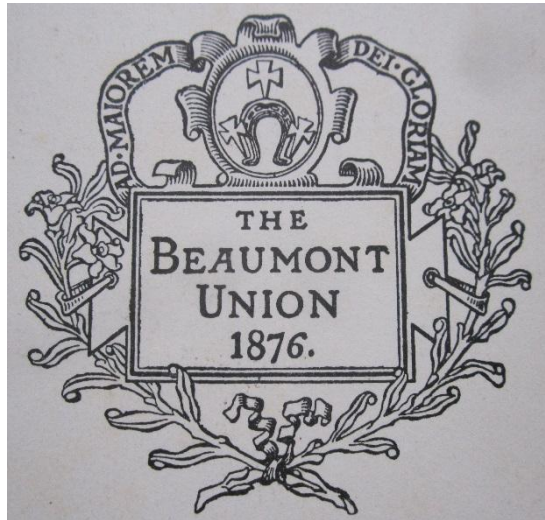


A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

SUMMER 2017



Fifty years ago a summer term was mid-way: a term like no other; “Ave Atque Vale” Beaumont in its final days with numbers reduced to not many more than those that had arrived in 1861. A strange time, yet defiant by all accounts of those that were there. A Spirit of “whatever was achieved in the past we will strive to do better”. Societies and sport flourished, no Lords Match but the VIII was extremely promising. The Beaumont Jesuits and Boys carried on till the last day of term as Derek Young (32) (Wartime soldier and journalist) wrote “ I went to the Chapel and imagined again the Eton Collared throng at Vespers on Sunday evening of long ago, I walked across the lawns to the Corpus Christie Oak and thought of the Pange lingua under a June sky: and then I was on the cricket field again with the deserted nets, the locked pavilion, the White House gleaming down below, the grass the space, the encompassing trees. I hadn’t reckoned in the Thirties with always being part of that stream that had flowed for well over a century: but when I drove away from Beaumont on that last day of the last term, I knew a lot better”. However, one should not forget the words of Hal Dickens, the then Vice President of the BU, when he wrote of the naiveté, ineptitude and treachery of the Jesuit hierarchy. For me it was expressed in the words said at The Laying up of The Colours “I receive these Colours and assure you that they will be safely and reverently cared for”. Within months they were found lying on a pile of debris outside what had been our Chapel.

NOTICES

THE BU LUNCH

This is a special anniversary year and worthy to be exceptionally remembered.

MONDAY 9th OCTOBER at the Caledonian Club. The cost is going to be subsidised and rest assured that both food and wine will remain at the same high standard. **So £50 for the 50th Anniversary Lunch.**

OUTLINE.

11 am. Mass in thanksgiving for The Beaumont Union at Farm Street:

Missa de Angelis

11.50 am. Coaches provided to the Caledonian Club

12 noon. Bar opens.

1 pm. Lunch.

Please make every effort to attend.

THE '67s DINNER.

David Fettes writes:-

The dinner hasn't exactly been postponed - when I started the process of organising it, I proposed to the lads a number of dates starting in May, but it became like picking up mercury with a fork since holidays, half-terms for grandparenting duties etc all got

in the way for some so I came up with the radical idea of the 11th November with the Remembrance Sunday gathering the day after to attend for those who wanted.

So, 11th November it is with a 100% agreement. There will be thirty of us, plus twenty wives so fifty in all. They will be coming from USA, Australia, Costa Rica, Europe and even some from the UK!

OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the death of **Peter Poels (36)**, oldest member of the BU. **Paul Leonard (40)**, **Richard Houghton (55)**. **Mike Allen MBE (53)**. **Alvaro Holguin (45)**. **Major General Christopher Tyler CB (52)**, the last of the OB Generals.

There will be a memorial service for Christopher on Monday 24 July 2pm at St Mary's Ascot SL5 9JF

Please also remember in your prayers Elizabeth Ross Williamson wife of Hugh who died suddenly just before Christmas.

Lu Chmelar (53) died last year and I only heard by chance: I have put together a tribute with the other Obituaries

If Members are able to assist by writing a tribute/obituary for any of the departed it would help me enormously.

REAL TENNIS

Can no one play? Robin Mulcahy is still looking for a partner "madly, truly, deeply" to represent the BU on Court. Names to me and I will pass them on.

WEBSITE

The **BOER WAR ARCHIVE** has been completed and can be found in the **HISTORY** section.

IN THE NEWS

LOURDES

Once again the BU, mainly the BOFS were in Lourdes for the HCPT Pilgrimage at Easter. The BOF contingent flew out of Stansted organised brilliantly as always by **Mandy Bedford**. This year **Paul Bedford** was with us after a few years absence as was **Derek Hollamby**, otherwise apart from the **Editor** there were the usual culprits – **The Baron, Bill Gammell, Tony Outred, Richard and Marylu Sheehan**. Arriving by car was **Robert Schulte**, (Chinese wine buyers prevented Agnes from coming) **Guy and Paula Bailey**. **Tony and Bibi Parish** also had to decline at the last moment.



Monsignor James Curry – Fr Jim from Our Lady of Victories Kensington (church rebuilt by **Adrian Gilbert-Scott OB**) once again came to look after our spiritual needs.



THE BOFS

It says a great deal for the memory of Mike that others had flown in from the States and South Africa to be with us. Prior to departure the BOFS had raised enough funds to send a further 7 children to Lourdes,

Glorious weather awaited us in Lourdes with hardly a cloud in the sky during our stay. Once again we were admirably looked after by the staff at “Grand Hotel Moderne”.



In the four days we followed our ritual starting with the HCPT Trust Mass in the Basilica – an experience like no other and a credit to the Chairman **Andrew Flood (Hon)**.



That Evening it was off to The Riviera Sol for Beaumont night: **Mark Lake** joining us for dinner having spent the day skiing at Cauterets.



For the Carmen we were reinforced by **John Flood** (Race Night Organiser) who had left for Lourdes well in advance of us as he was in the “Sweep car” for the cyclists doing their charity ride through France.

Patrick (former Gp leader) and **Maggie Burgess, Robert “Bootneck” Bruce** (former Chairman Beaumont Region and Gp Leader), **Mike Wortley** (former Trustee, Hon Treasurer and Gp Leader) made up the numbers and the volume. Among those watching the annual rendition were HCPT POLAND who the BU had helped to fund and launch some three years ago: their numbers now increased to sixty –another success story.



Friday we had Mass at The Ukrainian Church followed by our picnic in the mountains at Garvanie.



HCPT Picnics at Gavarnie



"Trotters in the trough"



Saturday we had Mike's memorial Mass in the garden at Bartres and then a stroll to our "grande bouffe" in the village.



Getting to the coach afterwards

Sunday it was up early for Mass at the Convent of the Poor Clares before Biarritz and a reception at the Hotel du Palais.



Some Happy Snaps:-



Seeking divine inspiration



“How much was that Paula”



Full glasses



Even if some were on Perrier



“I’ll say when “



“Garcon Another”

It was a tired, happy and spiritually refreshed group who finally boarded the plane for home.

Ed: my thanks to Karen Knowlson for the photographs

FUND RAISING

From David Burgess –Elder son of **Brian (67)**

“Gerard and I wanted to reach out to you all to ask for a little help if at all possible.

This year it will be 10 years since dad passed away and Gerry and I want to mark the occasion with a charity challenge to raise money for HCPT.

The challenge we are attempting is to cycle from London to Paris over 3 days commencing this Thursday, 4th May and completing the challenge back in the UK (joined by other volunteers) with a Tough Mudder on the 4th day.

The fund raising target we have set is £10k which we know is an ambitious target; however we feel it's a symbolic figure given this is the 10th year (although we hope we can raise more). Anything you can do to help us reach this target would be greatly appreciated.....Lets make Brian proud!!!

Please see below the link to our Just Giving page.

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/davidandgerrydoparis> “

VERDUN

The BUEF started to gather at Beaumont prior to our departure 22 May. Several of us taking advantage of the special rates that were on offer. Among those in what might have been a part of the Ambulacrum prior to dinner were **Guy Chamberlain**, over from Malta, **John Flood, Christopher and Moira Tailby and your Editor**. **Tony and Annie Outred** felt it wiser to forego the gastronomic trip down memory lane as did **Richard and Marylu Sheehan**. **Philip and Nicky Stevens** arrived with the coach and **Bernard Stevens and Mandy Bedford** joined us as well. As on our previous trip to the battlefields we gathered at the War Memorial to read the Corps Collect before joining the throng on the M25 and onwards to Dover. Here we collected **Philip Critchley**.



Briefing at The Memorial, where we also remembered **Brian Burgess (67)** whose 10th anniversary of death was that morning



At our hotel Ch des Monthairons we were joined by **Peter and Fiona Savundra, Guy and Paula Bailey, Thierry de Galard and Robert and Agnes Schulte.** (Our genteel surroundings were purely to give us the feeling of what it must have been like for the Generals behind the lines). Throughout our stay we were incredibly well looked after by the staff and the rations were well up to Michelin standard.



Drinks before dinner

I should add that both **Flood and de Galard** were relieved that their room upgrade meant that they did not have to share a bed.



The Tour got off to a late start; "H" hour on the first day was put back some 20 minutes as the Force Leader failed to materialise and lacked the excuse of Marshal Petain of a pair of pink slippers outside his bedroom door. Once under way, we visited various sites in the Argonne including the Butte de Vauquois where the hill had been reduced by some 18 meters,



The Command post of Crown Prince Wilhelm (one time Hon Colonel of the Force leader's Regiment) with its architectural embellishments and plaster work.



The American Cemetery triumphant in its design and where we discussed our only OB casualty in this sector: **Edmund Parrott** 20th Bomb Squadron US Air Force.



Day 2 took us to the last stand of Colonel Driant

LA COMMUNE DE BEAUMONT

The Village of Beaumont that was obliterated in 1916 and as was wryly commented on as “again in 1967”.



At Fort Douaumont we discovered that “The Bogs” were of an even lower standard than those of our school days. However the newly installed ones at the National Monument and Ossuary we made use of on a couple of occasions.

Day 3 and the first thing to report was that we lost our medical support with the departures of the **Savundras**: Peter, never without his braces, had double booked for a venue at Tunbridge Wells: no comment. For the rest of the party, the high lights included Fort Vaux and the Defence of Commandant Raynal “Down to my last pigeon”. La Tranchee de la Soif (Trench of the Thirsty) but renamed **de Critchley** in view of his consistent empty glass at meal time. **Bernard Stevens** had been denied the opportunity to climb the steps inside the American Monument at Montfaucon but made it to the top of Douaumont (he remains a scout at heart). We all enjoyed the panoramic view of what had been the field of battle from the St Mihiel American monument.



Guy Chamberlain with Nicky and Philip Stevens at St Mihiel

Our Final day and sad farewells to the **Bailey party** – Guy, Paula, Noddy and Daisy, **Robert and Agnes Schulte** and **Thierry de Galard**. The remainder of us headed for the Aisne to discuss the German Offensive and near breakthrough of May 1918. Here we remembered OBs **2Lt Basil Bicknell** KIA after a few hours in his first action, **Lt Charles Reay Coffey Croix de Guerre avec Palm** and our most senior casualty **Brigadier Cuthbert Martin DSO & Bar MC** commanding 151st Brigade. All of these have no known grave and rather than laying the Wreath (Crest kindly painted by **Patrick Burgess**) in one of the large War Cemeteries, we went to the little village of Bourg et Comin where in the village cemetery there is a grave of an Unknown Soldier of the Great War. A formal wreath had probably never been laid on his grave before: nothing could have been appropriate. It was then “Home Colin, and don’t spare the horses”.



Our senior officer Lt Colonel Philip Critchley lays the Wreath on behalf of the BU.

So ended a memorable, instructive and most enjoyable trip and our grateful thanks to **Philip Stevens** for his hard work, organisation and brilliant repartee (we will even forgive the personal insults). We should not forget **Robert and Agnes Schulte** for the excellent 2005 vintage they treated us to, and to our driver Colin from Hodge's Coaches – he never put a wheel wrong despite the gaps and tracks he had to tackle.

The question is where does the BUEF go to next and when?

Other happy snaps will undoubtedly appear, in the meantime:



The BUEF at Fort Douaumont



Poppies at Bourg et Comin

Some amusing memories:-



Critchley “Do you remember Watt”. Outred “What”. Critchley “Yes, Watt”. Outred “What Watt”. Critchley “The Watt in my year”. Outred “Which what was Watt”.

Critchley “Oh, Forget it”.

American guest at the hotel to Paula “What group are you with those funny accents”.



Daisy Bailey BUEF Mascot



“Les deux Roberts” translation = “the pair of big knockers”

Finally, the “Our Man Jack” Armagnac after dinner in the library to put the world to rights. I will spare you the sight of our 2 “postmen” Flood and Outred in shorts but not these socks.



Further on in The Review there are articles on WW1 French and American OBs.

JESUITS IN BRITAIN published the following prior to our trip.

From the Archives: Beaumont College and the First World War

MONDAY, APRIL 24, 2017 - 09:31

Next month alumni of Beaumont College will **travel to the battlefield of Verdun** to commemorate the Beaumont Old Boys who fought and died in the First World War. Beaumont College in Old Windsor, Berkshire, was run by the Society of Jesus from 1861 until its closure in 1967. Over 600 Old Beaumont boys (OBs) are known to have served during the course of the war. The final casualty figure stands at 132

OBs – for a comparatively small school this figure is thought to be among the highest of any English public school.

The Jesuits in Britain Archives holds the records of Beaumont College, including a complete run of the *Beaumont Review* (1894-1967) chronicling events and news from the school. From as early as November 1914 the editor of the *Beaumont Review* made an impassioned request for information concerning any OBs in active service and particularly undertook to publish letters from OBs or their families documenting the course of the war:

It will prove gratifying to O.B's. to know that the eyes of the present day Beaumont are upon them, that we are proud of their achievements, that we are stirred up by their example to prepare ourselves when our time comes to uphold with honour even as they now do the name and fame of Beaumont. [Beaumont Review LXXXI, Nov 1914, p. 3]

O.B's. AT THE WAR

WE append a list of O.B's. serving in the War. It has been compiled from the latest Army and Navy List, but it would be too much to expect that it is either wholly complete or entirely accurate. Events move so rapidly just now, promotions and exchanges are so frequent that by the time the list is in the hands of our readers parts of it will be obsolete. The Editor will be much obliged therefore if information is sent of any errors and omissions with a view to a complete and final list of O.B's. on Service to be drawn up at some future date.

NAVY.

- ANDREW, O. (1911), Midshipman, H.M.S. *St. Vincent* (Dreadnought).
- Bartlett, G. E. R.** (1908), Midshipman, R.N.R.; **Lost** on H.M.S. *Bulwark* (pre-Dreadnought).
- BLUNDELL, O.S.B., DOM. O. (1883), Naval Chaplain.
- CARVILL, F. I. (1883), Retired Commander; Special Service.
- CONRON, P. S. (1891), Lieut.-Commander, H.M.S. *Duke of Edinburgh* (Cruiser).
- DALGLISH, R. C. (1893), Commander, H.M.S. *King George V* (Battleship).
- DICKENS, G. C. (1893), Commander, H.M.S. *Harpy* (Torpedo Gunboat).
- DIXIE, A. E. (1895), Lieutenant in Command Torpedo Boat No. 6.
- EYRE, R. (1895), Flag Lieut.-Commander (Admiral Campbell), H.M.S. *Bacchante* (Cruiser).
- HAMMETT, C. (1904), Sub.-Lieut., H.M.S. *Goldfinch* (Torpedo Boat Destroyer).
- HANLEY, J. (1897), Lieut., R.N., H.M.S. *Queen Mary* (Battle Cruiser).
- Harold, G.** (1908), Midshipman, H.M.S. *Hogue* (Cruiser); **drowned in the North Sea.**
- HIBBERT, H. (1895), Captain in command of Coastguards (Ireland).
- HOPE-VERE, R. (1900), Flight Lieut.
- HORAN, H. E. (1904), Lieutenant, Torpedo 29; **Distinguished Service Cross.**
- DE LISLE, R. (1905), Lieutenant, H.M.S. *Invincible* (Battle Cruiser).
- MARRIOTT, J. (1891), Commander, H.M.S. *Euryalus* (Cruiser).
- MATHEW, G. M. (1890) Captain, R.M.A.
- DE MAUNY, V. (1908), Midshipman, H.M.S. *London* (Battleship).
- MAXWELL-SCOTT, M. (1898), Lieut.-Commander, H.M.S. *Snipe* (Shallow Draught River Steamer).
- MURPHY, C. M. (1900), Flight Sub-Lieut.
- NICHOL, R. (1908), Midshipman, H.M.S. *Russell* (Battleship).
- O'LEARY, E. G. E. (1882), Fleet Surgeon, H.M.S. *Queen* (Battleship).
- OLIPHANT, H. G. S. (1891), Commander, H.M.S. *Amazon* (Torpedo Boat Destroyer).
- PACE, H. J. (1903), Lieut., R.M.A.
- PAYNE, C. E. (1911), Midshipman, H.M.S. *New Zealand* (Battle Cruiser).
- PIGOU, F. (1912), Midshipman, H.M.S. *Iron Duke* (Dreadnought).
- PLOWDEN, R. A. (1893), Lieut.-Commander, H.M.S. *Shelldrake* (Torpedo Boat Destroyer).
- PRENTIS, O. J. (1884), Commander, H.M.S. *Wolverine* (Torpedo Boat Destroyer).
- PRICE, E. J. (1904), Lieut. for Submarines (E12) at Maidstone.
- RYAN, E. ST. V. (1911), R.M. Lieut., H.M.S. *Triumph* (Battleship); **wounded.**
- RYMER, E. (1885), Capt., H.M.S. *Triumph* (Battleship).
- DE SALIS, A. (1910), Midshipman, H.M.S. *Defence* (Cruiser).
- SELBY, W. A. (1895), Lieut.-Commander, H.M.S. *Mersey* (Gunboat).
- SILVERTOP, A. E. (1891), Commander, H.M.S. *Defence* (Cruiser).
- SPENCE, E. (1914), Cadet, Keyham.
- SYMONDS, C. F. (1907), Midshipman, H.M.S. *Marlborough* (Dreadnought).
- VERNON, H. D. (1898), Flag Lieut., for Special Service.
- WALSH, G. S. (1871), Lieut. (for command Submarines, C13) on H.M.S. *Bona-venture.*

OBs serving in the Royal Navy in 1915

Appeals for information were also placed in various newspapers. The *Beaumont Review* went on to publish lists of those OBs in service (a feature called 'OBs at the War') including those killed in action, those wounded, and those mentioned in dispatches. These lists, which appear in every issue up to December 1919, make sober reading and reflect an almost compulsive desire to create as complete a record as possible of the contribution played by Beaumont College in the First World War. The lists reveal OBs participating in all theatres of the war, on the Western Front but also further afield in Italy, Mesopotamia, Palestine and parts of Africa, in the army and navy, and across all ranks.

The youngest OB to die in the First World War was fifteen-year-old Midshipman Geoffrey Harold who drowned in the North Sea in September 1914 after the Royal Navy cruiser *HMS Hogue* was torpedoed by a German submarine. Geoffrey (an old boy of 1911) had only been posted to the *Hogue* six weeks earlier after a fast-tracked cadetship. The *Beaumont Review* published a letter from the chaplain of *HMS Hogue* which detailed Geoffrey's heroic last actions in tying together two boards for another midshipman who could not swim before following orders to jump into the sea.



Geoffrey's brother, Bevan Harold (an old boy of 1912), was also to go on to die in the war after his plane was attacked during a reconnaissance mission in February 1918. The Harold brothers were among seven sets of Beaumont brothers to die in the course of the First World War. A father and son were also among the OB casualties – Lieutenant Basil Bicknell (an old boy of 1916) was killed in action in May 1918 at the age of nineteen less than a year after the death of his father, Captain Herman Bicknell (an old boy of 1893), who died from heat stroke in July 1917 while serving in Baghdad.

Among the accounts of casualties, broken family bonds and painstakingly researched lists of those in active service, the *Beaumont Review* managed to maintain an underlying sense of cheerfulness and hope. Examples of this stoical spirit can most readily be found in the letters from OBs published in the journal. Lieutenant H. E. Bridgeland (an old boy of 1915), for example, wrote in December 1917 after losing both legs in combat earlier in the war:

I had my right leg practically blown off and got gas poisoning in the other, so when I became conscious four days later, I found both legs off! It was a bit of a shock at first, but on looking back on it I was fortunate in coming through with my life ... I must come down to Beaumont again as soon as I get my new legs! [Beaumont Review XCII, Dec 1917, p. 338]

(Ed: Herbert Bridgeland served with the 8th Bn of the Suffolks (18th Division) and suffered these wounds on the Yser Canal crossing in July 1917. After the war he married Catherine Shepard in 1927.)

The practice of commemorating the war dead of Beaumont, begun so diligently in the pages of the *Beaumont Review*, culminated in the construction of a poignant war memorial unveiled in the grounds of the College in November 1921. Today, a full fifty years after the closure of the College, the old boys of Beaumont faithfully continue this practice of commemoration.

The Beaumont Union has undertaken a great deal of research on the fate of individual OBs in the course of the First World War, the full details of which can be found on the Beaumont Union website. If you are interested in any of the holdings relating to Beaumont College at the Jesuit in Britain Archives, please do contact us for further information.

Sally Kent, Assistant Archivist

BUGS – Interim report.

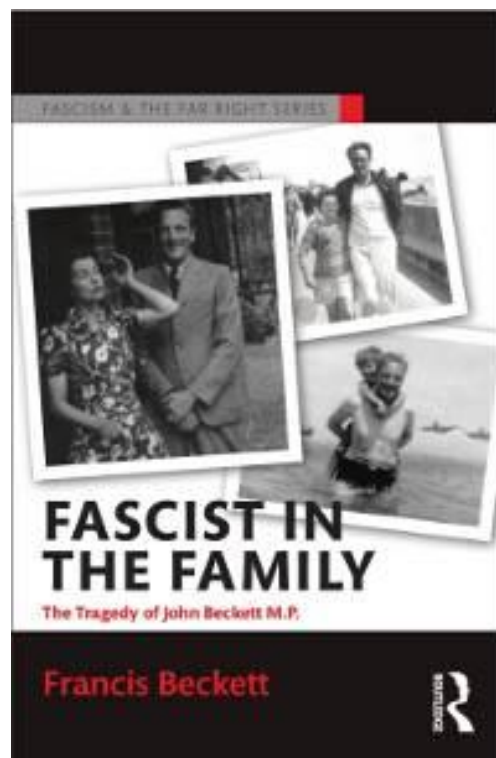
Discussing the possibility of resurrecting the Golfing Society over an excellent lunch with **Nigel Courtney and Mark Marshall** before Christmas I confess to doubting that we would find sufficient enthusiasts so many years after the demise of the original society and William Henry's days at Tandridge: how wrong one can be. Thanks to **Nigel** we have achieved just that with the BU meeting at Westerham 31 May. The following played **James Ingram-Cotton, Henry Stevens, Mark Addison, Kevin MacArdle, Nigel Courtney, Rupert Lescher, Clive Fisher and Chris Tailby** with support from **Mark Marshall and The Editor**.

A full report with photographs of a most enjoyable day will appear in the next REVIEW. In the meantime the "Phoenix has not just risen from the ashes but looks like flourishing".

BECKETT and BEAUMONT

Francis Beckett (62) very kindly sent me a review copy of his latest book "Fascist in the Family". Many of you are well aware of Francis's political views and his opinions on the time he spent at Beaumont. In this book he restates many of these and it is for this reason I have reproduced them for your perusal. The overall work is excellent in so many ways as the review which I selected from many illustrates. It is an insight into the politics and shenanigans of particularly the pre-war period and the troubled

life of a talented man. It cannot be easy to write objectively about one's father: a life comprises fun and sadness and opinions may serve as a reminder that you will have to face up to some sorts of challenges from which there is no escape. Challenges can be lessons rather than errors and to quote James Joyce "a man's errors are the portals of discovery" though in the case of John Beckett his errors were disastrous. Francis writes of this as an author should – objectively but sadly when he writes of Beaumont, he reverts to the journalist, serving up opinions for those who hold his own views. To use words such as "posh" and to criticise accents rather than substance I believe demeans Francis's many literary qualities.



Review from the JEWISH CHRONICLE

All political lives may end in failure but it is hard to think of another British MP who torpedoed his own promising career quite as spectacularly as John Beckett. When he first entered parliament in 1924, Beckett was, at 30, Labour's youngest MP, with a growing reputation as an orator.

The member for Gateshead was a champion of the unemployed and a notorious ladies' man. Tipped for high office, he was also a theatre manager who mixed with the stars of the London stage. He struck a glamorous, dangerous, if slightly self-absorbed figure in a Labour Party weighed down by dull compromise.

However, by the mid-1930s, this passionate left-winger had become disillusioned with the inability of parliamentary socialism to deliver for the working man and was increasingly attracted by the authoritarian politics of Mussolini.

In 1934, after a number of his theatrical productions had bombed, he was offered a salary by Oswald Mosley, the leader of the British Union of Fascists, and completed the extraordinary journey from the respectable left to the extreme right.

That he joined Mosley's Blackshirts is made all the more remarkable by the fact that his own mother was Jewish. Eva Solomon was the daughter of Mark Solomon and Jessy Isaacs, which made one of the most prominent figures in British fascism halachically Jewish himself.

What makes this story all the more poignant is that it is told by Beckett's own son, Francis. And nor is it the first time he has turned to the subject in print. His 1999 book, *The Rebel Without a Cause*, was a straight biography. This is something different. It is part political history, part memoir: an attempt to come to terms with the horror of growing up with a fascist as a father.

It is, above all, a very sad story. Although Beckett Jnr refuses to categorise him as a "bad man", the John Beckett we see here is vain, selfish and driven by a warped idealism that damages all around him.

And yet, there is a respect here, too, for the complexity of John Beckett's mangled political personality. There is a passage in the chapter on the politician's fall from grace that captures the author's mixture of love and disdain: "He was shocked by the people who were attracted to fascism because it enabled them to strut about self-importantly in a uniform. He does not seem to have realised that all this was an intrinsic part of the creed he had embraced. The fascist – for that is what we must call him – was intelligent, sincere, noisy and very human."

Francis Beckett does not appear to dislike his father, indeed he is touchingly protective of the man (though never his politics). He reserves his hatred for the man assigned to monitor his activities for MI5, G. R. (Graham) Mitchell. Everything John Beckett wrote was read by Mitchell, including his love letters to Anne, Francis's mother. In 1943, Mitchell wrote a paper recommending that Beckett should remain in prison despite serious health problems and little evidence of being a genuine national security risk. "I find it impossible to read Mitchell's paper without feeling that I have touched something unclean," writes a son clearly still viscerally upset by the treatment of his father.

Fascist in the Family makes for fascinating reading at a time of economic and political uncertainty when many on the left share the young John Beckett's frustrations at the inability of social democracy to deliver for working people.

The antisemitism that can so easily flow from such feelings of impotence is still with us. Francis Beckett has provided a unique insight into what happens when a man, apparently devoted to the good of the common people, turns to racism and hatred to pursue his personal political vision.

The Beaumont passages and paragraphs:-

In his acknowledgments, Francis writes "For the title I have to thank my old American friend, the actor turned publisher **Kelly Monaghan (62)**, (known to his British friends as Ed Monaghan). This is not the first time I have been grateful for his inspired contribution to my literary efforts".

1934. "I don't know whether he was there (ED John Beckett) when as reported in "The Blackshirt", the London BUF (Union of Fascists)rugby team went to Old Windsor to play the old Boys of Beaumont College, a very posh and expensive catholic school run by Jesuit priests. The fascists won, and Beaumont became one of only four public schools with a fascist cell. A quarter of a century later, my father fulfilled a dream by sending me to Beaumont"

1945. John went on retreat. "Beaumont had splendid buildings and an air of unobtrusive gentility and called itself the "Catholic Eton". When it was founded so the Rector told John in his beautifully modulated vowel sounds, the head boy of Eton had written to the head boy of Beaumont "Harrow we know etc... The most splendid Catholic families in Britain sent their sons to Beaumont and John came back determined that come what may, he was going to send his son to Beaumont too".

"After what cannot have been more than a year at Readings, we moved back to Thurlwood. I have no idea why we moved to Readings or why we moved back. I was sent to the poshest preparatory school for miles around, St Martins in Northwood Middlesex. Most of the boys were destined for one of the local public schools, generally Merchant Taylors, but a much more splendid future awaited me. I knew that I was to go to Beaumont, the Catholic Eton.

1958. This was to be his gift to his older son. John had been in the army as an ordinary soldier, and knew how much better army life was if you had a commission. Beaumont had a compulsory College Cadet Force, and John was sure that no Beaumont boy went into the army as an ordinary soldier, to be treated like dirt, as he had been. There was still conscription in 1958, and old Beaumont boys became officers.

The bar, that most snobbish of professions which my father wanted so badly to join and which he now hoped I would join, was stuffed full of old Beaumont boys, and he thought the old school tie would be of great help there – as I'm sure it would have been.

Beaumont would make me what he now wished he had been: a gentleman with the right accent and the right contacts.

Beaumont was the last example of my father's style of decision making which led him to take his battered idealism to Oswald Mosley in 1933 and William Joyce in 1937. In 1958 he took me away from an excellent local Grammar School (Ed St Martins had not lasted) and where my education was free, to a virtual prison where a thoroughly inferior education was provided at enormous cost, thus ensuring a poverty-stricken old age for him and my mother.

At Beaumont we slept in tiny cubicles, each furnished with a steel bed, a bowl and a jug of freezing water. In the first year, my short, stout, emphatic class teacher, Father

Bamber, made us learn three questions and answers from the Catechism every day. Failure to reproduce them word for word incurred a visit to Fr Brogan, whose melancholy duty it was to spend each morning break hitting boys' hands between three and 18 times with a flat, whippy instrument made of whalebone and rubber, called a ferrula.

After my first visit to Father Brogan, I ran about for ten minutes, clutching my hurt hands and vowing I would never do anything again that would bring this misery upon me. But I couldn't keep it up, and I collected ferrulas most weeks for the next four years. After a while they didn't hurt so much.

I was always being beaten, by somebody, for something. Cheek a 17year-old monitor and you would find yourself bending over a chair to be caned by the head boy – the school captain, as he was called – who held court in the captain's lounge every morning after mass, examining offences and deciding how many strokes to administer.

A frequent offence for younger boys was to fail to march properly down the "higher line gallery" a corridor reserved for older boys who were in the "higher line". When younger boys business took them down it, for example to go to the library, they had to button up their coats and march down the centre, making a neat right or left about-turn at the door they needed. Older boys lounged along the walls, inspecting marching styles, languidly abusing their marching juniors, making them go back and start again, ordering lines or a visit to the captain's lounge.

But the real terror was called a panning, Beaumont's version of the formal flogging beloved of public schools. Apparently after lights out, two Jesuits, in their long black robes, collected the condemned boy silently and took him downstairs to be ceremonially laid out and beaten on his pyjamaed bottom. I believe someone said a payer. The mere threat of it caused me nightmares for a week.

Every Thursday afternoon we shined our army boots and paraded to the clipped but perfectly formed vowels of Major Roddy, a sort of military caricature, with the handlebar moustaches which I had seen in war movies. The major also taught history and art. By the end of my first year I had detailed maps of the dispositions at the battles of Hastings, Agincourt, Crecy and Bosworth, but little idea of what happened between these events.

He had a theory that wars were caused by the straight edges of the houses in which we lived, and could be ended if all rooms were round. I told my father this theory, and he said that military men tend to be naïve.

I learned quickly that my grammar school background was not something to boast about. I was the only boy who had been inside a state school, and it led to awkward questions. An older boy asked how much my father earned. I did a quick sum in my head, multiplying the number of his clients by the amount of the subscription, and came up with a figure which I knew would provoke derision, so I doubled it. "My God, the boy lives in penury", he shouted, and departed to spread the glorious news.

My most cherished ambition was sternly frowned on by the Jesuits. They refused to allow me to act in the school play, saying that I spent too much time reading plays, producing them and press-ganging my classmates to act in them.

There was no sex education – not a scrap – just a looming certainty, never discussed, that sex destroyed the soul, and a chorus of squeaking bedsprings after lights out, as the tiny cubicles in which we slept sprang to life. I remember two slightly older boys telling me of the torments that awaited the soul of a boy who masturbated. I swore I would never do it again. I lasted a good few hours.

The other boys' fathers were vast, remote figures, their mothers fashionable and semi-detached. Parents had parted from their off- spring with a sigh of relief, and seldom came to take them out.

One sports day, or something – an excuse for my parents to visit it me at Beaumont anyway – I trailed after them along the side of the cricket pitch and heard them mention Rickmansworth Grammar School. "They seemed hurt", said Anne, and John said "they thought we'd given them the piano for good". And as they talked, not knowing I could hear, I realised with dawning horror why there were now two virtually unused pianos in the Beaumont school hall instead of one. They had taken the Duke of Bedford's magnificent grand piano away from Rickmansworth Grammar School and given it to Beaumont.

I was awoken from my misery by Father Ezekiel's hectoring public school voice. "Beckett, if you walk behind the sight screen again a visit to Father Brogan will ensue". Then he saw my parents. "I'm sorry, Mr Beckett but I have told this boy at least a dozen times". He was lying. Walking behind the sight screen was about the

only sin in Beaumont's long list of sins that I hadn't committed before. It shocked me that a priest could lie.

Having been at a state school, I was naturally placed in the bottom stream, and in spite of coming regularly at the top of it. I stayed there while others leap-frogged, until after five terms I gave up trying, and did no work whatsoever.

Years later, when I left university, I taught for a couple of terms in a comprehensive school, where as the youngest and least experienced teacher in the history department, I was given the remedial classes to teach. I realized then that the bottom stream at Beaumont was a remedial class for rich kids. My classmates propped up the rugby scrum and acquired such simple skills as city gents and estate agents require.

This led to a tricky protocol problem. While all the other classrooms were on the main classroom corridor, the C stream in the second year were shoved into a grubby little room off the "second playroom". You didn't get to "second playroom" until you reached a certain age. Most of my classmates had reached it, but I and a couple of others were young in the year, and still in "2third playroom". To reach our classroom, therefore, we had to pass through a room which we were not entitled to enter.

How could this dilemma be resolved? Perhaps we could be permitted entry so long as we marched, as in the higher line gallery? While the debate raged, getting to my classroom involved a hazardous journey. Eventually it was agreed that we might pass through without marching, so long as we looked neither to left nor right, and did not stop to speak to anyone.

The room when we got to it, was the shabbiest classroom I have ever seen. There was a jagged hole on the dirty back wall which a geography master claimed to have caused when he threw a blackboard wiper at an inattentive boy. It was the only break in the bare walls.

Bullying was institutionalized. There were always one or two boys right at the bottom of the heap, who were teased and tormented and bullied from dawn til bedtime, when they must have cried themselves to sleep. How were they selected, no one knew, though a title would normally protect you, or being the scion of one of the old Beaumont families or being good at rugger and keen on it.

One of these victims managed to get himself expelled at the start of the second year, and after intensive psychotherapy he went on to be happy. Another was less lucky. His father was a Pole who had come to England, made money, and drove a pink Bentley Continental. So everyone muttered “nouveau riche” meaningfully whenever he was near.

He had been to Beaumont’s prep school as well, and the little boy’s life was irremediably destroyed one dreadful day at the age of seven, when the other boys discovered the shaming information that his Irish mother’s first name was Pixie. He was tormented with this every day of his life until he left Beaumont at 17, and the Jesuits could think of nothing to do with him but have him regularly beaten for fighting and not working.

By the time I knew him, when we were both 13, the pattern was set. Each day, sometimes each hour, he would have to walk past groups of boys all hissing Pixie, Pixie. Sometimes he pretended not to notice, other times he piled into the centre of the group in a fury, both fists flying, perhaps inflicting a bruise or two, often receiving bruises. He was always fighting, always hurting or being hurt, never for half a day at peace.

I met him once a few years later. He wore a tweed jacket, white shirt and Beaumont old boys’ tie – this in the 1960s – and muttered a few reactionary prejudices. He was still trying to earn respect of Beaumont, subject to uncontrollable rages, and his despairing mother was taking him to a psychiatrist. He died in his fifties, apparently by his own hand.

Almost never seeing women, older boys became obsessively interested in younger boys, and kept lists of their favorites. Generally it stopped at that, but in my year there was a circle about whose activities in the woods we all sniggered. Eventually most of them were expelled.

Shortly afterwards my class was taken by coach to a museum in London, and we saw one of the expelled boys on the pavement as we climbed into the coach. My classmates set up a cry of “homo” and “Oscar”. I sat unusually silent. I was thinking: when the coach has pulled out, that boy is free. I must return to prison.

I begged to be allowed out to audition for the National Youth Theatre, but the rector turned me down. My parents told a lie for me, and collected me and delivered me at the interview, but I couldn't act that day. I thought that Beaumont had destroyed my confidence.

I proceeded to fail most of my O-levels, and I suppose the Jesuits lied to my parents again, and said it would all have been different if I hadn't been a day boy. So the money had to be found to send me back to board for a year, and I managed to acquire a small but serviceable clutch of O-Levels.

In my last term at Beaumont I started to realise the sacrifice my parents had made to send me there, and how poorly I had repaid them. Beaumont had kept me resolutely in the bottom stream, and I had made no effort to acquire sporting distinction, for I never mastered the trick of enjoying sports when they are compulsory. I had even managed to avoid any promotion at all in the CCF – most of my contemporaries were NCOs, but I was not, perhaps because I had never hidden from major Roddy my contempt for the whole business. But it now occurred to me that I should try at least to do something that would make my father proud, and make him feel it had all been worthwhile.

The chance came when a small debating team was to be sent to speak at Eton. I had made a bit of a splash in the debating society, and was delighted when the Jesuit who ran it agreed that I could be in the team. But a deputation went up to the Jesuit charged with Discipline asking that I be removed from the team, and he agreed to remove me. I never knew why. "It's because you smell, Beckett", a boy in the year above told me, but I don't think I did. At the time I thought perhaps they remembered the grammar school, or had found out how poor we were. The truth, I think, was that Beaumont was pathetically grateful to be invited to Eton, and feared I might say something out of place.

The year that A.K. Chesterton founded the National Front, 1967, the Jesuits closed Beaumont. It had outlived my father by three years. Today almost no one has heard of the Catholic Eton, but a few elderly men still gather each year at the East India and Public Schools Club, without their wives (for women are not admitted), to reminisce about the glory days when they rowed or boxed against Eton, and congratulate each other on the award of papal knighthoods

ED. To misquote Mandy Rice-Davies again "Well he would say that wouldn't he". Francis is entitled to his honestly held opinions and one is not going to change them. There is truth, half-truth and what he has convinced himself is truth in what he has

written. To clarify one point, The Public Schools Debating Association Regional Rounds were held each year at different schools – (Beaumont seemed to host it more than most). From the REVIEWS of the day it was normal to select the two representatives to speak, from either the PM, the Deputy PM or the Leader of the Opposition. In 1962 it was **Maurice Cronly** and **Ed Monaghan** who were chosen (both a year senior to Francis) and eventually lost in the semi-finals to Bristol Grammar School having defeated Eton and City of Bath in earlier rounds.

I hope that Francis will join “the elderly men” at what is a special BU Lunch this year (he has much to celebrate). His friends will give him a warm welcome as ever: I doubt a papal knighthood will ensue unless administered on his pyjamaed bottom: “I believe someone will say a prayer”.

ARTICLES

JOHN JOSS CONTINUES LIFE’S SAGAS:- H.M.S. Triumph

A winter Caribbean cruise, Spring 1954. Flight training aboard the aircraft carrier—the opportunity for my first cat (catapult) shots and traps (trapping a deck wire on recovery) in the Boulton-Paul ‘Sea Balliol.’ A terrific deal.



The Atlantic passage is perfection. Dolphins dance in the bow wave and flying fishes skip across the wave tops as we cruise at 20 knots from the dismal English winter in Plymouth to the balmy climes of our Caribbean assignment. There the thermometer hovers in the forties with rain and fog. In the Caribbean it will be sixties and seventies, clear and sunny.

The taxpayers are paying us, though not much, to do this 'work' that we would willingly do for free. We would even pay for the privilege. But in the Royal Navy it's 'all found:' a hammock and daily meals. There will even be time off for bad behaviour at various ports of call—St. Lucia, Barbados, Beef Island in the British Virgins, plus Port of Spain, Trinidad if we're lucky.

Our first stop: Port Castries, St. Lucia. Following the routine, we will rotate liberty-boat duty throughout all the port and starboard watches. In St. Lucia I am the first duty helmsman. I have studied the local waters on an accurate, large-scale marine chart to understand the port layout, the dock configuration, the soundings. Plenty of room, lots of deep water. This will be a piece of cake.

The liberty boat is a twin-screw 30-footer, its cabin top crowned by an elegant, lighted brass box naming our mother ship (H.M.S. *Triumph*), port/starboard running lights and brass ventilators serving the twin diesels. Aft: a stern mast for the ensign. My bow and stern hands, fellow cadets, are armed with boat hooks; an 'engineer' stands to my right, handling a tall lever, amidships, that controls 'ahead,' 'astern' and 'neutral' with the props—hardly rocket science. I steer with my right hand, with twin throttles under my left. My engineer: Singh, a turbaned Sikh (the Indian Navy is training with the Royal Navy). He's a nice man but occasionally a bit slow.

As we approach the dock I note that it is short and will be hard to get into. It barely resembles the marine charts that I studied so carefully. Perhaps they were out of date. Two schooners with long bowsprits, not shown on my charts, are moored at each end, at right angles to the dock. Their bowsprits jut out ten feet, intimidating fore-and-aft barriers to coming alongside. The logical approach: arrive with the dock to starboard, angle in 45 degrees to the schooner, mid way along its bowsprit, then apply full-astern throttle to pull the stern in. Prop rotation will stop us, then swing us in, in parallel, into boat-hook range, if I judge it all correctly. I can handle this evolution. I have managed more difficult dockings since age 10 (another story).

I might be slightly fast but making an impression on the locals thronging the dock seems like a good idea, the military equivalent of a grand entrance. I reject the theory, already flitting through your nasty little mind, that I am showing off or 'hot dogging' a little. How dare you think that? I am a Naval Officer in Embryo, a Proud Professional Seaman, right? Right!

On this occasion pride comes before the fall.

We approach at 5-6 knots but when I call for 'full astern' to stop our forward progress and pull the stern in, neatly, Singh looks at me with an expression of total incomprehension and does precisely nothing. He has lost the plot. Two seconds later I scream: "Astern, *NOW*, you bloody fool (or some such reasonable request)." Singh sees the bowsprit looming dead ahead and somehow recovers his sanity, finally ramming the lever into 'astern.' I slam in full throttle. Too late. Full throttle on both engines barely slows us. Horror unfolds in seeming slo-mo.

My bow hand has already dived overboard in self-preservation as we plough under the bowsprit, which tears the identity box, running lights and ventilators off the cabin top and deposits them into 30 feet of water. The libertymen, standing in the open area behind the cabin, ready to disembark, take in the scene and fall to the deck to

avoid decapitation. The collision stops us and we sit, entangled in the schooner's bowsprit rigging. My bow hand climbs back aboard, dripping wet, mouthing invective, and clears us away so that I can ease back and come alongside.

We align ourselves finally and discharge our passengers, who look at me with wonder and dismay—or is it contempt?—as they disembark, glad to have survived. My nonchalance is not convincing. The locals on the dock are convulsed at this demonstration of Royal Navy 'seamanship' and boat-handling 'expertise.'

"That'll come out of your pay," says the Officer of the Day, who has been watching from the quarterdeck through his telescope as we return to *Triumph* and come alongside with naked cabin top. I eyeball the damage, an estimated three months' pay: the cruise will be a financial catastrophe. I go to my locker, grab diving gear (swimsuit, fins, snorkel, face mask, but unfortunately no SCUBA) and take the battered liberty boat back to the dock. I explain to Singh, in words of one syllable and a few pithy expletives, what I expect of him. Luckily for him, he agrees to cooperate this time.

Free diving for the costly detritus takes about 30 minutes but in the clear Caribbean water the bits and pieces are not too hard to find and retrieve. They are not seriously damaged. With a bottle of rum that I purchase ashore and bring aboard at great personal risk—it would be considered smuggling, grounds for immediate discharge from the Royal Navy—I bribe 'Chips' (the carpenter's mate) to reinstall the essential elements and let me do the touch-up paintwork. By next morning the liberty boat is as good as new.

My pride has not yet healed.

OBs and the French Army.

To understand role of the French Army in the 1914 - 1918 war, and to compare it with the armies of the other main Great Powers on the Western Front, there is, perhaps one prime consideration. That is, that British and German Armies were mainly constituted of men from urbanised industry and commerce, with large numbers of lower-middleclass volunteers, whilst the French Army consisted predominantly of conscript peasants from the countryside. Accordingly, the French Army had a much stronger hierarchy, with a stricter division between the ordinary soldier (the *poilu* = the bearded one), the non-commissioned officer (NCO) and the officer. The expectations of daily life were also somewhat less for the French peasant soldier, and they were rather more inured to a hard open-air lifestyle, which stood them in good stead in the open trenches.

Unlike their English counterparts, French OBs could not rely on service in the OTC to gain them a commission and therefore a good many, regardless of title, status etc found themselves in the ranks with the peasantry. (Perhaps the rigours of Beaumont prepared them for this). The majority of the 30 odd OBs served or started as ordinary soldiers. Those holding a commission were mainly in the Cavalry or the Aeronautique Militaire.

The French infantry went to war in 1914 bedecked with red képis (peaked pill box hats), blue frock-coats and bright red pantaloons. However, in the late autumn of 1914 a new uniform designed for the modern battle-field was supplied to all new recruits. It was made from a wool monochrome fabric which the French called - *bleu horizon* (horizon blue) - not a colour one would assume as being ideally suited for camouflage but, no doubt, passable when liberally plastered with mud as the soldiers quickly were once in the trenches. By the late Spring of 1915, all of the French front line units on the Western Front were equipped with this new light blue uniform.

Initially, the French cavalry was even more bizarrely dressed with burnished silver breastplates and plumed helmets. Splendid targets for the German Army's numerous machine guns, as the early horrendous casualty figures clearly attest including both **Alexander de Boisgelin (08)** and **Daniel d'Yanville (05)**.

Napoleon stated that 'an army marches on its stomach'. As one would expect, the WW1 French soldier was, in principle, well fed with two full meals stipulated per day. Each company of soldiers - 200 men - was supposed to be provided with its own mobile field kitchen well supplied with bread, tinned meat - a.k.a. *singe* = monkey - salted fish and other foodstuff as available. Of course, in the front line these good intentions often gave way to a less regular and palatable menu, with the French equivalent of the British canned corned beef often being the principal, and unappreciated, item of diet. (Again not a problem for OBs)

A major item in the sustenance of the French soldier, and extremely important to his morale, was the daily ration of wine. This wine, called pinard, was a simple red country wine but, no doubt of a kind to which the former peasants were well accustomed and liked.

The relations between the French soldiers and their officers was significantly different from those of the British and German armies. The British officers' code of 'his first concern should always be the welfare of his men' was not at all general practice in the French army, where the men and NCO's were expected to take care of themselves. They were not considered to be the officer's concern outside of the periods of actual combat.

French soldiers were generally expected to move almost everywhere on foot. They were also required to carry with them clothing, bedding, food and drink - including a wine ration - equipment and ammunition. The combined weight of the backpacks carrying all this usually exceeded 40 kg (88lbs); by comparison the British soldier's field pack only weighed around 30kg (66lbs). One can only imagine with what difficulty the French soldier moved over broken roads, shell-torn terrain and through the zigzagging trench system.

All the armies on the Western Front suffered severely from the so-called 'trench' diseases due to lice, the wet and the cold, and poor personal hygiene. But the French seemed to suffer the most due to their unwillingness to take the necessary steps to alleviate, wherever and whenever feasible, the awful conditions of trench warfare. Also, like the British, they had the idea and philosophy that trench-works should be inherently temporary by design and intent.

The one area of their life where the poilus were well served, was the ardour in action of their officers and many of their NCOs and their exceptional commitment to leadership even at the supreme cost of self-sacrifice.

Notable among those OBs who fought in the Verdun sector:-

Sgt Georges Cavois 110th Regiment D'Infanterie, Legion D'Honneur, Medaille Militaire. (Killing a German Officer with his hands) Georges gave his name to the Esplanade at Dunkirk where the Allied Memorial 1940 is situated,

Capitaine Pierre –Eugene Clairin, 4eme Cuirassiers & Aeronautique, Legion D'Honneur, Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre. Wounded. Best known as a leading French artist but also WW2 resistance leader.

Marechal de Logis (Sgt) Edmund de Ayala 14eme Hussards Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre. Champagne producer and fought with the Maquis in WW2.

Capitaine Comte Andre Dubois de Gennes 7eme Chasseurs & Aeronautique, Legion D'Honneur, Croix de Guerre. (See separate article).

Lt Paul de Mores 22eme Dragons, Croix de Guerre. Took part in the last action a m. 11November 1918

Lt Comte Jacques de Sibour 3eme Dragons & Aeronautique. Wounded twice. Became a famous peacetime aviator and flew for OSS in WW 2.

Cpl Edgar Guillet 412eme Regiment D'Infanterie Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre. Mort pour La France.

Lt Gaultier de Lesterps de Beauvais Cavalarie, Croix de Guerre. Mort pour La France WW2.

William Beamish de Fores, Infanterie, wounded, Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre.

Captaine Robert Heidsieck Infanterie. Champagne producer.

The **Medaille Militaire** was the highest French Decoration for Valour that could be awarded to a non-commissioned rank

One of The most decorated OB French soldiers was:-



Edgar Guillet (OB 14) of the Rouyer Guillet Cognac family. Instead of returning to school for his final year, he enlisted at the age of 17 in his local regiment – 412ieme Regiment d’Infanterie (Les Perigordians). This was one year before he was liable to military service. The regiment was deployed in several strategic points, from May 1916 until December 1917. Despite endless battles and bombings, he fulfilled his duty and more. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre for the rescue of the wounded under enemy fire, he experienced all the horrors of war, in the hell of Verdun. We know where he was deployed during the struggles. “Cote 304”, Côte du Poivre (offensive Battle), Fort Douaumont, Hardaumont, Fort Vaux , les Chambrettes (defensive Battle), Bezonvaux , Bois d’Hassoule , Hardaumont, Côte du Poivre and the attack on “Cote 344” In this attack 860 men of the 412 RI were killed, wounded or missing. From September to December 1917 Côte de l’ Oie, Bois des Caurettes, Bois de Cumières, Côte de Talou.

At the beginning of 1918 the regiment moved to the region of the Oise and in June lost 500 men at an engagement at St Maur. In Foch’s advance towards Soissons at Vierzy, Edgar, nicknamed L’Anglais by his comrades, was killed on the 23 July to be awarded the Medaille Militaire posthumously for valour.

He bequeathed a cup for boating to Beaumont which was engraved by the school with his military record and decorations “leaving to us a Hero’s example and memory”. Where his cup is today is not recorded.

Two sets of brothers served with the American Expeditionary force that went to France in 1917: the Parrotts and the Wynnes. Discussing the former, their father was one of the wealthiest men in San Francisco with interests in shipping and banking and with racing and breeding bloodstock as a pastime. **William (13) and Francis (14)** both went on to the Catholic University at Washington, while **Edmund (13)** went to Yale. When the United States entered the war, the brothers all joined up, William and Edmund were already amateur aviators and went to France as pilots. Francis enlisted in the infantry but died following a motoring accident in June 1917. A month after Francis's death William became engaged to Gertrude Hopkins. According to the press "The couple are great favourites among the smart set and she is as pretty and charming a girl as has ever been presented to society of this city and has enjoyed marked popularity ever since making her debut three years ago. A real beauty of the brunette type, tall and slender and gifted with charm and graciousness. She has been in demand for society's pleasures and has been entertained more than any other girl who made her debut with her. All of her time however, has not been devoted to mere social gaiety and as fond as she is of dancing she is la equally devoted to outdoor amusements riding being one of the favorite pastimes." Whether they married before William departed for France is unclear. Edmund was posted to the 20th Bomb Squadron equipped with the British de Havilland DH-4 and carried out many sorties over the enemy positions once established in France for the St Mihiel and Argonne battles.



A USAS DH 4

The Meuse-Argonne Offensive was the greatest American battle of the First World War. In six weeks the AEF lost 26,277 killed and 95,786 wounded. It was a very complex operation involving a majority of the AEF ground forces fighting through rough, hilly terrain the German Army had spent four years fortifying. Its objective was

the capture of the railroad hub at Sedan which would break the rail net supporting the German Army in France and Flanders and force the enemy's withdrawal from the occupied territories.

It began in September 1918. Proof of American overconfidence were the objectives Pershing and his staff assigned the assaulting divisions for the first day. The 250,000 men who went forward into a dense ground fog were expected to advance no less than 10 miles up the valley, clearing the enemy from the forest of the Argonne and bursting through two of the three German defense lines.

But the Argonne was not invitingly flat terrain; nor were the Germans even slightly interested in retreating—behind them lay the four-track railroad that sustained the Kaiser's armies in the north. Moreover, of the nine US divisions that surged into that ominous fog on September 26, only four had seen combat in the summer-long struggle to reverse the German offensives of spring-summer 1918. Two divisions, had never even been in the front lines.

The U.S. Army Air Service (USAS) was also in action including Edmund. On the 26 September he shot down an Albatross but shortly afterwards the 20th Squadron, was airborne in seven Liberty DH-4 bombers to attack German supply depots at Dun-Sur-Meuse. Built by the Americans to incorporate 12-cylinder Liberty engines in British de Havilland DH-4 airframes, they were barely over the Argonne when 20 Fokker D.VIIs of *Jasta 12* spun out of the sun to whirl through their formation, killing the lead plane's observer and sending one bomber down in flames. Four more went down before the mission was abandoned. Edmund was one of the few survivors,

The infantrymen, too, were discovering that Pershing had sent them into terrain that was only a few removes from hell. The primeval glacier that had originally gouged out the valley had left behind a hogback running down the middle of the Argonne, with ridges slanting off at odd angles, effectively dividing the Argonne into two tunnel-like defiles. Inside the Argonne Forest itself, ravines, hillocks and meandering little streams added to the obstacles created by the trees and dense underbrush that reduced visibility to 20 feet. Here and throughout the valley, the Germans had added every imaginable man-made defense, from parallel and flanking trenches to concrete dugouts and fortified strongpoints, supported everywhere by barbed wire and machine guns. To those advantages was added the possession of the high ground east of the Meuse, from which dozens of heavy guns rained heavy fire on the Americans. Artillery on the slopes of the 1,600-foot-high ridge topped by the Argonne Forest wreaked similar destruction from the opposite flank.

The Air Service was having its troubles maintaining superiority. The Germans had bolstered Stenay-based *Jagdgeschwader II* with the famed Richthofen Circus. No longer commanded by the Red Baron, who had been killed on April 21, it was still an elite outfit, commanded since July by an ace named *Oberleutnant* Hermann Göring (who **de Gennes** had failed to kill in March 1916). The long, narrow shape of the Argonne enabled the Germans to fly into it from three sides. They roared along the defiles and popped over ridges to gun down American rear-area troops as they clustered around mess kitchens.

Pershing called off the Meuse-Argonne offensive on September 30; it was renewed again just four days later, on October 4. Exhausted, demoralized and plagued by the spreading influenza epidemic, the German troops held on for another month, before beginning their final retreat. Arriving U.S. reinforcements had time to advance some 32 kilometres before the general armistice was announced on November 11, bringing the First World War to a close.

However a month before the end of hostilities on the 18th October, **Edmund** was with his squadron on a raid on supply routes about twenty miles behind the German lines, when they came under attack from some twenty fighter aircraft and he was killed early in the combat. He was one of the last Beaumont boys to die in action; his cousin **Archibald Douglas-Dick (07)** serving with the Scots Guards had been one of the first at Ypres.

Charles Wynne (14) and his brother John (14) were sons of Robert Wynne, US Post Master General from 1904 -05. Appointed as Assistant a couple of years previously by President Theodore Roosevelt he uncovered extensive fraud in the department. He soon became suspicious of illegal activity and his investigation as First Assistant Postmaster General led to many departmental resignations and prison time for a few people. The incumbent Postmaster General, died in October, 1904. Wynne was appointed his successor. He was then appointed Consul General in London a post he held till 1909 before returning to The States. By this time his sons had already started at Old Windsor and they stayed on for the next five years. Charles was commissioned into the Infantry and went to France as a Captain. His brother served with a Machine Gun Battery and at the end of hostilities read Aviation Law at the Catholic University Washington.

VERDUN HERO

Andre Dubois de Gennes (07) was one of the “Star” aviators of the French Airforce and a man that might have altered the German air offensive of WW2.



Andre was born in Liévin on April 19, 1893 the son of Comte Adolphe. His father sent him to spend part of his education at Beaumont , where he passed the Oxford and Cambridge Lower Examination. He returned in 1907 to finish his studies in Marneffe and then his Bachelor's degree in letters in Paris 1909. He entered the military academy at St Cyr in 1912 and was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the 7th Chasseurs, then garrisoned at Evreux. Following the general mobilization of 2 August 1914, he left for the front with his regiment on 5 August. He took part in the resumption of the offensive and the battle of the Marne from September 5th to October 24th, operations on the Yser from October 24th to December 4th and the winter campaign in Champagne from December 6th, 1914 to the 10th May 1915. With his regiment, he then retired to Artois for a rest period.

In June, 1915, he applied for Flying training and was sent as a pupil to Pau. It was here he caught the aviation virus and discovered the intoxicating charms of acrobatics. That November, he passed his Military Flying certificate. He was assigned to the general aviation reserve and joined the Nieuport division at Le Bourget and was then appointed to the No. 69 squadron which he joined at Avesnes-le-Comte. However in February, he moved to the Spa 57 fighter squadron

at Savy-Berlette (Pas-de-Calais). It was with the latter that he made his first flight against the enemy on 12 February 1916 and won his first victory on 14 March shooting down an Albatross

Meanwhile, on February 26, he passes his civil aviation pilot's license issued by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale. Andre though was soon in trouble earning him his first punishment of 4 days confined to barracks and 8 days layoff as: "During a flight over Saint Pol he carried out dangerous acrobatics and manoeuvres"! His squadron was sent to Lemmes, near Verdun (Meuse), on the 20th of March.

Although the Spa 57 squadron had adopted as its insignia a white gull with wings black wing tips, André de Gennes sported as a personal badge on the fuselage of his plane a Question Mark. It was an easy but indispensable means of identification. At this time he flew a single-seater Nieuport and also had two other aircraft at his disposal.

On March 31, 1916, he claimed his most famous victim when he shot down the Fokker of Herman Goering though regrettably the future Marshal was wounded and not killed.



Hauptmann Hermann Göring (Goering) (2nd from left)

Andre was promoted to lieutenant pilot aviator on May 2 and obtained his first decoration April 11, 1916 with a Croix de Guerre:

"On the 14th of March, attacking 2 Albatross, he forced one of them to land in our lines and then, rescued one of his comrades by hunting a Fokker forcing him to interrupt his attack and contributing to his fall.



Le Prieur inventor of the air -to- air rocket (left). Andre 4th from left prior to the first Balloon Attack.

During the attack on Douaumont on May 22, 1916, he was one of eight pilots designated to destroy the eight observation balloons stationed on the right bank of the Meuse. Their planes were Baby-Nieuports equipped for the first time with new incendiary rockets developed by Lieutenant-Commander Le Prieur. Six balloons were set alight and downed, one of which was the work of Andre. He was decorated for the second time by order of the 2nd Army on 10 June 1916:

"This Pilot with great enthusiasm for battle, has repeatedly distinguished himself by his bold attack on enemy planes in their territory." On May 22, 1916, he attacked an enemy Balloon and shot it down in flames."

On July 1, 1916 on patrol, he was caught by German aircraft following another balloon attack. He managed to shoot one down but was forced to land in the enemy lines when his engine failed. However, he had time to set fire to his plane before being taken prisoner.



At the time, no one was certain about his fate. An obliging German officer ordered a message be sent via Switzerland stating that he was safe and treated with respect. His Squadron Commander, Captain Duseigneur wrote to Andre's mother:

"He is so madly brave, so magnificently audacious, so eager to devote himself to the last limit, that I always feared he would have a tragic accident. I must tell you that he has been further decorated which is a small reward for all he has done, the best for him is the deep affection and the unlimited admiration he inspired in everyone."



Andre with his captors note his "Flying dress" Cavalry uniform with light blue tunic, scarlet breeches, black riding boots. The only difference between riding his charger and flying his plane is the leather helmet and the fur lined gloves!

The order of the 2nd Army signed by General Nivelle on 24 July 1916:

"A Pilot outstanding in his skill and audacity which have always made him solicit the most perilous missions. In June alone he flew more than 20 sorties against enemy planes that he always harassed".



German Troops parade to see their famous captive



Andre being transferred by staff car (seated at the rear)

During his captivity, he was several times put in cell for attempts to escape and, as he later recounted, "for indiscipline." He changed internment camps several times:

Stenay, Fürstenberg, Mainz, Ströhen and finally Strasbourg. Despite the hostilities, he was able to correspond with his family and send photos to show that the prisoners were well treated. He was finally freed and repatriated on January 21, 1919.

Following his release he had the opportunity to return to Pau and fly again before posting to the 1st Aviation Group and the occupation of The Ruhr. He was also appointed a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur in June, this appointment including at the same time the award of the Croix de Guerre with palm.

Referring to the occupation of the Ruhr, General Loustaunau-Lacau recounts:

From time to time, the British put on reviews in the cathedral square and while Her Majesty's squadrons flew over in formation, I saw the Morane of the Captain de Gennes, my comrade of Saint-Cyr, appearing on the horizon, and diving out of the sky he flew between the spires of the cathedral with just feet to spare. The Marshal Joffre came, and it was delirium: what a picture of the ephemeral! The winner of the Marne, in black dolman and red breeches, alone in the middle of the square, in front of the towers that symbolized the Germanic centuries ... ".

On his return to France, he was posted in January 1920 to the 1st Aviation Fighter Regiment at Thionville and appointed commander of the 102nd Squadron. It was at this time that he replaced the Question Mark as his personal mark by the letter "Z" painted on the fuselage of his plane.

On leaving on duty for Dugny at the head of a detachment, he had a bad accident at Thionville in March 1920: his plane, a Spad VII, spun out of control and crashed. He suffered injuries to his thighs, legs and face He had to be evacuated to the hospital of Metz where he stayed for fifteen days

From a young age he regularly spent a vacation with friends of his parents, the Colonel and Madame de Maussion, at the Chateau de Pince in Anjou. Here he met Germaine Duffrenoy: they fell in love and were married in Paris in November 1921, and their daughter Monique was born on September 1922. The next few years were spent in Tunis

In November 1931, he was assigned to the Ministry of Air, General Staff. He moved to Paris with his family, and was promoted to Officer of The Legion d'Honneur.

. On January 1, 1940 with the invasion of France thought imminent, he left for the front as commander of Hunting group No. 25 at Aire-sur-la-Lys. They then participated in various operations in Belgium and Holland as France collapsed.

In June, he was assigned to the Toulon Aerial Operations Zone as commander of the Hunting Subgroup of the 3rd Maritime Region: he received high praise for his dealing with Italian air attacks. Following the armistice, Andre was demobilised at the age of 47. In his military career he had flown 96 missions with 1,241 hours of flight time. He successively piloted 72 aircraft of different brands and types, including Blériot, Morane, Spad, Nieuport, Breguet, Potez, Caudron and, Dewoitine. Now he found himself civilian employment with the Winterthur Insurance Company. While in Paris his presence came to the notice of Reich Marshal Goering who invited him to dinner to talk over old times; Andre declined. In 1942 he was appointed Assistant Secretary General of the Alpine Club. Apart from skiing, he also took up gliding after the War and wrote two books on astronomy, a subject he found fascinating.

Andre died in 1975 at the age of 81.

GISS -GOSS



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

Fr Kevin Fox wrote to say that **Fr Michael Campbell-Johnston has** moved from the Farm Street community (114 Mount Street) to live here in Boscombe. So his address is:

Corpus Christi Jesuit Community

757 Christchurch Road

BOURNEMOUTH

BH7 6AN

The telephone numbers are 01202-436700 (the general number) or 436706 for a direct line (though Michael's deafness sometimes makes for difficulty in telecommunication).

I heard from **John Barrington Tristram** on the subject of Class magazines, He writes:-

“It occurred to me some of this might be of interest. Fr Richard Ezekiel (Fizz) used to supply a doggerel introduction to his First A class magazines, and probably did most of the typing up etc. I remember a couple of his opening stanzas, I wonder if anyone still has a copy? It was probably in 1952 that he wrote 'You know our class? You don't, come do so, surely you've heard of **Philip Rousseau**, a splendid figure of a boy outweighing even **Surplice (Roy)**.”

Next year he began 'You know our class? You don't? What rot. You must have heard of Tony Scott.'

The next year grammar 2 produced a magazine, and our class master Rev Malcolm Clark, produced a clever parody of Belloc's poem which I have copied from my copy of 'The Protagonist', front cover artwork by **Mathew. Guinness.**”

Do you remember the din,

Father Bamber?

Do you remember the din?

And the clatter and the tapping

Grammar II make in Latin?

And the soft refrain ululating from d'Ombrain

While Patterson clatters on the floor?

And then Smallman's caterwauling loud above the noisy brawling

And the strident magisterial roar?

Do you remember the din, Fr Bamber?

Do you remember the din?

And the bray and the neigh of Tristram and Prove,

Who mutter something thinly

To Walker and Mackinlay,

And Parker looking darker all the day?

And the crepitations common to the repertory of Warren,

As the chairs go creaking,

Cracking,

Squeaking,

Balancing and bleating,

When Parish rides his race?

Do you remember the din Fr Bamber?

Do you remember the din?

And the tantara of Alcazar

Resounding above the sepulchral tenor

Of Shepard and Guinness, or McIlvenna?

And the chorus sonorous that grates

On the nerves when daily,

Gaily,

Bailey

Serenades with Bates,

To a cheer and a jeer rising near Monteiro

And a catalytic pencil-tapping trot

From Covernton, Pennington,

Chancellor

And Scott?

Do you remember the din Fr Bamber?

Do you remember the din?

No more,

Fr Bamber,

No more

Have you the solace of Wallace

Or the howl of Wolff at the door.

No sound save the roar of a car from afar

And the noise

Of the steps of the boys on the drive.

No sound

But a drone:

Fulmer's plane off again back home.

ED, Sadly some of those mentioned are no longer with us including **Ron Shepard** from Buenos Aires who died of melanoma 1962. His father another **Ron** was also an OB. **Verne Fulmer** from New York died in a car accident a couple of years after leaving and **Ralph Bates** of acting fame.

D'Ombra is in Canada as is **Monteiro** (doctor in Winnepeg). **Smallman** one time Pilot for Aer Lingus in Dublin. **Mackinlay** went off to the Life Guards and last heard of with a National service commission in the Cavalry. **Covernton** lives in France, **Alcazar** is the Danish Hon Consul General in Trinidad. **Wallace** trains and writes on gundogs north of the border.

Scott has returned to the BU fold and **Guinness** yo-yo's in and out, but of **Walker, Chancellor and Prove** no news.

However let us rejoice in the presence of **Bailey, Wolff, Parish, Pennington, McIlvenna, Warren and Tristram**.

Adrian Naughten is coming back to the UK:-

“Moving is never easy and it will be a wrench to leave here after 12 years. But it is time—for a variety of reasons ranging from economic (it has become expensive and Exchange Rate has taken a big hit Post Brexit), security and social. We shall move to Ireland (we have a house in Hillsborough) initially and ‘ take stock ‘. Will give you details at a later moment but Exit Date being targeted is 3rd July. Much to do before then!!

MEMORIES OF ANNABEL'S

Night owls of a certain age will feel nostalgic at the news that Annabel's the Berkeley Square, nightclub founded by Mark Birley in 1963 and named after his wife , is moving, although it is only going two doors down. A Favourite of Frank Sinatra,

Elizabeth Taylor and Ella Fitzgerald, members included **Jack Wolff**. I recall **John** telling me the story, against himself, that after a BU Dinner a good number of years ago, he and a few others decided to pick up some young ladies and dance the night away. John signed into the club as Jack and a good time was had by all. However calling for the bill, John was asked not only to pay his due but also to clear Jack's outstanding account! To quote the Bard –“hoisted on his own petard”.

JESUITS IN BRITAIN

Those of you that follow this website will have seen that we get good coverage. All of which is thanks to our friend **Ged Clapson** the Communications Officer. In recent times he has produced articles on our trip to Verdun and our legacy in Medieval Embroidery. Finally a tribute to Mike see below-

RIP MICHAEL BEDFORD

We were very sorry to learn of the death earlier this week of Michael Bedford, a great friend of the Jesuits. Michael was a pupil at St John's & Beaumont c.1960 and has remained very active in the Beaumont Union.

He was the nephew of Frs Bernard and Paul Magill, members of the Province who were well-known at St Ignatius, Tottenham, at Preston Catholic College and at Stonyhurst.

A member of the Beaumont pilgrimage to Lourdes in the foundation days of HCPT more than fifty years ago, Mike has been a regular pilgrim in the past twenty years as well, leading groups both of children and of adults.

Mike was 70 earlier this year, and active as ever, with trips to France, with his wife Mandy, and to Russia (in the company of the Apostolic Nuncio) planned in the next couple of months.

His death, from an aortic aneurysm, was shockingly sudden. May he rest in peace.

Please pray also for Mandy, for his surviving brother, Paul, and his large family of nephews and nieces.

Following on: -

MIKE BEDFORD REMEMBERED

John Marshall writes:-

A number of OBs have reminded us what a wonderful person Michael was and I want to add just one fact. We, many of us, would not have taken a lot of notice of the kitchen staff at Beaumont although we all remember Arthur who would pass the food to the tables with his eyes permanently looking at the ceiling. In the kitchen, as the butler, was Billy Daffern and, alongside him working at Beaumont, was his wife May. Fortunately when Beaumont closed they were both reengaged at St John's and although I had got to know him at Beaumont, I knew him much better thereafter. Well, he told me and I do not know how the conversation came up that every Christmas, without fail, Michael Bedford called in to see him and his wife and always handed them a bottle of scotch. Who knows how many other acts of unheralded kindness he bestowed over the years!

Actually he was quite unkind to me. It was the last day of one term and so we dressed in our best clothes which meant wearing our black "guestroom" shoes. Mine were perilous and as I came back from communion, Bedford, on his way to it, stuck his leg out and I flew!!!

In a way it was an honour to be singled out for such a prank.

ANOTHER VANIER

General Geoges Vanier was not the only member of his family to send his sons to Beaumont: his sister Frances sent **Gyde (49)** and I came across this piece in the

Ottawa Journal 1966.



1966 Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, **Gyde Shepherd** and Director Jean Boggs

Exhibition opening at the Canadian National gallery

Gyde Vanier Gilbert Shepherd was born in Montreal in 1936, the son of William F. Shepherd. His mother, who died in 1958, was Frances Vanier, younger sister of the Governor General. Mr Shepherd attended St. Leo's School, Westmount, and St. Jeanne d'Arc, Ottawa. He went on to Ashbury, St John Preparatory School and Beaumont College, Old Windsor, England. Entering the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at McGill. He took an honors arts course in history and political science. Subsequently he took honors history at Lincoln College, Oxford University, graduating with the degrees of BA and MA. Later he was to go to Harvard Summer School, taking an introductory course in art history in the department of fine arts. His knowledge of art thus gained, was supplemented when he entered the graduate school of arts and sciences, department of fine arts Fogg Museum, Harvard. He acquired a knowledge of German at the German Language School, University of Vienna. He specialized in the Italian Renaissance at Harvard and passed the general examinations for the PhD degree. Mr. Shepherd has ' been a teaching fellow in the fine arts at Harvard and was resident tutor in Dunster House. He organized an art

exhibition at McGill and with Remi Mayrand, a co-operative shown at University of Montreal. Quebec artists won recognition in his project "35 Painters of Today." Before coming to his present post as Assistant Director at the Nation Gallery of Canada, Mr. Shepherd was a lecturer and research assistant for the Frick Collection, New York. 'He is presently assembling a collection of books on art. For complete relaxation he favors books of the James Bond type as well as Westerns. He is a keen swimmer and he pursues this and this activity whenever possible. He says he is especially delighted to serve under gallery director Miss Jean Boggs, who has an international reputation in her specialized field. He is the author of "The Splendour of The Vatican" and Raphael's School of Athens",

FORGOTTEN CASUALTY OF THE EASTER RISING

Ed: I am often asked where all my information comes from: often simple research and sometimes good fortune and contacts. The following article is one such.-

I read a letter in Country Life (where else) concerning the loss of the Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment's museum and memorabilia in the fire at Clandon House, Guildford. Beaumont has reason to mourn the loss, as prior to WW1 our Corps was affiliated to the East Surreys (reason unknown being in Berkshire and bordering West Surrey). Some of our most decorated officers in that conflict served in either the West or East Surreys. The letter was signed by one Roddy Mellotte (ex Surreys and Old Gregorian) and an historian on both. He happens to be my brother -in- law's brother-in- law. My own brother- in- law Michael Goldshmidt (ex Royal Leicester's and Ampleforth) is also an historian on Regiment and alma mater. So between us we have a good covering of both military and catholic school history and why between us we came up with the following on the Worsley-Worswicks:-

From a Downside Archive.

“On a recent trip to Dublin, the Activity Manager at Downside made a visit to Glasnevin cemetery, which holds almost one and a half million burials. The cemetery is also home to a monument to all those who lost their lives during the Easter Rising of April 1916. From research conducted for another project, it was remembered that an Old Gregorian was one such man who had died in the events in Dublin. A quick search revealed his name on the memorial



Basil Henry Worsley-Worswick was born in 1881 and came to Downside 1894-1899. Having been at **Beaumont 1891-3** He was the younger brother of Dom **Peter Worsley-Worswick**, a Downside monk. **OB 1887-89**. In total there were four Worsley-Warwick brothers at Old Windsor. The Worsley-Warwick parents obviously could not make their minds up over education. The eldest boy **Richard** moved to Ampleforth from Beaumont in 1887. The second son **Robert** moved from Downside to Beaumont in 1886 -92. But died young in 1903, cause unknown.

They were the sons of Colonel Worsley-Worswick of Normanton Hall, Hinkley. He was Colonel Commandant of The Leicestershire Militia for 10 years, a J.P. of the county and chairman of the Hinckley Bench, and High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1883. He rode with the Athertstone Hounds for over 50 years and died in 1905 as a result of a fall while out hunting December 1905.

After leaving Downside, **Basil** went to Christ Church Oxford and then moved to Rhodesia where he was a farmer, before emigrating to Canada. He returned from Canada just before the outbreak of the war and enlisted in the army in August 1914. Worsley-Worswick was a 2nd Lieutenant in the 2nd King Edward's Horse which was on reserve in Ireland after months of fighting in France. When the Easter Rising began, the regiment was sent to Dublin to help quell the disturbance. The death of Worsley-Worswick was a result of general confusion in the city over that period.

On the night of April 28th, a detachment of the Dublin Fusiliers was stationed at the malt house of the Guinness brewery. When an officer went to relieve the officer on duty, he was mistaken for an enemy and shot. Worsley-Worswick was in the next picket along and heard the commotion. He asked his officer to be allowed to investigate but was told to wait until morning.

Worsley-Worswick arrived at the malt house at dawn on April 29th and finding that the officer had been killed, his suspicions were aroused and when he was challenged by a sergeant of the Dublin Fusiliers, he knocked the man down. The guards, seeing this, immediately fired upon Worsley-Worswick and killed him instantly. He was 35 years old.

This tragic story highlights the confusion and panic that surrounded the city of Dublin during Easter 1916. The memorial at Glasnevin commemorates everyone who died during the Rising; Republicans, civilians and British soldiers”.



Basil is commemorated on the Dublin Memorial and also at Downside and he has a soldiers grave but for reasons unknown he is not commemorated at Beaumont (probably just slipped through the net), I will add his name to the fallen in the Great War Archive.

THE BRITISH LIAISON OFFICERS.

I'm well known for coming up with facts concerning OB's and one of more than passing interest is that Beaumont provided three important Liaison officers to the French High Command in the Great War. It is well recorded the influence of **Boy Capel (97)** on Prime Minister Georges Clemenceau. He had been Clemenceau's confidante from before the War and when he returned to power in 1917 he retained the "ear" of the PM.

What is less well known is that with Marshal Joffre was **Captain Count John de Salis (09)** when the Marshal was made General in Chief of the French armies and Leader of the Supreme War Council. Initially de Salis was commissioned in the Life Guards but later exchanged for the Irish Guards. He was twice wounded and then sent on a special mission to the Balkans before becoming assistant military attaché in Paris when he joined Joffre.

With Marshal Foch, the Allied Commander in Chief, was Salis's contemporary **Lt-Colonel Kevin Martin (09)** later to be a Major general. Martin went to Woolwich and was commissioned in the Sappers. During the War he was awarded a DSO, 5 times MID, Received the Order de la Couronne and the Croix de Guerre. He was appointed to Foch in 1918.

The role of the liaison officer was not just to keep one's own army commanders informed but also to supply intelligence to the directorate in London: Director of Military Intelligence was **General Sir George MacDonogh (81)**. Read into that what you may.

"Rebel in The Soul" is the name of an Irish Repertory Theatre production performed on Broadway NYC April 12 – 24 May 2017.

"The play is based on an aspect of the life of Dr. Noel Browne Minister for Health in the Irish Coalition Government of 1948. He had no political experience but had a burning desire to eradicate the scourge of Tuberculosis that had killed much of his family. With his messianic drive he was well on his way to success when he introduced a Mother and Child Scheme that would have given free pre-natal care to Irish women and free health insurance to all children. However, he did not lay the groundwork with his party leader and ex-IRA Chief, Sean MacBride nor with Archbishop John Charles McQuaid, the autocratic leader of the Irish Church. "Rebel in the Soul" deals with the intense maneuvering of these three charismatic people and the ensuing political crisis that would change Irish life. All four characters are well-read, cultured, stylish dressers, and from the upper tier of Irish post-war society."

Noel Browne (34) Started life in poverty, won a scholarship to Beaumont finished as a school Captain and in the rugby XV. Through the Chance Family - **Neville (40)** his time at TCD was paid for . He became one of Ireland's best politicians of the post war period. A convinced socialist, he very nearly won the left wing nomination for the Presidency rather than Mary Robinson. **ED** in time I hope to publish his memories of his time at Beaumont.

Robin Mulcahy, apart from lonesome on the tennis court has turned out for the MCC and not as 12th man. That no doubt raised the odd eyebrow amongst the cricketing fraternity. Indeed the Editor questioned its veracity. Apparently it is also a Scottish Reeling group.

Some of you may be aware that in my latter years I competed at Competition Carriage driving at International level on the Continent. In a recent copy of "Attelage" I came across an article on The Comte d'Yanville the father of **Daniel (05)** KIA 1914.



Here the Comte drives a tandem at which I was also an exponent. Tandem Drivers were described by Prince Philip as "mildly eccentric masochists and at best amiable lunatics": not for me to comment.

Comte Henri was President of the French Carriage Driving Society and was also famed for the picnics he and his wife gave, driving their friends to a suitable venue in his Park Drag



When **Daniel** went off to War, his father said to him “Pray God you come back safe”. “Nay, Sir”, Daniel replied. “Pray God I do my duty”.

CHAMPAGNE FIND.

For those of you who like your wines to have a Beaumont connotation, I’m pleased to report that we have found another. Both the BOFS hotel and restaurant at Lourdes are now stocking “**Veuve de Beaumont Champagne**”(whether this was for Mandy

Bedford we weren't certain). Made by Charles Mignon at Epernay it is "fresh, fruity and elegant". At present it is not available in the UK but could be added to your list for the "booze cruise". It is certainly a less expensive alternative to Ayala or Charles Heidsieck.



RUBBING OUR NOSES IN IT.

Roddy Mellotte (OG) who I mentioned earlier sent me this collage (below) of the unbeaten Downside XV of 1957/8 (of which he was a member). It mentions the "Splendid match with Beaumont". Well that depends on your perspective. I looked out what was written in the REVIEW of the time:-

"The Downside game, from the point of view of the Beaumont scrum, must have seemed a game of missed kicks. Few things are more dispiriting than to see hard-won ground lost in a moment by a poor kick, especially if that kick be a penalty. But half a dozen times the Beaumont kickers seemed to be unable to judge the wind, and put the ball into their opponents' possession. However that may be, the Downside scrum, after the opening exchanges, took a firm hold of the game. Dropped passes among their backs put an end to many attacks, but one felt that some of those dropped passes were due to the speed with which the Beaumont centres came up upon their men. Wittert van Hoogland evaded **H Stevens** and **O'Connor** to score, and in a moment of uncertainty **McIlvenna** presented Johnson

with a try. But neither side seemed likely to score again, for the Downside scrum, well led by Mackenzie, were denying the ball to the Beaumont three-quarters. Once **Baker** tried to burst his way through the whole Downside XV and almost succeeded, a long kick by **Roberts** was followed up at great speed by **Baker** and **Richardson**, but these threats to the Downside line were spasmodic. The Downside XV looked very competent, and Beaumont could not recapture the spirit of urgency which had at times distinguished their play.”

DOWNSIDE START WELL: WIN FIRST SIX MATCHES

DOWNSIDE'S LIVELY FORWARDS MASTER CLIFTON

DOWNSIDE TOO STRONG FOR KINGSWOOD

FEROCIOUS PACK

By ROBIN MARLAR
Downside 39 pts Kingswood 3



QUICK TRIES BY DOWNSIDE

SUPERIOR BEHIND SCRUMMAGE

DOWNSIDE'S WINNING RUN CONTINUES

Downside Better than Taunton

Taunton 5 pts., Downside 19

Downside Are On Top

Downside going away with the ball during their game with Sherborne on Saturday

Oxford started well. Like Downside in midweek, their first move was a diagonal punt to the right; no try, though Young was in the game within seconds. Back he came in the movement left over from the line-out, passed crisply to Phillips, again that extraordinary acceleration and Hurst was scoring at the City end two yards from your gossiping correspondent.

RADLEY PAY THE PENALTY FOR POOR WING FORWARDS

Downside had a big win against Radley by a goal, a penalty goal and three

DOWNSIDE KEEP RECORD

Downside kept their unbeaten record when they got the better of a stirring tussle in mud and mist to beat BLUNDELL'S by a goal to a try. Downside led at half.

Downside Keep Early Lead

Sherborne 0, Downside 3 pts.

HANDICAPPED PACK TAKE HONOURS

DOWNSIDE UNBEATEN
THE Downside rugby team maintained their unbeaten record.

Which was the leading side? The question most frequently asked at the end of each season seldom receives a clear-cut answer. This year the choice is rather easier than usual, for it can be narrowed down to two candidates, Downside and Sedburgh. There were others, of course, whose supporters could claim that they were little inferior.



DOWNSIDE RECORD EASILY BEST IN WEST

Downside Still Go Marching On

By Charles Burton
Radley Coll. 0 Downside Sch. 17

DOWNSIDE MASTER KINGSWOOD

FAST OUTSIDES GAIN CONTROL AT BATH

FROM OUR SCHOOLS RUGBY CORRESPONDENT

Kingswood 8 pts., Downside 21

I suppose the schoolboy does not exist who does not think his own Rugby coach the best in the world. Watts of Downside, Gwilliam of Dulwich, Mills of Sedburgh—one could go on and on and on.

DOWNSIDE STILL UNBEATEN
SPLENDID MATCH WITH BEAUMONT

High powered is the best description of Downside's play. They had splendid forwards and it was as a pack that they excelled because no one player stood out above his fellows and in the tight or the loose they were always a complete machine. Even with the loss of one forward, as happened against Sherborne, they were still able to control the game. That was no mean feat as Sherborne had brilliant outsiders—their best for several seasons

COUNTRY LIFE

LAST YEAR'S UNBEATEN DOWNSIDE XV. (Back row, left to right) J. P. L. Cicconi, M. J. Crowley, R. T. W. Mellotte, A. J. G. Pearson, P. R. Capon, F. W. Carr; (middle row) L. Urruticoechea, C. T. Jowett, C. P. Kelly, A. J. Mackenzie (captain), R. M. Graves, R. L. Morris, E. C. E. Wittert van Hoogland; (front row) C. J. Fletcher, D. St. J. Keane

THE FIELD

Heavy rain affected most grounds, but there was some fast play under the new rules, with Downside and Sedburgh the outstanding sides

Our XV that went down 8 -0 in this match. Overall it was written “that it was a season of both failure and success (KCS, Oratory, Whitgift and Merchant Taylors). **Mulcahy** moulded a team notable for its united steadiness in defence and readiness to seize every opportunity to attack”. **ED:** as a military man you cannot ask more than that.



A. PARISH

T. RICHARDSON
H. C. STEVENS

J. B. SMALLMAN
B. L. BAKER
J. WOLFF

T. A. WOOD
R. P. MULCAHY
A. STEVENS

J. C. ROBERTS
A. P. O'CONNOR
N. WALTER

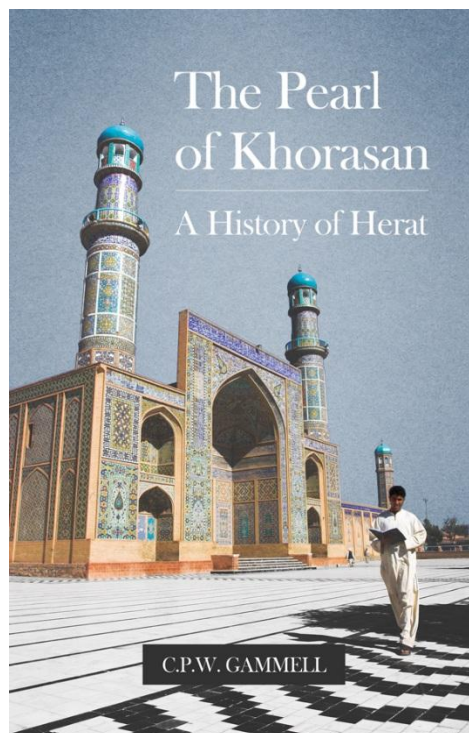
R. SHEPARD
D. P. McILVENNA

P. SELBY

1957

“Gammell masterfully succeeds in cutting through the complexities”

Now that's a headline that might raise the odd eyebrow of those that remember Bill in the C Stream. Well, it's not Bill but his son Charlie accomplished author and historian. The headline refers to his book **The Pearl of Khorasan:-**



Herat is one of the most significant trading and cultural entrepots of Eurasia, which has long celebrated its Persian heritage. Charlie Gammell's splendid account spans its history to the present day.

I gather that the aircraft propeller that had belonged to the plane of **Lt Alexander de Lisle (14)** when he was shot down and killed in Nov 1917 and normally on display in the Leicester Regiment Museum has temporarily been removed: it is being taken by the family to France to mark the Centenary of his death.



Educated at Beaumont, Alexander De Lisle was commissioned into The Leicestershire Regiment on 22.9.1914, aged 17. He joined 9th Battalion, with which he went to France in June 1915. He was wounded in a bombing raid at Bienvillers in 1915 “[On the night of 5 .11.1915] Alexander joined another subaltern in an enlarged shell hole in No Man’s Land at Bienvillers with a primitive contraption for catapulting bombs into the German lines. Although they were difficult to spot in the darkness, the enemy had a good idea where the bombs were being launched from and retaliated with artillery salvos against their tormentors. Alexander was hit in the hip and ankle which required hospital treatment, but he also received the Divisional Commander’s commendation for distinguished and gallant service. He did not return to light duties till the following April.” Back in the front line for the Somme offensive he took part in the capture of Mametz Wood on 14.7.1916 and led his men in the final bayonet charge on Bazentin-le- Petit and was wounded again, this time in the neck, and had to be repatriated. He recovered sufficiently to be attached to the Royal Flying Corps in December 1916. He was transferred to the General List of the RFC on 19.6.1917, gained his wings the following month, and returned to the front again in August 1917 in time for the battle of Passchendaele. He joined 21 Sqn RFC, equipped with BE 12s for recce and bombing but totally inadequate as a fighter. After several successful missions Alexander was shot down and killed on 20.11.1917, aged 20 years. His squadron commander wrote, “He is really a most awful loss to the squadron, because he was so popular with every one, and he was also so very keen and good at his work. He was altogether a most promising pilot.” He is buried at Dozinghem Military Cemetery, Westvleteren, Poperinge, Belgium. There is a memorial window to him in Arundel Cathedral.

HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED; The TATLER

ST JOHN'S BEAUMONT

“Head Giles Delaney is nicely Bertie Wooster — he's full of beans and wears dapper tartan suits. But he is also serious, and when it comes to boys' education, he knows his onions (he's doing a PhD in it). He says: 'Girls revise to come first, boys revise not to come last.' St John's is Catholic, founded by the Jesuits, so faith is central to its ethos and boys are asked to reflect every day on what they have done for others. We think the school flies a little under the radar compared with others nearby, considering it packs boys off to Eton, Winchester and Charterhouse. Pupils are encouraged to try new things, whether swimming in a lake in South Africa or ballroom dancing. The sports hall is a dream, there are new science labs and the dorms have been brought up to date courtesy of Ralph Lauren — picked by the boys, we're told”.

CHANEL

ED: I was in Deauville a few weeks ago and often passed by the site of Coco Chanel's first boutique that she opened in 1913 financed by **Boy Capel**. It is marked by this memorial:-



The Memorial



Coco outside the shop in 1913

JUNE 1944



ED: on my way to Deauville I took the route to Ranville- the first village to be liberated in France. This was by the 13th Parachute Regiment formed by men of the South Lancashires. In Command of “C” Company was the then **Major “Florrie” Ford (30)**. A short detour took me to the Chateau du Mariquet where a black faced Florrie broke in to see if there were Germans there, much to the surprise of the Comtesse Jeanne de Rohan-Chabot. It then became the Brigade Headquarters.



Dancing with The Stars Weekend Friday 7th – Sunday 9th July 2017

Ed: I wonder what certain Js would make of that.

DE VERE Hotels have now published the following:-

A handsome hotel in Windsor

The story of De Vere Beaumont Estate in Windsor is a very British one; a tale of democracy, royalty, education and religion. At its heart, sits an 18th-century mansion, a chapel, 75 event spaces and a Georgian white house in 40 acres of parkland grounds.

The original house was built for Lord Weymouth but it was its time as a public school, from 1854 - 1967, that saw most of the estate's architectural developments.

Currently undergoing a multi-million-pound refurbishment, today you'll find a wealth of these original features still intact along with a 21st-century style that ensures business, weddings and training are anything but usual.

Serving great food from British suppliers, the new 1705 Restaurant & Bar is set to open this summer whilst the Executive Chef team create restaurant-quality food for a wide range of events. With some recently refurbished, bedrooms are modern and stylish and there are over 400 of them with **luxury suites in The White House.**

None of us are getting any younger but I can think of one individual who seems to be defying the rule. **Michael de Burgh (41)** has just been marching with his Regiment on the Cavalry Memorial Parade in Hyde Park. He is one of the very few 9th Lancers remaining to have fought in the Desert Campaign and through Italy. At the last Remembrance Parade at the Cenotaph and Michael was pushing a veteran in a wheelchair at least 20 years younger than himself.

CORRESPONDENCE

I heard from **Michael Ohly (62)** who wrote to offer various memorabilia and Reviews but went on to write:-

“I have been involved in the Construction market most of my life and am now aiming to finally get some retirement. I took over a company from my father who had probably paid for my education fees but actually was about to meet the Receiver. Luckily, I persuaded a few people like the Tax Collector, one or two or thirty Creditors and the Bank that I might do something in the future. As a result I have been enjoying my life with a lovely wife and three children happily married and have grown a business in the UK and other countries.

During the past years though I very rarely met a BU member. However, **Harry Hancock** stayed a strong friend and was a generous godfather for my older daughter and also was frequently calling me to get him out of "trouble" but he had a successful life with a home near Gerrards Cross and a home in Cape Town. Sadly, he died immediately after a fatal heart attack just after he had made an amusing speech for his godson in Cape Town - we had a final mass for him and his cremation followed. His ashes were spread over the wickets strip at Gerrards Cross Cricket Club after a few jokes coming home with the Captain of the Ethiad flight.

Just recently, we have decided to join the others as "downsizers" and now living in Lewes. Good luck to you Robert.”

From Chris Tailby

“I too was sorry to see the death of Fr Peter Knott. When we took our son, Laurence, to Eton on his first day in 1995, I did a “double take” when I met Fr Peter! It quite “bowled me over” to find that a Jesuit was the Catholic Chaplain at Eton. It was during our conversation on that first day that Fr Peter admitted to me

that the JJs should have closed Stonyhurst, not Beaumont! The problem was that Stonyhurst had all the endowments.”

From Henry Stevens to Jerry Gilmore, copy to Editor.

Great news - well done and just to make it even better I got the all clear last week also.

Now only have to have check ups every 3 months apparently!

I guess I'll see one or two guys that I'll know tomorrow at the new BU golf day, but as I haven't swung a club in 4 years it could be a frustrating day!! Not even my bro is up for it as his 'new' knee needs a bit more time....! But Mike B will be there in spirit anyway!

I'm flat out with polo this season but am making a conscious effort to make this a slow down season, sell all the horses, and diversify. Still need to make a buck though.

Incidentally, one piece of useless factoid re cricket was that I was told that Peter Bird hit the longest Six by a school boy at Lords, out of the ground, over the Tavern, and into St Johns Wood Road. I was batting at the other end and we had already won the match - 1956. Bulfield was captain.

1958 I walked down the wicket and said to Brian Baker "hey we're on a 96 partnership (of which he had made 60!), take it easy and we'll get a 100!"

I was bowled next ball!!

L D S