

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SPRING 2017



No, I am not getting political when I mention those that come to this Country from Overseas: I was thinking of education. Today our schools are used to having students from abroad and in many instances the private sector depend upon them for their income. Beaumont was probably the only school founded in the 19th century specifically to take advantage of the Diplomatic Corps and others posted to London. It could be said that Beaumont was a hundred years in advance of the International School. There are always those that say it doesn't reflect well on an

establishment that it cannot find its students among its own, indeed talking with a fellow parishioner whose father had taken one look at the Beaumont lists and had informed the Rector that his son was not going to be educated with a “bunch of ruddy foreigners” and packed him off to Ampleforth”; his loss. Those that sent their sons from the Americas, Australasia, India, the Far East or Continental Europe sought a Catholic and English Public School education and we “home grown” benefited from their culture and friendships made over the generations. It set Beaumont apart and is reflected on the War Memorial and why our visit to Verdun is not just a Battlefield tour but a homage to so many French and later Americans that fought there.

NOTICES

2017 and we mark the 50th anniversary of Beaumont’s closure. I also note that in July of 1967 the Government announced the closure of our military bases in Malaysia and Singapore, British Steel was nationalised, homosexuality decriminalised, and the Queen Mary made her last trans-Atlantic voyage. To it may have been added the closure of the premier Catholic school in England, but those were headlines that Beaumont never sort nor needed.

We have been giving consideration as to how we should mark the end of the Beaumont era and I had considered that a Solemn Requiem would ease the loss. However, Guy quite rightly has said that we have much to celebrate despite what would seem to be a lack of “raison d’etre”. The Union, despite our natural decrease in numbers continues to be a huge success, the support of members at events remains the envy of many “living” old boy associations, and the Spirit of Beaumont continues to be a force for good across the globe. Rather like Peter Sellers in the role of the Bugler in *The Party* (1968) the BU refuses to go quietly.

So the Lunch this year will be a special occasion with “Te Deum” rather than “Dies Irae” at a solemn High Mass at Farm Street beforehand.

Dairy Date: 9th October BU Lunch Caledonian Club. Further details to follow.

THE 67s

In what is a special year for those that left the school in its final year **David Fettes** is organising a special dinner at the Beaumont House Hotel in May. Those that wish a trip down memory lane and have not already received notification please contact David. Email <mailto:david.fettes49@btinternet.com>

I gather that **Simon Potter** stayed there the night before his investiture at Windsor Castle and reported that the food had improved since 1966 – not difficult some might say but noting “the cut of Simon’s jib”, I think we can take him at his word!

BEAUMONT GOLF



The Beaumont Union Golf Society; a Phoenix stirs ... (an Email was sent in January to UK residents).

**THE INAUGURAL MEETING TAKES PLACE AT WESTERHAM GOLF CLUB
WED 31st MAY.**

A number of OBs have expressed a desire to meet up for the occasional game of golf taking up the “club” from **William Henry**. Beaumont has a history of participation in the sport – notably via the annual Halford Hewitt tournament. Beaumont was involved from 1923, the first year of that competition, until 1968. They also founded the Russell Bowl for competition against Ampleforth, Downside and Stonyhurst.

The venue. Westerham Golf Club is an excellent woodland course (see <http://www.westerhamgc.co.uk/index.html>), situated a mile south of the M25 between junctions 5 & 6 and appears to offer a tolerable journey to most respondents.

The format. A Singles Stableford competition, played over 18 holes starting from the 1st tee with full handicap allowance. Meet at 09.30; tee off from 10.30. The winner on the day will take the **Mike Bedford Trophy**.



The Bedford Claret Jug

Mike would also be pleased to know that “Crested Balls” are on offer to fortunate recipients.



The cost. Westerham is the home club of **Nigel Courtney ('63)** and he has been able to negotiate the very reasonable price of £50pp for coffee/tea and bacon roll on arrival, 18 holes of golf followed by a 2-course meal and port for a BU toast (or two).

Nearby accommodation. The golf club does not offer accommodation but for those who wish to stay locally there are several good “watering holes”.

The admin. To start the golf-ball rolling, your Editor has been offered the role of non-playing captain. **Mark Marshall** has volunteered to deputise when necessary and **Nigel Courtney** is the Hon Secretary.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO PLAY OR JUST COME AND SUPPORT PLEASE LET NIGEL KNOW -

nigel@courtney.net.com

VERDUN



The BU “Expeditionary Force” to Verdun takes place 22-25 May and we have almost filled a coach. **WE CAN STILL OFFER A COUPLE OF PLACES.**

The tour is led by our expert in these matters **Philip Stevens** with the Editor giving it a Beaumont flavor where appropriate. We have the following volunteers; **John Flood, Tony Outred, Robert Schulte, Philip Critchley, Chris Tailby, Thierry de**

Galard, Bill Gammell, Richard Sheehan, Mark Marshall, Peter Savundra, Guy Chamberlain, Guy Bailey and Mandy Bedford. We will also be joined by various spouses to ensure that “we do not go over the top” (Squady humour). It should prove an instructive and interesting visit with the added bonus of the comforts of Chateau des Monthairons. Full report in the Summer REVIEW.

LOURDES

The BOFs are still going to Lourdes as Mike would have wished organized by **Mandy Bedford** (she always did do the organization!). We will be there in conjunction with HCPT as usual in the week after Easter and an opportunity to see the children that you in the BU so generously helped to pay for through Race Night.

OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the death of **Desmond Craig Waller (66), Hugh Everard Scrope (41), David Thornley (56), Fr Joe Wareing SJ (Hon).**

Roger Johansen has written an Obituary for **Mike Bedford**,

BASIL CLIFFORD MORSON CBE VRD

1921 – 2016



A SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING will be held on **TUESDAY 2 MAY 2017** at **10.30 am** at **St James' Church, Spanish Place London W1U 3QY**

ALL ARE WELCOME. Please indicate your intention to attend this Service, which will be fully choral with the **Choir of St James' Church** with **Iestyn Evans, Director of Music**

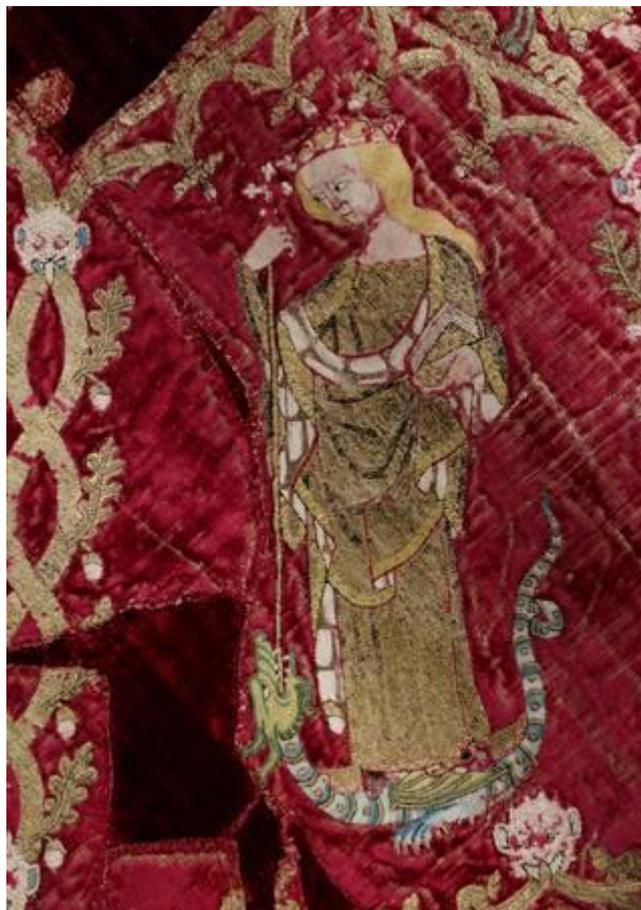
to - jamespsthomson@aol.com (Subject – BCM Service)

IN THE NEWS.

Ed. I often find that the news is often the “late” News and such is the case of an Exhibition at The V & A on “Masterpieces of English Medieval Embroidery” that ran from 1 October 2016 to the 5 February brought to my attention by **Robert Bruce** during a supper party as the Exhibition came to a close. Firstly, I ought to make it clear that Robert “Bootneck” has not, as far as I’m aware, taken up knitting, crochet or petit point. What Royal Marine officers get up to in the privacy of their own homes is entirely their affair.

However getting back to the Exhibition: From the 12th to the 15th centuries, England enjoyed an international reputation for the quality of its luxury embroideries, often referred to as ‘Opus Anglicanum’ (English work). Made by professional craftspeople in the City of London and rich in their intricacy, they were sought after by kings, queens, popes and cardinals from across Europe. Paintings, illuminated manuscripts, metalwork and stained glass will be shown alongside rare surviving examples to explore the world within which these exquisite works were created. This exhibition was a rare opportunity to see an outstanding range of surviving examples in one place. Some of the embroideries have not been seen in Britain since they were produced.

Two of the most important items on display had been donated to the museum by the **Butler Bowdons**:



The Butler Bowdon Cope (detail), 1330 – 50, weaving Italy, embroidery England. Museum no. T.36-1955

The Butler-Bowdon Cope is made from some of the richest materials available to an embroiderer in 14th-century England.

This was a time when English embroidery was one of the most highly regarded art forms in Europe, and wealthy people spent staggering amounts commissioning pieces for themselves, or for diplomatic gifts. Silk velvet had only been woven in Europe for a short time before this embroidery was made, and it would still have been seen as an amazing innovation, with the soft plushness of its pile.

Gold, silver and coloured silks were used to create the embroidery, and intricate details were marked out in freshwater seed pearls and glass beads. The pearls originally formed acorn shapes, which hung from the twining oak boughs which grow over the surface of the cope – a fairly unusual design within medieval embroidery – elegantly dividing it into rows of arches with different scenes and figures beneath.

The central images, which would have appeared down the wearer's back when the cope was worn, celebrate events from the life of the Virgin Mary; from bottom to top these are the annunciation, the adoration of the Magi and the coronation of the Virgin. Beneath the other arches there are apostles, and male and female saints, while the spaces between the arches are filled with angels holding stars.



The Butler-Bowdon Chasuble, 1398 – 1420

The first Butler Bowdens to come to Beaumont from their family home Pleasington Hall Lancashire were **John, Lancelot, Jermyn and Bruno** who arrived in 1865 and left in 1869. In the next generation it was just the sons of John that came to Old Windsor. 1891-5: **Leonard** went out to Natal where he died in 1904 while his elder brother **William** went on to Sandhurst. He served in the Boer War with the Duke of Cornwall's LI and in WW1 was awarded a DSO before retiring as a Lt –Colonel. In 1955 William sold the cope that had been in the family for centuries to the V & A for £33,000. It was thought that at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries various vestments and other valuables were given to families for safe keeping.

The Beaumont connection -

PG Wodehouse secures redemption: the British Library acquires priceless archive.

The author's reputation, long tarnished by charges of Nazi collaboration, will be restored as his papers find a new home

For most of his 93 years, P G Wodehouse the "performing flea" of English literature, was also an elephant of productivity. Up to his final hours, he wrote every day, accumulating a manuscript mountain: letters to friends, writers and composers, from Evelyn Waugh to George Gershwin, light verse, journals and journalism, libretti, short stories, plays and novels such as *Right Ho, Jeeves*, and *The Code of the Woosters*. At the peak of his career in the 1930s, he complained to a friend: "I have become a writing machine."

This rare and brilliant archive not only casts fascinating new light on Wodehouse's comic genius, and painstaking daily revisions of his famously carefree prose, it also holds the key to the controversy that has tormented the writer's posthumous reputation, the "Berlin broadcasts". Yet, unlike many authors, he made no attempt to protect this collection, which is all the more authentic for being free of authorial intervention and contrivance.

The crown jewels in this archive are the documents surviving from his imprisonment by the Nazis, notably the pencil diary he kept during internment, hitherto only available to a few scholars.

Thus, by placing all his wartime papers in the public domain, the Wodehouse estate should lay to rest any lingering suspicions about his conduct during the dark years of 1940-46. Now, for the first time, admirers and critics alike will be able to see the exact circumstances of his incarceration after the fall of France in 1940.

When the Second World War broke out, Wodehouse was living next to the golf course in Le Touquet, as a bestselling literary expatriate. During the phoney war, he stayed in France, working on his masterpiece *Joy in the Morning*. It was a fateful decision. Once the Blitzkrieg began in May 1940, Wodehouse, who was 58, became involuntarily interned as an "enemy alien".

Under the terms of the Geneva Convention, he could not be released until he was 60. By August 1940, he had been dispatched to a Nazi internment camp, a converted lunatic asylum in Upper Silesia. This was a move that inspired one of his most famous lines. "If this is Upper Silesia, what must Lower Silesia be like?"

Meanwhile, in an elaborate and much-disputed series of moves, the Nazi propaganda machine was plotting to extract maximum publicity value from their celebrated prisoner. Wodehouse, virtually devoid of political savvy, was oblivious to this. His disgrace began in June 1941 when – in an act of insanity that was, he subsequently admitted, "a loony thing to do" – he agreed to make a series of broadcasts to America on German radio. It was largely innocent stuff: assurances to his US readers that he was alive and well, and some horribly ill-judged jokes about his experiences as an internee.

His timing could not have been worse. June 1941 was a low point in the Allies' conduct of the war. The Nazis, with tank divisions storming across Soviet Russia, seemed on the brink of victory. Wodehouse's "treachery" became the object of

hysterical warmongering in the British media. Trapped in Berlin, he was excoriated high and low, denounced in the Commons and branded a traitor. He – predictably – went to ground, licking his wounds, and only resurfaced in Paris after the liberation in 1944, when he turned himself over to the authorities.

Wodehouse was interrogated by journalist Malcolm Muggeridge for MI6 and **Edward Cussen MI5**, who found him to be politically inept and guilty of “unwise” behaviour. An official report exonerated him of everything except stupidity. Inexcusably, the establishment never advised him of these findings, and he would be tormented by his tragic error for the next 30 years.

The mud, meanwhile, had stuck. If his Second World War experience did not actually take away his life, his involuntary detention in Nazi Germany and its contentious aftermath wrecked it for ever. For the rest of his long career, he would be tarred with a variety of cruel and wholly inaccurate labels: “Nazi”, “collaborator”, “traitor”, “Goebbels’ stooge” and so on. Hurt, puzzled and embarrassed, he went into exile in America, and died there, 30 years later, loved for his work, largely unknown for himself, imprisoned by his enemies in his wartime reputation, and by his fans in ecstatic and uncritical adulation.

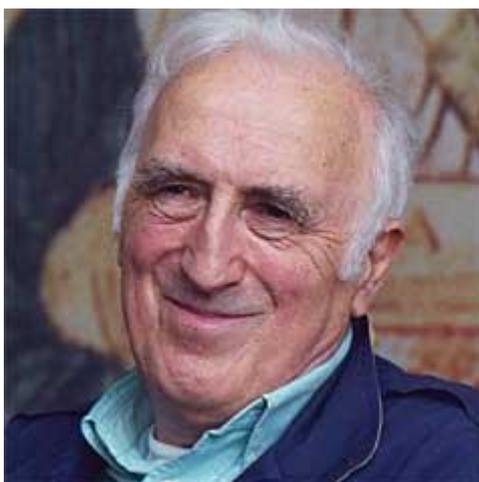
Towards the end, there were some belated establishment moves – notably a knighthood – to signal official forgiveness. Wodehouse himself could never quite get over his disgrace and refused to consider returning home to the country he loved, despite unofficial overtures from, among others, the Queen Mother.

Edward Cussen (23) after school went up to St John’s College Oxford before qualifying as a barrister at The Inner Temple .During the War he was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps holding the rank of Lt-Colonel but was in reality the legal adviser to MI5.

In the PG Wodehouse Case, Cussen reported on a man that was both naïve and foolish not unlike his character “Bertie Wooster”. He had been recommended to the Germans by the traitor John Amery and had been tricked into giving humorous accounts of life in an internment camp. Later on, Cussen was one of the British prosecuting team at the Nuremburg War Crimes Trials and was involved with bringing William Joyce Lord Haw-Haw to justice.

He was then a prosecuting counsel for the next eighteen years and also served as a Judge at the Old Bailey. It was probably surprising to hear that many a prisoner found the bitterness of their conviction was lost in admiration of Edward’s gentle skill and firm understanding. There was truth that a substantial proportion of his Christmas mail consisted of cards sent by the inmates of Wormwood Scrubs and Wandsworth, but none came from Deutsch Gefangnissen.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.



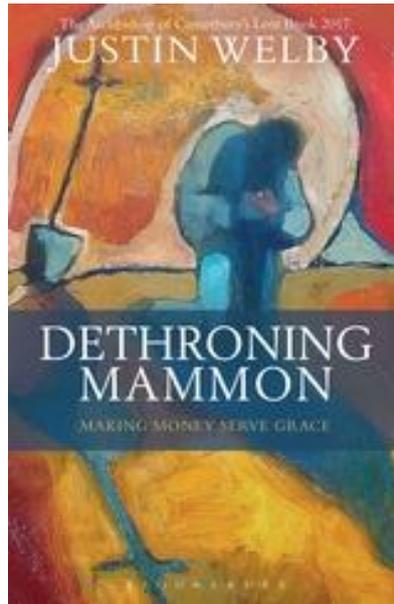
Last Year The Archbishop of Canterbury Justin Welby invited **Jean Vanier** to talk at the The Anglican Primates Gathering. At the time The Archbishop said of Jean: „ Every time one meets him one has a sense of new horizons opening up, of a new vision opening before one’s eyes of what it is to be human and what it is to be community.

L’Arche which Jean founded some fifty years ago where people with and without learning difficulties share life together, turn society’s assumptions about “the strong“ and “the weak“ upside down. Those the world considers weak through their disabilities, are those who bring hope and strength throughout their communities. Those who are strong, discover the need for the weak. This is nothing less than the Kingdom of Heaven come to earth as Jesus prayed it would.

I give thanks that The Spirit of God is using Jean Vanier’s life and ministrey so powerfully to challenge those inside and outside the church to think about how they relate to those around them“.

This January the Archbishop has written a book:-

DETHRONING MAMON: MAKING MONEY SERVE GRACE



Archbishop Justin explores the tensions that arise in a society dominated by Mammon's modern aliases, economics and finance, and by the pressures of our culture to conform to Mammon's expectations. Following the Gospels towards Easter, this book asks the reader what it means to dethrone Mammon in the values and priorities of our civilisation and in our own existence. In *Dethroning Mammon*, Archbishop Justin challenges us to use Lent as a time of learning to trust in the abundance and grace of God.

The FORWARD is written by none other than **our Catholic Philosopher Jean Vanier**.

ARTICLES

Richard Sheehan brought to my attention **Alexander Sullivan** “the last Serjeant in Law” whose name had cropped up many years ago in his law student days. I am well aware that **The REVIEW** covers a great deal on military matters (the vast majority of OBs spent time in uniform) so I’m pleased to rectify the situation with another profession at which OBs excelled:-

Alexander Sullivan commenced his education at Beaumont at the age of 7 in the preparatory department in the White House. He left in 1879 for Ushaw and then Belvedere before Trinity Dublin and King’s Inn. His father of the same name was a Nationalist MP, lawyer and journalist. Sullivan was appointed an Irish KC in 1908 and joined the ranks of Serjeant in 1912 becoming First Serjeant in 1919. He is remembered as the defence Counsel in the Casement Trial but he also had a Beaumont connection when he appeared in the Croker V Croker case. (More on Croker later in **The REVIEW**). He was noted as a fearless advocate, who brought to his English practice the robust manners he had learned in the Irish county courts. He did not hesitate to interrupt the judge, and if he felt that he was not receiving a fair

hearing, he was quite capable of walking out of Court. A moderate constitutional nationalist and supporter of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Sullivan was a prominent campaigner for the recruitment of Irishmen into the British army during the First World War. His opposition to Sinn Féin republicanism and his prominent role in conducting prosecutions on behalf of the Crown during the Irish War of Independence led to at least one attempt on his life. On a visit to Tralee for a compensation court case early in 1920, Sullivan went to the home of a solicitor, ER Slattery, for dinner when a large group of IRA men arrived to kill him. He was shot at several times but escaped injury.

As a result, Sullivan relocated to England in 1921 and established a career at the English Bar, having previously been called to the Middle Temple in 1899. He subsequently became a Bencher and Treasurer of Middle Temple. By courtesy, he was always referred to as Serjeant Sullivan, even though that rank no longer existed in England. Sullivan wrote two books: *Old Ireland* in 1927 and *The Last Serjeant* in 1952. He retired from legal practice in 1949.

The following appeared in an article on quotations:-

In 1983 the House of Lords was debating the Occupier's Liability Bill, which sought to provide that a duty of care was owed to trespassers in certain situations. One of the Lords who spoke on the Bill was Lord Mishcon. In his speech he referred to Serjeant Sullivan.

The Serjeants-at-Law were an order of barristers that were the oldest in England. Dating back to 1300, the order was formally created by Henry 11 but their numbers began to decrease when Elizabeth 1 created the position of Queen's Counsel. No more Serjeants were created from 1873 when the Judicature Act came into force. Lord Lindley (1828-1921) was the last English Serjeant-at-Law; A M Sullivan (1871-1959) was the last Irish Serjeant.



A M Sullivan

From Lord Mishcon's speech from Hansard:

Volenti non fit injuria is a maxim of our common law well known to lawyers. "If you voluntarily take a risk you cannot complain about an injury resulting from it", is a rough and ready translation. But there is also a maxim which clearly applies to the criminal trespasser (if I may so call him) and that is *ex turpi causa non oritur action* - ... "no right of action stems from a wicked cause". These maxims, so beloved of lawyers, sometimes lead my profession into the pompous belief that the layman of necessity knows of them and understands them.

If I may digress, there is a classic and, I think, lovely story ascribed to the last of the great Irish Serjeants, Serjeant Sullivan, who was undaunted by any court before whom he appeared. On this occasion he was appearing in the Court of Appeal for an appellant workman in a workman's injury case. Said one of the learned Lord Justices: "Has your client never heard of the maxim, 'Volenti non fit injuria'?"—to which came the immediate reply in lovely Irish tones: "My Lord, in the small village in Antrim from which my client comes, it forms the sole topic of conversation."

The barrister John McGuigan gave a talk in Dublin, on the 22nd June 2016, before the great canvas (10' x 8') that is Sir John Lavery's "High Court – The

Appeal of Sir Roger Casement” The painting was on exhibition as part of the 1916 centenary celebrations, surrounded by important paintings of many of the characters who appear in the painting itself.



“May I welcome you to the Royal Courts of Justice, and in particular, here, to the Court of Criminal Appeal. It is, as you can see from the clock, almost High noon. The date is 17th of July 1916.

The case has been called on, and the prisoner is in the dock, guarded. There is standing room only and almost every barrister in the Royal Courts building is here, for this is the most important state trial of the 20th century. And all of London wants to see it.

The King against Casement.

Mr. Justice Darling is presiding. Look at him, he’s such a handsome fellow is he not? in his scarlet robes, see how he commands his courtroom, stern, straight backed, he has been caught in noble profile and all eyes in the court are upon him.

You see there are two perspectives in this painting, the internal perspective, where everyone’s attention is upon Judge Darling, with most eyes in the court are drawn towards him, and then there is an external perspective, our view, where the central focus is upon, right in the middle of this huge canvas, Mr. Casement, seated in the barred dock. Very clever chap that Lavery. His client, the man who invited him to do the painting, Darling, has of course, to be portrayed rather prominently, but Lavery also, I think it is obvious, has an empathy with the prisoner, so he gives us them both. The judge and the felon.

I should tell you that Darling was rather a vain man. He had his portrait painted several times and Lavery had painted him once before. A few years earlier, wearing a black cap and pronouncing a sentence of death. Not deemed by many of his colleagues in the law to be in very good taste. He's a wit, can be very funny at times, and he's a poet, written a rather good volume of poetry. He was considered once, oh a few years after this trial, for the post of Lord Chief Justice of England. Didn't get the job. This chap sitting next to him got it instead. Judge A. T. Lawrence. Lawrence was 78 years old by then. Darling was 73. He would always say, he would always tell you, that he didn't get the job because he was too young.

He was a Unionist, no doubt about that at all. As a member of parliament he always voted against Home Rule. He is a great friend of Carson. Thinks Carson is most unlike most Irishmen, says that unlike the rest of you Irish, Carson is incapable of speaking balderdash. He invited Carson you know, to join his chambers when Carson left the Irish Bar to transfer to the English Bar. They were in chambers together as K.C.'s when Carson took the brief for the Marquis of Queensbury.

He sits with his four colleagues, first one here is Judge Scrutton, He has three sons fighting in the Great War, two are on the Somme and one in the Balkans, up near Thessalonica. So you can well imagine that he may have some reservations about a prisoner who was suborning captured crown's soldiers in Germany. One of his sons will be killed within a month of the trial. Then there's Judge Bray, Darling of course, Lawrence we have already mentioned, and on the end Judge Atkin.

Oh Judge Atkin! He is probably the most famous judge in the whole of the common law world, You won't find a student of law, a solicitor or barrister or judge or judicial assistant who doesn't know of Atkin and who will, at some stage of their careers, have quoted the judge. He almost invented the law of negligence and I could not possibly exaggerate his importance to the law. He is to the law as Arthur is to Guinness. What a pity Lavery has not captured more of him, but of course at the time of the trial he was not quite so famous as he would subsequently become.

Look here's another famous fellow. The paintings full of them. F.E. Smith. Carson's galloper, Attorney General, chief prosecuting counsel and a deep deep unionist; from an Orange constituency in Liverpool, Birkenhead. Even his birthday falls on the 12th July. A bit of a gun-runner himself and certainly young Winston Churchill, an up and coming star of the political stage, has described some of his speeches in favour of unionism as being fairly close to promoting naked revolution. Good judge of character that Churchill. Keep an eye on him.

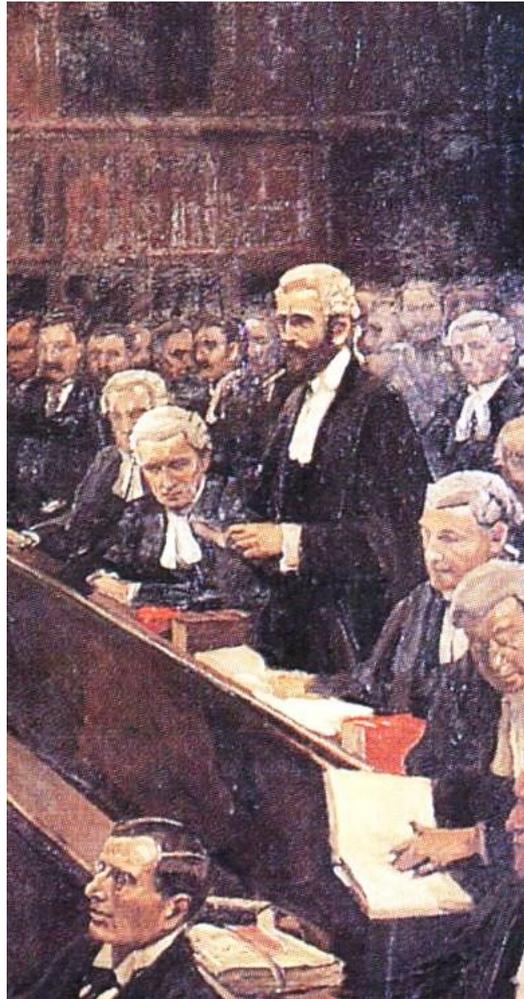
Showing him the law-book is one of the prosecution junior counsel, Mr. Bodkin. Another famous character, banned Ulysses when he became Director of Public Prosecutions, couldn't bear Molly's soliquity.

He's caught the Irish fairly, has Lavery. Here's Gavan Duffy. Oh what a hero he is! He was a solicitor in London, prosperous, going places, when he was asked to take on Casement. His partners were not at all happy about it.

You want to represent a traitor? In the middle of this awful bloody war? Make your mind up Mr. Gavan Duffy, stay with the practice or represent your Irish traitor, but you can't do both.

To his eternal glory, as both an Irishman and as a lawyer, he chose his client. Makes him a bit of a legal hero to us lawyers. His dad was a bit of a character too. Ran the Nation newspaper here in Dublin, a fine constitutional nationalist he was, tried with Daniel O'Connell once, major figure in the Tenant League, was in the Ballingary Rising of 1848. Gone to Australia now. Become **Sir** Charles Gavan Duffy over there, very noble, bit less of a nationalist over there? He is now Governor General of Victoria; his other son will become Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia. This Gavan Duffy, our Gavan Duffy, will become, in the new Irish state, President of the High Court of Ireland. This is just stuffed full of important historical figures in the life of Ireland and England.

There are three women on the solicitor's bench. Quite unusual for 1916. One is Gavan Duffy's wife, taking notes, and the other Casement's cousin Gertrude Bannister. She is devoted to her Roger, look at her glancing up at Roger in the dock. Are they exchanging a glance? I think they are. Lavery knew they were devoted to one another and he has put it into the painting. The other woman is Alice Stopford Green, eminent nationalist historian, helped Casement organise the Howth gun-running. Did you notice, all the ladies are wearing hats. Quite proper for 1916 I think.



On his feet is the Dublin barrister **Sgt Sullivan**. Now he happens to be married to Gavan Duffy's sister and you may think that Irish lawyers tend to keep business in the family, I can't possibly comment on that, but there you are. In fact, Sullivan was one of the leading lights of the Irish Bar. A Sgt was a special breed of Senior Counsel, Kings Counsel as they were known then. He was destined for the bench in Ireland and would have made it if the Rising and the War of Independence hadn't got in the way. Their only distinguishing mark, in court regalia, was a small patch of black silk set into the top of the wig. In England he was not a Kings Counsel. He was only a Junior counsel and therefore he is standing in the second row because the first row is reserved for Kings Counsel, Senior Counsel we now call them. Still is to this day.

At the trial proper, this is the appeal remember. Casement has already been found guilty of high treason and has already been sentenced to death, he was so sentenced by the Lord Chief Justice of England Ruffas Isaacs, or Lord Reading as he was known. **At the trial, Sullivan had been summing up to the jury. The artist has painted this scene from the Jury Box, so he would have been addressing us, we would be the jury. He made, what in my view is a really excellent summing up speech making the best of the limited material he had. In fact, a bit too much. He sought to persuade the jury that the Irish were arming themselves for fear that the already heavily armed unionists**

would seek to undermine any parliamentary decision to grant home rule. He was interrupted! There was a protest, quite sharp, from both F.E. Smith and the Lord Chief Justice, who said he could not run that argument, because no evidence to that effect had been heard. You can only address the jury on evidence actually given in the trial. He realised they were right and had to apologise – in so doing he lost the thread of his argument. It was a rather deferential apology, perhaps he thought it might affect his future plans to transfer to the English Bar. Any way he stumbled, and could not regain his composure. He collapsed into his seat saying “My Lord I cannot go on”. Of course the trial was adjourned immediately. Next day he was still not recovered and the closing speech had to be concluded by his Junior Counsel, here, Artemous Jones.

Why did Sullivan falter? The general position of most who have examined this trial is that he was exhausted and genuinely unwell. But it has to be observed that it seems an extraordinary omission for the Defence not to have led any evidence upon the arming of the Ulster volunteers. How could an English jury possibly understand the desire of the Irish to arm themselves? Or understand their fear that Ulster would try to destroy the democratic wish of parliament for Home Rule. Without putting the issue into a proper context then the jury could only assume the Irish were arming solely for treasonable ends. It would not have saved the day, of course, but not to lead such evidence is, I say again, extraordinary. I rather suspect that Sullivan realised this and that his collapse is one of those moments in the Irish story where constitutional nationalists began to understand that for them, the game was over and that history and the guns had passed to men with different and revolutionary aims. Perhaps he stumbled over Irish History.

One of the reasons Sullivan was employed for the trial, so it is said, is because no English barrister, Kings Counsel, would take it on. It was the middle of a very gruesome war, Verdun, the Somme, casualties were appalling and Casement was charged with High Treason, in time of war. But in fact there was no difficulty getting English junior counsel and I don't quite understand, or accept that no English KC would take the case. In fact, there are two English junior counsel on the defence. One, Morgan BL, is in fact a brigadier in the Kings Army, and a professor of law. He wasn't afraid to take on the case, even though a serving soldier. The other, here is Artemous Jones, nor was he afraid and nor did any of their careers suffer for representing a traitor. Morgan ended up a Brigadier General and an advisor to Churchill in WW2, and he was at Nuremberg. Jones became a judge. He is rather more famous as a litigant than as a counsel. It's his name you know. A newspaper reporter had filed a story from the south of France, he was reporting on the English taking holidays in France, and as reporters sometimes do he wrote something like “And there is Artemous Jones with a lady who is not his wife” Of course he thought, quite reasonably, that it was quite impossible that anyone could possibly be called Artemous Jones. But he was wrong and Jones sued. It's still a leading case in libel law and often cited in court, both in Ireland and in England.

And so finally in this all too brief review, we come to Roger Casement. The much smaller version of this painting, over there, is the one that W.B. Yeats saw when he visited this gallery in 1937. He wrote a poem about it "The Municipal gallery re-visited" and wrote of "Casement upon trial, half hidden by the bars" But he is not really hidden. For us, outside the larger painting, he is in fact the primary focus.

Four days the trial had lasted, and now he sits in the dock for the three days of the appeal. Was there a comma in that ancient 1351 Statute, in that handwritten Norman French parchment? Did it mean, that comma, that treason was confined to acts within the realm, and therefore acts abroad, in Germany, did not count. Not so held the court. As they had held before, just a few brief years ago, for another Irishman tried for treason, Colonel Lynch, who had commanded an Irish Brigade against the British, abroad, in the Boer war.

Three scarlet robed judges at trial had dismissed the argument. Now five scarlet robed judges at the appeal would again dismiss the argument. Why didn't they go to the House of Lords for a father appeal? Well they wanted to, but to do so required the consent of the A.G. F.E. Smith. He was of the view that between the trial and the appeal eight of the most senior judges in the land had unanimously rejected the argument and that was enough.

So Casement will leave the dock, this court, for the gallows at Pentonville. Only appeals for clemency might now save him. And why not, for he was an international figure, he had friends in High places, in governments, writers, politicians, diplomats, ambassadors, he was active in anti-slavery movements across the globe he had a vast international network of friends and supporters. I cannot stress to you how well known he was in humanitarian circles. Everyone would have, should have, signed petitions. Even Bono would have signed.

But now the Government, the cabinet, the secret service, will launch their miserable, malicious, nasty, unprincipled black campaign to defeat the pleas for clemency and to dissuade his friends from signing or joining such appeals. It was the diaries, the so called black diaries, they circulated the most salacious pages. To Bishops, ambassadors, governments, in the clubs of London. "Look at this, he's a homosexual, he's a disgusting pervert, tell your friends. Don't sign any petitions." They undoubtedly added a fatal weight to the gallows drop at Pentonville prison.

And it meant, that this painting, conceived as a tribute to the English Law, and to Darling, lost its integrity, as did the trial itself. What had been done meant no one wanted this picture. It was left on Lavery's hands; he couldn't sell it even though he tried. He ended up leaving it in his will. Interestingly he did not leave it to Ireland. His first choice was the National Gallery in London. They didn't want it; they had already declined to buy it a few years earlier. His next choice was the Royal Courts of Justice, and only if they refused it did he then think that it should go to Ireland. An indication I suggest, that he always saw this painting as being a celebration of the English law and not a celebration of Casement, or as an Irish subject.

The Royal Courts of Justice took it, didn't know what to do with it, wouldn't hang it in a public place. Put it in a basement office where no one saw it and no one cared about it and its importance quickly faded and was forgotten.

Sullivan it was who rescued it from obscurity. He retired here to Dublin, lived in Orwell Road, became a bencher of the Kings Inns and wrote to the Lord Chief Justice of England to try and buy it. They wouldn't sell, even though they didn't like and didn't particularly want it, but the correspondence is interesting. The Lord Chief Justice writes to the Lord Chancellor. "We could let the King's Inns have it on loan, and forget to ask for it back..."

And so here it is. Now a tribute to Casement and not to the English Law. Still owned by the British, part of their government art collection, but here on loan, permanent loan. And so far, I am pleased to tell you, they have not asked for it back.

The world of legal paintings, of those that adorn the walls and rooms of judges and lawyers, in their offices and Inns, are often, a little like the lawyers and judges themselves, rather dull and rather worthy. They are more frequently noted for their formality rather than as works of art.

Paintings of lawyers and judges actually at their work, inside the courtroom, are rare indeed. And there are simply none of the quality of Lavery's work. Of course one reason why such canvases are rare is that it is illegal to make images inside a courtroom, either by photographic recording or by sketch or painting.

In that respect at least, Casement is quite unique for in addition to the Lavery painting of him sitting in the Court of Criminal Appeal, there is that famous photograph of him sitting in the dock in Bow St. Magistrates Court, an image which was without any doubt, taken illegally and which is undoubtedly, and probably still is, in contempt of court. We may be committing an offence by merely looking at it.

But it is the Lavery painting that I wish to focus upon. And it is quite wonderful. There is not another legal painting in the entire common law world as fine as this massive, 10 foot by seven foot canvas.

It is a lawyers painting. It knows of wigs and books, of procedure and of precedent. It captures the life of the law and is as close as we can possibly get to the great historical scene it depicts.

In both England and in Ireland it is in fact not just a painting. It is a rare archival document of immense historical, political social and judicial importance. We should remember it is a real history painting captured by the artist as he sits in the jury box, paints beside him, sketching, drawing, measuring the scene and listening intently to this dramatic moment in the long conflict between England's laws and Ireland's destiny.

Most eyes in the Court are drawn towards Judge Darling, the presiding judge. Stern, straight-backed, he commands his courtroom. The painting flatters him. It catches him in handsome and noble profile. And so it should. For it was he who commissioned the artist, Sir John Lavery, to paint the scene and it was he who gave him the run of the jury box, throughout the three days of the Appeal, to prepare his sketches and drawings.

I might before be finishing urge you, should you have found this of any interest, to go to buy the exhibition catalogue and take it with you to the Royal Courts of Justice and visit the courtroom, this courtroom, wherein Casement was sentenced to death. It is courtroom 36 in the West Green wing of the Royal Courts of Justice, take with you if you do, the catalogue, which has a copy of this great painting, and you will observe and compare, with the hairs rising on the back of your neck, how little the courtroom has changed this hundred years or so; the oak panelling still encloses the space, the bookcase is still there, probably with the same books within it as were there in 1916, the clock still ticks on the wall; you will be aware you are in a place of death, a battleground of Irish history and perhaps, a place of pilgrimage.

John Joss continues the episodes of his life:-

Out of the egg: *ab initio* flight instruction 'back in the day'

"Hold your altitude! SIX FEET! Hold it, hold it, you incompetent moron. Watch my 'bats' and KEEP THOSE BLASTED WINGS LEVEL OR I'LL HAVE YOUR GUTS FOR GARTERS!!!" It is July 1951. I'm a Dartmouth inmate on temporary leave.

My instructor is perched uncomfortably in the back of the Jeep as it bounds across the grass at RNAS Culham, near Oxford, H.M.S "Hornbill," yelling instructions over a megaphone across the fifty feet separating us—fifty feet of tow wire. We are graduating after about six hours of instruction and haranguing from just sitting there on that tiny plywood 'seat' in the Dagling Primary Glider—facing into the wind, keeping the wings level, rocking the 'aircraft' on its skid in pitch, rolling and yawing it with stick and rudder—to actually flying it. For me it a lifelong dream made real.



Now I am airborne but not paying attention. I dare not look down: nothing holds me in place but a lap belt. I am 'flying' a . . . well, a winged stick. There are no instruments—no airspeed indicator, no altimeter, no nothing. This is genuine 'seat-of-the-pants' flying in which I must sense speed and coordination by feel and by the howl of the wind in the wire braces that support the wing. I am, at last, a bird.

Beyond the terror, suppressed by my urgent need to fly . . . something, anything . . . it is hard to generate affection for the primary compared with the savage sensuality of the Supermarine Seafire Mark 47 I see hurtling in over the fence, my hoped-for destiny. "Watch my bats! FORGET THE BLOODY SEAFIRE!!!"

The Seafire, last in the line of brilliant Royal Navy Supermarine fighters and a magnificent war machine with Battle of Britain roots, is doing simulated carrier approaches. I know this from the morning's briefing on flight activities contained in the Order of the Day. Flying the Seafire is what I want to do urgently, real flying. I crave the real thing, not the simulation in a primary or a view from the ground. The Seafire's 36.7-litre Griffon engine, successor to the smaller and less powerful 27-litre Merlin, snarls its intimidating, twelve-cylinder song, with whining supercharger accompaniment, more beautiful than Mozart or Bach, its contra-rotating props ravaging the morning air with visible vortices. I am . . . captivated. But I am supposed to be pilot in command of a primary glider. Fantasy vs. reality.

But with all its primitivity and faults, the primary simulates flight and responds to conventional, three-axis control actuation. The minuscule plywood seat and lap belt constitute a precarious perch; the wind howls in the wires; the wire-braced, fabric-covered wings creak and groan in sympathy; the thought of flying higher than six feet in this contraption fills me with dismay.

I am shaken back into reality by my instructor: “CUT, RELEASE . . . DIDN'T YOU SEE MY BATS? . . . PAY ATTENTION . . . YOUR BODY MAY BE HERE BUT YOUR MIND IS IN A BOOZER WITH SOME BIT OF FLUFF . . . CUT!” Actually, my mind is in the Seafire's cockpit.

He has recaptured my attention and assured my survival. Galvanized into action, I pull up the naked wire with my left hand and the tow detaches and falls away. With all the grace of a greased refrigerator descending into a bog, the primary sinks to earth instantly, jouncing to a halt on its wooden skid. I have 'soloed,' from six feet. I do not realize it at the time but I will never really come down from that flight.

“Any landing you can walk away from is supposedly a good one,” says my instructor sarcastically, as he pulls his Jeep alongside. “Your control of that thing between your legs—the stick, I mean—bodes poorly for your survival. You should have ended up ten feet underground instead of on top of it. Let me try, for the hundredth time, to explain the nuances of the flareout. Then we'll try it from twenty feet. OK?”

Little by little we add height, lengthening the tow line, until instructions by voice are impossible and only the green dayglow bats convey my instructor's wishes. At 250 feet there is time to practice one stall, straight ahead. At 500 feet we add gentle left and right turns and a brief pattern—downwind, base, final—before landing. Then it's back to the classroom, to assimilate what we have learned in the air, by doing, and add to our theoretical understanding of flight.

The terminology flies thick and fast: wind direction in the pattern and gradients near the ground, angle-of-attack judgment, speed control by listening to the airframe and feeling the wind in the face (no instruments on this little beast), minimizing slip and yaw by coordinating the hands and feet, planning the entire flight before release.

Finally the winch replaces the Jeep and tow altitudes reach 1,000 feet. The view across the rolling Oxfordshire countryside is magnificent but I have learned that I cannot take the time to enjoy it. I must focus every instant. I discover later that this is one of flying's fundamental joys: nothing else exists and one lives in the moment. A properly executed flight starts on the ground. If undertaken professionally one is a mere witness to the plan and the piloting should be almost autonomic.

Gradually the instructor's abuse level recedes as survival becomes more likely. The class also recedes in numbers, as some decide that becoming a bird is not for them. The advantage to a smaller class: more flying time in the three busy primaries. By the time we have finished the course, we students are halved in number.

Tragedy ensues: one trainee, upon release from the winch tow, panics for no known reason. He keeps the stick back, perhaps in an attempt to gain height, but instead enters a series of accelerated stalls than end vertically on the ground in front of us. After the appropriate pause in the classroom we resume flight instruction.

On the last day, A and B licenses in the bag, I get the final winch tow. Pushing the bird back to the hangar from the correct landing strip is a chore so I decide to help my mates by setting it down in a tiny grass rectangle near the hangar, surrounded by many impediments to flight.

I take in the entire scheme and make my decisions as I pull the cable release: assess the winds, fly *there*, enter the pattern *at that precise initial point* for the proposed arrival spot, measure the intended flight path by eye and do everything correctly. It requires judgment—the penalties for error could be severe. I manage it somehow. The primary stops precisely in the grass rectangle and the wing touches the ground. I feel a modest sense of pride.

My instructor is tearing across the field in the Jeep, waving furiously. He comes alongside as I sit in, or rather, on the primary, and gets the last word: “If I ever see you pull a stunt like that again I’ll make sure you never set foot in a Royal Navy airplane,” he screams.

Then he smiles: “But, I have to admit . . . nice bit of flying.”

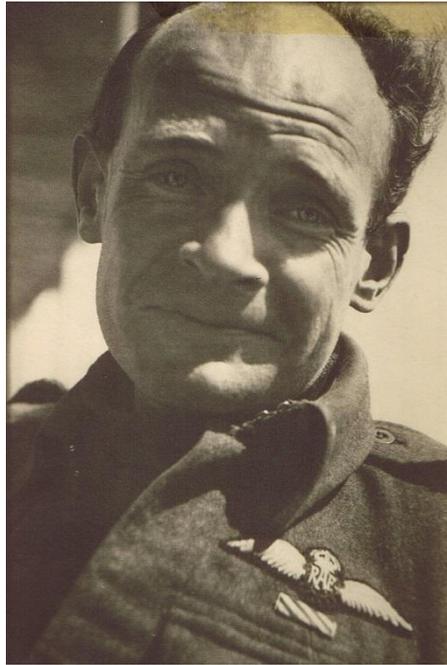
Lessons learned:

- Every aircraft, however humble, obeys the laws of aerodynamics
- Start with the fundamentals and build from there, humbly
- Pre-brief every flight meticulously and adhere to the plan precisely
- Pay close attention to the instructor—he or she really does know best
- Listen to and feel the airframe; it will tell what instruments can’t or won’t
- Never attempt maneuvers outside the approved procedures and envelope
- Don’t mistake understanding for forgiveness
- Remember the old adage, pasted on my office wall:

“Aviation character is the triumph of humility and common sense over arrogance and overconfidence.”

Bearing in mind what John has written:-

Nick Coleman (67) has completed some research on his uncle **George Coleman** who was one of several outstanding RAF pilots of WW2 that Beaumont produced.



“Beaumont Flying Ace”

George Coleman’s life may have been short but this photo of him at 38 depicts a man who has lived longer than most of us twice his age.

Nick continues:-

My father **Lt.Col. Maurice Coleman’s (23)** younger brother flew with the RAF in WW2.

George Byrne Stanislaus Coleman DFC (23), as you will have guessed from the name Stanislaus, came from a family with strong Jesuit connections dating back to the 1700’s.

Rev. Alexander Clinton born about 1730 was SJ Provincial in London,

Rev. James Robertson SJ, was a spy for Wellington during the Napoleonic Wars.

Father Charles Fraser, Stonyhurst 1806-10 was Superior of Clongowes Wood College,

George Coleman’s four uncles were in at the early days of Beaumont, namely **George Fraser SJ, Ronald Fraser SJ, Herbert Fraser SJ, and Reginald Fraser SJ.**

G. B. S. "Pop" Coleman was born 4 Sept. 1908, Commissioned 1929

Sept 1941 posted to 256 Sqn at Squires Gate, credited with a Ju 88 kill over Oswestry on night of 22/10/41, flying a Defiant.

March 1942 joined 89 Sqn in Egypt and then the Malta Night Fighter Unit, claiming a further Ju88, and a Probable Fiat BR20.

Joined 272 Squadron, Malta, in November 1942 on Intruder Beaufighters, promoted to Flight Commander, and he gets another Ju88 on 17/04/43 over Cape Bon,

From 272 Sqn Log Book:

11/1/43 “injured when crashed Beaufort on take-off”

17/1/43 “F/Lt Coleman developed engine trouble and obliged to ditch, a Sunderland with eight spitfires was despatched”

13/3/43 "sighted and attacked 600 ton schooner, left listing at 45%, on return no sign of it but heavy A/A fire from island. Aircraft hit Cat.1, flying time 6hrs 32min.

17/3/43 "a Ju52/3 and an He115 on the same day"

6/4/43 "took Viscount Gort V.C. to Castel Benito, Libya"

17/4/43 " Returning from Algiers Sq/Ldr Coleman sighted seven Ju88's. He made a quarter stern attack on one, its engines caught fire, lurched, lost height and was destroyed. Sg/Ldr Coleman's plane was hit several times and is Cat 1. His machine landed safely.

From London Gazette: 9/4/43 : 1635

"COLEMAN, George Byrne Stanislaus A/SL (28146) RAF 272 Squadron.

This officer has completed a very large number of operational missions, including a number of daylight attacks on shipping. In night attacks on the enemy's communications he has bombed railway junctions and machine-gunned locomotives with success; he has also destroyed 4 enemy aircraft. On one occasion, after attacking two ships, he was forced to bring his aircraft down on to the sea when 1 of the engines caught fire. He spent several hours in the water before being picked up. The next day Squadron Leader Coleman led a successful attack on a merchant vessel escorted by 3 armed ships. In spite of heavy anti-aircraft fire from the ships and the coastal batteries he succeeded in obtaining hits on the supply ship. This officer has invariably displayed courage, skill and determination."

Sadly his luck changed on 8 May when he set off From Cairo back to Malta, in new aircraft, with 2 other Beaus. One went sick over Egypt, diverting to Mersa Metruh, the second ran out of fuel about 20 miles East of Malta, and both crew were lost. Coleman landed at Malta, after an aborted approach as another a/c was taking off, out of fuel and unable to lock the landing gear, Cat II damage to the aircraft and was posted to Egypt with his navigator, then back to the UK in May '43 where he instructed until in March 1944 he returned to the Mediterranean, joining 600 (City of London) Squadron Nightfighters at RAF Cesenatico, Italy, flying Beaufighters and later Mosquitos, claiming 2 more Ju 87s on 20 Jan 1945



George's Beaufighter

From 600 Sqn Log Book:

"The night of the 20th January S/Ldr. Coleman, DFC had an exciting time. Within 15 minutes of being scrambled S/Ldr Coleman had shot down one JU.87, one of several attacking Canadian positions near Ravenna. Ten minutes later S/Ldr. Coleman shot down another JU87 which crashed in no man's land. The rear guns

were later recovered and S/Ldr Coleman has been cleaning them up preparatory to trying to smuggle them home as souvenirs. He got two more visuals on Ju87's, one of which passed 6 feet over the Beaufighter coming head on. Ten minutes later he had another encounter with a JU87. It was a jolly good show all round."

(These Junker JU 87 Stukas were his final claims, and also the very last air to air combat claims by a Beaufighter as they were replaced by Mosquitos. By the end of the war 600 Sqn was the RAF's top-scoring nightfighter squadron.)

He is credited with 7 kills, 6 German 1 Italian, 1 probable German, 1 probable Italian, numerous other targets, ships, tanks, trains etc.

"Squadron/Leader Coleman was in charge of our training and he was a great pilot. He must have been one of the oldest operational pilots in the R.A.F. "Pops" was a kind, quiet man and the expertise that he passed on to us was invaluable in our Malta Operations" Sgt Bellis, 272 Sqn.

Up to the beginning of 1942 there was no official limit for an operational tour and in 1941/42 a night-fighter pilot just a 15% chance of surviving the required two tours of duty, let alone three, and the Beaufighter torpedo bombers in the Med. had just a 3% chance of surviving.

The Beaufighter was the RAF's heaviest armed fighter, nick-named "The Ten Gun Terror", "Whispering Death" and "il flagello di Dio". In addition to four 20mm cannon under the forward fuselage, it could carry three Browning machine guns in each wing. Its two Bristol Hercules radial engines also enabled it to carry under its wings long range tanks, bombs, torpedoes or rockets. The Beaufighter was capable of deployment to a greater variety of use than any other aircraft. The Beaufighter V1F night-fighter had a top speed of 330mph, 450mph at a dive, and a range of around 1,500 miles. The plane's design and construction strength allowed it to shrug off remarkable amounts of enemy fire, and permitted its two-man crew to survive a crash-landing which normally could be fatal.

George was said to have ditched in the water three times successfully. Once his plane was shot and disabled somewhere in Europe. He landed in a reservoir and managed to get back to England with his co-pilot. He was fond of aerobatics – and would horrify his wife by performing barrel rolls and looping the loop over the house. His fourth ditching was to be his last. Having survived a tough war in the Mediterranean, his aircraft often returning damaged, his luck finally run out one stormy night somewhere over the English Channel on the 6th Jan 1948, in circumstances which are still a mystery.

Like many ex RAF pilots he had difficulty in settling down to a quiet uneventful life.

"A Proctor V, disappeared off Margate on 6th January 1948. At the controls was S/Ldr. G. Coleman, on a private flight from Zurich to Stanstead. At 17.50 the pilot had established R/T communication with RAF Manston asking for bearings - the weather was poor, with cloud base at 1200 feet, 9/10 and visibility approximately 200 yards.

At 19.55 the pilot of the Proctor warned that his endurance was limited to 25 minutes. All available lighting was put into operation at Manston - this included SANDRA searchlights, signal mortars and pyrotechnics. The pilot reported that he saw the searchlights and mortar fire .

At 20.30 hrs message received by RAF Station Manston stating that petrol was nil and that aircraft would be ditched. No further communications were received after 20.36. At 20.49 the Margate and Ramsgate Lifeboats were launched. A Constellation on a trip from Brussels to London was asked to circle the area and this it did, at a height of 1000 feet, for 20 minutes without success. A steamer had run aground off Margate in strong gales and the Coastguard reported sighting flares out to sea. It is possible that the pilot saw mortar fire/distress flares from the ship in distress and mistook it for the airfield heading.

Straight line distance from Zurich-Stansted is 415nm; Range of Proctor 5, given as 435nm, with a cruise speed of 140mph; so unless the aircraft had bigger tanks than standard then even in still air and the best straight route, it was going to be very close. That said, the direct route goes over Manston. Also goes over /close to a few large towns in France. However from 1600 GMT onwards it would be getting dark. (he had apparently requested permission to land on a French airstrip but was told they had no lights- he suggested that they use car headlights –but received no cooperation.)

From the time of T/O to last message at 2036(GMT) would be just over 6 hrs, which at about 12 gph fuel consumption, would give about 72 gal. fuel, which points to having long-range tanks, and a theoretical range of 700nm.

It could be that in spite of his flight plan being destination Stansted he had in fact planned to land at Manston with his package. Also strange that on his flight plan he had stated he had no radio communication on the Proctor, yet he evidently did.

With the pilot flying in cloud, possibly for some hours, and requesting bearings, again for some hours, and then apparently experiencing trouble with his turn and heading instruments it sounds as if the pilot was not only 'lost' (unable to find Manston) but was also disorientated. Was the pilot, already with a high workload and under pressure from his diminishing endurance, trying to make the world 'fit' (and his instruments tell him) what he thought should be happening?

The Proctor had an engine driven `vacuum` system for the instruments/gyros/DI, but did not have a heated pitot head, which could be icing-up in cloud as well giving false airspeed and altimeter readings. If he thought that both compass and turn/slip were erratic, might he have been suffering Northerly turning error? (Dip correction in compass by means of a weight on the S end of the needle/card. Travelling north and sideslipping causes the heading to swing, because of the balance weight, and a pilot not knowing of this, and in poor viz., will follow the bearing indicated. Needle/card is effectively now locked, and he's actually flying in circles).

His elder brother **Col. Maurice Coleman** was living in Switzerland at the time having just left the Indian Army, and the day of the fatal flight from Zurich, George dropped his son **Michael Coleman** at their house, saying he had a package to deliver to England. He never returned to collect him and **Michael Coleman (56)** went to Beaumont together with **Christopher (60)**, **Jonathan (62)** and **Nicholas Coleman (67)**.

As a child **Maurice** had watched Bleriot make the first flight across the Channel, unaware that forty years later he would not only lose his younger brother to that same Channel, but also a few years later his brother-in-law **John Poels**.

From Country Life: There was an article on the artist Derek Hill who only took up the brush through the influence of **Edward Molyneux (05)**, the couturier known as “The Captain”.

A man of two worlds

Best known
as a Society
portraitist, Derek
Hill found
fulfilment painting
the wild, lonely
landscapes of
north-west Ireland.

As a young man, he had trained in Moscow as a stage designer; he was an opera lover and balletomane all his life. The remarkable British-born Parisian couturier Edward Molyneux, whose collection of French Impressionists is now the basis of the Washington National Gallery of Art collection, persuaded him he had enough talent to change tack.

Molyneux painted throughout his life, and exhibitions of his paintings were held at the Galerie Weill in Paris (between 1950–1956) and at the Hammer Galleries in New York (1967). Here, 'Carnations in Vase' was purchased by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and 'Roses in Glass' by Greta Garbo.

He also amassed an extensive Impressionist art collection, including paintings by Picasso, Monet, Manet and 17 by Renoir. They were sold as a 'lot' to Ailsa Mellon Bruce, who bestowed the entire collection on the National Gallery of Art. This followed an exhibition there of the Molyneux Collection in 1952:-

“73 small-scale pictures were lent by Captain Edward Molyneux, the noted dress designer of London and Paris, who had collected them since 1936 to decorate his Paris apartment. Included were 17 works by Auguste Renoir, 10 by Eugène Boudin, 7 by Edouard Vuillard, and works by Pierre Bonnard, Claude Monet, Vincent van Gogh, Georges Rouault, Henri Matisse, and other 19th- and 20th-century artists. Captain Molyneux came to Washington to arrange the installation of the pictures but had to return to France before the opening. National Gallery director John Walker later urged Ailsa Mellon Bruce to purchase this highly personal private collection en bloc for the National Gallery, and her name has been attached to it ever since”.

Mr. John Rewald, art historian and critic, wrote of the collection in a preface to the catalogue:

The charm and the specific character of the Molyneux Collection lie not only in the exceptional quality of the paintings assembled by this famous Parisian personality, but to an even greater extent in the unusual unity of his collection as a whole. This is not just a series of fine pictures assembled over a period of years, it is a group to which each individual canvas contributes a new note perfectly in key with the rest. While these paintings have been gathered with great patience and discernment, it is love above all which presided over their final rendezvous on the walls of Captain Molyneux's enchanting apartment overlooking Paris. Instead of selecting large and imposing masterpieces Molyneux has concentrated his attention on small canvases in which spontaneity is unbridled, and where the painter seems to abandon himself exclusively to his own pleasure. There is an intimacy in these paintings and a quiet loveliness seldom attained in more ambitious works. Even the bitter genius of a Lautrec is represented here by an exquisite little picture. Indeed, exquisiteness seems to be the leitmotiv of the entire collection. The impressionists are shown in their most subtle aspects (particularly Berthe Morisot), and Bonnard and Vuillard were never better than in the canvases here assembled. As to the living Rouault, Utrillo, Dufy and Matisse, each painter has contributed works of an exceptional mood and beauty. If they are not large in size, the paintings of the Molyneux collection are nonetheless outstanding in quality, each one of them a happy expression of wonderful visual discoveries.

Ailsa Mellon Bruce (June 28, 1901 – August 25, 1969), born in Pittsburgh, was a prominent socialite and the daughter of the banker and diplomat Andrew W. Mellon. She served from 1921 to 1932 as her father's official hostess during his tenure as United States Secretary of the Treasury, and again when he was U.S. Ambassador to the United Kingdom in 1932-33.

She married David K. E. Bruce in 1926, a scion of a prominent Virginia family; he also would become United States Ambassador to the United Kingdom (1961–1969). In 1933, after seven years of marriage, Ailsa gave birth to her only child, a daughter named Audrey.

Bruce established the Avalon Foundation in 1940, which made grants to colleges and universities, medical schools and hospitals, youth programs and community services, churches, environmental projects, and an array of cultural and arts organizations. In 1947 the Avalon Foundation was instrumental in the establishment of Hampton National Historic Site in Maryland.

Back to uniform and the Grandsons Of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, **Evelyn and Geoge Fanshawe** continued the family military tradition.



Sir Evelyn Fanshawe

I was recently reading a military memoir when I came upon a few paragraphs concerning the Ooty Jackal Hounds which hunted twice a week between the Wars in the Nilgiri Hills of southern India. The Huntsman, who by all accounts, provided excellent sport was Captain Evelyn Fanshawe of the Queens Bays. **Evelyn and his brother George** also of the Bays left Beaumont in 1907 and had family ties to the school. Their grandfather was Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood VC and his sons **Colonels Evelyn, Charles and Arthur** were at Beaumont between 1880 and 1893. Arthur held the office as Page to Queen Victoria while at Beaumont. The Field Marshal had been instrumental in the formation of the Corps at the turn of the century and had also unveiled The Boer War Memorial. Two of the Field Marshal's daughters were also to send offspring to Old Windsor. The two Blount boys **George and Edward** left in 1890 and finally the Fanshawes.

So this article follows the Fanshawe careers including the Battle at St Eloie 1916 at which their father was a principle player.

The Fanshawe's mother Anna married the future Lt General Sir Hew Dalrymple Fanshawe when he was her father's ADC and both Hew and his two brothers made progress in the Army to General rank. At the outbreak of the Great War Hew had command of the Cavalry Corps and rode to France with Evelyn as his ADC. Later he was given command of V Corps succeeding General Plumer who became his commander at the 2nd Army. Now begins the fiasco of St Eloi: Early in 1916 Haig's energies were focused on preparations for a major offensive in the Somme valley, planned for July. However, the German attack at Verdun, designed to bleed the French army to death, began in late February and Haig was under great pressure to launch attacks that would force the Germans to divert resources from Verdun.

The first such attack began on March 2, 1916, when V Corps under Fanshawe fought a successful battle to recapture a position known as the Bluff, south of Ypres. Gen. Herbert Plumer then decided to attack the German defences at St-Éloi, five kilometres south of Ypres, by tunnelling under the position and destroying the enemy's forward lines. V Corps would command the operation.

British and Canadian tunnelling companies dug deep shafts well behind the lines and then constructed six tunnels, carefully concealing the sand spoil from enemy air observation. The disadvantage of creating new large craters in a sticky mud landscape already torn by shell holes and mine craters of all sizes was considered, but the planners insisted that the objective of the attack, the third German line well beyond the craters, could be seized and held. The 3rd Division. was selected to make the attack but only one of its brigades was fully fit for action and Plumer decided to hand over the new line to the 2nd Canadian Division. as soon as it was secured. Canadian leaders were not yet involved in discussions about the political or military direction of the war, and in 1916 the Canadian Corps was at the disposal of Haig who made it available to Plumer: it would be their baptism of fire. Lieutenant-General E.A.H. Alderson, commanding the Canadian Corps, objected to the idea of relieving another formation at precisely the time when enemy counterattacks could be expected and suggested that 2nd Canadian. Division carry out the entire operation. This proposal was rejected because 3rd Division had rehearsed the advance over similar ground. Alderson was told the Canadians would not be asked to take over until the new line had been consolidated.

The British attack began on the morning of March 27, 1916 with the explosion of six mines. The blast could be heard on the coast of England, and the enemy front line, plus some of the support trenches were destroyed. For the next seven days, the British. struggled to gain control of their objective, but the most they could do was create a series of isolated positions, not a connected line of trenches.

With casualties approaching 1,000 men, the British battalions fought their way to the forward edge of the main craters where they established a new line on an exposed forward slope. The struggle to reach this dubious objective had exhausted the troops, who required immediate relief. Alderson rejected the proposal that a Canadian brigade be used to take over the front under British direction, insisting that the untried 2nd Canadian. Division could carry out an immediate unplanned relief. They quickly discovered that the British troops were holding ground which was "more of a line on a map than an actual line of defence." The existing trenches were from

two to three feet deep in water, in full view of the enemy and exposed to artillery fire from the left flank as well as from the front.

After 17 hours of continuous shelling, the Germans attacked, securing control of the four main craters. The battle of the St-Éloi craters was turning into one of those nightmare engagements which continues to shape our memory of the fighting on the Western Front.

The Canadian Divisional commander, Major-General Sir Richard Turner, proposed the obvious solution when he recommended withdrawing the troops and then shelling the craters just as the Germans were doing to the Canadians. Plumer rejected Turner's recommendation, ordering the division to hold its position. Canadian losses at St-Éloi, close to 1,400 men, were a heavy price to pay for such an ill-conceived operation. Eventually, the craters proved untenable and the line stabilized at the original start line.

Shortly before the battle at St-Éloi, Maurice Pope, a young Canadian engineer officer who would later rise to the rank of lieutenant-general, reported that the morale of 2nd Div. was high despite "six months in the line, within rifle and artillery range 18 days out of 24.... Shovelling mud at midnight on a rainy night after a five-mile march on an empty stomach is hardly a joke, yet in some way (the men) keep cheerful and full of spirit." After St-Éloi he admitted "our morale is not all it should be." Pope's son **Thomas** would be sent to Beaumont leaving in 1948. It was also the first battle for a young Lt George Vanier and the "Van Doos" (Royal 22nd Regiment) whose sons **George, Bernard and Jean** would also spend time at Old Windsor.

After the battle, Turner and his divisional staff officers were severely criticized for their inability to resolve conflicting reports about who was where on a battlefield that resembled a water-saturated, lunar landscape. Since it is not at all clear what difference it would have made if the actual positions were known, the real issue was one of responsibility for continuing an operation which again demonstrated that you could not hold ground if the enemy concentrated a sufficient quantity of observed artillery fire upon it.

Plumer saw it differently, insisting that the operation had failed because of serious command problems in 2nd Canadian Division. He ordered Alderson to take "severe disciplinary measures" and to fire both Turner and the Brigade Commander. Alderson initially chose to make the Brigadier the scapegoat, but when Turner refused to endorse an adverse report on his brigadier, Alderson asked Haig to remove both men for insubordination and incompetence.

Haig, who was planning to use the rapidly growing Canadian Corps in his great battle at the Somme, could not afford to allow a feud between British and Canadian generals to develop, and he refused to dismiss the Canadian field commanders. Instead Haig decided to remove Alderson if the Canadians could find a position for him. Alderson was informed that he was to become Inspector-General of Canadian troops in England. That was not the end of the bloodletting as no one had been sacked for the failure. Aylmer Haldane the commander of 3rd Division, was now lined up as a scapegoat; Fanshawe thought that this was grossly unfair and tried to intervene with General Haig, as a result, was sacked himself on 4 July. His

replacement at V Corps was, somewhat unusually, his elder brother Edward. Hew Fanshawe was in effect demoted given command of the 18th Indian Division in Mesopotamia. Haldane was later promoted to command VI Corps: odd justice.

Returning to young Evelyn, following his tour as ADC to his father he was seconded to The Royal Flying Corps till 1919 flying Bristol fighters and saw service in France, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia, Russia and Syria. He returned to his regiment as Adjutant in 1919 after an equitation course at Weedon and was put in command of the mechanised machine-gun squadron. He married Marie Harari in 1920. The regiment was posted to India from 1921 to 28 and as a keen polo player he had plenty of opportunity to hone his skills as well as enjoying pig sticking and hunting the Ooty Hounds. In 1931 the Queen's Bays were at Shorncliffe in Kent and won the inter-regimental polo tournament for the first time in the regiment's history. The team included the brothers George and Evelyn Fanshawe. In the same year, Evelyn won the individual skill-at-arms medal at the Royal Tournament at Olympia in London. The Fanshawe brothers led a very successful team of Queen's Bays medal winners from 1932 to 1936. Evelyn was appointed CO on 3 Oct 1934. He led them out on brigade training followed by manoeuvres, for the last time as a horse mounted regiment.



George Fanshawe

In Oct 1936 the regiment became mechanised and Evelyn was succeeded in command by brother George who led them through the Fall of France but was

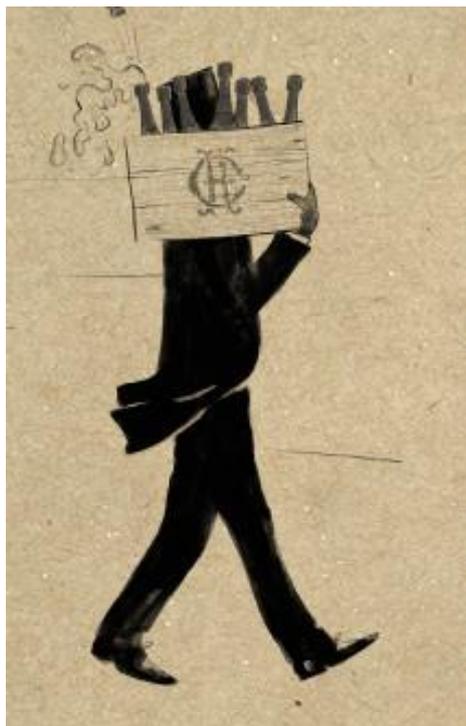
injured in a motor accident and had to be evacuated. Later he was promoted Brigadier and awarded a CBE.

Harking back to WW1 George took part in the action at Nery when the 1st Cavalry Brigade took on a German Cavalry Division (three times their number). Although surprised in the middle of breakfast on 1 September 1914 during the Retreat from Mons, the Brigade fought back, routed the opposition and captured 8 German Guns. 3 VCs were won that day.

In 1939 Evelyn was appointed Commander of the 20th Armoured Brigade, and following promotion to Major General he held the post of Commander of the Royal Armoured Corps Training Establishment, from 1942 to the end of the War. Fanshawe retired from the Army in 1945 and became the UN Relief and Rehabilitation Administration Director in the British Zone of Germany (1945-1948). Subsequently he was Director of the International Refugee Organisation in the British Zone in Germany from 1948-1952. In 1952 he was attached to the Dominion Countries UN Organisation Mission. He was awarded a KBE, CB and CBE. In 1960 was appointed High Sheriff of Northamptonshire and Deputy Lieutenant. He died in 1979, aged 84.

Although remembered primarily as a soldier and horseman, Evelyn was a keen and successful competition motorist and a close friend of Count Louis Zborowski, English racing driver and inspiration for "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang".

GISS - GOSS



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

A Confessional tale.

In early December a group of likeminded OBs gather for a Christmas lunch at a certain “Watering Hole “ in St James’s: an event organised in the past by Mike Bedford but now held in his memory.

Yours truly arrived in London in good time and decided to visit Westminster cathedral to see the new mosaics in the Chapel of St George and while about it make a pre-emptive visit to the Confessional to find moral strength against over indulgence in the hours ahead. Being in the Christmas period the queue was long and while listening to the first verse of “Once in Royal David’s city” sung over and over again by various Children in a selection to be the chosen chorister, I was joined in the queue by **Mark Marshall** asking whether this was the Catholic answer to X factor”. In view of Mark’s various misdemeanours over the years I said I would wait to share a cab if he were to get away with less than two decades of the Rosary. The queue moved slowly but as we rounded the bend into “the kneelers” who should emerge from the Confessional but **Christopher Tailby** who told us that he was walking to St James’s – I didn’t like to ask whether he was allowed footwear or if he was to draw sackcloth and ashes at the chapel of the Holy Souls. In view of what might be metered out, Mark enquired how long would it take to walk to Walsingham and I wondered whether the proposed filet of beef wrapped in Parma ham with Bearnaise sauce washed down with Guigal’s Crozes-Hermitage was to be forgone. As it was, I drew Booth 2 and a kindly confessor: Mark joined me shortly after – did I notice a mopping of the brow? So we found our Cab and “with a don’t spare the Horses” we arrived at the appointed hour for a lunch with the best of company.



Several readers have asked after **Derek Hollamby** or more precisely how his fillies performed last season as I failed to mention it in the last Review. Well, Derek tells me that moving to a smaller premises, he has decided that quality rather than quantity is the answer and is currently surveying the sales catalogues. Rumour has it he is looking at some interesting foreign bloodlines. Keep it up Derek – there's a winner out there.

Letter: **Jim O'Brien**

It is interesting to see all those almost forgotten (by me) names and try to put faces on them, sadly quite a few don't tinkle my aging bell at all. When I left Beaumont (1954) and went to Trinity College Dublin I made no effort to keep with any BU people except for the now long dead **Stephen FitzSimon** of Biba fame. Curiously in TCD I became very good friends with another FitzSimon with whom I am still in contact and through him got in contact with Stephen's sister Betsy who is married and lives in Dublin with her retired Irish diplomat husband Paul Murray who has written a number books on Bram Stoker of Dracula fame.

In my 50 or so years in Canada mostly in Nova Scotia, the only BU man I came across was **Bruce Oland**, he was in Beaumont in the 1930s and died a few years. The Olands have to Nova Scotia the same relationship the Guinnesses have to Ireland in particular Dublin. Both are Brewing dynasties. Bruce a retired Colonel was the honorary chief officer at an Armistice memorial ceremony here a few years ago. A VIP here, he had a great sense of humour and didn't take himself half as seriously as many local citizens did. He had a good memory for obscene songs he claimed to have learnt at Beaumont and was liable to sing them loudly in the most inappropriate places and times. His death was a loss to this rather sedate little at times cold city. It is something like – 15 C to-night which is quite cold enough.

Ed: **Commodore BS Oland, CM, CSTJ, ED, CD, RCNR (Retd)**



“The Chief of the Maritime Staff, Vice-Admiral Dean Mcfadden, announced the passing of Commodore Bruce Sidney Culverwell Oland in Halifax, NS on Thursday, 6 August 2009.

Commodore Oand distinguished himself in both his military and civilian careers. He was renowned for his commitment to his community and his generous philanthropy.

He was born 31 March 1918 in Guildford, England to the late Colonel Sidney and Herlinda (Debedia) Oland. While Colonel Oland was serving in the First World War, his family resided in England.

. With the exception of his infancy and three years of study in England, Commodore Ooland lived his entire life in Nova Scotia. He received his early education at Kings College School in Windsor, NS, and later attended Beaumont College, Old Windsor, England, following which he joined his family’s brewing company, which had its early beginnings in Nova Scotia in 1867.

Commodore Oland commenced his military service when he joined the Army Officers Training Corps as an officer training candidate in England in 1933, where he received his commission in 1936. He transferred to the Canadian Militia and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Artillery.

At the outbreak of the war in 1939, he was promoted to captain and served with the Royal Canadian Artillery during the entire Second World War. He remained with the militia following World War II, promoted to major and commanded the 53rd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery. He was awarded the Canadian Efficiency Decoration in 1950.

In 1951, at the request of Rear-Admiral Mainguy, Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, Cmdre Oland transferred from the militia to the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve and was

granted acting rank of Lieutenant at HMCS SCOTIAN. He served in HMC Ships WARRIOR, SWANSEA, MICMAC, MAGNIFICENT, HAIDA and ST. CROIX. He was awarded his Destroyer Watchkeeping Certificate in 1956 while serving in HMCS ST. LAURENT. From 1963 to 1967 he was Commanding Officer of HMCS SCOTIAN. Shortly after taking command of SCOTIAN, then-Commander Oland led the challenge against the proposed pay-off of HMCS SCOTIAN and several other naval reserve divisions across Canada. His tireless efforts were responsible for preserving many of Canada's naval units, laying the seeds for future expansion of the naval reserve.

In 1967 he was appointed Honourary Aide-De-Camp to His Excellency Governor-General Roland Michener, was promoted to commodore and appointed as Senior Naval Reserve Advisor. He was the first to be appointed commodore in the naval reserve. In 1970 he was appointed advisor to the Commander, Maritime Command.

Commodore Oland's interest in and support of the navy is legend. It was broad in scope and spanned several decades, from 1951 to the present day. He provided an award to the top graduate of the Operations Room Officer Course, an award which was established by his father and which he personally encouraged. Commencing in 1952, Commodore Oland personally presented 92 awards. The Commodore Bruce S. Oland Library at the Maritime Command Museum At CFB Halifax houses the several thousand books, publications and articles provided by the Commodore. His interest extended to the historical maintenance of the Canadian Navy through his support of HMCS SACKVILLE and HMCS HAIDA.

Commodore Oland was well-known for his success in business and his philanthropic service to his community. He graduated from the United States Brewers Academy in 1947, becoming President of Oland And Son Ltd in 1969 and President Of Oland Breweries Ltd in 1971. He served as President of Lindwood Holdings Ltd., Culverwell Holdings Ltd. and Oland Investments Ltd. He served as honorary Consul General of Japan at Halifax from 1979 until 1998, and was a member and chair of the Board of Governors, Nova Scotia Division Canadian Corps of Commissionaires.

Commodore Oland was very active in a number of charitable and community activities and was a supporter of the Regional Residential Services Society on an ongoing basis. Over the years he served as Chairman of The Royal Canadian Naval Benevolent Fund's Eastern Claims Division, the Bill Lynch Memorial Fund, and President of the Nova Scotia Division Provincial Council of The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Programme. He was chairman of the then named Board of Honorary Governors Nova Scotia Division, Canadian Association for the Retarded Children/Mentally Retarded and a director of the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded (National Committee). He was a charter member of the Maritime Branch of the Canadian Naval Memorial Trust, HMCS SACKVILLE. He served as president of St. George's Society, the Royal United Services Institute, and the Halifax School for the Blind and was governor of the Dominion Brewers Association.

He endowed scholarships to Saint Mary's University, Dalhousie University, University of King's College, St. Francis Xavier University and King's-Edgehill School, Windsor.

Along with his father and brothers, Commodore Oland was instrumental in commissioning the building of the Bluenose II, a renowned vessel in its own life and time, which was later given to the Province of Nova Scotia. The ship became an ambassador for both the province and Canada as a whole.

In 1985 he was granted the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Canon Law by the University of King's College in recognition of his services to the community. In 2000 he was granted the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Commerce By Saint Mary's University. Commodore Oland was invested in the Order of Canada in 2006.

Commodore Oand is survived by his wife, the former Ruth Hurley, his daughter, Deborah, and son, Commander Richard Oland, daughter-in-law Barbara and three grandchildren, Keith, Heather and Eric.

Commodore Oland will be remembered for his outstanding dedication and leadership, and his service to our navy, his province and his country.

The social side is part of the BU life blood: I gather when **Guy Bailey** and **Paula** were over for Christmas they were taken to the Chelsea Arts Club by **the Outreds** to be joined by **Bill Gammell and Mandy Bedford** for dinner. In the course of the evening who else should appear but our well known sculptor and artist **Tom Haran**



and **David Crewe – Read** of Pine Mine fame who advised Andrew Lloyd Webber on buying Victorian art.

From the Daily Mail a few years back:-

“ David was a great friend of the late motor racing boss Richard Lloyd one of its more colourful figures. An entrepreneur who worked as Cliff Richard's manager in the Sixties, he once tried his hand at selling women's underwear before making his name in motorsport.

"He was a fantastic chap," says art dealer David Crewe-Read, a friend of Wellington-educated Lloyd for 50 years.

"I recall he was in the rag trade at one stage in the early 1970s and I remember going round to his flat in London and his then girlfriend, who we called Juicy Lucy, was modelling disposable briefs made of paper.

“Out Of darkness” is a recording by Jesus College Choir under the direction of Mark Williams. It includes the *Tantum Ergo* of Fernand Laloux whose music has only found prominence in recent times but is performed by the Choirs at Farm Street and the Brompton Oratory.

Fernand Laloux came to England in 1914 along with many other Belgians. He became organist at **Beaumont College, Windsor**, then in 1924 joint Director of Music at Farm Street church. Laloux also held appointments as singing teacher then Director of Music at Wimbledon College, close to the church, a position he maintained until his death in 1970. Laloux lost a leg serving in WW2, but continued to play the organ. His compositional language, while influenced by Ravel and, in his later works, Peeters, Langlais and Messiaen, is not lacking in individuality. Of the many pieces which Laloux composed for the churches at which he worked, several are regularly performed at major churches and cathedrals. The hymn-like *Tantum ergo* included here, the simpler of his two settings, is in four parts with a soprano descant in the second verse. One critic wrote:- “The descant cause the harmonies to become eye-wateringly lovely. Watering eyes may be common in Holy Week, but this time, they’re not tears”.



Jean-Marie PICQUART (not an OB) from Pont a Mousson wrote to me :-

“This is an old postcard of **Willie Morgan** (William André François MORGAN)'s memorial in the Vosges mountains.

This postcard will be soon on the ww1 web site images de14-18.eu (web site of the C.I.L. at Nancy) where I work as voluntary a day each week This card was unused. Nothing written on the backside, no information, no date. As you can see the wood is just begin to grow again (few years after WW1).



The Winner of the 1938 King's Cup Air Race

The death of **Hugh Scrope (41)** see OBITUARIES brings to mind that the famous Percival Gull Mew that he once owned is now in the Shuttworth Collection together with the classic 1930's Pietenpol **Hal Danby (57)** built for the Collection at the Old Warden Airfield in Bedfordshire. Amongst the prestigious variety of aeroplanes in the museum are two others with Beaumont connections. There is the 1909 Bleriot XI similar to the model flown by Louis across the Channel, and the other is the WW1 SE 5A fighter which was restored by the staff and apprentices at RAE Farnborough under the auspices of the Commandant - **Gp Capt Tich Hannafin (31)**. Tich was the only man allowed to fly the machine which he regularly did at various displays around the country.

They did not grow old – from Henley to the Somme.

Chris Dodd's history of London R.C., *Water Boiling Aft*, records that 90 members of the club volunteered between the outbreak of war and the end of 1914 and that 50 members did not return.

Seven schools are identified against 91 of the names: Bedford (15), Cheltenham (1), Eton (41), Radley (19), Shrewsbury (10,) Winchester (1) and **Beaumont (4)**.

Chris Dodd's observation was that oarsmen had been quick to join the flood of volunteers after the outbreak of war: "After July 1914, however, all rowing stopped except at schools. Nearly every boat club known at Henley — I am glad to record it — had sent its able-bodied men to the Army or the Navy before a whisper of conscription had been heard." He continued, "Both the University crews, and all the

British competitors in final heats at the Henley of 1914, were in naval or military training by the Christmas of that year.”

A Story with a sad end

As with much of my research, I came across a few details on the life of **Francis Ignatius Carvill** by chance. He was born in 1871 the son of George Hamilton Carvill an Irish Liberal and nationalist politician and Member of Parliament for Newry from 1892 to 1906, taking his seat as an Irish Parliamentary Party member of the House of Commons. Carvill first stood for Parliament at the 1880 general election, when he was a Liberal candidate in Newry, but he lost the seat by a margin of 5% to a Conservative candidate. He did not stand again until the general election in October 1892, when he won the seat as an Anti-Parnellite nationalist, defeating both a Unionist and a Parnellite opponent. He was re-elected in 1895 with a wide margin, and when the Irish Parliamentary Party (IPP) reunited for the 1900 general election was returned unopposed as an IPP candidate. He lost the seat at the general election in January 1906, when he stood as an Independent Nationalist, and was defeated by John Joseph Mooney, the IPP candidate and outgoing MP for South County Dublin. He was a past High Sheriff for Co. Armagh.

Francis, George's eldest son arrived at Beaumont at the age of ten but left at thirteen for entry into the Royal Navy and was confirmed as a sub-lt in 1890 and retired as a Commander in 1911. For the Great War he re-enlisted for special service. After the War he inherited Monalty House in Ireland through his mother's side of the family: she was born Frances Mary "Fanny" Gatlán.



In the early 1800s, James Gatlán was a prominent distiller in Carrickmacross, Co. Monaghan producing over 200,000 gallons of spirits each year. As a result of his wealth, he bought Monalty House, a country manor a few miles southeast of Carrickmacross. Monalty House is a large, plain, sturdy 3-story manor house situated in vast pastoral grounds, it has over eleven bedrooms.

Francis Ignatius Carvill lived at Monalty until his untimely death. He “contracted cancer and unfortunately the pain was so severe that he shot himself in a train in Euston Station, London in 1927”. The house was sold shortly after.

Your Editor, as I have remarked in the past, has a problem with the reticence of OBs to keep their activities very close to their chests which means I have to go searching. With the BU it is the dead that reveal their secrets rather than the living. Now I'm not normally a follower of Twitter (unlike a certain "orange" coloured personality in the USA) but I came across the following which he would do well to note: "The microphone is a lie detector. Only speak when you feel and think the truth".

The Tweet came from **English through Drama**: This Company comprises a group of teachers, writers, dramatists and investors who came together to provide a unique subscription-based approach to learning English as a foreign language, whilst offering scholarships to orphans, refugees and street-children. The team is headed by **Shaun MacLoughlin (54)**.



On their website he is introduced as follows:- **Shaun MacLoughlin, Drama Director**
Educated by Jesuit priests at Beaumont College, Old Windsor, Shaun is the proud grandfather of Shoshanna Sanders, Benjamin and Louis Coram and Tate MacLoughlin.

Qualifications and positions held

- Master of Arts University of Oxford (Ed: St Edmund Hall)
- Second Lieutenant, Royal Artillery
- Tour Guide in France and Spain
- BBC TV Drama Script Editor, Single Plays.
- BBC Radio 4 Script Editor, The Afternoon Play
- BBC Radio Producer of Drama, Documentaries and Poetry for Radio 3 & 4 in Bristol
- Winner of the Sony Award for best comedy for the play *Crisp and Even Brightly*

- Producer of 13 one hour radio programmes on the history of Australia
- Producer of a documentary about a cycling pilgrimage with his 12 year old son, Seamus, from Mont St Michel to Santiago de Compostela
- Tutor and producer of radio acting at the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School and the Birmingham School of Acting, producing Shakespeare for local radio
- Tutor in writing drama scripts at Bath Spa University and the University of Wales
- Tutor in screenplay writing at Bristol University
- Director of four plays by Oscar Wilde for Penguin Audio
- Radio Drama Producer in HM Prisons Channings Wood and Rye Hill
- Winner of the Arthur Koestler Award for creative work in prisons for the radio documentary *A Journey through Drugs*
- Producer of *The Flower Room* for BBC Radio 4, recorded on location in China
- Author of *Writing and Acting for Radio*, recommended on University courses
- Producer of audio plays for primary and secondary school special needs children.

Shaun can be seen on being interviewed on Vimeo about audio drama and its influence for aspiring young actors.

Shaun is the son of **Hugh (28)** who was a city banker and whose own father had been the manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Cairo. Sadly Hugh died young in Paris in 1938.

Back to the dead again:- We are not the only ones remembering those killed in the Great War. University College Oxford published this piece last July.



LIEUTENANT LAUNCELOT CARY
1891-1916
OF TOR ABBEY

Univ and the Somme: a College Mourns

July 2016 marked the 100th anniversary of the terrible first month of the Battle of the Somme, and we take this opportunity to reflect on how the First World War was reflected within the College, and especially by Reginald Macan, who was our Master at the time.

Our main source is the College's great series of Admissions Registers. Ever since 1674, every new member of Univ has had to write an entry in one of these Registers, giving details of their parentage, home and age. The only difference is that, in the 1950s, we started recording entries in English rather than Latin.

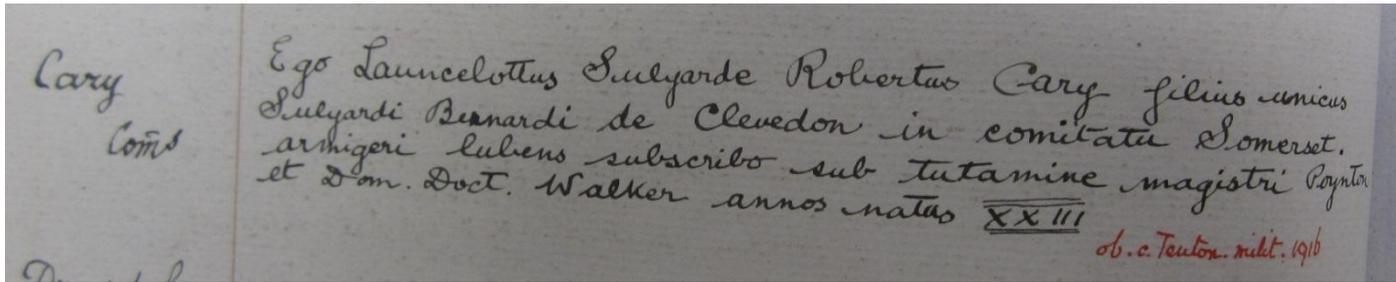
In the early 20th century, it became the custom to leave a record (almost always in red ink) when an Old Member died. Every death which occurred during the First World War was entered in by Master Macan himself in his distinctive hand. As we see these entries, we should remember that Macan's only surviving son, Basil, had been killed in 1915.

Since the original entries had been written in Latin, Macan gave details of deaths in Latin too, almost always using the same form of words, namely "ob. c. Teuton. milit.". This is short for "obiit contra Teutonicos militans", or "he died fighting against the Germans".

During the first month of the Somme, sixteen members of Univ, or young men who had been offered places here, were killed. We show the entries in the Admissions Register for each of those men who had actually attended the College.

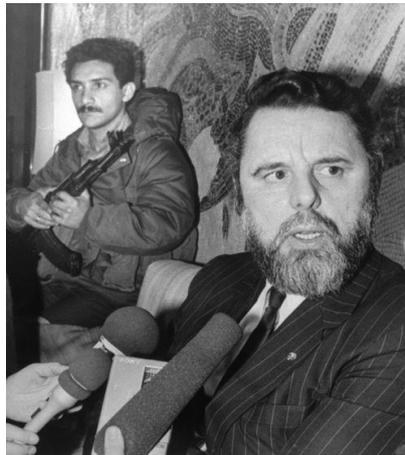
Killed on 20 July 1916

Lancelot Sulyarde Robert Cary (matriculated 1914), aged 20. He read Law at Univ, and was serving with the 9th Battalion Devonshire Regiment. He was his parents' only son.



ED: Lancelot (See Great War Archive) was the last of the Carys of Torre Abbey. The Cary family were prominent Torquinians and also owned most of the village of Cockington from as far back as the 14th century which included the modern day areas of Shiphay, Chelston and Livermead within its boundaries. Certain evidence traces the family's ancestry to the son of the Roman Emperor Carus, who served as a general in Britannia during his life.

30 years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury's envoy Terry Waite went to Beirut in January 1987 to negotiate the release of several hostages being held there by Islamic Jihad but he had been compromised by association with the Americans so ended up a hostage himself and was held captive for 1,760 days before being released on 18 November 1991.



The man that oversaw his release was the future **Sir Hilary Synnott (62)**. In 1991 as head of the FCO's security co-ordination department he was responsible for overseeing the negotiations the release of British hostages held in Lebanon, not only Terry Waite but also John McCarthy and Jackie Mann a difficult but ultimately successful task which won him much acclaim.



Modestly he was to recall:-

“ they put me into what was called in those days Security Co-ordination Department, which dealt with the international aspects of terrorism. There again, I fell on my feet, because it was at that time that Terry Waite and John McCarthy were still kidnapped in Lebanon. Because of the thawing in relations with Iran, they came to be released, and I actually had the privilege and interest of picking up Terry Waite from Damascus and ferrying him and Jack Mann, also one of the men kidnapped, back to London. In addition there was a lot of terrorism going on”.

When **Guy Bailey** sent me this photo I thought it was “That celebrated, Cultivated, Underrated, Noble man The Duke of Plasa-Toro”.



It is of course **The Baron de Toma (Tony Parish)**. I Emailed Tony “You look very distinguished in uniform which is obviously not that of “the Ferrari aficionados”. What is it?” He replied that he was going to a carnival party dressed as the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria for whom his great grand- father worked.

Can we expect the same sartorial elegance at the next BU gathering?

The BU were well known on the golf course but a couple of letters, following on from our latest endeavour to reform the BUGS, from both **Richard Nurick** and **Tony Waldeck** shed light on school play in the early fifties.

Richard writes:

Although I had played Golf before Beaumont I was seriously introduced to it when Henry Cotton visited Beaumont in 1952 to launch the Golf Foundation. Every week a group of us used to cycle up Priests Hill to Wentworth where the professional, Tom Halliburton, gave us a lesson. After the 1st week only 3 attended so we had a lesson followed a 4 ball round with Tom Halliburton. Once I had left Beaumont and joined the BU I was invited by Jim Peppercorn to play in the Halford Hewitt match and other matches for Beaumont. Jim Peppercorn managed the match as Secretary of the BU Golfing Society and the following used to play on a regular on a regular basis. **Lionel Gracey, Tony Thompson, Peter Hughes, Charles Russell, Tim Russell, Cyril Russell, Roger Johansen, Tony Outred, ???Flood**, as well as many others. If you let me have a full list of the BU I could identify many others.

Although I am still a member of Huntercombe GC I no longer play due to a trapped nerve in my back.

Tony Writes:

Many thanks. I was a keen golfer from an early age. The English Golf union set up tuition for boys at distinguished clubs and Beaumont came under the wing of Tom Halliburton, then the pro at Wentworth. I think Beaumont was among the first schools to participate.

For 35 years I was a member of Ryl Wimbledon GC but I had to give up the game following damage to my shoulder in 2009. The only BU at the Ryl Wimbledon is **Clive Fisher** who is a competent and competitive player!

Otherwise, contemporaries of mine were **Patrick Flaherty** - who later played for Surrey and knocked on the door of the Walker Cup side and **Richard Bird** (now Sir Richard??) who, I think played off single figure hcp while still at school. Both of these were a couple of years ahead of me and so might (like me!) now be "past it".

Well done and Good Luck with this splendid idea. A dear friend (ex Lancing and Oxford U) from Ryl Wimbledon was playing at Woking GC. He admitted to me that he'd never heard of Beaumont - and there, in the bar at Woking the name of our school appears on the polished boards many times; these follow past events at Woking where we had taken the silver.

Ed: I'm certain Tony put his OL chum in his place concerning Beaumont and its golfing pedigree.

It seems that we were not only a Founder school for the Halford Hewitt but also for The Golf Federation: a distinction we share only with Malvern.

So who was Beaumont's distinguished coach:-



Tom Halliburton first came to prominence in 1939 when he became first assistant to Henry Cotton at Ashridge. After a series of moves, he became the professional at the Wentworth Club in 1952 where he remained until his death in 1975. In 1952 he set a world record score by scoring 126 for the first two rounds of the Spalding Tournament, although he eventually finished fourth. He was in the British 1961 and 1963 Ryder Cup teams.

In the 1963 Open at Royal Lytham, he scored 29 for the first nine holes of the opening round, an Open record. In 1969 he became chairman of the British PGA. He was the non-playing British captain in the first PGA Cup at Pinehurst, North Carolina in 1973. His last tournament was a Pro-Am at Helensburgh Golf Club in 1974.

Drawing up plan for his retirement, he had recommended Bernard Gallagher as his successor at Wentworth. Haliburton and Gallacher had just started a practice round when, on the first green, Haliburton collapsed and died. He had been a professional golfer for 42 years.

The birth of the Golf Foundation

During 1951, Jack Burroughs of British Steel Golf Shafts perceived that the sport of golf was facing a potential crisis. Levels of participation in golf were falling off, and many clubs were experiencing difficulties as a result of falling membership rolls. Determined to find a way to reverse these trends, he began to consult a number of interested parties. One of these was the golf correspondent Henry Longhurst, who contributed the idea that the point at which to tackle the problems was to become active in the schools.

At around the same time, the leading British golfer and three-time Open Champion Henry Cotton was holding meetings to try to find solutions to the very same problems. These two strands very quickly came together, with Burroughs' support Henry Cotton undertook a lecture and demonstration at two schools to test the reaction of the pupils. The attendance at these events convinced them that they were on the right track, and thus was born the core activity of the Golf Foundation which was to make possible golf instruction in schools via a process of fund-raising and subsidy.

Six public schools were selected for the pilot scheme which took place during the Summer of 1952. These were: **Beaumont**, Fettes, Malvern, Rugby, Stowe and Wellington. Henry Cotton himself gave an introductory lecture and demonstration, and compiled a "Manual of Instruction" to act as a blueprint for the local golf professional who would then take over the tuition.

It was now clear that the vision of Jack Burroughs and Henry Cotton had found a ready audience, and it was time to place the Golf Foundation on a firmer footing and a Committee was formed. In May 1953, the organisation became a non-profit-making company - The Golf Foundation Limited. Brigadier-General

A.C.Critchley CMG, CBE, DSO, was elected as the first President, and the Committee was re-formed as a formal governing Council.

By the time the Secretary, compiled the first Progress Report in August 1953, 108 Schools and other educational establishments had registered for Golf Foundation instruction, representing around 3500 young people becoming actively involved in the sport of Golf.

Fr Peter Knott SJ never taught at Beaumont but he will be remembered that after Beaumont's closure it was he who was sent to be the first catholic Chaplain at Eton since the Reformation. He was an admirable choice: an Anglican received into the church in 1963 he was originally an Army officer and had served around the world. He was ordained in 1970. Many will recall his weekly blog "Godtalk" or what followers called the "Knotogram" – his short reflections to help us all be a little more faith-full, more hope-full, and more charity-able. He was also an accomplished artist and the sale of his paintings helped many of his pastoral causes. I for one will miss his wise counsel.

I read in the press that during the excavations for Crossrail a massive horde of Crosse & Blackwell jars and containers from the Victorian period up until WW2 were unearthed. **Middleton "Blackie" Blackwell (31)** was of this family and benefitted from its wealth. Apart from wartime service with the Irish Guards and his interests in racehorses and yachting, he is best remembered for his parties in Jamaica and being married to Blanche later the muse and mistress of Ian Fleming and the inspiration for the Bond Girls – Honeychile and Pussy Galore.

The sad shenanigans among the hierarchy of the Order of Malta has been much discussed in the press. I discussed it further with **Patrick Burgess** who painted a picture worthy of the Medici or the de Vinci code with a power struggle between the Germans and the Italians, the Liberals and the conservatives with an American Cardinal stirring the pot and an English Grand Master out of his depth. The Initial loser seemed to be the Chancellor Albrecht von Boeslager from a staunch Catholic and Jesuit educated family: His Gt Uncle **Baron Wolbert (96)** was Prefect of the Sodality and a Boat Club founder. However it was Fra Mathew Festing who was seemingly wrong-footed and resigned. As I mentioned in the previous REVIEW his maternal grandfather was **Cuthbert Riddell (85)** a noted athlete and Master of Otter Hounds.

Richard Barnes very kindly sent me various papers on Beaumont that belonged to the late **Andrew Clasen** which Andrew's widow Sue had kept and wished to be passed on as archive material. Much concerns the Closure with press cuttings of the

time and the response of the Jesuit hierarchy. The years have passed but reading these papers only highlights how badly the whole situation was handled and the weakness of the justification.

I heard from **Michael Sproule (66)**: he is one of our lost generation who had their time at Old Windsor curtailed when sent to Stonyhurst to complete their education. Michael is about to retire from the law and has been based in Guernsey for many years. Appropriate on two counts: firstly as he is descended from Thomas Addis Emmett New York State Attorney General who went to America following the execution for treason of his brother Robert the Irish Republican Martyr of 1803. His Wife's family had fled somewhat earlier to Guernsey to escape the ire of William the Conqueror. I will publish some of Michael's thoughts on the "so called Amalgamation" in the next REVIEW.

The hopeful re-emergence of the Golf Society reminded me to research its demise: In 1985 "at its last meeting at Worplesdon the decision was taken to disband and return the Cups and salvers to their donors. **Gordon Howard** on behalf of the Society said that the decision was reached with great regret.... It had to happen as the older members had lost interest and obviously no young blood was coming in "Thanks were expressed to **Jim Pound (51)**, **Jim Peppercorn (21)** and the last secretary **Kevin Ryan (59)** for keeping the tradition going for so long."

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

From John Bidwell

I much enjoyed your recent newsletter but was saddened to hear of the death of **Christopher Goldsmith (65)**.

Christopher and I were exact contemporaries through St John's and Beaumont; ten years in all, ending up in Rhetoric (Group 1). Chris was a fine artist and following the Lord's match in 1965, we set off in a dilapidated dormobile, along with **Michael Penruddock (65)**, to drive the whole way to southern Greece. It was a memorable trip and Chris produced several paintings of the countries through which we passed.

My 18th birthday was spent in a very seedy joint in the red-light district of Piraeus, along with many of the crew of a US aircraft carrier. Earlier that week, with all three of us completely broke, we had presented ourselves at a large hospital in Athens to sell our blood, having been told that this might rescue our finances. Presenting our passports; Chris was the only one deemed old enough to sell his blood and, having a blood group much in demand, was paid top dollar... we took him back to the hospital

two more times and by then had enough money to continue our Grecian debauch, although Christopher remained rather anaemic for a while

We were away for about two months and had many hilarious and enlightening experiences in several countries. We arrived back home in late September to the news that Beaumont was to close; bathos indeed and a dreadfully stark return to reality.

From Paul Dutton

Last week I was at a small gathering of friends who went to Bristol University fifty years ago. **John Devaux** was there and told me about the Beaumont Union annual lunch which took place recently.

I was at Beaumont from 1961 to 1966. After reading History at Bristol I joined Beecham Group, then Cadbury Schweppes, Citibank and Sun Life. I left Sun Life in 1992 to return to the 20th Century. Becoming increasingly disenchanted with business I went back to University (UWE), completed a PGCE and became a history teacher. I hope Father Dooley would have been proud but I suspect Father Ezekiel would have been critical!

I taught in a number of schools and was lucky enough to work my final year before retirement at Bristol Grammar School whose old boys have the temerity to be OBs. However as the school had a three hundred years start on Beaumont I suppose we must allow it.

I would very much like to rejoin the Beaumont Union.

From Christopher Cafferata

I'm neither transgender nor transsexual. **The Email address you have is my wife's for the benefit of my creditors.**

In view of the sentiments above – You may be interested that the **Editor** received the following from The University of Leicester:-

“I should like to extend a warm invitation to those interested in military history to participate in a fully-funded one-day workshop at the University on the subject of War, Gender and Sexuality. The workshop will take place on Saturday 25 March. There will be opportunities to meet representatives from the Army LGBT+ Forum. This invitation is for a maximum of two people. The aim of the workshop is to bring together academic historians, literary scholars, museum professionals and members of the Army LGBT community to listen to presentations, to engage in discussion, **and to participate in creative activities**”.

ED: Probably better if I do not comment!

L D S