

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2023



*"You are old Father William the young man said, and your hair has gone very white".* Now I might not be "standing on my head" yet, but as I approach my 80<sup>th</sup> I have been taking stock and indeed the state of The Union. Our numbers are about 300 on the mailing list and of those some 160 are in touch with

about 70 who attend either The lunch or Remembrance Sunday. Many more would like to, but are precluded by distance, age or infirmity: a rough calculation is that 130 are Octogenarians or plus. We are still viable and have most of that resilience shown at School when we were up against the larger opponent.

I have been fairly busy in the night on ten years I have been at the helm, keeping us together, informed and I trust amused about a place that only took up a very small percentage of our lives but it seems for most was the pivot. For me, looking after The Union has been enjoyable and rewarding, but in what one must accept are now declining years, I realise, with my other interests and activities, my time spent on the BU will reduce. The REVIEW will be triannual rather than quarterly and publishing dates more haphazard: content will also reduce in time though as it happens not in this Edition. To continue the words of Carroll:-

*"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none, ( School report; Fr Costigan)  
Why, I do it again and again".*

## NEWS

### The Lunch

A most enjoyable Lunch was held at the Caledonian with 59 attending. Varyl Chamberlain was in the Chair and 59 of us were present. Attendees:-

**Varyl Chamberlain**, David Fettes, Jerry Hawthorne, Gino Ciuffardi , David Allen, Paul Dutton, Michael Johnson, Philip Noble.

Peter Bicknell, Jeremy Connor, Jeremy Gompertz, Guy Bailey ,Nicholas Warren, Ant Stevens, JMPW, Peter Peake, Barrie Martin.

Philip Critchley, Derek Hollamby, Mark Addison, Don Houlihan, Nigel Courtney, Chris Tailby, Guy Chamberlain, Mike Morris, Ian Glennie

Tony Outred, Mons. Jim Curry, Duncan Grant, Tim Fitzgerald O'Connor, Dr Michael Bourke, Rupert Lescher, Bertie de Lisle, Patrick Burgess, Amanda Bedford

Robert Wilkinson, Oliver Hawkins, John Appleby, Richard Sheehan, Philip de Ayala, Anthony Tussaud, Edwin de Lisle, Paula Bailey

Christopher McHugh, Robert Bruce, Michael Burgess, Anthony Northey, Peter Savundra, Julian Langham, Jonathan Johnson, Brian Bourke.

John Flood, Romain de Cock, Michael Newton, Paul Reynier, Raymond (Mickey) Parish, Chris Newling Ward, Henry Hayward, Kevin Webb.

Both John Appleby and Michael Burke had come over from Canada. Guy Chamberlain from Malta, Don Houlihan from Portugal, The Baileys from Monaco and Romain de Cock from Belgium. I could add that Richard Sheehan was back from Ireland and certainly the gathering was as international as Beaumont was in those far off days.

**Ed.** I would like to thank Varyl for Chairing the lunch and amusing us all with his recollections . In particular, the crew winning the Chart Memorial at the Egham Regatta in the last weeks of Beaumont's existence and a fitting end to our sporting achievements.



Li, Chamberlain, Keane, Edwards, David Allen, Kent.

### **LUNCH PHOTOS**

Some of which would have been ideal for the Passport Office.



Guy Bailey with Peter Savundra and Henry Hayward



Anthony Northey and Jonathan Johnson



Bertie de Lisle and Anthony Tussaud



Rupert Lescher and Edwin de Lisle



Mike Morris with Guy Chamberlain and Ian Glennie



John Appleby from Canada



Don Houlihan from Portugal



The Chairman's Table



Ant Stevens, JMPW and Barrie Martin



Philip Noble, Jerry Hawthorne and Michael Johnson



Tony Outred, Patrick Burgess and Michael Bourke also from Canada.



BUGS at the 19<sup>th</sup> hole Chris Tailby, Nigel Courtney and Mark Addison





“Who gets Brian’s Fickle Finger of Fate Award”

Mickey Burgess, Peter Savundra , Julian Langham and Brian Bourke



“Flotsam” and “Jetsam”

Chris McHugh and Robert Bruce

**DIARY DATE: NB Next Year’s Lunch is currently booked for Monday 7th October.**

**Remembrance Sunday.**



Some 60 OB's and their wives attended the Remembrance Sunday Mass on the 12<sup>th</sup> November. Fr Michael Homan SJ was the celebrant and **Brigadier Ant Stevens** laid the Wreath and read the Commendation.



However, if you were thinking that it was the usual Remembrance day Service you were **WRONG**. Arriving early at de Vere it was raining - first time in years ( climate change?) and so we decided that it would be safer indoors. The Hotel offered the Chapel and so for the first time since the closure, we had Mass celebrated under the "Pompeian canopy" facing the Rose window of the Holy Spirit.

This was followed by a simple buffet in the old Lower Line Refectory.

Our thanks to de Vere and also to Phil Barr the new Headmaster at St Johns who gave us coffee and "sticky wads" before we gathered at the Hotel.

## OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the following deaths;-

**Fr Michael Campbell Johnstone SJ (49).** Known as C-J, charismatic Jesuit, master, missionary, Provincial and Refugee service founder.

**Peter Bulfield KSG (48)** a life spent in Sussex. Worked for Dunlops and also in banking. A Knight of St Gregory.

**Michael Ohly (63)** a “sleeping’ B U member but a business man whose Hotchkiss Group worked on many of the major projects in London and elsewhere.

Please see OBITUARIES “dropdown”.

## C-J’s REQUIEM



Fr Michael’s Requiem Mass was held at Farm St. on 31<sup>st</sup> October. The Following OBs attended: David Peppercorn, Jeremy Gompertz, Jeremy Connor, Christopher Corcoran, Tony Outred, Patrick Burgess, John Flood, Robert Wilkinson and Mandy Bedford. Fr Kevin Fox (Hon) was the Homilist.

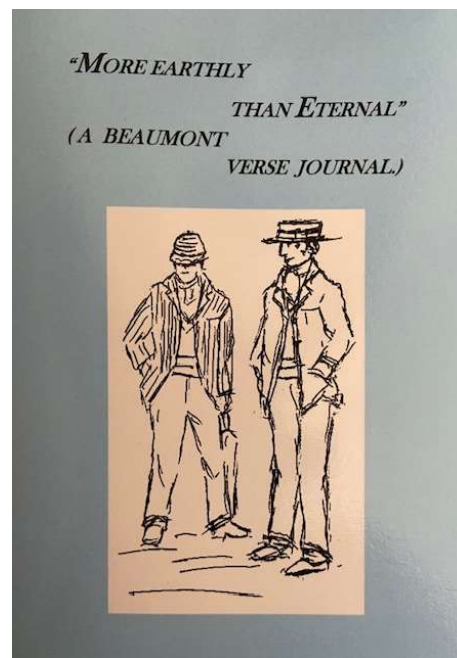
The Choir sang Faure’s Requiem, The Latin American Choir from St Ignatius Stamford Hill sang the “Pescador de Hombres” and we sang The Beaumont Pater (the only ones who knew it!).

Several of us had Lunch at the Punch Bowl before hand and then enjoyed the reception hosted by Christopher C-Js family after the Mass.

## “POETRY In Motion”

To quote the Johnny Tillotson song 1960.

Those of you who came to the Lunch and Remembrance Sunday were able, under no coercion, to avail themselves of a free copy of my collection of verse on Beaumont life. If anyone else would like a copy let me know.



## REVIEWS

"John Flood brought me back a copy of "More Earthly Than Eternal" from the BU lunch, which I've now read. Absolutely everything about Beaumont which I remember is there: Cap'n Kelly, Borrett's ferulas, the Ravioli, Fr Sass, Dorm A, the House names, Bogs Bamber, Fizz, the panto, The Quods - all of it. And, of course, one can't help agreeing with those last lines: "Beaumont was hit below the belt". Too right. My favourite poem was that long one "School Life" - quite moving about the initial strangeness at age 13 after leaving home (as I did, having been at a day prep in London). I particularly liked "Clinker" (on which I spent many hours rowing) and "Tuck Shop" with its ref to 'Fling' (never seen anywhere else!) My brother-in-law Chris Garrard (1966) and his wife were over for tea today, and we had a long discussion about 'Fling' and its bottle design. He too was tickled reading through the collection. A very jolly little book. Thanks for producing it free as well! A nice gift to the BU!" Simon.

"Just a short note to thank you for the super booklet !

I spent a very happy hour yesterday enjoying wonderful and witty nostalgia !!!

Beaumont was 5% of our lives but how important and memory-loaded is that 5% to all of us ? To me, being reminded of well-observed trivia (like how aspirational suede shoes were) and the daily routines of our little universe was wonderful.

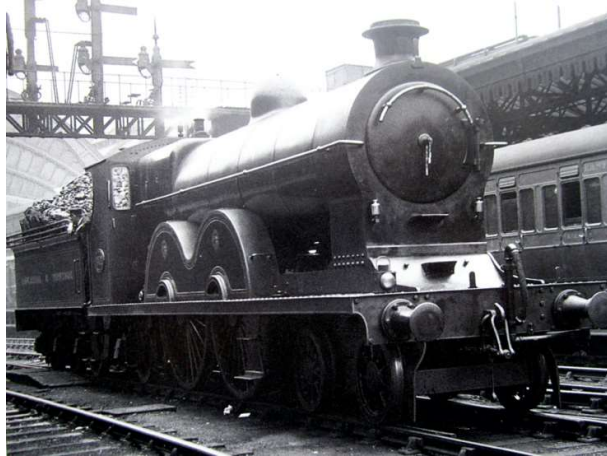
Can't thank you enough." Mickey.

"My morning routine has been greatly improved by the reading material you so kindly gave us at the lunch.....great fun, stirs many memories and I do enjoy then deciding the original jingles that they might have been based on. Thank you also O'Malley for not sticking rigidly to the A level syllabus and fostering a love of all poetry. Many thanks."

Henry.

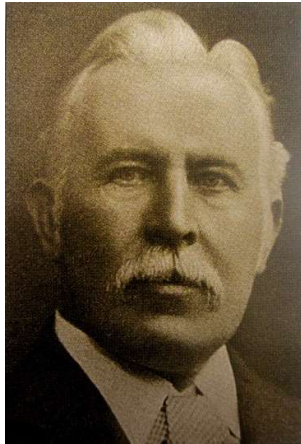
## ARTICLES

### Train Man – John Apinall (68)



THE LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY, Like the Great Eastern, was a big provincial company, though as it sprawled from west to east across the lines of the LNWR and GNR, it could hardly be said to be unobtrusive. Its headquarters were in Manchester, and its commercial size and volume of business may be gauged from the fact that it was fourth among British railway companies in number of locomotives, though only eleventh in its total route mileage. Those locomotives were very largely 0-6-Os and tank engines, handling the intensive freight and local passenger traffic of the industrial and mining districts of the two counties that it served. Its original stem

was the Manchester and Leeds Railway, which obtained its Act of Parliament in 1837 and was completed across the Pennines by 1840, including the 1125-yard (1029-m) summit tunnel. The original terminus was Oldham Road, Manchester, later replaced by Victoria in 1844, a through station that enabled cross-country services to run through Manchester. The Manchester & Leeds changed its name to the Lancashire & Yorkshire in 1847. Through the nineteenth century it continued to grow by a mixture of building new lines and acquisition of existing ones, though it kept its northern region and did not develop grand ambitions as the Manchester Sheffield & Lincoln Railway did. Its management was not ambitious and its service indifferent, but it regularly turned in a handsome dividend for the shareholders. There was another side to this, however. Hamilton Ellis in *British Railway History* commented that: **'It would have been hard to find in all England, anything worse among main-line railways than the service provided at this time by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway...monumentally bad, quite in keeping with the obsolescent, clanking, broken-down old locomotives, and the ugly, decrepit carriages with which it was worked.'** From the 1880s, the company began to mend its ways, and made considerable capital investment in new works, improved junctions and multiple track sections at bottlenecks, as well as new locomotives.

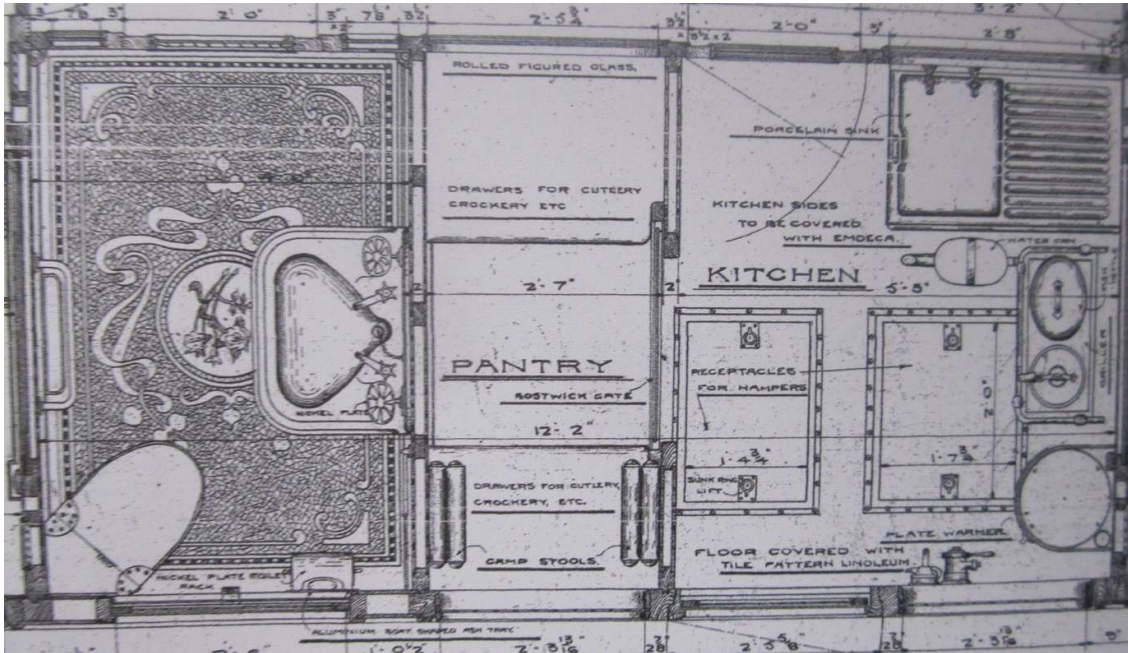


Although modernisation policies had begun before his arrival in 1886, a key figure was **J.A.F. (later Sir John) Aspinall**, who joined originally as chief mechanical engineer. In this capacity he was responsible for the 4-4-2 'Highflyers' and the large class of 2-4-2 tank locomotives that enabled the L&Y to run a vastly improved service both on longer range trains like the Liverpool-Manchester expresses and on local commuter and workmen's trains. Aspinall completed the development of the new Horwith locomotive works, replacing the former cramped works at Miles Platting in Manchester set up by the MLR in 1846, and which had been destroyed by fire in 1873. In 1889 he was appointed general manager of the company, one of the few locomotive engineers to make this transition. Although dividends dipped, the company's volume of business increased greatly, and without the work of Aspinall, who retired in 1919, the company would in all likelihood have gone under, to be swallowed up by the LNWR. The L&Y controlled docks at both sides of the country,

Goale on the Humber, reached by a joint line with the Great Northern and Preston and Fleetwood on the Lancashire coast, as well as Liverpool. It owned more cargo vessels than any other British railway company, and also operated a passenger service to Northern Ireland. In anticipation of the 1923 Grouping, the L&Y amalgamated with the London & North Western in 1922.



For the directors and senior staff of the railway companies, life was vastly different from that of the regular workers. It was certainly a lot more comfortable. When John Aspinall was appointed General Manager of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway his salary was £5,000 a year. In comparison, the average pay for a fireman or driver was around 30 shillings a week (£78 per year) and a junior cleaner earned less than half of that. Additionally, some senior staff had use of large homes close to their offices paid for by the company.



In most companies, the many comforts afforded to the directors included a carriage for their sole use like the one here built by the L&YR. at Newton Heath in 1906. There was plenty of variety in the saloons constructed by different companies. Some were certainly intended to impress and were used to bring senior management and dignitaries to important events. These saloons were very much offices on wheels, often kitted out with boardrooms, desks, kitchens and observation compartments – some even had bedrooms.

Other saloons, in contrast, could be quite diminutive and understated, especially where they were used primarily for inspecting the staff and lines. The North Eastern Railway built a petrol-powered inspection car in 1908 that was just 27 ft long and had a single compartment with a map table and six chairs. Smaller still was the combined locomotive and inspection car built by Drummond of the London and South Western Railway. Drummond had a reputation for running the railway like a military commander and used his unusual 4-2-4T locomotive to make unannounced visits across his network, striking terror into his staff:

Draughtsmen tasked with producing the drawings for these inspection saloons must have been aware of the special nature of their work, and the need to impress their managers. This drawing shows a tremendous level of detail, including a sketch of the painting in the lounge compartment, the labels of the bottles in the pantry and the L&YR's rose emblem on the floor of the loo.

## **OTHER IMPORTANT OB's with the RAILWAYS**



## Robert Montgomery Horne-Payne.



**Robert Montgomery Horne-Payne (85)** was the son of John Horne-Payne QC. He became a financier. Long an invalid, he rarely visited Canada, but his financial skills left an imprint on the landscape and a northern Ontario town (Hornepayne) bears his name. He has been credited with directing \$500 million of British capital to Canada from 1894-1928, through the British Empire Trust Co, which he founded. So influential was Horne-Payne that when he warned British investors in June 1913 of reckless Canadian municipal borrowing, several western mayors protested. As chief fundraiser for Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, he was London director of the Canadian Northern Railway from 1901 until the Canadian government took it over in 1918. From its inception in 1897 until its sale to Canadian interests in 1928, he was an active chairman of the board of the BC Electric Railway.

As such he was one of the great shapers of Metro Vancouver: the inspiration, an unplanned city whose order arose incrementally from human actions not human design.

he personally made all major streetcar decisions, harnessing market forces to build the transportation and hydroelectric infrastructure of the region. The 1880s changed world cities. First electric streetlights, then electric streetcars. In one week, Vancouver got both, an instant modern city. BC Electric powered homes and industries. Horne-Payne switched from coal to hydroelectric by linking Coquitlam Lake to Buntzen Lake, then power stations on Indian Arm. He linked Allouette Lake to Stave Lake power and diverted the Bridge River for Seton Lake power. Horne-Payne built a factory in New Westminster that produced hundreds of streetcars.



BC Electric Railway car.

BC Electric's focus on technology and experts influenced culture. Its corporate headquarters was BC's first modernist high-rise, now a condominium.

Robert was also a director of other Canadian firms and was associated with Canadian capitalists in Latin American utility companies, notably Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Co, Ltd.

Despite an invalid, his main love was cricket and was a major benefactor to his home town and cricket club at Brentwood, Essex.

### **Sir Philip Cahill Sheridan**

Philip was the son of Philip Sheridan who was Postmaster General in the Punjab.



Sheridan senior standing first left.

The younger Philip was sent first to school in Belgium before coming to Beaumont in 1884 leaving three years later. He then joined the East India Railway in 1894. The company had been formed in 1845 to organise services from Calcutta to the north and to Delhi. All the permanent way and rolling stock was transported from Britain in sailing ships to Calcutta via the Cape of Good hope until the Suez canal was opened.



Philip rose through the ranks and at the outbreak of WW1 was the Superintendent. He then joined the Royal Engineers and was sent to France and then Italy being promoted to Colonel and becoming Assistant Director General of transportation, He was awarded a CMG for his War service. He then returned to India and to the Company where he was appointed General Manager. In 1929 he received a Knighthood. Philip and his wife Blanche retired to Woking after WW2 where he died in 1949.



The East India during Philip's time

**Bruno Baufine- Ducrocq**

Are you envious of the SNCF when you travel by a train in France, Clean fast and efficient? Well an OB has had a hand in the running and organisation of their railways .

Bruno Baufine-Ducrocq was the son of an Artillery Colonel and came to Beaumont for a year in 1955 from his school appropriately St Stanislaus in Nantes from where he gained entry into the distinguished Ecole Polytechnique in Paris: the most distinguished educational establishment in France. Initially Bruno was involved in the organisation and running of the local trains serving Paris before becoming Controller General of the SNCF for which he was awarded the Legion d'Honneur and an Officer of the Order of Merit. He currently lives in Paris.

## Another Engineer "Tit Bit"

**General Sir George MacDonogh** is better known as a soldier and his involvement with the famed **Scammell Lorries** British manufacturer of trucks, particularly specialist and military off-highway vehicles is little known

### Lt Gen Sir George Macdonogh, 1865 – 1942

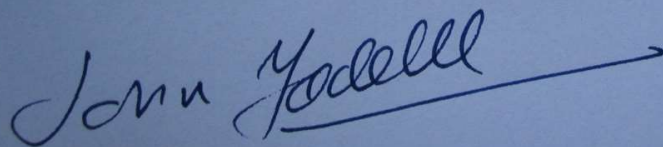
My apologies for contacting you, but, having found your details on the internet, I have a modest request regarding this Old Boy.

I was an engineer at the Watford lorry maker, Scammell Lorries Ltd, and am currently writing a technical history of the company. In 1932, as the firm approached bankruptcy, Sir George became a Director and almost immediately, Chairman. Under his auspices, and a very firm hand, the company just survived and he was able to persuade his financial contacts to lend money to develop one of the most famous Scammell products, the Mechanical Horse three-wheeler which became such a feature of railway goods distribution.

I have little doubt that without his management skills Scammell would have succumbed to the depression – he remained an active Chairman till his death in 1942.

In my book I obviously want to adequately commemorate his significance to Scammell – but I do not have a photograph! I see that you possess one – could I have a scan, and your permission to use it (suitably credited)? Perhaps in return I have provided an addition morsel of information to add to your biography of Sir George's auspicious career!

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Yodell". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. There is a long horizontal line extending from the end of the signature to the right.

As mentioned in the letter, during his time as Chairman Sir George oversaw the production of the three-wheeled Mechanical Horse to replace horses in rail, postal and other delivery applications. This featured automatic carriage coupling and the single front wheel could be steered through 360 degrees. It was sold in three- and six-ton versions.



From 1937, a Citroen Traction Avant powered version was made under licence in France, by known as the Pony Mécanique. This continued in production, in various versions, until 1970

The company mainly concentrated on articulated and rigid eight-wheeler lorries, from the 1930s. One vehicle not in those lines that became well-known was the Pioneer. This was an off-highway, heavy haulage tractor.. It showed outstanding cross-country performance due to the design that included the patent beam bogie rear axle. The Pioneer proved popular in the oil field and forestry markets, and formed the basis of the British Army's WW2 R100 30-ton tank transporter.



With the outbreak of war, development of new vehicles stopped and production concentrated on military vehicles. Pioneers for use as artillery tractors, recovery and transporter vehicles. This included the indispensable R100 which pulled the heavier field guns during the War.

## FIRING SQUAD - a Final Execution

The story behind the last person executed in the Tower of London.



In the early morning hours of August 15, 1941, Josef Jakobs was escorted to the Tower of London for his execution. The firing squad that carried out the execution was drawn from members of the Scots Guards Holding Battalion. The commander of the firing squad was **Major P.D.J. Waters. MC (14)**



The execution took place at the miniature firing range which has since been dismantled.

Jakobs was an untrained, ill-equipped German spy who was parachuted into Britain in February 1941, apparently charged with sending details of London weather patterns back to the Fatherland. But he broke his ankle in a bungled leap from the plane.

When captured, writhing in agony, at the Huntingdonshire drop point, he was found to have nearly £500 of counterfeit currency, an empty ration book and identity papers that were obviously forged. His war was over and so, effectively, was his life. The 43-year-old father of three was tried by a court martial, found guilty of treason and at 7.12am on 15 August 1941 was taken to the practice range at the Tower where, blindfolded and with a white marker over his heart, he was shot by eight soldiers from the Scots Guards.

Unlike the other 16 enemy spies hanged in London prisons during and just after the Second World War, Jakobs' ankle injury meant he couldn't stand, so he had to be shot while seated. The splintered chair is now an exhibit at the Tower.

After he was executed, Josef was buried in an unmarked grave at St Mary's Roman Catholic cemetery in Kensal Green [north-west London]. Jacobs had been a small-time crook imprisoned before the war for counterfeiting offences – he spent some time in the notorious Sachsenhausen concentration camp for political prisoners – he was given only limited training before being dropped into England. He was a rogue and a scoundrel but he was not a Nazi He learnt some Morse code and studied cloud patterns, but they didn't even give him a single practice parachute jump. He had none of the skills needed to carry out his objectives. He was as good as dead the moment he jumped out of the plane.”

### **Philip Duncan Joseph Waters**

Philip Duncan Joseph Waters was born in the late summer of 1897 in Kensington, London. His father, John Michael Waters was an Irish Catholic wine merchant. His mother, Helen Frances Dallas, had been born in the wilds of Bombay, India, although her father also came from Ireland. Philip was the youngest of five children, and the well-to-do family had a series of domestic servants to assist with the children and the household. Philip and his elder brother **John (07)** were sent to Beaumont which he left in 1914. His academic record was undistinguished, but he took a prominent part in athletics, rowed in the VIII at Henley and won several bouts in the Public Schools Boxing Competition. At the age of 17 he took himself out of school, unbeknown to his parents and joined up as a trooper in the City of London Yeomanry as War broke out. He had always been passionately devoted to horses and the rigorous life of a trooper with the care of two horses didn't daunt him at all. Eventually commissioned in The Green Howards he found himself in the 5<sup>th</sup> Bn as Transport officer under the command of Sir Mark Sykes (94). In France he was awarded the MC and was Mentioned in Dispatches and was seriously wounded. His citation reads:-

*For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when transport officer. He brought up rations under heavy machine-gun and shell fire within 200 yards of the front line. During the whole time his battalion was in action he never failed to reach it with*



*rations, though its position was constantly changed. His conduct throughout set a fine example for his men.*

On recovery, he transferred to the Scots Guards. He served with them till the end of hostilities before passing to the Reserve of Officers. He also married in 1925 Blanche, younger daughter of Edward Wilmot-Sitwell of Stainsby House, Derbyshire. Her brother Jacinth was KIA with the Coldstream Guards at Ypres in 1915. In early 1934, he and his wife travelled to Australia where Philip and a business partner formed the Leylands Pastoral Company and purchased a cattle farm. According to the press Philip had been involved in farming in the south of France prior to this investment. However, by December 1934, the partnership dissolved and Philip became sole owner of Leylands.

On the outbreak of WW2, he immediately returned to England and re-joined his Regiment but was considered too old for active service which is how he came to find himself in command of the firing party that morning in August 1941: he was fortunate that the firing squad were accurate and he did not have to fire a coup de grace.

Philip found the prospect of home service “dull fare” and volunteered for secondment to the Provost Marshall’s Branch which took him to the 8<sup>th</sup> Army in North Africa, Malta and finally Burma. At the War’s end he entered the family wine business in London.

A brother officer and OB wrote of him:- “ Physically he was magnificent and his fine appearance was equal to his fine qualities...a fine soldierly example in everything he did, and the quality which inspired me deepest was his inflexible Faith, ever steadfast, ever an example to those about him.

On 25 May, 1947, having reached the age of 50, Philip relinquished his commission and retired with the rank of Colonel. Unfortunately, Philip did not get to enjoy a long retirement, passing away on 13 October, 1949, at the age of 52. He was survived by his wife Blanche, who died on 24 February, 1964, in Nice, France.



The Execution chair which has a remarkable resemblance to the one below:-



Appropriately the Captain's Lounging Chair !

## **THE NICHOLL & NICHOLL CADELLS**

**Peter Cockerill who is the family archivist put me on the trail of the Nicholls who had three generations at Beaumont and I'm grateful to Peter for much of this information.**

**Judge Bernard Nicholl of Dinajpur**

**From the "DAILY STAR" Oct 2014.**



*Bernard Vincent Nicholl, Kolkata, 1895.*

“History is perhaps my forte. A more recent interest of mine involves selective readings and research on genealogy or family histories. Lately, I have also been engaged in the documentation efforts of old European/Christian cemeteries with historic, funerary monuments - tombs, graves, mausoleums and epitaphs of the British colonial era in Bangladesh. It brought me in touch with Peter Cockerill.

Peter Cockerill lives in London, England. We were introduced by a mutual friend a few years back. Peter has a very interesting background. He belongs to a family of “old India hands”. His maternal grandfather, Bernard Vincent Nicholl, of the Indian Civil Service (ICS), Bengal cadre, died and was buried in Dinajpur in 1915, while serving there as the District & Sessions Judge. Peter requested me if I could assist in locating his grandfather's grave at the Dinajpur cemetery. Unfortunately, regardless of the burial details and concerted efforts, the grave could not be located. It simply does not exist anymore.



*Bernard (front left) and others with Nawab Salimullah of Dhaka, Ramna Racecourse, circa 1902.*

Peter's maternal grandfather Bernard Nicholl has a most interesting pedigree. He was descended, a sixth generation removed grandson of King Charles 11 by his mistress Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. Bernard's family tree also shows

that he is descended from three English Martyrs: Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, Philip Howard Earl of Arundel and William Howard Earl of Stafford.

Bernard Vincent Nicholl (1867-1915), ICS, son of Captain Iltid Thomas Mansel Nicholl RN (1828-1885) and Cecelia Mary Josephine Jerningham (1842-1879) was born on 3 September, 1867, in Painton Villa, Bristol. He was baptized on Thursday, 5 September, 1867 at the Cathedral, Clifton, by the Very Reverend Monseigneur Bonomi.

In 1881, Bernard studied at Beaumont together with his brothers Arthur who died three years after leaving in 1879 and Iltid (83) and Robert. He joined the Indian Civil Service (ICS), Bengal cadre, in 1887 at the age of twenty. The same year he was required to attend Trinity College in Cambridge. He arrived in Bombay, British India, on 9 November, 1889, on board the steamship "Oceana", aged twenty two. Interestingly, his first ICS posting was in Sylhet, then a part of Assam, as an Assistant Commissioner 3rd Grade on 20 November, 1889. In that capacity he also served in Dibrugarh, Sibsagar and North Lalkimpur until 1892, all in Assam. He was promoted to the post of a Sub-divisional Officer (SDO) on 15 April, 1892 and served in Goalpara and Golaghat in 1893, and in Dibrugarh and Tezpur in 1894, all four postings also in Assam. At the age of twenty six on 9 July, 1894, he was promoted to Deputy Commissioner and served in various places from 1894-98, including Calcutta.

In June, 1895, Bernard Nicholl went on furlough to Wimbledon, London, and married Winifred Clara Ellis (1875-1956) daughter of Captain Henry Williamson Welbore Ellis (1838-1885), and Agnes Keen Snell (1844-1834). Winifred also belonged to a family of "old India hands". Both her father and paternal grandfather served in Bengal, British India. She was born on 12 May, 1875, in Kidderpore, Calcutta, where her father was a Captain's Clerk in the Royal Indian Navy (from 1856 ) and subsequently, became the Deputy Shipping Master (1885) there. It is interesting to note that Winifred's eldest brother, Henry Leopold Welbore Ellis (1870-1957), was born at Jessore, now in Bangladesh.

Bernard and Winifred were married on 3 September, 1895, when Bernard a twenty eight year old, ICS officer, had come home to Britain on leave from India. The marriage was solemnised at the Church of The English Martyrs, Wandsworth. (Ed: there is no Catholic Church of that name in Wandsworth and I presume he means the newly opened Church in Streatham built by my Grandfather Robert Measures ) Just before her wedding, Winifred then twenty one, was formally presented at the Nicholl family house at Merthyr Tydfil, Bridgend, Glamorgan, in Wales.

The newly wed Bernard and Winifred sailed on board the "S S Malta" for Diamond Harbour, Calcutta, India on 25th October 1895. Bernard has left a detailed account

of his thirty two day sea voyage from England to India by a P&O steamer, "S S Malta", and the onward journey by a local steamer, "Aka", up the Brahmaputra river to Assam. Bernard was then the Deputy Commissioner at Dibrugarh in Assam.

The following are extracts from the Itinerary of the 32 day voyage in 1895 on board the P&O steamship "S S Malta" from England to India as per Bernard's diary. This has been included to show how literate and educated Europeans of both sexes in those days maintained diaries or journals on a regular basis.

"...turned in very soon & slept pretty well till we reached Goalanda.



4th 6 am at Goalanda – Caught sight of Winifred outside as I was dressing & soon after joined her – found that the ponies had not come with us as I had ordered so wired to Cooks to enquire. Made our way to steamer which was the "Aka" & found several others are travelling by her but managed to rescue a cabin. Had Chota Hazri & got under weigh about 8. Passengers consist of an American missionary & his wife bound for Sibsagar, my two stable companions of last night young Lea on his way to Tezpur whence he goes to Dhubri. Expecting to get to Tezpur, a man from Kellener's on his way to cater for Tezpur races and an old river skipper with a very musical snore to which he treats us the greater part of the day. After Chota Hazri had bath and changed. Began reading "Red as a Rose is She" by Rhoda Broughton. Winifred still going on with Vicar of Wakefield. Slept in afternoon. Had tea in cabin & stayed on deck till dinner time. Bed fairly early."



*Bernard and Winifred's house, Ramna, Dhaka, circa 1904.*

In 1899, Bernard's services were transferred to the Judiciary. He was made a District & Sessions Judge and served in Cachar in Assam and then in Mymensing, Dhaka, Rangpur, Bakerganj (Barisal) in East Bengal from 1899-1910.

Bernard served in Dhaka from 1902 to 1905 as the District & Sessions Judge. Although no written account survives of his or his family's life in Dhaka, there are some interesting old photographs from that era. From the visuals it appears that as the Judge both Bernard and Winifred led active social lives in Dhaka. They maintained a large house in Ramna. For recreation there was the Club, games, the races at Ramna, dances, social visits and the usual gossips for memsahibs, lunch, Tea and dinner, picnics, shikar, river cruises, parties, Polo and riding. There is a rare picture of Bernard and Winifred attending the Dhaka Nawab's "Fancy Dress Ball" at Ahsan Manzil in 1902. There is also another rare photograph of Bernard and others taken at the Ramna races with Nawab Sir Khawja Salimullah of Dhaka in 1902. In those days, there was a sizable British and other European population living in Dhaka.



### *Maharaja Sir Girija Nath Roy of Dinajpur.*

Bernard's last posting, an ill-fated one, as the District & Sessions Judge was in Dinajpur, a dusty little town tucked away in a backwater of East Bengal and given to extremes of temperature - of blistering hot summers and near frigid winters, where he was transferred from Barisal on 6 December, 1911 at the age of forty four. On April 1912, his services were permanently transferred to Bengal from Assam. Hardly anything is known about the Nicholl's family life spent in Dinajpur. After having served and lived in Mymensing, Rangpur, Barisal and especially at Dhaka, it can be presumed with certainty that the transfer to Dinajpur must have come as a shock and disappointment for Bernard and his family. Dinajpur was a remote outpost. There was only a handful of Europeans there – Raj officials and missionaries. There was no European club to go to. The Nicholl's social life must have been drastically curtailed. The only worthwhile entertainment, from time to time for the few British officials, their families and other Europeans must have been provided by the then illustrious Maharaja Bahadur of Dinajpur, Sir Girija Nath Roy. He held vast landed estates with garden houses, temples, beautiful lakes and hunting lodges, ideal for getaways and for holding of picnics, shikar, angling, riding and boating events. In the outskirts of Dinajpur town, the Mahararaja also had a well laid out palace on a vast area with gardens, playground and a well -stocked menagerie where the Nicholl children must have spent time with the fauna.

Sadly, it was here in Dinajpur that Bernard contracted a fatal case of pneumonia and died on Monday, 12 April, 1915. He was buried on the same day by Rev. O Pedrotti RC Chaplain of Saidpur, at the Government Cemetery in Dinajpur. The cemetery is located near the original railway station in Dinajpur. An extract from the Englishman Newspaper of Calcutta of 22.4.1915 records that: "Late Mr Nicholl. Public Meeting of Sympathy. AP India. Dinajpur April 21. A largely attended public meeting presided over by the Maharaja of Dinajpur was held in the local National School yesterday. The resolution was adopted expressing condolence with Mrs Nicholl and her young children at the sudden and premature death of Mr B V Nicholl, Sessions Judge of Dinajpur which melancholy event took place on the 12th instant." Bernard left at his untimely death his wife, Winifred pregnant with their seventh child, and six other children. It must have been a most heart breaking scene in Dinajpur.

Bernard and Winifred had seven children, a son and six daughters. They were: Agnes, Robert Arthur Francis Nicholl (1899-1941), Cecilia, Clare, Joan, Barbara and Dorothy. Joan and Barbara were both born in Dinajpur, while the youngest child Dorothy was born in 1915 in England four months after Bernard's death in Dinajpur.

A sad postscript to the story: Bernard Nicholl had a brother named Ambrose, who died in Argentina in January, 1915. Another brother called Iltid, had died earlier in South Africa in October, 1914. Thus, within a span of six months all three Nicholl brothers, including Bernard had passed away. Ironically, the Nicholl brothers had

agreed to meet in their home country with their families for a reunion in early 1915. Instead three widows along with eleven children met for the first time in Britain in 1915, without their husbands and fathers.”

### **Iltid Nicholl**



He was a year older than Judge Bernard and left Beaumont in 1883 to seek his fortune, firstly farming in Argentina but with the outbreak of the Boer War volunteered as a Trooper in the 49<sup>th</sup> Company (Montgomeryshire) 9 Battalion Imperial Yeomanry

The Imperial Yeomanry was a British volunteer cavalry regiment that mainly saw action during the Second Boer War. Officially created on 24 December 1899, the regiment was based on members of standing Yeomanry regiments, but also contained a large contingent of mid-upper class English volunteers. In Ireland 120 men were recruited in February 1900. It was officially disbanded in 1908.

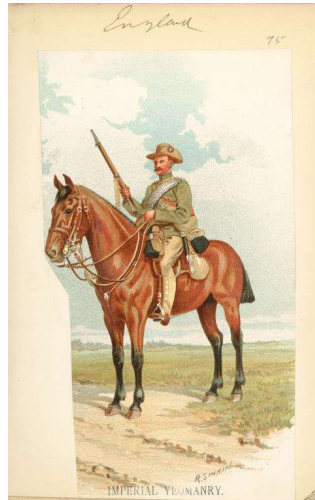
On 13 December 1899, the decision to allow volunteer forces serve in the Second Boer War was made. Due to the string of defeats during Black Week in December, 1899, the British government realized they were going to need more troops than just the regular army, thus issuing a Royal Warrant on 24 December 1899. This warrant officially created the Imperial Yeomanry.

The Royal Warrant asked standing Yeomanry regiments to provide service companies of approximately 115 men each. In addition to this, many British citizens (usually mid-upper class) volunteered to join the new regiment. Although there were strict requirements, many volunteers were accepted with substandard horsemanship/marksmanship; however, they had significant time to train while awaiting transport.



The first contingent of recruits contained 550 officers, 10371 men with 20 battalions and four companies, which arrived in South Africa between February and April, 1900. Upon arrival, the regiment was sent throughout the zone of operations.

Itid was promoted to Sergeant and apart from campaign medals was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal: This was awarded for extremely high level of bravery to the rank and file rather than officers and second only to the Victoria Cross for gallantry in the field.



Towards the War's end he was commissioned into the Army Service Corps but seems to have resigned not long afterward. He stayed in South Africa, eventually joining the Colonial Police Force as a Constable at Stellenbosch in the Cape Province in 1905.

However, Itid had a problem: drink – a malady that many of the Nicholl family were to suffer from.

On the first occasion he was Drunk when required for night duty on 29<sup>th</sup> March 1906 and Fined 10/-

The Resident Magistrate was requested by letter from this Office dated the 24<sup>th</sup> April 1906, to warn Nicholl that if he is again convicted of intemperance he will be immediately dismissed from the Force. The warning was not enough and "On the 25<sup>th</sup> day of June 1906 and at (or near) Stellenbosch in the said District, the said Ittyd Nicholl being a Constable in the Stellenbosch Police force was wrongfully and unlawfully guilty of misconduct, against the discipline of the Force, by being drunk when required for duty. The Prisoner being arraigned pleaded Guilty. Judgment Guilty. Sentence fined, 10/- and dismissed from the Force, pending the approval of the Government .

He then found work in the Government Stationary Office where it seems sobriety was not an important consideration. During that time, he married Jane O'Dea and they were to have two sons. He had previously been engaged for a time in Argentina to Lily the sister of his brother Ambrose's wife but for reasons unknown never went ahead. In 1914, General Botha called for volunteers to fight for the Allied cause; Iltid signed up but died in Wynburg Military Hospital 8 days after joining. He was one of Beaumont's earliest War casualties.

Peter Cockerell sheds further light on the downward spiral of Iltid's life: "being the eldest son was to have inherited the substantial Irish estate from his grandmother but was disinherited because he had asked his sisters for a loan of £500! His grandmother made Bernard the heir. Granny died shortly after so poor Iltid got nothing. This event was subsequently challenged in the high court in Dublin which found in Bernard's favour. Such is family life".

### **Ambrose Nicholl**

Ambrose was the youngest of the brothers but stayed only a short time at school between 1879 and '83. He followed his eldest brother out to Argentina. In an archive letter:-

"Entre Rios where Iltid and Ambrose live is the size of England and is in one of the smallest Provinces. It is only by comparison that one can take in the size of these American Countries. The farme cattle, sheep, and maize; the first in 1000's and 100 horses more or less. Ambrose works very hard at ploughing and Iltid manages the rest- their nearest town Gualequay 18 leagues away; their neighbours are very well educated and good old family. They take a great interest in them—which is as well as with the rough independent life in their syancia they would probably lose all civilised ways if they had no one to remind them how to behave".

The next piece of news was Ambrose's engagement:-

Primitiva was the daughter of Joseph Peart, who owned Estancia Las Moscas in Entre Rios. Ambrose Nicholl and his brother owned a neighbouring Estancia, Primitiva and Ambrose met at a family picnic, it seems that Ambrose was the most eligible bachelor in the area. The family thought "how sad Tiva will never be able to marry a gentleman", so it must have been a great surprise to them all when Ambrose proposed to her. She was only eighteen and Ambrose was seventeen years her senior.

They were married probably at Estancia Las Moscas, Mary their daughter was born in Buenos Aires when Tiva was nineteen, and then they went to Maquinchao to work for Hubert Preston who was a cousin of Ambrose's. (Part of the Gormanston Family). They took a boat to Puerto Madryn and from there they had to go by mule

train to Maquinchao, across the desert, They took their water in glass demijohns, and unfortunately someone broke the last one when they still had a day a half's journey, when they finally arrived at Maquinchao their tongues were all blue and swollen.

After Maquinchao, they went to work and live at Pilcaniyeu in Patagonia where Imelda was born. Sadly, Ambrose, like Iltyd, had a drinking problem which eventually led to his death: he would say to Primitiva 'Please hide the drink'. On one occasion Ambrose was very ill and had to go to Buenos Aires. Tiva had to take him by boat, down the Limay to Roca where they took the train to B.A. From then on she disliked Roca saying it was filthy town, full of fleas! Ambrose died and is buried in Pilcaniyeu.

After Ambrose died Hubert Preston, suggested that Tiva should go to England and Ireland with her two little girls, to meet the English family. He organized it all and escorted them to England. He then found a small house for them in Wimbledon, It seems that Hubert Preston had now fallen in love with Tiva . The first world war was going on and many of the farm managers that Tiva knew from Argentina had joined up. They used to go and visit her, when they had leave. Amongst these was Pop Dawson, the Australian who had brought sheep from Australia to Pilcaniyeu and also worked there. He and Tiva were married in London at the Brompton Oratory.

So much for the first generation of Nicholls who if nothing else were men of the Empire working in India, South Africa and South America. This would go further with Robert.

**Robert Arthur Nicholl-Cadell.**



*Midshipman*

Robert was the only son of Bernard, born as mentioned above in 1899. He returned to England as a small boy to come to Beaumont in 1908 staying till 1912 before moving to the Naval College at Osborne.

Biographical memories written by Robert's sister, Joan Huffer for his grandson, Brendan. ( Ed; wearing rosy coloured spectacles).

“He had his mother's hair - thick, with a tendency to curl - in colour, a titian red-gold which was inherited also by my youngest sister, Dorothy (Peter's mother). He had a very infectious laugh and a smile that wrinkled his eyes to slits. He was a "Romantique", and "idealist" to the end, in spite of the stark sides of life he so often, and so early saw. He was very impatient with mundane life, and despised mediocrity or "meanness". He was fired at once by "great causes" which made him admire communism (we didn't know Stalin as he was, in those days) and join a boat under a commander known as "Potato Jones" which smuggled cargoes of potatoes into Spain for the Republicans, who lacked food.

Robert was ten years older than me, but treated me as an equal - we had terrific discussions together, and I loved him very much.

He had a very unstable life from the beginning when he was shunted from India, where he was born, to England where he stayed with "Aunt Lina" in Wimbledon. When he was twelve or thirteen, he was sent to the Naval College at Osborne and then Dartmouth. At sixteen, the 1914-1918 war broke out. At that age, the "midshipman", which Robert had become, was sent for the first time to a battleship to continue his training and mount in "grade". In Robert's case, it was to go straight into "active service" and his ship took part in some of the great naval battles of the time, including Jutland.

At the end of the war, he went to University (I forget whether Oxford or Cambridge) and won a degree in English Literature. He made friends with various writers and artists - H.G. Wells, Ford Maddox and etc... He himself was very "gifted" - he could write, and draw well. I believe some of his charcoal drawings were accepted by the Academy in Dublin.

I think he must have met Paulina his future wife, when he visited Great Aunt Aggie at Harbourstown, but I was still at school then and it is all very vague for me. Anyhow, they met... Both enjoyed life and friends and joyous company with laughing and lots of drinking! Paulina's mother, who held court in Dublin and liked to have all promising and gifted young men at her feet, was furious that Robert had fallen for Paulina, and when they decided to marry, turned her out of the house. Robert brought her over to England to "Mudgie" (my mother), in Lyme Regis where they stayed with, or near her in "Woodmead Road".

After their marriage, they went to Ireland to live at Harbourstown. There, Diana was born. She was mentally handicapped - at 13 she was as a 7-year-old. Dick French (my eldest sister Agnes' husband) who was her guardian, got her into a very good "Home for backward children" run by a Miss Binnie who loved her, and whom she loved. Diana, as she grew up, helped Miss Binnie with the house and the other children. Mudgie often went to see her, and so did my elder sisters - I was at school still and never did. Diana died in her teens { ?? *Don 't know about this, as I remember receiving Christmas cards from her when I was at boarding school in the late 1950s and early 1960s*}. Then your father was born, and after him, another little boy called Iltyd - He was "Mongolian" - really a very beautiful child, I was told - He died as a baby.

Robert was always coming and going from and to different places and countries to find work - I can't remember why they left living in Ireland, and why Robert went out to India and met Marcia ( his second wife), and what Paulina was doing. By the way, someone asked if I saw Marcia, or knew what happened to her. I met her once in Paris after the 1940 war. She was still very lovely. We spent an afternoon together and then she went on somewhere else. I heard she had married a brilliant cancer specialist - a Frenchman - but after that, I don't know what happened.

Robert never looked after the land that belonged to Harbourstown, the farmlands were left uncultivated, the woods over-grown, etc. In such cases, after some time the government requisitioned the property and the house was pulled down.

Robert himself was on the Royal Naval Reserve, and when the last War broke out, he was called up to do active service. Being still young, he was one of a lot (about 30) of other men with wartime experience yet not too old to fight at sea again. He was sent to an ultra-secret base in Northern Ireland to study "radar" which was then unknown. After that, he was put in command of a ship, "Lord Essendon" at the head of a flotilla of Scottish trawlers, which were armed with anti-submarine devices and cannons and whose job was to protect the route from Russia to England followed by boats bringing food to the besieged island.

The work and the climate were terrible. Robert was on the bridge without rest for a week on end, when they went into port for one day and night to take on provisions. The climate in those frozen northern seas was deadly and finally attacked his heart. He was sent to Canada (I don't know why) to be de-mobilised and then on a ship for England. This ship was torpedoed and sunk. Robert, in his condition, had no chance in the icy waters and must have died instantly.

Sometime after this, my mother had a visit from one of the survivors, a man who had made friends with Robert during the voyage. He told my mother:

"I wanted you to know that my last sight of Robert was from the lifeboat which had picked up my wife and myself. He was still on the ship helping to put the lifeboats to sea. He leaned over the rails to shout to me 'Is your wife safely with you?' I never saw him again but I wanted you to know this."

Robert's name is on the Naval War Memorial in Portsmouth and on the War Memorial in Beaconsfield, where we lived at that time.

### **In Reality.**

We know little of Robert's time at St John's except that he would have been in the Navy class for those going into the Service. After Osborne, he was posted as a Midshipman to HMS Russell flagship with the The Grand Fleet in 1914 with the 6th Battle Squadron and then moved to the 3rd Battle squadron to take part in northern patrols. HMS Russell joined the Channel Fleet in November 1914 when at Portland, and after bombarding the coast of Belgium was sent to the Dardanelles. She stayed at Mudros as support alongside HMS Hibernia in November 1915 but eventually took part in the evacuation on 7th January 1916. HMS Russell was mined on 27th April 1916 just off the coast of Malta with the loss of over 100 lives.

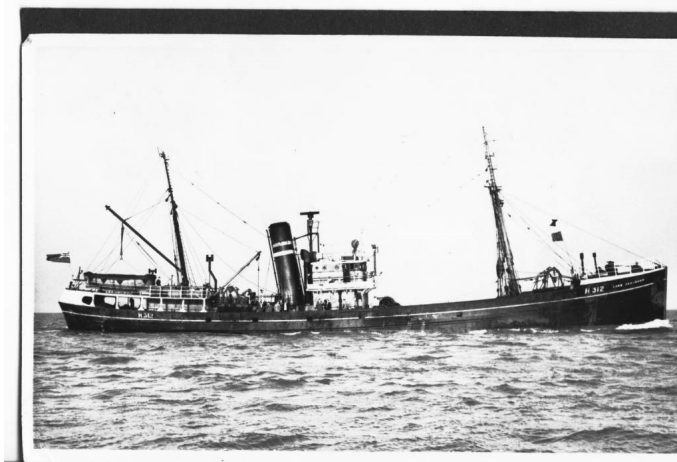
Robert escaped the sinking as in 1915 he was posted to HMS Britannia ( another ship to be torpedoed) but then moved to the light cruiser HMS Courageous in 1917 and took part in the Second battle of Heligoland Bight. ( he was certainly not at Jutland). Another move was then to the sloop HMS Sunflower an early form of minesweeper to finish the War. In 1919 he went up to Christ's Cambridge but didn't excel and didn't graduate ( no degree in English Literature.) and the following year he was posted to Venomous that was about to go to the Baltic to assist in the Russian Civil War. However, Robert decided to resign leaving the Navy as a Lieutenant.



In 1921, he inherited Harbourstown and became a man of independent means though he would like to think of himself as a poet and writer and married Paulina Dames- Longworth ( against the wishes of her parents) in 1922. Both loved the wild life, such as the riding of horses up the stairs to the bedroom, and Robert was undoubtedly a romantic initially was much in love with Paulina but following the birth of their three children two of which were handicapped, the marriage fell apart and he left for Ceylon in 1931. He was divorced from Paulina and met and married again Anil de Silva , known as Marcia de Silva-Vigier, She was a journalist, political activist, author, art critic, and art historian. She worked for "*Marg*" a quarterly Indian journal on traditional and modern art, and was co-editor of the children's magazine *Toycart*; She founded the Indian People's Theatre Association, was associated with the Indian Communist party, and was considered Bombay's avant-garde. Her father was President of the Ceylon National Congress, and also served as a Minister of Health.

The couple moved back to England and Ireland in 1933 and certainly Marcia stayed until 1938 before returning to Ceylon and India. It was probably through her political influence that Robert was involved with assisting the republican and Communist side

in the Spanish Civil War. Meanwhile Robert's surviving son also Robert left Beaumont in 1938 and went out to Australia where his mother eventually settled.



With the outbreak of WW2, Robert, who was on the Reserve, returned to Naval duty and was given command of HMS Lord Essenden, an armed trawler as a Lt-Commander. In February 1940, they were reported as being in action but in May "the Nicholl Malaise" struck. Robert was Court-Martialled for "improperly leaving his ship, Drunk ashore and assaulting a sentry". He was found guilty on the charge of drunkenness and was dismissed his command and severely reprimanded.

He was then posted to the Battleship HMS Revenge which was mainly involved in convoy duties and guarding the Channel against likely invasion. Revenge was then based at Halifax Nova Scotia for the Atlantic convoy route in early 1941 and it was in April, that for medical reasons, Robert was on the SS Nerissa rather than Revenge for the sailing to Liverpool.

**Thursday, 1 May** U.552 sank British steamer NERISSA .Eighty three crew and one hundred and twenty four passengers were lost on the steamer. Twenty three crew and fifty one passengers were rescued. Nerissa had been carrying aluminium, trucks and shells but couldn't keep up and became a straggler on the convoy and as such an obvious target.





What we do know is that when the Nerissa was hit, Robert selflessly helped others to the lifeboats and in doing so sacrificed his own life.

**Conclusion.** The Nicholl's were in many ways typical of their time with their lives spent in the Commonwealth and Empire. They showed courage but also weakness and failure. Wealth and poverty in equal measure and from an aristocratic background: interesting lives.

**GISS - GOSS**



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

## **CORONATION.**

In the last Review I stated that there was no Beaumont representation at King Charles's Coronation: WRONG.

The Lord Lieutenant of West Yorkshire – **Ed Anderson CBE** was present. Seen below with The King shortly after his accession.



## THE JEWISH CHRONICLE

A recent review of the De Vere Hotel had this comment:

“Thankfully, however, the restaurant offering has moved on from school dinners: Beaumont College was famous for its awful meals, apart from one dish which it invented — The Menchikoff pudding was made of sherry-soaked sponge, sweet almonds, eggs and vanilla, and was a draw for many visitors.”

## STICK

( and no Stone)

In 1932 **Vivian Bruce** arrived at Beaumont from Penryn. In the opposite direction came **Peter Poels** from St Anthony’s Eastbourne. They passed through the School together Peter was Captain of Boats and Vivian was a rowing colour: they became firm friends. Both were aspiring doctors and went together to St Thomas’s to study Medicine. Vivian, good with his hands made Peter a special walking stick for when he was out in the countryside with the handle shaped as a trout. The stick was nicknamed “Isaiah” not for any religious reason but that one eye was carved higher than the other – “EyesHigher”. During the War, Peter was a surgeon in the RNVR while Vivian was in the RAMC. They met once in that time when they found themselves on the same ship.



Peter treasured his stick and when he died it was passed to his son **Charlie (62)** But he felt it should return to the “carver’s son **Robert (64)**. Part of its right of passage was when Charlie brought it to Remembrance Sunday “en route” for its new owner and outings (and yompings) on the South Downs, Scotland and elsewhere.

## **DROP KICKS**

During preliminary discussion before the World Cup on ITV prior to the England – Argentina match, there was talk of the demise of the drop kick particularly as Johnny Wilkinson had used it with such effect in Australia in 2003. We then saw George Ford drop three in the first half of this match. At the same time, I was thumbing through a 1949 Review and came across an amusing report on the Downside Match which we won by a DROP GOAL in the final minutes of the game. A remarkable game not just because we won and rarely did in these encounters but also the match report was written for The Observer by “Crusoe” Robertson-Glasgow. First of all, here is the report:-

BEAUMONT ..... 8 points. DOWNSIDE.\_... 3 points.

BEAUMONT beat Downside at Beaumont by a goal and a dropped goal to a try, but it was a far closer and more exciting game than these figures suggest.

Downside went very strongly in the second half, during which they had two chances of leading at 6-5 through penalties which psychology rather than distance or angle made difficult. But Beaumont came again in the last minutes and Beausire, their stand-off half, settled the matter with the neatest of dropped goals.

Beaumont kicked off and soon attacked but, before some spectators had fully adjusted their notions and coat collars there was Morley, the large and fast Downside right wing, crashing past all opposition down the line and scoring a grand try. The attempt at conversion was muddled away into no-kick.

Beaumont at once attacked again, and sheer weight of forward power urged the ball over the line, where a Downside defender evidently dwelt over-long on it, but the resulting penalty kick failed. Hudson, a back-row Beaumont forward, was conspicuous for hard work.

Yet the Beaumont forwards were apt to be off-side; an impetuosity which later came near to losing them the match. But they were full of brio. Indeed, at this point, the air around the scrummage rang with exhortations and unanswerable questions. Just before half-time Morley nearly repeated his earlier feat, but Collingwood, on the Beaumont left hustled him into touch a few yards out.

Early in the second half Beaumont went ahead. A movement in which Gracie, on the right wing, took an important part ended in White, the hooker going over for a try on the right. Harden converted with a fine kick. But Morley was still a danger to Beaumont, and the Beaumont forwards began to boil over the lively to the uncontrolled. It was now that Rogers (Downside) had his two penalty kicks: clean kicks, but without due study of the icy cross-wind

Still nothing but most desperate tackling kept Downside out, and the spectators passed into the last vocal phase known as "andante sostenuto". It was agreeable to note that one of the touch judges regarded his own impartiality as referring to action and not to speech. So Beaumont, in the last minutes, attacked strongly; a penalty kick just failed, but then Beausire, the stand-off half, receiving the ball after a loose scrummage, dropped that goal, and the cheers merged into the final whistle.

( Pierre Beausire was French but did national service as a Pilot Officer RAF before returning to France: he was born near Le Havre and died in 2011 at the coastal village of Sainte Adresse just north of where he was born.)

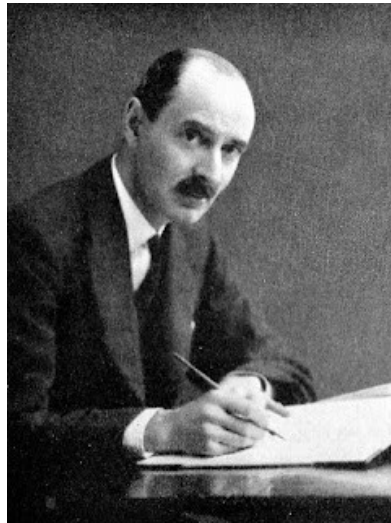
The famed writer of the article :-

"Crusoe", as he was universally known (a batsman who lost his wicket to him described the bowler as some bloke called 'Robinson Crusoe', a term of endearment which remained throughout his life), was a man of incessant good humour. I recall with affection an evening I spent with him many years ago at The Castle Hotel, Taunton. It was his birthday and we dined together; this was an auspicious occasion, rather more for me than for Crusoe. I can hear now his laughter and his fund of

anecdotes. It was said that when he played for Somerset the Amateurs always took a dictionary to dinner. On average, Crusoe would use three words a night the authenticity of which was challenged by his colleagues. Often they were right as Crusoe loved coining new words. Robertson-Glasgow was born on July 15th, 1901. He was educated at Charterhouse and Oxford, and his cricket career as a fast bowler for the University and for Somerset spanned the years from 1920 to 1935. He subsequently won acclaim for his writings, principally, of course, on cricket, though his horizons were perceptibly wider. He retired from regular cricket writing in 1953, a loss which cricket could ill afford to sustain in an age when pure writing of charm and distinction and humour are subordinated to the needs of the competitive newspaper world. Crusoe saw the best in the game and converted the scene to print with authority, skill, and immense good nature. Many a young and insignificant cricket writer has warmed to Crusoe's kindly attention to him-the world at large was his friend: the cricket world, indeed, will miss this joyous man and colleague.

## **WINTER TIT BITS**

### **Captain Jack Gilbey**



**GILBEY, Capt. John (Jack) Newman (99).** Eldest son of Newman Gilbey of the gin family and descended from the Gonzales Sherry family. He went on to Stonyhurst then Sandhurst and commissioned Welsh Regiment WW1 wounded twice and started writing Poetry. Best known for his devotional works. Also, a keen hunting man with the largest collection of Lionel Edwards paintings in the Country.

**From "Country Life"**

TWO paintings by the artist Lionel Edwards are to be auctioned by Cheffins Fine Art for the first time since they were painted in 1928. The paintings were commissioned by Capt Jack Newman Gilbey, part of the Gilbey's gin family and also a writer for COUNTRY LIFE. One of the pictures, titled *The Essex* (above), depicts the Essex Hunt with White Roding village church in the background. An account of the pictures being painted was written in COUNTRY LIFE in 1950 by Capt Gilbey, who recalled that 'with his usual thoroughness Lionel went out for the day with the hunt in order to take stock of the huntsman, his horse and pack'.

As well as *The Essex*, the sale will include a preparatory study for the landscape view, which was suggested by Capt Gilbey as 'a typical Essex setting'. 'Lionel Edwards is undoubtedly the master of the hunting scene,' says Patricia Cross, associate at Cheffins. 'These paintings show his extraordinary eye for detail in depicting local landscape and remarkable talent in painting animals so precisely that they looked recognisable. The pictures are fresh to the market, having remained in the Gilbey family since they were commissioned from the artist in 1928 by one of his closest friends and patrons, Jack Gilbey, who had amassed a large collection of Edwards's works and was even given Edwards's earliest hunting drawing painted at only five years old.'



One of the Gilbey Collection – his local Essex pack

## **As a Writer:**

In the Preface to Jack Gilbey's 1936 collection "In Loving Memory and Other Poems" Arthur, Bishop of Brentwood says: "... he has a message to give in simple language to those who suffer like himself and to those who have gained by these sufferings, which while dispelling the crude sentiment that any war will make our land fit for heroes to live in, shows that men and women can be heroes in spite of war, yes even because of war, if they have faith and trust in God, company with the Saints..."

The following poems are from that collection:

### **"Silence"**

Two minutes – while we bow the head

And pay our tribute to the Dead.

Two minutes – can we offer less

To those who died, that peace might bless

Our days, and banish lawlessness?

So we remember thankfully

Their sacrifice – our liberty.

### **"Peace"**

'To safeguard peace prepare for war,'

Is still the view some nations share

To save men's lives; yet how much more

Might precious lives be saved by prayer.

Ere 'tis too late may they atone,

No more must horrors be endured;

Only by prayer and prayer alone

Is good-will won and peace secured.



## Michael de Burgh remembered.

### Beaumont connections.

Michael had various Beaumont connections. His father Lt-Col Hugo de Burgh married Mary Eleanor daughter of Richard Scott Lamb a younger brother of **Joseph (1867)** of West Denton Hall Northumberland. Other Lambs at the school included Fr **Francis (85)** Vicar General of the Carmelites during WW1 and his brother Fr Lawrence (86): both were also service Chaplains. Another brother Percy studied architecture under Bentley. His mother's sister Eldred married **Ronald McDonnell (16)** who was KIA commanding Michael's regiment - The 9<sup>th</sup> Lancers in Italy 1945

Michael married Penelope Fairlie whom he had known since childhood, the daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Gerard Fairlie, an Old Gregorian and former Scots Guards officer who continued the Bulldog Drummond series of books after the death of HC McNeile ("Sapper"), who had reputedly based his character on Fairlie. Penelope's grandfather was **Charles Roskell**, the first Beaumont boy. Another of Michael's various nephews is **Michael de Wolff (The Baron)**. Michael's three sons all went to St John's but with Beaumont closed went on to Worth.

### School days

Michael was sent to St John's at the age of 8 and like many spent ten years in the "care" of the Jesuits. He always said that Beaumont was his second home. Although small in stature Michael was a good rugby player – normally on the wing and was a Colour for both 1939 and '40 seasons there was a report in The Times of how he clinched the Eton match with a fine try evading his larger opponents. He was selected as one of three OBs to play for the Catholic OBs against The rest of England Alumni in 1941 ( **the others were Victor Berry also 9L and John Ewart Royal Horse Guards**). Interestingly the other representatives were six from Stonyhurst, four from Ampleforth, and a couple from Downside.

### Stories

War can produce its moments of humour. Towards the end of the Italian campaign, Michael was away from his tank on what was politely called "shovel Drill". In the course of this, he suddenly became aware of a couple of Germans only some 20m away. They raised their weapons; Michael was quicker, as befitted a Beaumont wing, - he charged with his entrenching tool, trousers around his knees. The enemy put up their hands and surrendered,

Michael and Penelope who were married in the Brompton Oratory in London, as his parents had been, honeymooned in Rome. On displaying an evident excess of connubial affection at the papal general audience in St Peter's Square, they were ejected by one of the Vatican gendarmes.



*Hugh O'Flaherty and as depicted by Gregory Peck in "The Scarlet and The Black"*

'Undismayed, Michael contacted an old family friend, Monsignor Hugh O'Flaherty, "The Scarlet Pimpernel of the Vatican" who had saved thousands of lives including escaped Allied POWs. Next day, the couple had a private audience of Pope Pius XII.

### **Singular Honours**

In 2020 Michael had a Spitfire flypast in his honour.

Michael was given a military funeral at Duncton, West Sussex by his Regiment who sent a Lance Guard and a Bearer party from Catterick ( North Yorkshire). There was also a good turnout by old officers of the regiment. **The Editor, John and David Flood and Mandy Bedford** represented the B U.



The Lance Guard

(**Charles Russell** and his wife Joan are buried to the right of the church entrance)



**Mandy, Robert Wilkinson, David Flood ( seated) with John Berry's son.** Another John, he was Michael's Godson. Michael had also been his father's best Man. The younger John went to St John's and was left stranded with Beaumont's closure - he went up to Ampleforth.

**John Flood** adds:

I am collecting David on a very circuitous route to Duncton for Michael de Burgh's funeral, which may be challenging! Michael's younger son, Luan, was always on the A & B pilgrimage with him and used to look after Harry Hughes, a Brand cousin of ours, until Harry died.

We have a family connection with Penelope ( Michael's wife); she is the niece of Clare Fairley who was married to my uncle John Arbuthnott (known as 'Uncle Baba, as the black sheep of the family). By the same route I am also connected to the Baron!

## **And NOT forgetting QUENTIN de La BEOYERE**

**Simon Potter writes:-**

I went to Quentin's requiem Mass this morning at The Sacred Heart Church, Wimbledon, just 100 yards up Edge Hill from No 10 where Quentin had lived for 54 years. Quentin's dates were 1934-2023 (aged 89). The mass was con-celebrated by

Fr Michael Barnes SJ (OW) and the acting parish priest, Fr Joseph Donkor, with an organist to play Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" upon entry, " Panis Angelicus" at Communion and "The Ave Maria" as recessional. Quentin had not wanted a choir or singing, his daughter told us. His grandsons Edmund and Sebastian Johnson gave bidding prayers and his oldest grandson Hugh de la Bedoyere gave the Eulogy.

The booklet of service featured a biography of Quentin, starting at Beaumont, going on to LAMDA where he met Irene, his wife of 60 years, his time on National Service in Austria, his 40 years with Sun Life of Canada, his public speaking, his regular column for "The Catholic Herald" and his later Catholic on-line discussion forum. There also featured 16 of his poems about the family and his favourite place, Wimbledon Common, and 15 photographs from across the years.

Fr Barnes immediately recognised my BU tie (!) but I think I was the only BU member present. Quentin went on to Putney Vale cemetery to join his wife, Irene, who had died in 2016.

**Ed: I used to enjoy Quentin's various writings and in his memory here are a couple:-**

**Quentin** says it's no coincidence that many of the nation's leading comedians were educated by the Society of Jesus.

#### **A Jesuit walks into a bar...**

A Jesuit and a Benedictine, both chain smokers, consulted their respective superiors. The Benedictine asked if he could smoke while he prayed, but the Jesuit asked if he could pray while he smoked. Guess who got permission." The story may be old and apocryphal, but it survives because it reminds us of a quality of wit and ingenuity which we associate with the Jesuits.

It certainly affected me, for I have written three books concerned with the psychology of paracommunication, but did it influence a comedian like Jesuit-educated Paul Merton? His talent for creating wild but coherent fantasies has a Jesuit feel about it, though we might remember his remark: "My schooldays were the happiest days of my life, which should give you some indication of the misery I've endured over the past 25 years."

There is an echo here too of Armando Iannucci. writer and performer. He takes. he says, great pleasure in pursuing a comic premise to its outlandish death. The Jesuits in Glasgow educated him. Or Chris Morris, writer and satirist, whose big success at Stonyhurst was playing in Aristophanes's Frogs — a somewhat scatological play

from which I learnt the Greek word for constipation. Morris is, and continues to be, a prankster.

The great Alfred Hitchcock was taught by the Jesuits at St Ignatius College in Stamford Hill. His ability to make his audiences feel as if they were complicit, and his "gallows humour", suggest that Jesuit education prepared him well. So is there a link between a Jesuit education and comic genius? I thought that a little research was necessary. It was not difficult. In no time at all I had answers from both sides of the Atlantic, from ex-Jesuit provincials and laymen who had spent much time in Jesuit company.

But I start with a personal memory. I was standing nearby when a boy at Beaumont asked the late Fr Richard (Flossie) Copeland whether telling dirty jokes was a sin. "It all depends," said Flossie "on whether it is funnier than it's dirty, or dirtier than it's funny."

If you can think of a wiser or more liberal answer to a moral dilemma, I should like to hear it.

It was Flossie who said, on a cross-channel ferry: "I do hope this isn't a British ship.' The late Fr John Coventry (the Cove) asked him why. "Because. if we sink, I don't want any of this silly business about women and children first."

The Cove, with his beaky nose and eyes that spoke volumes, was the wittiest Jesuit I ever knew, but his delicate irony was so subtle that I cannot do him justice here. Flossie was strict on smoking at Beaumont, but he always stuck to the rule that even a room fogged with tobacco smoke didn't count as evidence without the cigarette in sight.

The late Fr Joe Corbishley adopted a technique straight from the Inquisition. Realising that a boy was secreting a lighted cigarette in his pocket, he held him in conversation until the excruciating pain was more than the ferulas he would undoubtedly get.

Without question, those who knew him would put the late Fr Bernard Basset (Bertie) high on any list of witty Jesuits. His classes were a running patter of humour, and his many books, such as *Marjory and Me* and *We Neurotics: a handbook for the half-mad*, are classics. Bemused by the number of religious orders in the USA, he gave one the title of "Little Daughters of The Catholic Herald, though Fr Michael Campbell Johnston, one of the great Jesuits of our time, assures me that he refused responsibility for naming the "Sisters of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity".

These were less ecumenical times, and the late Fr John (Algy) Shearburn, who spent many years as a military chaplain, was once asked by an Anglican clergyman if he could store his hosts in the Catholic tabernacle while his was being repaired. "Can't do that, old man," he replied. "You don't mix blanks with live ammo."

So, Jesuits were not afraid of controversy. The late Fr Richard (Dickie) Blundell, who was for many years at Wimbledon College, greeted a new lay master in 1972 with the fact that he had just had his seventh nervous breakdown — an encouraging welcome. When asked why he kept a transparent plastic coat on the back of his door, Dickie said: "Ah, I take Syntax Lower Set History."

"But why the plastic coat?"

"I find the boys' spit runs off it more easily."

And he could be heard, from two classrooms away, hysterically shouting, "B-- -s! B s! B s!, B-----sr I didn't know him well, although he taught my son, but I did think him to be more than usually eccentric, even for a Jesuit.

And some of that eccentricity can be gauged by extracts from the accounts given by various Jesuits to their Provincial, and reported to the Father General:

- "He was the only person I've ever anointed while he was sitting on the loo."
- "There can be no evening Mass on Saturdays since half the parish is out hunting."
- "I hope he is in heaven. It will serve him right if he is. He will have to be happy there."
- "We need to pray together, but can't get a quorum."

There are several stories about the late Fr Leslie Borrett. He caused great amusement with his talent for impersonation. The least unrepeatably story passed to me was his account of the four ages of the older man: "At the first one forgets dates and names; at the second one forgets appointments; at the third one forgets to zip up one's trousers; at the last one forgets to unzip them."

Wild horses wouldn't drag out of me the story of Fr Philip Sheldrake, an exJesuit, and his encounter with a furious rat, when he was caught short during the night. It is too strong for the virgin ears of this newspaper's readers.

Talking of virgin ears, I was reminded of the elderly Jesuit who gave an interminable sermon at Stonyhurst entitled "The Need for Prudence". It contained the passage: "Um, um, take, my dear boys, the case of the unready young women in Scripture who had not trimmed their lamps. I ask all of you: which would you rather be doing?"

Being prepared and well lighted with the prudent young ladies, or fumbling round, urn, urn, in the dark with a group of foolish virgins?"

The sermon proved more popular than he had expected. But the purity of the Jesuits is irreproachable. Fr Michael Holman went off for a brief holiday with Fr Peter Brook. When asked if they had enjoyed themselves Peter replied: "Well, there's a limit to what two middle-aged celibates can get up to in a tent."

I have, for reasons of tact, altered or omitted some minor details. But all these stories, and the many others I do not have space for, have excellent provenance. You may like to see if you can observe a pattern. Aristotle defined wit as the "educated insult". And "educated" is the key word here. The average IQ of Jesuits is undoubtedly high, and accompanied by standards of study that make many other professions seem like kindergartens. So, it is no surprise that their humour is often expressed with the easy lightness of men, fluent in thought and speech and at home in the liberal arts.

But there is, I think, another factor. Becoming a Jesuit is like taking the Queen's shilling. It is no coincidence that the Order has been organised on military lines. You may teach, or you may run a parish, or you may be sent to faraway and dangerous missions. In fact, your postings are likely to be changed every few years, for the Jesuits believe that no one should get stale on the job. And lest you should grow proud, you may be Jesuit Provincial one year and foot-soldier the next. And you will be engaged with the world. No monastic home for you, no permanent community: you are likely to live in the no man's land where the sacred confronts the secular. That engagement inevitably leads to controversy, which has featured in every century, including this one. And, like the soldier, death is in the contract.

We know about the Jesuit martyrs of the Reformation, but their martyrology of the 20th century alone contains over 300 names. If men embrace such a dangerous, and sometimes ambivalent career, a little gallows humour seems fitting. Hitchcock would have understood.

The Jesuits got me well before the age of seven, and so I am theirs for life. But I would not be surprised if, say, the Benedictines felt there was as much to be said for them too. After all, they have Julian Clary (St Benedict's, Ealing) to boast about.



**ED: in the piece below, he discusses the significance of that marvellous film *Quartet*.**



Photo BBC Films

**Quentin de la Bédoyère has chosen Dustin Hoffman's directorial debut, *Quartet*, as the ideal film through which to explore the next of our 'Virtues on Film': *caritas*. This tale of four retired opera singers demonstrates that love is at the core not only of marriage and friendship, but also of music.**

'Her sins, which are many, have been forgiven, for she loved much' (Lk 7:47) reminds us that love is not only to be found in the highways to heaven but also among publicans and sinners. And in the human condition it is rarely, perhaps never, pure. But, despite the mixture of our motives, the presence of the least element of disinterested love signifies the presence of God. *Ubi caritas ibi Deus*.

Having been brought up in an atmosphere where 'outside the Church there is no salvation' meant what it said, I find this thought valuable to remember. God's presence cannot be fettered by our 'dog in a manger' need to maintain a monopoly on grace. The film *Quartet*, directed by Dustin Hoffman, offers an opportunity to explore the manifestation of love in different circumstances.

*Quartet* takes place in Beecham House, a home for retired musicians. The 'quartet' in question is *Bella figlia dell'amore* from *Rigoletto*, which, it is decided, must be the climax of the gala charity performance so important to the finances of the home.

Central to the plot is the arrival at the home of Jean Horton (Maggie Smith), a distinguished and haughty diva down on her luck. There she finds Reg Paget (Tom Courtenay), her divorced husband. Reg has carried his bitterness at her betrayal like

a stone in his heart, and the peace he has regained is shattered by her appearance. Must he leave, or can he survive in the same house as his wife?

The first element of love lies in the setting. The elderly musicians have many bonds; the first thing that they share is old age. It may be that they did things differently in the past, but we certainly do things differently in old age. Here, the past is always the present, carried like a calling card. The conversation rambles and the natural inhibition which controls eccentricity relaxes much as aged sphincters do. We can remember the vivid detail of forty years ago, even if we cannot bring to mind whether or not we have had breakfast. And our identity is displayed not for what we are, but for what we were.

In a home for retired performers, all of this is exaggerated. Show business is an exotic world of distilled emotion – insane, tragic, triumphant, frustrating, demanding, but all made worthwhile by that moment when the curtain pulls back or the conductor lifts his baton, the audience hushes, and for a moment or for an hour you come to life again. Those who share such past memories, mercifully edited by time, have a bond of fellow-love – a deep-laid interdependence which continues to join them, without stifling the petty jealousies and conceits which continue to provide a welcome element of drama.

And they share a love of music and making music. Is it possible to understand this in terms of *caritas*? Most certainly. For many people the transcendence of art is the only anteroom to the spiritual they know. For all of us, the beauty of music can be a metaphor for the glory of God. Throughout the film the making of music is a constant theme, presented in its most immediate form by an elderly Gwyneth Jones, of fond memory, singing *Vissi d'arte* in the gala concert.

The social bonding of the group is signified particularly by Wilf (Billy Connolly) and Cissie (Pauline Collins). Wilf is a man of considerable, and randy, humour. The attractive Dr Cogan (Sheridan Smith) is the most prominent target of his 'nudge, nudge, wink, wink' attentions but, as we – and he – expect, no-one takes up his invitations. Meanwhile he keeps everyone amused and cheerful. Cissie is a lovely character, uncritically open, warm and loving to everyone, yet stalked by the shadow of encroaching dementia.

I am tempted to say that the film needs no storyline, that it is just inspiring entertainment, but a plot emerges. Jean, Reg, Cissie and Wilf had, in their time, sung a distinguished *Bella figlia*. It was obvious that to conclude the gala concert, given for their charitable donors, with such celebrated figures would draw a large and generous crowd, and support for Beecham House would continue. The problem lay in the fact that the Duke and Gilda – that is, Reg and Jean – are not speaking to each other, let alone singing together.

Tom Courtenay makes a remarkable Reg. Beecham House had been a retreat for him where the memories of his wife's treachery, so much deeper than mere adultery, might sleep – until he realises the nightmare invasion of his torturer. But he shows us two faces: one is his numbed pride; the other is a delicious episode where he is explaining, in a talk to the local youth, how opera merges narrative and emotion in its span. He is able to accept with grateful understanding a demonstration from the young of how rap achieves the same dynamic. To be open to a new way of looking at something to which one has devoted one's life shows both a love of respect and a love of truth.

Jean can match that. Yes, she is haughty, and yes, she is contemptuous, but in the end she is able to realise the depth of hurt she has caused Reg through behaviour to which she attached little importance at the time. And when Cissie, at a moment of crisis, retreats into dementia, it is Jean's capacity to surrender her *amour propre* in order to descend into the depth with Cissie and to lead her out, which reveals the real person behind the mask. With one bound, Jean is free.

In fact we learn little of the detail of Reg and Jean's marriage, and yet I felt – perhaps because I wanted to feel – that the stone in Reg's heart was the gauge of the marriage bond which he could not deny; and that, perhaps belatedly, Jean saw this too. It is a profound realisation that the identity of a marriage reaches beyond the will of its participants. But the last and best note of their love was their forgiveness, always a gift of the divine, ushering in, we may suppose, their last, happy, years together.

As one would expect, the film finished with the *Rigoletto* quartet. If you are wondering how they managed that with four elderly actors, none of whom, to my knowledge, were able to sing a note, you must watch the film and find out.

Will you enjoy this as much as my wife and I did? I think so, but it is hard for me to know. It was under the aegis of show business that, six decades before, we met and loved and plighted our troth. So, within a moment or two, she and I were swept naturally into the atmosphere of benevolence that Beecham House displayed. These were our people, and at the end both our handkerchiefs were satisfactorily damp.

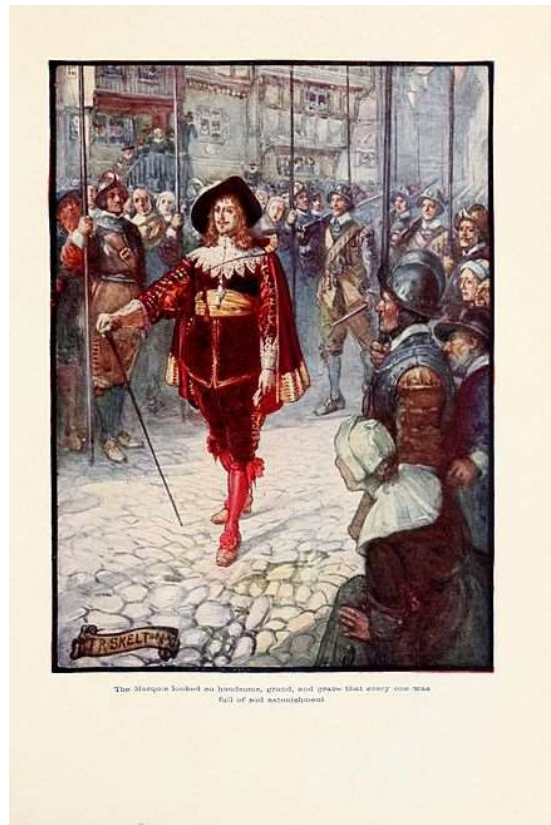
**ED: In the next edition I will have a couple of Quentin's poems.**

## **C-J anecdotes**

Michael Campbell-Johnston, the son of **Ninian (26)** and elder brother of the noted boxer **Christopher** could also be described as a fighter; not in the ring but for putting the social teaching of the Church into practice. C -J studied economics at the LSE, so very different from the classics of so many seeking their vocation. Having finished

his theological studies in Mexico, he was in the thick of things in newly independent Guyana promoting human rights. His appointment to Rome might have been seen to curtail his mission, but working for the charismatic Provincial General Fr Pedro Arupe, C-J gave reality to the General's dream of a refugee service to help some of the World's neediest people. In 1981 the Jesuit refugee Service was launched to become one of the leading global support networks. C -J went back to the front line to war-torn El Salvador in the aftermath of the martyrdom of Archbishop Oscar Romero and worked with many of the martyrs of the modern church – his brave subversive friends as he called them. “They spread the brains of Fr Ignacio Ellacuria on the grass to show why they had killed him”. He was one of the six Jesuits shot in cold blood in November 1989 for his stand on truth and justice.

Is it any wonder that CJ was named by a far right American grouping of being a mastermind and fund raiser for Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path) – the narco-terrorist organisation working for the liberation of the Indians in Peru. Such farcical allegations obviously meant that his good works were having an effect.



Descendants of the 1<sup>st</sup> Marquis of Argyll, legitimate or otherwise, Michael's brother Christopher was bequeathed the embalmed heart of the great James Graham, Marquess of Montrose in a silver casket. Montrose, King Charles 1's General in Scotland was executed in 1650. The bequest came from the Campbell-Johnston's

Aunt Maisie in Canada. Quite how a Campbell, whose ancestor had opposed Montrose, ended up with his heart is unexplained.

Aunt Maisie made an acceptable marriage but then eloped with Martin Murphy a lumberjack and boxer and together they managed a group of pugilists providing entertainment in the lumber camps of the Pacific North West. It was said she used to ride with the famous stagecoach and train robber – “Gentleman” Bill Miner. While in Washington State, she worked for the radical union known as the International Workers of the World with a sincere desire to improve their working conditions, but after a serious riot had to move back to Canada. In 1946, she founded a newspaper to further the rights of the native people and even went to jail on their behalf. Her Indian name was Chief Sim-klux, and the cause of the Native people was to remain her remaining life’s work. Following the death of her first husband and leaving her lover, she married Thomas Hurley, one of Canada’s great lawyers, a man known for his generosity in taking cases without payment; they met at a boxing match!

Aunt Maisie, always spoke with an impeccable English accent, called everybody “Darling”, and only wore black and smoked cigars, an eccentric but a fighter for the underdog: the gene obviously ran in the family.

## **MORE ON POUNCEY**

### **Columbia College , New York.**

**Peter R. Pouncey, Ninth Dean of the College, Was Instrumental in Its Move to Coeducation**

Thursday, June 8, 2023



## *Peter R. Pouncey GSAS'69*

Peter R. Pouncey GSAS'69 — classicist, author, dean of Columbia College from 1972 to 1976 and a leading proponent for its move to coeducation — died on May 30, 2023. Pouncey, who also was president of Amherst College from 1984 to 1994, was 85 and lived in northern Connecticut.

Pouncey was one of the early leaders in Columbia's revival from the turmoil of the Vietnam War era. He was a strong proponent of admitting women to the all-male College, a move he considered vital to that revival, and often clashed on that issue with the University's more cautious central administration.

Possessed of a quick British wit and with a penchant for nicknames — “Pounce Dog” is the moniker he preferred for himself — Pouncey also was wary of technology, avoiding cellphones and approaching computers with caution. “They really do smell fear,” he once told an interviewer from *The New York Times*.

Pouncey was born in Qingdao, China, on October 1, 1937. His father was British commissioner of Chinese customs until the Communist revolution in 1948; his mother was half French and half British, born in Shanghai to parents who were silk merchants. During WWII, Pouncey's mother took her three children to live in Vancouver while her husband remained in China. Following the war, the family reunited in England, where Pouncey attended boarding schools and earned a B.A. in classics in 1964 and an M.A. in 1967, both from Oxford.

After briefly training to become a Jesuit priest, Pouncey moved to New York to fill in for a professor on leave at Fordham. In 1969 he earned his Ph.D. in classics from Columbia and was appointed an assistant professor of Greek and Latin in the Classics Department.

It was a time of turmoil on many college campuses including Columbia, where the Spring semesters in both 1968 and 1970 were abbreviated following widespread student protests over the Vietnam War and other issues. When Pouncey became dean of the College in 1972, he called himself “the cannon fodder dean” in reference to the upheaval on the Morningside campus.

Those challenges did not stop him from making his mark, especially with regard to coeducation. In 1975, Pouncey issued a report recommending the merger of the College, the School of General Studies, Barnard and the undergraduate division of Columbia Engineering into one dedicated undergraduate school for all Columbia students. Later that year he held a vote among College faculty on making the school coed, to the displeasure of President William J. McGill, who did not want to upset Barnard and thus rejected the proposal. However, that only delayed the decision; in December 1981, the University Trustees voted to make the College coeducational.

In 1976, Pouncey resigned as dean and returned to teaching in the Classics Department. His book *The Necessities of War: A Study of Thucydides' Pessimism* was published in 1980 and a year later won the Lionel Trilling Book Award for best new book by a faculty member, as determined by a panel of College students. "My main man is Thucydides," he told the *Times*. "He is very image conscious; he makes the reader attend, fix focus, slow up and see."

### **Time at Amherst**

In 1984, Pouncey left Columbia to become president of Amherst, which was undergoing turmoil of its own following the sudden death of its president, Julian Gibbs, and a decision to abolish the fraternity system, the main form of social life on the rural campus. Pouncey's priorities were creating a robust post-fraternity social life on campus and attracting a more diverse student and faculty population. He thought Amherst needed to recruit students from different cultural and ethnic backgrounds, first-generation students and others who might not see themselves as a natural fit in order for the school to have "a full sample of the nation's talent."

In addition, he strongly encouraged interdisciplinary programs and breaking down barriers between departments and established both the Department of Sexuality, Women's and Gender Studies and the Law, Jurisprudence and Social Thought Program. During his tenure, the endowment grew from \$132 million to more than \$320 million and a new student center, gymnasium and dormitory were built.

After Pouncey stepped down as president in 1994, he remained at Amherst as the Burnell-Forbes Professor of Greek until 1998, when he returned to Columbia to finish his teaching career as an adjunct at The Heyman Center for the Humanities and a member of the Society of Senior Scholars.

He published his only novel in 2005. On the day after Christmas 2003, Pouncey began to pull together the notes, musings and ruminations he had been keeping in a box since 1981. Seven weeks later, he had edited them into a 200-page manuscript version of *Rules for Old Men Waiting*, the story of Robert MacIver, whose life spans three wars and a 40-year marriage. The book won the McKitterick Prize in 2006 and was nominated for the Commonwealth Writers Prize the same year.

In 1985, Pouncey was presented the College's highest honor, the Alexander Hamilton Medal, along with other former deans Lawrence H. Chamberlain, David B. Truman, Carl F. Hovde '50 and Arnold R. Collery.

### **Property Market.**

**A couple properties with OB connections are currently for sale.**

**A rare residential and equestrian estate uniquely situated close to central London. Once the home of General Sir George MacDonogh, (OB)**



Highwood Lodge Farm Estate is an exceptional residential, amenity, and equestrian estate remarkably positioned just 9 miles north of Central London. It features a superb unlisted manor house interior designed as a country house, surrounded by formal gardens and accessed through a private tree-lined drive. In addition, the estate comprises 5 cottages and flats, an indoor swimming pool, a pool house, and a tennis court. Racing Stable and facilities. **£20 Million.**

**An historic Grade II\* listed 15th century Priors Hall with stunning formal gardens, 2 cottages and approximately 22 acres, nestled in the Malvern Hills. Once the home of William Berington (90) and the Berington family.**



A 15th Century Priors Hall once attached to the 12th Century Benedictine Priory, with its impressive Romanesque church tower forms part of Little Malvern Court;



nestled in the Malvern Hills Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, and home of the current owners family by descent since the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the 1530s. The priory and its buildings dates back to circa 1126 when linked to the Benedictine Monasteries in Worcester but it is some 300 years later, after a visit from Bishop and Lord Chancellor, John Alcock, that the Priory, Priors Hall and Little Malvern Court started to form something akin to what stands today. **£3.75 Million.**

## Property in Fiction

I'm quite certain that the majority of us will have read Kenneth Grahame's "*Wind in the Willows*" written in 1908 and like President Roosevelt loved the characters as "old friends". A Scot who worked in London but lived between Pangbourne and Marlow, he loved the surrounding countryside that gave him inspiration for his most famous work. One of those inspirations was to model *Toad Hall* on Mapledurham House.



Mapledurham was the seat of the Blounts a recusant Catholic family who wealth and prosperity suffered until the Emancipation. At the time of writing *Wind in The Willows* the house was in the ownership of Edward Darell- Blount but passed that year on his death to his cousin **Edward Riddell- Blount (80)** from him it passed to The Eystons: **Thomas More Eyston (20)** who also owned Hendred near Wantage. Thomas Captain of the School and Rugby was killed near Dunkirk in 1940. Mapledurham was then inherited by his younger son **John Joseph (43)**.

Although the Blount Baronets lost direct ownership of Mapledurham, it is of passing interest that the last of the line and 12<sup>th</sup> Baronet was **Sir Walter (36)** who had outstanding wartime service with the RNVR and awarded a DSC and Bar.

## 60 Years ago from The REVIEW

## **Current affairs**

*The Times* made a comment that it had taken over 100 years for Beaumont to have a Headmaster with the appointment of Fr Gillick – up until that time he had been known as The Prefect of studies.

Rhetoric guests included R P Bell F.R.S., George More O’Ferrall (OB) Film Director/Producer and John Mathew (OB) Prosecuting Counsel at the Old Bailey>

The Higher line dancing Society held a dance at Ousely Lodge in December - The Girls invited came from neighbouring families and friends of Beaumont.

Mr Clayton retired – irreplaceable.

Fr Ezechiel died at the young age of 52. 3<sup>rd</sup> playroom Master, Ruds. A Master, Laundry Dorm master, Lower Line play producer, Scout Press Organiser, Rugby and Cricket Coach. Scout Master and founder and Assistant District Commissioner. Defender of the “underdog”.

In a tribute Sir Henry Abel Smith wrote “ what a tremendous influence for good he exerted on both young and old . the foundation he laid in many minds and hearts will carry on his life’s work for making this a better, happier place by unselfish service . What a loss.

## **CCF.**

“ The quotidian round of military activities has changed little since the time of Caesar’s Gallic exertions.”

Cert “A” results were excellent %0 passes out of 51 ( ED: who was the exemption).

Captain Kelly’s “Beaumont get on Parade” has been replaced by falling in to the drum.

Field Day took its traditional; format of attack, capture, defence , the companies then marched back through Old Windsor to the College .

Thanks, and indeed gratitude must be expressed to the Warden who held up his “ Stop; Children crossing” sign to help us at the road junction. If anyone has found Corporal K...p’s patrol in the park we would be glad if it was returned.

The following entered Sandhurst : Cargin, Land, Stevens and Covernton.

## **Higher Line Debating.**

Wit and rhetorical speeches from the more experienced in contrast to mediocrity from many.

Motions included “ Britain is a nation in doubt”. “Western civilisation was descending into barbarism”, “ Better to be an Egghead than an Egg” . “ Whether the House was

looking forward to a White Christmas". The Ascot Convent Debate : " Mankind should be killed off at the age of Forty" with polished performances by the Convent's front Bench but one was left with the question of "who was going to knit socks for the Army"!

### **Quodlibetarian**

Papers include Mr Hughes SJ on " The Canons of Art and the Canons of Morality" , Mr Dearing " The Personal; Philosophy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" and Dr Hayes from the London Museum " What is wrong with a Reproduction".

### **Music.**

The highlight was the visit to the Royal; Festival hall to hear Artur Rubinstein at the piano with the LSO conducted by Carlo Giulini.

### **Motor.**

Work on the motor bought by predecessors is currently in abeyance. Twenty five members went to The Earl's Court Motor show.

### **Higher Line Play.**

The Affair by Ronald Miller

A play of little action but of academic life – not a play offering scope for acting in the grand manner or display of passion but there were passages of sparkling dialogue and sustained tension. The star was Johnny Muir in a role played with authority backed up by John Fielder properly pompous and portentous. Michael Burgess was also a "tour de force" and introduced an element of comedy into an atmosphere that needed lightening at times . An enjoyable production with touches of distinction.

### **Class Plays.**

Handicapped by minimum scenery, costume and make up and with a 15 minute time-limit makes choice far from easy. All five classes produced a very enjoyable evening's entertainment and the audience were rightly appreciative of the efforts made to entertain them. The standard was as good if not better than what has been presented over a number of years. This is promising as it shows there is plenty of talent available for the future.

"*Le Barbier de Seville*" by Beaumarchais was presented by La Troupe Francaise in November ( in French): amusing and memorable.

### **BU**

The dinner was held at the St Ermyrn's Hotel and over 120 members attended Fr Sass was in the chair and his health proposed by Edward Cussen.

### **Squash Rackets 1963**

6 matches played and 4 won - outstanding progress! Victories included beating Radley in the first round in the Londonderry Cup though losing to the eventual winners Lancing in the second. Peter Collins, Roger Quinn, Julian Murphy and Patrick Stow formed the backbone of the team.

### **Tit- Bits,**

The 25<sup>th</sup> Lord Grey de Ruthin has died – his father was Lancelot Butler Bowden who had married the inheriting daughter: descent through the female line.

Less complicated Richard Bird has succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his father Sir Donald. Richard's Gt Grandfather and 1<sup>st</sup> Baronet founded the Custard powder and was the local Wolverhampton MP.

Philip de Zulueta was awarded a Knighthood in Mr Macmillan's resignation list: he had been Private secretary and Foreign Affairs Advisor to the PM and to Sir Anthony Eden before him.

The Queen and the Queen Mother paid a visit during Ascot Week to Her Racing Manager Captain Charles Moore who was recovering from illness.

The new Ambassador of Ecuador to The Court of St James is Don Albert Wright ( 17)

Basil Eugster has been promoted to Major General and command of the 4<sup>th</sup> Division in Germany.

Basil Bicknell organised The Beaumont Ball at the Strollers Theatre in New York : a huge success.

Leo Burgess has been invited to become a Knight of The Holy Sepulchre.

### **Hatches**

Sons for J B Kenny, Patrick Cunningham, John Thomas, R J Drummond,

Daughters for Christopher Campbell Johnstone, Mark Penney, William Holt, Sean Hopkins, John Rutherford, Simon Nurick, Robert Wallin, Michael Brown.

### **Matches**

Thomas Ely, Patrick Richard, John Wolff, Anthony Hinds, Edward Winfield, Colin Drummond, Mervyn White, Robert Pezzani, Timothy Aldington, Ronald bird, Anthony Barnes, Thomas Metcalf, Ralph Bates.

### **Married**

Malcolm Pritchett, John Mayle, Martin Wells.

## Dispatches.

Ferdinand Nolan ( 95) Engineer with Crown Agents for the Colonies.

Gerald McKay ((95) to Brazenose for the Law. Major Royal West Surreys, wounded twice, MC and Bar. California worked in "Movies".

Adrian Arnold (06). Served WW1 Lt RFA bred silver foxes in Vancouver.

Richard Archer- Shee. (20) WW1 Captain 3rd Carabiniers. Died in Maryland USA.

Michael Blair Miller (31) Solicitor, WW2 RAF Sqn Leader, Assistant Registrar Royal Courts of Justice.

## Sport

### Rugby 1<sup>st</sup> XV



Won 3, Lost 8 , For 57, against 145.

The above statistics are the stark reality. It would be too simple to say that our opponents were bigger and stronger....

In fact, the pack were hard working and the backs tackling was excellent but we lacked a goal kicker. This was a XV that seemed "incapable of doing anything

constructive until 8 points down - then they galvanised into action , attacking from all directions with a variety of tactics only to fail at the crucial moment”.

The Victories were against KCS, Reading and the Stonyhurst Wanderers.

The Losses – The BU Whitgift, Douai, Oratory, Guy’s Hospital, Wellington London Irish, Merchant Taylors.

The team was noted for its happy spirit off the field and its standard of fitness ( 6.340 am voluntary circuit training)

### **2<sup>nd</sup> XV**

The problem was constant change in the composition of the team Notable wins against Osterley, and UCS . Douai was drawn, a last minute try gave Oratory the victory and a loss of 6 points against Worth’s 1<sup>st</sup> XV.

### **3<sup>rd</sup> XV**

THE YEAR OF THE GREAT BREAKTHROUGH for the O’Malley men! Of 7 matches, 3 were won, 3 lost and one drawn .

Not just one match won but THREE! Though perhaps the finest performance was against Whitgift with a 3 point draw and playing for most of the game with only 13 men.

## **That Momentous Day**

**John Marshall wrote to John Flood : JFK Assassination: 22/11/63.**



We were all in the performance of La Tartuffe by the Comedie Francaise who had come down from London; I hardly understood a word even though I think we were trying to translate the play in the classroom with Terry Fallon.

Just as the play was finishing, the whispers started and soon everybody was abuzz- Kennedy had been assassinated. We filed into supper and Brogy formally

announced that yes indeed it was true the President of the United States had been assassinated. **Quentin Lowe** lent across to me and shouted above the din "Why doesn't he tell us news not history?"

I was reminded of this terrible event as it was mentioned on PBS radio just now, as in fact I had forgotten it was the anniversary. They played the announcement that was made on that day "It has just been confirmed that President Kennedy died forty minutes ago. The Vice President Lyndon Johnson has just left the hospital, destination unknown but presumably he will be taking the Oath of Office very shortly and will become the new President of the United States." I remember the photo of him taking the Oath on the plane if I'm not mistaken.

What a day that was! I had difficulty sleeping for several nights afterwards and of course we had our playroom copies of Life Magazine in which to view all those gory details of the assassination and photos of Lee Harvey Oswald!

#### **JF ( without The K) replied**

My own recollection of that night is as strong now as the evening itself, although I don't have any recollection of the performance of La Tartuffe by the Comedie Francaise! Was this watched by every year?

The first thing I remember is **Kevin Webb** hearing the news of Kennedy's assassination and his immediate distressed reaction being that the deceased was his cousin, Kennedy, if I remember correctly being a pupil in the year below.

My second memory is attaching my crystal set to my bed springs in my room in the Old Wing (the room with m abseiling equipment which a number of fellow pupils used, but not me!), these acting as the arial, I had bought this from (or maybe swapped it with) **Stephen Church** - I thought I still had it in my Tuck Box but am disappointed not to find it! It enabled me to listen to this incredible news, but I was caught by **Fr Michael Ross SJ**, who had the reputation of always being where he was not wanted, with an extraordinary capacity to be somewhere one moment and another where a breach of school rules was also occurring far removed from the original one, within a time lapse which seemed to be far too short for the distance to have been travelled in that number of minutes. To give him credit, he appreciated that the news I was listening to was so momentous that he allowed me to continue on the understanding that I would hand it over in the morning with the expectation that it would not be returned to me for approximately 4 weeks at the end of that term. No ferulas were ordered!

## The 3rd Pat Hall Memorial Walk.

### Story



Nine years ago, 5 of us walked at least 100 miles of the Portuguese Camino to Santiago de Compostela. On this, our first walk, I was accompanied by **Arthur Cope & Patrick Solomon** as former school contemporaries, Arthur's friend from America, Jim Tegart, and Pat Hall, then aged 84.

Arthur, Patrick, Jim & I agreed we would all reunite for the first time along with Jim's friend, Ceci, to walk what we could of the 3rd Pat Hall Memorial Walk on the Francigena pilgrimage route from Canterbury to Rome. Arthur, Patrick and myself walked from Canterbury to Dover in May 2022.

On Sunday 8 October the five of us started the walk in Pat's memory, with a 6 day, 83 mile walk from Lucca to Siena.

In 2014 Pat's participation, at his age, resulted in £6,000 being raised for HCPT, a charity with which he was involved for almost all his adult life. Below is the 'blog' I have prepared as a record of our journey which has been full of eventualities and fun, while being much tougher than we had anticipated, necessitating some changes to our plans.



If you should wish to support us and donate to HCPT in Pat's memory, please visit <https://www.justgiving.com/page/3rdpathallmemorialwalk> -otherwise by all means just take a look at our story below where you will find further details and where I have now added a summary of each day's highlights, along with some photos.

HCPT was founded by Dr Michael Strode in 1956 to take disabled and disadvantaged children to Lourdes each Easter. On his retirement he became a Cistercian brother on Caldey Island. A number of us have formed a committee 'CBMC' to promote the Cause for Brother Michael's Canonisation - see [www.brothermichaelstrode.org](http://www.brothermichaelstrode.org) and let me know on [secretary@brothermichaelstrode.org](mailto:secretary@brothermichaelstrode.org) if you would like to be on our database for updates. Pat Hall was one of Brother Michael's closest friends and colleagues as an HCPT trustee.

John Flood

## **PROLOGUE**

**Friday**



**“He actually likes Ravioli “ (even after the Beaumont riot )**

On Friday 6 October Patrick Solomon and I were at Gatwick by 7.45am for our flight to Pisa at 9.50 and received a message from Arthur Cope that his BA flight from Heathrow, following his transatlantic flight, had been cancelled and he had been rebooked on a flight at 7.20pm! Not a good start, especially for him!

We enjoyed a visit to Pisa. Our first challenge was declining the young man who wanted 5 euros to look after our car. I was concerned that we hadn't purchased a ticket and might end up with one for non-payment. We decided to return to the car and move it elsewhere for less than half the cost.

I suggested a coffee at the café which Andrew had researched as providing the best coffee in Pisa when my whole family were there last October. When I could see the sign "Specialty Coffee" about 10 yards before I would have reached it, I turned around, only to find Patrick had not followed me. I walked back some distance before receiving his message that he had turned around to go back to the Tower, but I should go on and enjoy my coffee, so around I turned again, this time to go the extra 10 yards to the café, only to find it had just shut! When I got back to the Tower, he was nowhere to be seen in the nearby cafes, so more messages were exchanged before I found him inside one, rather than outside! Was all of this a sign of things to come!?

We had 6½ hours to kill so I took Patrick to the beach which our whole family had so greatly enjoyed twice last year, where I went for a swim with no towel, before we had a meal. We had been puzzled why the What's App updates from Arthur had dried up from Heathrow, but we read this as bad news as Arthur had intended to message us once he was taking off. Ultimately, we decided to check online, only to find he was airborne and landing at 8.30pm, in less than an hour's time. Patrick had told me the restaurant closed at 7pm but the waiter had been very slow to come to us. I suggested, correctly, that he had actually been told the kitchen opened at 7. His Italian, unlike his Spanish, is virtually non-existent! I had an excellent meal of mussels and clams, but during this we discovered that Arthur had landed 20 minutes earlier than previously envisaged, and we were half an hour away from the airport. By the time we got there Arthur had decided to get a taxi to Lucca, but luckily hadn't implemented that plan! While I went to the loo, they both completely disappeared leaving me to go backwards and forwards to the car before they finally showed up. Once we got to Lucca we found we were in a superb hotel with its own car park and an excellent restaurant next door for Arthur to have a well-deserved meal. Afterwards I fell asleep fully clothed on the bed while watching the news, with only half my repacking for tomorrow done. I woke around 3, finished the packing and went to bed properly!

**Saturday**

This was Jim's birthday and we decided to treat him and Ceci to a meal at the restaurant that Tony Palladino had recommended to me. Jim managed to get us 5 bikes for nothing from the hotel. These enabled us to tour the wonderful walled city of Lucca very speedily, including cycling around on top of the whole circumference of the city walls. Before that we had gone to the restaurant, as online it was showing as fully booked in the evening. That remained the case but by putting Tony P on the phone to the manageress, we were able to change to lunch which turned out to work very well and to our advantage for the rest of the day. The food was superb and the service and ambience excellent. The chocolate mousse was exceptional – the best I have ever had! And they provided a mini cake with a candle for Jim's birthday!

Patrick decided to relax afterwards at the hotel while the 4 of us went first to see the Villa Torrigiani next to the farmhouse we rented last October, Buralla, which we also drove close to enroute to Montecatini Alto, on the scenic route. We got to the funicular which carried us to the top which was looking very pretty with all the restaurants lit up for the evening. After looking around rather more thoroughly than with my grandchildren last October, we relaxed over some drinks before rushing back to Lucca to re-join Patrick. It turned out he had already gone to bed so the 4 of us walked into the city and enjoyed another good meal, mainly of pizza. I on the way had to return the hire car and then had difficulty finding the restaurant, and even when I got there, without knowing it was the right one, I failed to spot them!

## **THE FRANCIGENA WALK**

### **Sunday**



**OBs Arthur and Patrick setting out**

The first day of the walk, to Aliopaicio. Arthur had been repeatedly insisting the walk was 9 miles long, but on checking, had to accept it was in fact 11. Jim & Ceci went ahead while we were waiting for Patrick to pay his city tax and undertake his "morning duties"! We didn't see them again until we reached our new hotel which they did at least 2 hours ahead of us. After the first 500 meters we reached a T junction where we could not see any signs. Arthur insisted we should go right, whereas I, as the holder of the maps, was equally adamant that the right way was left! Arthur had the previous day several times teased me about a minor error on the Canterbury – Dover route (he insists on calling it 'rout'!) and blaming my reliance on the maps. To give him credit where it is occasionally due, he conceded, and hence we went ahead on the correct route and narrowly saved a fiasco!

A little later I sought to get water from my 'camel', but initially none would come, however I set it. I needed to get my haversack off but found the knots I had tied were impossible to undo in the strap holding it together. So, the two of them had to lift the rucksack off over my head and it proved impossible still to untie the strap. So back it went, over my head, where it remained until we reached a café with a coffee stop. There I sat on a seat, still with the haversack on, and behind it was the camel. Leaning against the back of the chair caused the lid to pop off which left me with embarrassingly wet trousers and a puddle in the bottom of my immovable haversack! Arthur borrowed a screwdriver from the café owner with which I managed eventually to do what the other two had failed to achieve and undo the reluctant knots! By the time we left the haversack had dried in the sun and the camel water was flowing! A further good couple of hours+ went by, without us finding anywhere open for lunch. Eventually we found an ice cream bar where their provisions were limited to that, water and coffee. But the lovely lady serving it told us of an hotel about half a mile away and off our route. We arrived there where Arthur mistook a guest for a waiter when requesting grub, and then we learnt that the kitchen had closed and there was nothing they could provide. So, back to the ice cream bar where we indulged ourselves with the largest cones on offer and ended up covered with ice cream and very sticky! We felt our presence was a magnet for the other passing travellers as the clientele rapidly grew.

When we left there for the second time, I indicated that the map showed us as having covered a little less than 2/3rds of the journey. Our feet were getting sore, especially as we had been on unforgiving tarmac all the way! So it was, on switching from sheet 1 to sheet 2, that it dawned on me that the latter part of the route was repeated on sheet 2. This definitely exceeded even the moment the screwdriver did its unusual job as the Halleluiah moment of the day!

We reached the Paola hotel at 5.22pm, conscious that the next day we would be doing an additional 7+ miles and that we had averaged only a little under 2 miles an hour, with the temperature reaching 27 degrees. There Patrick was offered the

superior room with a balcony and asked Arthur to carry his case up 2 flights of stairs! He soon discovered that the bed was a single, whereas we each had a double! Then he couldn't get the air conditioning off and complained of the cold. He did help me off with my shirt which was so wet that there was absolutely no possibility of me getting it off on my own!



**“An army marches on its stomach”**

Dinner was excellent at ‘La Dispensa’ restaurant Aliopaicio, with a huge plate of beef and mushrooms, washed down by a Tuscan red vino. Everyone retired pleased with their efforts and the fun that the day had brought, albeit concerned at what lies ahead with all bar one day being longer than the first including an 18+, a 17+ and a 15+ mile day!

**Monday**

Today is the longest one with 18 miles before we reach San Miniato. Unlike day one the majority of the route is on tracks rather than tarmac roads. The scenery is also more varied and attractive. I went ahead of Arthur & Patrick and found a café which provided tasty juices and on arrival Arthur went to a bakery which provided us with bread and ham for just 5 euros for the 3 of us. We stopped for lunch at a closed pizzeria which had tables and chairs outside. When we came to leave, we were uncertain which of several options was correct as the route but, by a process of

elimination, we found the right one. Patrick's boots had become uncomfortable and he sensibly decided to quit for the day and go in search of some replacement footwear. Eventually an available taxi was identified after several false starts with Uber which had no availability. The one that came was a fraction of the Uber price. At this point there was an Italian lady who asked to join us in Patrick's place. She spoke fluent English which came in handy on several occasions. Chiara also spotted a sign soon after we crossed the river, which meant we stuck to the correct route. To start with this was along the riverbank where we saw two Herons and other wildlife which added to our enjoyment. Chiara decided at the next town to follow Patrick's example and to take a taxi, but not before the café owner who summoned this for her had taken photos of the 3 of us together. For Arthur and I, it was a long slog to reach the outskirts of San Miniato and it was dark before we did so. We were in for a tough final mile and a half which was a long steep hill to the old town, and we reached that just after 8pm when we were faced with 45 steps to climb to the hotel itself. It was certainly a tough finish to a very long day which was only 18 minutes short of 12 hours. The hotel was old and comprised of spacious rooms. The dinner was excellent, and Patrick had kindly arranged 2 very large G&T's to refresh us. After dinner I lay on my bed and the next thing I knew was that it was 3am and I was fully dressed and still had to sort my case and clothes for the next morning in order to have the case ready for collection by 8am.

## **Tuesday**

Jim had the previous day been challenged by Camino Ways that his bag was overweight and that this would cost him 20 euros per day! This was simply wrong as his case was only about 2/3rds of the 20kg permitted. Patrick had acquired new footwear but was worried that his bag would be overweight with the old boots and deck shoes added, especially as he was already taking some of my excess weight in his case. So, I offered to check with my case scales. It turned out that I used them on the wrong black bag and his was flat on the ground. So I picked it up, not knowing he had left it open, and everything fell out! He was not pleased! Arthur eventually persuaded him to leave the old boots with the bedroom maids, one each!

Outside the excellent delicatessen we met Chiara again who tipped us off what bread to have for our lunchtime sandwiches. Again, she joined us which was a bonus. The route to Gambassi Terme proved to be really tough. There were 22 substantial and significant 'ups' on the section we walked. The scenery, right from the start, was fantastic and the view as we left San Miniato revealed how undulating the route would be. We had been warned that there were no cafes or bars on the route, so we stopped for coffee while still in the town. There were water stops which was just as well. Once again Patrick found the walk too much for his back, so he decided to back out at lunchtime when Chiara managed to summon a taxi. We had been walking for over 20 minutes when she realised we were way off course, so we

had to retrace our steps back to the lunch spot, where we found the sign we had followed was the cycle route! This lost us 45 minutes and added nearly 2 miles to our journey. It also added an unnecessary significant up and also down. It was the downs that caused my right large toe to become very painful and swollen. The scenery was even more incredible. We began to get messages from Patrick who had clearly fallen out with the guest house proprietor on arrival who wouldn't let him have the key for Arthur's room, thwarting his intent to have the best room! So he had to settle for the bedroom which had a sitting room between it and the bathroom but the sofa was a sofa bed which was to be my bed, contrary to the arrangements we had made for all of us to have ensembles.

As time went on it became apparent to our leader, Arthur, that we would be lucky to reach our destination before 8.30 or even 9pm. He sensibly consulted with me and Chiara and the decision was taken to cut our losses, as we had walked the equivalent of the whole mileage, and so a taxi was sought. By this time my toe was really excruciating, and I was happy to fall into a ditch to get the weight off my right foot.

We had been booked into a Pizzeria where again we had an excellent diner, preceded by large gins. And tonight, I managed to stay awake until 2.45 to update this blog!

### **Wednesday**



**San Gimignano ( The city of fine towers)**

Alas, I woke up with a very swollen large toe! Nurse Arthur marched me hobbling down to the pharmacy where they sold me an antibiotic cream and it was then decided that I should go to the doctor next door. Arthur thought he had upset her by banging on her door, but once our turn came, she could not have been more charming. The toe was dressed, and the decision taken that I should not walk today. When I offered payment, she responded charmingly "It is a gift"! With the quantity of downhill yesterday the toe had been banging into the inside of the toecap and this had significantly damaged it (in addition to general wear and tear underneath on both feet). It had become pretty painful and it would have been risky and stupid to carry on today. So we went to a cafe for a coffee and asked the bar tender whether she could call a taxi. In fact she turned to a lady (not young!) called Anna and asked her whether she was available, Before long Arthur's Italian had been called into action. And arrangements were in place for her to take me directly to today's destination, San Gimignano for 40 euros. It wasn't long after that that Arthur renegotiated a diversion to a town we had passed through yesterday, where Anna would take me to a shoe shop where I could acquire a larger and softer pair of trainers.



Off we went, with Anna (with my permission) smoking her self-rolled fags and driving pretty fast, apart from when passing the innumerable cameras, all of which she seemed to know about! Evidently, according to Patrick, Arthur could not stop laughing for 10 minutes after we left! Once in Castelfiorentino, Anna walked me to the shoe shop where there were two English speaking shop assistants. It wasn't



long before a very smart pair of trainers were acquired and protecting my injuries. Back to the car where Anna wasn't pleased to find another car had parked in such a way that she had to get in my door and clamber over the gear lever! After that it was back to Gambassi Terme, from whence we had come, and then south to San Gimignano, all in for 80 euros (plus 65 more for the shoes!)

Before arriving I had discovered she had come from Lebanon and had visited 'Londres', which was accompanied by a thumbs up from her! She stopped short of the town for me to take a photo and then deposited me at my hotel.

There I had to negotiate with the charming receptionist how to get Wi-Fi and BBC News. The latter we eventually got a picture, but no sound. The same was the case next door in Patrick's room so she put it down to the new technology that was forced upon them and doesn't work as well as its predecessor! Then I heard from Jim & Ceci that they had arrived in their hotel, so we met for a 3.15 lunch. Afterwards I spent another 13 euros on a ticket for the Duomo, two museums and the highest of at least 8 towers, which kept me amused till 7pm, by which time Arthur & Patrick had also arrived after another very tough day with a large number of very long ups (and downs), but the best scenery so far.

I greatly enjoyed my sightseeing and taking photos. I was pleased that around 250 steps up didn't cause me any grief and that I managed the 15 or so ladder steps which took me to the very top. I had thought twice about the wisdom of the climb, given the notice at the bottom about those with heart conditions or dizziness! But remembering my two training climbs up Box Hill, my confidence returned, and I lived to tell the tale!

Ultimately it was back to the hotel for a shower, another dressing, an excellent dinner, the walkers' company and finally a repack, a doze on the bed, a What's App from Lucy (following others that I hadn't seen from C, Claire & Em, a call to C and a further redressing before finishing the packing and now going horizontal, properly. We shall see what the morning brings .....!

Well done to the other 4 for continuing the walk on my behalf on what by all accounts was a taxiing day for all of them. Tomorrow is another 17 miler which only leaves 13 for Friday with Siena at the end of it, God willing.

## **Thursday**

Today could have been the second longest, i.e. 17 miles. However, I was in two minds whether or not to return to walking after the toe incident and both Arthur and Patrick were disinclined to walk all the way. I decided to join them having dressed my toe and donned my new trainers. Soon after we set off Chiara and her friend

Dan came up behind us and not much later Jim & Ceci did the same. The route was similar to the day before, i.e. constant mainly long ups and downs with virtually no flat paths. The scenery was amongst the best. Twice we had to cross streams on steppingstones, in each case without mishap. We eventually all met up in the middle of nowhere at a property where drinks were available, and food was also provided. It was tough; in fact, Patrick referred to it at one stage as transformational. I think both he and Patrick were still suffering from similar terrain the day before and they made the decision not to attempt to walk all the way. Jim and Ceci reached the same conclusion and we all stopped for a late lunch and left there in taxis. Before this I had applied Biofreeze to my troublesome shoulder, but rather more liberally than I had intended, which left me with a burning sensation. When we reached our hotel, it was delightful and boasted a swimming pool which Patrick and I enjoyed. The dinner was good, but Patrick was anxious that the nail on one of his small toes was coming off. I dressed this for him with the gorse and antibiotic cream I had acquired for my own war wound the day before and he was advised by Arthur that he probably should not attempt to walk any distance on the final day. We will wait for the morning to see what we all feel we can cope (sorry Arthur!) with but over dinner we had concluded that this walk was unlike any we had ever experienced before, at n since two of us had climbed mountains near Kandersteg in Switzerland as boy scouts nearly 50 years ago!

## **Friday**

Today was to be the last day of our walk, We are delighted that those youngsters, Ceci & Jim did complete their walk today on a walk which was longer than predicted and as tough as many of the previous days and we congratulate them on their achievement, which we were able to celebrate with them in their superior Siena hotel over dinner tonight.

Sadly, after both Patrick and I had had to take time out from walking due to damaged feet, today it was the turn of Arthur to suffer from a problematic knee. Patrick's small toe was also sufficiently damaged to make it unwise for him to soldier on and we quickly made the decision to stick together and forgo our desire to finish the walk. I have calculated that with two and a-bit days out, my distance covered would still have amounted to over 50 miles which comprised the toughest walk we had done since we first gathered with Pat Hall (aged 84) to walk double that distance in 2014 at the age of 67 or, in Patrick's case, 66. Now all at the age of 76, and with a variety of defects between us ranging from limbs to more critical organs, we owed it to our families to be sensible and cautious and, although disappointed that our participation was curtailed, we know we did the right thing, as Pat would undoubtedly have encouraged us to do had he been with us.

We are delighted that those youngsters, Ceci & Jim did complete their walk today on a walk which was longer than predicted and as tough as many of the previous days and we congratulate them on their achievement, which we were able to celebrate with them in their superior Siena hotel over dinner tonight.

It has been quite an experience, both onerous and beautiful, with our meeting up most days and some nights with several people from Italy, the UK, the USA and elsewhere, whose company we have enjoyed. We have also been helped by a range of hotel owners and receptionists, taxi drivers, pharmacists, a doctor, shoe salespeople, waiters and waitresses, maids and ice cream vendors, to mention but some of the charming people who have made our journey a little easier and enhanced our experience in so many varied ways, sometimes simply by our experiencing their personalities. We were saddened to learn of 3 deaths in an horrific lorry/car crash this morning close to our last night hotel, adding to the international horrors which have taken place while we have been enjoying the peace and quiet of the Tuscan countryside.

We have reminisced about the September 2014 Camino with Pat and about him, as well as enjoying revisiting the photos taken then. We have also remembered the experiences of the Menorcan Cami de Cavels around the whole coast of Menorca in 2017. Hopefully we will gather again for a more leisurely 4th Pat Hall Memorial Walk in England, perhaps in 2024, when we can be joined by some of the many people who walked with some of us on the 1st & 2nd PHMWs in 2019 & 2022.

## **THE EPILOGUE**

### **Friday**

Our time in Siena was longer than envisaged. Our hotel was in the centre and Ceci's and Jim's was not far away. This time there's was definitely a cut above ours and we were quick to accept their invitation to dine on the terrace outside theirs on the first evening. The 3 of us had enjoyed a pasta lunch and then Arthur & Patrick disappeared for a large chunk of the afternoon to the laundrette, whereas I had brought enough clothes not to have to resort to this time waster! Our hotel was basic but adequate and actually the breakfasts were among the better ones. Like all the hotels, other than Lucca, the TV didn't have BBC News and what it did have was very poor TV programmes quality. Once again I wasted my time going through enumerable channels in search of news on the diabolical Israeli/Palestinian conflict which was particularly distressing after our parish pilgrimage there 13 months ago when we struck by the inequality of the living conditions of the two nations.

After an excellent dinner and returning to our hotel I quickly fell asleep, fully dressed, waking after 2.30am. So the blog writing was delayed 24 hours.

## **Saturday**

In the morning, after a very good breakfast, Arthur and I walked through Siena to the Budget Rent-a-car office where we met Sabrina. She seemed to take a shine to us once we disclosed we were staying at the Duomo Hotel, as her best friend, Martha, worked there, and had in fact served us breakfast. Consequently, we ended up with an upgrade from the 'Compact' car we had paid for, to a French registered Renault Hybrid 'Arkana', which was large and comfortable. We decided to head south from Siena to visit places that Sabrina had recommended, the first of these being Buonconvento which had a charming old town. Next stop was Montalcino which was close to where Celia and I and 3 of our children had rented a house 21 years ago to celebrate our Silver wedding. After lunch there we went on to Sant Antimo Abbey, built originally in the 9th century, on the approach to that farmhouse. When we had visited the Abbey in 2002, French monks had recently arrived from Normandy to take over the vacant monastery and we had enjoyed listening to their chanting in the Abbey. Sadly, they left about 8 years ago and in their place 4 nuns now live there and run the shop. I then went in search of our former Farmhouse down a dirt track which caused raised eyebrows from my two passengers, one of whom thought we would get stuck and that we were on the wrong track. Yea of little faith! Unfortunately, there were gates before the farmhouse, so we did not see it, but our return to terra firma was without incident. The other passenger was determined that we return to Siena in good time for us to host our last dinner with Ceci & Jim at the Vival restaurant near our hotel, and he must have known he was going to spend 25 minutes in conversation with 2 Columbians to explain to them where they could and couldn't park their car. Truly the "Good Samaritan"! Nevertheless, we were all at the table by 7.30pm to start what was another excellent meal. We were sad at the end of this to say goodbye to Jim & Ceci after 8 days of their company and witnessing their achievement.

Arthur and I took a walk after dinner to see the outside of the Siena Duomo and the A Campa at the centre of Siena, where I found the restaurant where our family had eaten in 2002. Both these landmarks were stunningly lit up.

## **Sunday**

Arthur and I went to the 8am Mass at the Duomo. Including the priest and the server there were just 15 people at the Mass. Then back for breakfast and packing before bringing the car to the hotel for our bags.

Having left Siena, we approached Monteriggioni where the Sat-Nav told me to take a left turn. I thought that it had given me insufficient notice as what I thought was that left turn appeared immediately. In taking it the others quickly realised I was in a

one-way road which was one way in the other direction! Fortuitously nothing was coming the other way!

Monteriggioni turned out to be a very small walled hilltop village. The place was buzzing as an off-road 50km Cycle was finishing there that morning. We managed to find a place away from the worst of the noise to have a coffee, albeit that there was a cheer every time a cyclist passed us shortly before the finish, and particularly when there were two or more cyclists level with each other. We were able to walk around two sections of the wall and pick out the hotel we had stayed in two days earlier. From there we drove on to San Gimignano which Arthur & Patrick had not had time to see on Wednesday. We had lunch there on the terrace of the same restaurant that I had lunched at with Jim & Ceci that day. We took a walk around part of the town from which they got a good feel for the place, and we then moved on towards Volterra, as recommended by Sabrina, which was reached by a winding road and exceptional scenery at a considerable height. Arthur decided that we should not stop there but soon after regretted it! So eventually we found somewhere we could have a coffee and he could use the facilities! The result was that, after stopping at two petrol stations, the first for fuel and the second for me to surreptitiously change into more suitable clothes for the cold weather which awaited us at Gatwick, we reached Pisa Airport an hour earlier than necessary. We therefore had bags of time for our last Italian snack. The flight was on time and smooth and we were met by Celia and home soon after midnight. The next morning Patrick was to have his Covid jab and Arthur and I played 9 holes of golf where honour was satisfied, at least as far as I was concerned!



We have had a great time, albeit not without some difficulties and certainly some tough times. We all feel we have achieved as much as was sensible and honoured the memory of Pat, who was 8 years older than we are now when we walked together in Portugal & Spain in 2014. He was a truly exceptional and endearing gentleman whose memory lives on in the hearts of so many. We were privileged to share that time with him, and we are grateful to all those who have followed this journey and supported us and HCPT. Disabled and disadvantaged children will be the beneficiaries of your generosity when they enjoy a holiday of a lifetime in Lourdes in the coming years.

### **Addendum**

**Editor:** their journey took them to San Gimignano reminded me that I did a painting of the town for a friend who wanted a memento of this charismatic town.

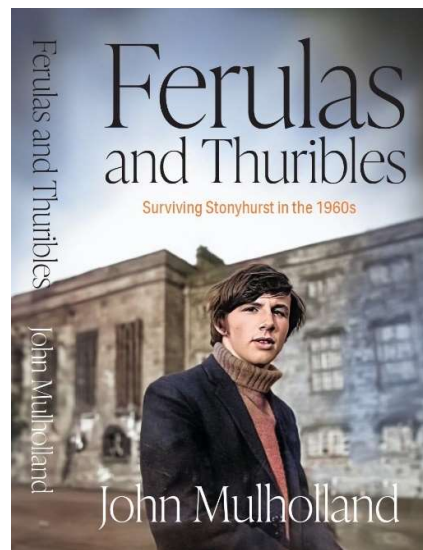


## STONYHUST MEMOIRE

A new Memoire on Stonyhurst has just been published by John Mulholland who was there during the integration of the Beaumont boys in the Sixties. It makes an interesting read.

***“John is a very considerable wordsmith and has a particular talent for bringing to life events and characters from the past. He had painted a remarkably clear picture of the atmosphere of our shared time together and has done so with much humour. It was a delight to be transported back to those days.”***

(Dr John O’Driscoll OS, former Irish rugby international, British Lions player & consultant dermatologist.)



The book describes the author's 11 years at boarding schools between 1960 and 1971. The focus is on his journey through Stonyhurst College – a leading Catholic public school in Lancashire – between 1966 and 1971.

It describes College life and the regime run by Jesuit priests, the sometimes strange culture, the masters, the pupils and situations which readers will find amusing and, at times, surprising. The author describes his story factually with the help of his contemporaries and leaves readers to draw their own conclusions.

The book is not critique of the school or its traditions but simply a description of what actually happened. It covers the daily regime, academic work, bullying, corporal punishment by Jesuits and older boys, friendship, school dances, romance, hazardous pranks, the Isle of Wight Rock Festival 1970, religion, sports, Combined Cadet Force, climbing with famous mountaineer Don Whillans, an Alpine climbing trip, holiday jobs on the Tyne, rugby and the sudden deaths of the author's friends and a Jesuit he knew well.

The author has no axes to grind but simply describes how he survived and, at times, even thrived in a culture at an isolated place, away from family where he created a new home for himself as a teenager.



John Mulholland is an international energy consultant who owns and runs his own consultancy practice, based in Sheffield. He is married with four daughters and four grandchildren.

The memoir is written in a collaborative style where the author has contacted many of his contemporaries, a number of whom have contributed to the memoir and this provides different perspectives and memories.

John is already an established author and has had five books published. He has also written hundreds of articles for journals, magazines and websites over the last 30 years.



## AMPLEFORTH REMEMBERED

While on the subject of school days remembered, Edward Stourton ( GS of **Marmeduke '90**) recalls his schooldays in “Confessions” a life re-examined. In it he faces up to the abuse scandal at the school, and as he admits it must have gone on under his nose as School Captain – the regret of one master of the passing of “the valley throbbing with male love” and where it had become the norm for a sector of Ampleforth society. The Book is a “searingly honest insight” and the shame felt.

## CHANEL



### BRITISH INFLUENCES

Chanel was an Anglophile with strong personal and professional links to Britain. Her interest was first piqued through her relationship with British shipping merchant Arthur 'Boy' Capel. She sent her nephew André Palasse to Capel's old school, Beaumont College in Berkshire. Later, through her well-connected friend Vera Bate Lombardi, Chanel was introduced to British high society, including the Duke of Westminster, Winston Churchill and the Duke of Windsor.

Chanel's subsequent relationship with the Duke of Westminster saw her spend much time at his properties Eaton Hall in Cheshire, Lochmore Lodge in Scotland and various homes around Mayfair. She embraced British sporting pursuits and the accompanying wardrobe of tweeds and knitted jerseys. She translated these elements into her own collections. Chanel's own riding clothes were made by James Pile, a British tailor with stores in Paris and Biarritz, and Huntsman of Savile Row.

**Some of you may have heard or possibly have been to the V & A for the Chanel Exhibition: if you went, you were fortunate as the exhibition was sold out in a matter of days. ( as a V& A Member I was able to get in). You will be pleased to read that Beaumont gets a mention on one of the Exhibition Information panels. ( see above).**

It was the first UK exhibition dedicated to the work of French couturière, charting the establishment of the House of CHANEL and the evolution of her iconic design style which continues to influence the way women dress today.

I have previously mentioned the connection of Coco with Beaumont and using today's modern expression both Capel and Beaumont could be described as

“influencers”. Chanel was undoubtedly one of the great influencers of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.



The man who set her up in business **Arthur “Boy” Capel (97)**.

Coco often borrowed from the wardrobes of the men in her life; tweed jackets to keep warm or a jersey sweater for taking part in sports, and it was these influences that also sparked the Chanel look. She was first drawn to masculine clothing where she borrowed Capel's shirt and tie to go riding. Watching him play polo one day, she pulled on one of his jersey polo sweaters to keep warm, adding a handkerchief as a belt and rolling up her sleeves. It inspired her to create her own feminine sweaters and turtlenecks, which she initially sold from the Deauville boutique that Capel bought for her.

“Jersey made Gabrielle Chanel's name a force to be reckoned with in the world of French fashion. This inexpensive, utilitarian fabric was largely used for men's underwear, sportswear or stockings, before CHANEL transformed its status. Using knitted jersey to create her first collections, the fabric's fluidity and suppleness made it perfectly suited to the streamlined aesthetic and freedom of movement which Gabrielle Chanel sought to achieve in her garments. It quickly became a stylish and practical choice within the luxurious world of haute couture.”

Boy was a Director of The Deauville Polo Club which had been started with help from the father of **Manuel Escandon (14)** the Marquis de Villavieja. There is a Tournament each season for the **Arthur Capel Cup**.



The Chanel logo of intertwined C & C was understood to stand for Chanel and Capel. The cut of the original suit was based on the Boating jacket of her nephew **Andre Palasse** who she sent to Beaumont in 1919 a couple of months before Capel was killed. No one will ever know the true relationship between Andre and Coco, he may indeed have been her son. The only photo she ever carried in her wallet was that of Andre. Her love was such that she was prepared to sleep with the German Intelligence Officer Baron von Dinklage to secure Andre's release from a POW camp in Germany when she heard he had TB, a disease which had killed her mother.



The design of the No 5 scent bottle was based on Capel's hip flask.



Her use of tweed was from her relationship with Bendor, Duke of Westminster who was divorced by his wife Violet in 1928 (sister of **OB William Hope Nelson**) because of the affaire.

#### **CHANEL'S 'BOY' BAG – A TRIBUTE TO ARTHUR CAPEL**



Chanel's Boy Bag was launched 2011 by designer Karl Lagerfeld. The bag was inspired by a cartridge bag and aimed to attract a younger generation of Chanel devotees. The "Boy" by Chanel is one of the most loved it-bags ever.



Another tribute to Boy was the perfume named in his memory and launched in 2016

*“Drawing inspiration from the inseparable bond between the two lovers the botanical and woody accents of BOY CHANEL creates a unique fragrance that transcends gender.”*



Coco Chanel was devastated after Boy's death and wore only black during her long grieving process. During this difficult period the *Little Black Dress* evolved and black was no longer associated only with death but more with elegance and class. There was a story of passion. She had many affairs in her life but Boy was the only man she really loved. The couple bonded over many common interests such as numerology, literature and poetry, and Boy's support of Coco was a key part of their relationship.

One further Beaumont connection was that Maxime de la Falaise, one time wife of **Count Alain (15)**, modelled for Coco after the War though she was better known on the cat-walk for Chanel's great rival Elsa Schiaparelli.

## **OPERATION HOUNDSWORTH**

### **An OB led one of the most successful SAS raids.**

The most spectacular success came in August after two months of terrorising Burgundy. **Lt Alex Muirhead (38)**, another of the Originals recruited by David Sterling in Libya who in the ensuing years had built up a reputation as a master of laying on ambushes, concocted a plan to destroy a large and strategically vital synthetic oil refinery in the town of Autun on the south edge of the Morvan forest.

Calling in an air strike was not possible – the refinery was heavily fortified with anti-aircraft guns – and likewise infiltrating the factory on foot would be impossible thanks to the large number of German troops stationed there.



Muirhead had a simpler plan. After keeping the plant under surveillance for twenty-four hours, he led a team with two mortars and jeeps with heavy Vickers machine guns into a position above the town and waited until clear moonlight illuminated the target. He laid on the mortars and at exactly 1.30 hrs, he gave the order to open fire .

Bomb after bomb arced through the air before smashing into the refinery with devastating accuracy, the high explosives set the plant ablaze . and still he wasn't done. As the first rounds left the mortars, the jeeps swept down the road towards the factory with the machine guns blazing away.

Mortar bombs were plumping most satisfactorily into the factory area at the range of 700 yds and a dense cloud of steam was seen rising from broken pipes. He wrote in his report of the attack quoted by the author Gavin Mortimer in his book on the S A S.

“Then with a roar the 7 Vickers K opened up at 200 yds spraying the whole area with tracer and incendiary. Each gun pouring two full pans into the rising steam. There was a shrill whistle as the jeeps came roaring back. Within 25 minutes of the first bomb being fired the whole column was racing back to the hills. Before dawn had broken, the whole force was back in camp and sleeping in the shelter of their parachute tents.

The refinery had been completely destroyed and was still burning.”

Operation Houndsworth consisted of 18 officers and 126 men of 'A' Squadron, 1st Special Air Service (SAS). The SAS reconnaissance party landed in the area on 6 June 1944. They were followed by the rest of the squadron under the command of Major Bill Fraser over the night of 10/11 June 1944. A number of jeeps armed with Vickers K machine guns were also parachuted in. The squadron was established in a patrol base in the mountainous wooded countryside southwest of Dijon in the Morvan.

The Squadron then proceeded with operations during which the Lyon to Paris rail lines were blown up 22 times. The squadron also killed or wounded 220 Germans, and identified 30 targets for the RAF. The operation was not without loss to the SAS; during the operation, they lost eight men wounded and ten men killed. The success of the operation resulted in the Germans retaliating against local villages and a number of residents were murdered during reprisals.

The Germans eventually became aware of the location of the SAS camp and started what they thought would be a surprise attack on 20 August 1944. Unknown to them, members of the French resistance knew about it and the squadron was pre-warned and fought off the Germans.

Operation Houndsworth ended in September 1944.

## **BOER WAR QUERY**

From Dr Garth Benneyworth; M.Inst.D; MSP

Senior Lecturer: Heritage Studies, School of Humanities

Sol Plaatje University, South Africa

Garth wrote:- I am researching the reconnaissance in which British scouts including **Lt. Frank Owen-Lewis** were sent out on a reconnaissance and confirmed the presence of a Boer force at Graspan. It was on this mission that Frank was killed, as was one other scout and a few wounded. I know the battle site well, living nearby in Kimberley and in 1999 for the centenary arranged a battlefield memorial on the site, which included Frank's name.

The website [News - Beaumont Union \(beaumont-union.co.uk\)](http://beaumont-union.co.uk) refers to a memorial being erected to his memory by his brother officers soon after the war.

Would it be possible to please obtain photographs of this memorial and copies of any photos of Lt Owen-Lewis or school related records?

**Ed:-** Francis Owen-Lewis was at Beaumont 1877-1885 together with his brothers Arthur and Cyril. They were the sons of a Home Rule League MP for Carlow. On leaving school Francis gained a commission in the Durham Light Infantry and was sent to India.

He was stationed in Poona and was given the task of stamping out plague that had broken out in 1887. The efforts to suppress the disease drew down upon Captain Owen-Lewis, the hatred of the natives where "their habits were interfered with". Frank had a remarkable escape from the assassin's hand at this time. Together with the Commissioner and another officer and his wife, they attended a reception at Government House. On leaving, the other officer took Frank's carriage by mistake. In the course of the return journey, the Commissioner was shot and mortally wounded

and the officer had his brains blown out by a fanatic believing his victim to be Frank: the change in carriage had saved his life. Having dealt with the plague to the satisfaction of the authorities, Frank went to the more peaceable Windward Islands as ADC to the Governor and acting correspondent for "The Times". He also found the opportunity to marry the daughter of Sir Charles Shand, Chief Justice of Mauritius and they would have a son Francis ( later Captain Norfolk Regiment WW1 then Colonel OBE WW2).

All three brothers went to the Cape; Cyril went into politics with Rhodes and was a member of the Legislative Council, both he and Arthur, later an MP returned decorated with DSOs. Francis was killed at Graspan. He was buried at West Cemetery, Kimberley.

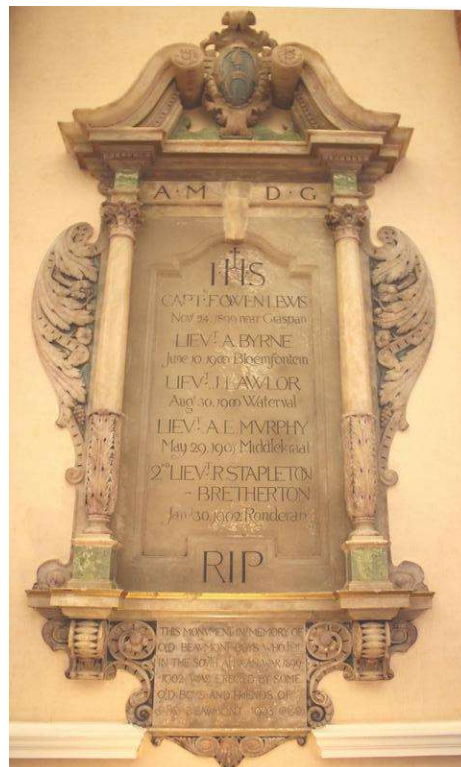


( I do not know which is his grave and whether the headstone is the memorial as having been erected by his brother officers)





The Family memorial plaque at Mortlake, RC Churchyard, Richmond.



Apparently, 3 OBs met up during the summer 1901 during the campaign and decided that a Memorial should be erected to their fallen comrades. A fund was launched in 1902 and the money raised from Old Boys and relatives and friends of those killed.

The Boer War memorial at Beaumont was one of the first commissions for the future Sir Giles Gilbert Scott and was unveiled by Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, apparently “in an atmosphere of brilliance and gaiety;” one wonders what event would engender solemnity, but as the boys were given three extra days holiday at the request of the Field Marshal, one can understand why.

## **ARCHIVE PHOTO**

Below is a photo of a water polo match (when did those die out?) from before the Great WAR. Spectators seem to include cricketers and members of the school Corps.



## **PHILIP STEVENS continues his memoir**

**Chapter 13 – Don't horse around with steel and light-globes**

**If you want to make money, don't horse around with steel and light globes; work directly with money. – Bernie Cornfeld, international financial sales promoter and swindler of the 1970s.**

My career throughout the late 1970s and 1980s had been a random chain of events. Soon after getting married I had left the Norwich Union and joined Chandler Hargreaves, as I have noted. The business was certainly interesting, the firm was an old-fashioned Lloyd's broker, a market leader in insuring racehorses and the risks associated with landed estates. The clientele tended to be wealthy, despite the poverty that all farmers have claimed since time immemorial. I was to be a manager in the private client life insurance and tax-planning department.

As with many City businesses of the time, Chandler Hargreaves was not a meritocracy. The chairman, Eton followed by Scots Guards, managing director, Eton followed by Coldstream Guards. Head of family and private client departments, Stowe followed by Grenadier Guards. Head of life assurance and planning, Rugby followed by Welsh Guards. A small minority of the senior management had tertiary education. However, all were considerable networkers and I found plentiful opportunities to work in an environment that involved great estates, exotic cattle, world-famous racehorses and constant worries about tax.

In the UK, the highest rate of personal income tax was 83%, with an extra 15% added in respect of 'unearned income'. This meant that to spend £100, clients had to earn £5,000, roughly my annual income. As a result, a barter system had developed in these circles. To give an example: a surgeon might perform a private operation at no charge. His grateful patient, knowing that his surgeon was a keen fisherman, might arrange with a friend for the surgeon to receive an invitation to fish for salmon in Scotland, and in return the grateful patient would arrange for the owner of the fishing rights to be invited to attend Royal Ascot in the patient's corporate facility. No money would change hands, no tax returns were completed. The system was said 'to breathe through its loopholes'. One Christmas I received a case of exceptional Bordeaux wine in settlement of a fee that had been charged to a client. I needed the money, not wine of a quality outside my normal experience. And to make matters worse, the first three bottles were bad. Without telling anyone, I sent the consignment back to the shipper and arranged for a less impressive wine as replacement, with a monetary adjustment in my favour.

The UK had strict exchange controls, and exporting currency was extremely tightly-regulated. However, insurance was exempt from these controls, on account of the international nature of the UK insurance market. A small insurance company in Bermuda began to offer life insurance policies in the UK. Very little life insurance cover was offered, but premiums were extremely high, reflecting the risks that arise from offering sums insured in one currency but investing all the insurance fund in another. As soon as the insurance company received the premiums, paid in sterling,

they converted the money into dollars and exported it to Bermuda. Naturally the company then had to invest the money it received, very cautiously to reflect its obligations to be able to meet claims against the fund. What better investment than to lend the money

to the customers, paid into a bank account abroad, in US dollars? If you ever wondered how the rich managed to go on taking their holidays abroad at a time when £50 was the foreign holidays limit, wonder no more. (These people did not take the option that had seen three of us camping in Europe for a fortnight on a total budget of £150.) An unexpected result of this insurance was that when sterling's value collapsed against the US dollar, investors in these policies added worthwhile profits to the real purpose of them.

I began to learn about the business of being a Name at Lloyd's, an insurance business that survived on a complex tax anomaly, one much helped by the Debt Management Office of the Bank of England. Operated as it should have been, Lloyd's offered tax-free income, in a system that was entirely legal, reputable and was thought to be relatively risk-free. There were glimpses of the secretive world of Lloyd's 'baby syndicates' but I was not aware of their real purpose, which was deliberately to enrich the people who ran Lloyd's, at the expense of the 'names', people who risked their money but did not work within the market.

I saw how clever people made money out of race-horses and the extraordinarily profitable opportunities that arose from being a member of a syndicate that imported unheard of breeds of continental cattle into the UK. A handful of clients became rich by arranging exclusive rights to import a hitherto unknown breed, the Charolais, into the UK. Other breeds followed, but the Charolais was the first and by far the most successful.

Sometimes, the insurance market fell prey to very simple human error. One of our clients needed life insurance, but only for two or three months, because an immensely rich family trust was being re-written, and if the client, aged over 80, died in between two parts of the exercise, colossal tax bills would be incurred. However, the elderly client refused to deal with the business of medical examination before any insurance company would issue a policy. We found one company that would help, and they



### Charolais bull, the source of many clients' prosperity

quoted a premium, £10,000, for life insurance that lasted for one month, to be renewed each month, for a further £10,000 each month for the duration of the court proceedings. Our commission would be 10%. The reconstruction exercise and associated applications to the courts was expected to last two months, so this seemed acceptable, and we duly sent a bill to the client's lawyers each month, received £10,000 and paid the premium. One month later, we would receive our commission statement from the company, which should now include £1,000 commission for this one policy. At the end of the first month, we received our commission, but the decimal point was wrong, and instead of 10% we received 100%, £10,000. We pointed out the error, and were assured that this would be rectified by deduction from future monthly commission aggregation. The court case actually dragged on for the rest of the year, and month after month we paid a new premium of £10,000 for one month's cover, and received £10,000 of commission, instead of £1,000. Month after month we pointed out the error, and month after month nothing happened. Eventually, we had a six-figures sum overpaid into our books, and no interest from the insurance company in retrieving it. In the end, we did manage to repay the oversight, but overcoming inertia at the other end was a struggle.

Chandler Hargreaves was a subsidiary company of a relic of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, Harrisons and Crosfields, a plantation holding company with interests in tin, timber, rubber and palm oil in the Far East. Governments were looking to nationalise these interests or at least increase their share of revenue from them, and H&C needed money. The directors of H&C decided that they would sell Chandler Hargreaves, and I had just reached the level of seniority that included me in a plan for the senior staff

to buy the business from them. A thick blue book arrived at my home and I duly tried to wade through it. Clearly, I needed help if I was to understand what I was about to do, and the only help I could call upon was my father's friend and accountant, Professor Frank Sewell Bray, senior partner of a highly respected firm of chartered accountants and former professor of accountancy at one of the great universities. I had no idea that he was known worldwide in his profession as The Master Accountant and that his books on forensic accounting were and are considered masterpieces of their kind. As a hobby, he was also Treasurer of The Royal Statistical Society. Lacking ideas about whom else could be approached, I went to see him and asked for help. With great dignity he called in one of his juniors and set him the task of finding out what I had been invited to commit myself to buying, and sent me on my way.

A few days later I had a call from the professor's secretary. The professor had news for me and hoped I would join him for luncheon. We met at Simpson's in The Strand, at that time the power-lunching centre of London business, where he seemed to have his own booth. We sat, with the junior colleague and discussed my opportunity. Someone had done remarkable homework, and over that lunch my eyes were opened. The 'relatively risk-free' market seemed to be built on a toxic mountain whose foundations were an oddity of the tax system, dishonesty and old-fashioned incompetence. The professor pointed out that the principle of 'uberrima fides' - utmost good faith - was theoretically the core enshrined in law and practice of all insurance policies but that the concept did not apply so rigidly to the operation of the market itself.

The immediate result of the lunch was that I went back to the office and explained that with great regret I would not be able to afford to take the risks associated with the buy-

out. In a short while it became clear that the management buy-out had run into questions from other would-be partners, and in its proposed form the deal was dead.

For me, there are two end-pieces to this story: I was never able to get a bill from the professor's accounts department and never once in my career did any client of mine ever become a member of Lloyd's of London.

This part of my story also an ending for many other people some years later, after I had no further contact with the rump of Chandler Hargreaves. The old structure of the Lloyd's insurance market collapsed amidst allegations of incompetence, tax-fiddles and fraud. For many years, the insurers at Lloyd's had been offering insurance against the risk of damage to health caused by asbestos, and the underwriters who set insurance premium prices had mispriced the risk, to a catastrophic extent. The only solution was to invite tens of thousands of people to join Lloyd's as 'mini-names', not putting up usual amounts of capital to support their

activities, but all still bearing unlimited liability to loss. These unsuspecting people then found that they were issuing policies that indemnified the Lloyd's market against asbestos damages claims. The vast damages awarded by US courts to victims of asbestosis effectively destroyed the family wealth of tens of thousands of unsuspecting innocent mini-names, who had believed in the old saying 'A1 at Lloyd's'. The market was, in the end, effectively destroyed by asbestos. Thanks to Professor Bray, when collapse came I was probably the least surprised person working in the City of London.

By coincidence, at the time when I was not becoming a shareholder in the company that employed me, I was having several meetings with one of our farming and estate clients, a senior partner stockbroker at the grandest firm of all, Cazenove & Co. As we were finishing one meeting, he asked me in passing whether I knew of anyone who would be interested in doing business with his family office, Henderson Administration, the two firms being very closely involved with each other. This was a call from the very peak of the City Establishment, in a hierarchical world, which really did exist. In quick time a joint venture had been formed and as a reward for latching onto the original idea I found myself a director of a new financial services, tax-planning and investment management company, Chandler Henderson Financial Services. I moved from the office in Southwark into 28 Austin Friars, the very heart of the City, within fifty yards of the Bank of England, and began to learn to manage wealth rather than sell insurance products or devise plans for coping with Estate Duty. The dual ownership structure was not a success, and soon the business was fully absorbed into Hendersons. Henderson Administration was one of the pillars of the time, rapidly becoming recognised as a first-class wealth management house, based firmly on its reputation as the place where some of the City's most eminent figures had entrusted their custom.

David Browne ran Henderson Financial Management. This company managed private family assets and delivered tax-planning services for partners of a few firms at the very apex of City influence. David was young, a tax specialist and a skilled business manager. He integrated the interlopers into his business, wanted everyone to enjoy working and had a gift of humanity that I have rarely seen since in a business environment. He also asked for and was given high professional standards. His greatest rebuke to me, and in early times there were a number, was 'Philip, you've

done it again!' In lighter moments, David would suggest that I thought I was actually Queen Victoria or, after my more obvious errors, a teapot.

Bill was an older member of the team. In the morning he worked hard and was valued for his accountancy and tax-reporting skills. After the pubs opened he disappeared every day until closing time, when he would re-appear, unfit for any work, and sit quietly until time to go home. David disapproved of his team members

being even a little worse for wear, in which he was ahead of his time in the City, and it puzzled me to know why his saw Bill in a different light. I asked him, and the answer taught me one of the great lessons in humanity of my life: 'Bill flew 40 times to Germany as rear- gunner in Wellington bombers. For so long as he wants it, there's a job for him at Hendersons.'

In the early 1980s I was involved in the birth of a new and controversial venture. Henderson ran its own unit trust company, and indeed it was as respected as any in the business. Our idea was simple; Why not set up a portfolio management business within Hendersons, one that would use all unit trust companies' products and not be exclusive to our own stable? It is a routine concept thirty years later, but at the time three of us, David Browne, the head of Henderson unit trust marketing and I, were very much alone in our thinking. We had many hurdles to overcome, but by great good luck we attracted the goodwill of the head of the largest investment broking business in the country. He signed up to be one of our first customers, and very soon had closed down his sales staff attempts to manage portfolios themselves, directing all their investment business to us. The Henderson Unit Trust Management Service was born. Within a year I had a fair-sized team of administrators handling the volume of work as our simple but very successful business became the UK's biggest single buyer and seller of unit trusts. Markets were buoyant, people were beginning to have some money to save, and we had caught the new cult of using savings to buy shares. The Sunday Telegraph was enthusiastic and ran a series of articles about a mythical investor in the service, and the money began to pour in.

Hendersons went from private family office to being a public company, and overnight the spirit was gone from the place. The fruits of going public were kept in the hands of a few, and the many who had contributed to its possibility were excluded from even modest shares in the new stage of the business. Within months many had begun to look elsewhere, and within a year the middle management layer was gone, some bitter at their treatment by the family firm, some more philosophical.

As the joint-creator and sole manager of a very successful and high- profile part of the business, I felt that to be offered £6,000 worth of deferred shares in the business was scarcely a fair reward. An opportunity came to join Hambros Bank, one of the great blue-blooded merchant banks, and I took it. As I did so I learned another lesson: when David asked why I had not previously fussed about the money I had been paid, he said to me that if I had done so something would have been arranged. The lesson was repeated to people whom I knew, in many forms over the years; if you want loyalty, get a dog. Loyalty cuts both ways.

Hambros Bank was in transition. They had backed Mark Weinberg's Hambro Life Assurance, and made a very great profit from their investment of £1 million. Equally they had backed a Norwegian ship-owner, Hilmar Reksten for many years, and when



his company failed in the late 1970s Hambros had been hard-hit. It appeared that Reksten's mixture of tax evasion and accounting irregularities had done for the Hambros money. The bank was largely managed by one branch of the Hambro family, but it seemed to us non-family members that another branch was waging a civil war over the wrecked ground of the Norwegian shipping business. Hambros was a bank at war with itself. To begin with I was oblivious. I shared a huge office with one of the family and a flamboyant Roman nobleman, Pietro. The former, Richard, was in charge of marketing investment services, and the latter held some unspecified position. Richard was devoted to his most earnest wish, to become a steward at Royal Ascot. This involved him almost daily in the flat season, leaving the office early in time to be at whatever racecourse had booked his services as a steward for that day. Seeking to build up the bank's investment business was reserved for the winter months, when flat racing was off-season. The Italian aristocrat had some completely undefined role that involved daily and prolonged telephone conferences with his boat-builder in Italy, who was building a large and very fast motor-cruiser. As far as I could understand it, the boat was intended for Pietro's own use, had one large cabin for the owner, no family accommodation and only a very small second cabin for whomever he might invite to accompany him on his jaunts from port to port around the Italian coast. A boat-hand was to be accommodated well out of the way in the bows.

Downstairs in the bank was the small private clients department. It was inevitably small, because the head of it seemed firmly to believe that a bank as grand as this should restrict itself to taking on clients of the right sort. To be the right sort required that you be a duke, or at least a very rich marquess. This rather restricted the size of the pool in which to fish, and I found that my position was never defined in terms of growing the business, what I was supposed to be doing, or what resources were to be made available. In the meantime, the civil war raged on.

We undertook a profile-raising road-show, visiting Leeds, Manchester and other centres. Our last night on the road was spent at The Plough and Harrow Hotel in Birmingham, the only respectable hotel in the city at that time. We celebrated the end of the experience with a dinner, and much wine. In the later hours the group weaved towards the lift and pressed the call button. The lift arrived, the doors opened and there inside was a naked man. One hand protected his modesty, the other covered his face; a mumbled explanation of being locked out of his room, the doors closed and he disappeared again. Our head of department was not inclined to want to continue the experience of travelling around the country to raise the business profile. He left early the following morning and did not attend the last event of the programme.

It was only a matter of time before my career in this ramshackle organisation hit the rocks. I had a meeting with the head of the investment business; it is no surprise that his main job was to be chairman of a football club, and that Hambros Bank seemed

to be somewhere to have lunch in rather more congenial surroundings than north London. I suggested that the bank should back me or sack me, and with not a tear in his eye he sacked me. The only surprise was that it had taken two years for this to come to pass. At least the sacking was done with some financial generosity. My share options were bought from me at full value and various deferred bonuses were also paid. All that went, of course, on school fees; we were already on the slippery slope of trying to educate our three children at private schools, without adequate funds to do so.

Losing my job just before Christmas, I was fortunate to go, on the evening of being sacked, for a drink with an old friend. Peter poured me a drink and asked an odd question, 'Where's your job-search kit?' He went on to explain some evident truths. I had, from tomorrow a full-time job, getting a job. I needed to think of every contact I had who could possibly help me find a job, and approach each one as though they were the only person I could rely on. I was to get every paper and study the job advertisements, and if any agency was placing any advertisement for a vacancy in any part of the financial field I was to write to them, send my CV and follow up with a call to arrange to meet them. I was to tailor my CV for every opportunity, as though it was written only for that job, and I was to set aside a space in the house for all this activity, as though it was my office. And finally, apart from taking a week off at Christmas I was to go on with this regime until I had a signed contract from a prospective employer. I have passed on this sound advice to every person I have known subsequently to be in the same situation.

I set out on my search with some doubts. Having been sacked from my first proper management role, I had no idea what to expect from the job market. I did all the things that I had agreed with Peter, and found that I was regularly invited to interviews and that the interviews regularly led to job offers. Almost my first interview was with Lazard Brothers. If Henderson was top of the City fund management establishment, and Hambros as blue-blooded as they come, Lazard was considered the ultimate in professional application of human talent, not financially big but famous for their ability to achieve results. No job offer came, nor did any rejection, but I was totally convinced that this was the place where I wanted to be, to such an extent that as Christmas came and went, and the New Year arrived, I was turning down other offers in favour of the offer that was not forthcoming. With three expensive children and no visible means of support, I had to depend on Nicky's belief that I was doing the right thing, although her patience was a bit stretched as the weeks turned into months. Fortunately, I was still being paid by Hambros Bank, and would continue to be for a month or two longer.

Eventually, Lazards did get round to offering me a job. The delay had been caused by a decision of Stewart Webb, newly appointed chief executive of the investment management business. He had decided that he needed three new directors, a head of investment strategy, a head of marketing and a head of sales. Rather than trickle

these new directors into the business one by one, he waited until he could appoint all three together and have us all start at the firm on the same day. The new head of investment strategy had an office, but the heads of marketing and sales were not catered for. As a result, David Steyn and I found ourselves shunted into a meeting room to act as a temporary office, shown there grudgingly by Ron Moore, the head messenger. The place was gloomy and under-lit, with exactly half the bulbs in the ceiling not working. The corridor outside was similar. After a couple of days, I asked Ron why this was so. His reply seemed to preclude discussion: Chairman's instructions. It appeared that over ten years before, during the miners' strike and four-day week, the chairman had instructed that emergency electricity saving measures should be operated throughout the building, with all corridors and meeting rooms having half the light bulbs removed. Everywhere else, the instructions had been dropped when the emergency passed, but in Ron's domain nobody had seen fit to tell him, and so the gloom persisted. It took great tact to persuade him that we would take the blame for putting in the missing bulbs.

We soon found more congenial surroundings anyway. David made himself comfortable somewhere, and I moved in to share a room with Eric. He was like Pietro at Hambros, a rich and well-connected man with no apparent reason to be at the place. However, his surname suggested that his family company, at the top end of the global fashion business, were probably major clients of the Paris branch of Lazard's. I enjoyed my talks with Eric, who always seemed to have time to talk about the fashion business, and his particular interest, the creation and marketing of scents.

As heads of marketing and sales, interlopers in the comfortable world of an unambitious investment business headed by an ambitious chief, David and I saw the need to work in harmony. This meant we needed to have a room together. David quickly identified exactly what he needed, a large room with space for the two of us as well as the team he intended to build. Unfortunately, the room was already taken, by three people, running an unprofitable and failing part of the firm. Stewart Webb was persuaded to agree in principle that the three occupants should move to smaller accommodation, and so matters rested whilst David identified somewhere where the three in possession could be re-housed. Once the new home for them was found, David struck. Over one weekend, we moved all the furniture of the three occupants into their new office, and moved ourselves into the freed space. We had to do it all ourselves, the messengers were certain we would be sacked on Monday.

On Monday we arrived a little early for work, and were installed by the time the former occupiers arrived. After some exchanges, they realised that they had lost the territorial battle and retired to their new home, and David was master of the field. In an echo of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he produced an enormous and gaudy Indian carpet, almost as large as the room, and had it laid in our new domain. Our

team began to grow, and before long we had filled the room and were looking to expand again.

My ostensible job was principally to be head of sales of a small and indifferent unit trust operation. We had just three funds to sell, one good and two below-average performers. It was clear that selling these funds was both pointless and hopeless. I began to look for other things to do, and it was quickly clear that there was plenty in which to be involved. Despite the good name of Lazard, overall as good as any, this part of Lazard was a backwater, a place in desperate need of a dose of commercial reality and uplift of standards. Above all we needed something to raise the spirits.

It was widely known that a huge Japanese financial firm was looking to partner with a top-notch London house. To show good intent, the Japanese had invited various firms to pitch for a vast investment management mandate, worth millions per year in management fees. Lazard had not been invited to pitch. However, David knew some of the Japanese principals from his last job, and set about winning this mandate. We did not know how or why he got us onto the list to pitch for the business, and even less why they chose us to take the mandate, but suddenly David had won the biggest mandate seen in the City for some years. This success bought time and goodwill for us to develop our thoughts about the way ahead.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### FROM Tony Crichton Waldeck

Congratulations on another splendid Beaumont Review. It clearly must take up a great deal of your time - but the reward will be in the satisfaction it gives to us, the readers.

So, I reluctantly impose on more of your time, with a question. I read the notes about **Guy Wallace** and it reminded me that he had a brother, also at Beaumont at the same time. I can't recall his first name nor whether he was older or younger than Guy. This Wallace had been born with a seriously deformed spine. I seem to remember that he had suffered a dreadful operation on the spine and, nevertheless, had a marked hunched back. He was very good company with a lively mind and wit. I liked him very much and wondered if he is still alive?

Almost at the end of the long article relating to OB's there is a **Graham Wallace** mentioned. However it said that this chap was found to have been born with a disfigurement, only discovered after his death. So, it can't be the same Wallace.

PS Local OB News: **Colin Drummond** thrives in his late-ish 80's and still comes sailing. **Peter Hamilton** is suffering from dementia, cared for by his devoted wife Ros. They live right out at the Lizard - miles from anywhere. I take them out lunch

approx once a month. His twin, **David** lives in Canada, is well and doesn't suffer his brother's illness.

**ED:** I may have caused confusion! Your Graham is the one mentioned in the REVIEW: the muddle might be that in the REVIEW 1963 which reported his death it said that the cause of his deformity was only discovered then.

**Tony:** Many thanks, usual silver service. 1963? Gosh Graham Wallace had a very short life. He handled his impediment with dignity and even nonchalance. Dare I say he was better company than his brother!

### **FROM Oliver Hawkins**



John at School

I hadn't heard the story of **John Howe (56)** butchering a deer in his rooms at Oxford with **Graham Wallace**. He married my cousin Rosamund, and I knew him well. His shooting activities continued. During the hot summer of 1976 a deer got into our woods - this was long before we were overrun with them. John and my cousins decided the best way to take it was for the guns to move inwards from the four corners of the property, blasting at anything that moved. Astonishingly, it was the deer that was shot.



John had a chequered career, usually involving cars and/or writing. BU boy racers might enjoy this verse of his:

*The Ultimate Late Braker*

There was a bloke who thought himself

The ultimate late braker.

One day he tried it in the wet

And shortly after briefly met

His disapproving Maker.

**FROM Jerry Hawthorne.**

The piece about Lourdes and the HCPT in the Beaumont Review summer 2023 edition, by Philip Stevens was among the best that I have read. I travelled with Brian Burgess (R.I.P.) by couchette trains to Lourdes in HCPT Groups 24 and 35 over many years. There are perhaps a couple of stories which Philip, who led the Beaumont HCPT contingent for some years, may have omitted:

As one might expect a number of memorable travel incidents occurred on the trains. One involved a French national SNCF railway strike which started one year just as we arrived a Bolougne sur Mer. A couple of thousand young children and their helpers were stranded on platforms after the cross-channel ferry had docked. What was to be done?

As it happened one helper Yvonne who was half French and half British and had

fought with French resistance colleagues during WWII. One of her WWII resistance colleagues was now a senior SNCF union official based in the town. He was on the platform for the strike and was confronted by Yvonne. An argument ensued on the dockside but the outcome was that he agreed personally to drive the train from Bolougne to Lourdes overnight, which was a great relief to all. The only train to run that day and night, in the whole of France.

Another year I recall at about 2am as the train stopped at a small village station, seeing gendarmes in mid fight with some louts drunk in the station bar; the gendarmes then fired tear gas at a few men misbehaving there - absurd over reaction in my view. The tear gas missed the louts but hit our couchette carriage promptly causing three asthmatics to wake and vomit. I leapt out of the train to confront the gendarmes but the train driver too came out and kept the peace by saying "moi asthmatic aussi!".

**John Farr** who as you report, sadly died a few days ago, was in the final Beaumont 1st VIII and rowed at Henley. He was my closest BU friend in our young days and we travelled together to Egypt when few foreigners were in the country following the blowing up of three jumbo jets there and the earlier war with Israel.



John Farr in Egypt

**FROM John Marshall**

I remember **Supervia** in the playground. He would get a headscarf and wrap it round his head and tie it under his chin so that he looked a Madonna!!

The other real eccentric at St John's was a very quiet boy called Bramwell who used to pretend to be an aeroplane and on the playground he would come in to land behind the football posts at the Beeches end with his arms outstretched but making no attempt to interest other boys in his fantasy world. I believe he did become an airline pilot.

In the picture of the 2nd VIII, I noticed my great friend **Cedric Scheybeler**. I was able to meet up with him just once for a weekend in Torrelavega ( near San Sebastian) 20 years after we parted company in Liverpool having crossed from a three week hitchhike round Ireland which meant, thankfully, we saw nothing of the 1966 World Cup. His wife Elizabeth died probably three years ago but I was unable to make contact to express my condolences. They had a daughter. Do you have any recent contact details?

**John** also forwarded this from a **Richard Carton ( not an OB) :**

There was a hour long podcast between Dom Edward Corbould and sports linkman Mark Pougatch. Dom Edward expressed a preference to go to Beaumont rather than Ampleforth because of the fixture at Lord's against The Oratory. A bit presumptuous but he did get into the Ampleforth XI. I was looking at this site to find out when the fixture started at Lord's but no joy. Wisden is reporting the scores of the match at Lord's from 1933 onwards but not before. This was way after my grandfather's time.

**Ed:**

To fill in the blanks. The first Lords Match was 26 May 1926 and was won by The Oratory by 15 runs. By the time the Lords series ended in 1966 we had won 27 , The Oratory 14 and 7 drawn.

**Paul Carton** ( Richard's grandfather) would have played in the match (not certain where) in 1888 which was a Beaumont win: there was no match the year he was Captain.

I'm not surprised that Fr Edward wished to go to Beaumont - his elder brother **John** was Captain of Cricket ( Lords match abandoned in heavy rain), Captain of Rugby and the school. WW2 Captain Coldstream Guards and sadly died young of polio in 1956. Fr Edward never admitted his wish for Beaumont when I have chatted to him! I presume he was sent north as a safer place to be in wartime.

**John Marshall (again)**

A photo titled "The Last Rites"





Infirmery St John's. Bussy, Patrick Solomon ( still going strong I hope), Paul Lake, Christopher Morton Clark, and two little angels ( Chris Kelly, Burton(?)) standing by to carry the soul to Heaven. 1958-59.

Miss Boxford was matron I think. Miss Hicks her assistant a year or two later

### **FROM Nick Tudball ( not an OB)**

I am currently editing the Journal of The Cricket Society. I am conducting some research on black cricketers in the UK. I am writing to you because there is a comment on Wikipedia 'the first black player at Lord's was a Beaumont boy'. There does not seem to be any note on Wikipedia to say where this fact may have come from and I cannot find any references elsewhere. I wonder if you (or one of the Beaumont Union) knew who this 'Beaumont boy' might be?

I did see that a Beaumont boy (**Peter Bird**) has claim to have hit the longest six by a schoolboy at Lord's. Impressive.

**Ed:** It is certainly true that apparently in the school records and in **Peter Levi's** Beaumont (1861 -1961) ,he records that "the first coloured boy to play cricket at Lord's was in the Beaumont Eleven". Who it was I have no idea but I can be fairly certain that he was not of pure African decent though could have been of mixed race: not very helpful.

1956 Bird hit a ball out of the ground into the St John's Wood Road. Impossible today with the new stands.

**FROM Philip Stevens.**

I view of the turmoil in Spanish politics, I wondered who commissioned this card from the BU Scout Press.



Ed: **Raymond de la Sota** – his family have been involved in the Basque Nationalist movement for generations.

**FROM Tom Scanlon.**

As ever, I don't know how you do it!

The summer 2023 edition may be the most fulsome yet.

And, as ever, there are numerous mentions that ring personal bells.

One curious thing, pure serendipity, is that there are two photographs that include **John Muir** and, stranger still, two photographs of Old Stonyhurst, Richard King. Richard (like Muir) is in the Emeriti 1972 photograph and then appears, 51 years later, with **John Flood**.

Seeing **Richard Sheehan** celebrating the coronation with a cardboard cut-out is classic! I did once meet the then - Prince Charles and Lord Mountbatten (well my wife and I shook their hands anyway) on the occasion of the official opening of Mountbatten's home, Broadlands, to the public on May 27, 1979. That was exactly three months to the day before Mountbatten was murdered by the IRA (not forgetting three others on the boat and the eighteen British soldiers at Warrenpoint on the same day). **Ed: my brother Richard** was one of those responsible for the Ceremonial at the Funeral.

Elsewhere in the Review, I was delighted to find mention of **Robert McIntosh**. Apart from his squash playing, Bob, as we all called him, was the enthusiastic and most regular wicket-keeper for the Beaumont Pilgrims in the mid-sixties. I remember he talked about joining the police force, but then Beaumont closed and shortly after, so did the Pilgrims.

I could go on, but that's probably enough!

PS. I love the Figgis incident! Please name those senior officers, perhaps I knew them, although I was in Hong Kong at the time. Back in Germany 1988 - 1993.

(**Ed**: The two Generals were certainly Tony Mullens (4/7DG) and the Grenadier I think was Michael Hobbs)

**Tom**: No, didn't know them.

However, the name Hobbs reminds me that there was a Hobbs Barracks north of East Grinstead. We used to holiday in a cottage nearby. One day, I was about 16 at the time, a B.U. named **Captain Edwards** showed me round and took me onto the range and let me fire live rounds from the 'new' FN. Exciting!

Do we know anything about Captain Edwards?

(**Ed**: this would have been **Richard Edwardes (53)** at the time Capt. Royal Sussex. Apart from being Captain of Rugby (53) SUO, and boxing Vest and that his brother was killed in an accident in 1943 on holiday from St John's, I know nothing more.)

**From Hubert de Lisle,**

" de nouveaux " I am unable to attend the BU Luncheon; hopefully Bertie and Edwin will be able to attend. Maïnick has been unwell for some time having had lung operation in late March 2023

However our PLAN is to be present at the RAF Club in London for the 80th Anniversary of her uncle's death on the 10th of October !

Cdt René Mouchotte DFC ( 1914 - 1943 ) was the 1st non Commonwealth Officer to command an RAF Squadron. The Quentin – Mouchotte family own the rights to his diaries " Les Carnets de René Mouchotte " ( published by Flammarion in 1949 )

An English edition " The Mouchotte Diaries " was published by the Staples Press in 1956 .The Musée de la Libération adjoining Les Invalides now holds his medals , a copy of the Diaries etc which I have participated in placing there for posterity !

Through Pen & Sword I was able to assist in the republishing of his Diaries " Free French Spitfire Hero "" in November 2022 .

All my best wishes to our Valiant BU Members .

**And AGAIN**

Thank you for your mail informing us of the death of Fr Michael C-J .  
Maïnick and I met him (again for me ) as the Parish Priest of the St Francis of Assisi  
Catholic Church at St James , Barbados .

(The Church had originally been a cinema and given to the Catholic Community with  
a remarkable view to the ocean ! )

This was in October 2001 , on retirement from the Army , and we were requested  
whilst in Barbados to participate in the welcoming party for the participants in the  
Ward Evans Atlantic Rowing Challenge ( from Tenerife in the Canaries to Port St  
Charles in Barbados ) some 3, 000 nautical miles of open ocean . The Household  
Division was represented by two Scots Guardsmen. Thomas , our son , who was  
down from Oxford had joined us and participated in the evening welcoming parties !  
In 2003 Gerard who was visiting friends and our Weld cousin, Lt Col Stephen Cave ,  
RGJ of St Nicholas Abbey ) in Barbados also met up with Fr Michael.

### **FROM John Wolff**

Regret I won't make the BU lunch as we leave for week' guided visit to Rome based  
on St Ignatius on Oct 1st.

Thought it was time I called in at HQ.

Thanks for your kind words about the book in the review. The main thing is to get  
Michael ( Strode ) out there so he can help people.

Sorry to see a longer list of Obits than usual. Most within my time at the school, but  
we can't expect anything else.

Good to see you gave **Shaun McLoughlin** a good write up. His mother lived near us  
so I used to see him at Mass when he visited her.

He was my platoon commander when I was at the bottom of the school.

Private Wolff probably gave him material for his radio comedies.

**Pete Pouncey** was an entertaining guy. Would like to have been closer in age so I  
could have known him better.

Just got an interesting double up. In operations: Spinal surgery on April followed up  
by a hip replacement three weeks ago. Would have preferred a more conventional  
one at Ascot. Not trying for a treble.

## **No, Not The BU REVIEW**

**A short apocryphal story from The Editor's life:**

After Beaumont I found myself at Sandhurst learning the arts of soldiering and understandably parades and drill were part of our daily fare. I take you back to an Academy Parade when the whole of Sandhurst was drawn up by companies on Old College Square. We had marched to parade under the eagle eye of The Academy Sergeant-Major Jacky Lord, Grenadier Guards – a man with an outstanding wartime record and the most revered member of the Academy staff. My Company – Dettingen was in the front rank and on the right of the parade where we stood “at ease” awaiting the arrival of the Adjutant. This was Major John Swinton of Kimmerghame, Scots Guards: a man who had lost his left leg during the battle for France and only a mile from where his father had lost his in the Great War. John Swinton was the epitome of what one expects from a Guards Officer and a future Knighted General. Once in command of the parade, he gave the order “ Sandhurst Attention” only immediately to rescind it.

“Sergeant- Major”, “ Sir” replied Jacky Lord.

“That man in Dettingen Company is idle, take his name”.

With that, Mr Lord quick marched in our direction collecting the College Sergeant Major with him. He came to our front rank and pointed with his pace-stick at one individual.

“This man, Sir” he shouted.

“ No, not that man Sergeant- Major” .

Mr Lord moved to the next cadet. “This man, Sir”, he shouted”.

“ No, No, not that man Sergeant- Major” .

Mr Lord marched one pace to the right and pointed at the next in line.

“ This man. Sir”.

“NO, NO, NO ,Sergeant Major”. but then added : **“But, He will DO”**.

With that the unfortunate and innocent victim was double marched from parade.

I, who had been standing next in line (and the likely culprit) breathed a sigh of relief.

**“ A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ONE AND ALL”**

**L. D. S**

