in turn as Attaché to the Embassy at Madrid and the Legation at Morocco. In 1908 Mr. Hope-Vere went as Third Secretary to Lisbon; and from 1909 onwards, for several years, he was successively at Constantinople, Belgrade, and Athens. Promotion as Second Secretary came in 1914, when he was appointed to Berlin, and remained there until the declaration of war; in the following year he returned to Madrid as Second Secretary. Subsequent appointments included a commission in the King's Bodyguard for Scotland (the Royal Company of Archers) in 1916 ; First Secretary to the Residency at Cairo in 1919-20, and at Belgrade in 1921; and Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Aires and

Montevideo, and at Christiania. He died on 4th November, 1924. This archive covers the years in the Diplomatic Service 1906-1924."

Date

1906-[1924]

Content description

Manuscript diaries accompanied by scrap/photograph albums.

From: John Marshall

Bill Hetreed

I found a letter to my mother that I wrote from Muscat and in it I mentioned that my boss a Wing Commander Andrew Kirk ahad invited me to dinner and at the dinner was one other guest who turned out to be **Dr Bill Hetreed**. I remember him saying he had been abroad for about 35 years so didn't have much contact with Beaumont. He must have been a close contemporary of my father and of course there was at least one Hetreed contemporary of mine.

ED; John not Oman but Nigeria! (though he might have been "temping".) Your father left Beaumont in '35 and Bill the year previous in "34.

Bill was one of three brothers that came to the school from St Anthony's Eastbourne. Bill and his brother Michael were in the Cricket XI and Michael (36) then followed an Army Career. The youngest Brian (45), racing driver was killed on the Nurburgring in 1964.



Bill, on leaving Beaumont went on to St Mary's for medicine and was awarded the Sir William Broadbent prize for Heart disease.

In WW2 he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps and in 1941 sailed to Singapore. Captured by the Japanese, he continued his medical practice in camps of the Burma-Siam railway. On his return he was employed by the Colonial Service as medical officer in Nigeria. He developed the Federal Tuberculosis Service, became the senior specialist in 1956, and was awarded the Sir Robert Phillip Medal in 1962.

In 1976 he was medical officer for major industrial construction projects in Africa. He died in 2006.

ED: Bill was the elder brother of Brian who was killed racing his Aston Martin on the Nurburgring. His team partner was John Dawney, later Viscount Downe whose Gt grandfather bought the first "outside" team to play against the school in 1863.

From Chris McHugh.



The attached photo is of the rum issue to all sailors of at least 18 years old which took place at noon on all RN warships. It was known as "Up Spirits" and had been going on since well before Nelson's time but finally ceased on 28 July 1970. The Admiralty had decided that giving young sailors half a pint of grog (i.e. two parts of water to one part of rum) was no longer a good idea, especially if they were likely to be fiddling around with screwdrivers whilst doing maintenance in the back of a radar set with high voltages.

The photo shows the grog being dispensed from a traditional rum tub and supervised by a junior officer, either a sub-lieutenant or midshipman. His primary duty was to ensure that the correct amount of water was mixed with the rum in the rum tub before being dispensed in the correct quantities to each messdeck representative.

Serving as a midshipman in a destroyer in the Mediterranean fleet in 1966, I was frequently detailed off to supervise "Up Spirits" so I knew the routine well. As part of my midshipman's training and experience, I was lent for about 6 weeks to a small minesweeper based in Malta. The First Lieutenant asked me if I knew about supervising "Up Spirits" and I replied that I did it frequently on my destroyer. Unsurprisingly, he told me that would be one of my jobs whilst I was onboard.

On the very first occasion, I observed that the rum was being mixed with just one part of water rather than two and was therefore not in the correct proportions so I queried this with the Leading Seaman doing the mixing. He replied tersely "Sir, surely you know it's "small ships' routine" in minesweepers", and being a somewhat inexperienced midshipman and slightly overawed, I didn't dare challenge him.

After I had been doing "Up Spirits" every day for almost three weeks, the First Lieutenant, over a lunch time gin in the wardroom, asked me how it was all going. I said it was going fine and the sailors seemed happy and were very kind to me; and besides, because it was "small ships' routine", it was much easier to supervise than the normal "Up Spirits" routine in my destroyer.

What exactly did I mean by "small ships' routine" he asked? I explained that the water was mixed with rum in proportions one to one rather than two to one. His jaw dropped and for a split second he was speechless before he roared "What? Your off "Up Spirits" routine, Midshipman, and your leave is stopped for a week". Going about my duties for the remainder of my time in that minesweeper, I noticed that the sailors didn't seem quite so happy and they certainly weren't quite as friendly to me.

Thank you once again for an "Up Spirits" occasion yesterday at the BU Lunch.

ED: Many thanks for this – I do enjoy old 'war' stories ! My brother Richard would tell the tale of a young Guards Officer with his Battalion for the first time at Windsor. He was told by his brother officers that when on Castle guard he would get an invitation to dine with HM when she was in residence. Such was the case when it came his duty but no invitation was forthcoming. Concerned as to whether he was expected or not, he decided to telephone The Castle and was put through to The Private secretary. "Would you wait a moment Mr Smith". A minute or so later, he replied " Mr Smith, I have asked the question of her Majesty and NO you are not invited for dinner this evening".

It had been a practical joke – no Officer of The Guard was invited for dinner!

From Edwin de Lisle

For your interest I enclose some information on our polo charity day in support of DNRC (Defence and National Rehabilitation Centre) at Stanford Hall, Nottinghamshire. It replaced Headley Court that had been going since 1947.

Ed; Thank you for sending the DNRC/Polo bumf. I am a "graduate" of Headley Court having spent many months there in 1966 after a car accident as a passenger after a rather good dinner but it wrote me off for over a year. In fact, I was expelled from Headley Court! - Together with my brother **Richard** who was with the Mounted Regiment at the time and **Michael Tussaud**, we organised a "Cripples Ball" which was enormous fun but got out of control, with the result I had to hobble on my crutches in front of the RAF Gp. Captain the next morning, who informed me that if I

was up to such antics, I was well enough to leave forthwith. A call to brother Richard and Mark Darley who was commanding the Household Cavalry at the time, organised for me to go to Melton to be attached to the Veterinary hospital for a few months: frustrating not able to hunt but learnt a great deal.

NO, NOT THE B U REVIEW.

The Trimming of Wicks.

“Memories of the Editor”

Not only Barkis is willing – I have in my time (Annie agrees), shown a certain degree of willingness. Indeed, even leading the way, save when discretion etc is called for. That was not the case when I was introduced to an absurd and devious Trimmer lookalike a few years back. (Waugh’s *Sword of Honour* Character) It had come about when the good people of the village we then frequented, looked around for some fresh blood to invigorate the Parish Council and their eyes fell upon yours truly. It was with a certain amount of reluctance that I agreed to be interviewed by this upwardly mobile individual displaying many of the characteristics that I hasten to add our Government find so appealing: The Trimmer who had worked his way into that accolade of Chairman, woops, Chair of the Council invited me to what would be described as a bijou residence, “Sunnyside” off an Acacia Avenue brought to you by a well-known “luxury” (word used advisedly) housing developer.

Having complimented him on the “Ding Dong Ding’ of his doorbell aside the “Georgian reinforced compound door complete with mouldings”, I thought I was off to a good start. That was until I plonked myself down in a comfy chair unaware that it was already occupied - a “Chi wow wow wow wow” alerted me, not only to an impending visit to the Vet, but the shock horror and hysterics of Mrs ,woops, Ms Trimmer to which my calming and soothing tone of “Get a grip Woman” somehow failed to stop the flow of anguish, “rendering of garments,” and “casting of ashes” in my direction. So, it was a relief that with that “tenderest of farewells” by Trimmer to the dog like creature that Ms Trimmer departed , on what might be a one-way ticket, in the very shiny Ford Mondeo that was parked on the twenty yards of crazy paving that was their drive.

However, I digress, The Trimmer had to make himself a cup of Ovaltine to calm himself down – I declined the offer myself hoping beyond hope that since it was midday a glass of dry sherry or a G & T might have come my way. Well, dream on. By way of small talk and to ease into the reason for my presence in his wisteria papered front room, I asked him whether he was looking forward to the coming season – he very quickly assured me that his inspiring leadership of the village soccer team ensured that the side was going from strength to strength. I told him I had very little interest in this game except for a threw away line of “Square ball,

Ginge" and being in the heart of the countryside the important season of shooting and hunting was about to start.

Let alone the unfortunate accident to little "Diddles", I felt a further deterioration in my effort to make conversation when he informed me that both he and Ms Trimmer were against any form of what he called Blood sport and that he had personally presented a "Basil Brush" to the nursery class at the Primary school. (God, forbid an impersonation)

What qualities and ideas could I bring to the Council? Well, to lighten the mood I mentioned an assault course for the school and possibly some survival training (necessary at Beaumont), flog the litter vandals, and torch the Gypsy camp if there was any more loutish behaviour in the village. Judging by the grimace, best likened to curdled cream, it was evident that my humour failed to refresh those parts that the Ovaltine had obviously not reached in the recesses of his soul: he then asked: What was I actually trained to do?

Giving it all the gravitas that this demanded of someone who had worn the Queen's Jacket, even at times a little ill-fighting with expanding waistband, I replied " Well, Death and destruction to the Queen's enemies".

Drawing himself up to his full 5ft 3" M. Trimmer informed me that in his opinion and with this considerable experience as proprietor of the "Hirsute" (or was it "Hairsute") Beauty Salon in down town Haslemere, (frequented by the local Celebs and Calebs), I was not a suitable person to serve on "his" Council. I said to him that having made his acquaintance, "I couldn't agree more".

Final WORD.

I, together with the other members of your Committee would like to wish you all a VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS and look forward to Meeting up or hearing from you in THE NEW YEAR.

And a final thought

"Be decisive, make a decision, the road of life is paved with flat squirrels who couldn't make their minds up".

L. D. S.