

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SUMMER 2025



Sixty years since we heard that Beaumont was to close. The Rector at the time Fr Dunphy went to a BU Committee Meeting to inform them and was received in stunned silence, before anger and disbelief erupted and he was asked politely to leave forthwith. They were people most of whom he had known as friends for years: no more, even though he was merely the 'messenger boy' on behalf of the Society. All of us have recollections of how and when we heard, whether it was the letters through the post to parents or like the Senior Scouts half way up a mountain at Kandersteg. For myself, it was opening The Times in the

Officers Mess in Germany to let out a few well-known expletives. In the October Beaumont Review there was no mention of the closure, except for Fr Alastair Russell's heartfelt "The Spirit of Beaumont" in which he wrote " If Beaumont were just a piece of one's past it wouldn't matter so much. It is because it is so much a part of one's present that it hurts so much. One thing I am clear on is that something rather wonderful is being made to die." Most of us can look back to those days and think we were lucky, very lucky for the learning, the friends and for the men we became.

**NEXT YEAR MARKS THE 150th ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE
BEAUMONT UNION; NOW THAT IS SOMETHING WE WILL HAVE TO
CELEBRATE.**

NOTICES

THE LUNCH

The LUNCH will take place at the Caledonian Club, Halkin Street, **Monday 6th October**. The Bar will open at Noon, Lunch at 1pm. Dress: Suits. *The Committee looks forward to seeing you all again. You may of course bring your sons and other male guests whose misfortune was not to have attended Beaumont.*

This year's Chairman is **Romain De Cock (65)**

REMEMBER.

BACS payment preferred to Sort: **30-99-09. Beaumont Union A/c 02198243** with NAME as reference. **The cost is £95.** (an increase on last year charged by The Club for food, wines and the service charge))

There is no charge for members of the Clergy.

Cheques to The Hon Secretary at the address below. Alternatively, if you have paid electronically you must email to: amanda@mbarrington.net

Mrs A Bedford
94 Hurst Park Road
TWYFORD
Berkshire
RG10 0EY
Tel: 0118 934 2110

(Ed: I already have one 'taker' **Ed Monaghan (62)** is crossing the Atlantic to be with us. You will find more about Ed's activities further on in the REVIEW)

OBITUARIES

I must inform you of the following Deaths:

Anthony de Kerdrel (59) son of Vicomte John de Kerdrel (35) at his home at Woodbridge, Suffolk on May 23rd. Anthony had two younger brothers at the school. His career was in the luxury yacht trade. He provided Michael Branson with Virgin Atlantic Challenger II which broke the record for the fastest trans-Atlantic crossing by a surface vessel in 1986.

Martin Noble Wells (55) son of Thomas Wells MP QC, Barrister, Labour Politician, and firm 'European'. To Trinity College Cambridge. He married Mary daughter of Old Gregorian Sir Joseph Maloney Bt. QC. A regular supporter of the BU and member of the Golf Society. Also enjoyed hunting and sailing. Three sons and a daughter.

His son Jonathan wrote:

"I know that Beaumont was an important aspect of his life. I well knew his OB tie, and he regularly attended your events. Sadly, I do not imagine he ever appreciated your rather good website on which I found a photo of him lunching with old friends (Summer 24). He had a quiet pride in his old school which I slightly envied. I think there must have been there an excellent culture of learning sport and camaraderie from which he benefitted. immensely through his life."

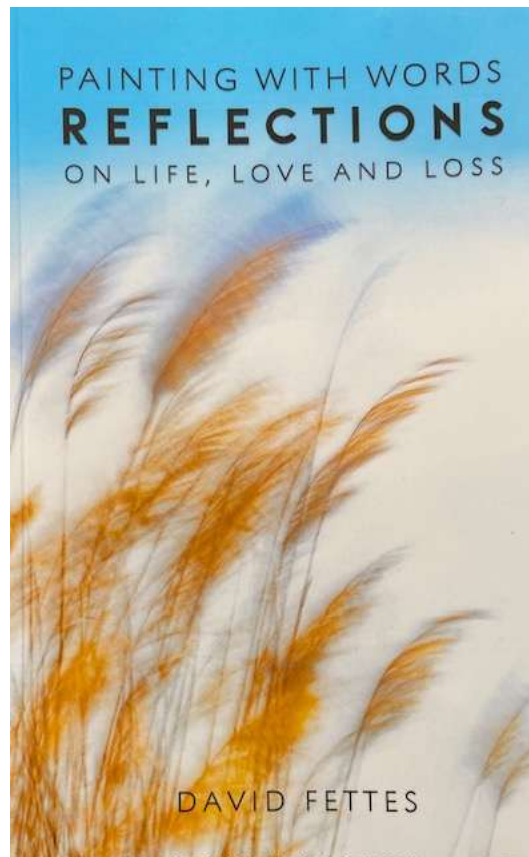
William Henry (52). In his 91st year. William was famed for the BU lunches he organised at Tandridge Golf Club, he also came regularly to Lourdes with the BOFS.

BOOK REVIEW

"REFLECTIONS" The latest **from David Fettes**, having lost ' Nicola, the love of his life to cancer'. I found it heart rendering but with that touch of humour as he looks back on life.

Strongly recommended. Available at Waterstones, W H Smith and Amazon.

"A deeply heartfelt reflection on grief, loss and ageing that will be of great comfort to anyone experiencing those emotions and stage of life. The poetry is clear, direct and sometimes devastatingly sincere."



Life is a journey where we gather experiences, discover the depths of love, and ultimately face the searing pain of parting - whether through death, overwhelming grief, or the surreal void left by those we've lost. The absence of a spouse, a partner, a child, once so present, now gone, creates a chasm we struggle to comprehend. The poems in this collection reflect the author's observations on the human condition, capturing the profound joy of love and the deep ache of loss that inevitably follows. While deeply personal, these poems are meant to resonate universally with anyone who has lived, loved, and grieved. They offer a mirror to life's highs and lows, holding moments of humour, joy, and sorrow, and ultimately honouring a life well lived.

THEATRE



Francis Beckett
Author and Journalist

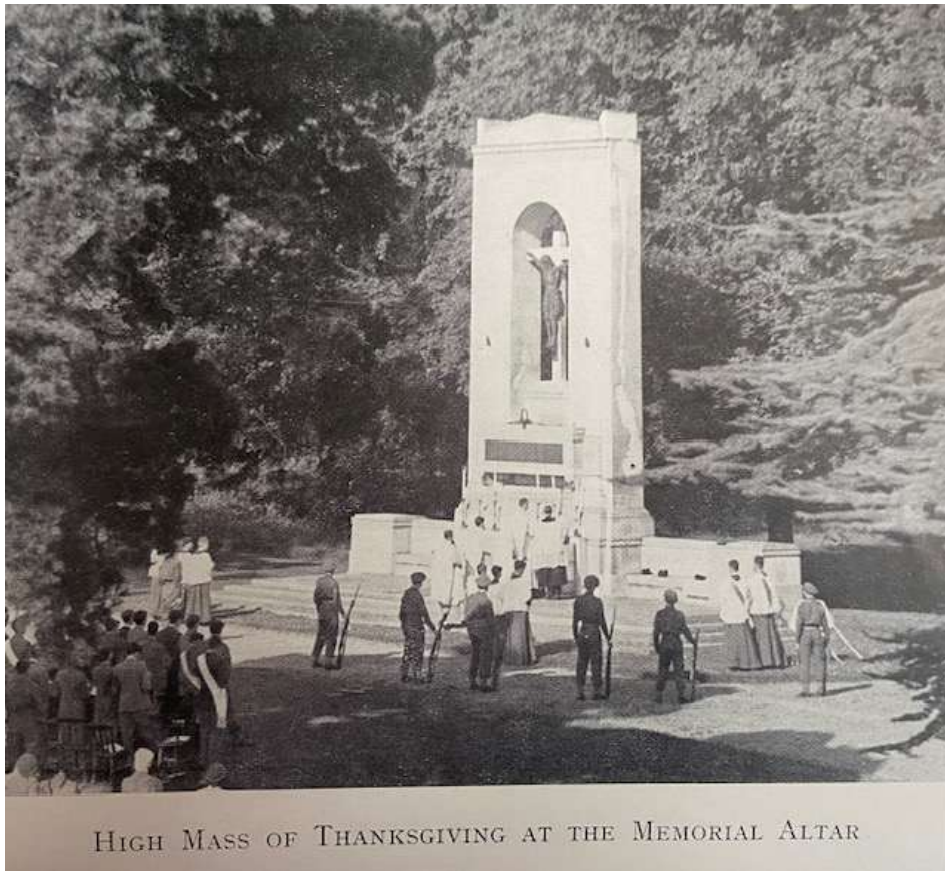
News from Francis:-

“My new play ***Make England Great Again*** is set in the near future, just after the Britons First Party wins its first ever general election victory and its charismatic leader Max Moore enters 10 Downing Street.

It’s a comedy, but also a warning.

Make England Great Again will be at Upstairs at the **Gatehouse in Highgate Village** for two weeks in October – September 30 to 5 October and 14-19 October.”

VE DAY 80 Years Ago



Tuesday, May 8, was VE-Day, and therefore, a whole holiday. In the morning there were games; and then after a short lunch, there was an *Exeat* for the whole school until 7.0 in the evening. Some people visited cinemas in the afternoon, but the majority decided that the river was a better attraction; and, indeed, they equally enjoyed themselves, either swimming, or rowing in parties in small boats, or else in paddling canoes. At 7.30 we had a good dinner; and at 8.30 there was a very special Solemn Benediction in the Chapel, which had been very beautifully decorated for the occasion by Br. Cookson. The Te Deum was sung as well as Elgar's arrangement of the National Anthem. After listening to the broadcast by H.M. the King, nearly the whole school began to go up to the Beeches, where from about 10.15 onwards a very large and impressive bonfire was set alight. At the bonfire everybody had plenty of scope to vent their feelings, and great quantities of smoke-bombs and thunder-flashes added to the enjoyment of the whole proceedings. After over an hour's entertainment of this kind, the whole school went down and assembled before the beautifully flood-lit War Memorial, where the De Profundis was recited. Then, after three cheers had been given for Father Rector and for Beaumont, whole crowds of ravenous and excited boys flocked into the Refectory for hot cocoa and special Victory buns (and chocolate eclairs!). This was followed by a midnight-and-early-morning swim, after which the place gradually (very gradually) quietened down.

The above was published in the July 1945 REVIEW edition. The next was April 1946 and I can find no reference to VJ Day. I appreciate that this was on the 15th August in the middle of the Summer Holidays but one cannot help feel that "They really were the Forgotten Army".

B U Night in LOURDES



“Warming up for The Carmen”



John Flood organised “The Brother Michael & Pat Hall Memorial Walk” to raise awareness for the Canonisation of Brother Michael, the founder of

HCPT. Beside himself he was joined by fellow OBs John Wolff and Jonny Coleman.

John writes

28 walkers made the walk from Alfriston East Sussex to the Long Man of Wilmington, albeit the Treasurer's Group mistakenly used part of the slightly longer return route for the initial section of the walk, allowing the Secretary's Group to get just in front of them where the route merged with the intended one. After crossing the Street, the walk became steeper and the Chairman's Group, notwithstanding including the eldest walkers, could be seen still leading the way in the far distance. The fact that they were heading for the top of a hill that they didn't need to fully climb, too far to the south of the path that passes the top of the Long Man of Wilmington, wasn't immediately apparent, so the Secretary's and the Treasurer's Groups followed suit. Nonetheless the elusive 'Long Man' was found a couple of hundred yards lower down a steep bank to the left and everyone got to the spot where one gets a rather inadequate sideways view of the Long Man from above.



Given the extra time taken in a reconnoitre down a very steep and difficult descent, we omitted the extra short loop to the bridleway to the south and instead took the shorter route to join the South Downs Way which then provided a straightforward route downhill to the Cuckmere river and hence back to Alfriston by soon after. 4pm. Better than forecast, the sun had shone throughout and there was a great breeze to keep one comfortable.

Mass was celebrated in the Anglican St Andrew's Church, by Pat Hall's son, Fr Simon.

This was followed by the buffet supper at Wingrove House in Alfriston after we had successfully rearranged their dining room tables for more companionable conversation. The food was good and a plea for the small side plates to be replaced

by a man's size dinner plate was successful, enabling a worthwhile helping to be accommodated, and in some cases, repeated by the hungry walkers.

After note:-



“Wolffs in Southdown sheep’s clothing- after their exertions.”

John commented:-

“On the very steep grass bit near the summit I had stopped for a breather in the force 6 wind. I have to admit that I was praying that I didn’t do a Mallory. (The famous climber who didn’t make it down Everest.)”

Ed; But there is every reason to think he made it to the top! (Both John and Mallory)

Beaumont Union Golf Society ... and a mini-Phoenix

Nigel Courtney Writes:

OBs may recall that at the BU lunch in 2017 some golfing enthusiasts offered to resurrect the Beaumont Union Golf Society – which was founded long ago but had been moribund for many years. In no time 25 OBs rallied round to play and/or support. In response, Robert Wilkinson, Mark Marshall, and Nigel Courtney agreed to take care of proceedings as non-playing captain, vice captain, and Hon Sec respectively. And this resulted in a 97th year of Beaumont golf.

Although Beaumont's place in the famous Halford Hewitt competition was no longer available the freshly-restored Beaumont Union Golf Society – ie the BUGS) went on to regularly field 12 or more intrepid players to compete for a new trophy – the Mike Bedford Claret Jug - at Westerham Golf Club. Teams also took on the Old Gregorians (and enjoyed splendid lunches at Denham Golf Club) and sparred with Old Boys of St. Johns-Beaumont for the storied Desmond Tolhurst Cup. Runners-up and other deserving combatants often found themselves awarded golf balls embossed with the Beaumont crest.



In 2024 the 104th year of Beaumont golfing coincided with the 57th anniversary of Beaumont's closure. This meant, of course, that most of our members were in their 9th decade and coping with the associated slings and arrows. The remaining players had to acknowledge that formal events could not continue ... and the decision to close was sealed with glasses of Chateau Beaumont.

However, a mini-Phoenix has emerged – as augured in Robert's *Spring Review*. Some BUGS have invited each other for an informal 2-ball joust at their home clubs: for example: Chris Tailby at Effingham; Rupert Lescher at Royal Wimbledon; Mark Addison at Littlestone. And these three stalwarts joined Nigel Courtney to make up and enter a 4-ball team rejoicing in the *nom de guerre* of "Beaumont BUGS" at the charity day of the Westerham Veterans Captain on 19th June.



On the big day there were 28 teams. After a bacon roll and coffee (and a rapid catch-up regarding aches and pains) we noted that our team's combined age was 320 years whereas that of most of the other teams was nearer to 240 years! However, the golf handicap system ensures fair play and [spoiler alert] although we did not win, we were not last!

We set off from the 1st tee in good spirits and enjoyed an excellent day's golf ... despite the 32 degree heat and the need for plenty of liquid refreshment and a good lunch. **As things turned out**

our team managed to collect no fewer than five prizes – including a £25 voucher, a bottle of Irish Whisky and some golf balls for beating the club professional in a special competition on the 11th hole. All in all, a memorable day.

It will be great if we can keep our mini-Phoenix going for while. All OBs who are members of a golf club and have a current golf handicap will be most welcome to meet for an informal game. Just say the word.

Nigel Courtney

nigel@courtney.net; 07802 895756

ED: It could be said that all good things refuse to die

De Lisle ‘Gathering’

(En France)



Bertie de Lisle's 80th

Edwin, Gerard, Bertie, Hubert

UKRAINE

Bertie and son Ed made it there and back at the beginning of May. It was pleasing that over half the funds to buy the much needed medical supplies were raised by members of the BU.

THANK YOU ON BERTIE'S BEHALF.

GONGS.

We are probably 'passed it' for receiving awards whether they be New Year or King's Birthday but you never know, so I give the list a perusal when published.

This June I note the Award of an MBE to Captain Richard Sheehan The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards.

Richard (St John's and Eton) is the son of **Richard (64)** and I sent a congratulatory message and that I expected a bottle of Pol Roger was on ice (preferred champagne for the RSDG): a bit late -It had already been enjoyed.

Richard's award was for his work with the newly created **UK Space Command.**
A possible "Dan Dare" for the future?

ONE FOR THE LUNCH

I heard from **Ed Monaghan (62)** who has every intention of making it to The lunch.
So COME ANMD JOIN HIM

Ontario Stage

Chronicling a Love Affair with Canadian Theatre

About This Site



My name is Kelly Monaghan. Herewith, a few words about this site. I'm a retired travel writer and publisher with an abiding interest in theatre, especially repertory theatre. Despite the frequent use of the word "Rep" in the names of many American theatre companies, repertory theatre is an endangered species in the United States and virtually extinct in my little corner of the world — Connecticut, where tradition is a way of life™.

But the repertory ideal is alive and well in Ontario, Canada, home to the Stratford and Shaw Festivals. Perhaps because of the ways in which these two august institutions develop and nurture young talent, Ontario is also blessed with amazing actors, most of whom, bless their hearts, have resisted the lure of the obscene wealth and tawdry fame they see across their southern border.

In 2009, thanks to a Canadian friend's recommendation that I check out a TV show called [*Slings and Arrows*](#), I belatedly discovered the Stratford Festival. One-week stays turned into two weeks, turned into a month, turned into three months. Now my wife and I spend as much time as we can in Stratford. We gradually expanded our horizons beyond Stratford and now see much of what southwestern Ontario has to offer during the warmer months.

This site will document my continuing love affair with the richness of Canadian theatre and serve as a sort of *aide memoire* as, inevitably, the ephemeral experience of live theatre fades in my memory. I pay for all my tickets. In fact my wife and I are members of and contributors to most of the theatre companies this site reviews.

You are welcome to follow [@ontariostage on Twitter](#), where I will tweet out notices of new reviews as they are posted. Another option is to click on the RSS logo on the home page, which will send notices of all new posts to your favorite feed reader or news aggregator.

It needs no ghost come from the grave to tell you that these reviews represent my own opinion and that your mileage may differ. I write as a theatre lover, not as a professional critic. The members of that estimable confraternity strive to surf the

latest wave of the zeitgeist and write for posterity rather than the average punter wondering what to spend their hard-earned loonie on next weekend. That, too, is just my opinion and a jaundiced one at that. Since I have comfortably exceeded the three score and ten allotted by the Psalmist, my views may seem antediluvian to some. So be it.

Like Caesar's Gaul, the site is divided into three hopefully self-explanatory parts — Ontario, Elsewhere (because I see plays wherever and whenever I can), and Blog (where I will comment on whatever).

<https://ontariostage.com/about/>

HENLEY.

I heard from both John Flood and Paul Podesta as to who was to be seen and heard along the river bank.



John reports:

Together with **Robert Bruce** and **Mike Wortley** we again took our 5 sons to Henley. It was the very hot day and jackets were not required in Stewards. The racing was good as was the iced coffee. I saw no other OB there beyond our party which is I think a first. I have since heard from **Charlie Poels** that he saw me from the stand but by the time he had extricated himself, I had disappeared. He also saw **Paul Podesta** one of the days.



On Friday Mike and I joined **Patrick Burgess's** party which included **Mandy Bedford, Richard & MaryLu Sheehan, Nigel & Catherine Courtney, Bertie & Catherine de Lisle** and Roddy Clayton's widow **Diana Corbett**.

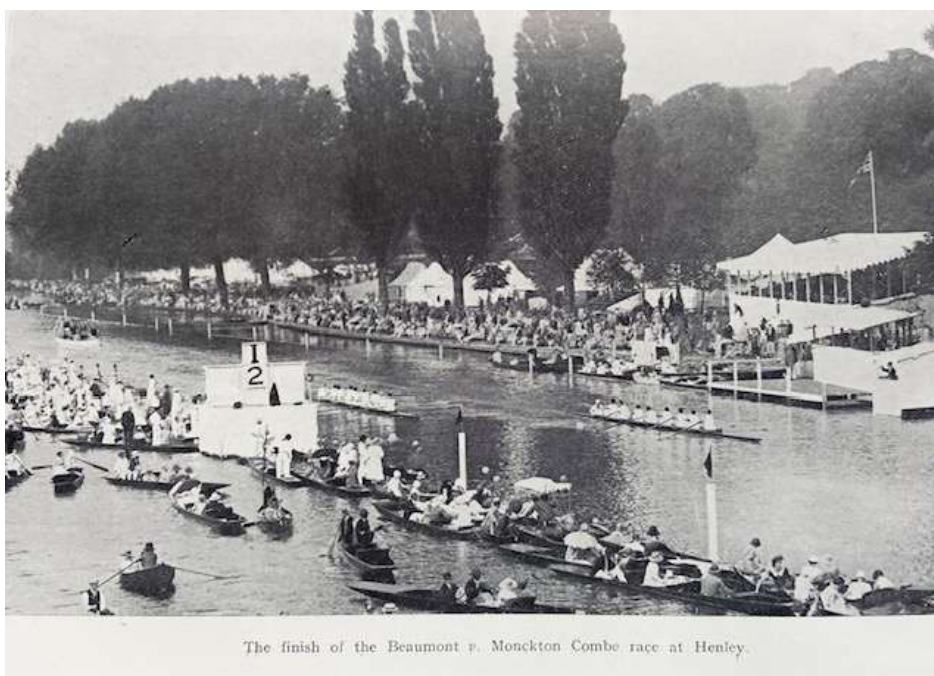


Photo of Beaumont beating Monkton Combe in 1925

Ed. The Princess Elizabeth this year was won by Shiplake beating St Paul's. I don't think Shiplake rowed or even existed in our day! Watching the replays, one is

amazed at the standard of rowing in the schools today and the coaching staff are by necessity full time professionals.



The Princess Elizabeth

LUNCH VENUE

I heard from both **Charlie Poels** and **Gerry Ford** that consideration be given to the LUNCH being moved to Beaumont in the spring. This is a 'hardy annual'.

My response to them was as follows:-

"A subject often discussed! The question has always been, when do OBs go on Hols – in the Spring or the Autumn: the answer is probably both! October has been the date since time immemorial even though it is close to Remembrance Sunday. While we remain a "Gentlemen only" event, London has always suited better rather than Beaumont with getting there and the drink/drive problem. (some of us may also be banned) .If it was the overall wish for wives, girlfriends, careers etc to attend then it could change. Currently the wish is for us to remain a male preserve. The Garden Party was a huge success and in many ways it would be fun to give it another go. I think at this stage, I will 'sound out' others – thinking of Fr Bamber we should not get 'bogged' down and with increasing age we may need to adapt.

You may think that is a "Bugger off" reply but I will put something in the next REVIEW and see if there is a further response."

Anyone wishing to put in their 'pennyworth'?

THE MOUNT TO CLOSE

What Irony! 60 years after we closed, news comes of the closure, with immediate effect, of The Mount.



From the Chairman of the Governors of **Mount St Mary's College**

It is with profound sadness and a heavy heart that I write to inform you of the immediate closure of Mount St Mary's College and Barlborough Hall School with effect from today, 30th July 2025. This decision has not been made lightly, and we understand the shock and distress this news will undoubtedly bring to our entire school community.

Mount St Mary's College and Barlborough Hall have been cornerstones of our community for nearly 200 years, providing a nurturing and faith-filled environment for generations of children. Since 2004, when the schools became an independent charitable trust governed by a dedicated board of trustees, we have sought to uphold the values of Jesuit education and provide an environment in which young people can grow, reflect, and flourish.

From 2015 onwards, the schools have faced increasing financial pressures, in line with the wider challenges affecting the independent education sector in the UK, including the addition of VAT on school fees and the removal of business rates relief for independent schools. Despite the extraordinary efforts of staff, parents, and supporters, the schools have been unable to reach a sustainable financial position.

Throughout this time, we have been supported by the Jesuits in Britain, to whom we are very grateful. In addition to gifting the school land, buildings, and investments when the trust was established, they have provided over £3 million in loans on generous terms to help sustain the schools through difficult years. These included deferred repayments, restructured agreements, and the release of property to enable sales – all intended to help us achieve long-term viability.

Since early 2025, governors and senior leadership have worked tirelessly to prevent the closure of the schools, seeking an alternative future to ensure continuity for pupils and staff. They engaged in complex negotiations to explore different financial models and to find a new owner who would respect the schools' ethos and build on their achievements. Initially, several educational organisations expressed interest, and one potential partner remained in detailed negotiations until the last few days.

However, despite these efforts, no viable option emerged. As of the end of July, the level of debt and lack of a realistic path to financial viability mean we have no alternative but to proceed into Administration. We know this will be met with sadness, disappointment, and even anger by those who love these schools. We

share that sorrow and are committed to being as open and supportive as possible in the weeks ahead. The Administrators have assured us that all options available for the future will be considered.

Our priority now, as we process this news, is the wellbeing of our pupils, their families, and our staff. There will be immediate challenges as the schools enter formal insolvency procedures, during which the appointed professionals will manage the next steps. Regrettably, all ongoing activities, including the Holiday Club, will end with immediate effect.

We recognise how sudden this news is, and we deeply regret the immense disruption and uncertainty it will cause for your families and, most importantly, for our pupils. The Board of Governors is committed to supporting everyone affected through this difficult path, and further practical information will be shared as soon as possible in the coming days and weeks.

We extend our deepest gratitude to our teachers and staff for their unwavering commitment, tireless work, and profound love for our pupils. Their impact on the lives of countless young people will be an enduring legacy.

We also want to thank each and every one of you, our parents, for entrusting us with the education and spiritual formation of your children. Your partnership and support over the years have been invaluable.

To our pupils, the beating heart of these schools, please know how proud we are of you. You have brought energy, joy, and life to the Mount and Barlborough. Our thoughts and care are with each and every one of you at this time of shock and sadness.

This is a truly heartbreaking moment for all of us. We ask for your patience and understanding as we enter the Administration process, and the exploration of all options available. Our prayers are with all our pupils, families, and staff during this incredibly difficult time.

ARTICLES

DUNHILL – more than just ‘Baccy’

A distinguished Colonel of my Regiment – The Earl of Cardigan who commanded The light Brigade at Balaclava said to the Paymaster “That is not a profession, that is a trade’. Certainly, in the past it might have been deemed rather vulgar but times have changed and as in all things some are more vulgar than others. I think it could be justifiably said that of all the Catholic Schools Beaumont and those associated with her have produced the most famous tradesmen, not for Beaumont JCB Diggers (Ampleforth) however useful they might be – no – it was luxury, refinement, quality

that was the hall mark. Charles Roskell the first boy was the son of one of the most famous watchmaker and silversmiths of his day when he worked with John Hunt. From there the list goes on – Champagne from Charles Heidsieck and Ayala, Wine from Murrieta, Sherry from Gonzales and Osborne, whiskey from Tullamore, Dewar and Buchanan, Cognac from Hennessy and Guillet, Couture from Chanel and Molyneux, Scent from Dyptique, Art from Knoedler, Leather from Connolly and sports cars from Frazer-Nash and Bentley not forgetting Swords from Wilkinson (Latham): to mention a few.

Anything missing? Finest tobacco and its accessories which brings me to the company of Alfred Dunhill. **Richard Dunhill** was at St John's and Beaumont 1936 – 42 and his younger brother **John** through the War from 1940-45.

So, what is the story of the company and the OB who would become its Chairman.



Richard as Master of the Worshipful Company Tobacco Pipe Makers

The following extracts are taken from various articles and interviews over the years:-

The Dunhill empire began in 1907 when Alfred Dunhill opened his tobacconist shop on the same site in Duke Street where the office and shop stand today. Richard Dunhill believed that his most valuable trait was adaptability. It was his grandfather's strength too. An entrepreneur and inventor, Alfred started work in his father's saddlery business. Smelling a whiff of petrol in the winds of change, his father turned to producing motor car accessories such as big mittens foot warmers and special hats. The Dunhill talent for inventing ingenious gadgets soon manifested itself with Alfred wind-resistant pipe whose tiny windshield stopped the tobacco from becoming an inferno as drivers tore along the roads in their cars. The success of this invention prompted him to open his own business, specializing in smoker's requisites.

Alfred's first customers were apparently spoilt young fops with silver-topped canes and amber cigarette holders who revelled in the indulgence of having their personal blends mixed by the owner, recorded in his special book, and kept in a private humidor. Dunhill's famous cedar-panelled Humidor Room, filled with the Havana cigars that connoisseurs dream about, is still located at the back of the Duke Street shop.

Besides demonstrating a flair for creating a mystique around a commonplace activity, Alfred was determined to succeed by providing his customers with the best of everything and his philosophy that his merchandise must be useful, dependable, beautiful and the best of its kind, has remained Dunhill's guiding principle to this day

Alfred retired from the business in the 1920s and ran off with his mistress and the position of managing director and President went to his brother Herbert who was a financial wizard and ran the company from Monte-Carlo. Alfred's son Vernon who had joined him in the business died young in 1938: he was the father of Richard and John.

On leaving Beaumont, Richard did war service in the Army before joining the firm in 1948 and went to work "at the absolute bottom," sweeping floors and unpacking parcels: He never had any doubts about someday being the boss. "I wouldn't have stayed otherwise," he declares. , Richard Dunhill delights in having spent his entire working life in the service of the same company. He has never wanted to do anything else. "Ever since I was at school, I assumed that if I behaved myself I would become a director. That has always been my ambition." "Starting at the bottom taught me a great deal about the company. Besides, all I knew when I started was how to stick bayonets into people and how to signal in morse code! I certainly wasn't spoilt. I learnt a lot about pipes and lighters working in the repair division! In the wholesale order department, they gave me a car, which otherwise I couldn't afford."

Although Dunhill became a public company in 1923, Richard is the third generation Dunhill to be its chairman. "It is desirable for the head of the company to be identified with its products," he says. "The tradition which my grandfather started has been maintained because the family was more conscious of his standards than other would have been. This gives continuity to the company and confidence to the customers."

His Aunt Mary who preceded him as Chairman was a grandmother figure who occasionally smoked a pipe. An astute businesswoman who expanded and diversified the company's operations, she was so dynamic that on the day she died, at the age of 81, she was out inspecting new merchandise!.

If Richard Dunhill didn't exist, his company would probably invent him. No casting agency could have selected a man so perfectly tailored for his role as Chairman of the Board. With his aristocratic head of silver hair, sculptured

grey beard and urbane manner, he looks like an elder statesman; he epitomizes the qualities which his firm represents, and to which its customers devoutly aspire: elegance, refinement and class.

Mr. Dunhill bears a striking resemblance to his grandfather Alfred who founded the firm, even to the pipe he puffs. While we talk in his London office, the tobacco which he mixes for himself from 16 exotic blends perfumes the stately room with a sweet yet masculine aroma that suggest after-dinner port taken in the library. Such is his air of understatement that even his solid gold laticed watchband seems to peer discreetly from inside the immaculately stitched sleeve of his classic grey suit.

The man whom staff called "Mr. Richard" has an avuncular twinkle in his eye but wisps of gentle monkey curl about the office along with the smoke. Richard Dunhill's style displays nothing so blatant as charisma, and his well-bred distance owes more to reticence than remoteness. Finesse restrains him from claiming any personal credit for the company's achievements. He recoils visibly when confronted with personal questions and ascribes the firm's success to team effort.

Richard Dunhill's identity is so tightly interwoven with the firm that when asked about his own personal goals, he quips, "Well, they can't promote me any further! As Chairman I've reached the end of the line, but what drives me now is the challenge of ensuring that this company continues to make profits and superbly crafted products."

Besides demonstrating a flair for creating a mystique around a commonplace activity, Alfred was determined to succeed by providing his customers with the best of everything and his philosophy that his merchandise must be useful, dependable, beautiful and the best of its kind, has remained Dunhill's guiding principle to this day.

Imaginatively designed, superbly crafted products, sometimes with a whimsical touch, have always been Dunhill's trademarks, but over the decades their ingenuity has been tested by the eccentric requests of some of their illustrious patrons.

The list of Dunhill's patrons reads like a who's who, not just of English aristocracy but all the royalty of Europe as well as the shakers, movers and entertainers of the world. Winston Churchill made some of his most vital decisions while smoking Dunhill cigars, as did John F. Kennedy. Frank Sinatra, Henry Kissinger, Sammy Davis Jr. and Anwar Sadat were other discerning customers. Over the years clients browsing in the House of Dunhill rubbed shoulders with Anna Pavlova, Somerset Maugham, Rudolph Valentino, the Marx Brothers. Before the War they held Royal warrants from Edward Prince of Wales and King George VI. In 1963 the firm received the ultimate stamp of approval in the Royal Appointment to the Queen.

Alfred Dunhill's inventive smoking accessories have become collectors' items. His most spectacular success was the "Unique" lighter in 1924. For the first time smokers had a reliable lighter whose horizontal flywheel mechanism made it spark every time, and which they could hold and operate in one hand. Luxury variants of the Unique lighter followed, one with a built-in watch. A sports model for open cars featured a windscreen around the flame. In 1930 a "Vanity" version for women incorporated a powder puff and lipstick. Always ahead of competitors, Dunhill went on to produce giant table lighters and pocket lighters, perfecting the mechanism with the roller technique and improving the fuel by introducing butane gas.(Ed; my wife Annie cannot be the only OB spouse to have cherished her Dunhill lighter)

The man who buys a Dunhill product is also purchasing a distinctive image: gold standard masculinity coupled with an understated English elegance. Alfred Dunhill laid the foundation of this gentlemanly pipedream in the gracious days of Empire; today descendants continue to pander to the same nostalgic ideals with equal success. The Dunhill label seeks to confer membership to an exclusive club of English gentlemen who value quality above flair, tradition above trend. Unlike self-indulgent French bon vivants, or lusty Italians who pursue la Dolce Vita, the quintessential Dunhill gentleman reveres restraint, moderation, classical styles and subtle colours.

If you enter the Alfred Dunhill shop in London's West End, the liveried doorman will usher you into the elegant showroom. Points of light from the chandeliers danced on the intricately patterned parquet floor, on which lay an antique Persian rug. Arranged against wood-panelled walls and in glass-topped display cases was a selection of Dunhill merchandise: wallets, lighters, belts, ties umbrellas, pyjamas, shirts, suits, raincoats, travelling bags, sunglasses, toiletries, watches, pens and cufflinks.

Raising the question of price with the Chairman of Dunhill is a little like discussing the issue of privilege with the Queen: you know ahead what the reply will be, but you are not prepared to press your argument. "We place quality above everything, regardless of the time and effort involved, and many people are prepared to pay for our quality. We select the finest fabrics, and have our merchandise made by consummate craftsmen wherever we find them. So our lambswool is made in Scotland, pens in Germany, watches in Switzerland, fashions in Italy, and pipes here in England."

Alfred Dunhill once said that no gentleman is truly well-dressed without the subtle note of a fine masculine fragrance. He introduced fragrance into the range in 1936, but this aspect of Dunhill's merchandise was not successful until the new *Editions fragrance and grooming range was launched in 1985.*

Its distinctive sensual perfume of wild herbs and exotic spices results from a subtle blending of Italian lemon, petitgrain and Alpine lavender oils, with clary sage, basil and Asian galbanum, cedar and sandalwood.

At the far end of the shop are the smokers' requisites, their unobtrusive location an indication of this division's reduced role among Dunhill's enterprises. Twelve years ago, smokers' products accounted for almost 100% of the firm's sales: today they represent only 8%.

In 1981, Dunhill sold its tobacco business to Rothman's International, who continue to produce Dunhill brand cigarettes under licence. Rothman's is the major shareholder in Dunhill with a 50.6% holding. Like an empire built on slavery in its early years, Dunhill today plays down its association with tobacco. "We're a bit embarrassed about it," said Mr Dunhill, thoughtfully puffing on his pipe.

Behind the counter in the Dunhill showroom, an assistant weighs out 50 grams of rich Atlanta tobacco for a customer. Its deliciously intense aroma makes one's head swim. The wall is decorated with pipes, some as glossy as newly opened chestnuts, others knobbled with a shell finish. Each has the distinctive Dunhill mark, a white dot.

"Our pipes go through 90 processes before they are ready, and the mouthpiece is hand cut, not moulded," Richard Dunhill explains. "Our expert at the factory rejects 98% of all the pipes during some stage of their production because he finds cracks, splits or holes. It's true that you can buy a pipe for 25 pounds while ours cost from 70 pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds, but ours are perfect."

During the last ten years, under Richard Dunhill's direction, men's clothing has been introduced. "It has required a dramatic change of thinking for us to produce two new collections each year after producing merchandise that never dated," he said. Apart from their classic blazers and flannel slacks this summer customers will also be able to select clothes from Dunhill's current Varsity Collection, with its nostalgic evocation of languid college days.

"Our biggest change recently has been the introduction of strongly colour coordinated clothes," said Mr Dunhill. The Varsity collection even Co-ordinates belt and umbrellas! Richard Dunhill is amazed by the success of their menswear division. "It has certainly been one of our greatest triumphs, that after only 12 years we have become the largest supplier of luxury ties in the world!

The success of Dunhill's enterprise in Japan is probably unequalled by any other British company. Dunhill has 30 boutiques in Japanese department stores, each one an oasis of understated indulgence. Japan now accounts for one third of all its business.

Perhaps the biggest surprise in recent years has been Dunhill's acquisition of the French women's fashion and fragrance house, Chloe, which will continue under its own brand name. Dunhill have negotiated ready-to-wear licences for Chloe and Miss Chloe in Japan.

"Our basic strategy will continue to be the creation of a major international enterprise by acquisition and by internal growth," said Mr. Dunhill. "We expand further into fashion and custom-made tailoring, footwear, and we'll acquire more brand names. We have 700 million pounds available in cash. Who knows - we may get into sports services, perhaps even entertainment. The sky's the limit."

During Richard's tenure they also sponsored the Queen's Cup High Goal Polo tournament at Guards.

DUNKIRK 85 years on

This year marked the 85th anniversary of DUNKIRK

15 years ago to coincide with the 60th anniversary of the withdrawal of the BEF in the Spring of 1940 and their extraordinary rescue, Dan Snow produced a documentary entitled Dunkirk for the BBC. Much of the material concerning the army experience was drawn from the War diary kept by **Captain John Drummond of the 2nd Bn of The Royal Ulster Rifles. John Drummond left Beaumont in 1928.**



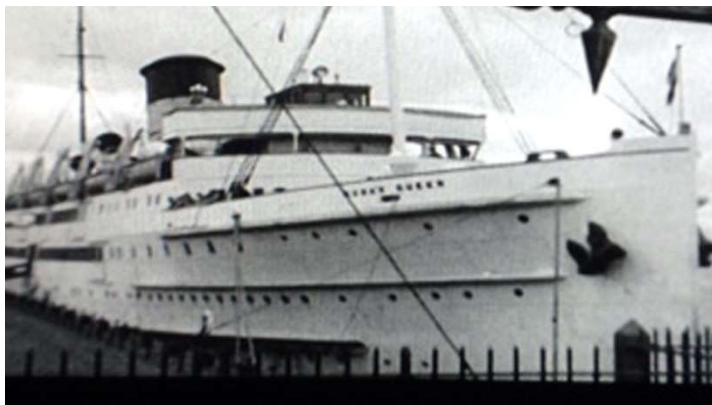
John was born 1910 the youngest son of Henry Drummond of the banking family and the Hon Lilian Russell younger daughter of the 1st Lord Russell of Killowen. He was brought up at the family home at Henley and sent to Ladycross before coming to Beaumont in 1922. He played cricket in the First XI and was Captain of the School in 1927 -8. He gained a place at Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Royal Ulster Rifles. He saw service in Egypt and Hong Kong between 1932 to 1940 and

was promoted Captain in 1939 and appointed Adjutant of the 2nd Bn, Royal Ulster Rifles: the following is taken from his diaries.

On 1st September 1939, 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles received orders to mobilise. Over the next 3 days, 208 reservists from Co. Armagh joined the unit at Parkhurst Barracks, Isle of Wight.

During the next 6 months, they became part of 9th Infantry Brigade, 3rd Infantry Division. There, as part of the British Expeditionary Force, they came under the command of Major General Bernard Montgomery. On 3rd September 1939, Britain declared war on Germany and 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles departed Parkhurst.

They next arrived at a concentration area to partake in divisional exercises at near Maiden-Newton, Dorset. Training and drills took place until 3rd October 1939, when the unit boarded a train at Sherborne, Dorset. From there, they journeyed to Southampton, Hampshire and 717 men boarded a vessel for France. 'Mona's Queen' was an old, cramped Isle of Man steamer. Riflemen overcrowded the decks and there was no provision for a hot meal on the cold, wet, and rough journey to Cherbourg. Seasickness amongst the men was common.



On arriving in Cherbourg, the Battalion boarded another train and travelled through the night. On disembarking at Sillé-le-Guillaume, the unit then faced a 5 mile march to their billets at Parennes. Within a few days, the Battalion once again embarked on a cross country train. The destination was Templemars, which they reached on 12th October 1939. Again, the unit would remain here for only a number of days. On 14th October 1939, they departed for Lezennes near Lille. This would be their home until 10th May 1940.

They would remain in the old medieval village until the German attack of 10th May 1940. Beneath the village lay a maze of ancient underground passages and near the village stood a medieval fort, now a green mound. On the top of this fill stood 2nd Battalion's regimental flag and the site acquired the name Ulster Fort. The name Ulster, however, could not be used when speaking to war correspondents. This is the extent of wartime security even in 1939.

Their job Lezennes was to dig. The entire Battalion would dig into the east of the village in anticipation of a German attack. Digging was a formidable and unpleasant job in the cold and wet weather of the winter of 1939 but as Major General Bernard Montgomery was to say

It's alright then – the Rifles are there.

Eight months into the “Phoney War”, on 10th May, Germany invaded the Low Countries. The British Expeditionary Force invoked Plan D leaving the defences behind and advancing into Belgium. 3rd Infantry Division took up position on the River Dyle. 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles deployed to the city of Louvain. They covered a wide front of around 2,200 yards, manning approaches to the city.

On the way to Louvain, the Battalion heard many rumours and false reports. One such report stated the enemy was using chlorine gas and so most of the Battalion arrived in the town wearing respirators. The smell hanging in the air, in fact came from an electric battery factory destroyed by Luftwaffe bombing.



The Rifles dug in, laid mines, and waited. The first sight of the enemy was a motorcycle unit. The Rifles took it out with a burst of fire from a Bren Gun. The first Royal Ulster Rifles shots of the War had been fired. By nightfall, the Battalion engaged all along the railway line of Louvain. They fought like experienced veterans for five days holding the town in the face of artillery and mortar fire.

During the evening of 14th May 1940, the Belgian unit interspersed within the Rifles' ranks dispersed. Under particularly heavy mortar-fire, orders came down the line for

the Belgians' withdrawal. At 2100hrs, they got on their bicycles and disappeared into the night. Reports suggest the Rifles accepted this move "quite calmly".

At 0530hrs, the Rifles opened a Battalion Headquarters at Louvain Town Hall. Soon after, the German Army penetrated the line at the railway station but a counterattack from the Rifles restored the situation.

The morning of 16th May 1940 began with order restored in the Battalion's area. There had been some fighting overnight and the Rifles held the Railway Station entrance, the subways, and one platform.

Less than 25 yards away, the enemy held the opposite platform. They also held an embankment overlooking the station as well as the houses along its top. From behind the cover of railway cars at the station, German snipers and machine gunners operated. Gunfire and grenades smashed the glass roof of the railway station and tore down the boulevard.

During the day, German troops entered the station yard after blasting with heavy artillery fire. A counterattack from the Rifles with grenades and Bren Gun repelled the enemy and they made no further efforts at this point.

Discussions had taken place outside of the Royal Ulster Rifles' knowing. The British Expeditionary Force in other areas was under great threat and soon the Rifles would receive orders to withdraw to Brussels. That evening, the Battalion would march 21 miles along paved roads to a spot a few miles outside of the Belgian capital.

The withdrawal was quiet and uneventful with only an occasional shell burst sounding over the city. Many of the Riflemen were sad to leave Louvain. They felt their 5 days there had been a success and their local knowledge would help hold the city for longer. They had also become something of locals themselves, helping evacuees and locals.

At 0600hrs on 17th May, 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles arrived in the Belgian capital. Despite the sleepless nights and long marches, the Battalion. The troops rested for 2-3 hours awaiting the arrival of more troops on vehicles. From Brussels, 2nd Battalion marched on a further 9 miles to the town of Leeuwerghem. Roads jammed with infantrymen, civilian refugees, and military vehicles slowed down progress. The Battalion established their position shortly after 1830hrs.

On the morning of 18th May, the enemy carried out some shelling of the Battalion's position causing some casualties. The Rifles also fought off some enemy motorcycles and light tanks, though compared to the fighting in Louvain, it was less pressing. Again, news from the other BEF fronts was not good and the following day would see the Battalion withdraw once again.

At 0800hrs on 19th May, the Battalion was to withdraw some 33 miles in broad daylight. This time, there were no troop-carrying lorries. The Rifles destroyed more non-essential items and made use of commandeered civilian vehicles to aid in the retreat.

By noon, much of the Battalion was in Tieghem, 6 miles from Oudenaarde. There, they enjoyed a short rest and several mugs of tea with the hope that a quiet night of sleep might follow. It soon became clear that 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles was the first line of defence and by 1830hrs, soldiers were dug in along the Courtrai-Bossuyt Canal. They held ground there for the next 3 days and enjoyed some of the advantages of a countryside not yet ravaged by the enemy. There were cream, eggs, butter, and even champagne to be had if one knew where to ask. The Battalion diaries suggest an Officer even had a shave using some hot gin.

The Battalion made it to Tourcoing near the border between France and Belgium. On 24th May 1940, German High Command gave an inexplicable "halt" order. Panzer Divisions stopped for 2-3 days in places while their forces replenished. This gave the Allied soldiers some respite and a chance to dig in stronger points of resistance. The order in the British Expeditionary Force was:

Fight to the last man, and the last round.

The Battalion enjoyed a 5-day rest, catching up on sleep, checking supplies, and tending to personnel. By this stage of the retreat, it was accepted that men would help themselves to milk and eggs from farms, and other stock from abandoned NAAFI stores.

The battle for France was all but over. Still around 50 miles from the sea, many were predicting re-embarkation and hoping for a journey home.

The peace and tranquility at Tourcoing could not last. At 1900hrs on 27th May The Rifles would be going into uncertain territory armed with Bren Guns and Anti-Tank Rifles. The enemy was once again on the move and the fighting retreat continued and by the end of the night, the Battalion had moved 18 miles to the banks of the Yser Canal at Boezinge.

As day broke on 28th May, the Battalion dug in at Boezinghe. Throughout the morning, they came under mortar fire and sustained casualties among the forward Platoons. That evening, the entire Battalion withdrew once more to Woesten, 4 miles to the west. By this stage, the Battalion had run out of maps. At the beginning of the campaign, they had a truckload of them but no one had predicted the hasty 95-mile retreat.

As early as 0430hrs on 29th May they were under fire at Woesten. This began one of the worst days of the campaign for the Battalion. Their position on a forward slope

offered little cover. Despite digging decent slit trenches, the Battalion sustained a number of casualties. The Battalion Headquarters also took a direct hit causing even more casualties.

Orders came early in the day for a further withdrawal to Bulscamp that evening. The plan was to move after dark. The afternoon saw the Battalion destroy blankets, packs, valises, greatcoats, and groundsheet. This would free up space in the available transport. They also burned documents, clothing, and extra kit. By nightfall, the Battalion was ready to move.

German troops used the failing light to attempt more infiltrations of the Allied line. A concerted attack came at 2030hrs, leaving forward Platoons almost in hand-to-hand combat until their scheduled fallback time. The Anti-Tank platoon lost their 2 guns and many troops became prisoners.

Those who escaped began the 12-mile march north-west to Bulscamp. Troops and vehicles of almost every Division of the Expeditionary Force wound up the main Ypres-Furnes Road. The main force crossed the Yser Canal well within the range of enemy guns. On arrival at Bulscamp, soldiers found the main bridge destroyed. A pontoon bridge replacement also burned. Heavy shelling fell around the area and in the chaos, the Battalion located a minor road where another smaller bridge crossed the canal 3 miles further west. It took 6 hours to cover the 12 miles.

At 1000hrs on 30th May, the Battalion began to dig in again although found much of the area flooded. At a farmstead with a view over the surrounding area, the Battalion established their Headquarters. As well as the Officers of the Rifles, the farm was home to several refugees who had sought shelter in the basement.

When Quartermaster Lieutenant Henniker arrived at Headquarters, he brought no rations. By this stage, the Rifles had its own teams of cow milkers, fowl catchers, and pig butchers. In the farmhouse, Major Benson lay down on a comfortable feather bed to enjoy a quick smoke, awaking several minutes later to find it on fire. Apart from this accidental drama and some light shelling, it was a quiet day for the Battalion.

All your countrymen have been following with pride and admiration the courageous resistance of the BEF during continuous fighting of the last fortnight. Faced by circumstances outside their control, under a position of extreme difficulty, they are displaying a gallantry that has never been surpassed in the annals of the British Army. The hearts of every one of us at home are with you and your magnificent troops in this hour of peril.

Message from King George VI read to 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles.

Early on 31st May 1940, a Brigade conference took place to organise the final withdrawal to Dunkirk. The plan was for the Brigade to embark that night and return

to the United Kingdom. Occasional shelling interrupted the conference, which lasted several hours. Commanding Officers attempted to lay out as much detail as possible. 3rd Division and 4th Division were to board ships during the night of 31st May 1940, although no one knew what shipping was available.

Reception camps at La Panne were set up where soldiers from each Battalion would reconnoitre. Guides would lead them into Dunkirk in groups of 200. Division control staff would take over and direct soldiers to temporary piers and onto waiting vessels. The Battalion was only to carry Bren Guns, Anti-Tank Rifles, Rifles, and 100 rounds of ammunition. Orders came to destroy everything else including transport and communications equipment. Once completed, the Battalion would hold position until 0230hrs on 1st June. Embarkation would take place at La Panne until 0400hrs and at Bray-Dunes afterward. Throughout the day, enemy activity increased, the pounding of shells, and the rattle of machine guns grew ever closer.

At 0230hrs on 1st June 1940, 7th Field Regiment of the Royal Artillery, still supporting 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles fired their final shell. Bridges to La Panne remained intact although under heavy mortar and shell fire. The town itself burned and confusion and chaos reigned. Control Staff who had been regulating movement had gone and the Battalion failed to find their reception point. Captain Drummond decided the town was unsafe and as one, the Battalion made for the beaches.

By this stage of the Battle, both C Company and D Company were down to 50 soldiers per Company. They rearmed with abandoned Anti-Tank Rifles and Bren Guns and fought onwards.

The rest of C Company and D Company made it to Dunkirk early on 1st June. The future General Bredin fell exhausted on an Isle of Man Steamer. He convinced the Captain to overfill the vessel to ensure all his Company got on board. To his surprise, he found a steward onboard in white uniform serving the soldiers. The steward asked if he could bring the commander anything. Bredin asked, in hope, if he could have a beer. The steward informed him that ship policy dictated alcohol could only be served when more than 3 miles out.

That convinced him that we would win the war!



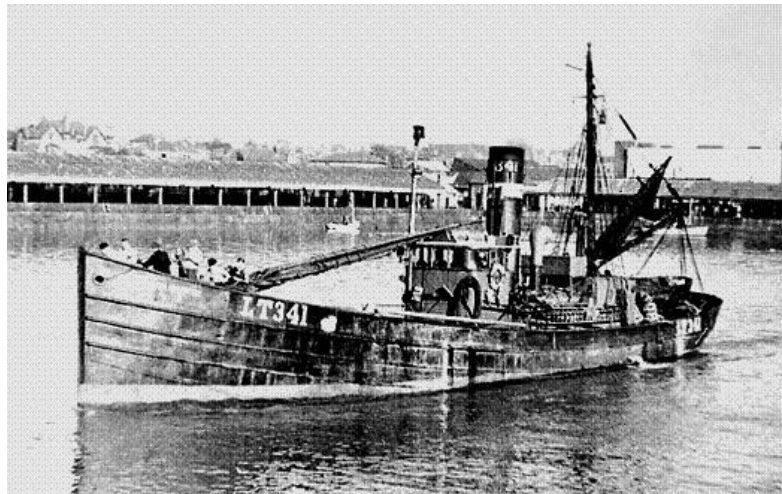
At sunrise on 1st June, the remaining troops of 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles set off for Dunkirk. The 11-mile march through soft sand halted frequently as Messerschmitts strafed and bombed the coastline. German planes crossed the skies every few minutes. Allied planes arrived around once an hour. The Battalion waited for a time at Bray-Dunes where they hoped ships might come into a makeshift pier. A thick cloud of black smoke hung over Dunkirk as the Rifles approached marching as one.

At 1100hrs, the leading soldiers of the Battalion boarded a Destroyer at the Dunkirk Mole. While boarding, the Destroyer pulled away to assist with an SOS call from the sinking SS Scotia. With only a short wait on the Dunkirk Mole, the rest of 2nd Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles boarded another Destroyer. Their crossing of the English Channel was quick and uneventful. With members of the Battalion crossing on ships small and large, they reassembled at Somerset a week later. There, they took stock. Initial reports indicated a total of 34 soldiers killed, 70 injured, and a further 70 taken prisoner of war. In total, more than 340,000 soldiers of the British Expeditionary Force returned from Dunkirk.



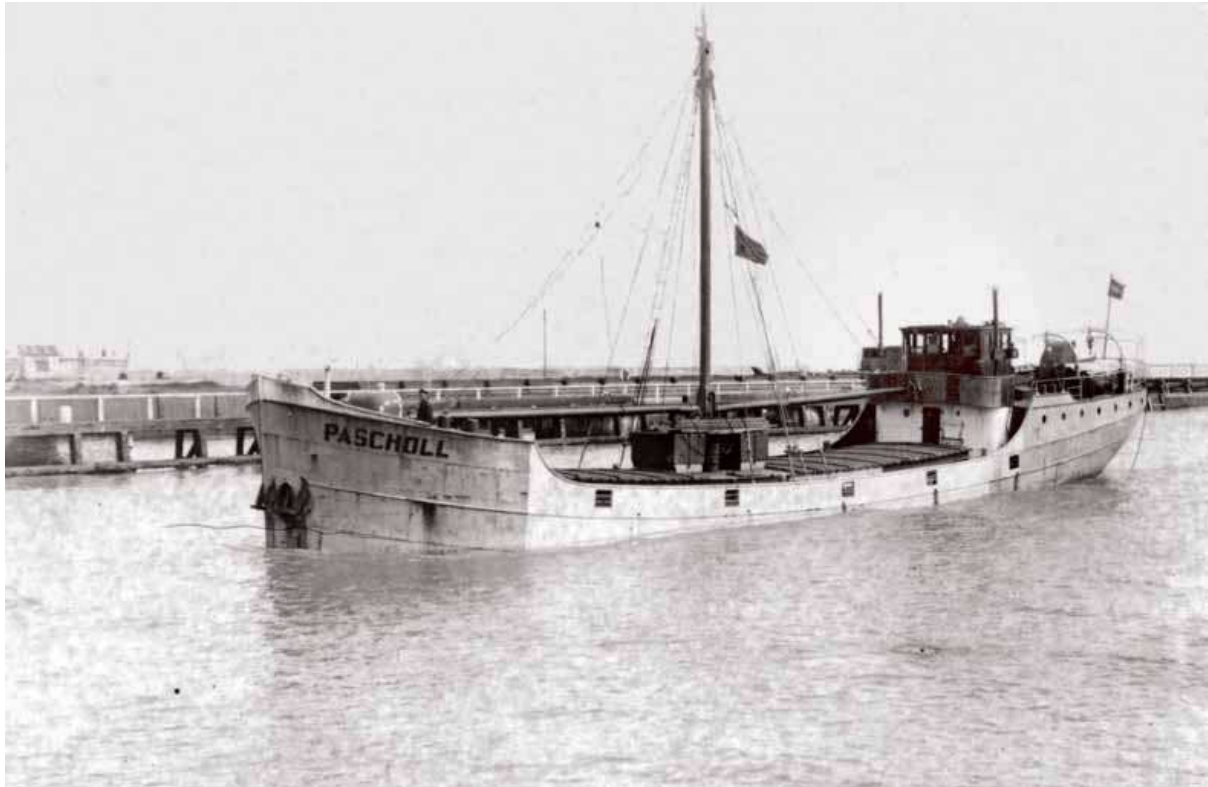
Victor Alexander Christian Henry George de Mauny (Source: christies.com)

With War coming, Victor was recalled as a Naval reservist and was posted to *HMS Fervent* the shore establishment based at Ramsgate in the old “Merrie England” amusement arcade. Once it became evident that the BEF would have to be withdrawn from Belgium and France, preparations (Operation Dynamo) were put in place and Victor was given command of *HMS Ocean Breeze* a 112 ton Drifter used as a contraband control vessel. His “salty bosun” George still wore his privateer’s gold earrings below his steel helmet as they set out on their first run on the 30th May.



HMS Ocean Breeze

Ocean Breeze ferried 259 men off the Bray sand dunes north of the town on two trips across the Channel. Victor also commanded the motor launch *Haig* bringing out a further 60 men. Next he took the Dutch Skoot *Pascholl* over: Skoots were Dutch motor coasters, flat bottomed and ideal for the beach evacuation. De Mauny was able to bring back a further 695 men, 300 of which were on the final journey on 4th June.



The Dutch Skoot *Pascholl*

For these actions, he was mentioned in dispatches (*The London Gazette* of Friday, August 16, 1940). The recommendation states:

“Between Noon on 30 May and 0815 Hours on 4 June 1940, Lieutenant De Mauny was continuously engaged under way on evacuation duties without any intermission. He commanded in succession Ocean Breeze, Haig and then as Navigator of a group of Skoots, commanding the Pascholl. He brought back more than 300 troops from Dunkirk beach in surf conditions on two separate occasions and was notably more successful than other small craft working in the same areas. On 31 May, when he was eight hours off the coast, his ship was subjected to continuous air attack. He displayed great devotion to duty under fire, and marked initiative, and was favourably reported upon by his Senior Officers on more than one occasion.”

In October 1940 Victor was promoted to Lt-Commander and posted to the destroyer *HMS Brighton*. This ship was originally the USS Cowell built in 1918 and was part of the lend-lease scheme of 1940. She joined the 1st Minesweeper Squadron in the North Atlantic approaches and was also involved in convoy duties. In August 1941 he was given command of the *Saltburn*, a mine sweeping sloop but they were not deployed and were attached to the Navigation School at Portsmouth. It was not until 1943 that he went on operations again, in command of *HMS Mallard* built in 1936 as a patrol vessel with a 4inch main armament eight other subsidiary guns, depth charges and a top speed of 20knots. She had a crew of sixty and was part of the

Corvette Flotilla deployed in the North Sea on escorting Coastal Convoys. For his services in *Mallard* including enemy action Victor was awarded the DSC. He finished his service in command of the destroyer *HMS Impulsive* with the rank of Commander.

GISS - GOSS



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

De Kerdrel
“Memories”

Boxing '59



The UNBEATEN team that claimed the 'scalps' of Merchant Taylors, Dulwich, Army Apprentices Arborfield, Wellington and the Gordon Boys.

Ant Stevens:-

I was dismayed to receive the news about Anthony de K. Although we haven't been in touch for years, we were good friends and several times I went to stay with him in Aldeburgh. We'd go duck shooting (and the occasional coypu) and a bit of sailing. More often we'd be the Cross Keys, challenging American visitors to darts and winning many a pint off them. Then there were the golden years of Beaumont boxing. I can't remember ever losing a match under the tutelage of Johnny (Corpse) Johnson and Major Roddy. (Did you know that he was nicknamed 'Corpse' in my father's day because he was so skeletally thin back then.)

Is **Euan Cameron** still around? I haven't seen him for a while either, but he was also a compadré.

Sadly, I will not be able to make Anthony's funeral – annoyed because I was up in Woodbridge only two weeks ago.

Gerry Ford:-

Anthony, Yes **Euan** is still with us -though very frail, in fact it was Euan that told me about Anthony, his wife 'Jane shared a flat many years ago with Bobby. We live in

Suffolk so I too am guilty that I never called on him. Years ago, when we ran our first restaurant and were very ignorant about food we went to supper in Woodbridge. He gave us fresh crab and a very rare bit of beef, neither of which I had experienced! When he opened the door of a very small terraced house his remark was " don't come in too fast or you will be out the back! " He made a great success of running Whistocks boat yard in Woodbridge selling expensive yachts.

Ant I am sure you remember us beating hell out of each other after rowing. I think Sass broke it up one day. "I think that is enough".

Yes happy days in the boxing team - Anthony was our captain in my last year. A part of us dies.

Ant Stevens again:-

Hi Gerry,

Good to hear from you. Yet again, we don't catch up except once in a blue moon. Did everyone remember Anthony arrived at St Johns with the surname Halsey? That was because his father was in the French resistance and only reverted back to his real name when it was safe to do so.

Maybe with age, I have got it wrong, but I think it was Anthony as secretary who decided to challenge Bryanston to a match (the idea arose because he was keen on a girl whose brother was there). Maybe Beaumont's reputation had travelled too far, but they declined to pick up the gauntlet.

Memories, memories... I trust you are still coasting along like me.

P.S. No, I don't remember the fight. I hope I didn't hurt you too much.

ED:-

Anthony was a yacht builder and broker based at Lowestoft firstly with Brooke and then Edmiston.

When MD of Brooke he built Atlantic Challenger 11 for Richard Branson that broke the record for the fastest trans-Atlantic crossing by a surface vessel in 1986.



Anthony on the left with Branson and a model of the proposed craft

Originally commissioned in 1984 by Branson as a record-breaking transatlantic superboat, Designed by Soni Levy, built from aluminium and equipped with a pair of 2,000hp MTU V12 turbo-diesel engines, this 72-foot brute of a boat cost a cool £1.5 million. It went on to complete the crossing from America to the UK in a time of just 80 hours and 31 minutes, taking a massive two hours off the previous mark. In the event, it was denied official recognition because of a couple of technicalities, but it was still an extraordinary achievement.

Next snippet was when Anthony was at Edmiston.

“Edmiston drops Lady Christina’s price by a whopping €12.5 million’
12 February 2009 • Written by Malcolm MacLean

news of a price cut that’s more than some large secondhand yacht cost in total.

Anthony de Kerdrel in the London office of Edmiston & Company announces that the price of Oceanco’s 62m Lady Christina has been reduced by €12.5 million to €52.5 million. Built in 2005, she offers lots of deck space as well as a comfortable, luxurious interior. The accommodation consists of a spacious master suite forward of the upper deck, with superb views through a semi-circle of windows, plus four guest cabins on the lower deck – all ensuite.

She had been owned by Monaco based businessman Lord Irvine Laidlaw also into classic cars and philanthropy.

Anthony's father who was in the French Army in 1940 was able to get to England at Dunkirk. He was commissioned into the Lancashire Fusiliers before joining SOE and dropped into Southern France as agent 'Lutine'. He was awarded an MC.

His brother Michael was also with the French Army but in Alsace and was not so lucky. However, through his mother's contacts with the Resistance he was able to escape to England by fishing vessel and submarine. He joined the RAF but was killed when his chute failed to open when his plane was hit over Holland in December 1944.

Their Mother:-



Edwina HALSEY DE KERDREL joined the organized Resistance through Boris Vildé in July/August 1940.

In 1940 and 1941, she served as a liaison between Paris and the Brittany group (Quimper) and regularly transported military intelligence and information concerning German troop movements, distributed the newspaper "Resistance" and made the necessary arrangements to enable the escape of several RAF airmen and British army officers on several occasions. She had, as early as the summer of 1940, placed her property in Kerambleiz and her apartment in Paris (24, bd de la Tour-Maubourg), at Boris Vildé's disposal; and from that time until July 1941, when she was forced to flee, she assisted Vildé and the organization with all the financial resources at her disposal. She was thus able to get a fairly large number of British people to leave by providing them with civilian clothing, food and money to return to England, either by the Spanish border or by the ports of Brittany.

She was also able to collect and give Vildé a lot of information about the Germans, as well as maps of Lorient and other places.

She also gave shelter to Intelligence Service agents with their transmitters, as well

as to a Polish aviator, who had escaped from the prison hospital in Quimper, whom she managed to get to leave for England with her son Michael in July 1941.

The Eulogy given by his Friend Peter Halkin

Anthony and I were close friends in London in the 1960s, but for the last 40 years or so - although we have seen each other spasmodically - I have very little knowledge of the various directions his life has taken, and I do not feel confident in talking to it.

Forgive me too for referring to these notes; in such a labyrinth of a life it's easy to get lost.

So here we go back to the 60s on our stroll down Amnesia Lane: try as I may to remember the first time I met Anthony - I think it must have been through **Euan** - I cannot be more specific than some time in 1963 (yes, famously between the lady Chatterley's ban and The Beatles first LP) but I do remember vividly when I first saw Anthony and Bobby - and doesn't that sound right! There are some names that seem welded together in our imagination; they were dancing at a party, not the fashionable twist or jive of the time but a bizarre cross between an 18th century Gavotte and a Morris Dance to 'I Want to Hold Your Hand' - rather prophetic as it turned out. I immediately thought them impossibly glamorous and unconventional and desperately wanted to be their friend.

Well, I got lucky: some weeks later I moved into 11 Ifield Rd (where in those days smart Chelsea stopped and rather less fashionable Fulham started) with Anthony and another Beaumont boy called **John Green**. At that time Anthony was employed by the north British rubber company as a junior executive. I remember the grey flannel suit and the odd socks - a career path which we all felt was both amusing and more than a little inappropriate in, well, so many ways!

In fact, shortly afterwards he gave his notice in as I moved in he moved on. Though the two events were, I hasten to add, not linked, it was just the first of many reinventions of himself; again I can't remember the exact chronology of his next move, but I do recall that we both found ourselves working temporarily at Selfridges, he on the cooked meats department I on the tobacco counter, and our friend **Michael Scott Moncrieff** on the biscuit counter. We all shared a floor manager called Mr Rook ('Rookie') and we all loathed him; he was cross, haughty and angry and he particularly took against anyone whom he considered posh. He detested me too by the way, so it was not an exclusive prejudice. One day a customer asked my advice about two boxes of cigars: 'What's the difference?' he demanded. Of course I had no idea, but I had a stab: 'I think it's just that one looks a little more opulent than the other', I offered. He bought the more opulent box and left. As he did so Mr Rook, spitting pins, pressed his inflamed face up against mine and said 'why do people like you use such posh words? Who do you think you are?', and he grabbed me by the collar. I pushed him instinctively away and miraculously he slipped and fell. At that point I dashed to the elevator and ran up to the top floor to get my P-45. On the way

out I passed through the cooked meats department there was Anthony with his cook's hat on. 'I've hit Rookie!' I lied. 'Good for you!', he said. 'I've given my notice in and I'm off!'. 'Hang on', he said, 'just hang on a moment'. I thought he was going to admonish me for my too-hasty reaction (after all, the rent was due). Ripping his hat off he came from behind the counter; 'I'm coming with you. I'm fed up with this place!'. And we spent the afternoon in the pub, and that was the end of that. I think we even managed to pay the rent.

Thereafter it gets a little hazy again, but magically he re-emerges out of the mist, his hair is longer and he's sporting Zapata moustache. He has bell-bottomed trousers, and I believe a yellow frilly shirt. Glory be! he has become hip, and the manager of Signals - London's - if not the world's - most avant-garde art gallery. Well, frankly, he would be wouldn't he. As James Irvine observes laconically, he was never docile; far from it, he was more and more ebullient. This is really the cutting edge of Swinging London - light shows, bubble machines, vibrating optical spectacles, shimmering reconstructed rainbows, and Anthony is the master of ceremonies. There are slightly self-conscious conversational references to Mick and Marianne and John and Paul too. It is also brilliantly seductive, and I am of course deeply envious.

The end of Signals came abruptly in 1966. However, it was all a psychedelic dream after all, but such fun.

At this point I am pounding dully away on a typewriter in Canterbury, writing thrilling copy for the Thanet School of Motoring, when the phone rang one morning; it is Anthony: 'Why don't you just come back to town. Forget all that advertising nonsense', he said, 'Let's start our own transport business carrying works of contemporary art to the continent'. And so began what we pretentiously called 'Wheels International', with - it has to be admitted - a little help from our friends. We bought a 5 tonne Ford high-sided van, and Anthony took out a lease on a Mews property in Notting Hill. Our aim was to service the rapidly-growing gallery scene in London and link it with Europe, and - rather surprisingly - it worked like a treat. In the first year we went to Paris fourteen times Venice three times, Berlin twice, and many other destinations between. If not rolling in it, we were doing pretty well financially. A friend of ours' mother in Paris was heard to say of our enterprise: 'L'argent coulait comme l'eau', and indeed it did for a time. One night in Paris we went to the much-vaunted Tour d' Argent for dinner; it was superb, and Anthony was in his element. He ordered, I remember, a bottle of 1950 St Emilion, his favourite. I had never tasted such nectar. The bill I remember came to the equivalent of £50 - an unheard of extravagance for 1966.

in order - let us say - to simplify transactions, we listed the contents of the van as 'architectural models'. Tariffs having to be paid on works of art, we knew they were so wacky that no customs official would question that description. Coming back through Harwich early one morning, however, just such an official asked us to break the seal and took a look at the contents of the van. We were pretty relaxed about it all at this point, when he grunted: 'Architectural models, you say? Funny that,

because they remind me of the work of Takis Vasilakis the Greek kinetic sculptor'. We had discovered the only customs official in the UK with a degree in contemporary art, and it hurt - it hurt the bank balance worse than our pride, I fear!

Equally bizarrely, one day on our return to London we dropped off some architectural models at Indica gallery. It was owned and run by our friend and sometime partner John Dunbar.

'Why don't you come back later tonight?', he asked. 'We are having a HAPPENING'. Intrigued, we did return that night, and were ushered into a dark basement, where about 30 people were sitting around a small round platform stage. A spotlight was focused on a sack bag filled with what looked like watermelons, which hung from a hook from the ceiling. The audience was mainly composed of young fashionably attired members of the counterculture. It was pretty dark, but in the second row was a chap in a white linen suit and rimless spectacles; a middle-aged man called Tony Cox distributed about 6 pairs of scissors amongst the spectators and invited them to take it in turns to make a cut in the bag. After some time and snipping, the integrity of the bag was weakened, and out fell a small Japanese woman whose naked body was painted black. She stepped forward, bowed to the spectators, and simply said: 'Yes'. To be honest, most people were stupefied by this, but the chap in the white linen suit laughed. I think you all know the outcome of this story - the woman's name was Yoko. the man's name was John, and - as history has proved - it certainly happened for them.

Unfortunately, the van caught fire in Provence shortly after this. The business collapsed, and that was the end of that one.

But nil desperandum Anthony had another idea - he would start his own gallery in Mayfair, with a charming but not altogether trustworthy partner called Robert Self. I think I only went there once, but I remember there was a huge optimism and the usual buoyancy. James recalls going to lunch with him and a number of what he calls 'hangers-on'. Anthony typically picked up the bill for the lot of them. Unfortunately, the gallery closed shortly afterwards - no fault of his own, but perhaps it may have been wise to inquire more into the credentials of his partner ...

But – EXCELSIOR – once more onwards and upwards - a lucky break introduced him to the world of ocean-going yachts -what else? Finally, he had found his vocation, and with ultimately an elaborate office off Piccadilly he set about yacht brokerage. It turned out (wouldn't it just?), that he had a considerable talent for salesmanship. I remember his telling me that one morning by the harbour in Cannes that he was having coffee, when a family -all in identical shell suits and speaking broad Scouse - sat next to him. One of the children pointed to a massive super-yacht and said: 'That one would do us dad!'. Many people would have turned away with a patronising smile, but not Anthony. He had instinctive intuitions about people; he introduced himself, and the next day they finalised a deal on that craft for five million pounds. Apparently, the dad was the founder of Matalan!

Anthony was life-enhancing. Of course, he could play the patrician card when he thought it appropriate; in the commercial world of luxury yachts it must have been an advantage - after all, he had what 99% of his clients couldn't buy - a family tree that could trace its roots to the Second Crusade - what he called - as Euan Cameron tells me - his 'Petite Noblesse'.

It's true that the coarser elements of our of our 'Arriviste' culture were not quite his scene. Let us say that he preferred the Public Bar to the Saloon.

If I were to try to describe him in terms of his literary counterparts,

He was Byronic in his looks, his vividity and his appetite for life.

He was Shelley-esque in his declared political radicalism.

He was Monsieur Rabelais in his gaiety of spirit.

He was Monsieur Escoffier in his love of and skill in French cuisine.

And - let us not hide from this - in his occasional caprices he resembled Mr Kenneth Graham's most famous and endearing hero more than a little!

In short, he was like the rest of us only more so - so much more in so many ways.

Of course, there were setbacks and periods of darkness and sadness, but, as Euan and in James remind me, he managed them with style and optimism. He was generally a lucky man but the greatest fortune he ever enjoyed he told me - many times - was meeting and marrying Bobby, who supported him, cherished him, consoled him reassured him – yes -and held his hand for over 60 years and with whom he had two beautiful children and three subsequent grandchildren who were his pride and joy.

I must at this point turn **to Stephen**, Anthony's youngest brother, whom I know he loved deeply and whose presence here today would have given him comfort and reassurance.

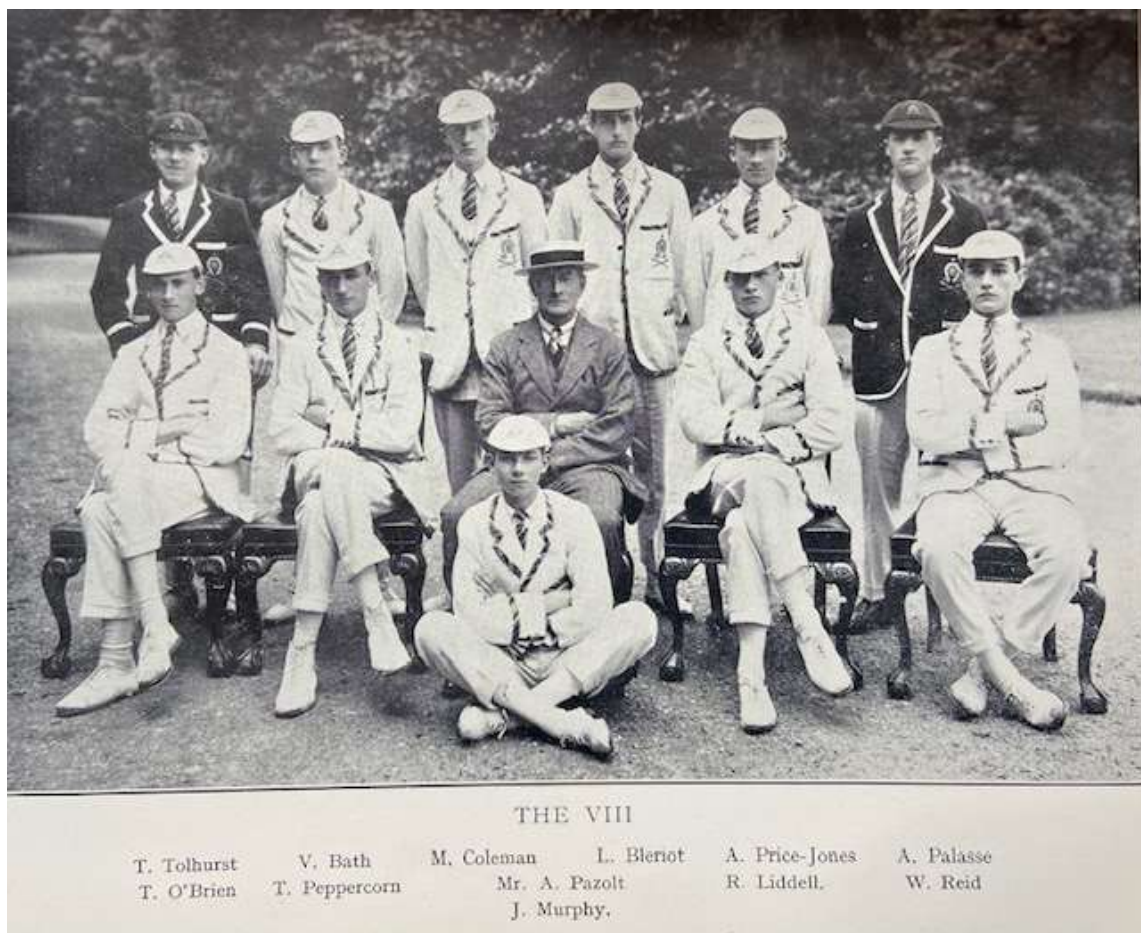
There are others here too for whom today has deep personal meaning. To them, to you all, I extend my deepest sympathy.

James and Euan want me to say that with his passing a part of them has passed too. I echo that sentiment.

So, Old Pal! Poop Poop! Onwards and upwards. Thanks for all the good times and as 'The Communion of Saints await your arrival I hope – no, I trust - that St Emilion will be foremost amongst them, with a rack of something to welcome and delight you. I bet he makes it 1950 vintage as well. Just save a glass for me, will you?

“LET THE BOAT SING”

I appreciate The Boat Race was some three months ago, but watching this event I noted that it is now sponsored by CHANEL: one wonders what Coco would have made of it. This together with the comments made about the nationalities of the various members of the crews took me back to 1922 when Coco's nephew and ward – **Andre Palasse** rowed in our 1st VIII. I'm not certain when The Boat Race crew composition started to change, we probably remember that in 'our day' it was dominated by the well-known rowing schools with Eton and Radley predominating, but it seems that Beaumont was ahead of the times.



Tom Tolhurst hadn't come far – from Gravesend Kent,. **Vivian Bath** was from Singapore and would end his days breeding thoroughbreds in Australia. **Maurice Coleman** from Athlone (father of Chris, Johnny and Nickolas). **Louis Bleriot**, son of the French aviator, **Anthony Price-Jones** from Alexandria, Egypt and then South Africa. **Andre Palasse**.

Terence O'Brien (The best oarsman we produced: see below). **Jim Peppercorn**, wine merchant (father of David Master of Wine). **Arthur Pazolt** from New York and elected to Leander. **Richard Liddell** (Norfolk). **William Reid** (of whom we know nothing!)

Owen Joseph Murphy (from Dublin)

Beaumont V Eton 2nd VIII

On June 27th, the 1st VIII rowed against the Eton 2nd VIII over the Henlev course at Old Windsor. The following is from the "Field".

Mr. Eric Powell, O.U.B.C., got the crews under way on an even start, both rowing 38 in 1 the first minute. Beaumont, with the Bucks station took a slight lead, but after the first minute the Eton crew, who averaged 1st. 6 lbs. per man more than their opponents rapidly drew ahead and won comfortably by three lengths in the fair time of 6 mins. 46 secs. The Eton 2nd VII, undoubtedly above the average, rowed with excellent judgement and dash. Beaumont, an exceptionally light crew average 9st. 12 lbs. per man), rowed a most plucky race. They spurred continuously, maintained their form, and rowed as a crew to the finish.

It was after this race that the following letter was received from Sir John Edwards-Moss the famous old Oxford Blue, and Claude Taylor Esq, the Cambridge Blue.

Dear Peppercorn,

In our drive back to Henley this afternoon we discussed the race which we had just had the pleasure of watching and that with the respective weights of the two crews before us. We were particularly struck with the manner in which your crew stuck together . right up to the end of what was a punishing and after the first few hundred yards, a hopeless race. Until we had the actual weights before us we had no idea that the discrepancy was so great. Nothing but extreme, almost a phenomenal, superiority of style could possibly have neutralised these natural advantages. Under any circumstances we could not have failed to appreciate the manner in which the Beaumont crew never once showed sign of flinching-still less of going to pieces. And when we found how inferior they were in weight and strength, and, as it appeared to us, maturity, we felt that we could not refrain from sending you a line to express our warm admiration of the extremely plucky race rowed by the crew which you had the honour of stroking, and we should like to beg you to convey our congratulations to your coach.



Photo: Unknown (2021) / Eusebio (2021) / Dutch National Archives (cropped)

Terence O'Brien was one of the best oarsmen of his day who was not a University Blue. At the age of 18, he was stroke to the London Rowing Club (LRC) eight in the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1925, and was stroke again the following year when LRC won the first Head of the River Race. It was the first of 10 consecutive wins for the London club. In 1927 O'Brien was again in the LRC boat in the Grand, but they were beaten by Thames RC. O'Brien, however, won the Silver Goblets that year with Archie Nisbet, who he had teamed up with in 1925. Due to O'Brien being hampered with stitches in a thumb, they lost in their first heat while trying to defend their title against Jack Beresford and Gordon Killick in 1928. Nisbet and O'Brien, however, were still selected for the coxless pairs at the 1928 Amsterdam Olympics. Having set an Olympic record of 7:56.2 in their opening heat, they went all the way to the final when, despite a good performance against the German pair of Bruno Muller and Kurt Moeschute, they had to be content with the silver medal.

O'Brien was elected captain of LRC and became a member of the executive committee of the Thames Amateur Rowing Council in 1929. That same year, he was also stroke to the coxless fours that reached the Steward's Challenge Cup at Henley only to lose to First Trinity. He won the Wyfold Challenge Cup at Henley in 1930 with the fours but also had the honour of being stroke to the eights that won the Grand for the first time since 1890. Also in 1930, O'Brien won a gold medal in the England boat that won the eights at the inaugural British Empire Games in Canada.

Co-incidences.

When Beaumont rowed against Westminster in 1922 in their bow seat was "Jumbo" Edwards later to win two Olympic Gold Medals and become the legendary Oxford Coach post 1949. Edwards rowed with O'Brien for London Rowing Club and in the English Gold winning boat at the Empire & Commonwealth Games.

Henley Regatta.

Gavin Jamieson: his story about Jumbo Edwards.

'London had entered their eight for the Grand and the four for the Stewards. Jumbo was selected for both boats. Terence would stroke the Wyfold Four and the Grand.

As Jumbo recounted, "For most of the oarsman the two weeks of Henley was not merely the Mecca of their ambitions; it was their annual holiday as well. These two mutually antagonistic aims had to be very carefully blended by the coach. We worked to a very strict daily routine".

The London crew progressed easily through the heats and made the final of both the Stewards', the Wyfold and the Grand. Their opponents in both the Stewards' and the Grand were Leander.

The Grand Challenge Cup was the prize that London valued the most. It had been 40 years, in 1890, that London had last won this prestigious trophy, and now it was only Leander between them and a vindication of their 'Metropolitan' training methods under Fairbairn. "We had been waiting for this opportunity for years", recalled Jumbo. "This year there was no doubt about our superiority, but we had to think of the years to come. We had to demonstrate, to all the rowing community, our complete supremacy".

London's plan was row as fast as possible to the Barrier (a point reached in two minutes) and then put in a mighty spurt of 20 strokes. "All went absolutely to plan; we romped away from Leander and were two lengths up at the end of the spurt". However, this is not the way to win a race. A lead of two lengths in two minutes resulted in the London eight skimming down the river one foot per second faster than Leander. The drag of eight increases as the square of the speed, so London had to expend an incredible amount of power to achieve that speed. London had burnt themselves up to purely demonstrate their supremacy over Leander. Jumbo recalled "We were unable to continue that pace and dropped down to a rate that we could only just manage. To the onlooker it looked, no doubt, as though we were playing with Leander, dropping to a paddle and allowing them to come back at us. If so we attained our aim". The London crew won by a full length and a half. London Rowing Club had finally regained the Grand trophy, 40 years from the date that they were last triumphant.

Later that same day, Jumbo helped take the Stewards and Terence the Wyfold.

With such success in July 1930, the London crew had hoped to relax away from the river, but this was not to be. The eight and four were selected to represent England in the 1930 British Empire Games, to be held in Hamilton, Ontario. This was the very first British Empire Games, later to become known as the Commonwealth Games.

At the beginning of August 1930, the London Rowing Club crew boarded the *Empress of Australia* and crossed the Atlantic to Hamilton. The London crew kept themselves fit by running around the deck and exercising in the first-class swimming pool and gymnasium. Despite the long voyage, the crew were again triumphant – winning two gold medals in the regatta. A triumphant Jumbo recalled that “We won the eights and the coxless fours, and the New Zealanders were terribly surprised and most upset that they had not won. **The stroke of our eight was Terence O’Brien, the most magnificent stroke it has ever been my privilege to follow**”.

In 1931, the London crew continued their supremacy on water. In the eight, London had lost one, vital, member of the crew: “Our eight was not as good as the previous year, because we had lost our stroke Terry O’Brien who had got himself married. Kitty had given Terry an ultimatum, to choose ‘between me or rowing’. Terry chose Kitty”.

Kitty was the sister of Beaumont’s 1922 Captain of Boats – Jim Peppercorn.

ED. Personal Note. Jumbo not only coached the Oxford Boat but also The Welsh Four for the 1962 Commonwealth Games to win silver. In The Boat was Jumbo’s son David who was in my Regiment and we soldiered together in Germany. He was President of OUBC and won the Boat Race in 1959. Surprisingly for an oarsman he was at Downside and didn’t row seriously till going up to Christ Church.

SOE (PLUS)

From **Nigel Courtney**

Another excellent Review Robert. Thanks very much. (and thanks for highlighting Bertie’s Ukraine adventure. Swashbuckling, and so worthwhile!)

It was good of you to mention my cousin Lilian Rolfe in your fascinating piece about the SOE. I looked after her half-brother Alan Rolfe when he was in his 90s and learned quite a lot about Lilian (and picked up these snaps of her – including one in action near Orleans).



I thought the following might amuse you. Lilian's father was an English accountant who had offices in London and in Paris and he went back and forth between the two. Lilian's mother was French and Lilian was born in Avenue Duquesne in Paris and spoke both French and English perfectly.

Lilian was one of four children and it seems that her father also had a wife in London and another six children! One of the sons in London (Alan, who lived to be 97 and was recorded by the BBC describing seeing an airship dropping bombs on London during the first world war) told me that the truth emerged when his father died aged 56 (unsurprisingly?) and both widows turned up for the funeral.

The French widow, being typically pragmatic, suggested on the spot that both widows and their families should all move into the London house in Streatham and sell the Paris apartment. And that's exactly what they did.

Perhaps this unusual history prepared Lilian for a daring type of life. Being bi-lingual would certainly have been vital in her role as a secret agent.

A Short History of Campion Hall



Founding

The Society of Jesus has been profoundly concerned with education since its inception. After the Catholic faith was proscribed in England, the English Jesuits set up a school for English Catholic children at St Omer in northern France in 1593, which continued to teach on the Continent until it moved to Stonyhurst in 1794. Through these centuries, no Catholic attended Oxford.

The context for the foundation of 'permanent private halls', of which Campion is one, is that Oxford University defined itself as an Anglican institution. The Oxford University Act of 1854, followed by the university statute *De aulis privatis* (On private Halls) of 1855, allowed any Oxford Master of Arts of 28 or over to open a private hall after obtaining a licence to do so. In 1871, the Universities Tests Act opened all university degrees and positions to men (not yet to women) who were not members of the Church of England. This made it possible for Catholics and Nonconformists to open private halls. The Society of Jesus was the first Catholic body to open a Hall, in 1896. The first master was Fr. Richard Frederick Clarke (1839-1900), a graduate and Fellow of St John's College, who initially took Anglican orders, but converted to Catholicism in 1869. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1871. He thus met the criteria for the founder of a Hall, while being a member of the Society, and was accordingly asked by his superiors to set up a hall for Jesuit undergraduates. Initially, 'Clarke's Hall', as it was originally called, settled in 11 St Giles, which was leased from the Master of Pembroke, and it thus became possible for Jesuits to study for an Oxford degree. 13, 14, and 15 St Giles were later bought by the Society to allow the community to expand.

The convention was that a private hall was named for its Master. Clarke's thus became, in turn, Pope's, and Plater's Halls. But in 1918, a statute was passed empowering the Vice-Chancellor to grant licences to Permanent Private Halls for

students on condition that suitable provision is made for their permanent governance, and that they were not run for profit. The Hall met these conditions, and was thus able to take a permanent name. That of St Edmund Campion was chosen, since he was Oxford University's only Catholic saint and martyr, and like Richard Clarke, he had been a fellow of St John's. The lease of Middleton Hall was due to end in 1936. The then master, Fr Vignaux, had plans drawn up for a new building on the site of 13, 14, and 15 St Giles in 1926. The site was barely adequate for the Hall as it then was, and, since it was hemmed in on all three sides by St John's, there was no possibility of expansion.

Fr Martin D'Arcy

Fortunately, Fr Martin Cyril D'Arcy (1888-1975), was appointed Master in 1933, and became in effect the Hall's second founder. He rejected the St Giles plan, and began casting about for an alternative. D'Arcy had a great sensitivity to, and love of, the arts, and an extraordinary capacity for making friends, many of them non-Catholics. They included Lady Frances Horner, a pre-Raphaelite beauty and notable patron. Her original eighteenth-century family home of Mells Park was destroyed by a catastrophic fire in 1917, and she turned to an old friend, the celebrated architect Edwin Lutyens for a replacement building. When D'Arcy shared his concerns with her, she introduced him to Lutyens. The architect, who was not Catholic, surprised him by offering to design a home for the Hall – despite a long and distinguished career of public and private commissions, he had never been asked for an Oxford college building, and was keen to leave one. D'Arcy was delighted to accept this handsome offer, and they began looking around for somewhere that would be big enough, but still reasonably near the centre of town. They found a long, thin site on Brewer Street, immediately outside the medieval city walls, opposite Christ Church, an area which had been occupied by brewers and butchers since the middle ages. On it stood Micklem Hall, a largely eighteenth-century building on medieval foundations, named for the Micklems, a family of brewers, which had been student 'digs' for the previous hundred years. Adjoining it was a garage, which had previously been the stables for the horses that pulled the Oxford trams. The freehold of Micklem Hall was purchased from Hall's Brewery, and the freehold of the garage from the Feoffees of the Parish of St. Aldate's. A printworks called Hall's was the immediate neighbour.

D'Arcy sold the St Giles houses to St John's, and work began in 1934. The Oxford Presentation Trust asked for Micklem Hall to be kept intact, and Lutyens was able to integrate it very cleverly into his design. He created an L-shaped building, along one side of the site with Micklem Hall as the foot. There were hopes that the building would eventually develop into a quadrangle. Great care went into the Main Chapel, every detail of which was designed by Lutyens, on the first storey level, with a lecture room beneath it. Lutyens' ground floor consists of two long rooms, the Refectory and Library, with a strong 'country house' feeling. The first and second floors of his

building have single rooms arranged along a corridor rather than adopting the staircase plan often used in Oxford colleges.



Art was part of the structure from the beginning. Lutyens was offered a statue of St Ignatius and companions for Liverpool Cathedral (which he was also working on at the time). This must once have belonged to a Spanish Jesuit Church, but it had come into the hands of a friend of his, a fellow of St John's called Maurice Wilkinson. D'Arcy happened to lunch with Lutyens soon after, who showed him a photograph of the piece. Lutyens accepted D'Arcy's argument that it would be more appropriate to Campion Hall, where it was integrated into the design of the front hall. Another integral sculpture, a limestone plaque representing St Martin and the beggar, was designed by Eric Gill and placed on the front stairs. Frank Brangwyn, another friend, involved himself with the Hall, and contributed the Stations of the Cross in the Chapel. Evelyn Waugh was a generous donor, and gave the Hall the royalties from his biography of St Edmund Campion, which were used to fund the decoration of the Lady Chapel, eventually entrusted to the muralist Charles Mahoney.



*Group at the opening of Campion Hall including Sir Edwin Lutyens, D'Arcy, **the Duke of Alba**, A D Lindsay (Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University), Mgr Ronald Knox, Evelyn Waugh and Katherine Asquith*

The west wing was completed in September 1935, and was handed over for occupation on the first of October. The rest of the building was completed in the spring of 1936, and solemnly opened by the Duke of Alba that June, in the presence of the architect and the Vice-Chancellor. The foundation-stone was laid by a distinguished Jesuit, the former Archbishop of Bombay, Alban Goodier SJ, in conjunction with Julian, Earl of Oxford and Asquith – who was the grandson of Lady Frances Horner. In the 1950s, the Hall bought the site of the adjacent printworks, which made it possible to add a new South Wing.

The Great -Great Grandson of Jacobo Duke of Alba (OB)

From Tatler

Congratulations are in order for the chic Spanish social power players the Duke and Duchess of Huéscar, who have quietly welcomed a second daughter. Fernando Fitz-James Stuart, the 17th Duke of Huéscar and the heir to the dukedom of Alba, and

his wife, Sofia Palazuelo, are now proud parents to a daughter, Sofia, who arrived on 10 January at the Hospital Nuestra Señora del Rosario in Madrid, according to local news outlets. It is the same hospital where Sofia gave birth to their elder daughter, Rosario, now two, in September 2020. The baby was named after her great-grandmother María del Rosario Cayetana Fitz-James Stuart y Silva, the 18th Duchess of Alba, (Daughter of Jacabo OB) once dubbed the world's wealthiest woman, who was a friend of Princess Grace of Monaco and the Duchess of Windsor



The future Duke of Alba, who will inherit no less than 50 titles studied law at the University of London followed by a master's degree at the University of Massachusetts. On his return to Spain, he completed an additional master's degree in marketing management at the College International Studies (CIS), where he met Sofia. His marriage in Madrid was attended by not only the Spanish Royal family but by members of other ruling European Houses.



Jacabo as a schoolboy at Beaumont

MENTION OF ARISTOCRACY



It may be unlikely that members of the BU have been to The CARTIER Exhibition at the V & A but it is possible that wives, sisters, girlfriends have been to see it or have purchased the "Coffee Table Book": it runs till mid- November. Among the exhibits are two pieces that belonged to Beatrice Lady Granard, the American wife of the **8th Earl (90)**. She was an immensely wealthy woman who had a particular penchant for jewelry and racehorses – indeed was the leading owner in France on several occasions in the 1930s and also won the 2000gns in this country. Two her pieces are on show which are illustrated below:-



NECKLACE

Cartier London, special order, 1932
Commissioned by Lady Granard
143.23-carat emerald, diamonds
and platinum; h. 8.8 cm
Cartier Collection: NE 25 A32

Beatrice Mills, daughter of American financier and philanthropist Ogden Mills, married the 8th Earl of Granard in 1909. She was one of the hundreds of American heiresses who married into the British aristocracy in the early 1900s. She was a great client of Cartier London, famous for her extravagant jewellery collection. Fond of the Russian-style *kokoshnik* tiaras, she ordered several: in 1922, 1923 and 1937 (p.152). The society diarist Henry 'Chips' Channon described a dinner party he gave in 1938, where 'Lady Granard could scarcely walk for jewels'.¹⁵ This spectacular necklace – recognized as a masterpiece from Cartier London – was a commission created from stones entirely supplied by the Countess. It is in the style of the heavier but shorter collar necklaces popular in the 1930s, with its powerful S-shaped diamond-set scrolls surrounding its magnificent emerald centre.

TIARA

Cartier Paris, special order, 1923; adapted by
Cartier London, 1937
Commissioned by Lady Granard
Diamonds, pearls, sapphires and platinum; 21.5 x 8.5 cm
The Royal Collection / TRH The Duke and Duchess of
Gloucester: RCIN 100369



This imposing tiara is referred to as 'Indian' in Cartier's records although in fact it combines motifs such as mandorlas and finials from across the Islamic World. A dense network of diamonds, pearls and calibrated sapphires, it was commissioned by Lady Granard (see p.44) from Cartier Paris and made by Lavabre. She returned the piece to Cartier London in 1937, and it was subsequently acquired by Princess Marie Louise, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. The Princess replaced the original pear-shaped aquamarines and sapphires in the mandorlas with large diamonds. She wore it to the coronations of George VI in 1937 and Elizabeth II in 1953.

Further information on the ‘Indian Tiara’

The Duchess of Gloucester has a jewellery collection to rival some of those held by royal dynasties in Europe. Some of her pieces come from Queen Mary thanks to the current duke's mother and her mother-in-law, Princess Alice. But one tiara in particular has a different origin, coming from a lesser-known branch of Queen Victoria's family tree. It's known as the Cartier India Tiara.

The tiara was owned by one of Queen Victoria's granddaughters, Princess Marie Louise. Rendered in sapphires, pearls, and diamonds, the tiara is inspired by the Indian-style jewels created by Cartier in the 1920s which took their inspiration from Indian architecture. In 1923, **Beatrice Mills, the Countess of Granard** bought the tiara and had it mounted with not one, but multiple art deco diamond brooches instead of aquamarines. The tiara would later be returned to Cartier around 1937. Following the return in 1937, Princess Marie Louise would acquire the piece to wear at the Coronation of King George VI in 1937. It would be continued to be worn for years including at the 1953 Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Notably, she is said to have hidden sandwiches in her coronet.

Marie Louise would wear the tiara for the Swedish State Visit to Britain in 1954 and a number of portraits by Cecil Beaton. On the death of the princess in 1956, the tiara was left to her godson, Prince Richard. At the time, he was only 12 years old so it went to the collection of his mother, Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester. Princess Alice had said she couldn't wear it because it was too heavy and too big. As a younger son, the tiara was meant to be worn by Prince Richard's wife, the future Princess Richard of Gloucester. Following an untimely crash that killed Richard's elder brother in the weeks following Richard's wedding to Birgitte, she got access to the family's entire jewellery collection. During the 80s, the Cartier Indian Tiara made a few appearances.

While the duchess has switched out this tiara with others including the Gloucester Honeysuckle Tiara, and the Iveagh Tiara, this one continues to be seen in the public eye. Its most recent appearances were at the Dutch State Banquet at Buckingham Palace in 2018 as well as the South African State Banquet and the Japanese State Banquet, also at Buckingham Palace.

For those walking down Halkin St on their way to the BU Lunch, Forbes House, the London home of the Granards is on the righthand side.

Even more Royalty

(APPLE NEWS FEED)

**The stylish royal wedding of a popular prince and an exiled princess
Sat Jul 19 09 2025**



It was a wedding featuring two very popular royals and two ceremonies and it led to one of the most influential unions of the 20 century. The marriage of Prince George, Duke of Kent and Princess Marina of Greece, on November 29 1934, was a day that changed the House of Windsor forever.

The couple matched each other in popularity and royal suitability. The groom was the dashing fourth son of King George V and Queen Mary. George Edward Alexander Edmund, born in 1902, had served in the Navy and by 1934, he had enjoyed a successful career while his charm made him a hit with the public. The bride, born in 1906, was the daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece and Grand Duchess Elena Vladimirovna of Russia and counted the Tsars of Russia and the Kings of Denmark among her many royal ancestors.

The pair met in 1932 and their engagement was announced on October 9 1934. The wedding preparations were already in full swing as the public was let into the secret of the new royal romance with a date set for November 29.

The bride had been forced into exile when she was just 11 years old on the deposition of her uncle, King Constantine I of Greece, but she was expected to wed in the Orthodox faith. Two ceremonies were arranged with a large, Anglican wedding at Westminster Abbey to be followed by a smaller Greek Orthodox ceremony held behind the closed doors of Buckingham Palace.

Huge crowds turned out for the big day, the first major Windsor wedding in over a decade. They were treated to all the pomp and ceremony we've come to expect from royal marriages with a carriage procession taking the royals from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. George, who had been made Duke of Kent weeks earlier, was supported by his brothers while Marina was accompanied down the aisle by eight very royal bridesmaids including two future queens – Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and Princess Elizabeth of York.

The bride was already known for her sense of style and her wedding dress was keenly anticipated. **She chose Edward Molyneux (05) to design her gown which became a sparkling sensation. It was made of white and silver brocade which shimmered in the bright lights illuminating the dark November day. At Marina's request, the seamstresses included Russian refugees as she wanted to offer support and work to those affected by the revolution in her mother's home country.**

The end result was very 1930s with a simple, fitted silhouette which featured a draped neckline and long, trumpet sleeves as well as a full length skirt. The train was fifteen feet long and covered by the bride's tulle veil which was held in place by a diamond fringe tiara given to her by the City of London ahead of her wedding. Her flowers included lilies as a nod to her Greek heritage. However, her dress was dominated by a delicate embellished pattern of English roses in recognition of her new life.

The Anglican wedding ceremony was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cosmo Gordon Lang, while more people than ever before heard the couple exchange vows as this was the first royal wedding to be broadcast by radio. After returning to Buckingham Palace, the couple underwent a Greek Orthodox marriage ceremony, too. They were joined on the Palace balcony by their royal families to wave to the cheering crowds before they headed off on honeymoon.

George and Marina welcomed a son, Edward, in October 1935 and were already expecting their second child as they approached their second wedding anniversary. But as the due date for their baby drew nearer, so did the possibility of a throne. George's eldest brother had become Edward VIII in January 1936 on the death of their father, George V, but the new king quickly showed a determination to do things his own way that put him at odds with courtiers and politicians alike. By November 1936, he had made it clear he was going to marry his partner, the twice divorced Wallis Simpson, while those in power were just as set against the wedding.

As the possibility that Edward would give up his throne for love turned into an approaching reality, George and Marina were considered by some as ideal candidates to replace him. The Duke of Kent was confident and charming and seemed far more suited to the rigours of kingship than his shy brother, Albert, who

stood next in line. His Duchess was the epitome of royal glamour with an impressive interest in social issues to match. The fact that they had a male heir also made the prospect of King George and Queen Marina attractive, as did her impressive royal pedigree.

In the end, it was Bertie who inherited the throne of his brother on the Abdication and George and Marina settled into successful supporting roles to the new Monarch and his consort. Their daughter, Alexandra, was born on Christmas Day 1936, a moment of celebration in a year that had seen the House of Windsor wobble precariously. A third child, Michael, joined the family in 1942 but just weeks later, the Duke of Kent was killed in a plane crash. Marina remained a dutiful member of the royal dynasty she had married into until her own death in 1968.

The Blake Brothers



Menlough Castle the traditional home of the Blakes on Lough Corrib was built in 1569 but burned down in 1910

The Blake family were of British extraction, said to be descended from one of the Knights of the round table. They arrived in Ireland with Strongbow, and became a powerful family in the area, with several important seats. These included Menlo, Ardfry, Ballyglunin, Castlegrove and several others. The family became one of the Tribes of Galway

Walter Blake was born at Meelick House on Lough Derg in 1850 and became a Surgeon-Major in the army and was predominantly stationed in India.

Although Walter was Catholic, his wife, Ellen Gertrude Moriarty, was a Protestant from Ballyneanig on the Dingle Peninsula in Kerry. She was the youngest daughter of Commander William Moriarty, Port Captain at Hobart, and Aphra Crump. Her

grandfather was the naval hero, Vice Admiral Sylverius Moriarty , believed to be the only Irish-speaking Admiral in the Royal Navy. It seems likely Ellen was born in Tasmania but returned to Ireland with her father in 1871.

Walter and Ellen married in 1875 and had two sons - **Luttrell and Cecil** - and a daughter, Gwendolyn. In 1880, Dr. Blake was sent to Queenstown (Cobh) in County Cork to oversee the medical treatment of the British troops stationed in the harbour. On 26th March 1881, Ellen died suddenly leaving her husband with three small children. Inconsolable with grief, Dr. Blake refused to leave her graveside in Queenstown. On 7th May 1881, just six weeks after Ellen's burial, the popular 31-year-old surgeon caught pneumonia and died, leaving three orphaned children. His remains were borne on a gun carriage carried by four sergeants from the Army Hospital Corps and interred with military honours, alongside Ellen. A large number of officers, naval and military, attended his funeral. Most shops closed out of respect to the deceased and the thoroughfare was crammed with sympathetic mourners. Dr. Blake was buried as a Roman Catholic, with a final 100-gun salute from the Royal Marines. The Blakes three children were subsequently raised at Meelick as strict Catholics by Walter's spinster sisters Lizzie and May.

Luttrell & Lucy Blake

When Charles Blake died in 1911, his property at Whitland Abbey (including several coal mines and all the Yelverton portraits) passed to **Luttrell Blake (94)**, eldest son of his late brother Walter. Charles had apparently died without legitimate issue although the butler at Meelick during the Blake's childhood and was reputedly 'an illegitimate son of the house' [of Menlo Castle]. It shows what life was like. The fact that they accepted him and employed him was, thought, rather in their favour.

After the premature death of his parents in 1881, Luttrell and his siblings had actually spent much of their childhood with 'Uncle Charles' and 'Aunt Harriet' at Whitland Abbey. I believe Luttrell also lived at Meelick, while he later had an address at Pwllwhead, Whitland. He was a JP for Carmarthern. On 30th June 1904 he married Lucy (Charlotte Ellen), only daughter of John Newall Moore, JP, of Co. Glamorgan. A son, Walter William Yelverton Bruce Blake-Yelverton, was born in September of the following year. Tragedy struck when Lucy died on 5th July 1907, possibly in childbirth. Her widowed husband Luttrell, an invalid, lived on to inherit Whitland and witness the Great War but passed away in 1919.



Meelick House

Major Cecil Bruce Blake, RFA (95), was the second son of Surgeon Walter Blake and his wife Ellen. Born on 4th January 1880, and after Beaumont he went on to Trinity College Dublin. He was just old enough to serve in the South African War from 1901 to 1902, winning a medal and three clasps. On 19th November 1909, he married Effie, daughter of master cutler Samuel Earnshaw Howell, FSA, JO, of Beltwood in Sheffield. The Howells became one of the great Sheffield cutlery dynasties when Samuel's father Joseph, a contemporary of David Livingstone, founded the company of Howell & Co Ltd in Sheffield. Two sons (Tony and Valentine) and two daughters (Joyce and Patricia, known as Patsy) followed. Before the Great War, Cecil was stationed at Killaloe on Lough Derg, close to Meelick House (on the Galway shore), the lakeside house where he was brought up.

Like so many thousands, Major Blake endured a horrific time in the trenches of the Western Front. He may have won a star and two medals but he lost a chunk of his head to shrapnel at Gallipoli and was obliged to wear a steel plate on his scalp ever after. A fondness for strong liquor was an almost inevitable consequence and would cause considerable trouble for latter generations. Cecil passed away at Mount Shannon on 22nd June 1937.

Their son Tony

Tony Blake was born in 1911 and educated R M A Sandhurst and on the 27th August 1931 was commissioned into the Royal Ulster Rifles.

During WW2, Blake, who was fluent in both Polish and Russian, was attached to the 1st Polish Independent Parachute Brigade Group. On the 13th August 1943, in recognition of his services was awarded the Polish MC.

Blake was then appointed Brigade Major of the 1st Airlanding Brigade and took part in Operation Market Garden and flew to Arnhem in a Horsa glider with the First Lift, landing near Wolfheze. For his actions during the Battle he was awarded a U.S. Distinguished Service Cross, he also received the Czech MC.

Blake served in the Korean War as Second-in-Command of the 1st Battalion The Royal Ulster Rifles, subsequently assuming full command as Acting Lieutenant-Colonel in the absence of the commanding officer, who was on sick leave in Japan. During the fighting at Happy Valley in January 1951, he personally led a successful counter-attack to retake positions which had been overrun. The Rifles were ordered to withdraw in darkness, but when their progress was mistakenly illuminated by flares from American aircraft, they came under a series of immediate and relentless Chinese attacks which threatened the very survival of the Battalion. Casualties were heavy yet the overwhelming majority were able to fight their way out of the trap, but Blake and many of his men were taken prisoner. A Chinese officer addressed them and asked for their commander to make himself known; Blake and his batman stepped forward and both were executed. Killed on the 3rd January 1951, aged 39, Blake was laid to rest in the United Nations Memorial Cemetery, Pusan.

Unknown Papal Knight.

I happen to come across this entry by chance – I was researching racing not Papal orders but this Michael McNamara cropped up.



Michael McNamara

1862 – 1938. The son of M. J. McNamara, of Bellville, Cork and 77, Davies Street, Berkeley Square, London. Educated at Beaumont College 1871 – 76 in the cricket XI and considered a fine athlete. He went up to Magdalene College, Cambridge.

Played for his University against Oxford. He served for eight years in the Military to the rank of Captain 3rd Battalion Yorkshire Regiment; and Special Reserves. Married, in 1911, Marjorie, daughter of Algernon and Lady Henrietta Turnor. A requiem Mass was offered at Farm Street London. Having died on 25 February in Monte Carlo, the funeral took place at Cap d'Ail. He was a knight Commander of St Pius.

We know nothing further about Michael except that by his residences he was reasonably wealthy and apart from his short time in the army followed no profession. We have no idea as to why he received such a high Papal order.

Order of Pius IX

The third highest Papal order is the Order of Pius IX, founded on 17 June 1847 by Pope Pius IX. The Order of Pius IX is the highest Papal order currently awarded. There previously existed an Order of Pian Knights, founded in the 16th century, which later fell into abeyance. It is not related to this order. *The Order of Pius IX is the first of the Papal Orders, by order of precedence, to include different grades.* The highest grade is the Collar, followed by the Grand Cross, Commander with Star, Commander, and Knight. The Order may be presented to non-Catholic Christians and to non-Christians.

The Order of Pope Pius IX also referred as the Pian Order originally founded by Pope Pius IV in 1560. Currently, it is the highest honour conferred by the Holy See (being the Order of Christ and the Order of the Golden Spur currently dormant). The awarding of the order fell into disuse and was re-instituted by Pope Pius IX as a continuation on 17 June 1847.

The highest rank awarded by the Pope is the *Collar of the Order*, usually to Catholic heads of state on the occasion of official visits to the Holy See. The Grand Cross is the highest Papal award given to lay men and women, ordinarily given to resident Ambassadors accredited to the Holy See after two years in post and rarely to exceptional Catholics in the wider world for particular services, mainly in the international field and for outstanding deeds for Church and society.

The rank of Knight is almost never awarded, and when it happens, it is given in recognition of high-profile services rendered to the Holy See or directly to the person of the Pontiff, by Catholic faithful of distinguished status, almost always belonging to ancient European noble families.

The other two ranks (Commander and Commander with Star) are granted sparingly to lay Catholics, usually in diplomatic roles, for extraordinary merit or deeds for the Church and society. The order is awarded to Catholics and, on occasion and only for diplomatic reasons, to non-Catholics and non-Christians as well.

“Sturridge Revisited”

I was reminded of Charles Sturridge when watching ‘Veuve Clicquot’ in our local village hall (cinema) as it co-starred Tom Sturridge – Charles’s talented son. A film described as “ Leaving a pleasing after taste on the palette” and well worth seeing.

Charles’s CV

Charles was born in London, to Alyson P. (née Burke, later Williams) and Jerome F. Sturridge. He was at Beaumont until 1965 when having taken ‘O’ Levels he was one of those that moved to Stonyhurst after which he went up to University College Oxford. He then joined the National Youth Theatre but the big breakthrough came with **Brideshead Revisited** which he directed and where he met his wife Phoebe Nicholls who played Cordelia.



TELEVISION

Work includes **Coronation Street** and **World in Action** both for Granada Television where in 1981 he co-wrote and directed Evelyn Waugh’s **Brideshead Revisited** which won 17 international awards including 2 Golden Globes and 6 BAFTA’s. Starred Jeremy Irons the brother in law of **Paul Cusack (65)** He went on to direct Stephen Poliakoff’s **Soft Targets** (BBC) with Ian Holm and Helen Mirren and **A Foreign Field** (BBC) with Alec Guinness, Jeanne Moreau, Leo McKern, Geraldine Chaplin and Lauren Bacall. In 1996 he directed **Gulliver’s Travels** (C4/NBC) with Ted Danson, Omar Sharif and Peter O’Toole which won 6 US Emmy’s , including ‘Best Series’ and the Royal Television Society’s ‘Team’ award. In 2001 he wrote and directed **Longitude** (C4) starring Michael Gambon and Jeremy Irons, winning the BANFF TV Festival ‘Best Series’ award, two PAWS

awards and five BAFTA's, and in 2002 **Shackleton** starring Kenneth Branagh which was shot on location in the Arctic, winning the BAFTA for 'Best Series' and the Radio Times Audience award for 'Best Drama ', it was also nominated for 7 US Primetime Emmys. In 2009 he went to Botswana to direct the first three episodes of: **The No 1 Ladies Detective Agency** (BBC/HBO/Weinstein Co) starring Jill Scott and Anika Noni Rose. In 2010 he returned to Granada and Coronation Street to direct the story of the making of it's first episode: **The Road To Coronation Street** (BBC 4) winning the RTS and BAFTA awards for Best Single Drama 2011 and a Gold Medal at the New York Film and TV Festival in Las Vegas. In 2013 he directed two episodes of '**Dates**' (2013, C4) with Sheridan Smith and two episodes of **Da Vinci's Demons** (2014, Starz). In 2015 he directed '**Churchill's Secret**' for ITV starring Michael Gambon, Lindsay Duncan, Matthew Macfadyen and Romola Garai. In 2017 he directed JK Rowlings novel '**Career of Evil**' part of the 'Strike' series for BBC/HBO with Tom Burke and Holiday Grainger and 'Marcella' with Anna Friel for ITV/Netflix. Most recently he is completing work on four episodes of '**MotherFatherSon**' written by Tom Rob Smith starring Richard Gere, Helen McCrory and Billy Howle for BBC2 and ITV's Jane Austen Adaptation '**Sanditon**' (Series 1 & 2) and Sky's '**Cobra - Rebellion**', starring Robert Carlyle.

FILM

His films include: **Runners** (Goldcrest 1982), **A Handful of Dust** (New Line 1988), E.M. Forster's: **Where Angels Fear to Tread** (Sovereign 1991), both of which he co-wrote, and **Fairytale – A True Story** (Icon/Paramount 1997) which won the British Academy award for "Best Children's Film' 1998. He was a contributor to the 'Beckett on Film' series, directing **Ohio Impromptu** (Best Drama LWT Awards) and in 2006 he wrote and directed an adaptation of Eric Knight's classic novel **Lassie** which won a 'Golden Tomato' for its 92% average critical approval rating. In 2012 he wrote and directed **The Scapegoat**, based on the novel by Daphne Du Maurier with Matthew Rhys, Eileen Atkins, Sheridan Smith, Jodhi May, Anton Lesser and Andrew Scott selected for the Chicago and Dinard Film Festivals.

THEATRE

His work includes a musical version of Charles Dicken's **Hard Times** which he co-wrote and directed at the Belgrade Theatre Coventry, translating (with Tania Alexander) and directing **The Seagull** with Vanessa Redgrave and Jonathan Pryce (Queens Theatre, 1985) and **Endgame** (2006) starring Ken Cranham and Peter Dinklage which opened at the Gate Theatre Dublin on Samuel Beckett's 100th birthday. He has also directed Handel's opera **Tolomeo** (Christ's Hospital 2004).

The “LIONS TOUR”

From **Tim Barry (55)**

101 years ago my father-in-law, Dr. William (Bill) Roche was selected to tour South Africa with the British and Irish Rugby team, since WW2 known as 'the Lions'. As the Lions are about to embark on their next adventure I thought that the attached letter which he sent to his Alma Mater, Mungret College, Limerick following that tour could be of interest to the B.U. because

1. Bill was educated by the Jays at Mungret - an educational establishment founded in the 1860s which was closed in 1974. Sounds familiar!!
2. **Paddy Cunningham** was in the same class as myself at Beaumont ('55). His father was living in South Africa in 1924 and he was enlisted to join the touring side when they became desperate for players due to injury. He was a regular supporter of Beaumont rugby in the 1950s attending matches on the Medes, freely and vocally advising the ref. on how he should be doing his job!

Extraordinary how travel has changed. Two days from Cape Town to Kimberley, a distance of 595 miles. Some time ago my wife Judie and myself treated ourselves to the luxury of a trip on the Blue Train from Johannesburg to Cape Town. Just one stop - at Kimberley - and twelve hours overnight from there to Cape Town. I calculate that the total distance travelled by the players- mainly by train - was over three and a half thousand miles, quite an ordeal.

It was clearly the adventure of a lifetime!

Best wishes

Tim

(**Ed:** Bill Roche was no 8 in the pack and Bill Cunningham a half-Back).

The First World War meant no British side had toured since 1910 – when sides went to Argentina and South Africa.

And the 1924 tourists may have left these shores as the British Isles Rugby Union Team, but they returned as Lions.

The name was not formally adopted by the team until the 1950 Tour to Australia and New Zealand, but it originated in South Africa in 1924.

Journalists from the British Isles and the home nation nicknamed the touring players Lions due to the beast featuring on their official ties.

Bill's account

“I have many happy rugby memories, but none to surpass my visit with the 1924 British Test side which toured South Africa. We were a very happy family – ten Englishmen, ten Scotchmen, four Welshmen and five Irishmen. With four exceptions all were

international, and since then two others have been capped. Needless to mention, on the passage out, we won all the events in the ship's sports with the exception of the Ladies' Race. All the players were very popular on board, in fact, so popular was one member that he was engaged before arriving in South Africa. We were more than a little thrilled when, on the morning of the seventeenth day, we were in sight of Cape Town, and we were very much impressed by Table Mountain, with its tablecloth of white cloud, its peaks which are known as the Twelve Apostles, and the Lion's Head standing out in clear silhouette and overhanging the beautiful South African Capital. Our first experience of South African hospitality was our reception on board by the President and many members of the Rugby Union at 5.45am. It was indeed a very pleasant surprise. We had expected at that hour to see Dock Officials on the Quay, but there were hundreds of Britishers and Afrikaners who gave us a cheery welcome on coming ashore, which was very enjoyable after seventeen days at sea. South Africa was in spring attire, blue skies and much warmer than home in August. We thought, surely this is not 'rugger' weather but the South Africans were in the height of their season and they had been anxiously awaiting our arrival. Our first days were one round of pleasure and training. We played our first two games at Newlands, Cape Town, which is a grass pitch. It was as hard as a rock and it is not surprising that two of our players sustained fractured bones in the first game. Unfortunately, one was Holliday, this year's English full back. He never played again during the tour.

After ten happy days in Cape Town, we left for Kimberley by Express Train. We were surprised when it stopped at every station and averaged fourteen miles per hour. Yet it was the National Express train. However, it had its advantages. We saw the scenery, and in a few hours, we were in the Karoo, which is practically desert, and we had our one and only experience of a sand storm. I can assure you it is very unpleasant, and it raises your laundry bill considerably. After two days of this, we arrived in Kimberley, famous for its diamond mines. All Kimberley met us on arrival, and they were very much surprised to see Britishers in Plus Fours and Oxford Bags. They had never seen either before. I have on only one previous occasion played rugby on a gravel pitch and that was at Mungret, outside the gymnasium. On that occasion I received 'twice nine' for promoting a rugby match. Rugby was taboo – Mungret was a soccer school then. On this occasion I received deep cuts on knees, elbows and hips. The only consolation was that we won the match, twenty-six points to nil. Kimberley District, even with two feet of dust on the roads, was interesting. There was a drought on and a plague of locusts, things that farmers fear most, for the plague spells ruin to many. The locusts had eaten every blade of grass for hundreds to miles on their flight to the coast. Every foot of the ground was covered with ravenous, dead and spent locusts. It was estimated by the local papers that some of the swarms were one mile wide and half a mile high. Tom Voyce, the English forward, stated that when motoring in the country, the locusts were so numerous that, although only mid-day, it was quite dark, and it was necessary to change from top to second gear to get through them. We accused him of spinning yarns. I have no doubt

he exaggerated somewhat, but in many places the trains were not able to travel, as the crunching of the dead locusts on the lines made the wheel and lines so greasy that the wheels could not grip them.

Another experience worthy of note was indirectly due to the drought. The river and ponds were dry, but there was a reservoir near Kimberley, and thousands of partridges from the neighbouring country came to appease their thirst, and we shot one hundred and sixty-five drive birds in two hours. There were six guns, Scotch Moor owners would be envious of our bag.

Our next temporary home was Rhodesia, the English Colony, most of which is virgin soil, but so beautiful and famous for big game shooting. We were received on our arrival in Salisbury by the Prime Minister of Rhodesia, Sir James Coughlan, a son of an Irish pioneer. When we visited the sportsground – another gravel footer pitch – we all hoped we should not be selected, still feeling very sore after our Kimberley experience. I was, however, one of the unlucky ones. Andrew Ross, the famous Scotch forward, was injured there; he never played since. I have never seen so many injuries at footer; every match there were three or four casualties, and although there were thirty players, after the sixth match we had only fifteen fit. Fortunately, towards the end of the tour there were twenty-four available. At this stage we were beginning to tire of railway journeys – every place we visited seemed to mean at least two days' journey.

From Salisbury we went to Bulawayo. We visited the Matoppes (The World View). It is a high granite Kopje, from which can be seen nearly a thousand smaller Kopjes, and in between them verdant foliage, on which is buried one of England's most famous sons, Cecil Rhodes.

What a change it was, coming from the wilds, to Johannesburg, which is the centre of the gold mining industry and the pleasure City of South Africa! Again, we were overwhelmed with hospitality. The only thing we did not like in Johannesburg was playing football. Salisbury was four hundred feet above sea level, Johannesburg is six thousand feet. You can imagine the effect on the players. To walk upstairs slowly meant you were out of breath. It takes one month to become acclimatised, and we played two days after our arrival, and we had to run about one and a half miles before going on the field to get our second wind. We did not do well in Johannesburg. We drew with the Transvaal and lost a test match. At Kroonstad, Orange Free state, we had two days' big game shooting on a preserve nearly the size of County Limerick. You cannot imagine anything more thrilling. We crossed the veldt in three Ford cars, until the buck and wildebeests (S.A buffalo) were in sight – a herd of about three hundred. Then the cars went full speed in their direction. These animals do forty-five miles per hour comfortably, and when within five hundred yards range we jumped from the cars and took aim. If you were fortunate enough to strike your objective you would hear a distinct "plonk" as the bullet entered the beast, and then

the victim gradually tailed off from his fellows. I shall never forget one bull I wounded in the foreleg. We followed him in the car and when within fifty yards I left the car to give him the 'coup de grace'. As I fired, he charged me – I missed – again I fired and missed; fortunately, the third bullet reached its objective and the bull fell five yards from me. I was lucky. If I had missed again there was no escape; I should have been killed or gored.

Some further weary days in a train and we arrived at Durban, which is semi tropical. It was ninety nine in the shade – surely not football weather, but we succeeded in beating Natal Province. Here we were initiated into the art of surf-bathing, much to the amusement of the onlookers. There is a trick to manipulating a surfboard. Our best exponent was Waddell, the Scottish outside half. At this period we were more interested in surf-bathing than in football, and we were comparatively efficient, after further endeavours at East London and Port Elisabeth and Muizenburg, where we stayed on our return to Cape Town. Muizenburg is supposed to be the second surf-bathing beach in the world, Honolulu being the best. Traveling one hundred and fifty yards on a broken wave is quite ordinary.

I will not write further about our travels and pleasure, or the Editor will frown on the length of my letter. I must comment on South African football. I have never seen such hefty forwards. The test team pack averaged thirteen- and three-quarter stone and six feet in height. Their backs were very orthodox; they invariably played to their wings; an outside half never made an opening; a centre never broke though. From a match-winning point of view, their football was most effective, but from a spectacular viewpoint the British style of play is preferable.

I cannot possibly finish without commenting on the South African hospitality. Irish and Scotch hospitality is proverbial, but the hospitality of the Colonial Britisher and the Afrikaner, is difficult to imagine. On occasions it was well-nigh embarrassing. We were sorry when our four months' tour, which for most of us will be an outstanding event of our lives, was over, and it was with heavy hearts we waved farewell to three thousand well-wishers on the pier at Cape Town."

A MISSED SNIPPET from '21

Paul Raymond-Barker BEM wins Sylva Trophy

18th November 2021

By John McNee Managing Editor, **Forestry Journal**



PAUL Raymond-Barker BEM (52) has been announced as the recipient of the Sylva Trophy 2021, recognising his 'outstanding' role over many decades helping forestry owners and managers embrace change in Wales and England.

Nominating him, Chris Jones, Royal Forestry Society (RFS) South Wales Division chairman, said: "Paul has been a champion of more traditional estate forest management over the years.

"He has also tuned in to the need for management to evolve and develop. He has embraced new ideas and convinced others to change as well."

The award is presented annually by the RFS to recognise an outstanding contribution to forestry in its broadest sense.

Receiving his award at the Glanusk Estate in the Brecon Beacons National Park, Paul said: "It has been a privilege to work in forestry. We have all the conditions to grow great timber in this country and we should never lose sight of the importance of home-grown timber."

Paul retired in 2019 at the age of 85. His career had taken him from national service and France to the Lord Bradford Estates in Shropshire and Tilhill. He became a partner in Woosnam and Tyler at Builth Wells before setting up his own business, Raymond-Barker & Co.

Paul had entered forestry at a time when estates were moving away from using their own direct workforce, saw the shift and set about developing a core of reliable teams of contractors to undertake all the necessary tasks whilst maintaining silvicultural standards. He also specialised in valuations and forestry sales.

Paul was chair of the South East Wales division (now integrated with the South Wales Division) and is known to many as the former chair of the Forestry Section of the Royal Welsh Show.

In 2016 he was awarded the British Empire Medal (BEM) in recognition of his impact on forestry and silviculture in Wales.

SIXTY YEARS AGO, from The REVIEW

Ex Cathedra

14 May

The Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede was inaugurated . Requiem Mass was said at the school for the late President (he and his brothers were 'entered' for Beaumont but never attended). Members of Rhetoric acted as Ushers for the Ceremony and were complimented by the Organising committee.

It was opened by Queen Elizabeth in the presence of Jacqueline Kennedy, her children Caroline and John Jr., and other members of the Kennedy family.

23 May

we entertained 550 handicapped children and their parents.

6 June.

Smoke was seen coming from the basement which housed the Zoological Society's collection. The Fire Brigade arrived and the fire extinguished but sadly all the birds, animals and reptiles perished from the dense smoke.

27 June

Speech Day which returned to the old form of "academy" with boys showing off their prowess in the arts. Pieces were played by D'Almada – piano and O'Brien – Cello followed by a dissertation on "The Queen, the servant of Science" read by McNamara, Danson and Riordan.

Prize winners included Goldsmith, Greenfield, Li, Fisher, Parish, Williams, Devaux Wortley, Church and Ribet.

Debating – Potter

Heathcote essay – Li

Dixie Cup – Kennedy.

11 July

H E Cardinal Heenan celebrated Mass in the Chapel for the Feast of St Ignatius.

End of Term, five members of staff departed. Mr Weare, Dr O'Malley, Ian Sinclair, Mr Newbery and Mr Noriega.

Mr Merrell retires

After 37 years at Beaumont Mr Merrell leaves us to enjoy let us hope nearly as many years of well-earned retirement. One who has known him well in these years with us writes:

'It is a sad duty to have to say goodbye to Mr Edward Merrell who has been teaching at Beaumont since 1928. His subjects were Chemistry and Biology—during the war years he coped with the 6th form Chemistry and Biology almost single-handed—and all those who were fortunate to sit at his feet recognized him as a master of outstanding thoroughness and enthusiasm, always willing to help lame dogs over stiles and quite unsparing of his time, provided only—and the condition was strictly enforced—that the lame dogs were prepared to do their share. From his earliest days at Beaumont he was very active coaching on the river under Fr Noel Campbell until he took over the VIII himself.

Here, as also in the Scientific Society, he showed the same enthusiasm and fidelity and the same insistence on the co-operation of his charges. It was he himself who insisted on standing aside to let younger hands take over, just as it is he himself who insists on retiring now; his standards were always of the highest, and he was not prepared to risk a gradual diminution of his effectiveness as the years went by. All at Beaumont, both staff and boys, as well as innumerable Old Boys, feel that they are losing a valued friend, one who had the happy gift of winning from us the affection and respect that he himself was so generous in bestowing on others. We wish him and his wife every happiness in their retirement.'

The Corps

Signals put on an exhibition for Speech Day . Nine of Ten passed their A1 Exam. The new '62 set has arrived.

Engineers studied 'Field Geometry' under the auspices of the Sappers from Esher. Eleven out of twelve passed the test.

Advanced platoons. A programme of weapon drill, tactics and map reading. There was an Inter-section competition - racing across the Playing Fields, searching for an

elusive map reference in the Great Park, grovelling on the dusty floor of the Ambulacrum and firing the bren guns

Camp . This was held at Crookham; minimum 'bull' and maximum time on exercise, sleeping rough and shooting on the ranges.

Corps of Drums. Played on Speech Day, for HCPT, and Old Windsor Carnival . New tunes have been introduced. The Bugles have returned and we now have "A School Call".

Societies

H L Debating

Despite the Whitsun recess, two debates were held including the prize debate: "No society can be called just, no nation truly civilised in which privilege has not been abolished in favour of merit". Speakers included Devaux, Tussaud, Newton, Gillibrand, Rogers, DeCock, Martin, Bradney. Potter won the Prize. Motion defeated. The Syntax debate "Manners are an oily hypocrisy that lubricate society" motion carried.

Photographic.

There was an Exhibition for Speech Day with prizes awarded:

Portraiture – Evelyn and O'Brien

Views – Penruddock, Russell.

Sport, Animal, Still Life - Penruddock, Johnson.

The Competition was judged by the Hon Patrick and Mrs Morris.

Scouts

The troop camp was at Porlock - a tough campsite . The troop was faced with a very steep hill and a tangle of bracken head high and arrival co-incided with a heavy thunder storm added to which all the camp gear had been dumped three miles away ! Despite this , Porlock provided long hikes over Exmoor, picnics on the beach and the building of the assault course. A highlight for the Lions included some stalking out on the hill which resulted in roast duck for supper one evening. Swifts produced an apple crumble (which would have gone well with it if the opportunity had arisen) . Owls won the 'Best Site' competition and for some reason the Eagles suffered various injuries including a 'black eye' for the patrol leader and another patrol member suffered a most 'embarrassing' wound – no further details given. Camp brilliantly organised by Fr sass assisted by Mr Newbery.

SENIOR CAMP

The Seniors went back to Kandersteg. Weather was a bit disappointing but didn't mar the main events including the ascent of the Balmhorn. Journey out from Victoria was uneventful except that one failed to turn up and another without his passport and had to join the party later in the week. On arrival – no camping as the party was in the International Scout Chalet. All in all 21 senior scouts, 6 old scouts (arriving in Bernard Stevens car en route for Greece) 4 rovers and 3 scouters. Rain followed from England and the local Kandersteg Festival had to be cancelled for the first time in many years. In view of the weather Switzerland was abandoned for a couple of days to cross into sunny Italy and swim in Lake Maggiore. The return to Kandersteg and the Guide Fritz decided the attempt on the Balm Horn was on and pick axes and ropes were issued. The ascent started after 'a crust of bread' at 4am and the climb took some 6 hours to make the 12,000ft. The cold was intense but the sun shone. Delicacies such as Kendal mint cake and bully beef were consumed. Coming down there was fresh snow which required 'tobogganing' on one's backside to get down some 400ft and journey home via Berne. Other expeditions were made to the Kander Glacier and the Muthornhutte and a trip to Loetschental over three days camping out at high altitude to reach Addeboden. All in all, Kandersteg '65 was a huge success only marred by the news of Beaumont's closure.

BOAT CLUB



1st VIII

All in all a disappointing season. The crew had shaped up well and there was confidence that this was going to be a good year. The first regatta was at Thames Ditton where after a restart against St Pauls they lost by $\frac{3}{4}$ Length. Against Lincoln Oxford on the home reach, it was a good row to come home 2 lengths in front. At Windsor & Eton Regatta They came up against Bedford Rowing Club to go down by over a length. At Reading, against Barclays Bank and Reading Club they allowed both crews to get away from them and although the time was similar to Radley in their heat, maintaining pace was a problem. The traditional Eton race was yet another defeat after a clash of oars, Horseferry Regatta on the Tideway and in difficult conditions lost to Vesta. At Henley they thought they had a good draw against Windsor Grammar School and having shown promise on the practice rows over the courser all boded well. It was a disaster going down by 5 lengths. Performance on the day is what mattered and the crew was found lacking.

2nd VIII

The VIII were without a coach this year! Despite this it could be regarded as a good season. It started well with a win against Sir William Borlase but 'Teddies' at Oxford proved too strong. At Reading they came up against Abingdon 1, again they were unbeatable. On Whit Monday they rowed up the 7 miles to Windsor & Bray to win comfortably against Westminster bank but Thames with some unsportsmanlike tactics knocked them out in the second round. Vests were awarded to the whole crew. There followed a 'superb' row against St George's but a poor one against Eton. At Horseferry Regatta they beat the hosts by two lengths and only went down by a canvas to Quentin.

O'Brien won the schools' Sculling Cup at Egham (footsteps of famous O'Brien)

Captain of The Raft.

A special commendation to John Fisher for his mixture of authority, dedication and encouragement.

CRICKET



1st XI

1965 looked a good year with 7 of last year's team returning – sadly not as good as hoped for:-

Results; Windsor Home Park lost by 6 Wickets.

Merchant Taylors lost by 106 runs.

Emeriti lost by 2 wickets

Lord's Young Pros. Lost by 3 wickets

Aldenham won by 7 wickets.

MCC lost by 91 runs

Reading won by 67 runs

B U lost by 1 wicket

Douai won by 12 runs

KCS lost by 102 runs

Mr Ian Sinclair's match abandoned – rain.

Oratory at Lords.

A splendid day's cricket though not the hoped for result. 450 runs in seven hours, fifteen wickets, a record stand and some memorable strokes. We won the toss with Beaumont batting first. A record stand by Riordan and Orchard 173 runs from 50 overs in 160 minutes. The side was to declare on 264 for 6 after some unsporting 'barracking' from The Tavern. The day ended with Oratory 192 for 9. A disappointing result as we had the better of the match but failed to bowl well enough to clinch victory but it was a splendid game.

Schismatics

An enjoyable season and moderately successful winning 4 including the B U, Aldenham, Reading, R C Wallin's . (**Ed** I note that one of the losses was against St Anne's, presumably Oxford and a Ladies College in which case it was a thrashing handed out by the girls by 112 runs!)

Pilgrims

Almost a perfect record with 4 games won, one abandoned and one lost by a handful of runs.

Douai Society Match Drawn (Crompton 61 n.o)

Downside Wanderers lost by 12 runs (Muir 80)

Old Oratorians Won

Old Amplefordians abandoned.

Old Wimbledonians won (Halliday 84 n o)

Stonyhurst Wanderers won (Halliday 121)

B U

Fred Barry has retired as Assistant Director of Public Prosecutions a post held since 1952

GP. Capt. Devas DFC, AFC, CBE appointed ADC to The Queen

Widow of Joe Gaetjens, (Capt School, Rugby, Boxing 26/ 27 a highly successful year) Killed after being invalided out of the Army in a bombing raid that hit the BBC and when trying to rescue others) ; awarded MBE for her service to the Corporation.

Arthur Brokenshaw (31) was in London from South Africa to help arrange an exhibition of his brother Frank's (29) paintings at the Upper Grosvenor Gallery and the U S Embassy.

Charles Foley (26) Chief European Correspondent Sunday Express is touring countries interviewing Heads of State.

Sunday Times article in Sept. on William Buckley (39) is standing as a candidate for Mayor of New York.

Patrick Sergeant (40) is now City Editor Daily Mail

Quentin de la Bedoyere (52) has just published a book " Doctrinal Teaching of the Church" one of 6 volumes.

Michael Kwiatowski (44) is Editor of the Polish Daily *Narodowiec* published in France.

Johnny Cargin (63) has been appointed a SUO at Sandhurst.

Trevor Peppercorn (23) is Chairman of the CBI Rhodesia Committee.

Oxford Results.

English Litt and Lang – Timothy Page. Champion Hall. Christopher Corcoran (Champion Hall). Colin Russell (University) Michael Morris (Balliol.)
Modern Hist.- Philip Rousseau (Champion Hall)
Forestry.- Timothy Synnott

Cambridge.

Maths - Richard Robinow (King's)
Arch. & Fine Arts – Oliver Hawkins (St John's). Kevin McArdle (Trinity)

B U G S

Society Meeting
Russell Cup – Cyril Russell
Hayes Cup – Donald Houlihan
Veteran's - Desmond Tolhurst
Blackwell. – Peter Bird.
Brodie 4some – Kevin Ryan and Donald Houlihan.
Peppercorn salvers – Jack Wolff and John Mathews.

HATCHES

Sons : Michael Barnes, Sir Richard Barrow, Brian Gubbins, Miles Hoghton, Nigel Magrane, Christopher Noble, John Rutherford, John Wall, Christopher Wilkinson.

Daughters: Richard Belloc-Lowndes, Paddy Cunningham, Peter Harrison, Laver Oliver,
Christopher Roberts.

MATCHES

John Boon, Anthony Frame, Gregory Hinds, Philip Hinds, Kevin McArdle. David McCurry. Richard Morri, Vaughan Thursby -Pelham.

MARRIED (alive)

Brian Baker, Jeremy Cuddigan, Meredith Daubeney, Michael Hywell-Davies, George Stanton, Michael Sullivan.

PHILIP STEVEN'S MEMOIRE continues

Chapter 17 – “Be careful what you wish for... ..lest you obtain it.”

It was approaching time to move again, but fortune had one more trick to play. As we came very gradually to realise that UBS and we were not suited to a long-term relationship, the Financial Crash hit the world. As part of our rewards, we had accumulated a number, not ridiculously large, of shares and share options in the bank. The share price was approaching 70 Swiss francs per share, and many were forecasting greater heights in the near future. Amanda and I were busy researching opportunities to make money out of bank share prices, and had found one. It involved some complex financial transactions based on the share price and dividend payments of the Scottish bank, RBS.

The more we studied bank share prices, the more we realised that the share prices of RBS and many American banks were simply supported by management puff, with the banks' underlying businesses varying between reckless, incompetent and occasionally fraudulent. We could make money for our clients whilst the puff was believed, and provide some protection against the expected onset of disbelief when the day of reckoning would come. In due course, the day of reckoning did dawn, but the dawning was slow and hesitant. It was becoming clear that whilst the share price might go higher, the greater probability was that it was at levels where a collapse was perfectly possible, and indeed probable. We ended the RBS stratagem that had made money very regularly, and simultaneously backed our judgement by selling our own UBS shares and cashing-in our share options. I forget the exact price on the day we sold, but I recall that it began with a figure 7, meaning over 70 francs each.

A manager, one of a number who had tried to hitch our business and its revenue to his star, and failed, became aware that we had sold all our shares. He was interested, not least because as a long-serving middle management figure, he had a lot of shares, representing all his financial capital. He was dismissive of our rationale for the sales, and pointed out that he himself had never sold a single share in his near 20 years at the bank or forerunner, and that he was now financially comfortable as a result. I had a poor opinion of that justification: he had once before claimed particular financial insight because his father had been senior partner of a firm of stockbrokers, an argument that cut little ice with the son of a doctor. After all, I would never claim that my father's skill qualified me to take out my colleague's appendix.

Having been chided, we took the sale proceeds, set aside the money to pay taxes, and had a ringside seat from which to watch the global banking crash play out. The share price of UBS collapsed, along with that of very other bank in the free world, and within a matter of months, the share price was 7 again, but this time with no following figure. Our colleague, and he was by no means the only one, had lost 90% of all his invested capital.

For some it was worse than that. A year previously, a very tax-efficient scheme had been created to enable senior people to receive their annual bonuses tax-free. Amanda was not impressed and stayed well clear. I took a modest part of my annual

bonus in this way, but put aside the entire sum in a savings account, fully expecting that it could all go wrong. However, many used the 'tax-free' bonus to buy shares in the bank, offered to them on special preferential terms, but not actually saleable for five years.

Inevitably, utterly inevitably, a couple of years later, after we had left UBS Her Majesty's Revenue and Customs became interested. Court cases followed, and in the end the income tax that would have been payable, became payable. In monetary terms, this meant, as an example, that any colleague who had taken their £50,000 bonus in this way and bought the preferential shares, had seen his actual bonus shrink to £5,000 of value in the financial crash, that not receivable for another five years. In addition, HMRC was now pursuing income tax of £22,500, based on what had been paid, not what the colleague had left after their shares had collapsed in price. Many of the highest-paid bankers had received, and invested, large six-figure bonus payments. Some former colleagues faced financial ruin, not a good state for the steady world of Swiss banking. It was rumoured that at least one London banker had been sent a bill for half a million pounds, based on a nominal bonus that had actually dwindled to a few thousands in value.

Once the dust of the departure of the recently acquired business had settled, and the prospect of the last Hurrah had been dismissed as a very dead-end, we had time to prepare our plans to move again. If I had been the trump card during the move to UBS, it swiftly became obvious that this time Amanda was the main attraction. The head-hunters put their efforts into attracting her into one of many banks and similar organisations who knew of our business.

Two meetings stand out in my mind. One was with a very small firm, where our clients would have been a very significant addition to their resources. The chairman and chief executive interviewed us. They talked much about team working, the importance of the culture and all other good things. However, it was clear to both of us on the other side of the table that they did not like each other, were only in the same room together as a matter of expediency. Despite generous offers and much one-sided enthusiasm we turned them down without missing a heartbeat. Apart from any other factor, we had no doubt that not one client would want to be client of the dysfunctional management structure. We didn't like their dreary offices either.

The other memorable meeting was with a family-owned bank of the highest reputation, where we met one of the family's several directors. He had misjudged the situation, and patronised Amanda. Another family member director joined us, and after a few moments joined the conversation: "Amanda, Philip is obviously going to retire soon, and we need to know whether you will be able to step up to the plate." The meeting ended very abruptly. As the first family member escorted us off the premises, and showed us into a taxi, Amanda handed down her judgement, quiet but still very audible to our escort: "Philip, Hell will freeze over before you or I ever set

foot inside that building again.” We did not need the head-hunter’s confirmatory phone call to tell us that the bank felt that there had not been a meeting of minds that could lead to a job offer.

A continuing theme of my career was that if only I could make one more attempt, eventually I would end up where the best and smartest people work. It was one thing to end up working with one or two really good and smart people, as I often had done, but mostly their worth was hampered by the average quality that surrounded them.

My CV certainly showed that I had always been involved in blue chip name organisations, but the reality under the bonnet was always less impressive than the exterior polish. Then, as we were looking around, a head-hunter produced an opportunity that really did, at last suggest that we would find ourselves at the best of the best, surrounded by the smartest brains and the highest achievers. If one organisation could deliver a fitting last opportunity it had to be the private client and wealth management operation of Rothschilds. They began by wanting only Amanda, but that was never going to happen, and with good grace they changed tack and sought us both. Interviews were conducted in an atmosphere of mutual goodwill and great optimism. I really wanted to be part of it.

Discussion of terms of employment was interesting. Our prospective new chief executive told us what he proposed to offer, and, just before Amanda and I got to the door, he managed to add that this was of course a matter for negotiation. He then learned what he was actually going to deliver, and with much worry, he agreed. He begged us never to tell anyone what the terms were; they were outwith the normal scales. We calmed his fears by pointing out the certainty that our team would be profitable to the bank from Day One, and that his existing people all depended for the bulk of their revenue on the bank’s long-established clientele. Once we had got that out of the way, we resolved the details, of which two were important.

The first detail was that we would only join with assurance that we would be our own portfolio managers, calling on the corporate research resources, but using them as a resource not a function. The second was that if we left for any reason within some specified number of years we would be free to approach our clients to go with us. These were so important that they were to form a separate contract, outside the firm’s standard terms.

With all resolved and signed, we had the unpleasing task of telling our colleague at UBS, Peter, the decent man, that we were off. He asked one question, whether that was a firm decision, or could he negotiate? As we were definite, he allowed us the luxury of transferring our clients to their new home in a civilised and orderly fashion. We later learned that Peter’s boss actually took the trouble to contact the HR people at Rothschild to make clear that we were ‘good leavers’ who went with our clients’ and his appreciation for what we had done over the ten years at UBS.

In the interim period we were invited to a dinner given by Rothschilds to mark our impending arrival. Our prospective boss, and his boss in Switzerland invited five colleagues to join us. I wrote of them in my diary that night: "All white, all male, all middle class, all middle-aged. They certainly need Amanda to make a difference to the stereotype."

We joined the new shop at 9.30 in the morning. A first meeting with the chief executive was followed by meeting a director who not been at the dinner. He needs a name, so, for a reason that you will have to work out for yourself, I shall call him Ewen. Our first meeting needed to be recorded that night in detail. Ewen opened the meeting with the statement that he looked forward to taking over the management of my client portfolios, and was not put out when we explained the terms of our agreement. "They'll say anything to get the money in through the door, but you can be sure that I shall be managing all the money within one year." We replied that we had clearly made a mistake in joining the firm, but that no harm, was done and we'd leave at once to transfer the clients back to UBS, who would accommodate us again. Ewen left the room and returned with the chief executive, and a frantic round of fence-mending began. I was not impressed by Ewen's denial that he had said much of what we had heard. Throughout this entire episode Ewen said not one word to Amanda, and behaved as though she was not there.

Amanda and I went with the chief executive for an early lunch, just the three of us. One statement was all we needed to hear: "Ewen is the cause of all my management worries, he's a complete arsehole." That evening, I recorded the events of the day and my opinions of Ewen and our new boss: of the first, "... a bully. I shall fight bullying by punching hard." Of the second "I presume he's good at something..."

This was not the start that we had expected, but the thought that titles this chapter had not yet entered my thinking. After all, Lisa-Marie was back from her honeymoon and had resigned from UBS to join us, as she did a week after Amanda's arrival. Clients of our UBS days were busily transferring approaching a quarter of a billion pounds to our new home, and the chief executive was placatory.

Then another difficult realisation came to us. As this money and client list came flooding in, many new colleagues became interested in us. They are welcoming and supportive, but there is always a second message, because our first day set-back was public knowledge: time and again we hear how much they dislike Ewen, that we are bound to cross him again.

Within a month we faced two interesting crises. The first was the final collapse of the global conspiracy to conceal the parlous state of the banking industry. Some of the most illustrious names in world banking disappeared, almost overnight in some cases, literally in an afternoon in another. Fortunately, Amanda and I had prepared for this well in advance: the business of moving our clients, could have been painful

if we had not already made our preparations, because in moving assets from one bank to another there is an inevitable hiatus when no action can be taken to buy or sell investments. The largest insurance company in the world is effectively bankrupt as well.

On the very day of that event, we saw our own crisis writ large. A meeting of the firm's investment management group needed to be recorded that evening. "The meeting turns, as we're told it often does, into an ego strut by Ewen. The chief executive makes no attempt to control him. The former is a cancer on the business, the latter a very poor controller of it."

One event stood out: Ewen had rounded on a young colleague at that first meeting, reducing her to tears. I have been ashamed of some things done in my life, but this was a first time for me, to be ashamed of something that I did not do. I did not intervene. Perhaps, with the chief executive, the chief operating officer and the only senior female director of the company present I should not have had to do anything. Later that day, I sought out the victim and apologised for not intervening. Her reply was "Don't worry, you get used to it." It was now blindingly clear that Ewen was a true Equal Opportunities bully. Male, female, senior to him, junior to him, whatever ethnic origin, whatever circumstances, all were fair game to his behaviour. Soon, I was very glad for that young colleague when she resigned from Rothschilds, finding a much happier career elsewhere.

As we shall see, I am not entirely unaware of military history. I was having a strategic phase of study, and three well-thumbed books on my shelves were the classic trio, *The Art of War* by Sun T'su, *The Prince*, by Machiavelli and *On War* by Clausewitz. I decided that some background reading was essential. After that reading, I decided on a plan.

Part One was straightforward. Finding a suitable lawyer was the beginning. I was not ready to do anything concrete, but I needed to ensure my bases. Part Two was to build the bases. In late 1809, during the Peninsular War, Wellington had ordered the construction of the Lines of Torres Vedras. One year later, in the face of overwhelming numbers of a French Army led by the formidable Marshal Massena, Wellington led his retreating army into safety behind the lines, to sit out the winter. For many months his army rested, re-equipped and was fed by the Royal Navy, while Massena's army tried to exist in a barren country on the outside of the Lines, surrounded by guerrilla forces who made food-gathering a perilous task, and communication with France almost impossible. I could do something similar, avoiding engagement with Ewen but letting him develop such an unreasoned determination to succeed in his plan to take over our clients that he would trip up. Part three was to make contact with the guerrilla forces. It emerged that many colleagues were unwilling to engage the dangerous enemy in pitched battle, but

were very willing to support anybody who looked like having a go at such an undertaking.

With neither of us seeing a future in what was certainly the unhappiest and seemingly worst-managed business that I had ever seen, and that included some real contenders, we were thinking of our futures. Amanda's thoughts were back in Yorkshire, and mine were on my now-approaching 65th birthday. Ewen's thoughts were openly, and publicly expressed, directed at driving us, myself in particular, out of the business, with, as he loudly proclaimed in the pub to a group of acolytes, "...his pension plan stapled to his arse." Almost at the same time, the chief executive had given a dinner for another joining director, at which he was heard to boast that he had first felt that his career was developing well when a senior Rothschilds director had first bullied him at a meeting, the reason being that this senior figure only bullied people worthy of his notice.

It was clearly time to emerge from behind the lines and take a counter-attack to Ewen.

It was immediately clear that Part One had been a master-stroke. Our, or more accurately, my, solicitor, because we had agreed that I would act alone, revealed that this was the third time she had been asked to act in connection with Ewen's behaviour. Her first worry was natural, the previous two occasions of instruction had ended when her clients had got cold feet at the prospect of the move in prospect and abandoned their cases. A couple of preliminary discussions led to her agreeing to formal appointment, and when she had taken details of the case, she gave three pieces of warning. This would be a very stressful and difficult business. It would end with Ewen's dismissal and that I would be driven out of Rothschilds within a year of Ewen's sacking. Before starting anything, she had needed to reassure herself that I would stay the course. Satisfied, we now entered the process of assembling evidence that would nail the case.

It took little time to assemble enough background to reveal my case. We wrote a letter, largely my thoughts, her words and legal style, to be a formal letter of grievance, as I understood the process to be called. It was beautiful in its way. Normally, such a letter would go to the head of HR in the company, in my case that would have been the global head of human resources, based in London. I was not going to be normal. The letter was to go to the global head of wealth management in Switzerland, with a copy to my chief executive in London. To throw them off balance, it was to be sent to them at about supper time one Sunday evening, because we knew that both were always checking their work mail boxes.

The following morning, I saw little of the chief executive. He had cleared his diary and was at meetings in the building. That afternoon, I was called to see the head of HR. He opened by saying he was sorry to hear of the situation, and surprised at the

letter having gone to unusual addresses and not to himself. I could not resist going off-script: "I did that because everyone in the building knows you're terrified of Ewen, and given the choice would do as little as possible to investigate the case." He then mentioned that the letter had a very legalistic read to it, and asked whether I was employing solicitors. Of course I was, he didn't imagine that I'd enter on such a course without legal advice, did he? Would I mind saying who was advising me? Of course not, he'd know soon enough anyway. I gave the name, and immediately recognising it, he crossed his arms over his waist and rocked forward as though punched in the guts. My promise to my diary to punch hard had been redeemed.

An extraordinary several months now began. Ewen knew that he was fighting to save his career. His acolytes – bullies need to have an acolyte or two – became nervous. A colleague approached my solicitor: for some years he had recorded, every day as they happened, every instance of bullying that he had witnessed. He had long awaited this day and hoped that handing her this volume might help. People talked about the situation, and asked me to put them in touch with my solicitor. People who had left the firm asked former colleagues how to put in their penny-worth. But, all the while, it appeared as though nothing was happening. Only a few knew what frantic paddling was going on beneath the surface.

I knew that employing a very senior lawyer would rack up costs alarmingly, and asked for her thoughts about what I'd have to pay. Her answer was unequivocal. "Your grievance will be upheld, he will go and I'll present my bill to your employers."

One day, Ewen came into the office, but in mid-morning he disappeared and was never seen on the premises again. A couple of days later I saw the very grandest of the senior Rothschild family members, who made a point of telling me that he had been distressed to hear of my experience and hoped that my remaining time at his firm would be happier. I did not mention my solicitor's certainty that the firm would drive me out within the year.

It was clear now that for Amanda and me, our fourteen years of working side by side were coming to an end. Yorkshire was calling ever-louder, and I was aware of the forecast of my career ending sooner rather than later.

Our chief executive sometimes had to talk to us, not least because we had made the difference between the growth of the business and its decline over the last year. To say that he found it easy would be to ignore certain obvious signs that he was ill at ease in our company. It could not have been more clear that he had not found being bullied distasteful and resented my action in addressing the cancer that had affected the lives of every member of the company.

For the next year, I found myself the semi-detached director of a business that I disliked and held in very profound contempt. In due course, helping Amanda to move

to Yorkshire presented a challenge. Our second contract on joining had somehow not made its way from the chief executive's office to the HR files, and attempts, including threats of legal action, were made to prevent her from approaching the clients we had brought with us from UBS. It was quickly established that the missing paperwork also existed in our records, and without fuss we set about approaching, quite openly, the few clients who she hoped would go with her, to a small firm that she knew well from the days of her early training. In time, she had resigned, moved and set up her desk in her new environment. I nursed the clients until they were able to join her, and then facilitated the paperwork and other details of the move. The fact that I received assistance from unlikely people suggested that there was a strong feeling of sympathy for the way in which matters had turned out.

My next task was to ensure that Lisa-Marie would not be left stranded, and that was not difficult, not just because she was clearly one of the most competent people in the place, but because it was very obvious that within a matter of a month or so she was going to be the only person in Rothschilds who knew our clients.

I intended to end my working life on 31 July 2010, the day before my 65th birthday. Therefore, in order to be able to retire on that date, if not be actually at work, I handed in my notice of resignation exactly three months before that date. The process of handing over our former clients to colleagues began at once; once completed there would be nothing to keep me in the office. One client came into the office to meet her new advisor, and I introduced them to each other, and left them to it. She had been my client for 24 years, at Lazards, UBS and now Rothschilds, and as I left the meeting room, she neither said a farewell nor a word of thanks for what I had done for her. This was definitely seeing for myself a truth that I had often pointed to others: private bankers are easily replaced and never missed.

It was suggested that Rothschilds would like to give a pre-retirement dinner to mark my going. When first aware of the impending invitation, I had planned to accept, and use my retirement speech to tell the other guests a few truths. Then I had thought how much more effective it would be to accept, and then simply not turn up. However, in the end I intended to leave gracefully, so I simply replied that under the circumstances, the idea was perhaps inappropriate.

Just a week after I handed in my resignation, Robert, husband of a client, had died. He features in the next chapter, which itself covers the fact that I did have a life outside the increasingly mephitic world of banks. As I left the funeral, I wished more than ever to get on with the remainder of my life and not hang around until 31 July.

Two days later, I left the world of the last thirty years. I simply got up from my desk and walked out, said goodbye to nobody, brushed off the one person who tried to say a word of farewell. I knew that if I stopped to talk to him, others would join in, and I would probably allow my bottled-up emotions to spill over. That night I wrote: "I can

end my unsatisfactory time at Rothschilds as I wanted, just walking out into the street alone and with no backward glance.” That evening I got home, and found two messages on my answerphone: two clients had indeed wanted to say a proper word of thanks and farewell, and wanted me to call them back. Instead, I took Nicky out to dinner, and I recorded that we appreciated a good bottle of Pauillac. It was not Chateau Lafite Rothschild.

I had not made a penny out of my legal dispute, and never tried to do so. This had been about winning a personal battle on a matter of principle. Some might argue that it was a Pyrrhic victory, but in fact I had achieved exactly what I had set out to do, and rounded it out by ending my paid employment on the day before my 65th birthday, as I had intended. The rest was the pre-ordained side-effect of the battle.

Inevitably, I had to go back into the building a couple of times. Once, it was to see a client whom I had liked and with whom I sympathised. In my career, I saw many malfunctioning families, and this client was an unhappy, abused part of one of the most obvious ones. Her family solicitor had been suspicious when she broke away from the family’s other arrangements. However, over the years, realisation had come that we had tried our utmost to support the client throughout the increasing malfunction, and both client and solicitor were genuinely distressed that Amanda and I, two people who had made a difference, could no longer stand up for her. The other occasion was to see a now-former client who was so keen for me to remain involved in his family affairs in some capacity that he refused to take my retirement as a fact. On one occasion during the Limbo period of my pre-retirement, he arrived on my doorstep at home and wanted to arrange a way in which I could continue to advise the family. He also wanted to remain a client of Rothschilds, a duality that was not, I suggested, likely to flourish.

Finally, the last knot could be cut. I wrote a reasoned letter to the grand family member who had expressed the wish that my later time at his family bank would be happier than the early experience. I gave him chapter and verse about many things about which I was certain he knew nothing. He sent a short and courteous reply: he wrote that I had given him much on which he would need to reflect. I thought no more about it, until two years later, well-retired by now, a news item caught my eye: my erstwhile chief executive had been promoted to a more senior position within the family empire.

CORRESPONDENCE

From **Nigel Courtney**

I may have mentioned that my father, Donald Louis Courtney served in the Royal Artillery during WWII and became a pilot in the Air OP. Earlier this month I donated to the Army Flying Museum his DFC and medals, his log books and albums of his photos of fellow pilots and battle scenes. The logbooks reveal that during quiet periods he used to land near Middle Wallop (where my mother served in the WAAF Ops Room) and take her up for flights. Once, when on leave from battle in France, he was incarcerated in Bow Street cells for two days after an eagle-eyed London bobby decided that the Wings insignia on an army officer's uniform meant Donald was obviously a German spy.

In the process of liberating this stuff from packing cases in the loft I came across some rather dog-eared Beaumont photos from 1960 and 61. You probably already have copies but, just in case, they are attached.



Darby, Wilkinson, Wilkinson Forbes
Courtney, Clover, Mr Leggett, Bellamy, Morris.



As you'll see, they include the traditional formal and informal sporting snaps of the Beaumont 3rd VIII in 1961 - of which I had the honour to be captain. No doubt you'll recognize the faces – particularly yourself and your twin bro! Christopher McHugh was our cox (excellent preparation for his later stint on the Royal Yacht Britannia). I had forgotten that the Physics master Mr Leggett was our coach but he must have been good because I recall that when Eton challenged us on our Henley course at Old Windsor we lost to by only 3 feet. One of our exhausted crew then collapsed overboard and McHugh dived straight in and saved him.



The other snap is on the Class of Grammar II in 1960. I am seated in the middle but can only recognise about half of the scowling faces. The photo is marked “**The Worst**” (perhaps a soubriquet by the Class Master?) which now seems a little unfair given the way that, one way or another, most went on to make their mark.

From **Mike Morris**:-

I have finally got around to reading your excellent Spring Review.

Since I find myself name-checked not once but twice, I feel I should write.

Oliver Hawkins has a comment about the Heathcote Essay Prize. He claims I urged him to go in for it and that I was confident of winning. I don’t remember this at all, probably because I didn’t win it – Oliver did. We were close friends at school but rather lost touch afterwards. I was delighted to be sitting next to Oliver when he was the speaker at a recent BU lunch and to reconnect. Oliver has an older sister Genevieve, who was a couple of years ahead of me at Oxford and I used to go and have tea with her. Oliver gave me her phone number. She still lives in Oxford, having joined the Oxford University Press. We now meet for lunch from time to time.

At school, Oliver was for ever scribbling cartoons and drawings. He did cartoons of his mates, including me, was president of the debating society at Beaumont and the cartoon shows me as a politician.

It was not to be. Instead, I edited the Oxford student newspaper and went into journalism. Now aged 81, I am about to complete walking the Southwest Coast Path together with my wife Christine. I am doing it for Alexandra Rose Charity. I used to be Chair and Chief Executive.

In answer to **Tom Scanlon's** question about who was school captain in his last year 1962? It was both **Colin Russell** and **Mike Morris**. We were both in our third year sixth form, which was the way it worked in those days if you wanted to do university entrance. I was first up. I left at Easter and went to work for a British tour company in Greece. Colin took over for the summer term.

We were life-long friends and I went to his funeral earlier this year. As a young articled clerk at Charles Russell, Colin offered to do the conveyancing on my first house. We went out for a beer after I signed the contract.

"Here's to your new life at number 46", he said.

"No. Number 48, Colin."

"Oh. I think we had better get back to the office!"

In those pre-word processing days, the whole contract had to be retyped and signed.

Website: www.longsteephill.co.uk

From **Tom Scanlon**

This is a bit weird..

I have mounted upon the wall of my loo (yes, there could be a better place but I mean no disrespect) for all to see, fifteen regimental and RAF and Royal Navy plaques. Each one is of particular significance to me over my 25 years with the British Forces Broadcasting Service.

I happened to notice again just now that one was of the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Irish Rangers.



This got me thinking about **Johnny Cargin** and **Adrian Naughten**. I googled Adrian and, Lo and Behold, there he is, one year ago addressing us on YouTube; part of his talk was about King George V granting them the right to march past The Cenotaph on, wait for it, June the 12th no less!

How about that! I write this on June 11th. I wish I had known this before; my father, born in Cork, volunteered in 1939 and thought he'd be sent to Chelsea Barracks...instead it was Ballymena. Another story.

No doubt the name Ballymena resonates perhaps in not a good way with yourself. Sorry about waffling on.

All best.

Tom

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ej5GgNSbAoM>

ED

At our age we are entitled to 'waffle' - I'm just back from France to celebrate my birthday: my wife Annie gave me a card "Old age come to all of us but today mainly to you." Just about sums it up. I haven't heard from Adrian in a while and hadn't seen the video. At school he was a couple of years ahead of us - so hardly on speaking terms - this all changed when I went out to Hohna in '64 to 11H to find that Adrian had just arrived from TCD down the road from us at Celle where his Bn were our support infantry; we became good friends and our two regiments had great times together especially on Mess Nights. Their second in command one Brady could drink any man under the table - his son was down for Beaumont and he was deeply upset at the closure. A botched knee op finished Adrian's cricketing career which was sad for him the Army and Combined Services - hence he is now having to use 'sticks'.

Adrian is Also the Chairman of SSAFA in Northern Ireland: a position he held for Kenya when he lived there.



Johnny took a year off after school so didn't arrive at Sandhurst until I was in my final term though luckily we were in the same Company, we then didn't meet again until he was Prince Philip's Equerry in the early 80s and I was Prince Michael's so we met at important funerals etc and I have a photo on my desk of The Queen and the other Royals at the Cenotaph and there in the back rank carrying the wreaths are Cargin (Khaki and wearing his Caubeen) and Wilkinson (Crimson overalls). Ballymena - I escaped : Belfast was my patch.

L D S