

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

WINTER 2017



It could be said that after leaving Beaumont I went up to London to party with some old school friends, danced the night away with some pretty girls and then went home to write this brief editorial. The point is that one day we were looking at our parents or grandparents and it might have crossed one's mind what it would be like to be as old as them and the next thing one was. Most of us would be described by the media as elderly and certainly wear and tear on those youthful bodies have taken their toll but we are also products of our age and so do not feel much older than we did ten or twenty years ago. So it is hard to believe that Beaumont closed fifty years ago and yet we carry on in a manner that other living Old Boy Societies find hard to believe. Long may it continue.

## **50 YEARS ON**

On behalf of the Committee can I take the opportunity to thank you all for the support we have received over the last half century. Some of you may feel that you have contributed little, which may be because of distance, health or other circumstances but you are still out there representing what we consider Beaumont stood for. We look back tinged with sadness that Beaumont is no more and that others were not able to share our common experiences, but remaining positive in our achievements. We still meet for the Lunch and Remembrance Sunday and there are the smaller groups such as the '65s and the '67s that dine from time to time. Others lunch at the Cavalry & Guards and Boodles and we had a resurrected Dublin dinner. We have been to the battlefields a couple of times and hope to go again, then the Golfing Society has risen from the ashes after some twenty years and fielded a side to take on Downside. Finally, and I believe a "driving force" has been the charitable work particularly HCPT with which The Union been involved with since the start and commemorated in the name "London Beaumont Region". To that end the BOFS were founded with a pilgrimage like no other. There has been "race night at the dogs" and our CD by the Beaumont Choral Reunion raising funds for those less fortunate

than ourselves. If pride is one of the capital sins then I'm unashamedly at the head of the confessional queue.

## NOTICES

**NB. May I remind you that my Email is now robertsnobcob@gmail.com**

## OBITUARIES:

I'm sorry to inform you of the recent death of **Tony Mathews (53)**, a good all-round sportsman and a great supporter of the BU. **Michael Cooke (47)** and **Ian Temple Blackwood (46)**.

**If you are able to write an obituary or tribute to any OB it is most welcome and appreciated.**

## BATTLEFIELD VISIT



**THE BUEF.** Yes – we are off to the Battlefields again but at the moment as Vera Lynn sang “don’t know where, don’t know when”. Having said that we are hoping to cover the Mobile War (the Retreat from Mons), Marne 1&2, Aisne 1&2, and Cambrai. But all is dependent on Philip Steven’s recce and finding the standard of hostelry we have become accustomed to. We are looking at the Spring for our venture with a window of the **end of May to mid-June**. It would help planning if those considering coming could give me their preference for a particular week.

## NEWS

### THE MASS.

9<sup>th</sup> October has always been important in Beaumont annals as the School opened on the 10<sup>th</sup> 1861 (although **Charles Roskell** the first boy didn’t turn up until the 28<sup>th</sup> – it seems that these matters were somewhat relaxed in those days. I’m glad to report that the present day BU are more punctual. The day started with the Mass at Farm Street celebrated by **Monsignor Jim Curry** from Our Lady of Victories (an **Adrian Gilbert Scott** Church) Kensington and currently the BOFS Chaplain at Lourdes. He was assisted on the altar by **Thierry de Galard** (carrying the cross) and Tony Outred.

Some 50 members attended and sang with gusto the hymns of our youth: Faith of Our Fathers, Crown him with many Crowns, The Pater Noster, Anima Christi and Saint of our Youth. The latter required **Patrick Burgess** to find it in the old Cantionale as Farm St were not acquainted with it. We departed to the old favourite of **Tommy Clayton** - Boellman's Toccata from Suite Gothique.

**Fr Jim's pertinent Homily is to be found in VRIL (go to Announcements – News – VRIL)**

Thank you to all who assisted: **Guy Bailey and John Flood** for the readings, **Richard Sheehan and Robert Bruce** for the bidding prayers and Eucharistic ministers **Christopher Newling-ward, Paul Reynier and Christopher Tailby**.

Also **Andrew Flood** for the Service Card and revamping our crest (much improved and hope you all noticed on The Review heading).



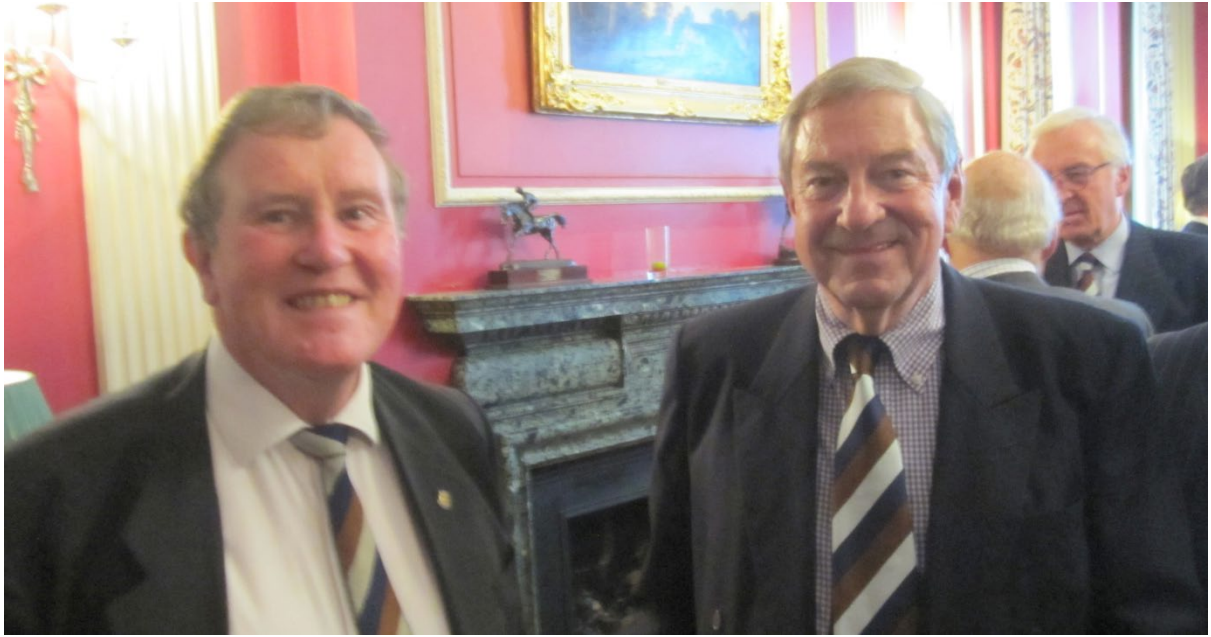
We had a slight hitch as our Windsorian Coach (the one and only left) could not get into Farm St and we had to make our way back to Mount St for “a trip down memory lane” and onward to the Caledonian.

**THE LUNCH**

The coach party arrived at the club to find that **John Paton Walsh** had all in order and **Derek Hollamby** had arrived with the all important magnums of Ch. Beaumont.



Philipp Meyer, Oliver Hawkins and Bill Gammell



Tony Northey and John Towsey



Philip Stevens, Nicholas Sturridge, Mike Parker and John Wolff



David Collingwood, Nicholas Hillier and Robert Bruce





Barrie Martin and Mark Addison

Some 74 OBs attended: the presence of **Tony Camilleri (48)** over from Malta was especially appreciated. We sat down to a most enjoyable lunch where the only disappointment for some was the “filet of beef McDuff” which turned out to be Mctuff and worthy of a place on the soles of the Editor’s Lobb shoes.

The following were present: Arthur Morrison, Rev Michael Campbell-Johnstone, Anthony Camilleri, Nigel Magrane, David Flood, David Liston, Peter Moss, Peter Lavelle, Richard Barnes, Patrick O’Reilly, Martin Wells, David Bulfield, Jeremy Connor, Sir Nicholas Sturridge, Ron de la Grange, Guy Bailey, Robin Mulcahy, Michael Parker, Tony Parish, John Wolff, John Bokor-Ingram, Ant Stevens, Kevin Ryan, Giles Delaney, Mark Addison, John Paton Walsh, Barrie Martin, Jerry Gilmore, Tony Outred, Derek Hollamby, Michael Morris, Peter Peake, Bill Gammell, John Towsey, David Collingwood, Duncan Grant, Anthony Chancellor-Weale, Thierry de Galard, Robert Wilkinson, Oliver Hawkins, Colin Russell, Philipp Meyer, Patrick Burgess, Richard Sheehan, Nigel Courtney, Stephen Crompton, Mark Marshall, Philip Stevens, Robert Bruce, Chris McHugh, Nicholas Hillier, Michael Burgess, Tony Northey, Terence O’Brien, John Flood, Chris Newling-Ward, Michael Newton, David Danson, Paul Reynier, Paul Evelyn, Henry Haywood, Mickey Parish, Romain de Cock, David Allen, Paul Dutton, Edwin de Lisle, Peter Savundra, Chris Tailby, Fr Kevin Fox.



**John Paton Walsh** Hon Secretary of The Union proposed the toast of Beaumont and The Union.

“Clearly we are creatures of our environment. However, scratch a group of Union men ..... a hideous thought perhaps ..... and ask what they remember as important to them about Beaumont, and I believe that a floodgate of differing matters would be revealed. Nevertheless, the same Beaumont continues to bring us together at least once, twice or more times a year. A cynic might say "forged by the same adversity" Now here's a problem. My brief is Beaumont and the Beaumont Union, and it is considered that I will probably be less dull if I can skip a lot of the historical bits, mostly known to you, and proceed more on an anecdotal basis, founded on my own experiences. Good ..... as no-one disagrees. I was aged 8 when the decision was taken to send me to St. Johns. My father was a Prison Governor and I was born in Wandsworth Prison Hospital in London during an air-raid; the family was bombed out of our house in January 1945 by one of the last V2s. My father came back from Nuremburg and was appointed to the Prison at Lincoln, where, with my new school mates, I was removing conkers from a chestnut tree with bricks. At some stage I was heard to scream " Fooking Moonkeys " in the grossest of Lincolnshire accents, only to find my Mother standing behind me. My fortunes changed overnight, and, within hours as it seemed, I was standing in the porridge queue at St John's, supervised by the Headmaster. A qualification here, and this relates to any disparaging remarks that I may make regarding St.John's at

that time, but my recollection is more of the pre-World War 2 Prep school handbook, mixed in with a little of the Irish Brothers disciplinary code ..... Nothing to do with the splendid school of the present day. Giles, your school is fantastic and a credit to you and your staff. Thank you for that and also for your annual generosity in providing the always excellent Lunch on Remembrance Sunday. Back to the porridge queue when I found myself politely refusing this gourmet delight. I was told it was not negotiable; I said I thought it would make me sick, which it did, and a small portion lapped the shoes of the hapless Headmaster. I found I was a sleepwalker for which I received phenobarbitone, but it did introduce me to a sympathetic Horace Bamber, usually at 3 o'clock in the morning. I also had a stammer, possibly gained from the V2, for which they had no answer and little sympathy. Life seemed confined and regimented----- my transgressions seemed many. I passed into Beaumont into Ruds A, but by then I was able to flick my fingers in appreciation with the best of them, had swallowed vast quantities of cod liver oil and malt without apparent harm, and really did think that Miss Sugden was rather special.

And so to Beaumont, which the Beaumont Scribe, alias our beloved Hon Sec. as described as having a relaxed country house atmosphere; I would certainly agree to a large extent, for where St John's was disciplined, perhaps to a fault, Beaumont mostly left the boys in control, mercifully so, in my opinion, as that became the very essence of one's life there. From a base of 220 plus boys we rowed at Henley we played Rugby on Runnymede, especially when the cowpats were fresh, a factor that opposing schools seemed to regard as a papist plot, cricket was played at Lords against the Oratory, and we had one of the most beautiful grounds in the country on which we played the remaining home games .We also boxed and were magnificently successful at it ..... Roddy and Johnnie "Corpse " Johnstone were in charge.

All this and other sports from a base of 220 plus boys. Scholastically it is I believe right to say that Beaumont did not always veer towards the heights of Academia. To me that was not really the point. .... Having said that however we did send our fair percentage to the better Universities, Hospitals, the Army, and elsewhere to make their mark. ....we have 2 Nobel Prize Winners----- Luiz Frederico Lelior the 1970 Chemistry prize, and Adrian Leggett, the Physics prize in 2003, knighted the following year. Arriving at Beaumont aged 11 and so spending the first 2 years in the Laundry Dormitory, resulted in Richard Ezechieel becoming something of a mentor to me, giving me much needed confidence and then an ability on the Rugby and Cricket fields. In addition, with Edwin Sass they were the real "work horses of Beaumont, indefatigable. I sang in Ezechieel's choir for almost all of my 7 years. Alongside Tommy Clayton, with his endless supply of Sung Masses, his annual Gilbert and Sullivan Concert, his Christmas Carol Concerts, all went by at such a pace and at such a pitch of quality that it became a norm. Then there was his stewardship of 3rd Playroom, some teaching and the junior scouts----together also with his coaching of the Under XIV Rugby and the Under XIV Cricket. All carried out at breakneck speed: As an epitaph, he may perhaps be remembered by the

endless supply of peppermints he chewed. "They aid my occasional indigestion", he would say, apparently unaware of the serious underlying heart condition which he was always too busy to have checked out. (A special memory of "Fizz" as he was always known, and this relates to his teaching in Ruds A on a hot afternoon with the windows open, with Heathrow choosing that day a flightpath over Beaumont, and with the Rector's cows improperly occupying the main Lawns, when two cows mounted each other out of sheer boredom, much to the amusement of the entire class ..... Fizz was incandescent.) It is perhaps logical to come next to Edwin Sass, a former president of the Union Having attended both St John's and Beaumont, he was Beaumont through and through. In World War 2, Father Edwin became an Army Chaplain and was parachuted into Normandy around D-Day.

There was a story which he refused to deny, that he was the person found upside down in a pond who was challenged by a passing British patrol. In righting himself, his clerical collar was revealed, at which moment, the war ceased and the patrol went hunting for his ciborium etc lost in the pond. When found, the patrol received a blessing and continued on their way to the war. To Sass went the job of quite simply doing all the other jobs, of whatsoever nature, which, at any time of the day or night, needed to be done----- those jobs that no one else was prepared to do.

To quote Toby Murray. "All well-oiled machines should have a Sass built in" He was a man of few words and was for a few years in charge of Dorm B. One particular night, he finished off his night prayers with the famous "and if you die ill, the loss is irreparable. " He then dimmed the lights before he began his nightly check of each cubicle lifting the curtain to ensure that all were present, and on that particular night the Dormitory heard the following" Goodnight John, Goodnight Michael, Goodnight Simon, Stop that Jennings, Goodnight Nicholas....." Talking of sleeping quarters, during my last two years, I inherited the room in Dorm A which was above the Chapel. It was a pit but, with Jesuit permission, given a newish bed, and 2 cans of a vile coloured blue paint, was to be my refuge till I left. It had an internal window, not known to many which, when opened, revealed the Chapel and part of the choir loft. Great to open, to stay in bed and still attend Mass, except when Dick Ruane guessed that it was my snoring that had disturbed his own slumbers that morning.) Postcards of memories as it were: Father Clifford, the Rector, and his cows that seemed to get everywhere. Ralph Bates and his love of the Goons.....if I remember it correctly, it was 8.30 to 9.00 on Monday nights with the last minute or so truncated by night prayers Does anyone remember the CCF strike ? It is not for some reason apparent from any perusal of the Reviews of the time. My recollection was that there had been a "wrong" perpetrated by the Js on a number of fairly respectable 2nd year Sixth form boys . In retaliation the entire school was ordered by the boys not to attend CCF on the following Thursday afternoon. After lunch everyone went to their playrooms and despite protests from the staff remained there ..... Time passed and the Authorities gradually realised they had a real problem ..... all of which was ended by a single CSM's plea to us that the matter was then with the War Office, who had stated that by 3.15 p.m., we would be in a state of Mutiny, to only receive the biggest cheer of the day, but no

parade! On a different tone, we pass to school food. Memories of Cow Pie, hairy porridge ..... Sunday Evenings meant pilchards, preferably taken out of their restraining tin by one of the Spanish staff at 2 p m after Sunday Lunch .....placed on trays on still hot oven tops where they provided delightful smells during the afternoon, until they were declared unsurprisingly inedible by supper. Fireworks.

Guy Fawkes Day saw the annual problem where the boys wanted to place a Jesuit effigy on the bonfire, a principle not encouraged by all the staff, normally it was Toby Murray who parted with a little appropriate clothing, My last year fireworks were purchased, and I was deputised to take an enormous box up to the bonfire. A spark then fell into the box when opened and 6 Captains were upside down in the mud -----apparently one of the best displays ever. Mention of Toby Murray reminds me that he was in real life one of the foremost Scottish Lawyers of his time. I was referred to him for tutorials in history and law. He further extended his brief to the discussion of all matters relating to Beaumont, giving me a lot of inside knowledge that I should not have had, with the pleasure of conversation that allowed me to simply grow up a bit, an amazing prelude to university

#### And so to the Union----- founded in 1876

To strengthen the link between OBs and the College. To stimulate the present boys studies by offering prizes and scholarships and To encourage the College Games The Union played the school at almost every sport for as long as anyone can remember. There were annual dances-----a sherry party was held annually at Beaumont and a play produced every year, except for the War Years : the talented casts and others visited St John's and threw sweets at the boys with a curious venom which would have sent shivers down the spine of any modern day Health and Safety man. Some of us were able to follow this lead for a number of years until closure in 1967. Now 50 years have passed and we meet today to remember this event. After closure, the sporting Pilgrims played a lot of sport, as it were, away from home; It was mostly cricket and rugby, with a special game each year against St John's, until this was no more-----whether it was to do with insurance problems or as a result of Bedford's unruly behaviour we will never know We met regularly at the Challenor Club. We had a Dance with Stonyhurst, no that's wrong: we joined Stonyhurst in running a Dance at The Hurlingham Club: later our Dinners and Remembrance Sunday became the major events: Dinners became Lunches. We watched with concern the fate of the buildings at Beaumont. The War Memorial was built in 1921 by the brothers Giles and Adrian Gilbert Scott. In World War 1, 120 died. .... in World War 2, 93 died. As Cardinal Bourne put it " the last thing we want to do is forget them. ".On last inspection it did seem to me that there was need for some repair and tender loving care required to the structure of the Memorial,

which I understand has been referred to Haleys, the present owners who have so caringly restored the buildings at vast expense.) My introduction to the great Leo Burgess, at the time Hon Sec, was geographical we both lived in Wimbledon .I had been told that he was looking for someone to take over. It was not something I had been seeking, but I was invited for a gin and a chat which seemed acceptable.

I arrived to find that, when Leo said gin, he meant just gin, no tonic, no lemon, no angusturas Just gin, with or without water, and plenty of it. Ten minutes into the visit, Leo was called, I think to the front door, when his dog arrived and was greeted by me as the dog lover I am, to be a little surprised when the dog then squatted and defecated beside the sofa on which I sat ..... and then promptly left.

Leo returned and I pointed out the offending problem to him, receiving the response of something like 'that doesn't matter' ..... we talked and drank a fair amount of gin with it lying there. I left and duly became Hon Sec. Looking back on our meeting I always thought that Leo's response had been a little odd, until recently when it suddenly occurred to me that Leo, with no dog in sight, might have had just a fleeting thought that the waste matter in question came, not from his dog, but just possibly from me. Our friendships have prospered over the years, helped perhaps and it is hoped, by the existence of the Union. Guy, firstly a big thank you from us all for your contribution to today's lunch ; an even bigger thank you for your reinvention of the Union just when it was needed, and the fact that it has been brought up to date. Thanks now to Robert for succeeding Guy in the continuation of the Union, which we hope will exist for so long as it may be required. I once joked that I expected the Union to be so finite that the early years at the turn of the Century would see the final Dinner still at the Hyde Park Hotel, with a table for 4 geriatrics with their colostomy bags. I was so wrong.

Reverend Fathers. Gentlemen. I would ask you to stand and I would give you the toast of Beaumont and the Beaumont Union.

**Robert Wilkinson** proposed the toast to "The Spirit of Beaumont".

In his introduction he thanked John not only for his speech but his service to The Union for the best part of half a century: the rock on which the BU has been built.

He continued with thanking all for coming particularly those from afar and from abroad which was greatly appreciated. He also thanked Monsignor Jim for celebrating the Mass and his excellent Homily.

He continued:-

....” I’m not going to recount personal experiences of my time at Beaumont. They could be best described in the terms of the Shipping Forecast; Moderate with Fog patches, nor my time post Beaumont of which a school chum once said to me “Robert you are anything but a soldier and far from a gentleman”. ( Ed notes there was no dissent to this characterisation!)

What I thought would entertain you, is to bring together various stories that we have heard from past speakers in a parody of Kipling’s famous poem “IF” .

So here we go with the Beaumont version:-

If on first arrival at school, the black garbed J has the look of Satan,

But there is a wink and a smile from a comely assistant matron,

If in the refectory the Captain announces that your manners are displeasing,

And Corpse Johnson is serving your supper of greenish gu that passes for stew,

With his coughing and his wheezing.

If it's Fr Fizz, whose voice awakes you in the morning,

And the rigours of Beaumont life are just dawning,

If in the Laundry dorm you need basin, jug and cold water,

For you can ogle at the window at Laurie Mills’s voluptuous daughter.

If in that first year, you're classroom is Ruds B,

And are told that with a high standard of work you might make grammar 3,

If you are Beadle, and Fr Bamber asks "is it someone's birthday today"

And you always answer "yes - it's me" and the period is free,

Relax, put your feet upon the desk and enjoy what may.

If you are sent on a Windsor Park run to the Copper Horse,

The weather is foul, wet and cold and you consider halving the course,

But If you make it there, climb the statue, and inscribe your name upon the stallion's balls,

You will find your father and your grandfather's inscriptions upon the genitals.

If for a lark you put pepper in the pot for the captain's tea,

Put your hands in your pockets thinking no one will see,

If you smoke woodbines behind the squash courts without a caveat,



And collapse the study monitor's chair,

You will be sent to the lounge, bend your backside, grit your teeth and whisper  
"begone dull care".

If for a laugh, you march the Higher Line gallery almost entirely in the buff,

But are sent back to start again as your drill was not good enough,

If you make a transistor radio in hobbies club to listen to radio lux,

But Daddy Sass hears it in the dormitory, confiscates and admonishes you – oh  
sucks.

If what is on your plate is inedible and appalling

And as leader of the Ravioli riot, you are calling,

To the barricade,

And a debt in ferrulas will no doubt, have to be paid,

So you eat at Slack Harry's on pasty and beans,

And the odd fling special and learn the lesson of living well beyond your means.

If you forget all your orals, latin, catechism and poetry with Fr Coventry,

For as the French say when the guillotine falls: "Tant Pis".

But learn, with Tommy Clayton at the organ, to sing angelically,

If as thurifer you swing the thurible through 360 degrees,

But take your bow, incense the congregation with solemnity.

If a chamber pot is displayed upon the flagpole of the community wing,

And you are accused and take responsibility although it was not you're doing,

If you decide to drown your sorrows with a drink or two at the Bells,

And stagger back to school with Tom Kelly muttering you're for "jankers" and the cells.

If you visit the Pescott Street flee pit in the hopes of Marylyn Monroe,

But get in under age "for God created woman" and Brigitte Bardot,

If seeing that, you decide to make a raid upon the convent of St Mary,

And entertain the young ladies till the alarm bell sounds and you dare not tarry.

If you join the scouts, build bridges, assault courses and go on night patrol,

Enjoy the sing-songs but not digging the latrine holes,

If for leisure, you print headed paper and flyers in an inky mess on the scout press of aged and pre-war make,

But leaving out the L of “public” was an unfortunate mistake.

If at camp, the next door tent goes up in flame

And you Douse it with the dixie and are awarded the fireman’s badge by popular acclaim.

If you set out to cross glaciers and climb mountains at Kandersteg

And as you leave the scout hut, Brogy shouts theatrically “Break a leg”.

If on Corps day Thursday you are idle on parade, with grubby boots and dirty brasses,

And field day is spent with A Company marching in circles, while B sit on their arses.

If for the quiet life you transfer to the Band and manage to learn their one tune,

Then Roddy says "Don't Panic" but we are Trooping the Colour in June.

If mayhem occurs in Syntax French class,

As Titsi Haywood is shot in the backside and the period descends to a farce,

If Titsi's response is the inevitable cry of Max,

And you are dismissed the class and face the possible axe.

If Dinwiddy takes you for English, you are a lucky man,

For you will learn to love Poetry and become a Shakespeare fan.

If Merrill in biology teaches the wrong syllabus,

While dissecting frogs, for his mind is on the river oblivious of the fuss.

Your brilliant career as a physician has suddenly gone bust.

If you enjoy physics with Leggett and better still with David Allen.

And you explode, and fire the lab and need water by the gallon,

If you are sent to the infirmary having lost most of your hair,

And Matron says you were lucky that it wasn't lower and elsewhere.

If you bicycle down to Runnymede as rugby is your game.

And you tackle among the cowpats O'Reilly of Belvedere and Irish fame.

Or if it is the third XV where the gladiators meet,

You are trampled, muddied, bloodied but defiant in defeat,

And you sing the Dies Irae coming up the drive,

As it helps to keep your sporting spirit up, and very much alive.

If in the boxing ring your Etonian opponent is surprisingly twice your size,

And he knocks you to the canvas but get up, clean your gloves, fight on to win the prize.

If in the Schismatic XI you bowl googlies with a sly and round the wicket jog,

And against the fancied Gentlemen of Old Windsor you are awarded your Gollywog.

If on a Blandyke trip to London for the V & A, you slip off down Soho to a seedy dive,

Smoke your first cigar and watch the girls dance live,

And if having spent all your money on the women, wine and dine,

You hitch a lift to Beaumont and it is ferulas twice nine.

If under false pretences, you go racing or to the British Grand Prix,

And return to school with stories of success, glory and glee,

But the next day your photo is there in the press for all to see,

Then you hope that Costigan enjoys the funny side of your devious trickery.

If at speech day, Fr Clifford Bart announces that your exam results have been returned with a fail,

Which you consider beyond the pale and a bit of a blow.

But elatedly, he tells your parents, "Don't worry, the College Bull

Was supreme champion at the Royal Windsor Show".

If you are asked to contribute to that Miscellany – VRIL,

As you earned success with class magazines showing journalistic skill,

And you write on Existentialism and a nihilistic God,

And are hailed as Beaumont's Nietzsche and are offered

The post of Odd Quod Bod.

If you turn up your collar as you are now in Studies A,

And your manner and attire could be described as old fashioned gay,

For you wear a cravat, suede shoes and a waistcoat of fancy hue,

Or a Colours blazer of old Windsor brown or various shades of blue,

And you are considered a Beau Brummel or a future rock star,

By the boys in 3<sup>rd</sup> playroom in awe from afar.

If by popular vote you are elected to the class of Rhetoric,

But fame was on the sporting field and you are not an academic,

And you preferred Graham Hill talking to the Motor society

than acting highbrow and behaving with sobriety,

If you played the role of leading lady in lower and higher line play,

And your role of Widow Twanky in the Pantomime is remembered to this day.

If next term you are a captain to the surprise of all,

And Prefect of Sodality,

Much to everyone's great hilarity but you answer the call,

If at Easter you go to Lourdes and take the pilgrim's way,

And promise the Spiritual Father no more to go astray.

If at Henley the draw is for a fancied American crew,

But you wave to the girls and the mothers in pearls and you realise that only the best will do,

If at Remenham barrier you're 2 lengths adrift with a strike of 38,

Then you catch a crab, break an oar, but call "increase the rate"



If you've given your all when you cross the line with less than a canvas down,

And so once again head for the beer tent, your sorrows to drown.

If on the night of the Lords match you paint our colours on the Oratory gate,

But heading home, that car you kept hidden behind the laundry dorm, breaks down  
and you get back late,

And the Windsorian coach has left for the MCC and the annual meeting with fate.

If by a wing and a pray you manage it there and lead the victorious side from the  
ground,

And manage a catch – well more of a snatch and the ball you hit for six was never  
found.

Or, you may have been leg before, and out for a duck,

In which case Oh—what bad luck. At least I think that's what you shouted, though I  
noticed the young lady you invited blushed and pouted.

If on that last day you can look the Rector in the eye,

Shake his hand warmly and thank him for your wider education and goodbye,

And he says to you with Jesuitical machination,

I thought with your school record, you definitely had a priestly vocation,

But you reply smiling "Father, I'm articled to the law",

I'm wanted by The Russells, Tolhursts, Withams and another 20 more.

So if looking back upon those Arcadian school days,

Of oak shaded cricket grounds, the river, the White House and the J's,

And think of all of the good friends you have made, when all is said and done,

I think you are a typical old Beaumont Boy my son.

ONE more Verse -

You join the Beaumont Union and now fifty years have gone

But we still enjoy good wine, fine Armagnac, and the odd glass of beer

So be of good cheer, the Spirit of Beaumont lives on,

And now we will raise a glass to that enigma, and then sing our much loved school song!

Gentlemen – "The Spirit of Beaumont".

---

**Terry O'Brien** has produced a suitable memento

“Do you remember the “Concinamus” plaque which I had carved that was auctioned off at the 2011 dinner. Well. I’m up to it again, with a coaster engraved with the Beaumont crest as in the Beaumont Review. I had professional engravers to make a copy of the crest (photo of 4 of the coasters attached).



I would like to take orders! Each coaster is 100mm (four inches) square and made of lime wood from a tree from our garden.

Although there’s no profit in my £5-per coaster sale price, a small slice of the sales proceeds would be donated to each of the two BU charities: HCPT and L’Arche”.

Ed: Please contact Terry: [tobr276@gmail.com](mailto:tobr276@gmail.com)



Tony Parish, Ant Stevens and Guy Bailey

It must have been a good lunch as there seems to be an alcoholic haze.

Best overheard remark **Patrick Burgess** to **Philip Stevens** who was wearing a brightly coloured regimental tie “Is that a tie or just an unfortunate purchase”.

Best excuse for non-attendance – **Tom Scanlon** testing the new Maclaren 720 at Goodwood.



## HISTORIC BUGS VICTORY

On the 21<sup>st</sup> September a team from the BU took to the “field” for the first time in over 30 years.

The BUGS played an away match against the Old Gregorians at Denham. When we first agreed this challenge it looked as if we would have problem raising a side with so many players unavailable. We lost our Hon Secretary **Nigel Courtney** to a funeral followed by **Clive Fisher** to another in the last few days. However we eventually lined up with **Kevin McArdle**, **Gus Orchard**, **Mark Marshall** (our Vice captain), Mark found a “hired assassin” though he preferred the term mercenary in Michael Lonsdale the brother in law of **Ashley Daly**. Finally **Tony Loades Carter** offered his services. Tony who left Beaumont in '47 is one of our senior members and he admitted that like your correspondent is more at home on a race course than the golfing equivalent. In fact he has recently moved up from Cornwall to near Sherborne (convenient for that wet and windy Wincanton). He is also the last of those OBs that had horses in training with **John Webber (42)**.

But back to the game in hand. I don't know whether our reputation had preceded us but it was Downside who suddenly found themselves with players falling by the wayside and when we lined up they were a man short: Mark whose son Ollie was at Downside sportingly agreed to make up their number: I suppose we should have asked for a transfer fee.



We all gathered at the bar before Lunch, the M25 was kind to us where we were joined by **Tom Scanlon** to offer some cricketing advice and **John Flood** who had heard that the dining room has an excellent reputation. This was certainly the case, and it was with a certain reluctance and with the rain clouds gathering that we headed for the first tee. Kevin and Gus got as off to a flying start. Again we had a bit of luck that Gus knew the course: his sister was one time the Club Ladies Captain. While the first four got away the others found their buggies and set off at a more leisurely pace. Mark was playing with OGS Hon Secretary Michael Liddell who plays off an impressive 6. Michael's grandfather and Gt Uncles had been at Beaumont and one Reginald had played in our Halford Hewitt team of '37: probably the most distinguished team from any school to play that competition. (See GISS - GOSS)).



### The Cloth Cap Brigade

Your Correspondent, with Michael Lonsdale, Tony Loades Carter and Mark Marshall preparing "to come under starters orders"



Gus with a graceful knee bender





Kevin straight down the fairway



Looks impressive: "how about the ball" Mark



Tony drives into the murky distance



We were only dry for the first couple of holes and then the rain came driving in. This seemed to suit Gus and Kevin who thrived in the conditions and were soon three holes up. Their OGGs opponents proving erratic though made a challenge when the

sun came out for a short time at the halfway mark. The rain returned and our lead pair were playing it good and straight and with the odd birdie under their belts the OGGS conceded defeat on the 15<sup>th</sup>.

Meanwhile the Buggy Brigade were finding the going heavy and having been well drenched with the honours even at that stage they called a halt at the 9<sup>th</sup> and headed for the bar.



For the record books, the match sheet read:

Kevin McArdle & Gus Orchard beat Jeremy Kenyon and Anthony Gibson 5&3

Michael Lonsdale (Hon BUGS) and Tony Loades-Carter halved with Michael Liddell and Mark Marshall (BUGS playing as HON OGGS)

Beaumont Union GS beat Old Gregorian GS by 1½ to ½.

The last time we played Downside was our final appearance in The Russell Bowl at Woking in 1985 when they ran out the victors ahead of ourselves with Stonyhurst 3<sup>rd</sup> and Ampleforth bringing up the rear. The BUGS would like to express our thanks to the OGGS for a most enjoyable day and look forward to a return match next year.

## **THE '67s DINNER**

David Fettes writes:-

### **1962-1967 Year Group Reunion**

#### **Beaumont**

**11th November 2017**

In July 1967 about eighty Beaumont boys drove down the drive for the last time, the remaining few still at the school departing for the final time. They were leaving a school that would no longer ring to the sound of breaking voices, newly deeper baritones, running feet and laughter. No longer would the school colours be seen playing rugby on the pitches on Runnymede, nor on the river as the crews paddled up through the lock to row in the Home Park beneath the shadow of Windsor Castle.

Fifty years later, twenty nine of the senior sixth form year from 1967 gathered with some of their wives for a 50th Anniversary reunion dinner at Beaumont Estate.

Boys, as they still call themselves, travelled from Australia, America and Europe, and some even from as far as Surrey. In 1957, six boys arrived at St John's and were the only members of Prep for the first year. Three of that number were at the reunion.

Time fell away and the group gathered as though fifty years had not intervened in the friendships that were forged half a century ago. Perhaps being that last complete year group formed a special bond. Who knows why, but all the group agreed that a special bond exists. Life experiences were exchanged, grandchildren talked about, wives introduced - some seeking an explanation of their husbands.

Beaumont Estate were kind and gracious hosts, providing a delicious meal and wines eaten and drunk in the Hampton Room, known to the boys as the Lower Line Refectory. A hugely appreciated touch was the production by the hotel of a cake with the school crest on it.

The gathering was an outstanding success and at breakfast in the morning discussions abounded about a rematch, and plans were laid. The bond of friendship runs deep, perhaps reflecting a remarkable five years, and in some cases ten, so long ago when those same boys left to join in the social revolution that overwhelmed the old order.

**ED: David, is of course a well-known Wildlife photographer but on this occasion his portrayal of “Wildebeest contently grazing” have not materialized: I am hoping this will be rectified for the next edition of The REVIEW**

## **REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY**

12<sup>th</sup> November was a sunny day but with a chill north wind blowing which probably did wonders “to sharpen up” those of the 67s that stayed on for the War Memorial Mass. They joined a good congregation that include two of our wartime veterans **Michael Gompertz** and **Michael de Burgh** both of the ‘41 vintage. They had both fought in North Africa, Sicily and up through Italy and I’m glad to report that today both are in fine fettle.



**Fr Michael CJ** who is now at Boscombe and had hoped to attend felt unable to make it on this occasion. We were fortunate to have Fr Adrian Porter who is currently based at St John's and is the Provincial's delegate for primary and secondary education and a director of the Jesuit Institute, to celebrate the Mass for us.



The service, which included three trumpeters from St John's who played the Calls perfectly, and it was all organised in good military fashion by **David Flood** (above) The Union is extremely grateful to David who has acted as sacristan for a good number of years but has now decided that it is now time for a younger man to take on the role. We are fortunate that **Chris Tailby** has offered his services. The Wreath was laid on behalf of the Union by **Peter Moss** who served in the RAF and the lessons read by **Chris Tailby** and **David Liston**. Our thanks as always to **Patrick Burgess** (absent representing HM elsewhere) for the hand-painted crest.

Almost by tradition St John's were our generous hosts and 80 OBs and their families filled the dining room to capacity for another memorable lunch. Our thanks as always to Giles Delaney for his most kind invitation. Giles was absent in the Far East but we had the opportunity to meet Andrew Kennedy his newly arrived deputy who looked after us so well.

## ARTICLES

**John Joss continues:-**

## **Adventures in the oil patch** (my first job on emigrating—August 1957)

It is 100 degrees with matching humidity in this Louisiana corner of hell. A relentless sun burns down from a copper sky. Tonight: mosquitoes.

We've been working on this drilling rig, in oil- and gas-rich Lake Washington southwest of New Orleans, adjacent to the Gulf of Mexico, for 30 hours straight without let up. We have grabbed occasional scratch meals as we work—sandwich, cup of coffee—but no real rest. Situation normal. SOP. Whatever. Knowing that it's far tougher offshore, fifty miles south, does not make the task easier. Wherever you work, the oil patch is a 24/7 environment that housewives pumping gas at their local filling stations could not conceive.

The rig is located critically close to the intersection of four leases in the map grid, a sort of 'four corners' situation, but staff geologists, with their seismology, have told the oil company precisely where to place it for maximum probability of finding oil, gas or both.

The drilling supervisor has withdrawn the steel-pipe drill stem to let us work. The drill stem comes in sections, screwed together mechanically, one by one, as drilling proceeds. They are unscrewed and stacked as the drill is withdrawn up the hole. He has drilled from initial 'spud' down to 12,000 feet, two and a half miles deep. In Lake Washington, this is a shallow well. Others locally go 10,000 feet deeper, seeking salt-dome-trapped oil deposits.

'Surface casing,' a permanent hole liner, was set early in the drilling process and goes to 3,000 feet. My two technicians and I must lower measuring tools—'wire-line logging'—to detect oil- or gas-bearing strata from which hydrocarbon energy can be extracted. 'Tripping the hole'—withdrawing the drill stem and stacking its sections inside the rig structure—must be done periodically to change worn-out drill bits. Our work is inserted conveniently into one of these time slots.

The hole contains costly 'drilling mud' circulated up the hollow drill stem from a huge holding tank next to the rig. The 'mud' is a chemical material that lubricates the drill bit for the most effective drilling and the longest life, while preventing oil or gas under subterranean pressure from blowing out. Blowouts look spectacular in movies



but are an operational catastrophe, hard to control, as BP and the world learns later 50 miles south of here, at billion-dollar cost.

The mud's specific gravity must be balanced carefully. If not blown out because it is too light, mud that is too heavy can invade the strata being drilled, and call for pumping in more. Analyzed continuously for its content, returned mud tells a driller about the strata his bit is traversing, often providing the first indication of treasure below.

The rig itself, with its tall steel tower, is part of a huge barge, anchored deep; we are alongside, on a smaller barge carrying our service truck and a shack with bunks and a kitchen—some assignments take days on site, in wild and inaccessible territory. An immense cable reel holding 30,000' of steel wire line, to plumb Lake Washington's deepest wells, dominates our truck. A sheave rigged on the drilling floor lets us lower the 'electric log,' the first of various measuring tools, as requested by the geologist working for the company owning the lease.

We are his servants. I am running the truck.

The geologist is difficult and indecisive, an understatement. Among other services, he can request a 'microlog' (a 'close-up' of the hole, after the electric log), or 'cores,' steel cups shot into the walls at chosen depths by small explosive charges, to retrieve geologic samples. After many delays, we run all three. Each takes five or six hours, plus time to re-rig our tools on the drilling floor.

Our geologist dithers. The tripped hole is getting 'old' and will need to have a drill stem sent down soon with mud to circulate. After another hour of indecision, I tell my team to come down from the rig floor for a hot meal in the shack. It will only take fifteen minutes. No sooner have we sat down than the geologist storms in, irate.

"You're holding up my rig at \$5,000 an hour." My lead tech, a good ole Texas country boy, does not look up and continues munching his meal: "Shucks," he says, eventually, taking a mouthful of coffee, then wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "We've held up rigs for two, three times that 'fore naow." The geologist seethes, blusters, goes to his radio on the drilling rig to register a complaint through his regional office in distant New Orleans.

I report on my own radio, describing the scene. My boss back in Houma, west of New Orleans, a good man, agrees about the meal break. He knows the geologist from prior contact, describes the man's anatomy with adjectival precision and says that he will support me unequivocally, all the way up the line, if inevitable push comes to unpleasant shove.

At last the geologist makes up his mind: a 'directional log,' containing a compass and small illumination source, and a tiny camera to film the result as the tool is drawn up the hole, to show where the hole may have wandered. Under Louisiana law, the leasor can produce oil or gas only from the lease being drilled. Deep drilling can wander a long way from the nominal vertical—for example into an adjoining lease (later technology will control drilling direction precisely).

We finish our meal, rig the directional-logging tool and lower it down the hole. Withdrawn, the results reviewed on site, we find that the bottom of the hole ends in an adjoining lease. The only solution: the driller must go back up the hole two miles to the surface casing and re-drill. All our work has been wasted.

We retreat to our barge, our first rest after 30 hours straight work. In the five seconds it takes me before I fall asleep, I contemplate that the oil patch is a young man's game.

## **THE REMARKABLE DARNBOROUGH**

One of the luckiest roulette players of all time was William Nelson Darnborough (born in 1869 and died in 1958). He's sometimes known as the Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.



By all accounts, Darnborough was not destined to reign over Roulette tables. He was raised in Bloomington, Illinois, where as a boy he was completely infatuated with America's favorite sport—baseball. At the age of 18, he tried out for a local minor league club called the Bloomington Reds and made the team as a pitcher.

Although many of Darnborough's teammates would go on to major league contracts, he languished on "farm teams" for five years. His career included a lackluster 14-16 season with the Denver Grizzlies in 1889, followed by fewer and fewer opportunities to pitch after trades to Aurora, Lincoln, Kansas City and Rochester. He finished up in 1892 with an unremarkable lifetime record of 18 wins and 25 losses and a batting average of .235.

According to one biographer, Darnborough managed to graduate from the University of Illinois during his baseball days and then drifted from job to job. Along the way, he developed a fascination for Roulette and purchased his own wheel to study "the mechanics of it and its motion for considerable lengths of time." He then set about forming illegal games, using his wheel as he "travelled across America taking on all comers, winning considerable amounts of money from drifters and losing gamblers."

During a decade of practice and perfecting his techniques, the once-failed pitcher became so proficient at spinning the Roulette ball that he decided it was time to make a big move. He would immigrate to Europe, where casino gambling was legal, and take his Roulette skills to the next level.

This roulette high roller became famous for his big roulette wins in Monaco from 1904 to 1911. Darnborough moved to London after the turn of the century and became a regular at Monte Carlo. In 1904, he won over £80,000 playing roulette. In 1910, he converted £1,600 into over £60,000 during a month at the tables moving the roulette odds in his favour.

In his most famous session at the tables, Darnborough bet on the number 5 and won five times in a row. That even beats Sean Connery's roulette bet which was 3 times a row on the number 17.

During his lucky roulette years (or had he cracked the code?), he built up a pile of \$415,000 which is worth around \$10 million in today's money according to Measuring Worth.

Those who watched Darnborough play spoke of the break-neck speed with which he would play his roulette strategy. He never bet until the dealer had spun the ball.

How did he do it? Well no-one knows for sure- this isn't the kind of secret that you tell everyone about, but he cut his teeth playing roulette in the US in illegal casinos. Darnborough was thought to be a wheel watcher (nowadays they are called Wheel Clockers)- a man who could predict with enough accuracy where the ball would land (at least to give him an edge over the casinos). In theory, he could do this even if he were to play live roulette online today. An interesting thought!

After 1911, Darnborough married a "glamorous and determined" young English woman named Frances, who was a cousin of the Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Portland. Together, the wedded couple lived on a large estate at Weybridge, Surrey. However, the new wife's family frowned on gambling, so the now-wealthy wheel watcher had to promise to give up his vocation.

In 1913, Walter and Frances had two children Antony and Hermione both of whom were to find fame but in different pursuits to their father.

Antony was sent to Beaumont and played in the Rugby XV and rowed in The VIII. However Golf was his game and he captained the English Under 18 side in his last year at school leaving in 1931. Even at school, Antony gained a reputation as a Bon Vivreur and it was not surprising that shortly after leaving he became the Gossip Columnist for the Daily Mail. He also very quickly became the mainstay of the BUGS and the Halford Hewitt side and was in the most distinguished team ever to compete at Deal in 1934 that included Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, Sir George Langton, Sir Alec Russell Bart and The Hon Charles Russell.

Antony joined the Gunners for his war service seeing most of it in North Africa but in the spring of 1941 he was in Greece when the combined German and Italian forces invaded. The Greek Army surrendered to “save the Country from devastation” and the British were forced to evacuate. Antony, while under fire “spiked his guns” at great personal risk as they could not take heavy equipment with them. He was awarded an MC for his bravery and indifference to danger. A Greek officer, in a similar situation, assembled his guns, and after saluting them, shot himself, while his gunners were singing the National Anthem; a melodramatic gesture that would appeal to a movie maker.

With the return of peace, Antony was encouraged by his brother-in-law the composer Muir Matheson, to seek a career in the film industry and three years later he was a producer with Rank. He was to make 19 films in all, not many, but all of a high quality. Unlike most producers that mainly involved themselves with budgets, Antony believed in getting closely involved with the shooting, which seemed to cause little if any friction with the directors. Amongst his notable productions were bringing the short stories of Somerset Maugham to the big screen. This broke new ground with the author as the sole unifying factor and his concept was later taken up by producers in Hollywood. “The Boys in Brown”, a study in borstal life with Dirk Bogarde was one of that actors first starring roles. “Highly Dangerous” was a spy thriller with Margaret Lockwood and as a friend of Noel Coward, he directed the “The Astonished Heart” based on one of the author’s plays and starring Coward himself.



During these early post-war years, his name was linked with many young actresses notably Glynis Johns who was one of his stars in "Encore". Anthony proposed to her on Sunningdale Golf Course in June 1951, so combining two passions in one. (Jack Wolff was captain of Sunningdale in the years to come). Glynis accepted his offer and theirs was to have been the glittering Showbiz wedding of the year but it was not to be. Glynis was offered the leading role in "Gertie" on Broadway for a year and the nuptials were postponed and eventually they called it off. They remained good friends and he was to direct her again in "Personal Affair" in 1953. Perhaps Anthony had a lucky escape, as Glynis Johns married four times and remarked that she wed so often as she always married her lovers. She will always be remembered for the Sondheim song "Send in the Clowns" written especially for her in the musical - "A little Night music".

Other films of the fifties included Alec Guinness in the comedy "Paris with Love" and the naval farce "The Baby and the Battleship" with John Mills and Richard Attenborough. In 1956, he called it a day and spent time producing documentaries before sliding almost imperceptibly into retirement and marriage in 1958 to Angela Beyfus and of course the odd game of golf. He was always a producer of good taste and culture and loved the good things in life. When stopped for driving under the influence, he denied inebriation, attributing his vocal hesitation to an old war wound.

After all, he said, with a twinkle in his eye; "I have drunk no more than two dry martinis and a decent bottle of claret". He was duly acquitted, though today I doubt the authorities would be so lenient. Antony was a loyal member of the Beaumont Union. He died in 2000.

Hermione was two years younger than Antony and in 1929, at the age of 14, she auditioned for the Russian impresario Serge Diaghilev during the final season that the highly influential Ballets Russes performed in London. He was evidently impressed and asked to see her again in three years' time, but nothing came of this as he died a few weeks later.

From an early age, Hermione took part in a range of productions, including charity matinées and Christmas pantomimes. In 1930, she appeared in *On with the Dance!*, a short film for Pathe's cinemagazine for women, *Eve's Film Review*, as one of six MacLaren girls dancing in floaty gowns while holding large balls and balloons.

The following year she won the senior cup in the All England Solo Competition at the New Scala Theatre London. Reporting on the event for the *Dancing Times* (owned and edited by Philip Richardson (OB)), it was written that she was "above the average, with the makings of a first class soloist".

Hermione took additional lessons from some leading Russian teachers in London, and, with MacLaren's encouragement, joined the class of Ninette de Valois who, in 1931, founded the Vic-Wells company (forerunner of the Royal Ballet).

Hermione remained for three seasons. Her early appearances included roles in Swan Lake, The Birthday of Oberon and The Snow Maiden. In 1933 she performed in *Les Rendezvous*, Frederick Ashton's first major production at Sadler's Wells



In 1934 Darnborough played a leading role in *Les Sylphides* and, in her final season the following year *Giselle*. Hermione was part of the company during a period of major development in British ballet and one in which, as the poet and novelist Robert Graves put it, "ballet extended its popularity from highbrows downwards".

In 1937 Hermione appeared as a gypsy dancer in *Wings of The Morning* the first British film to be shot in Technicolor. Film historian Leslie Halliwell described her as "great to look at and quite charming".

As a young dancer, Hermione was known for her pretty looks and elegant poise. One critic at the time described her as "tall, lithe and graceful ... as if she might play "Peter Pan without wires" In 1934, while still in her teens, she posed nude for the famous German-born photographer E.O. Hoppé,





Hoppé was particularly interested in stage performers as subjects and was regarded by contemporaries as a connoisseur of female beauty. In 2011 his portrait of Darnborough formed part of an exhibition of his work at the National Portrait Gallery in London and was featured in the *Sunday Times*.

During the 1935 production of *Hiawatha*, in which Hermione danced the lead, she met the composer Muir Mathieson. They were married at the Brompton Oratory on 21 December 1935. She had seemed set to become a major star, but she effectively retired from dancing after her marriage. They had four children: she died in 2010 at the age of 95 remembered as one of the beauties of her day.

**ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING POETS OF HIS DAY.**



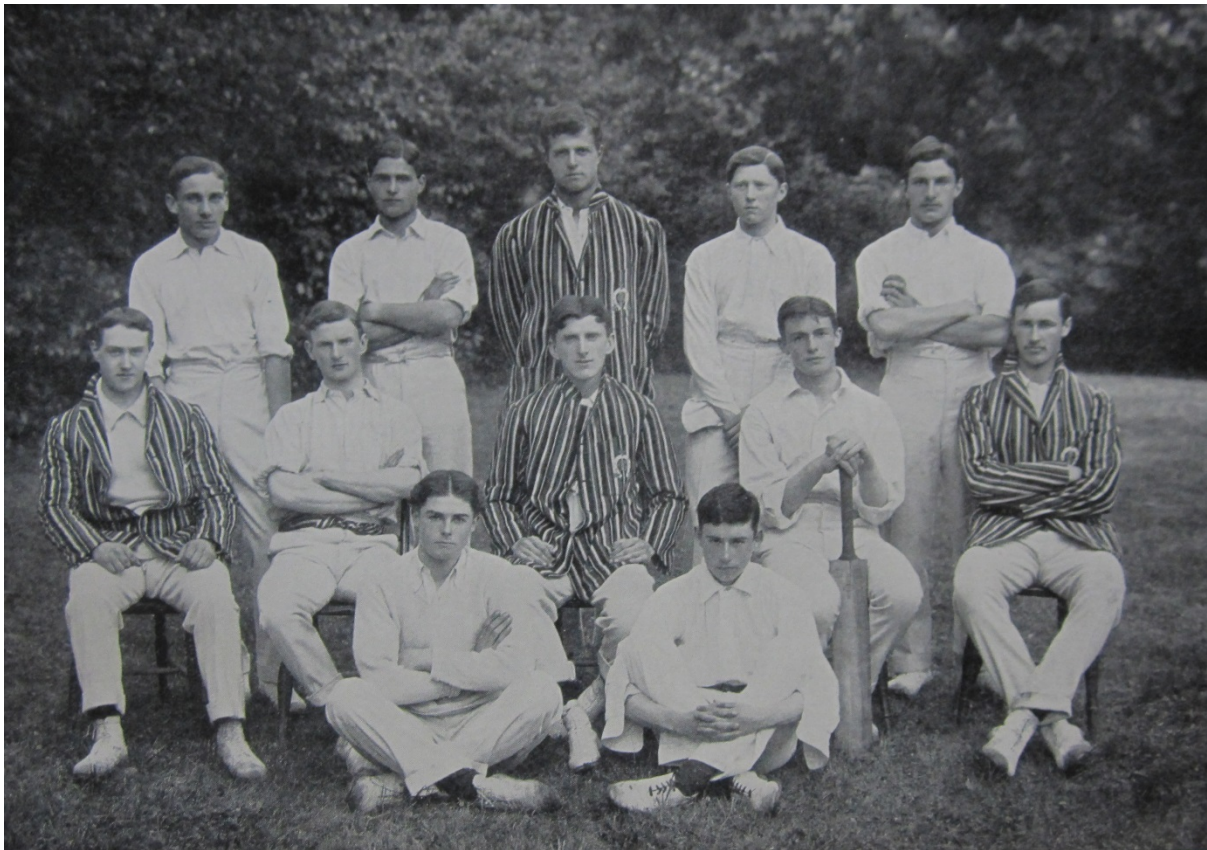
**Kenneth Allott** (29 August 1912 – 1973) was an Anglo-Irish poet and academic and authority on Matthew Arnold. He was born in Glamorgan, where his father, a doctor, was serving as a locum and he and his brother Guy were sent to Beaumont in 1924. While they were there they experienced the break-up of his parents' marriage, followed by the death of their mother. After she died, he and his brother Guy were adopted by their Irish aunts on Tyneside, and were taken away from Beaumont in 1926 to attend St Cuthbert's Roman Catholic Grammar School in Newcastle on Tyne. There he became known as 'Speedy', because he spoke so quickly. Despite the fact that the VI Form then taught only science for Higher School Certificate, he studied English and Latin on his own at the back of the class. In 1934, he gained a first at Armstrong College, Durham University, in Newcastle. His first was followed by post-graduate research at Oxford University He married Surya Kumari Lall in 1936.

Subsequently, Allott began working as a reviewer for the *Morning Post* and with Geoffrey Grigson on *New Verse*, to which he was a regular contributor. He also worked as an observer for Charles Madge's social survey group Mass Observation. In 1942 Allott, a conscientious objector, moved with his family to Gateshead for a year as an extramural lecturer.

His first marriage ended in 1950 and he married another lecturer Miriam Allott on 1 June 1951. Allott is the author of a biography of Jules Verne and two collections of poems, a critical edition of William Habington's poems, and a play adapted from EM Forster's novel *A Room with a View*.

He held positions at Liverpool University from 1948 until his death in 1973, at which time he was the Kenneth Muir Professor of English. His position at Liverpool was taken over by his wife after his death, although by 1981 she was a professor at Birkbeck College.

His poetry was published in *Poems* (1938, Hogarth Press, and *The Ventriloquist's Doll* (1943, Cresset Press. Perhaps his best-known poem was 'Lament for a Cricket Eleven'.



### LAMENT FOR A CRICKET ELEVEN by Kenneth Allott

Beyond the edge of the sepia  
Rises the weak photographer  
With the moist moustaches and the made-up tie.

He looked with his mechanical eye,  
And the upshot was that they had to die.

Portrait of the Eleven nineteen-o-five  
To show when these missing persons were last alive.  
Two sit in Threadneedle Street like gnomes.  
One is a careless schoolmaster  
Busy with carved desks, honour and lines.  
He is eaten by a wicked cancer.  
They have detectives to watch their homes.

From the camera hood he looks at the faces  
Like the spectral pose of the praying mantis.  
Watch for the dicky-bird. But, oh my dear,  
That bird will not migrate this year.  
Oh for a parasol, oh for a fan  
To hide my weak chin from the little man.

One climbs mountains in a storm of fear,  
Begs to be unroped and left alone.  
One went mad by a tape-machine.  
One laughed for a fortnight and went to sea.  
Like a sun one follows the jeunesse dorée.

With his hand on the bulb he looks at them.  
The smiles on their faces are upside down.  
" I'll turn my head and spoil the plate."  
" Thank you, gentlemen." Too late. Too late.

One greyhead was beaten in a prison riot.  
He needs injections to keep him quiet.  
Another was a handsome clergyman,  
But mortification has long set in.  
One keeps six dogs in an unlit cellar.  
The last is a randy bachelor.

The photographer in the norfolk jacket  
Sits upstairs in his darkroom attic.  
His hand is expert at scissors and pin.  
The shadows lengthen, the days draw in,  
And the mice come out round the iron stove.  
*What I am doing, I am doing for love.*  
*When shall I burn this negative*  
*And hang the receiver up on grief?"*

ED: one has no idea of the XI Allott had in mind but this is the Beaumont side.

He was regarded by many as one of the most promising poets of the day; Francis Scarfe devoted a whole chapter to him in *Auden and After*. Kenneth became general editor of the five-volume *Pelican Book of English Prose* (1956) and of the *Oxford History of English Literature*. His familiar yellow anthology *The Penguin Book of Contemporary Verse* (1950; revised and enlarged 1962) was used widely in colleges. Inspector Wexford has been seen reading it on television.

Allott published *Selected poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed* (1953); *Five Uncollected Essays of Matthew Arnold* (1953); and *The Poems of Matthew Arnold* (1965).

His *Collected Poems* was published posthumously in 1975. He was a witty and popular lecturer, with a great affection for cats. He also smoked heavily, believing wrongly that an earlier bout of tuberculosis would confer protection. He did in fact die of lung cancer.

A new revised and expanded edition of Allott's *Collected Poems*, edited, introduced and annotated by Michael Murphy, was published in 2008

---

Further to ALOTT's prisoner in the Cricket Poem, Beaumont like any other school had the odd OB that went astray. One such was **John James Baghino** who spent 1895 at the school. In 1905 he found himself in the dock of The Old Bailey accused of Fraud before Judge Lumley Smith. Giving his profession as Journalist and now aged 29, Baghino was accused of forging a document that attested to his having money from a trust set up by his grandfather and using this document to obtain various funds. These he had used to take a young lady –a Miss Vaughan to Paris on to Italy and then Monte Carlo. He pleaded guilty to uttering the deed but not to

forgery. In his defence he claimed to have acted in perfect good faith, believing that such borrowings as he made would be repaid out of reversions to which he was entitled.

He was found guilty and sentenced to six months imprisonment. We know nothing more about Baghino except that he was eventually declared bankrupt.

---



Lt Malcolm Hay of Seaton

FROM "War behind the Wire" John Lewis –Stempel.

#### **IN THE BAG: CAPTURE**

*"Surrender? Was it then to come to this, after all?"*

*Lieutenant Gilbert Nobbs, London Rifle Brigade, at Leuse Wood.*

Somewhere outside the French hamlet of Audencourt on 26 August 1914, that fateful month in which the world separated from peace to war. The sun is shining, as it seems to have done every day of that perfect summer. **Lieutenant Malcolm Hay's** platoon of the 1/Gordon Highlanders, after retreating for days, is ordered to make a stand against the advancing Germans. Hay tells his exhausted men to throw up a trench in a stubble field. Hay knows – almost – what to expect; Number 13 Platoon has already met the figures in feldgrau at Mons. Soon German shells start landing in front of Hay's trench, the shrapnel breaking over the top in waves. Shells upon shells. Then, unreal moment: Germans emerge from the woods into the shimmering haze above the wheat stalks and come on in over-whelming numbers. Between shell-bursts, the Lee Enfield rifles of Number 13 Platoon shoot off two rounds before their owners duck

down again. Their aim is good and true, even at 900 yards, and they slow the grey advance. But they cannot stop it. A German machine gun opens up, its bullets flicking along the trench top. Through his field glasses, Hay directs the platoon's return fire as best he can . . . until a bullet hits him in the head. A voice says, 'Mr H. has got it.' Not quite. Hay is bandaged up by Private Sinclair and when darkness falls his men, as gently as they can, move him out of the trench, using a greatcoat and rifles as stretchers, to a safer place in the lee of a sunken road. Hay is intermittently conscious. When he is awake, one fear wells up: 'to be left behind and taken prisoner'.

Although the battalion is instructed to retire at midnight, two of the platoon remain with Hay; only when Hay directly orders them himself will they leave him. A straggler from the Royal Irish Rifles appears, and makes Hay as comfortable as he can, before disappearing into the orange-grey gloom. Audencourt is burning. Later, Hay hears foreign, guttural voices on the road. Small parties of German soldiers pass by, staring sympathetically. "Nevertheless: For some inexplicable reason I tried to get away. By seizing a tuft of grass in the left hand I could move along a few inches at a time. After advancing in this manner for about a foot . . . I collapsed from exhaustion and drew the greatcoat over my head. I do not know how long I had been thus covered up when I heard a shout and, peeping through one of the holes in the coat, saw a German soldier standing on the top of the bank. He was gesticulating and pointing to his revolver, trying to find out if I was armed! But he soon saw that I was past any further fighting. He offered me a drink from his water bottle and pointed to the Red Cross on his arm. I can never hope to convey to anyone what a relief it was to me to see the cross, even on the arm of an enemy". The Red Cross orderly calls him 'Kamerad'

'A German officer arrives on the scene, expresses his sympathy for Hay, offers him a piece of chocolate and the information that the German Army will be in Paris in three days. Hay is loaded onto a stretcher, taken to a field hospital run by the French under German supervision, where his condition becomes so serious that Extreme Unction is read over him not once but twice. Hay, though, is made of tough stuff and survives to become a prisoner of war in Germany. In understanding why British soldiers became prisoners of war between 1914 and 1918 the capture of Lieutenant Malcolm Vivian Hay is pregnant with explanation. Of the 165055 British troops captured by Germany on the Western Front over the course of the war, over 80 per cent surrendered in just two four-month periods at the bracket ends of the conflict. These were August–November 1914 and March–June 1918, when there was movement on the battlefield in the shape of gargantuan offensives by the German Army. In his little stand in the sunlit stubble field at Audencourt, a corner of the bigger battle of Le Cateau, Hay was outnumbered three to one; British troops facing the make-or-break German Spring Offensive of 1918 faced a similar imbalance in men. The month of Black March 1918 saw 100000 British soldiers taken captive, 20000 of them on 21 March alone, the worst day of surrender in British military annals until Singapore in 1941. In contrast, when the war was static and stuck in the trenches British surrenders were a trickle. Up to the end of November 1914 18500 British troops were, in the parlance of the day, put 'in the bag', including 1400 from Le Cateau; the total of those who surrendered in December 1914, the first month of proper trench warring, was 369. Between January 1915 and November 1918 only 20000 British troops were bagged by the Germans on the Western Front. If these numbers seem large, they are not. Of the British Army 1914–18 vintage only 6 per cent would end up as prisoners of war, compared to 9 per cent of German forces and 50 per cent of Russians.

The British Army of 1914–18 was tightly bound, between officers and men (witness the tender care of Hay by his troops), and men and men. They were often from the same town or village, and until 1916 they were either prideful professional Regulars or idealistic volunteers. They had a patriotic commitment to a war of justice and defence. Surrender was an unthinkable taboo, like those other dishonourable means of exiting a battlefield, self-inflicted wounds and desertion. The men saw it like the Army saw it. Surrender, without damn good reason, was an evasion of duty, a betrayal of comrades, Regiment, family, school, country – everybody on 'our side'. There was also the whole weight of Army tradition, with all its storied last stands. Who wanted to let down glorious tradition? No one.

**Ed:** After four months Hay was added to a list of "transportables" and transferred to a German fortress at Wurzburg, where he remained a prisoner for several months. The



conditions were difficult and Hay and his fellow prisoners were kept under close guard. However, the extent of his injuries and the fact that he was able, through a contact in Germany, to obtain an exchange back to England in February 1915 allowed him the time he needed to recuperate at Seaton House. Hay published an account of his early war-time experiences, initially under a different name, in *Wounded and a Prisoner of War* (1916).

As a result of his natural aptitude for languages, and determined to still contribute to the war effort, in late 1915, Hay began employment in the Cryptology Department (MI1(b)) of the War Office. He was bi-lingual in French and had a good knowledge of German, Greek, Italian, Latin and Spanish. Within a short period of time Hay was promoted to Head of Department and expanded the team's research and involvement in wireless transmissions.

The staff of MI1(b) re-located from the War Office to a more private location at Cork Street, where security and secrecy were of paramount importance. The department developed into a large enterprise with 84 staff, including approximately 30 women. Hay was able to obtain copies of all cable messages which passed through London, which provided the research material used by Hay's team to decipher messages. Hay's pride in his department is summed up in his announcement that 'Cork Street was never defeated'. Hay's success resulted in the War Office asking him to review all the codes and ciphers used by the British Navy and Foreign Office.

Whilst working at MI1(b) Hay started working on a book about his experiences, which he abandoned due to the sensitivity of the subject matter, retaining only one chapter containing his notes on cryptography. A number of pages from his manuscript were included in a memento created by his staff and presented to Hay at the end of the war. The book, which is now in the Special Collections Centre, contains a variety of items including photographs of Hay's team, anecdotes and illustrations.



### 'The Road to Bletchley Park' - pioneer codebreakers of WW1 revealed

The story of how Britain's codebreaking skills were pioneered during the First World War is explored in an exhibition at Bletchley Park.

The former intelligence centre is best known for cracking the German Enigma code in the Second World War.

But *The Road to Bletchley Park* aims to show that the foundations were laid in WW1.

A large number of those involved in signals intelligence went on work with the UK's newly-formed Government Code and Cypher School (GCCS) in 1919.

Sir John Scarlett, Chairman of the Bletchley Park Trust, said it was an 'essential part of the Bletchley Park story.'

"The Great War took place at a time of rapid technological change and innovation. Cable, wireless, codes and codebreaking were central to this revolution," explained Sir John, a former chief of the British intelligence service MI6.

"The work of British interception and codebreakers achieved outstanding success. As in World War Two, our country was at the cutting edge of technology, where it always needs to be.

"In the Great War the foundations were laid, and the leadership prepared, for the triumphs of Bletchley Park."

The first phase of the exhibition, introduces Britain's two very distinct WW1 codebreaking operations: MI1(b), set up by the War Office, and the Royal Navy's Room 40. Behind the scenes in London offices, both waged a secret war.



(Image : University of Aberdeen, Papers of Malcolm Vivian Hay of Seaton, MS 2788/2/17)

Each organisation had its own hierarchies and objectives, and was dependent on the brand new technology of the day. One of the main Bletchley exhibits is a replica Marconi crystal receiver listening set.

Dr Sarah Ralph, Bletchley Park's WW1 Exhibition Research Coordinator, said: "Both Allies and Central Powers used cable and wireless telegraphy to intercept messages and deduce enemy tactics and positions. Each side tried to break the other's codes and gain valuable intelligence."

The exhibition also delves into the stories of some of the key characters involved in codebreaking during both world wars.

Paying her own tribute to the signals intelligence pioneers, Dr Ralph said: “Their efforts from 1914 to 1918 allowed the codebreakers to hit the ground running at the outbreak of WW2.”

**'The Road to Bletchley Park' runs until 2019 in the Block C Visitor Centre at Bletchley Park, near Milton Keynes.**

---

## **GISS - GOSS**



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

## **Halford Hewitt.**

I mentioned earlier in the Review that Richard Liddell played in the 1934 side and as the BUGS are currently a success story I might remind readers that Beaumont were one of the ten founder schools of this great amateur tournament in 1924. As it turned out we had to scratch lacking a player and Rugby “walked over”. It took a further ten years for the BUGS to make a return (no one could accuse us of being quick movers) however when we did it was with the most distinguished side ever to take to the links course at Deal in the history of the competition:-

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott OM, Sir George Langton (Judge of the High Court and President of the All England Tennis Association), The Hon Charles Russell (future 3<sup>rd</sup> lord and lord of Appeal), Sir Alec Russell Bart and his brother Gerald. Antony Darnborough (Captain of English Schools 1931, Film producer). The others were James Blackwell (usually referred to as The Laird), Dominic Morrough (Cork Stockbroker) and Alfred Peppercorn.

Despite the protestations of the Halford Hewitt Committee, Beaumont resigned in 1967 on the closure of the school: we never progressed beyond the 3<sup>rd</sup> round which was achieved on four occasions and BUGS won the Plate in 1965: not a bad record for one of the smallest societies in the tournament. BUGS presented a bench to the Club for weary players to rest before the 19<sup>th</sup>.

---

## **MICHAEL SPROULE: HOW THE MOVE WENT AND THE "LOST GENERATION"**

I think the first thing to say is that you cannot expect to merge two great and mature institutions without significant casualties. It must be the same for Scottish Regiments or for top sporting clubs.

And, of course, the host community is well bedded in with its teams, its privileges, its pecking orders. Interlopers en masse can expect a wary and guarded welcome. It's very hard work for the uninvited guest to break in.

Personally I was good enough to play rugby for Beaumont but never broke into a Stonyhurst team - that story will have been repeated many times in many areas of College life.

Luckily for those of us with non-team-based, individual skills, such as music and drama, it was I think easier to make a mark, even invigorating in a way. We were also encouraged to explore the cultural possibilities of the great northern centres, such as Liverpool and Manchester.

The shattering of Beaumont in that sudden and brutal manner, with many of one's peers disappearing for good into wholly different educational futures, was deeply traumatic for boys and parents alike. The thick skin one developed has its place in life, of course, but thick skin comes at a cost.

If boyhood camaraderie and promise are poked in the eye like that, what can an old boy's association do except utter a long, slow lament and prepare for extinction.



Michael is a Guernsey based Lawyer but his love is music -

“Where to begin? A lifetime of performance in theatres, concert halls and opera houses at home and abroad! For example, you mentioned Lourdes. To have performed oratorio in the Basilica during the Easter Festival was for me a huge honour and experience which I'll never forget.

Then there's history, especially Scottish and Irish. I don't know how many OBs have an ancestor whose portrait hangs in the Dail Eireann in Dublin.

Perhaps I'm the first. My United Irish forebears fought with their lives for Catholic emancipation and against British and American brutality, unattractive qualities in any institution at any time.

"Sub pondere cresco" is the Sproule family motto. I can say that it stands one in great good stead against whatever fortune propels in your direction!"

---

**Paul Dutton** sent me a photo of “fellow reprobates” at a gathering at Taunton





John Marshall (over from the States), Ashley Daly, Paul and Chris Garrard

---

“Left overs” from Henley



Paul Burrough and Nigel Courtney ('62 Crew) compare decrepitude.

---

MEDAL SALE: those of **Ian ASH's (59)** father have come up for sale:-

Eight medals awarded to Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. C. Ash, Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, who was mentioned in despatches for his command of the 1st Battalion, Malay Regiment during the Emergency were auctioned last year. He was the father of **Ian (59)**



1939-45 Star; Burma Star; Defence and War Medals 1939-45; General Service Medal 1918-62, 1 clasp, Malaya, G.V.I.R., M.I.D. oak leaf (Maj. G. E. C. Ash, A. & S.H.); Korea 1950-53 (Major G. E. C. Ash, A. & S.H.); U.N. Korea 1950-54; Coronation 1953.

Mention in despatches London Gazette 5 April 1949: 'For distinguished services in the Field in Malaya.'

George Ernest Claudius Ash, the son of Captain & Mrs. Ash of Bedford, was born on 8 October 1913. Educated at Wellington School, Somerset, he was domiciled in the Federated Malay States in the period leading up to the Second World War, being employed variously from 1935 as a school-master in Singapore and latterly as an motor engineer and then accountant with Borneo Motors of Seremban (Negeri Sembilan); on 26 May 1939, he married Bertha Marie Scheiss, a Swiss national, in Singapore Colony.

In November 1939, Ash was granted a temporary commission as a 2nd Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion, Federated Malay States Volunteer Force (The Straits Times of 5 November, 1939, refers), but in May 1940 he enlisted in the British Army. Subsequently commissioned into the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders on 30 November 1940, he served on attachment with the Northumberland Fusiliers in the U.K. from December 1941 until 1944, when he was embarked for India and saw active service during the Burma campaign.

Ash moved to Malaya in 1946, where he served on attachment, in command of 1st Battalion, Malay Regiment until 1948, winning a "mention" for his services in the Emergency. Then in 1950, he joined the 1st Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Hong Kong, and subsequently served with the Battalion in Korea during the Korean War, commanding the Headquarters Company. Further overseas service with the Argylls took Ash to British Guiana in 1954, following which he

became an instructor at the Support Weapons Wing at Netheravon. His final posting was to the War Office Selection Board, and he was placed on the Retired List in 1961. Granted the honorary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, Ash died at Newbury, Berkshire, in 1992.

**Ian** studied accountancy after leaving school and was last heard of living at Chievely near Newbury.

---

**Capt Tony Stiebel (41)** served with the 17/21 lancers during the War both in North Africa, Italy and Austria. After the war he was appointed to be Manager of the 3rd Lord Acton's farm and racing stable in S Rhodesia. The Baron had been forced to sell Aldenham Park, family seat of an old Roman Catholic family because of financial hardships and move to Southern Rhodesia with his then six children in early 1948. Lord Acton was the uncle of **Prince Guardino Rospigliosi-Pallavacini (56)**. The Actons raised 10 children and a herd of Jersey cows, on their farm near Mazoe. Their eldest son Richard began his formal education aged seven at Saint George's College, run by the Society of Jesus, in the capital, Salisbury. Two years younger than his classmates, he was the youngest member of the school swimming team.

In his essay, "A Colonial Childhood: Coming of Age in Rhodesia" (North American Review, June 1990), Richard wrote about the particularities of his Jesuit education: "The bamboo cane played a huge part in discipline. I remember that in one term I was beaten 55 times in 84 days. My crimes were talking and cheek." Another crime was using the excuse of going into town to play squash, which he did badly, in order to catch the last two races of the day at Salisbury racecourse. While hoping mainly to see his father's thoroughbreds, Richard was not above betting on races in which the family's mounts were not running. None the less, the school made him a prefect in 1959.

The famously child-hating Evelyn Waugh, who included a visit to his friend John Acton's Rhodesian farm in his book *A Tourist in Africa*, gave the flavour of life at Mazoe in a letter to Ann Fleming on 10 March 1958: "Children were everywhere, no semblance of a nursery or a nanny, the spectacle at meals gruesome, a party-line telephone ringing all day, dreadful food, an ever-present, tremendously boring ex-naval chaplain, broken aluminium cutlery, plastic crockery, ants in the beds, totally untrained black servants (all converted by Daphne to Christianity, taught to serve

Mass, but not to empty ashtrays). In fact everything that normally makes Hell, but Daphne's serene sanctity radiating supernatural peace. She is the most remarkable woman I know.”

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Lord Acton died in 1989 and the farms in Rhodesia were lost in the Mugabe land grabs. **Tony Stiebel** moved to Natal and continued his interest in racing becoming Chairman of the Durban Turf Club in 1993 introduced night-time racing at Greyville stadium 1995. It was also the year he hosted The Queen and Prince Philip at the course.



The Durban July is comparable to Britain's Royal Ascot - high fashion, exciting horse racing, food, champagne and a lot of people.

And you don't even have to know all that much about horse racing to enjoy the festivities. The race was first held in July 1897 with only seven horses and today it is one of the highlights of the horse racing calendar. Ladies and gents alike come out arrayed in the most incredible designer outfits - most of which are designed for visual appeal rather than practicality. Large hats and vibrant colors are the order of the day and once the race is over, most supporters head out to one of many after parties until the early morning hours.

The Durban July - currently sponsored by Vodacom - is the most talked about and attended horse racing gathering among South African horse racing fans. With over R1.5 million at stake, the Durban July - held at the Greyville Racecourse - is the one horse race everyone takes note of.

The race takes place over 2.2 km and is the main event on a packed card, the last four races of which are run under floodlights. The race card also includes the 1.6km Garden Province Stakes, the 3km Gold Vase, the 1.4km Golden Horseshoe and the 1.4km Golden Slipper.

**Tony Stiebel** eventually retired to New Zealand and died in Auckland October 2005.

---

The Windsorian Coach that we hired for the Mass to The Caledonian is now the one and only one to carry the name.

Windsorian Coaches was originally Windsor' local coach hire company and was formed in 1920. In 1995 Windsorian Coaches joined forces with Ashford Luxury Coaches and now operates from Bedfont, near Heathrow. Windsorian Coaches hold two Royal Warrants, one from the Queen and one from the late Queen Mother.



Circa 1950



Circa 1961

Perhaps a Beaumont warrant was more lucrative and these coaches were very much part of our school days from “away” matches to Blandyke exeats: happy memories.

---

### **Notables Northamptonshire**

“Country Life” had an article on the “County of spires and squires”: Northamptonshire and included this paragraph.

James I would be pleased that hunting is still an integral part of county life. Cottesbrooke Hall houses arguably the finest collection of sporting art in Europe, including paintings by Munnings and Stubbs. It was the place that I joined the Pytchley for its last meet before the hunting ban came into place.

Three notable OB squires played a significant share in the county during their lifetimes. All three were to serve as High Sheriff and appointed Deputy Lieutenant.

Cottesbrooke as mentioned above was the home of **Major Sir Reginald MacDonald-Buchanan (15)** the son of Argentinean land owner John who held the record for the most number of Atlantic crossings up until the Great War. Reginald was to serve with the Scots Guards in both World Wars. Wealthy in his own right, he married into more money with his wife Catherine the daughter of Lord Woolavington where his brother **Hector (17)** was the racing manager producing two Derby winners.





Reginald and Catherine bought Cottesbrooke, which had apparently inspired Jane Austen's description of Mansfield Park. Reginald served as Master and later chairman of the Pytchley. Their racing interests continued with various classic winners including the Derby winner Owen Tudor in 1941 and Abernat considered, even today, the greatest sprinter ever to grace the racecourse. Reginald was also Captain of the British 12 meter Association and was part of The Royal Yacht Squadron's America's Cup challenge in 1958 with Sceptre.

Only 3 miles away lived **Major General Sir Evelyn Fanshawe (07)** at Guilsborough House. A residence of Jacobean origin it served as an Army Headquarters through the War and was then appropriately purchased by Fanshawe. Another good horseman especially at Polo, he hosted a meet of the Pytchley each season. Evelyn, a grandson of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood who was a great supporter of Beaumont, was commissioned into the Queen's Bays and was eventually Regimental Honorary Colonel. He also commanded 20th Armoured Brigade in 1939 which include the Northamptonshire Yeomanry.

Of a younger generation **John Ewart (42)** served in the Royal Horse Guards during the War as did his younger brother **Keith (43)**.



John with his wife Valerie lived at Astrop Park on the Oxfordshire Border and as such he hunted with the Bicester but also ventured down the West Country to the Devon and Somerset Staghounds and the Exmoor. Apart from his time as High Sheriff and a DL, John also served on the Northamptonshire County Council and was both Leader of that and the Association of County Councils of England: he was made an Honorary Alderman of Northamptonshire shortly before his death.

---

Your Editor (believe it or not) does read other newspapers and periodicals occasionally.

The centennial anniversary of the Balfour declaration produced the following snippet on **Mark Sykes** in the Sunday Times:-

**O**n October 31, 1917, Sir Mark Sykes MP, the playful Middle Eastern expert for the British government, bounded out of the Cabinet Office and spotted the elegant Zionist leader Chaim Weizmann sitting in the anteroom. “Dr Weizmann,” he cried out. “It’s a boy!”

Sykes had been ordered by David Lloyd George, the prime minister, and Arthur Balfour, the foreign secretary, to negotiate a British declaration in favour of a Jewish homeland in Palestine and the wording of the document had just been agreed by the prime minister.

In the Next Review I will recount the remarkable story of the Influence of a number of OBs that helped to bring the Declaration about and the birth of a Zionist state.

In the same Paper a few weeks earlier we learnt in the “Business and Money Section” that our current Captain of British Ladies Hockey Alex Danson receives sound financial advice.



**What is the most important lesson you have learnt about money?**

It's one instilled by my dad: save for a rainy day. I've always had an Isa with two months worth of wages in.

My dad tells me every year that I should get a pension. When I retire, I will have to find work very quickly, but that's why I did my degree alongside my training.

Her financial guru is **David (65)**

---

Nothing to do with **David** but Paul Danson Imagery in Manchester were part of the design team for the new 1705 restaurant and Bar at De Vere Beaumont. Your Editor helped by supplying photos etc of teams, rowing, the Corps and school life in general.

Visitors may be surprised that the date on our displayed BU Crest of 1876 has been changed to 1705 – “God does not alter the past but historians (and hoteliers) can and do”.

# A new Windsor restaurant

In its former life as a school, Beaumont College was famous for having its own pudding: Menchikoff, which was slices of sponge soaked with alcohol, sweet almonds, eggs and vanilla.

Now, and with a nod to the hotel's rich history, this dining heritage continues with the new 1705 Restaurant & Bar, a welcome addition to the Windsor restaurant scene.

Menus celebrate the best of British ingredients to produce traditional and signature dishes. Over at the bar, a range of wines, craft beers and classic cocktails will also be on offer.





---

ORDER OF GRAVESIDE SERVICE  
FOR  
Lt ALEXANDER MP de LISLE  
R LEICS REGT & RFC  
6 Dec 1896 - 20 Nov 1917



Dozinghem Military Cemetery near Poperinge  
Saturday 30 September 2017

The image shows a memorial card for Lt Alexander MP de Lisle. It features a central oval portrait of the man in a military uniform, set against a dark blue background. The text above the portrait provides details of his service, and the text below indicates the location and date of the graveside service.

**Hubert de Lisle** sent me the service card for Alexander (14). Members of the family gathered at his graveside in a service taken by Fr Christian de Lisle on 30<sup>th</sup> September.

---

One of those absent from the '67 Dinner was **Jerry Hawthorne**:-

“Having decided to take a bike ride to Richmond Park then back by Wimbledon Common to avoid traffic on a glorious October morning I came across a section of the bike path just off the very busy A3 road being resurfaced. Trying to move from the bike path to pavement I toppled on a kerb resulting in a pelvic fracture or 3. Me and my bike having been brought by ambulance to St George's NHS hospital by ambulance. Physio and occupational therapy applies.

Getting out of bed is proving the most difficult aspect so far but that can apply equally to the able bodied”.

**Ed: I recall Quentin de la Bedoyere commenting a few years ago “that getting a” leg over” a bicycle was as much excitement as we could expect at our advancing age”.**

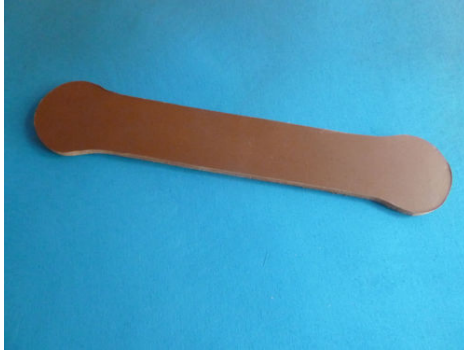
**Jerry seems to have tested this to extremes.**

---



**From Ebay**

**NEW Ferrula 13" x 8mm Punishment strap (2½"x13")**



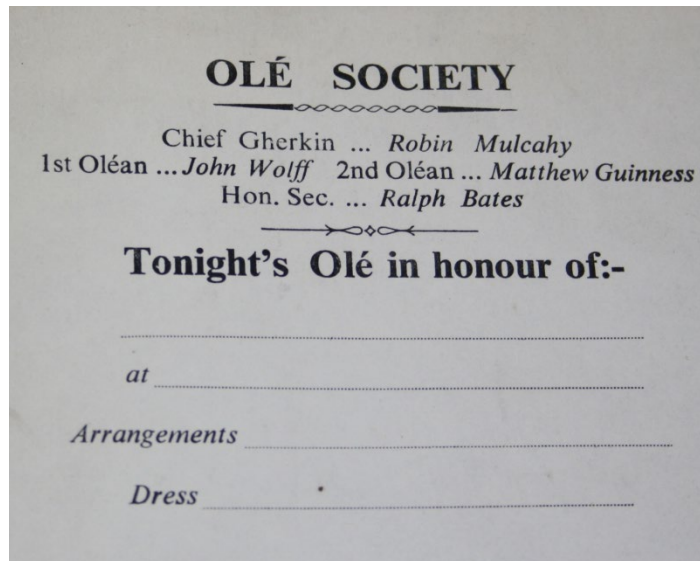
Condition: New. Price £26.75. Item Location **Chichester** West Sussex. Seller superconnie6.

**ED: Anyone taking a trip down memory lane?**

---

## **CORRESPONDENCE**

**Philip Stevens** sent me the Bosh Book from the Scout press which is held at St John's. Among the many examples was one for a Society of which I was ignorant:-



The Editor contacted the **Chief Gherkin** for more information, to be told that as I would not have been elected and therefore not entitled to the affairs of such an august body. I am therefore left to surmise it was either:-

For those who enjoyed a dry olorosa with some questionable Beaumont tapas.

For those who enjoyed playing with their castanets.

An attempt to introduce bullfighting (with Fr Clifford's champion). Beaumont was keen on sports that few if any played.

(For those concerned, the surgeon was to say the injury wasn't the worst he'd ever seen, but it was the largest he'd ever had to operate on: "The operation took three hours to repair damage to the upper thighs").

I think the Society at Beaumont was not only exclusive but short lived. I'm hoping

that the 1<sup>st</sup> Olean will be more forthcoming on its activities.

---

### From John Flood

When I was in New York I took photos at Ground Zero relating to **Christopher Newton-Carter (67)** who was in the South Tower on 9/11. I attach these in case you would like them for your next BU Review. I am particularly pleased with the last one which includes the new World Trade Centre in the background. The 9/11 Museum is incredible and the first 6 photos were taken within it. I was unaware of his involvement with Lourdes.



VIEW MORE

PLAY PROFILE

CLOSE

CHRISTOPHER NEWTON-CARTER  
December 17, 1949–September 11, 2001

CHRISTOPHER  
NEWTON-CARTER



---

From **Bernard MacNamee**:

I was at St.Johns from 1945, and then on to Beaumont till 1956. I completed a degree in electrical engineering from London University in 1961, married (Jane Bucknill) in 1962, and moved to what was then Northern Rhodesia for 6 years from 1963 to 1969 working for a mining company. Then moved to Canada with my wife, and two young daughters, and have lived in Guelph, Ontario since then. In 1988 I completed a master's degree in Theology and Pastoral Counselling at Waterloo University in Ontario. I subsequently trained as, and worked as, a Marriage and Family Therapist in private practice. I retired in 2016.

I haven't kept in touch with many people from Beaumont, other than **Peter de Villiers** 1956, and his **brother Jonathan** 1954, who lives in Toronto. I also briefly met **Andrew Classen** 1956 (Ed: sadly RIP) some years ago while visiting England. Thank you for your great work in keeping the Beaumont Union web site going

---

From **Ashley Daly**:

I understand that my brother-in-law Michael Lonsdale is to represent the BU on Thursday. I suppose he qualifies as a friend of an OB (**Mark Marshall** may wish to question the circles he lives in) and he is has 2 OB brothers-in-law. (My brother left on the announcement of closure so was only there for a year). I met with **Christopher Gardner Thorpe** yesterday. He was an OB well before my time but was an eminent neurologist at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital where my father was Senior Physician. (Also, I think, McArdle a houseman). We gave the hospital a portrait which Christopher is trying to locate as the current NHS Chief Exec (these guys have no soul) has decided he does not want any links with the dusty old past. The hospital has, in fact, a long and distinguished past which Christopher has recorded in a book the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital 1741-2006 and is an interesting record of achievement through to the transition into the NHS in which my father and his colleagues were so instrumental. I met up with **John Marshall** during the summer. He comes over on an annual visit most years and this time managed to get **Chris Garrard and Paul Dutton** over as well. Two people I had not seen for over 50 years! I'm afraid I can't come to the dinner as my daughter is getting married on 30<sup>th</sup> September and Ros and I are taking a few days away.

Good luck with the golf.

**Among several "Bread & Butter letters for the 50<sup>th</sup> Mass and Lunch.**

From **David Danson**:-

This is just a brief note to thank you for organising the BU lunch at the Caledonian

Club which I enjoyed greatly, despite drinking rather too much of the excellent red wine. You'll no doubt be pleased to hear that I got home safely nevertheless.

I was somewhat surprised that the organist at the mass did not have a copy of the music of our favourite setting of the Lord's Prayer. I said to John (Flood) that I could rectify this but I don't think I have his email address. The setting is actually by Louis Niedermeyer (1802-1861) and is obtainable for the magnificent sum of 20 euros. I have a copy, which I could scan and send to you but this would probably infringe copyright (I am not a lawyer), and as infringement of copyright is a form of theft, which is contrary to one of the Commandments (I forget which one - my RD classes at Beaumont were a long time ago) I thought perhaps the BU finances could run to purchasing a copy for future occasions.

Thank you again for organising such an enjoyable lunch.

**ED:** St John's have a copy but as the Farm St organist was not familiar with the OB style of singing and rhythm, I felt it better to sing it in its "natural" state.

From **John Bokor-Ingram:**

### **On the Lunch**

**Gentlemen,**

**I would like to thank you and through you, anyone else, who may have been involved in the organisation of a most excellent day. The Mass, the 'transfer'**

**and the lunch was incredibly well organised, down to the last detail. It must have taken a lot of work, which I very much appreciate.**

**It is hard to believe that Beaumont was closed 50 years ago! We had just settled in Cape Town and I had several letters from Patricia Hayward at the time, telling me in detail what was happening. Some of the stories – the involvement of the Hierarchy - she must have gleaned from her twin brother, Derek Worlock, who by that time was Bishop of Portsmouth. Memories.....**

**Thank you again.**

---

**The final word.**

In his homily Fr Jim told the story of a meeting between an Old Amplefordian, an Old Gregorian and an OB and they discussed the most important lifesaving development of the last century. The OA felt that Kidney transplants topped the bill but the OG considered heart transplants had gone a step further. They turned to the OB for his opinion. After a little thought, he said “Venetian Blinds”. The others asked for an explanation of such an extraordinary choice. The OB replied “It is simple, without the blinds it would be curtains for all”.

**On that note, a very Happy Christmas and Best Wishes for the New Year**



**L D S**