

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2016



"They don't make men like Bedford any more" was the phrase that cropped up in most messages I've had about Mike. What a loss to Mandy and the family but also to the BU, HCPT, the Catenians, the Feltmakers, a legion of friends and several would also add, to many of the best "watering-holes" around the globe. He could be described as a Colossus in so many ways. I don't think it is an exaggeration that, with a few others the BU's strength and even its continuance,

almost 50 years after the school's closure, is in no small measure down to him. John Flood wrote "We have lost an irreplaceable character who enriched our lives in a unique way and there is certainly a real and deep sense of loss. The sometimes perilous nature of where we were lead was far surpassed by the generosity and warmth of the relationship and above all the welcome and the permanent and delightful grin and captivating laugh. The BU owes him a huge debt of gratitude for his part in its incredible success despite the absence of Beaumont itself".

Life will not be the same without that telephone call; "Dear boy: how are you" and always his signature sign off of "God bless". Mike's contribution to our lives was colourful and often unconventional, but essentially based on his strong faith, his love of life, friendship, his exceptional kindness and care and service to others.

A Tribute to Mike appears further on in The REVIEW

## **Notices.**

**BU Ties are available at BENSON & CLEGG, 9 Piccadilly Arcade, London SW1Y 6NH tel 020 7491 1454 or website [www.bensonandclegg.com](http://www.bensonandclegg.com)**

**It was noticeable at The Lunch that many BU ties had "died" before their owners: a sad state of affairs. Our tie is amongst the most distinguished of its peers whether you talk of "Cambridge Blue, Oxford Blue and Windsor Brown", "Earth, Sea and Sky" or "Army, Navy and Air Force" as to its historical choice of colours we should be proud to wear it.**

## **Website.**

The WW 2 ARCHIVE has now been added to the Website and can be found in the HISTORY section.

## **Obituaries**

Apart from **Mike Bedford (62)**, I regret to inform you of the deaths of **Michael Wilkinson (53)**, **Fr Hugh Ross SJ (37)**. The eminent pathologist **Basil Clifford Morson CBE (39)** and the **Baron Philippe de Schoutheete de Tervarent (47)** probably the most influential OB on the world stage of his generation: please see the Obituaries Section.

I have also been informed of the death of **Christopher Goldsmith** in France, son of Walter and brother of Robin and Andrew.

**VRIL:** Despite Brexit, **Vril** publishes an FT article on the "Men who run Europe": a club led by the late **Philippe de Schoutheete**.

## **FUTURE EVENTS**

**The "BU Expeditionary Force" is going to Verdun**



After the success of the British battlefields 18 months ago the BU is going to **VERDUN 22-26 May 2017** led by our expert on the Great War **Philip Stevens (63)** with OB input by the Editor: nearly 40 mainly French but later American OBs fought on these battlefields.

Names to me ASAP; Wives/ girlfriends welcome space allowing.

## Past Events.

### THE BU LUNCH

Over 60 attended and apart from the “usual culprits”, how good it was to see those that had come a great distance. **Bruce Murray (55)** over from Boston, **Christian Forbes(62)** from Pittsburgh, **Philipp Mayer (62)** had stayed on before returning to Florida. Even within the UK **Nigel Magrane (50)** was up from Devon and **Terry O'Brien** down from Scotland. **Anthony Scott (59)** and **David Danson (66)** joined the fold after many years absence. We rather take it for granted that **Guy Bailey**, **Tony Parish** and **Thierry de Galard** would join us from the Continent but it does require an effort and a sign of great friendship that the BU engenders. **Robert Schulte** would have been with us but prevented from coming by a French Dr Cuddigan at the last moment. There were others who would have been with us but for..... **John Flood** missed his first reunion in 52 years because his God Daughter was marrying in The States: we hold **Arthur Cope (67)** entirely responsible.

For those that missed an excellent Lunch either unavoidably for reasons of pressing engagements, distance or ill health, we had two most entertaining speakers -

The chairman was **Nigel Courtney**



Nigel was at Beaumont 1958-63. After graduating he worked as a structural engineer in the US and UK. As is not untypical for a Beaumont boy he preferred to be an owner-manager rather than an employee. He qualified for four professional charters, gained the MBA, directed some £300M of projects, moved into information systems, was awarded his PhD and became a

freeman of the Worshipful Company of Information Technologists.

Nigel has been a visiting fellow at three universities (two in Australia), designed and delivered Masters programmes and produced ten books - mainly on teaching and learning in higher education.

With his late wife Christina he has three daughters. He is now married to Catherine. He has six grandchildren whom he enjoys being with on the odd occasions when he is not playing golf.

Nigel's co-speaker was **Mark Marshall**



Mark moved to Beaumont from St. John's in 1958. Being a C steamer, he left Beaumont in 1962 a year ahead of many of his contemporaries. He began a career in the City, joining William Mortimer stockbrokers and Grieveson Grant. Mark married Susie in 1973 at Farm Street.

The stock market collapse of 1974 required a change of direction and he joined Hogg Robinson as an insurance broker. In 1987 the stock market beckoned once more and the family moved to Suffolk where he headed up the Ipswich office for Charles Stanley. There he established a sizeable private client discretionary managed business.

Mark retired in 2014 and has two children and 5 grandchildren and now helps Susie run her B&B business. Interests include sailing and golf.

For those that missed the lunch or wished to be reminded of their speeches: here they are-

## **MARK**

“Welcome to the 131<sup>st</sup> Beaumont reunion and this the 4<sup>th</sup> BU lunch.

It is a pleasure for me to introduce Nigel Courtney our chairman at today's lunch. I have known him on and off for around 58 years. As you will see from the biographical note on your tables, Nigel has managed to combine his business career with service in academia.

While at Beaumont, he played rugby in the 1<sup>st</sup> IV and rowed in the 1<sup>st</sup> V111 at Henley. Having finished his “A” levels, he left Beaumont for Manchester University in '63. His theme will be “The Spirit of Beaumont”

A friend told me that a joke usually goes down well. I'm not sure I agree. My academic achievement at Beaumont is a joke in itself! As Major Roddy, our art and geography master once said, there are only two kinds of joke “clean ones and funny ones”. I won't bore you with the former and if you want to hear the latter.....I suggest you see me afterwards.

I had a great uncle who was a Jesuit missionary and both he and my father went to Beaumont, so it was inevitable that both I and my two brothers **Michael** and **John** would also go there.

I first went to St. Johns in 1953. It didn't start well as I quickly fell out with our form mistress. Having felt the ferula rather too often, I rebelled, threw a text book at her in class and was sent home for the rest of term. Fortunately, I was allowed back. Maybe the Js needed the fees!

In my day, many boys went on to Beaumont. **Colin Shand**, a contemporary of my father's said of St. Johns "This is where I said goodbye to my mother at the age of six." It didn't do him any lasting harm as he went on to become an admiral in the navy.

At the time the headmaster was Fr. Thomas Dunphy. The biology master was a Mr. Hackett who had an obsession with catching butterflies. In charge of the gym, and sport was Mr. Broome, an ex commando. The Js allowed him to give the entire school a demonstration on unarmed combat and how to kill a man with your bare hands. The sort of thing you would expect to learn at a catholic prep school.

On high days and holidays Fr. "Daddy" Sass used to come up to St. Johns and show us films such as "High Noon" and "Shane." The reels were fed into an old cranking projector which had a habit of breaking down mid way.

Discipline was high on the Js agenda. The Js maintained order by use of forfeits awarded for minor misdemeanours. More serious offences were dealt with by use of the ferula; enthusiastically administered by Fr. McQuade. He then asked the unfortunate victim to thank him for it afterwards.

I came to Beaumont in 1958. My father- **Ronnie Marshall** was at Beaumont in the 1930s along with many other boys whose own sons were at the school in my time. The names included **Sinclair, Martin, Lake, Poels, Ryan, Goldsmith, Burden** and **Bidwell** to name a few. My father told me that in his day, the Js had ferocious sounding names such as-; Fathers Tempest; Furnace and Boyle. Many of the teaching staff survived into our time, such as E J Merrell, the science master, Tom Clayton for music and the choir and, Johnny "corpse" Johnson

I was put in the "C" stream, joined the choir and remember **John Paton-Walsh** leading the base section. Fr. Brogan would begin each term reciting, in a high pitched voice "The School Rules" to howls of laughter. On Sundays, we were allowed to watch television. It seems hard to believe after so many years, but it was the evergreen Bruce Forsyth at the London Palladium.

We all have our own memories. My recollections are fairly hazy but I do remember Mr. Harrington's tuck shop where boys could buy packets of Smiths Crisps with salt in little twists of blue paper and; for the hungry; pasty and beans were on sale for 1/6d.

After the harsher discipline of St. Johns, it was a surprise to be treated as adults. Major Roddy began each class with the words "Good Morning Gentlemen". He peppered his classes with phrases such as "When I was in the Western Desert" I don't think he believed in awarding ferulas but as a warning to errant boys, he claimed he could throw a piece of chalk with deadly accuracy at 75mph. He was also responsible for the CCF along with Captain Kelly.

We all remember the CCF. This required us to parade on Thursdays in battledress and carrying 303 rifles, some of which probably dated back to the Boar War. On field

days we were rationed with just 5 rounds of blank ammunition which we hoarded like sweets until the last minutes of the day.

Major Roddy complained that the boys failed to keep heads down on these exercises so told us that he had asked the head's permission to slip in one live round in every 5. ....Permission of course denied!

After the centennial ball, the CCF paraded in the Ambulacrum. Capt Kelly wanted the piano moved, so he shrieked, "Anyone 'ere fond of music." Unaware of the trap one or two boys fell for the ruse.

The BU was much in evidence visiting the school in those days. On special days the OBs such as **Freddie Wolff** and **Leo Burgess** among others would visit the school and chuck sweets about. On one occasion the BU put on a version of "Treasure Island" with Major Roddy building a replica of the "Admiral Benbow's Inn." No acting lessons were needed to play the part of the drunken sailors.

I rowed in the 2<sup>nd</sup> V111 along with **the Wilkinson twins, Kevin Sommi, Michael Lyle, Roger Darby, James Yates, Dick Kwolek and Chris Mc Hugh** as Cox. Not being "A" level material, I left Beaumont a year ahead of time in 1962. My only claim to fame was being 1<sup>st</sup> reserve at Henley in that year

In my early years in London I shared a house with **Stephen Crompton** and kept in touch with other old boys including **Richard Sheehan, Kevin Sommi, Roddy Clayton, Michael Lyle and David Crewe-Read** among others. One evening **Michael Lyle** rang to say he'd bought a car for one hundred and fifty quid. "Would I like to go for a spin?" So up to Bayswater and there it was, a rather tired XK120. We found ourselves at the traffic lights on the Bayswater Road. At the red lights, a car drew up alongside. Maybe it was an MG wanting a challenge. "Go on Mike show him what it can do" He put 4000rpm on the clock and as the lights changed, let out the clutch. Unfortunately he was in reverse gear!

At our wedding at Farm St. in 1963 the BU was well represented. **Michael de Wolff** and **Richard Sheehan** acted as ushers and **David Crewe-Read** as best man. Father Dunphy kindly took the service. David mislaid his best man speech but managed to blag it in the true "Spirit of Beaumont".

I lost touch for some years. Somehow "The Spirit of Beaumont" tugged away in the background.

Since retirement I accepted **Mike Bedford's** kind invitation to join his pilgrimage to Lourdes in 2014. Mike's unique interpretation of the "Spirit of Beaumont", much in evidence!

Also, in 2014, I also joined the BU WW1 Battlefield Tour of Flanders. This was led by **Philip Stevens** and **Robert Wilkinson**. We visited the graves and memorials of Beaumont boys, who never returned. It has been said that Beaumont punched well above its weight, not only in Boxing, but also in the service of our country in two world wars.

It was while on the BU Battlefield Tour and seeing the names of so many old boys inscribed on The Menin Gate that "The Spirit of Beaumont," was for me, so much in evidence.

## Nigel Courtney

I would now like to introduce our chairman, **Nigel Courtney** who many of you will already know. In Police parlance they sometimes refer to a suspect as “known to the Police”. Judging by the number of ferulas Nigel received in his time at Beaumont; you could say he was “known to the Js”

After leaving Beaumont in 1963; Nigel went up to Manchester University to study Engineering. He quickly realised that beer at 1/6d a pint was to be had in the TA, so he joined the Royal Lancashire Fusiliers. Having later moved to California, his talents were quickly recognised by the CIA who made him an offer he could and indeed did refuse. Nigel’s work has taken him to many parts of the world giving him opportunities in off-shore racing. He can also hit a golf ball. He tells me that golf is a triumph of optimism over experience, as I know only too well. However, he has mastered the game and is currently captain of his golf club, and vice captain of two golf societies.

Now I know you are all dying for a drink so let us now drink a toast to our chairman-Nigel Courtney

### **NIGEL**

Thank you Mark for your kind words and excellent speech and for highlighting the fact that Beaumont has consistently pulled its weight in times of national crisis. Thankfully my own days at Beaumont, from 1958 to 1963, were peaceful years – if one overlooks the Cuban missile crisis .... one boy in my class decided that imminent armageddon made it pointless to do his homework; the next morning he was rewarded with ferulas.

I thoroughly enjoyed my time at Beaumont – even though I did earn the dubious distinction of setting the record for ferulas in one term ... at 72. After leaving I didn’t attend a BU dinner for a while. When I did go – it was at the RAF Club – my many contemporaries who were there all seemed unchanged; our conversations picked up where we had left them years before. Now, having attended many BU events, I find it is still the same. Even though our school has been closed for nearly 50 years that elusive and hard-to-define thing we call the ‘Spirit of Beaumont’ lives on in various ways. We manifest it because it is buried deep in our subconscious minds. I suppose each of us nurtures a different version. I’d like to share with you some of my reminiscences. Hopefully some will chime with your own and help us all to refresh and maintain the Spirit of Beaumont.

Let’s start with some memories of the school itself, adding to Mark’s evocative examples. The Laundry Dorm; marching down Higher Line corridor without daring to look at the framed school photos lining it; the Chapel with its remarkable Romanesque decor; the Ambulacrum; the cricket flats and the view across to Windsor Castle; the Ghost Walk; hiding under the bedclothes to listen to Radio Luxembourg on a transistor radio --- the rock ‘n’ roll programme was sponsored by Horace Batchelor ... K E Y N S H A M

And let's recall some of the characters: Fizz; Fr Brogan; Toby Murray; Captain Kelly, shrieking "you look like a pregnant earwig!"; Fr Bamber - one day in my first term his classroom morning prayer was: "God bless Marilyn Monroe and bugger the bloody CCF". He was a complicated man but he helped me enormously when my wife was dying of cancer.

Clearly the 'J's organised the teaching, the heat and light, the catering and so on but, looking back, it seems to me that it was the senior boys who effectively ran the school. Perhaps this is what prepared so many old boys to do well in the armed forces, the professions and as entrepreneurs (especially if they had been in the 'C' stream). It all seems to be part of the Spirit of Beaumont.

Let's remember some of the teachers ...

- Mr Leggett explained atomic theory with such energy that I was surprised to find I could understand what he was saying. Of course, his son, a fellow Beaumont boy, went on the out-do us all by winning the Nobel Prize for Physics.
- Mr Merrill, whose university pal had become Director of the London Zoo, used to take groups who were allowed behind the scenes to handle pythons, chimpanzees etc. Marvellous.
- If Sammy Sinclair thought you weren't paying attention to his maths lesson he would ask: "What would you rather do or go fishing?" to which the required answer was "The higher the fewer".
- Mr Hayward never bothered to learn the limits on the number of ferulas for junior boys – he would just bark: "Get your max!"
- And do you remember Fr Borrett? He would read French prose to us, always emphasising the punctuation with a nicotine-stained talon .... "Virgule". He wrote in my end of term report: "If this boy passes his French O-level I will eat my hat".  
Miraculously I did pass. At the next Sports Day he came up to my parents and disarmingly munched the brim of his panama.  
Perhaps coping with adversity is part of the Spirit of Beaumont

And what about the opportunities for extra-mural studies? Here are some in which I participated:

- Ballroom dancing lessons at Ouseley Lodge - boys only- with Victor Sylvester's sister
- The Debating Society. Proper Parliament-style argument and persuasion - an excellent preparation for public speaking
- The School Pantomime. Each year Fr Hanschel guided a small team of script-writers (twice including me) to adapt a traditional panto by building-in humorous references to as many teachers and final-year boys as possible.
- VRIL, a literary magazine of considerable merit, conveniently pocket-sized, with black covers. My first introduction to the publishing process.

- The Quodlibetarian Society where fine points could be discussed. As Hon Sec I persuaded the Dean of Baliol, Dr Willis Bund, to bring some of the college's priceless treasures for us to marvel at.
- The School play. Again, boys only. **Philip Hinds** was the sleuth in an Agatha Christie whodunit; I played a governess.
- The 'Death Cry' newspaper. Cartoons and scurrilous articles by Beaumont boys, produced by Kelly Monaghan and me on Fizz's waxed-paper printing press. Every edition was a sell-out at three pence a copy.
- The Chemistry Club. We could ask in advance for ingredients for an experiment. One week I applied to make trinitrotoluene ... perhaps better known as TNT. The product resembled grains of dark brown sugar. We dunked the Mr Leggett's board rubber in it. Wiping the blackboard set off numerous sparks and bangs. The more he tried to extinguish them, the more they exploded. No-one was punished; we were encouraged to explore.

Another aspect of the Spirit of Beaumont.

There was a wealth of sport to enjoy. As well as the usual staples one could learn to fence, play squash, throw the javelin. Or row.

I'm proud to have participated in the 1962 1<sup>st</sup> VIII's Beaumont record for a Henley course. Earlier, when I was captain of the 3<sup>rd</sup> VIII, Eton sent their crew to race us on our reach. We put up a tremendous fight but lost by 3 feet. As we crossed the line at full speed one of our crew passed out and fell over the side. Our cox, **Christopher McHugh**, instantly jumped in and saved him. Clearly the ideal preparation for becoming a Captain in the Royal Navy

If you played any matches at Eton you will know that our facilities were far better than theirs. Your opposite number would meet you at the coach and let you use his room to change. I went there to play a rugby match. My opposite number stepped forward and said: "How d'you do. My name is Wake. I'm descended from Hereward the Wake".

Surely the antithesis of the Spirit of Beaumont!

Although I was a wet bob I remember seeing **Stephen Crompton** score 37 runs at Lords in the annual match against Oratory. And I remember being there for another reason – I had taken Marianne Faithfull. This was before **Roger Johansen** and **Spade Grant** had a turn and, of course, before Mick Jagger and Keith Richards got in on the act.

I'm not sure if this sort of thing could conceivably be part of the Spirit of Beaumont ...

In 1962 it was so cold that the Thames completely froze over. The 'J's allowed the entire school to walk and slide on the ice. Utter madness! Through clear sections of ice one could see a raging torrent below.

Some of the senior boys used to pay the ferryman to row them across to a pub on the other side of the Thames .... that winter they could walk across. But some of us didn't need to take such risks to sup a tankard of ale. The family of our dear Baron, **Mike de Wolff**, owned the Courage Brewery. Fortuitously, its estate included the Fox

and Castle in Old Windsor. We would cycle to the back door and Stan, the publican, would tell us which bar was safely free of teachers.

So there was a lot of rowing and a lot of cycling – two sports in which one can win while sitting down. That clearly has to be part of the Spirit of Beaumont.

Most young men are interested in cars. A group of us persuaded a local farmer to let us keep a stable of cars in one of his barns. There was an Austin 7 named 'Lolita', a rather tired 3½ litre Jaguar and several others. A boy I shall call 'Smith' heard about it and asked me to take him to see the cars. I agreed but explained that it was top secret. He turned up in a splendid green Sherlock Holmes-style cape .... and a false beard.

As we walked through Old Windsor Mr Merrill stepped out of a front garden gate ahead of us. I hissed: "Just keep walking and stare straight ahead". As Merrill passed us he said out of the corner of his mouth: "Report to me later Smith".

The moral? Always do things in style. This really must be part of the Spirit of Beaumont.

The 'J's never discovered our secret cache of cars. However, they did have a pretty good idea which boys were likely to be 'up to something'. One evening when we were in our Studies A cubicles preparing for lights out, a 'J' came into the dormitory and announced: "Someone has thrown an egg at Fr Hanschel. Unless the miscreant owns up within 5 minutes, **Nigel Courtney** will be beaten".

Needless to say no-one confessed.

Even though I was totally innocent I reluctantly accepted the punishment on the basis that it probably covered things I had got away with.

Maybe 'fair play' is part of the Spirit of Beaumont.

Perhaps these sorts of experiences shaped us. What is certain – because we have gathered here today – is that after leaving Beaumont many of us have found ourselves to be imbued with this mysterious thing - the Spirit of Beaumont. Soon after I left Beaumont I passed my driving test and whizzed round to **Roddy Clayton's** flat in Thurloe Square. **Patrick Covernton** and **Dick Kwolek** were there. Someone said "Well done; let's go for a spin". Patrick said his girlfriend had left her guitar at his flat and he had promised to return it. I said "fine, where does she live?"

He replied "Madrid".

Roddy went off to borrow a calor gas cooker, Patrick acquired an army tent, Dick bought some provisions, I went to get an International Drivers Licence. We set off a couple of days later and spent several unforgettable weeks negotiating a police state to achieve our objective.

We must have been protected by the Spirit of Beaumont!

I'd like to close by bringing us more up-to-date. We have been blessed with a number of dedicated champions of the BU. Among many heroes are **John Flood** and **Patrick Burgess** for their extraordinary achievement of 50 years of helping pilgrims go to Lourdes. And **David Flood** for organising so many of our Remembrance Sundays. And **John Paton Walsh**, **Guy Bailey** and **Robert Wilkinson** have been absolutely outstanding event organisers and archivists.

Of course, **Mike Bedford** has been huge in all these areas. He's been a Beaumont lynch-pin for half a century. I'll really miss that growl and his broad grin. Two days after Mike's untimely death I was playing in a golf competition at Lamberhurst. I couldn't get Mike out of my mind. As I teed up my ball on the penultimate hole I said to myself "This one's for you Mike". I hit the ball ..... and it was a hole-in-one!

Could it have been the spirit of Bedford? I'll leave it to you to fathom that one out.

I'm sure we all have both happy and poignant memories of Beaumont. The Spirit of Beaumont is a treasure within us and we refresh and sustain it when we gather like this.

So, Reverend Father and Gentlemen, please charge your glasses and be upstanding. The toast is "The Spirit of Beaumont".

**As a Post Script, those that like statistics may be interested that we downed 14 magnums of Chateau Beaumont (probably more Spirit of Bedford than Beaumont)**

**Below are some photos (some embarrassing, others even more so)**









“The Captains’ Table”







A very special thanks to Mandy Bedford who despite such a sad time continued with the secretarial side of the Lunch. What would we have done without her; indeed the Spirit of Beaumont. On your behalf I sent flowers to Mandy with our love and appreciation.

### **REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY**

There were about 70 OBs who attended Mass at the War Memorial on a beautiful autumn morning of which the majority enjoyed the hospitality of St John's at lunch afterwards. Our thanks as always go to Giles Delaney and his staff for their kind and generous hospitality and the provision of the trumpeters.. Mass was celebrated by **Fr Michael Campbell Johnston** assisted by Fr Paul the acting Father Provincial and the wreath laid on behalf of the Beaumont Union by **Michael Burgess CVO OBE**.



Fr Michael reminded us that in the fifty years we have been having the Remembrance Mass we have only once been driven indoors by the weather.

Our grateful thanks to **David Flood** for all the arrangements and to **Patrick Burgess** for the hand painted crest that adorns the wreath.

Those with a “beady eye” will notice that another wreath was present on the Memorial together with a photograph. These were to honour the memory of **Harry Butters** who was killed on The Somme 1916 and were laid there by his family from the USA who were visiting both Beaumont and his grave in France. There is an article on Harry later on in The REVIEW.

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During the Lunch the Editor made two special announcements. The first of these was that the Committee has asked **Mandy Bedford** to be an Honorary Member of the BU which I’m pleased to say she has accepted.



Many may have thought that Mike organised the BU but it was Mandy who organised Mike and without her assistance over the years dinners, lunches, and pilgrimages would have had that “frisson” of chaos that only Mike, left to his own devices, could bring to an occasion. THANK YOU MANDY.

The Editor also took the opportunity to present St John’s with the **Tom Kelly Cup**. How this came about can be found in the columns of **Giss-Goss**.

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**THE LAST EVER HCPT RACE NIGHT.**



**John Flood wrote at 0430am Sunday 27 November:-**

Dear All, An immense thank you to:-

- All those who filled the Restaurant for the final and 32<sup>nd</sup> Annual HCPT Race Night and provided a worthy atmosphere for our swansong,

- **Those who filled the Derby Executive Suites and all the other members of the Beaumont Union & The BOF's who, even before the night had started, had donated, with gift aid, £5,000 in memory of Mike Bedford and to honour his exceptional fundraising over the life of the Race Night. This alone will almost cover 7 children in Lourdes next Easter,**

- Those in the Oaks Executive Suites who were with Group 24's leader supporting the event in style and adding substantially to the fund raising on the Night,

- Members of the Catenian Association who rallied to support us and filled 13 tables in the Restaurant,

- 22 members of Group 24 who came in such large numbers,

- All the helpers who worked tirelessly on the night to sell the tickets, count the money, run the raffle, organise the human race, escort the prize presenters and champagne winners and help in every way,

25 runners, including the hare (**Mike Wortley's son in law**) who provided such a grand final Human Race including the 'stag team' from the general public who filled a last minute gap and especially the young man amongst them who has cancer and showed the HCPT spirit in that endeavour, the youngest ever supporter shown in the final attached photo, who came at just 2 weeks old with her proud parents, including Nikki, the Race Night coordinator over the past several years,

- The Chief Exec. (who ran in the Human Race) and the Donations Contact manager of HCPT who, in a heroic effort, travelled down from Rugby at the end of a busy new group leaders' induction day at HQ and returned there tonight for another day in the office tomorrow,

- The GRA who have looked after us so well for 32 years since 1985,
- The Committee, past and present, who have ensured, year by year, that The Race Night happened and worked so hard to achieve this,
- The former Treasurer of HCPT who saw the opportunity for our Race Nights when HCPT inherited GRA shares and my co-founders, Brian Daly, Pat Hall & the late **Brian Burgess** who seized that opportunity, without whose initiative the Race Night would never have started,
- All those who supported the Race Night for any time, short or long, over the last 32 years,
- All those many people who sent lovely messages and tributes in support of this final night at the Dogs ahead of the event,
- Celia, who has put up with all that it has involved at home and helped in so many ways,



Team Flood “The Fuzzy Heads”

My own 4 children who were all there for this concluding Race Night, as a surprise for me, ran in the same team in the Human Race, came second and gave me the special photo opportunity. ( **Ed** I had my ill-gotten gains on them and believe they were nobbled.)

- Those who may still make donations to the last ever HCPT Race Night in support of the children who will as a result of so many peoples’ wonderful generosity be able to participate in the joy of an HCPT pilgrimage to Lourdes and
- Finally, and maybe above all, those who will in the future find a worthy replacement to the HCPT Race Night and all of those who will support this, whatever

it may turn out to be, so as to ensure the continuation of the Race Night's legacy for many years into the future!



**John presenting a commemorative tankard to Keith Hallinan Chief Executive of Wimbledon Stadium.**

As the Chief Exec said to me before setting off back to Rugby, the Race Night has been an institution within an institution. This could not have become the case without all those who have been involved in it over all these 32 years to raise over half a million pounds and send over 1000 children to Lourdes. It has been a great delight and joy to have so many supporters for this endeavour.

For those who were not there the souvenir booklet for the final night available. Will those who can do so please forward this email to those helpers, runners and others for who I have no contact details. I will let those who did attend know the detail of the undoubted financial success of what was billed as the last ever HCPT Race Night once this is assessed. Who knows what the future will hold, but whatever it maybe your continued support for HCPT will be greatly appreciated. The HCPT biannual **Christmas Carols at 7pm on Tuesday 13th December at Westminster Cathedral** will be the next gathering in London of HCPT supporters and we look forward to seeing many of you there.

With very best wishes and huge thanks,

John.



**ED:** We so often talk of the “Spirit of Beaumont” but Race Night was seeing it in action. It made one unashamedly proud of the selfless work of so many OBs especially John and the financial contribution made by others in sponsorship in its many forms.

**Robert Bruce** summed up the debt to John in the following:-

“Just a quick one to wish you the very best of luck on the last Race Night, and to say again that I am sorry we cannot be there. A small contribution is in the post. I do hope all goes well and that your herculean efforts in running this event are duly recognised publicly; and if they aren’t, then you should know that they are certainly applauded privately by very many of us.

Not only has the Race Night brought huge financial benefit to HCPT over the many years that it has been running, and brought corresponding reward to so many children and helpers, but it has also played a very important part in raising the profile of HCPT among a constituency which would not normally have known about it and thereby spreading the message of the Trust’s great work. Furthermore, as a past Chairman of the London Beaumont Region, I can also say that the Race Night has been fundamental in providing an identity and sense of purpose for our dissipated (and disparate?!) Region and has therefore been an important factor in the Region’s continued success. It has also been a major element in generating the very considerable buy-in which the **Beaumont Union** makes to the Trust.

Of course I will hear you say that the credit should go to those who have served on the Committee, which is indeed true and we should certainly be thanking the many who have worked behind the scenes to run this event, and often too in circumstances which have been somewhat trying and far from straightforward. So much praise and gratitude is due to all of them as well.

But the lion’s share goes to you for without your determination, organisational flair and sheer hard graft (and notwithstanding the opportunity to deploy yet another John Flood matrix, or two!), none of this would have happened. **Bravo, John Flood!!!!**  
**You are a star!!!!”**

## IN THE NEWS

**Sept 14: Prince William busts some moves with dancers at London youth centre**

**The Prince tried his hand at body-popping and baking at Caius House Youth centre.** Prince William had a go at piping vanilla buttercream onto cupcakes while joining a class at a south London youth club, where he told youngsters he had watched the BBC show featuring Mary Berry and Paul Hollywood.



William spent more than an hour touring Caius House in Wandsworth, which offers a range of training and support opportunities in disciplines ranging from music and dance to sport and fitness. Caius House's origins began in 1887 when undergraduates and fellows from Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, rented a house in Battersea and started a college "settlement" where they lived and ran a range of clubs for local residents. The club flourished over the decades and has been serving the local community for almost 130 years. It moved into new premises, constructed on its original site, in September 2014. It now welcomes on average of 500 young people between the ages of eight and 21 each week, who use the centre's facilities

**The Duke's visit came after he invested the centre's chairman, Patrick Burgess, with the OBE at Windsor Castle in December 2015 and was invited to visit Caius House.**



**Patrick with H R H unveiling the plaque**

**Patrick wrote after HRH's visit:-**

Thank God, the rebuilt CAIUS House is the product of remarkable teamwork and very great generosity (both still essential!) and we have been able to pioneer an

approach involving teachers and youth workers working together: a unique combination with irresistible results! Our staff and volunteers are wonderful but I should like to add that Maggie, too, deserves more thanks than I can possibly encompass in this brief note!

Lily and Andy (Patrick & Maggie's daughter and son in law) summed up this good cause "How wonderful dad! They all get the name Caius House out into the public domain.

You and Mags have worked so hard to make it happen, and to make sure that Caius House carries on being able to change the lives of the kids around Winstanley by opening their eyes to the fact that they have choices and can change their futures.

We are so happy for you both and **so in awe and proud in equal measure of all that you both have achieved**". Ed I added on behalf of the BU a French saying:-

**"The Conqueror is feared, the man of learning respected: but it is the benevolent man who wins affections and he alone is loved"**.

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### **"FIRE PREVENTED BY FLOOD"**

**John Flood was at the centre of an arson attack which threatened his home.**

**The Surrey Mirror reported:-**

"Arsonists started a fire which sent flames 30 feet into the sky over Epsom and caused thousands of pounds worth of damage.

The blaze, started deliberately in the early hours of Sunday morning at a residential complex in Dorking Road, could have spread to homes and flats where people were sleeping, had it not been seen by a passing motorist.

Adam Durant, watch commander at Epsom Fire Station, whose pump was first on scene after receiving an emergency call at 3am, said it was ignited in a listed former stable block which has been converted to three garages, attached to a house.

"Crews were initially faced with a well-developed fire," he told the Mirror. "The fire had already vented through the roof and was minutes away from entering the main house, but due to the hard work and rapid deployment of crew on the initial appliance, they managed to stop the fire from spreading into the main house and, assisted by crews from Banstead, Leatherhead and Esher, managed to extinguish the fire".

**John** wrote:- "We returned from Menorca on Saturday afternoon, attended a Catenian Mass and dinner that evening and got home by 11.30. I quickly fell asleep in my chair while trying to watch the news and woke just before 3am. I decided I would be better off in bed, but that was not to be! On turning the kitchen lights off I noticed a bright orange light outside. On going to the front door I saw that our neighbour's car in the middle garage opposite was well alight. I called the fire brigade and then held down the bell push for our tenants' upstairs flat until they both

appeared, looking dazed and without shoes. By the time the first of 4 fire engines arrived after only 3 or 4 minutes, the fire had spread to the roof and was getting very close to the upstairs flat”.

**Ed:** No doubt St Catherine of Sienna patron Saint of fire prevention will now have a special place in the Flood household.

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## **MIKE BEDFORD**

A Brief Tribute ( to be read in well under 7 minutes, the maximum time Mike allowed for any spoken or indeed written word).



First recollections at St John’s back in the Fifties were of the “curly haired boy with the big grin” whatever the adversities of the regime, Mike came smiling through. Always happier on the sport’s field than in the class room he was Captain of Cricket in 1958 before going up to the College. At Beaumont he was one of those that “flew by the seat of their pants” taking in a few O levels before leaving a year earlier than normal – a case of academically “we can do no more for him”. Naturally, he appeared for the XI where at Lords he struck a “Lusty hit or two” and for the XV where his size as a tight head prop bolstered the scrum. Overall, you might think that Mike had little to thank Beaumont for and like many would disappear and be lost to the Union: that was not the case as Mike was one of those who made friends and lifelong ones at that who went with him into the wider world.



Sixties Bedford & Baron

Mike was the party man: not exactly sophisticated but endearing and even if he was infuriating at times he would win over any adversary with that smile and bonhomie. Once settled back in this country after time abroad, he brought his energy to bear on promoting the Beaumont Union and his personal crusade on behalf of HCPT and eventually bringing the two even closer together with the formation of the Beaumont Region. So many have such happy memories: his niece Madeleine recalls "He was quite the uncle to have - irresponsible and generous. We all remember well the time he came back from Panama, scooped up every niece and nephew (on a school day!!!), with the Baron in tow and took us all to Hamleys to spend £5 on whatever we liked, then off to the circus.

We saw him at Dad's 80th in July, merrily drinking his way through breakfast, to the amusement of our children. What a card he was. What a loss".

Mike was a champion of HCPT - he was uncharacteristically quiet about his financial achievements for the Trust. He stepped into the breach to lead Group 18 after his elder brother John died at only 58 and thus the Group 18 fez continued to identify the group in Lourdes. Mike attended almost all of the HCPT Race Nights, in its hay-day filling as many as 3 of the Executive suites and charging each of his friends and acquaintances £100 for the privilege of supporting the Trust, of which many previously knew nothing. Quite a few of them, many of no religious persuasion, went on to experience HCPT very much more richly as a member of the BOF's. He also organised a Polo Day at the Royal County of Berkshire Club in 2008 raising £35k. Those present remember Mike, in the pouring rain and "the shambles", remaining the optimist and by midday the bar was stocked, the cocktails and champagne flowed and a sumptuous lunch consumed. Anyone watch the polo?

Mike was also a leading light in the Beaumont Union - I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that, among a few others, (all of whom who have been part of

the BOF's) the BU's strength and even its continuance, almost 50 years after the closure of the college in 1967, is in no small measure down to him. He was also very active in the City of London Catenian Circle. But above all he was a husband to Mandy, a brother and an uncle to a family rooted in Beaumont and the HCPT, and a friend to a legion of people in both, and far beyond, all of whom will have just lost someone who made a unique and powerful difference to their lives.



“Mine’s a pint of best bitter and Pork scratchings for Bentley”

Mike was incorrigible; he strongly believed that the BU did everything in style: no half measures only the best was good enough whether it be gatherings at pub or Club. It could be said that his “social season” started in Lourdes after Easter with “pray hard and play hard”. Only Mike could convince those of differing religions or no faith at all to spend a little time there and also to bring with him his good friend the Papal Nuncio. He had friends all over the town and it mattered not that his command of the French language would have made Fr Borrett wince. There followed cricket at lords, golf, Henley, racing at Ascot and Goodwood interspersed with boating picnics aboard the Thomas Bedford. The BU lunch, Race Night with the Dogs, and his Christmas lunch: with Mike ever the most generous host, stamina was required. No BU event was complete without his presence though in view his terrible singing voice we thought when we recorded the CD in 2007 Mike would be absent. NO –there he was with that cheery grin come to add that certain “je ne sais quoi” to the proceedings. Of one thing we are certain is that he will not be a member of the “Angelic Choir”.



His good friend **The Baron (Michael de Wolff)** quoted Mother Theresa in summing up:-

Life is an opportunity....benefit from it, Life is beauty...admire it. Life is a dream...realise it. Life is a challenge...meet it. Life is a duty...complete it. Life is a game...play it. Life is a promise.. fulfil it. Life is sorrow...overcome it. Life is a song...sing it. Life is a struggle...accept it. Life is a tragedy...confront it. Life is an adventure...dare it. Life is luck...make it. Life is too precious...do not destroy it. Life is life...fight for it....

Mike we are going to miss you.

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It is not often that OBs find themselves in the Press these days (apart from Messrs Burgess and Flood) but the Centenary of 1916 and the Great War brought three of our distinguished company to the public eye – **Hugh O’Beirne, Harry Butters and Sir Mark Sykes.**

The National Archives, Prime Minister's Office, 10 Downing Street

**Hugh O’Beirne and the sinking of HMS Hampshire: a diplomat remembered.**

The death of Lord Kitchener, who drowned when HMS *Hampshire* sank just off the Orkney's north-west coast on 5 June 1916, came as a profound shock to the nation. The Secretary of State for War was the public face of the British war effort against Germany (literally through his famous poster – 'Your Country Needs You'). In 1926 a memorial tower was erected by the people of Orkney at Marwick Head, overlooking the site of the tragedy.



There were only 12 survivors amongst the passengers and crew of the *Hampshire*. To better remember the loss of all those aboard, the Orkney Heritage Society yesterday unveiled a new commemorative wall next to the Kitchener Memorial, engraved with the names of all 737 men lost. One of those names is that of a diplomat - Hugh James O'Beirne – who accompanied Kitchener on his mission.

### **A promising career**

Hugh O'Beirne of Jamestown, Drumsna, County Leitrim, was educated at Beaumont and Balliol College, Oxford and entered the Diplomatic Service in 1892. His first posting was in St. Petersburg, where he learnt to speak Russian, and after service at Washington, Constantinople and Paris he returned to the Embassy as Counsellor in July 1906. He remained in Russia for the next nine years and played a valuable role in the development of UK-Russian relations, symbolised by the signing of the Anglo-Russian entente of 1907. He was promoted to the rank of Minister in August 1913.

In July 1915 he was sent to Sofia as Chargé de Affaires to lead last-ditch negotiations to persuade the Bulgarian government to enter the war on the side of the Allies. By October it was clear his efforts were in vain. O'Beirne returned to London and worked at the Foreign Office where he was for a time in charge of the

War Department. Aged just 49 when he met his untimely death O'Beirne was described as one of the ablest British diplomats of his generation with a great future.

### **Mission to Russia**

Kitchener's mission was aimed at bolstering the Russian war effort and ensuring better coordination between the western and eastern fronts. His party consisted of advisers from the Ministry of Munitions and the military, along with his aide de camp and a number of servants.

The Russians had expressed the hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer might accompany Kitchener as there were many financial questions that required discussion. As the Chancellor was unable to make the trip it was thought advisable that O'Beirne should go. His long experience of working in Russia and his language skills made him an ideal choice. He was in full possession of the views of the Chancellor and able to explain points of detail to the Russian Minister of Finance.

Following the tragedy the British ambassador in St Petersburg, Sir George Buchanan, reported: 'Mr O'Beirne's death and sudden closing of so promising a career is . . . deeply deplored by his countless friends in the Russian capital'. A requiem mass was held for him at the French church in the presence of Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich of Russia.(later murdered by the Bolsheviks)

### **A fateful end**

HMS *Hampshire* was an armoured cruiser of the Devonshire class built by Armstrong Whitworth on the River Tyne and completed in 1905. She served in China and the Far East in 1914, on Northern patrols in 1915, and also at the Battle of Jutland (31 May 1916). She was detached from the Grand Fleet for the special duty of conveying Kitchener and his staff to Russia.

O'Beirne missed the train carrying Kitchener's party north but he managed to catch a special service which meant he still arrived in time to make the trip. The picture below shows O'Beirne shaking hands with Admiral Jellicoe – commander of the Grand Fleet - who had come to bid farewell to Kitchener (third figure from right) as he boarded *Hampshire*.



The ship left Scapa Flow on 5 June 1916 bound for Archangel. A gale forced the destroyer escort to return to Scapa but the *Hampshire* carried on alone. She was struck by a mine recently laid by the German submarine U-75 about 1.5 miles offshore between the Brough of Birsay and Marwick Head. The ship took less than twenty minutes to sink.

A century on, FCO Protocol Director - Julian Evans - and members of his team laid a wreath at the Kitchener Memorial to remember O'Beirne's death in the line of duty. As a civilian his name was unrecorded on any war memorial but it now has a permanent presence, engraved on the commemorative wall, along with all those who lost their lives in the sinking. (ED: incorrect as he is remembered on the Beaumont Memorial: he is also the most senior British diplomat to have died on War service).



The Foreign and Commonwealth Wreath

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The Telegraph September 1916 "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN DOING THE WORLD'S WORK"

From This Day in History 31<sup>st</sup> August 1916



On this day in 1916, Harry Butters, an American soldier serving in the British army during World War I, is killed by a German shell during the Battle of the Somme, while fighting to secure the town of Guillemont, France.

The son of a prominent San Francisco industrialist, Butters was raised partially in England and schooled there at Beaumont College, a Jesuit academy in Old Windsor. He later attended Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire, before inheriting his father's fortune upon the latter's death in 1906 and moving back to California, where he worked briefly for Standard Oil and purchased his own ranch: he was considered a fine horseman. When World War I broke out in the summer of 1914, Butters rallied to the Allied cause and decided to join the British army. Through his old school connections in England, he received a commission in the Royal Artillery, 24th Division, 107th Brigade in April 1915. In September, Butters traveled to France with his comrades, where he took part in the ill-executed British attack during the Battle of Loos later that month.

"I find myself a soldier among millions of others in the great allied armies fighting for all I believe right and civilized and humane against a power which is evil and threatens the existence of all the rights we prize and the freedom we enjoy," Butters wrote home on October 5, 1915, describing his experiences on the battlefield at Loos. "It may seem to you that for me this is all quite uncalled for, that it can only mean either the supreme sacrifice for nothing or at best some of the best years of my life wasted; but I tell you that I am not only willing to give my life to this enterprise (for that is comparatively easy except when I think of you), but that I firmly believe—if I live through it to spend a useful lifetime with you—that never will I have the opportunity to gain so much honourable advancement for my own soul, or to do so much for the cause of the world's progress, as I am here daily...I think less of myself than I did, less of the heights of personal success I aspired to climb, and more of the service that each of us must render in payment for the right to live and by virtue of which only we can progress."

Butters was on the front lines near the Belgian village of Ploegsteert in April 1916 when he met Winston Churchill; Churchill was serving as a battalion commander on the Western Front after leaving the British Admiralty in the wake of the disastrous Allied operations on the Gallipoli Peninsula the previous year. Impressed by the young American volunteering in service to England—"I just lied to 'em and said I was British born," Butters told Churchill, explaining his commission in the Royal Artillery—Churchill invited Butters to dine with him in his bunker, where the two men ate and drank champagne on the evening of April 11. After suffering from shell shock—the newly diagnosed psychological trauma of battle—Butters was sent on leave in June. Although Churchill, then back in London, urged Butters to take his time before returning to service, he went back to the Western Front on July 2, one day after the

Allies launched the epic Battle of the Somme. Ten days before his death he wrote to the Army Chaplain asking him "if I should happen to get wiped out" to write to his sister as she was "mother, sister and everything else that is dear in the world to me", his parents both being dead. He also asked to be buried by the Roman Catholic padre if possible as that "will give her greater consolation than anything - and please put after my name on the wooden cross - the bare fact that I was an American. I want this particularly, and I want her to know that it has been done so."

On August 31, 1916, Butters and his unit were at the Somme, firing on Trones Woods, outside Guillemont, when his gun received a direct German hit during a massive barrage; he and all the members of his battery were killed. "I don't exaggerate when I say nearly 100,000 shells dropped that day in an area of about 800 square yards," wrote Reverend A. Caseby in his diary entry recounting Butters' death. Butters was buried in the Commonwealth Graves Commission Cemetery at Meulte, a little village south of Albert, France. In accordance with his request made in late August to the British chaplain, his gravestone reads simply "An American Citizen."

However, there could be a question as to whether he was still an American citizen. The United States had not yet come into the war and so to protect their neutrality soldiers who fought in foreign armies were technically no longer citizens. Despite the fact that he was a member of the British army, Butters always maintained that he had not taken an oath of allegiance to the King, and, although he's buried under a British headstone, his inscription insures that his allegiance to America remains unquestioned.

It was reported:

The funeral was attended by all the nearby officers and men who could be spared from their duties. The casket was draped with the British Union Jack after efforts to locate an American flag proved fruitless. An observer noted the presence of a staff captain representing the commanding general, Harry's artillery commander, Colonel Talbert, with a section of comrades from his unit, and a detachment of other soldiers – quite a gathering in the midst of an offensive on the scale of the Somme. "A trumpet played the sad farewell," the observer recalled.

Churchill himself wrote a memorial to Butters in the *London Observer*. "He had seen much service on the front line, including the battle of Loos, and came through unscathed until in June last a bouquet of shells destroyed his observation post and stunned him. He could be induced to take only a week's rest before he was back at the front, disdainful as ever of the continual threats of death. And thus, quite simply, he met his fate. He was one of the brightest, cheeriest boys I have ever known, and

always the life and soul of the mess. We realize his nobility in coming to the help of another country entirely of his own free will, and understand what a big heart he had.”

On the day after Harry was killed in action, his section commander, Captain Nelson Zamhra, wrote to one of the American’s friends. “A short time ago Harry Butters asked me to communicate with you should anything happen to him. Little did I think at the time that this sad duty would devolve on me so soon. He was killed last night. He was with his guns, and no one could have died in a nobler way, or more in the execution of his duty...We all realised his nobility in coming to the help of another country, entirely of his own free will, and understood what a big heart he had....”

Within months, the United States entered World War I, and thousands more Americans followed Harry Butters to the battlefields of France.

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## The Yorkshire Post

“The politicians who went to fight during the First World War”.



Sir Mark Sykes, a soldier and diplomat who spent three years as a Hull MP.

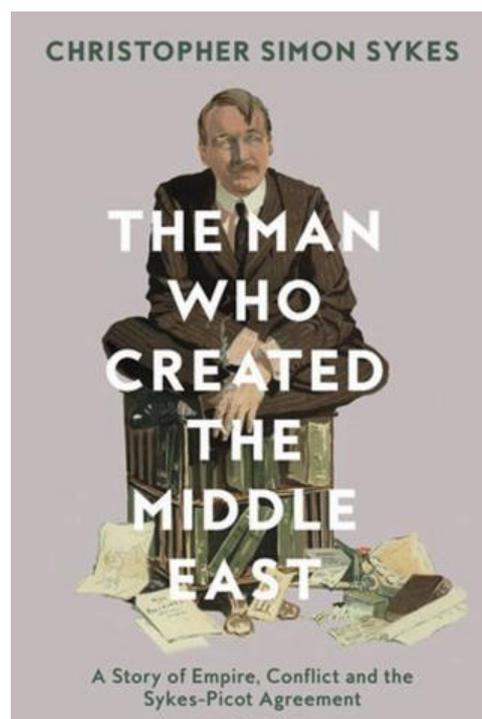
Numerous MPs and four future British Prime Ministers saw action in the Great War.

THESE days it’s usually politicians who send soldiers off to fight. But a century ago, such was the sheer scale of the Great War that politicians themselves felt compelled to serve their king and country on the battlefields of Europe and the Middle East, and beyond. The conflict claimed the lives of more than 20 MPs, including Charles Duncombe, 2nd Earl of Feversham and the Conservative MP for Thirsk and Malton, who was killed during the Battle of Flers-Courcelette in 1916. Many other MPs saw active service and survived, although for some the war had a sting in its tail. **Sir**

**Mark Sykes, 6th baronet of Sledmere, who served as the Conservative MP for Hull Central for three years, was part of the British contingent sent to Paris in 1919 to work on the Treaty of Versailles, and it was here where Spanish flu claimed his life.** One of the many misconceptions surrounding the First World War is that the upper classes got off lightly, when in fact you could argue the opposite was true. Although the vast majority of casualties came from the working classes, the war took a heavy toll on the British establishment. Around 12 per cent of the British army's ordinary soldiers were killed during the war, compared with 17 per cent of its officers. Eton alone lost more than 1,000 former pupils and Herbert Asquith, Britain's Prime Minister at the start of the war, lost a son, while the country's future leader Andrew Bonar Law had two sons killed. It is interesting to note that four men who went on to become Britain's Prime Minister saw active service during the war: Winston Churchill, Clement Attlee, Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan. For Eden victory came at a particularly high price, for he lost two brothers while another was seriously injured.

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**John Devaux** sent me a couple of press cuttings on a recently published Book on Sykes:-**"The Man who created The Middle East"** by his grandson Christopher Sykes.



Prof Gerard DeGroot in The Times wrote:

“Memory is often kind to those who die young. They’re embedded in amber, remembered for their potential rather than their achievement. Not so Mark Sykes, the architect of the infamous Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916 who died of Spanish flu in 1919 at the age of 39. “You’re writing about that arsehole?” a historian asked when learning of Christopher Sykes’s planned biography of his grandfather. His publisher suggested a title: The Man Who F\*\*ked Up the Middle East”.

DeGroot goes on to write that Sykes was an anti-Semite, (yet he was proponent of the Balfour Declaration), disdainful of Arabs (yet wrote “be polite and dignified in your conversation with them, don’t talk about the superiority of European civilization and you will learn a good deal). His worst sin as far as DeGroot is concerned is that he put the interests of England above those of anyone else particularly the Arabs (what are British diplomats supposed to do) and that he imposed arbitrary frontiers and in doing so is responsible for the problems of the Middle East today.

**ED.** From my limited understanding, the peoples of the Middle East, apart from the problem of Israel, are happy with their designated countries and that is regardless of their Islamic affiliation. The only people who made their opposition clear are the Islamic State Fighters who have proclaimed that “We have broken Sykes Picot” but then they wish to impose a Caliphate not dissimilar to the Ottoman Empire prior to 1918.

Professor DeGroot is an American who teaches 20th Century British and American History, and has published fourteen books and scores of articles on various aspects of 20th Century History. His book on the atom bomb was published to considerable acclaim and won a prestigious literary prize. He writes regularly for the quality press across the English-speaking world.

I could add that he obviously likes to write with the “hindsight of History” firmly on his side and judges accordingly: the only criticism not thrown at Sykes was that he was a Catholic. The fact that Sykes was also accused of enjoying “revelling, riding and port”, three aspects of life that this Editor is particularly fond of has not in any way prejudiced my opinion of his critique!

What appeared in The Spectator was I believe a fairer assessment of both the book and a man who was not without his faults.

**“The squiggle on the map that shaped the modern world”.**

**Christopher Simon Sykes aims to humanise his much reviled grandfather who, in 1916, with François Georges-Picot, secretly parcelled out the Middle East — with the bitterest consequences. Andrew Lycett**

When turbaned warriors from Daesh (or Isis) advanced on Raqqa in Syria two years ago, they whooped wildly about having ‘broken the Sykes-Picot Agreement’. They

were celebrating the destruction of national frontiers which had stood for nearly a century, since the fall of the Ottoman Empire in 1918.

They were also venting their spleen against the two villains (as they saw it) of the piece — one British, Sir Mark Sykes, and the other French, François Georges-Picot, who, after months of diplomatic haggling, had drawn metaphorical lines in the desert sand to reach their secret 1916 agreement apportioning Ottoman lands and creating the modern Middle East.

In doing so, Sykes and Picot set aside promises of an Arab homeland made to Sharif Hussein of Mecca. Together with the Balfour Declaration, their pact not only perpetuated western influence in the region but advanced the cause of Zionism.

Christopher Simon Sykes, best known as a photographer of country houses, had long been curious about his reviled grandfather Mark who died, exhausted, in the Spanish flu epidemic of 1919. (I don't know the author; Christian names are the easiest way of distinguishing the two men.)

By all accounts, Mark was remarkable, with his fierce curiosity, sense of humour and passion for the Arab world, which he vividly conveyed in hundreds of letters to his beloved wife Edith, many of them lavishly illustrated with line drawings or cartoons.

His father Tatton Sykes, the fifth baronet, was a neurotic who escaped the drudgery of running Sledmere, his large Yorkshire estate, by embarking on lengthy trips to the Middle East. Hearing of his own father's death while in Egypt, his only comment was: 'Oh, indeed. Oh, indeed.'

He often dragged along young Mark on his travels. The boy's initial education had been among the books in the library at Sledmere, where the grounds fostered his love of military games and fortifications. At his father's side in Ottoman lands, Mark became familiar from an early age with Arab hospitality and culture, as well as with musty British embassies.

Mark's impulsive mother Jessie, née Cavendish-Bentinck, pulled in another direction, after finding consolation in Roman Catholicism. After a belated christening, where his godfather was the Duke of Norfolk, he attended Beaumont, the 'Catholic Eton', while Jessie looked to alternative panaceas — gambling, affairs and drink. When her husband absolved himself of responsibility for her debts, she resorted to money lenders, leading to a distressing court case in which 'Lady Satin Tights' (as she was derisively known) was found to have forged his name on promissory notes.

Jessie intended Mark to go to Trinity College, Cambridge. Arriving there late for an interview, she excused herself by saying she had been at the Cesarewitch. When the nervous Master replied, 'Oh, and where may that be?', she concluded he was a cretin, turned tail, and put her son down for Jesus.

Despite Mark's own traumas (after he impregnated a servant girl, his father ordered his favourite dogs to be hanged), he continued his explorations of the Ottoman world. While an undergraduate he wrote his first book, *Through Five Turkish Provinces* (later trumped by *Dar-ul-Islam: A Record of a Journey through Ten Asiatic*

*Provinces of Turkey*). A common theme was his scorn for Europeans' dismissal of eastern customs.

During the Boer War, he excoriated dim-witted British officers and put his enthusiasm for ramparts to practical use. Wiling his time in the veldt, he also indulged his aptitude for drawing and storytelling, writing a spoof book about military training under the pseudonym Major General George D'Ordel, who featured in two further volumes on official 'spin' and the popular press, the last of which was described in a review as 'probably some of the most brilliant nonsense ever written'.

After Cambridge, Mark followed a traditional career path for a young man of his caste as private secretary to George Wyndham, Chief Secretary to Ireland, and honorary attaché in the British embassy in Constantinople, where one intelligence-gathering expedition led to his *Report on the Petroliferous Districts of the Vilayets of Baghdad, Mosul and Bitlis*.

After becoming an MP, his fascination with Arab (really Ottoman) affairs propelled him through various committees about the future of the region to his negotiations with the fiercely nationalist Georges-Picot.

Turkey's entry into the war on Germany's side altered Mark's inclination to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. He began to support Arab aspirations for independence. But he realised a post-war accord in the Middle East required French involvement. As a Tory romantic who had admired Disraeli (and hated Gladstone, the scourge of Turkey's 'Bulgarian atrocities'), he succumbed to the attractions of Zionism and helped draw up the Balfour Declaration, which promised Jews a national home in Palestine.

Christopher tells this complex story with gusto, though he adds little to the existing literature. Judging from his bibliography, his material is dated: no mention of James Barr's *A Line in the Sand* (2011), for example. A decent map would have been welcome. The reproduction of so many of Mark's wispy cartoons, while evocative, seems a trifle haphazard, a first outing for a personal treasure trove.

But Christopher did not set out to write a history of the Middle East. He aims to put a human face on an imperialist adventurer, and in this he succeeds brilliantly. Mark's fiercely independent spirit shines through. He meets all sorts of characters from Cecil Rhodes to Gertrude Bell, a potential rival whom he dismisses as a 'silly chattering windbag of a conceited gushing flat-chested man-woman globetrotting rump-wagging blethering ass!'

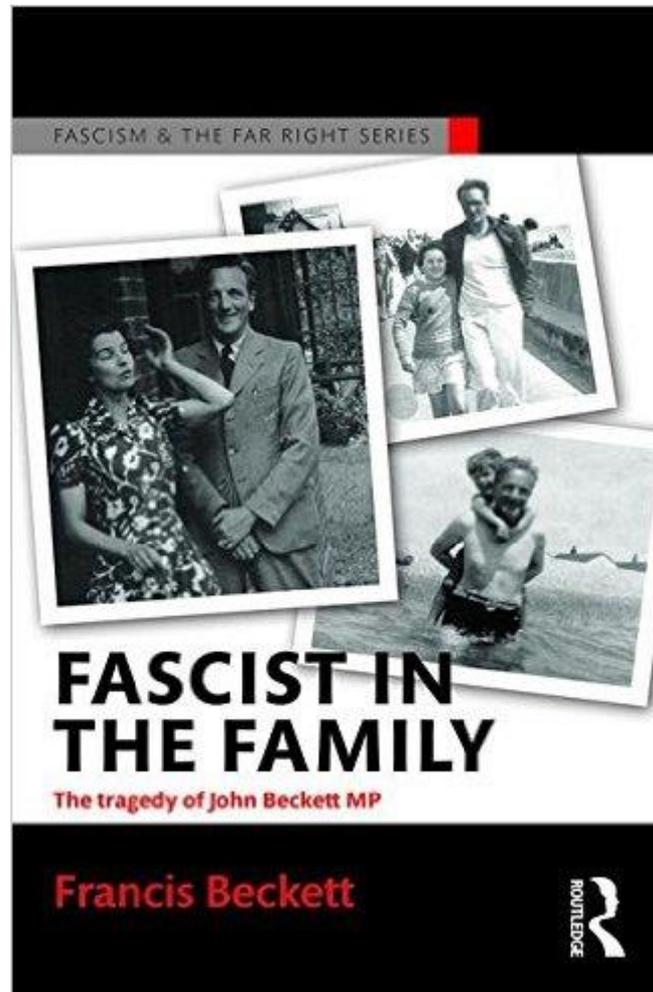
Looking back on Mark in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, T.E. Lawrence took a harsh line: 'His instincts lay in parody: by choice he was a caricaturist rather than an artist, even in statesmanship.' That's a sad reflection on a man whose best known squiggle — that fateful line on the map 'from the "e" in Acre to the last "k" in Kirkuk' — did much to shape the modern world.

Andrew Lycett has written biographies of Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Conan Doyle and Ian Fleming.

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This time of year usually sees a new book from **Francis Beckett** and 2016 is no exception:-

## **Fascist in the Family: The Tragedy of John Beckett M.P.**



John Beckett was a rising political star. Elected as Labour's youngest MP in 1924, he was constantly in the news and tipped for greatness. But ten years later he was propaganda chief for Mosley's fascists and one of Britain's three best known anti-Semites. Yet his mother whom he loved was a Jew. Her ancestors were Solomans, Isaacs and Jacobsons originally from Prussia. He successfully hid his Jewish ancestry all his life - he said his mother's family were "fisher folk from the east coast". His son the author of this book, the acclaimed political biographer and journalist Francis Beckett, did not discover the truth until John Beckett had been dead for many years. He left Mosley and founded the National Socialist League with William Joyce later "Lord Haw Haw" and spent the war years in prison, considered a danger to the war effort. For the rest of his life, and all of Francis's childhood, John Beckett and his family were closely watched by the security services. Their devious

machinations, traced in records only recently released damaged chiefly his young family. This is a fascinating and brutally honest account of a troubled man through turbulent times.

The Critics wrote:

"John Beckett was a political chameleon: first at one with the fist-clenching left, then in awe of the goose-stepping fascists. He was also a Walter Mitty so who really knows? This author does. Francis Beckett's personal partiality doesn't blunt his fine journalist's pen nor cloud his judgement and integrity; but the pain shines through. He writes with compelling candour about his father. It is as moving for the reader as it must have been painful for the author." Alastair Stewart OBE, ITV News "The youngest Labour MP in 1925, by 1940 John Beckett was in prison as a danger to the war effort. His son has written a courageously honest, moving and sensitive account of a socialist who ended up despising the workers, a Jew who ended up hating Jews, a democrat who became contemptuous of democracy. It is a penetrating analysis of the political times in which he lived, not least because it illuminates the conditions that can - if freedom is not strong, vigilant and purposeful - breed bigotry and fascism. It is a valuable history as well as an instructive biography."

Neil Kinnock, "A fascinating insight into the unsavoury practices of the security services, and a moving portrait of a talented, wayward father who denied his Jewishness at great cost to himself and all around him.

Paul Routledge, political biographer and commentator for the Mirror and Tribune magazine, UK "John Beckett was a Labour MP who later took up with fascism. In Fascist in the Family his son Francis, journalist, historian and playwright engages in the difficult task of tracing his father's tempestuous and ultimately unfulfilled life. His readable, well-researched, questioning and honest biography serves as a British equivalent of My Nazi Legacy."

Colin Holmes, Emeritus Professor of History, University of Sheffield, UK "Part personal memoir, part historical reconstruction, Francis Beckett's hugely readable book takes us into the murky worlds of right-wing extremism and the British secret state. As Beckett unravels his father's disturbing history, and seeks to come to terms with it, he also reminds us of the conflicts of conscience, identity and family loyalty that so fervent a commitment to fascism inevitably produced."

**ED** I understand that Francis could not resist some more "Beaumont bashing"- well it wouldn't be the Francis true to his beliefs without it.

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## ARTICLES

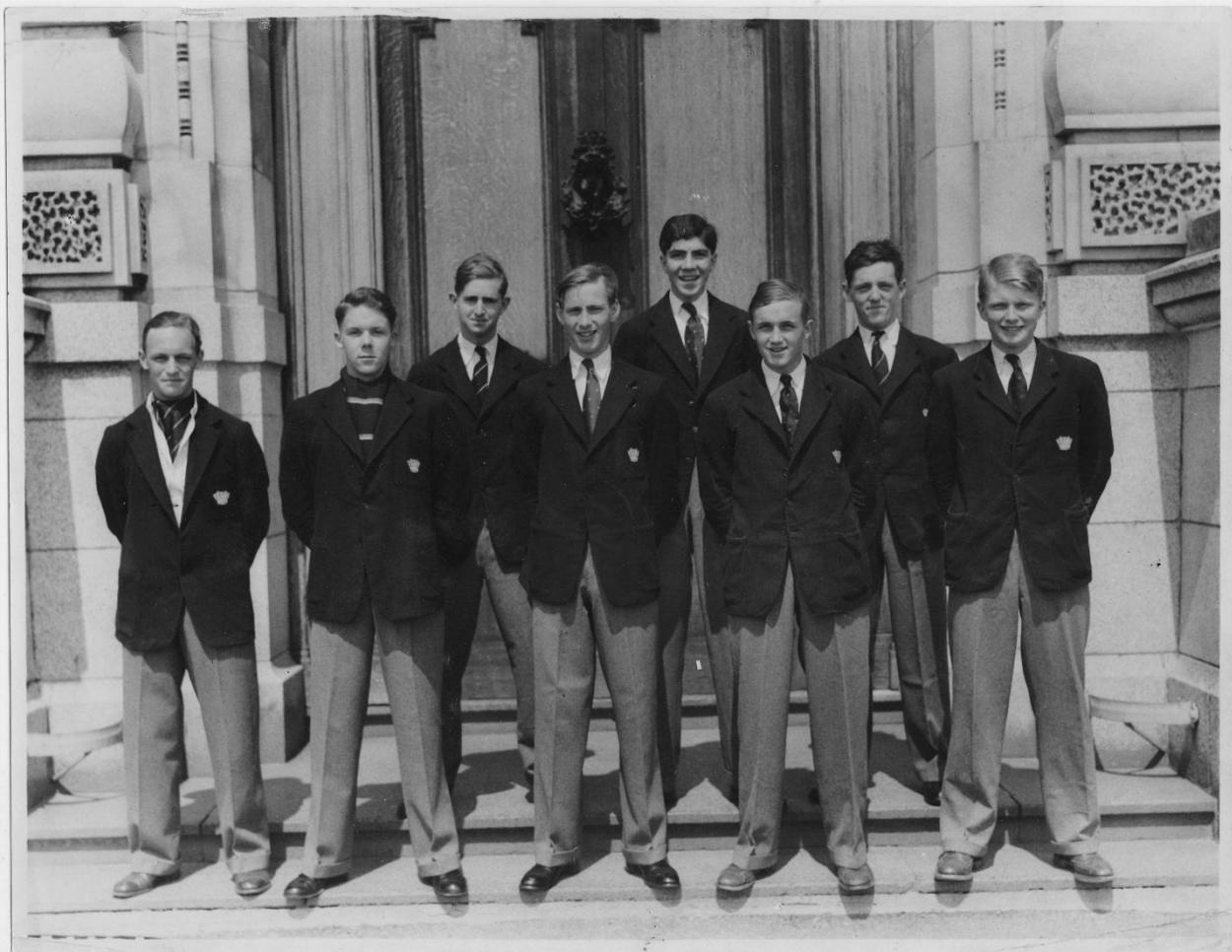
**John Joss (1950)** went on to Dartmouth and served in the Royal Navy before emigrating to the United States. He works in Silicon Valley as a freelance photo-journalist and has written 20 books. He has shared some of his experiences with us, this one with Dartmouth in the 1950s.

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“ . . . rum, sodomy and the lash.” –Winston Churchill

Responding to a Member of Parliament, who had complained to the House of Commons that a proposed new law might violate the time-honored traditions of Britain’s Royal Navy, then-Prime Minister Winston Churchill, former First Lord of the Admiralty, asked, rhetorically: “What, pray tell, are the traditions of the Royal Navy the honourable member holds so dear? As far as I know, they are rum, sodomy and the lash.” The mind’s ear can almost hear the great man. Was he right?

Training at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, for many years after that question was raised in Parliament and provoked Churchill’s acerbic response, entailed punishment for deviating in any slightest way from the established order—tardiness, improper uniform, answering incorrectly or insolently. For serious transgressions, they flogged, hard. Official uniform: gym gear. *(In photo below, Joss is far left)*



My first flogging at Dartmouth, by a tall, strong squash champion: six cane strokes, at 'lights out' when the College was quiet. The sadistic jerk opened his office window and door, which opened onto a large center patio surrounded by the principal College offices and sleeping quarters, to ensure that it would be widely audible. "Bend over," he ordered. Then he attacked me with his cane.

He broke his cane on me at the first stroke and had to take up his reserve. He grunted, at max effort, like a tennis player in full swing. It hurt a lot. Sitting was agony for a week. I showed no reaction and uttered no sound whatsoever, despite the pain, knowing that he was hoping to inflict the maximum possible, audible result. I had no intention of feeding his psychopathic instincts. I am not and have never been a masochist.

Worse was to come. We were prisoners at the College, never let out unsupervised. A weekly event involved a duty for naval officers who were supposed to become gentlemen: learning to dance. Our instructor was an older lady who brought a bevy of local young women to help her. There were never enough of them, and we were thus forced often to dance with each other, too wide if not universal revulsion, especially when required to 'follow.' Training was held on the College's indoor 'quarterdeck,' to the accompaniment of a creaking gramophone—waltz, foxtrot, tango.

One girl, Irene, was pretty, charming and shy. I slipped her a note I had prepared in advance: would she meet me in town the next Wednesday at 1600, outside the church, when we had time off? I would wear civvies—illegal, beyond the heinous crime of leaving the College grounds. She nodded, smiling beguilingly. My heart raced: Personal Contact with an Actual Live Female.

A Lieutenant-Commander not on the College staff, whom we glimpsed occasionally, had no direct authority over us cadets. He saw me sneaking out and reported me. The nine cane strokes, administered by a Royal Marine Drill instructor, in public, were painful and humiliating. But I was not finished with the lash. Not by a long way.

The College had no bugler, so the ritual 'Sunset' lowering of the Colours on the parade ground, at precisely 1620 on the College clock, was performed by a cadet Colour Guard cued by the playing of the haunting bugle-call Sunset record, or Taps, over the College's broadcast system.

A member of the Colour Guard (on this particular Sunday, I had the duty) had to go the radio-control room, mount the bugle-call record, cut off the radio broadcast at precisely 1620 on the digital clock repeater, and lower the tone arm on the appropriate 'cut' to play Taps, then reverse the process. Every Sunday, Peter Sellers' popular 'Goon Show' was broadcast on the BBC from 1600 to 1630. It annoyed the entire College when Taps interrupted the show. Sellers' rapid-fire delivery, often bordering on the obscene, meant lost jokes in the gunrooms.

The Canadian Navy was visiting that weekend, a destroyer and two frigates. Our Captain had invited the senior officers to witness Official Sunset from his rose garden. The group viewed the ceremony, with—blaring over the parade ground—a ribald Goon Show excerpt. Unaware of my error, I lifted and stowed the tone arm, removed the vinyl record and inserted it into its jacket, returned the radio switches to their original positions, locked the control-room door and went to meet the Colour Guard at the College entrance. As they came in, purple in the face with laughter, I was surprised to see the Captain, striding down the hall from his private residence. He was also purple in the face, but not from laughing. The public lash, again: nine painful cane strokes.

The fourth, most memorable flogging was when the frigate H.M.S. MEON was in port at Dartmouth on an official visit, commanded by one Lieutenant-Commander Potter. He had served beyond the window of opportunity, or 'zone,' based on time in rank, for promotion to Commander. This was a 'fate worse than death' known as being 'passed over'—it effectively ended an officer's Royal Navy career. He was called, cruelly and behind his back, 'Passed-over Potter.'

We were at the time mounting a play—Potter in the front row that night—in which I was portraying a ship's officer, reminiscing 'over drinks in the wardroom' about the strange behaviour of some mad or incompetent superior. The original line: "Reminds me of old ----- of the ----- . He ordered full astern one day. Said the waves couldn't keep up with the ship." Into the blanks I inserted, in a burst of inspired improv, "'old 'Passed-over Potter' of the MEON." My line went over well: a roar from the assembled audience, followed by a standing O.

I left the stage to face the Captain waiting in the wings, shaking with rage. He explained that my improv was in appalling taste. I knew what to expect. Those twelve strokes of the cane, in public once again, were the worst of my life.

Final irony: PO Potter was later promoted to Commander, though 'out of the zone,' an extremely rare action.

The lash? It's in the official record (see above). Rum? Sodomy? Drinking was forbidden to us poor pathetic prisoners, impractical with no access to outside stores or the local pubs. Imbibing would come later, duty free, in the ships' wardrooms of the Royal Navy. As to the sodomy, I never saw it, and never looked for it, either.

**Ed:** I enquired of our senior naval representative **Captain Chris McHugh** as to these "Customs". Apparently Dartmouth up until the mid- fifties was run on the lines of a Public School and as such corporal punishment was the norm. This combined with the ethos of the Senior Service meant that life was tough. Beaumont was tame in comparison.

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There were some 23 OBs born in Australia who were sent to Beaumont for their education. This is the story of one of them:-

## **Gavin Cobcroft**

**Gavin** was the youngest son of a banker Arthur Cobcroft and his wife Catherine (O'Brien). He was descended from John Cobcroft, convicted Highwayman sentenced to death at the Old Bailey but later commuted to transportation. Gavin was born in Queensland and was sent for reasons unknown to Beaumont where he had the unusual distinction of playing in the First XI as well as rowing in the VIII. He left in 1925 and returned to Australia where he took up livestock farming including an interest in breeding race horses. This was further enhanced by his marriage in 1930 to Ellie Moses. It was written in the gossip columns that Sydney socialites were stirred and all a flutter when the glamorous Ellie daughter of the wealthy Frederick Moses was married to Gavin at the stately Moses home Heverle. Gavin was 22 the same age as his bride. His father in law, was also the grandson of a convict but his father proved to be a successful businessman and parliamentarian. Frederick Moses bred and owned horses and with his brother won the 1920 Melbourne Cup; their Arrowfield Stud is now part of the Coolmore Studs worldwide.

Gavin and his wife had their breeding operations at Parraweena near Willow Tree, New South Wales and she produced two sons Brian and John.



With the outbreak of War, Gavin joined the Australian Air force and was a commissioned pilot seeing service in Singapore and Java. When peace he retired from the Air Force as a Sqn Ldr and came home to find that Ellie had deserted him and he was granted a divorce and custody of the children. Gavin continued his equestrian operations and was the breeder and owner with his brother of Caranna, a Valognes (GB) horse who won the AJC Derby, Rosehill Guineas and Caulfield Guineas and finished second in the Sydney Cup, Brisbane Cup and Cox Plate, third in another renewal of the Cox Plate and in the 1956 Melbourne Cup. The majority of the horses that carried Gavin's familiar yellow and white silks over the last 40 years descended from that stallion or his daughter Vista Anna.



In 1955 there were more headlines in the social press “Gay Coming of Age Party at Elanora” this was for his son Brian. Brian was to write “my parents had me on a horse long before I could walk – and from that moment horses were my main priority. After years of riding and chasing cattle here on Parraweena, I had my first run in a camp draft at Wingen when I was about 14 years old. In those days we would ride our horses from home to where ever and ride home again gathering a lot of experience on the way. As the years passed (by this time we had a truck) I was lucky enough to win a lot of championship camp drafts including two NSW titles and the Australian Championships in 1961. In the off season I played A Grade polo with my brother John, Sinclair Hill, and the late Ken Mackay from Dungog – we won a lot of tournaments including most of the majors. In 1961, the late Murray Bain, my father and Bill Hyem talked me into having a go for the Three Day Event team that would be competing at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. Luck has it – I made the team and four years later in 1968 competed in the Mexico Olympics winning a bronze medal.”

As he mentioned, a taste for polo developed and he and his brother John formed the Willow Tree team with Sinclair Hill and Ken Mackay, quickly becoming almost unbeatable at the major events on the national circuit. 1962 marked his entry into three day eventing – the sport at which he would achieve international fame. His early coaching came from Bill Hyem of Kibah Station, Gunnedah, winning him selection two years later for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, where his team finished in 13<sup>th</sup> place.

At the Mexico Olympics, four years later he won the bronze medal with team members Bill and Wayne Roycroft and James Scanlan. His horse was Depeche, a six year- old gelding he spotted at Wyong racecourse (where it ran second last) and bought for 600 pounds, turning it into a champion eventer in just three months. *Depeche* was the youngest horse to ever represent Australia at an Olympic Games.

Brian's younger brother John first made his name as one of the country's top polo players on both the national and international circuit: the Willow Tree Team formed in 1956 dominated high goal for the next ten years. Both Gavin's sons took on their father's successful racing mantle after his death in 1978.

It is not recorded whether **Gavin Cobcroft** attended any BU gatherings back in England but he was a Life Member of the Union.

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## BEAUMONT'S WAR POET: Francis Patmore

**Ed:** By way of introduction, my elder daughter has recently moved back from Italy to near Hastings and I was checking up on local Catholic Churches to discover that a substantial part of the cost of building St Mary Star of The Sea was paid for by the poet Coventry Patmore. In 1875, he and wife settled in Hastings. In 1880, his wife, Marianne, died and he contacted the Pallottines about founding a church in the town. It was in Hastings that his son **Francis (03)** was born.



**Coventry Patmore**

Victorian poet and critic Coventry Patmore was born into a literary household in Essex, England. His father, editor and novelist Peter George Patmore, educated his son, sent him to Paris when he was 16, and encouraged him to publish his first book,

*Poems* (1844). Coventry Patmore's subsequent collections of poetry include *Tamerton Church Tower* (1853) and *The Angel in the House*—composed of four volumes: *The Betrothal* (1854), *The Espousals* (1856), *Faithful for Ever* (1860), and *The Victories of Love* (1863).

Patmore worked at the British Museum from 1846 to 1865 and was associated with the Pre-Raphaelites. His acquaintances included William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Alice Meynell, and John Ruskin, and his portrait was painted by John Singer Sargent. Patmore also wrote essays on art, including the collections *Principles in Art* (1889) and *Religio Poetae* (1893).

*The Angel in the House* presented a portrait of married life that became a Victorian ideal of domestic bliss. The work was inspired by Patmore's first wife, Emily Augusta Andrews. Andrews was an author of children's stories and the mother of six of Patmore's children. They were married from 1847 until her death in 1860.

Patmore traveled to Rome and converted to Roman Catholicism in 1864. After Emily Patmore's death, he was married to Marianne Caroline Byles from 1864 until her death in 1880. In 1865 he left the British Museum to manage his estate, Heron's Ghyll, in Sussex. Patmore's third wife was Harriet Robson, his children's governess and Francis Joseph was born in Hastings in 1883.

**Francis** was sent to Beaumont and in 1902 was Captain of the school. It is not clear what path he followed on leaving school except that he wished to be involved in the literary world as his father and grandfather. We do know that while living at Lymington he founded the the 1<sup>st</sup> Lymington Scout Troop arguably the oldest in Hampshire, and certainly one of the oldest in existence around the Country. Scouts first started meeting in Buckland in late 1907 after hearing about Lord Robert Baden-Powell's first Scout Camp on Brownsea Island, before officially being formed in 1908. They were originally formed as a scout troop and cadet corps, with Francis instrumental in founding both. Later He was made scouts' county secretary: he played a significant part in the early days of scouting in Hampshire. When War came Francis was called up with the Hampshire Regiment and was posted to the 7th Battalion. As part of The Wessex Division the battalion went to India to replace British and Indian regular army units who were to be deployed to the Western Front. They sailed from Southampton on the 19th of October, via Malta and Suez, arriving at Karachi on the 11th of November. In January 1915 they transferred to 4th (Rawalpindi) Brigade, 2nd (Rawalpindi) Division and on the 18th of March they landed at Basra with 33rd Indian Brigade and served in Mesopotamia and Persia for the rest of the war. At some stage Francis changed Battalions to the 4<sup>th</sup>. Feeling that the Turks could be beaten, the British leadership decided to press on towards Baghdad in spite of the lack of proper transport and the difficulty of maintaining supplies. On the 20<sup>th</sup> November, they reached Ctesiphon, 25 miles south of Baghdad where Turkish forces perhaps 18,000 strong were well established behind formidable defences. The Battle of Ctesiphon took place over two days with intense fighting and considerable losses on both sides. More than half the 8,500 British and Indian troops

that fought in the battle were killed or wounded. Both sides retired from the battlefield and the British realised that with the losses they had suffered and lack of supplies there was no alternative other than to retreat to Kut. The trek back was a nightmare with inadequate transport and poor medical provision for the wounded. The Turks were in pursuit and the commander General Townshend ordered the Indian divisions to fight a rear guard action to allow the main body to reach Kut. The British arrived at the town on 3<sup>rd</sup> December and the Turks on 7<sup>th</sup>. There seemed to be good reasons to hold Kut to maintain control of the river and British presence in the area, but in the event the town became a trap. After several unsuccessful attempts to overcome the British defences, the Turks decided to besiege the town and prevent any attempts to relieve it.

The siege lasted for 147 days of increasing deprivation and hardship for the troops. Three relief expeditions were mounted between January and April but all failed to break through the Turkish lines. The supplies in the besieged town dwindled. Men were living on horsemeat and bread, even starlings, and became weak and emaciated. The Indian troops were in an even worse case because of their refusal to eat horse flesh. Cases of scurvy, dysentery and frost-bite were common and the number of deaths increased. On 27<sup>th</sup> April, General Townshend asked for terms, hoping to buy a parole which would allow the Brigade to retreat. However the Turkish leadership refused and on 29<sup>th</sup>, the British surrendered. Over 13,000 men became prisoners of war including 272 British and 204 Indian officers. It was one of the worst humiliations ever suffered by the British army.

News slowly reached England. On June 29<sup>th</sup> a letter received by the Patmore family: *'Kut, as you know, has fallen at last, and I am a prisoner of war with the Turks. I cannot now tell you all my experiences during the long siege. We had a good deal to put up with – continuous bombardment and sniping, cold, wet, floods, sandstorms and then heat and hunger. I think hunger was the worst of our sufferings. But thank God I came through it all quite safely. Do not worry about me. The Turks are a kind and chivalrous enemy, and I feel sure we shall be treated kindly.'*

Unfortunately, Patmore's estimation of his Turkish captors did not prove accurate. The luckiest were the sick and injured who were released in exchange for Turkish prisoners of war. The senior officers were sent to Asia Minor and interned for the rest of the war but the ordinary soldiers suffered a much worse fate. Francis was force-marched with his men the 1,700 miles from Baghdad to Kastamuni, often helping carry the kit of his weary infantrymen. They were marched in the intense heat on rations even less than they had been receiving during the siege. Those that could not keep up were beaten or shot. Men with raging thirst were even prevented by their captors from drinking at streams they passed. No medical care was provided and around 1,000 men are believed to have died on the march. Once in Turkey, the prisoners were put in various camps and made to work. Insanitary conditions, inadequate rations and brutal treatment took their toll and it is estimated that 3,000 of

those who surrendered died before the end of the war. Those who survived were walking skeletons. The treatment of captured soldiers was substantially worse than that suffered by Japanese prisoners in 1942-45.

Francis managed to escape, was recaptured and flung into a primitive jail, where he contracted typhus and was carried semi-conscious, face upwards on a mule, to the next jail. Such was his physical state that he was eventually exchanged with other prisoners-of-war. It was while he was in prison that he wrote he wrote much of his war poetry the best known being: -

#### IN CAPTIVITY

In England the leaves are falling from chestnut and beech and oak,  
Where once 'mid moss grown tree-trunks the ringing echoes woke,  
As one brought down a rocketing pheasant, stopped a pigeon in its flight,  
Or picked off a swerving woodcock as it sped into the night.

O for the smell of the mudflats when the autumn tide runs low,  
As over the darkening waters the plovers come and go;  
You can hear the whistling widgeon, see the teal as they cross the moon,  
And that ray of liquid silver - the splash of a diving loon.

India too is calling, where the black buck graze on the plain,  
Where the peacock struts 'neath the banyan and the partridge calls from the cane,  
Where the jackal howls in the twilight and the flighting pintail wheel,  
Where the geese fly up from the river, and, circling light on the gheel.

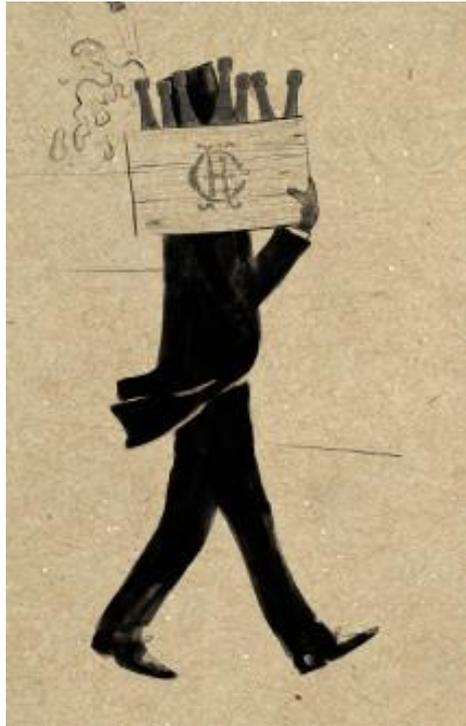
When the haunting smell of the wood-smoke hangs low o'er the village street,  
And the dust drifts gold in the sunset, stirred by the children's feet,  
When the kites swing low round the temple, and the egrets fly from the stream,  
Over the silent mangoes where a myriad fireflies gleam.

These things have I known and have loved them - the heat the dust and the sweat,  
The rain swept lonely marshes, the tang of dung-smoke, - and yet  
If I should no more feel them, nor quaff the breeze like wine,  
The memory at least is with me - for ever, for ever mine.

1916

On repatriation he spent a lengthy period in hospital. When peace came and he felt sufficiently recovered he went out to Kenya to grow coffee but his treatment by the Ottamans had taken its toll and he died at the age of 49 on 18<sup>th</sup> April 1932.

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

Ed:- I reported **Nick O'Brien's** death in the Summer Review but the following tribute appeared in the Glanmire Newws in April.

**Nick Henry O' Brien**

**1938-2016**



Nick O' Brien was a much loved and respected former Chairperson and cofounding member of the Riverstown Community Association with John O' Callaghan. It later became the Glanmire Area Community Association (GACA). He passed away on Friday 4th March 2016 after a life of exemplarily volunteerism. Nick moved to Glanmire with his wife Biddy and simply wanted to make Glanmire a better place to live and his motives in doing so never wavered. Nick was instrumental in the growth of the badminton club and the decision to award the area a new secondary school (GCC). He helped with the establishment of the basketball club, country market and credit union by providing them with a start up base of operations. There are many great stories of Nick's adversarial duels. His desire to see Glanmire treated fairly with proper infrastructure and facilities meant he was never afraid to voice his opinion. He did so with charm and wit. His son Barry told one such typical story at Nick's recent funeral. Nick had brought back a pair of trousers he had purchased citing that they were flawed. The shop assistant asked for the receipt and was amazed to see the receipt showed the purchase was made 4 years previously. When he questioned Nick on the validity of his flawed claim, Nick plausible response was that he knew but had only worn them on Sundays. Nick was a big imposing man. His booming voice added to his distinctive personality. His style of sandals and socks and never formal was unique in today's age of perception and image. Ultimately Nick had a great heart and he cared for people he respected on both sides of any argument or disagreement he might have. Nick managed to inspire people with his own brand of enthusiasm and his ability to chair a meeting was legendary. He had an interest in most sports and it was this liking which drove him to deliver sports facility in Glanmire. He was above playing codes, politics and genres and saw a community facility as a fundamental essential. His dream was finally realised with the opening of the Community pitches in Brook lodge in 2008. Nick graced our committee for many years and will be truly irreplaceable. It is fitting that we remember Nick especially with recognition of his contribution to the sporting landscape of Glanmire. **With this**

**in mind we are naming the Community pitches known presently as GACA (Glanmire Area Community Association) Nick O Brien Park after the great man.** Nick is survived by his five sons Conor, Dermot, Barry, Fergus, Kevin and his grandchildren, his brothers Dick and Jim.

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I came across the following on **Joe Ashton (54)** who died at his home at Paterson in Australia in January 2015. I have gleaned very little about his life after Beaumont but according to his obituary notice he was:- “a gentleman, a casanova, a pipeliner, the life of the party and most importantly lover of family and life itself and that it was mandatory that all attendees wear red socks (or an alternate item of red clothing) to his final party following his Requiem Mass”.



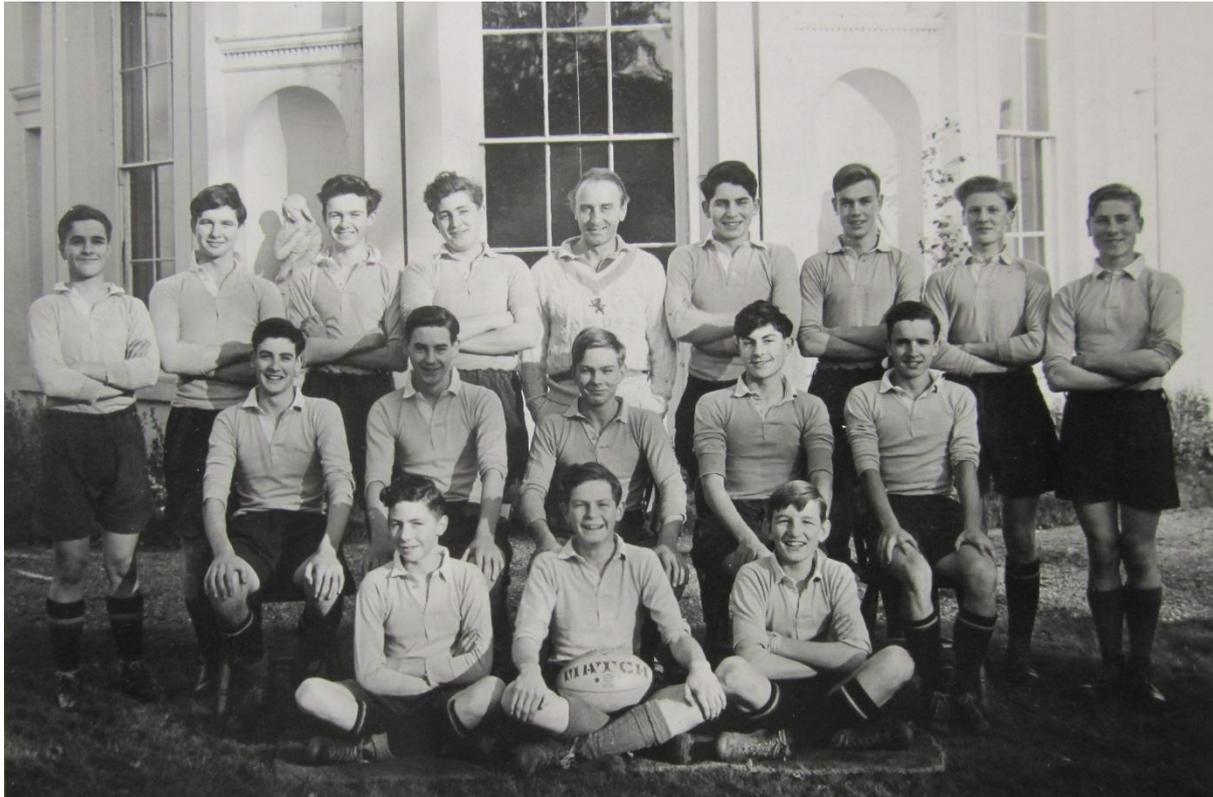
Joe was the son of Nicholas Ashton a cricket Blue at Oxford who also toured Canada with the Corinthians FC. He married 6 October 1928, Carmen Leone Josephine Antoinette, daughter of Jean Amedée Dotézac of Cambo-les-Bains, Basses Pyrenées (France). During the war he served in the RAF.

Joe's grandfather, educated at Eton served in the Boer War and was awarded a DSO in the Great War.



Joe himself was born in 1937 and came to Beaumont in 1950. On leaving, he lived in London and following his marriage to Jill Gemmell in 1966 emigrated to New South Wales where I believe he was involved in the timber business.

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A photo that came to light when looking at my late brother Mike's albums was this one of the 49/50 Junior Colts trained by **Hugh Dinwiddy** and captained by **Mark Embry**.

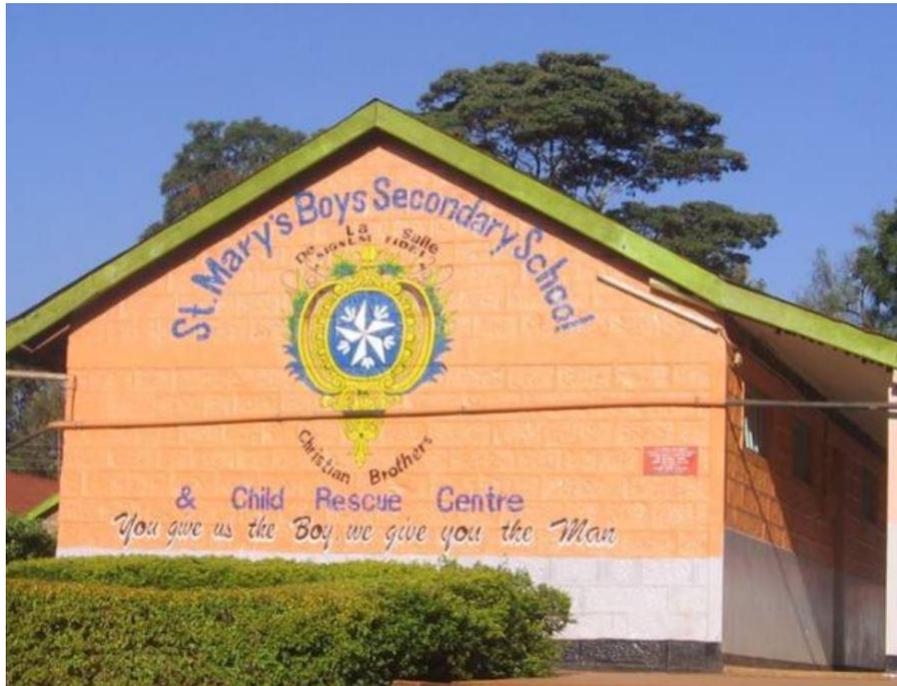
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**John Marshall** could not make the Lunch to hear his brother "rabbit on" however he did meet up with **Simon Li** for a good chinwag.

John also wrote:-

Quite funny. Ok 50 years ago this month I went to Kenya to teach at St Paul's seminary for the Consolatas Fathers of Turin who ran all the missions in Central Province. Anyway **Chris Garrard** followed me out about a month later. They put him in to a very remote school but then moved him up to work near me and so that we could be housed together. But he was asked to teach at St Mary's school in Nyeri town itself. The Headmaster at that time was a man called John Hack and as the school was a Christian Brothers run school they had a school motto. So Chris told them that he was Jesuit educated at Beaumont and that the Jesuits always said "Give me a child at six and I will make a man of him" well it seems to have rubbed off since the photo which Chris sent me is a recent photo of the school and emblazoned

on the painted wall as you can see (I hope) "You give us the boy, we give you the man!" So the Jesuit ethos instilled by Chris seems to have borne fruit!!!



**Chris** wrote:- Interesting to hear those details from your meeting with **Simon Li**. In those post war years I think we were, as a nation, quite Xenophobic - still regarding the British as superior and, indeed, Empire rulers. The Japanese in particular having a hard time but I didn't think that we, schoolboys, were particularly so. In the enclosed environment of a boarding school anyone 'different' was liable to be picked on - even **Hyatt Ives** - for being American! Regarding the music clip. When you first sent it to me a couple of years back I enjoyed listening to it. I'm not sure it's quite to Simon's taste though! and I'm not sure he would have got your 'tongue in cheek' link to dear old Bogs and he certainly won't know that Youssou N'Dour was not born 'till 1959. In fact I remember looking up details of the lyrics and discovered the real inspiration which is interesting in its own right.

Mystical orders, based around particular holy men or 'saints', are common throughout the Islamic world but have acquired a particular importance in Senegal, most notably through Cheikh Ahmadou Bamba, founder of N'Dour's own Mouride brotherhood. Bamba's cryptic, veiled image can be seen everywhere in Dakar - peering from wall paintings, from talismanic stickers on taxi dashboards - while the packed minibuses are daubed with the names of holy cities deep in the arid interior - Tivaouane, headquarters of the Tijani brotherhood, and Touba, the Mouride 'Mecca', where the tallest minaret in sub-Saharan Africa rises into the shimmering sky over Bamba's tomb.

Furthering the Mythical origins theme - perhaps this recent photo of St. Mary's School in Nyeri could be said to show that they still remember when I told John Hack of the Jesuit saying "Give me a child until he is seven and I will give you the man" and are using it as the School motto rather than that of the Christian/de la Salle

brothers which is "Facere et docere" (to do and to teach).  
(Needless to say I don't recall ever actually having a Jesuitical discussion with my headmaster!)

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Another School closer to home:- From The Grace Dieu Manor School Newsletter June 2016.



Parents enjoyed a tour around 'Secret Grace Dieu'. They toured areas of the School not usually seen by the pupils or parents and enjoyed a little School and Manor House history (as well as the more chilling stories of the School's other inhabitants...). **Mr Bertie de Lisle** kindly assisted with the tour in the Chapel where he was able to share his in-depth knowledge of the history of the de Lisle Family and their connection to Grace Dieu as well as stories about the inhabitants of the Chapel Crypt... An informative evening for all.

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**Patrick Burgess** was another absentee at the Lunch as he was required by HRH The Duke of Gloucester Grand Prior of the Order of St John to represent him at an investiture in Malta.

It is interesting to note that Patrick, Chancellor of the Order, holds a rare honour since the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, although non-denominational, are very much allied to the Church of England and Patrick is the first Catholic to receive such

an appointment. The Order of St John was established in the 11th century and the English Order is a Royal Order of Chivalry established in 1831.

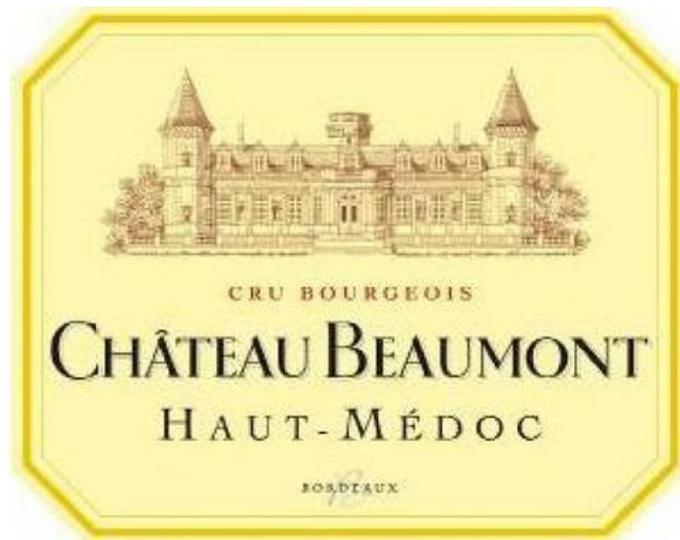
The current Grand Master of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta is His Most Eminent highness Fra Mathew Festing who was at Ampleforth. His father may have been a Field Marshall but his membership of the Order which required all officers prior to 1990 to be of noble birth (hold a coat of Arms for at least 100 years) would it seems come from his Beaumont educated side of the family. Mathew's mother was a daughter of **Cuthbert Gifford Riddell (85)** of Swinburne Castle, Northumberland, a noted athlete and Master of the Northern Counties Otter Hounds. The Riddells were a recusant family related to the Throckmortons (they died out with the death of **Sir Anthony (33)** in 1994.) They were also descended from Blessed Sir Adrian Fortescue, courtier to King Henry VIII but by becoming a Knight of Malta he was deemed to be in opposition to the King's church reforms and was executed without trial in 1539.

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**Richard Sheehan** contacted me about a couple of cases of Chateau Beaumont

Which a chum of his was flogging

"I don't know if this would be of interest. Bedford would have been a taker I'm sure. I said that I'd have a case. Charlie Villers [Amplefordian] is the son of a great friend of mine Rupert [Gregorian] with whom I've had the occasional bottle of Ch Beaumont over the years. Poor chaps, there isn't a Ch Ampleforth or Ch Downside, so they have to take my choice".



**2005 Chateau Beaumont – Cru Bourgeois Exceptionnelle Haut Medoc @ £250 c/s In Bond – 2 Cases Available**

*This is an excellent wine. An intense nose of blackberry, cedar and a touch of liquorice. A full-bodied, quite ambitious palate with good acidity. Tight, with blackberry and raspberry fruit. Very focused on the finish. Impressive.*

Tasted April 2006. Neil Martin, Wine Journal 90-92 points

## The Rare & Fine Wine Company

Contact: 07766810298 & [charliev@rareandfinewine.com](mailto:charliev@rareandfinewine.com)

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Tom Kelly's Musketry Cup

**Ed:** back in the spring I was contacted by Surrey Police who had found a quantity of silver abandoned by some rubbish bins in Addlestone. They were believed to have been the property of Tom Kelly. Did I know of any living relative? I replied that there was a son who would presumably inherited these items on his father's death in 1967.

I put down a marker that if the items remained unclaimed and I would take them on behalf of the BU. Apart from the Musketry Cup won by CSM T Kelly in 1938 as the Best Shot in the Middle East there is also the tankard presented to him by the Officers and NCOs of the last Beaumont Contingent on the School's closure.

Unclaimed they are now in my possession but on your behalf I have presented the Musketry Cup to St John's for whatever annual prize they think fit. As St John's do not offer Rifle shooting, I suggested "best boots".

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Well it would not be "Giss-Goss" without the cuttings from Country Life:-

# Blessed vessels

Emma Crichton-Miller visits one of Britain's most revered studio potters, who celebrates his 80th birthday this year

The man in question was Richard Batterham: Emma wrote-

"I have come on a kind of pilgrimage. Richard's moss-green, dove-grey or lustrous brown bowls, jugs, casseroles, storage jars, mugs and teapots exemplify the best of the British studio pottery tradition as it was developed by the Anglo-Oriental potter **Bernard Leach** and others in the 1920s and 1930s. Turning their backs on industrialised processes and urban living, these potters championed a rural life dedicated to the production of finely executed but determinedly functional stoneware and earthenware pots. On the whole from the educated middle classes, they combined a reverence for the skills of anonymous craftsmen, whether in Japan, Africa or rural England, with a sophisticated appreciation of form, colour and decoration". Richard Batterham studied for two years under **Leach** at his St Ives's pottery.

# As strong as an oak

Mark Griffiths marvels at the majestic beauty and longevity of our stately oak trees, which have brought Britain safety, prosperity and power

However, the Royal Oak, commemorated in the names of pubs, places, ships and of much else besides, was a tree that once grew in Boscobel Wood in Shropshire. In September 1651, after losing the Battle of Worcester, Charles II hid in its crown before escaping into exile. Come the Restoration in 1660, the King returned to London on May 29, his 30th birthday, and Parliament decreed that date an annual public holiday to be kept forever thereafter.

With Charles's encouragement, it became known as Royal Oak Day or Oak Apple Day, in celebration of the tree that had saved him from the Roundheads (*COUNTRY LIFE, May 27, 2015*).

The Beaumont connections:-

Following the battle, the Prince was led away to the ruins of White Ladies Priory where he was to spend several days in priest holes at Boscobel House and time in that most evocative site in royalist imagination – the now named Royal Oak. The White Ladies Priory came through marriage into the Fitzherbert family and thus into the possession **Lord Stafford OB**. Following on from the Priory, Charles was taken to Moseley Old Hall, Staffordshire, and the seat of the Whitgreaves.

The then head of this family had not fought at Worcester although he had taken part with distinction at Naseby. His chaplain was John Huddleston who cared for the Prince and tended his wounds while hidden in the priest hole. Charles promised to look after Fr John if ever he was restored to the throne. True to his word, Huddleston later joined the Household of Queen Henrietta and received the King into the Church on his deathbed. "Sire, this is the man that saved your life but now comes to save your soul". Fr John's family home was at Sawston Hall Cambridgeshire later the home of **Reginald Huddleston OB**. Of the **Whitgreaves, Henry** another Victorian pupil at Old Windsor was killed in the Great War on the first day of the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

# The '10-star' cathedral

Simon Jenkins has a new book on 'the noblest buildings in the land'. Here, he names his favourite

His choice was Wells but he goes on to say that he has warmed to some of the "Moderns": needless to say that **Giles Gilbert Scott** gets a mention:-

I came to like even cathedrals I had been chary of before, notably the modern ones. The medieval 'canon' attracts perhaps too much attention. Giles Gilbert Scott's Anglican Cathedral in Liverpool I used to think a place of dire grimness, but I now find it an uplifting assertion of Gothic genius.

A Favourite painting at the beginning of October was discussed

John McEwen comments on *Edward Prince of Wales, Later King Edward VIII and the Duke of Windsor*

Not only the quality of the work of the artist A A Berrie but also the character of the sitter:-

The Prince's boyish looks matched his character. He was the darling of the crowds for his appearance and charm, yet, as the Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin said, he remained half a child, volatile, petulant, selfish and subject to self-doubt as well as black depressions. 'If only the British public really knew what a weak, powerless misery their press-made national hero was,' the Prince wrote to Mrs William (Freda) Dudley Ward, his mistress for 16 years before Mrs Simpson arrived and forced him to choose between the two. 

Freda then married **Pedro Marquis de Casa Maury (13)**

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IN THE SALE ROOMS: Offered by Anthony Cribb Ltd



An Edward VII 1897 Pattern Infantry Officer's sword to Major George Hamilton Wilkinson DSO, 82.5cm blade by Wilkinson, serial no. 37257, etched with scrolling foliage, crowned Royal Arms and cypher's, regulation pierced plated steel hilt incorporating a crowned EVIIR cypher, wire bound fishskin grip, contained in its plated steel scabbard. **Major George Hamilton Wilkinson** was born in 1878 and became a Major with the Indian Army in September 1915, his DSO being awarded in June 1918. Wilkinson also served during the Boer War 1900-02.

**Ed: George (97)** followed his elder brother **Walter (92)** to Beaumont. At School, George was Prefect of the Sodality, Captain of Football and was in the First XI. He

was also a founder of the Boat Club in 1895. Initially commissioned into the South Lancashire Regiment before going to the South African War where he was awarded the medal and three clasps. In WW1 he was also mentioned in dispatches and awarded the Crown of Italy as well as his DSO.

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From the Tablet 100 years ago:- Gallipoli

Another recipient of the D.S.O. is Major (temporary Lieut.-Col.) **Richard Knox Walsh**, Royal Scots Fusiliers. "He commanded the supporting battalion in the attack and displayed great skill and courage. He was in charge, of the captured village until relieved. Nine days later, when his battalion' captured another position, he held on to it for 36 hours with great ability and determination. He has done other fine work." This new D.S.O. was born in 1873, the son of the late Surgeon-General Thomas Walsh, A.M.S., and was educated at Beaumont.

**ED: Richard Walsh** retired in the rank of Brigadier and with a CB and a CMG to add to his DSO and 5 times mentioned in Dispatches.

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The Olympics have been and gone but it would be remiss if I did not mention the GOLD MEDAL won by **Alex Danson (daughter of David)** in the Ladies Hockey: a Gold to be added to the Bronze won in London. David may think that his contribution to the victory has been very little but he did produce the sporting prodigy in the first place. Our warmest congratulations to Alex and her proud father.



**ED:** I might add that my Gt Niece Kate French finished 6<sup>th</sup> in the Pentathlon but she did WIN the show jumping phase (Well, she does have Wilkinson blood in her veins).



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CELEBS: the mention by **Nigel Courtney** of taking Marianne Faithfull to Lords and of her other outings with **Roger Johansen** and **Spade Grant** begs the question as to other OBs dalliances with “Celebs”. The **Editor** enjoyed the company of Joanna Lumley in his youth and his brother **Richard Wilkinson** escorted the American actress Mary Tyler Moore when she was visiting London. **Jack Wolff** played golf with Bing Crosby. Are there any other OBs with fond memories?

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## OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

From **John Wolff**

Robert,

A friend suggested lunch near the Great Park recently which got my memory going back to the runs round the Copper Horse.

Braver boys than me would climb up and carve their name or initials on its testicles. I wonder if it would somehow be possible to get someone to climb up and note the names or photograph them for a future edition of the newsletter.

Although if it is painted regularly they may no longer be visible..

I thought Mike's send off went well. Good to meet your better half briefly.

Best wishes,

John

**Reply**

The copper Horse certainly isn't painted so initials would still be visible. Climbing may prove difficult purely because of the number of Park Rangers that now infest the place (Health and safety rules). A camera with a long range camera might do the trick. I will put on thinking cap.

Robert.

**John**

Think like Major Roddy. Perhaps a bit of a distraction half a mile away to keep the rangers occupied.

John

**ED: ANY OB INTREPID CLIMBERS LEFT?**

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From **David Flood**

. I was interested in your Egham Regatta story as I won the sculls race in 49 and found my prize was a half pint tanker which we thought of as a girls glass. I said I would not collect it but was threaten with severe punishment for ill manners if I did not collect it. I still have the tankard.

**Ed:** I cannot believe David could ever be guilty of ill-manners.

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From **Tony Waldeck**

Robert,

Greetings. **Colin Drummond** was senior to me at Beaumont by a couple of years but much respected as a first rate oarsman. He lives here at Falmouth and I was sailing with him last week. I asked him if he saw the "hard copy" Beaumont review produced by Guy Bailey some years ago whose front cover showed a photo of a v successful First Eight stroked by Colin. He hadn't seen it and I was wondering if there was any chance of obtaining a copy? If you can't help, which is likely, I wondered if you could let me have Guy Bailey's e-mail address just in case he might be able to assist.

V Best Wishes,

**Tony Waldeck**

I was flummoxed to see notice of Mike Bedford's passing in the "dispatched" column of the *Telegraph*. It gave his age of 71. I am almost 76 and would swear Mike had been a year or two ahead of me at School. *Anno Domini* no doubt confusing me again!

**Reply**

Good to hear from you and glad to hear that you are enjoying life. I have attached a copy of the photo for Colin which I hope will be good enough to print off. Colin is not on our mailing list if he would like to "return" could you let me have his Email if he has one.

Mike Bedford was the youngest of the brothers leaving in 62 – you are mixing him up with **John (55)** who died a number of years ago or **Paul (53)** who is still going strong.

### **Tony**

I was almost certain the photo you sent the other day wasn't the one which had adorned the front cover of the Beaumont Review. Colin Drummond confirms that the one I forwarded to him shows his brother, Robin. Colin Drummond rowed in the VIII in 1955 and 1956. The photo I remember had Colin standing on the far right of the group; they were all standing with their oars upright at their sides.

I was always paid to be a nuisance!

V Best Wishes, TW

### **Reply**

Dear "infernal Nuisance",

I have been through all Guy's back copies and the only VIII that adorned the front cover was the one I sent (Crew with upright oars) and the one I now attach which was of the '55 crew at the Boathouse (published in April 96) I have also checked Guy's internal pages as well.

I hope this one will be relevant. – if not I'm at a loss!

Best, Robert

### **Tony**

Robert, Thank you so much for your efforts. I'll fwd your latest to Colin but it doesn't ring any bells!

Best wishes, TW

**ED:** IN THE WORDS of MAURICE CHEVALIER "Ah Yes, I remember it well!"

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From **Michael de Bertodano**

Dear Robert,

I am greatly saddened by the news of the death of Mike Bedford.

I think he has himself been a real example of the "Spirit of Beaumont" over so many years.

Unfortunately I cannot show my appreciation by coming to the BU Lunch myself owing to ill-health and distance. How kind and brave of Mandy to continue to take the bookings under the circumstances!

Best regards

Michael de Bertodano

Dear Robert,

My son is in British Isles, London I think. I have sent a message asking him to celebrate Mass for Mike Bedford on 23rd, by which date he will be back in his parish near Madrid (at Parla, in Getafe Diocese).

I seem to remember that the Lourdes pilgrimages Mike and BU have done so much to keep going were started by members of the Sodality. Wasn't the first pilgrimage in 1956 or 1958? As Fr. Jaime de B. is a member of a Sodality of Our Lady, and frequents Lourdes with groups of mountaineering pilgrims, I'm sure he will do his very best to say his Mass for Mike on 23rd, although the time may not coincide exactly.

Personally, I remember all of the Bedford brothers, Paul, John and Mike. Is Paul still alive? John was my contemporary.

Forgive such long-winded messages.

Yours, Michael

Robert,

As he doesn't know what he may find awaiting him when he gets back to his parish, here, next week, son Fr Jaime de Bertodano has just sent me a message to say that he celebrated his Mass for Mike Bedford in London, this morning. He was only too pleased to be able to do this.

Please let Mandy know, with my sincere condolences.

And if he turns out to have a free mass-time on 23rd, I will ask him to offer another for all B.U. deceased in the "Spirit of Beaumont". **The "Spirit of Beaumont" must be kept up by younger generations all over the world... somehow!**

Yours, Michael.

From **John Lipscomb**,

For most of October, I have been out of touch primarily as we have been moving house from Chesterton, Oxfordshire to Eton, Berkshire.

For BU records, my new address is 2 Brocas Terrace Eton, Windsor, Berkshire SL2 4BS. This has involved a substantial downsizing but puts us more closely in touch with all our family members who are scattered between Eton & Riverside Station and Waterloo at Datchet, Wandsworth and Vauxhall on the same railway line. If and when I have any future heart attacks, they will be more closely in contact than having to drive up the M40 into Oxfordshire.

Whilst I will not be in a position to attend the HCPT Race night, **I am sending a cheque to John in memory of both the work that Michael did for HCPT and the ferulas I may have ordered him when he was in Upper Syntax!**

### **From Paul Dutton (66)**

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

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

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

I would very much like to rejoin the Beaumont Union.

**ED** Welcome Back!

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**Your Committee would like to wish you all a very happy Christmas and look forward to 2017 when we will sadly mark the Fifty years since Beaumont Closed.**

**L D S**