

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

WINTER 2013



I have been your Editor now for the last 6 months and I have certainly enjoyed making contact with people both home and abroad and with whom one might otherwise pass “like ships in the night”. I have also learnt a little about the psyche of OBs. We are by nature a reticent bunch – we extol the virtues of others but are not forthcoming about our own achievements. It may have much to do with our education; at Old Windsor, when our contemporaries might boast of being “the oldest, the largest or the most elite of establishments”, we thought of ourselves simply as Beaumont not seeking accolades or sobriquets. Content in our surroundings and some might say “lacking ambition”; Aeterna Non Caduca said it all.

Facebook and other social media sites are not the natural forums for OBs – we tend to shrink from self publicity and uploading “selfies” on the net or anything else for that matter. I have become aware that our Website could be seen in the same light and I have to find a balance between accepting privacy and producing articles that will be interesting to you all. It is a fine balance.

To add a bit more variety and add some more spice to our thoughts and viewing, I have added two more websites for all to visit; more of that in a moment.

Important matters first;

HONORARY LIFE PRESIDENT



To show our appreciation for all the hard work, angst and not least the considerable personal expense that he has gone to for so many years on our behalf **Guy Bailey** has been asked to become The Honorary Life President of the Union, the first since Leo Burgess and I am pleased to say that he has accepted.

THE SOCIAL LIFE: B U LUNCH

There were some 65 attendees at our first Lunch held at the Caledonian Club on 7th October and I certainly received the impression that everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and we were very well looked after by the Club. As far as the menu was concerned the Loch Var salmon lived up to its reputation as the best farmed fish on the market, the beef was juicy, pink and flavoursome and the trio of Scottish deserts made a pleasant change from “nursery fare”.

“Distinctive autumnal notes; fresh and vital, relatively lightweight but serious. Round and polished, full of appeal with just a hint of leafyness to stop it being sickly; plenty of pure confident attack here – appetising”. Jancis Robinson. She was of course commenting on the wine rather than our two speakers **Anthony Stevens** and **John Wolff** who kept us well entertained with their amusing and anecdotal speeches. Listen again; Follow the **EVENTS LINK**

Attention to detail; if by misfortune you had to select one name to be incorrectly spelt on the “race card”, it had to be that of our “ruthless critic of poor and sloppy use of the English language” – **Robin Mulcahy**. Robin please accept our apologies.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY.

There was an excellent turnout for the annual Remembrance Sunday Mass at the War Memorial celebrated by **Fr Michael Campbell Johnston**. The BU wishes to express its thanks to Beaumont Estates for helping to make it possible and allowing us to use the old Lower Line Refectory for coffee before and drinks after Mass.

Some 80 members and their families enjoyed the kind hospitality of **Giles Delaney** and the staff of St John’s to lunch afterwards. We must also thank Giles for the Choir, (even if we seemed to be singing from different hymn sheets on the Pater Noster), the acolytes and the trumpeters. One of whom is the nephew of **Charlie Poels (62)**

We should also extend our gratitude to **David Flood** for arranging the Mass and to his brother **John** as his firm **McNamara Ryan** (founded by Patrick 37) has for many years provided the wreath.

The Corps Colours

It was appropriate that on Remembrance Sunday I was able to announce that The Colours that most of us had given up for lost have now been found. **Ellwood von Seibold (63)** has held them in custody since finding them on a pile of rubble during alterations to the Chapel not long after the school’s closure. Ellwood, like many OB’s, was unaware of the existence of the BU but when I tracked him down he offered to return the Colours forthwith. Ellwood is currently based in France where he runs battlefield tours of The Normandy Invasion and the ensuing liberation. The Colours will be back here at Christmas and after restoration we hope to lay them up at St John’s. In view of the Centenary of the start of the Great War it could not be more apt. We will be arranging a suitable ceremony and a reception in due course; we will keep you informed.

DUBLIN DINNER 2014

After the success of the event last August, it is proposed to have another dinner next year at the on the evening of the 8th August during Horse Show Week. Please make a note in your diaries. Venue has yet to be decided as

The Kildare Street is going to be closed for renovations. Any suggestions – let me know and I will pass them on to **Richard Sheehan**

BU FUNDS

THANK YOU to all who have so far answered the **CALL for FUNDS**. John Paton Walsh who as our Honorary Secretary looks after these matters tells me that we are **VERY LOW** in the “Piggy Bank” department; the answer is in your hands.

If you wish to support the financing of the website, please consider buying my second Runnymede Book – “ONCE MORE TO RUNNYMEDE” details in the SHOP section

Details of a proposed **third book to cover your reminiscences** will be found towards the end of The Review.

HCPT “JUST GIVING”

The “**Just GIVING**” page on the website remains open. We have a target of **£2,500**. Please make a donation.

At the time of going to press we have a total of **£660**.

NEW WEBSITE LINKS

First up is **Peter Burden** at www.peterburden.net/about-2 and here I am going to have to contradict my opening remarks as Peter is no “shrinking violet” as the article in The Shropshire Magazine a few years back made clear.



“He opens the door looking every inch a dandy. Peter Burden is immaculately coiffured, a silk scarf is tied loosely around his neck and he

looks dapper in his casual shirt and slacks. “Jolly good to see you,” he says, as he shows me into his home, in Ludlow.

He was born in Surrey and his family had a strong thespian and literary gene, particularly on his father’s side. Among his predecessors are the romantic poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, the author of long, visionary poems including ‘Prometheus Unbound’, ‘Alastor’ and ‘Adonais’, who was famed for his association with John Keats and Lord Byron and who was much admired by Karl Marx, among others.

He also has familial links with the Oscar- and Nobel Prize-winning Irish playwright George Bernard Shaw; Beatrice Lillie, the comic actress who became Lady Peel upon her marriage to Sir Robert Peel; and Mrs Patrick Campbell, the British stage actress who was related to Sir Winston Churchill.

Burden was a precocious student who passed his A-levels a year early but dropped out of school at the age of 16. The sixties were in full swing and he was the lead singer of a band, The Scorpions, who played at the most fashionable venues of the day. “There was me, two guys from Harrow and a guy from Eton. We’d all head off together up the Kings Road. I think they became merchant bankers and the band came to an end.”

The next stop for Burden was ICI’s head offices, in Slough. It was 1965, almost four decades before the same buildings were commandeered by Ricky Gervais and used as the backdrop to his peerless comedy, *The Office*.

A few years later, the young gunslinger found himself dashing off to Morocco. “I had a girlfriend who went there. I followed her across but by the time I arrived she’d met someone with a yacht, and gone off with him.” Not that the entrepreneurial Burden was too put out. He was thrilled by the fashions he found in Moroccan markets and decided to import djellabas, gandoras and other items. Soon, he’d created a profitable import and export business. But, while he had a skill for coming up with new ideas, his connection with the administrative side of business was less impressive. “We took our clothes to Paris, Madrid, London and other places,” he says. “On one occasion, we were coming back through Paris, I was with a guy called Mervyn De Wolff (**brother of Michael OB**), and we were paid in cash. It was a lot of money. We took it all to the casino and played three: zero roulette, in which the odds are heavily in favour of the house. We blew the lot.”

Next stop was London’s West End, where Peter grew his own fashion empire. “We launched a brand of jeans called Midnight Blue.” It turned into an instant hit. As the seventies gave way to the eighties, Peter’s thespian interest resurfaced and he launched The Talking Tape Company, pioneering a new market selling pre-recorded plays.

“I struck a deal with the BBC,” he says. “They’d got all these plays that had never been released, like *Arms and the Man*, with Judi Dench, Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud.

He visited WH Smith on London's New Fetter Lane to enquire whether they would stock his cassettes. When he was there, he saw a poster on the wall advertising a new blockbuster. "It was Lace, by Shirley Conran. I looked at it and thought 'Damn Lace, I can do better than that'. So, he became a writer. His first book, Rags, was penned in 1985 and secured him a £20,000 advance. It was an instant bestseller, earning him three pages in Harper & Queen magazine and paving the way for a lucrative career as an author. He wrote a series of racetrack thrillers, with help from former champion jockey John Francombe, before collaborating on three similarly successful titles with Jenny Pitman.

He also ghost-wrote an autobiography for actor David Hemmings, the star of Blow-Up, the 1966 British-Italian film by Michelangelo Antonioni that tells the story of a photographer's accidental involvement with a murder.

"David Hemmings died three months into the project, but his wife wanted me to finish it. I grew very fond of him and gave the address at his funeral. I was between Tom Courtenay and Derek Jacobi."

Burden's next project was an autobiography for Leslie Phillips, the archetypal suave ladies' man of stage and screen.

He then became an expert on press intrusion, writing a much-lauded expose of the unsavoury journalistic techniques employed by the News of the World: Fake Sheiks & Royal Trappings.

Burden lived in Herefordshire for 20 years, before relocating more recently to Ludlow. "It's a wonderful town," he says, without a hint of insincerity."



Peter (standing) in the 1977 Midnight Blue advertising campaign

David Fettes

The picture of **Peter Burden** depicts one form of “Wild life”; David Fettes is a photographer of the more conventional nature form at www.davidfettes.com not that David could be described as a stranger to a wild and adventurous youth. Further on in The Review you will find details of his book “A Girl Called Adolf” about his travels and escapades as he moved around the Americas in the early seventies.

Of an award winning photo in 2011 of a “Pool of Hippos” David wrote;

“It was the end of the dry season, and I was lying belly-down at the edge of Long Pool in Mana Pools National Park, Zimbabwe. Hippopotamuses were arguing with each other as they vied for space - 'hurling water about, and giving warning yawns to each other and to me.' As I watched through my lens, the evening light illuminated the scene, and one glowing hippo rose slowly from the water. 'I felt increasingly vulnerable, weighed down by a 500mm lens, conscious that lions or elephants could be approaching from behind to drink and aware that crocodiles were in the lake.' But though the hippo glared at me, I was outside its personal space, and the huge animal gradually sank back under the water”

David was born in India, in a culture rich with colour and sensory stimuli. He came to the UK when he was six, but it was those early formative years in India that formed his passion for travel and the natural world first developed.

He has traveled extensively and now combines travel with his photography to pursue his love of nature, to capture a simpler and less materialistic world and to show the need for socio-economic imbalances to be changed for a fairer distribution of the world’s resources.



'Part of the joy of wildlife photography is in working with a medium over which you have no control, and yet capturing the seemingly impossible moment. More importantly, through photographing animals we learn so much about them, their characteristics, their habits, and their behaviour. To do it well, we have to study them. By doing so, we not only learn to predict what they might

do in any given situation, but learn to understand their individual place in the eco-system and their relative importance in it. In this I believe it is impossible not to be humbled by the complexity and wonder of nature and this world we live in, and to be determined to help preserve our wildernesses and wildlife for the generations that will follow us.'

(Ed; Arthur Dugmore, considered by many to be the father of wildlife photography with his expeditions before the Great War sent his sons to Beaumont in the early Twenties).

Obituaries

I have to inform you of the deaths of **Robin Deane**, **Paul Sutton** and **David Kingsley**. You will also find "A Life Remembered" for **Peter Horsfield QC (50)** in the Obituary section.

Our Cine Film Collection

Several of you have mentioned to me their appreciation of the present compilation. This was put together by **John Flood** for the 150th Anniversary Garden Party and was based on the cine film taken by the father of **Patrick, Michael** and **Brian Burgess**. The editing and the music was the work of **Andrew Flood (Hon)**. Whether it is a general hankering for the days of one's youth or for Beaumont in particular, it is certainly a piece of nostalgia.

Barnaby Capel-Dunn (62) known as "the Subliminal Mr Dunn" on his Blogsite wrote;

As an Old Boy, but not I'm afraid a very assiduous one, I found this film footage from the 1960s extraordinarily moving, almost heartbreaking. Why should this be so? Partly, in my view, for the beautiful piano arrangements, and partly because of course Beaumont has long since vanished - along with most of those who went there! I was particularly impressed by the way footage of the Beaumont Centenary Mass was followed seamlessly by shots of a military band going through its paces.

I was not in all honesty very happy at Beaumont but that was not especially the point of school in those days, and I was not miserable either. In any event, I defy any OB to remain unmoved by this glimpse into the past. Whatever else might be said, we were young at the time, blithely unaware that we were "only on .this earth for a very short time".



EDITOR

I have shown “The Trooping” sequence to several military friends who are amazed at the standard of drill and turnout. Carrying out the movements on grass rather than a parade ground is an added difficulty but the result would have been more than worthy of any regular Regiment. **Philip Stevens (63)**, who was in the Sandhurst Silent Drill squad was especially impressed at the achievement of those on parade (including himself). Perhaps it is even more impressive when you read in this Quarter’s Mongrel Jottings for the CCF that “the recruits found difficulty in mustering sufficient enthusiasm or INTELLIGENCE to master more than the elementary drill movements”. It was these recruits that filled the command appointments on 11th June 1961.

Escort Commander – U/O P Hinds, No 2 Guard - U/O A Stibbs, No 3 Guard – CSM B Trwbridge, No 4 Guard – CSM E Roberts. Ensign to the Colour – CQMS D Harrington, RSM – CQMS C Halliday. Not one of these later followed a military career.

Beaumont was unique among schools to carry out the Ceremony as a yearly parade up until WW2 and probably one of the very few, if any, to have carried it out since.

Military drill is only one aspect of the film for equally the standard and comportment of the Altar Staff in the pre-Vatican 2 rituals reminds one of the practice and rehearsals that were carried out to ensure that it was truly AMDG.

New VIDEO

John Lipscombe, a stalwart of the Boat Club in the Sixties during which he coached The VIII has produced a video from old cine film of days spent on the river; this has doubled our collection and will be uploaded shortly. John, thank you very much indeed. I have since heard from **David Fettes (67)** that he has some more footage available - so wait out

Let the search continue. It may be that lurking in attics are other films of schooldays; please have a good rootle around.

Tom Haran (61)

In the last Review I rather glossed over meeting up with Tom at the Dublin Dinner. I had not seen him since leaving school though I had heard rumours of his frequenting The Chelsea Arts Club over the years. I am certain most of you will remember the painting of the The White House taken from the Captains' Lawn that he painted for Fr Joe Dooley and which graced the front of the May 1999 Review.



Tom is more than an artist, he is also a sculptur of note as can be viewed on his website; www.tomharan.com He now divides his time between his homes in Co Clare and Pezenas close to the Mediterranean in the Languedoc-Roussillon.



Tom's commissions include Roseanna Davison – Miss World 2004-5

Christopher Newton-Carter (67)

If I glossed over Tom, I was certainly totally unaware of the late Chris Newton- Carter until his contemporary **David Fettes** mentioned his tragic loss in the Outrage we now call 9/11. I hastened to look back over past Reviews but his death was unrecorded.

I will now rectify this omission with the memory of a man **Twelve Years On.**



Christopher Newton-Carter (December 16, 1949 - September 11, 2001) was killed at the [World Trade Center](#) on September 11, 2001, aged 51. He was on the 104th floor of the south Tower when the attacks occurred.

Chris was associate director in charge of IT (information technology) at [Sandler O'Neill and Partners](#), investment bankers which lost 67 employees that day and he lived in Middletown, New Jersey.

He was born in the UK, the elder son of Andre and Linda Newton-Carter. He attended Beaumont (until its closure) and then transferred to Stonyhurst. He is survived by his mother, his wife (Susan), his sister (Teresa) and his brother, Mark, with whom he was on the phone for the last time when the plane struck.

Here is a eulogy from Chris' memorial service in the fall of 2001:

Chris Newton-Carter was a man rich in the values and blessings that good people everywhere strive to achieve. The most important thing in his life was his wife, Sue, who he cherished deeply. Chris expressed to me on many occasions the great happiness he had with Sue as his wife and partner. He also loved the home they shared and enjoyed being there with her more than anything else in his life.

Chris possessed tremendous love for his family and friends. By his nature, he was gentle, caring, and sensitive and he regularly combined this with his calmness and sense of humor to help family and friends with their issues and troubles. I know Chris would be here now, if he could be, telling us that things would be alright and not to be upset.

Chris was content with his life, he asked for very little and gave so much. At the office, Chris would arrive at about 7:15 in the morning. All Chris wanted was his 10 minutes to eat his breakfast in peace and then he would run non-stop for the next 9 to 12 hours. As a technologist, he held two jobs in running the firm's computer systems, when a problem occurred he would first be a psychologist and calm down his tense co-workers with his lovable style, then he would change hats and fix the problem. Everyone in the office knew what a great person he was and liked working with him.

Chris had two other great loves, for the United States and for his mother England. He retained the proper behavior of an English gentleman. He loved to travel back to visit family and friends and to just do some sightseeing. But his home, his heart, and his soul-mate were here now and he enjoyed being an American.

Chris's mix of Italian and public school made his demeanor a blend of emotion and cool. He was contented, reserved and easy to please, But at the smallest excuse would erupt in laughter with ease. A gift for outrageous understatement, but with intense interest in what others would say.

Modest, self-effacing, a reliable friend, one you would trust to the very end. So happy in America, where opportunity beckoned, With Sue, a soul mate, that's what he reckoned. But he never left his friends and his family, they're close, we knew he'd be there for us when it mattered.

I've checked all the photos I have in my file, each one is of Chris bearing an enormous smile. They remind of the quips and wise cracks without end, to all of us we've lost the dearest of friends. From many miles away, our hearts are with you, we are sad, distraught... your loss is ours too.

MONGREL JOTTINGS; see separate website section goes back to the news from The Review of Winter 1956

VRIL



Bearing Chris's death in mind this Quarter's edition of VRIL is given over to barbarism both old and new. The Old goes back to the Reformation and Walsingham in particular. Beaumont had its connection to the re-established shrine, not only the pilgrimages led in the Fifties by Fr Gillick but also the Slipper Chapel is a memorial to **Launcelot Cary (08)** of The Devonshire Regiment killed at Mametz in 1916. The Statue carved in Oberammergau was the gift of his sister – Miss Hilda Cary of Cromer. It was placed on the altar for the Papal Mass in London in 1882 during the visit of Pope John Paul.



Its predecessor was taken there to be publically burnt in those violent years of the Reformation. VRIL was about poetry as much as prose which is why I have chosen "The Lament of Walsingham" to illustrate the barbarism of that period together with a piece by Leanda de Lisle (more about her in "Gis – Gos")

The new form of Barbarism is illustrated in an article by the journalist Brendan O'Neil on Islamic extremism. Finally, returning to the topic of Edition 1; some thoughts from Pope Francis.

Contributions

I am hoping that in time old members of the Society including the "Odd Quod Bods" might submit a piece of interest to us all. When the first edition appeared the editorial according to Peter Levi "reeked of mental affluence" with the words "Pleasure is of its nature a more pleasurable study than politics. Many of the contributors are plain hedonists when they can afford to be: nothing is more enjoyable than the noble art of doing nothing in particular and doing it well. Our cover design shows that we abandon the cult of angles: we believe in curves. We should like to see a freer show of emotion in the country: people who are shocked by others are really frightened of being a shock to themselves. Where are those Contributors of Old.....

HCPT PILGRIMAGE 2014

The HCPT will be in Lourdes in the week after EASTER and the "Supporters" group Led by **Mike and Mandy Bedford** will depart Wednesday 23rd April returning Sunday 27th. Please think about coming out with the Group - it is a memorable experience that brings the regulars back year after year. Contact; retired4@virginmedia.com



Beaumont goes to LOURDES 1929 in the “charabang”
Philip Stevens found this photo among his mother’s albums.

I hope this does not give Mike ideas

MEMORY LANE

Mark Marshall (63) provided me with this photo of the Choir circa 1935 with his father seated far right. In the centre is the unmistakable figure of **Tommy Clayton**.



Perhaps there are those among you who recognise other fathers. However, following on from this, Oliver Hawkins (61) sent a photograph of the 1959 choir.



Apart from a more elderly **Tommy Clayton**, we have **Frs Sass, Fizz**, a young looking **Joe Dooley** and seated cross legged below a “slim” **John Paton Walsh** is **Mark Marshall**.

“GIS – GOS”



“Gis –Gos” is the Review gossip column; a micellaneous collection of news that I have gleaned in the last Quarter.

ANOTHER KELLY REVIEW.

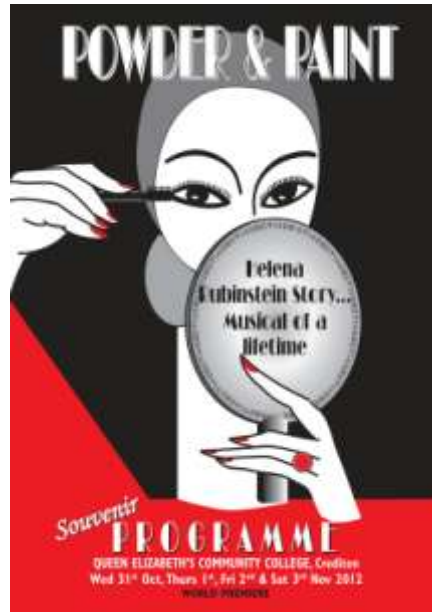
Now there are probably not that many OBs that bank with the CO-OP though I have to admit to a membership card (my father's monocle would jump out) as they provide the only supermarket in Petworth. Following on from problems with their banking arm, the Society has hired **Sir Christopher Kelly** to hold an inquiry into their capital "Shortfall".



Sir Christopher currently chairs the King's Fund and the Responsible Gambling Strategy Board and previously chaired the Committee on Standards in Public Life, the Financial Ombudsman Service and the NSPCC. He has also been a senior official in HM Treasury. The review, due to start in September, has been commissioned by new executive teams at the Co-op Group. He will not concern himself as to how a cocaine sniffing Methodist Minister was ever appointed and approved as chairman. Christopher will make his report for the AGM next May.

IMPRESARIO STEVENS

I say impresario, as **Ant Stevens** has Neapolitan blood in his veins and as John Wolff told those who attended The Lunch, Ant is a talented lyricist and artistic director that is apart from having been a soldier and "spy". I hope that readers will google "Powder & Paint" – The Musical and listen to an enchanting score and see part of the Credioton Operatic Society production of October 2012.



One can only imagine what a West End company would make of it. Ant is not the only soldier and “spy” with a Beaumont education who could have made a livelihood out of the stage. The late **John Farmer** was talent spotted by Dame Ninette de Valois and could have been a ballet dancer.

.I was brought up overlooking the Thames Marshes and also love that area of Romney in Kent, so I was immediately drawn to an article in the papers concerning a solar project proposed for that area of tranquility and wilderness; it is to be one of the largest in England and will cover 120 acres. The firm responsible is; -

BNRG Renewables an international Renewable Energy development company, based in Dublin, the company has projects under development in seven countries.

“Specialising in utility-scale solar PV projects, the company’s work covers all aspects of development including: site assessment, obtaining planning and grid connection rights, construction management and long-term asset management.

Starting, in 2007, with solar projects in South Eastern Europe the company has moved on to develop a significant portfolio of projects in the UK. Currently, the UK represents BNRG’s largest market and they continue to develop a large portfolio across the south of England.

More recently BNRG has expanded its activity to selected areas in Western Europe, the Caribbean Basin and Africa.

They take the time to really get to know the landowners, local communities, planning authorities, electricity grid operators and investors. They have the highest standards, from the selection of the projects to the preparation of planning applications and investment return expectations”.

The man responsible is: -



Neil Holman – *Founder Director*

Neil Holman was educated at Beaumont and Trinity College Dublin. He is an accountant by profession and has worked in project finance since the 1980's. Neil has held a number of public appointments in Ireland including Chairman and Chief Executive of the National Board for Science and Technology, a board member of the National Software Centre, the Higher Education Authority and Irish Life Assurance plc.

When **Geoffrey Kelly** sent me those pieces about his Father and Uncle for the last Review I noticed that they came from Euro Strategies so needless to say I “clicked” on to be greeted by “a glass of wine being poured”. This looked to me like “Beaumont Territory” and was drawn in;- The company which is owned and managed by Geoffrey (another Trinity Dublin man) concerns itself with marketing, communications and PR and beside working for organizations such as Camelot and Comic Relief, I was immediately attracted to their list of clients in the Wine and Spirit sector. There was the Beaumont connection to Gonzales Byass for their brandy and I could not help but wonder if there was a Devaux / Swabey link to St Lucia Distillers.

A wistful thought but it is good to know that in the unlikely situation of my winning a huge fortune on the National Lottery that it will be an advisory team and task force headed by Geoffrey that will tell me what to do with my ill-gotten gains and keep the tabloid press at bay.

Perhaps, it might explain various OB “red noses” when I discovered that Geoffrey worked with Jancis Robinson on the wine trade’s contribution to Comic Relief –“Wine Relief” with its 10% off the retail price.

During my book researches, I was amazed at the diversity and expertise exhibited by OBs despite what was a fairly conventional Public School education. I had a telephone call from **John Kells (59)** but I should give him his correct title;-

Grand Master Dr. John Kells.

John founded the British T'ai Chi Chuan Association in 1968 - it is the oldest T'ai Chi organisation in Europe. In 1976, John was the first Westerner to become an internationally recognised Master of this form of internal Chinese martial art practised both for its defence training and health benefits. He has had many notable teachers, one of the most important being [Dr. Chi Chiang Tao](#) in Taiwan. He recognised John's fellow feeling and taught him in private and adopted him 8 years later. He passed on the internal secrets he had learned from Ch'eng Man Ch'ing and his grandfather, who was the All China Champion in the last days of the 19th Century. In Taiwan, he was also introduced to Master Hsieh Chi Sheng, companion to the last emperor of China in the hands of the Japanese. He was also the student of the nephew of Glasses Cheng, the famous Shing I Ba Kua boxer who died after killing seventeen Germans with his Ba Kua knives in 1911.



John opened the British T'ai Chi Chuan Association in 1970 and started teaching after his principle master, Chi Chiang-tao (Dr Chi) had spent over a year in London at his home in Wimpole Street bringing him up to a high level of knowledge. It is estimated that from 1977 to 1993 John taught over 10,000 students. He also studied with a Tibetan Buddhist teacher, Geshe Damcho who was a pupil of the Dali Lama.

John then moved to Iona to open Pre-Celtic T'ai Chi, a centre for "a forgotten art of Connection" – the hidden teaching of St Columba that had been passed down, he believes from his Kells' ancestors through the direct blood line from the eldest qualified son since 620 AD.

The BU is not by any means a misogynist organisation and its members quick to appreciate the qualities of the fairer sex especially when they are both attractive and intelligent. As someone who enjoys history, I became aware a few years ago of a young author with a familiar name.



Leanda de Lisle is the daughter in law of **Gerard** and born a Dormer, her father **Henry** was at St John's in 1942 before moving on elsewhere. She was born in London and after St Mary's Ascot read History at Somerville College, Oxford, and began her career in journalism on the Hackney Gazette. Leaving London after her marriage, aged twenty-four, she had three sons in five years, and took a Masters Degree in Business Administration, specialising in Political Marketing. She then returned to journalism as Country Life magazine's first columnist and also as a weekly columnist for the Daily Express. She later transferred her Country Life column to the Spectator magazine, and began a bi monthly opinion and editorial column for the Guardian, while also writing regularly for other national papers including the Catholic Herald

Her first solo book, *After Elizabeth: The Death of Elizabeth & the Coming of King James*, was published in 2005 and was runner up for the Saltire Society's First Book of the Year award. The next volume was the top ten best selling biography, *The Sisters Who Would be Queen; The tragedy of Mary, Katherine & Lady Jane Grey*, published in 2008/9, was described by the historian John Guy as 'ground breaking'. Her latest book, *Tudor; The Family Story (1437-1603)*, published by Chatto on 29 August 2013 is also proving a top ten best seller.

Leanda lives with her husband Peter close to Bosworth Field which makes them only a short distance from Bosworth Hall.

Bosworth Hall was the one time home of the **Dixie Family** before they lost most of their money. A couple of months ago while waiting for the News on the Radio my attention was drawn at the name of Lady Florence as one of the founders of Womens' soccer. Lady Florrie was the daughter of the Marquis of Queensbury and her brother **James**, her sons **George and Albert** and **Grandson Edward** passed through Old Windsor.



Florrie has been described as the Victorian female “Indiana Jones” of her day as a poet, war correspondent, adventurer, supporter of Irish Home Rule and suffragette. In view of her reputation it was not surprising that she was approached by Miss Nettie Honeyball, in the spirit of the age to help found the British Ladies Football Club in 1894. The following are some of her views on the subject:-

“There is no reason why football should not be played by women, and played well too, provided they dress rationally and relegate to Limbo the straight-jacket attire in which fashion delights to attire them. I cannot conceive of a game more calculated to improve the physique of women than football. I refer of course to the Association game, which to my mind is the only legitimate representation of this excellent sport; the Rugby method of play would be better represented as “harum-scarum scrummage”.

In Association football, a player must be light and swift of foot, agile, wiry, and in good condition; just the very characteristics of good health desired by women. I see arising on the golden hill-tops of progress above the mist of prejudice, football will be considered as natural a game for girls as it is for boys, as will also cricket, athletics and all the national games in pursuit of which the hideous fashions which crush women with their barbarous and unnatural rule will receive their severest checks and final dethronement.

It is therefore, with pleasure that I accepted the Presidency of the Club when I was approached to do so. I however stipulated that the ladies were to play in knickers and blouses and allow their calves to be seen. “Hunting” said Mr Jorrocks, “is the sport of kings and the image of war”. “Football” says the new President of British Ladies Football, “is the sport for women, the passtime of all others which will ensure health and assist in destroying that hydra-headed monster, the present dress of women.

One would imagine that if Florrie was about today she would be heading the Women’s liberation movement and leading topless protests in support of feminism.

I still find, even after, fairly detailed research that the odd individual who played the Fields of Runnymede has been missed and **Jorge Gomez de Parada (93)** would have agreed with Lady Florrie in her exuberance for “the beautiful game” for Jorge was to become Mexico’s first player of international acclaim.



He was born in Mexico City in 1885 from a family of the Country’s elite and with his younger brother were sent to Beaumont in 1898 leaving in 1903 for the philosophy course at Stonyhurst. It was at Old Windsor that he learnt to play football and in the holidays he turned out for the Reform Athletic Club. In 1909, he was the country’s leading goal scorer and his team won both the league and the association cup. The following year Jorge founded the San Pedro de Los Pinos Club as both player and coach and it was later renamed Mexico F C. He would take them to the championship in 1912-13 and was again the country’s leading goal scorer.



Hacienda Santa Catalina

Jorge trained as an architect and when he married Delores Escandon in 1911 (relations both at Beaumont and Stonyhurst) he was given the Hacienda Santa Catalina Del Arenal – a building known to all as “the Countess” by his mother. Jorge redesigned his home with a strong English influence to create one of the most beautiful residences in Mexico City.

In 1920, he retired from football but not from sport; he was often in Europe during the years of upheaval in his homeland and played polo joining a team in Spain with his Escandon relations and King Alfonso. He also took with him some thirty racehorses to run in both England and on the continent. When not at the stables he could be found on the racquets court where he was an accomplished player.

In 1924, together with **The Duke of Berwick & Alba OB** he was elected to serve on the **International Olympic Committee**.

In retirement, he lived on his estates at Purugua where he died in 1965. The Hacienda Santa Catalina he sold in 1942 to become the Soviet Embassy and it continues today serving the Russian Federation.

I remarked on co-incidences in the last Edition and another occurred when I had a change of address from **Tim Brindley (61)** to say that they had moved to Heydon in Norfolk. I replied that I was an acquaintance of the Bulwer-Long Family that had owned the Hall for the last 500 years and I had known the late master in both the army and in the hunting fields of Dorset back in the Sixties. Tim replied that his daughter Rhona was married to his son Benjie who had inherited the Hall, the estate and the village (Heydon is one of the very few villages left in England where the estate owns all the houses). Very tragically Benjie died at the young age of 40 some three years ago and Rhona with four young daughters has been left with the onerous task of managing it all. Tim and Leddy have moved there to help where possible.

Heydon has been used for various film sets including the Wilkie Collins adaptations "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone" though I remember best "The Go-Between" –The past is a foreign country: they do things differently there.

More on the past as **Patrick Burgess (63)** sent on to me a letter from Lord Alton of Liverpool concerning The Christian Heritage Centre that is being set up at Stonyhurst.



The present display

The project under the patronage of Lord Nicholas Windsor is in various phases culminating in the College Mill being converted to house the historic Stonyhurst Museum Collection – the oldest surviving private museum collection in the English speaking world. It contains many of the relics of the English Martyrs together with vestments, silver and manuscripts dating from before the Reformation.

One wonders if the contents of Beaumont's Campbell library with its rare books and documents are now housed there or were they simply disposed of on the open market.

It is not difficult to find military anniversaries with the centenaries starting next year for the Great War and we are currently in the middle of the 70th for many of the events of WW2. One commemoration that did not go unnoticed by the press was the Italian surrender in September 1943 and its consequences; -

WARTIME ESCAPE REVISITED

In September of this year it was exactly 70 years since Lt Colonel Graham de Burgh organised the escape of 600 POWs from their camp at Fontanellato in the Parma region of Northern Italy. To mark the event his son **Michael (41)** walked back through the gates with other family members to celebrate the historic event. Michael's father who had also served in the previous war with the Royal Field Artillery was captured in North Africa in 1942 and was transferred to the Italian mainland. At the same time Michael joined his Regiment – 9th Royal Lancers in the Desert. On arrival at Fontanellato, Colonel de Burgh was the senior officer and took command organising the men to learn skills and prepare for escape. In September 1943, the Italians surrendered to the Allies and the Camp Commandant realising the Germans

were taking over and would transport the prisoners to Germany agreed to the escape.

Despite coded messages from MI 19 that they should stay put (one of many wartime blunders) Colonel de Burgh led the men out into enemy held territory with the Germans in occupation and threatening to shoot escapees and those that helped them. The men split up into groups and with the help of Italian partisans set out to evade recapture and make it to the Allied Lines or to Switzerland. Colonel de Burgh headed north making a 20 day hazardous and dangerous journey to Zermatt over the mountains in freezing conditions of snow, ice and mist.

The first Michael heard about it was a message from his own Colonel and Uncle **Ronald McDonnell (16)** "Your father is on the loose".



De Burgh family group

In honour of that trek about a dozen members of the family, having spent a weekend of celebration with Italian friends and descendants of those that helped the POWs retraced the Colonel's journey from Fontanellato to Zermatt. Michael took the Cavalry option of being driven to the various watering holes along the route "Why walk when you can ride".

The overall celebrations were organised by the San Martino Trust which was set up by the prisoners to provide education in Britain for Italian children in gratitude for the help and sacrifice of those that had helped them along the way.

FRENCH AIRMAN REMEMBERED

This year was also the 70th anniversary of the death of Cdt René Mouchotte DFC in combat. René was the uncle of **Hubert de Lisle's wife Mainick** and he has recently come to the attention of a wider public through a BBC documentary made by Jan Leeming entitled "searching for René". Briefly Mouchotte escaped Vichy North Africa with four others in a damaged plane to Gibraltar before reaching England by ship. Joining the RAF as a fighter pilot and by 1942 he was promoted to command 65 Squadron; the first non commonwealth officer to receive such an accolade. He was awarded the DFC and was responsible for Biggin Hill's 1000th kill. He was shot down over the Pas de Calais escorting a USAAF daylight bomber raid on 27th August 1943.

After the War his diaries were compiled into a book published both in France and England; a street and a bridge in Paris were named after him as well as an Air force base. As a result of the BBC programme Mouchotte's campaign medals, which had not been presented to his nearest relative after the War, were duly handed over in a ceremony at the British Embassy.

Hubert and Mainick were present at this and other various ceremonies including a memorial at the French Lycée in Kensington and the renaming of the RAF Headquarters in Gibraltar as the Mouchotte Building.

A comrade wrote:

"We landed on the first airfield on the coast — Manston.... We counted heads — only ten. Commandant Mouchotte and Sergent-Chef Magrot were missing. We hung on the telephone. Biggin Hill had no information, the controller had lost all trace of Mouchotte and none of the emergency fields had reported his arrival. Not much hope now, for his tanks must have been empty for the last quarter of an hour at least. It was a tragic blow, and the world no longer seemed the same.

When we took off to return to Biggin, the sun was beginning to slip down to the sea and, on the horizon, low mist hung over the battlefield where we had left two of our comrades. We landed with navigation lights on, and we could make out a silent group in front of Dispersal. All the personnel of the squadron were there — those who had not flown today, the fitters, Group Captain Malan, Wing Commander Deere, Checketts — anxiously waiting for fresh news, a scrap of information, anything on which to build hope.

Commandant Mouchotte, Croix de Guerre, Compagnon de la Libération, DFC....For us he had been the pattern of a leader, just, tolerant, bold and calm in battle, the finest type of Frenchman, inspiring respect whatever the circumstances."

Mary Ring a near neighbour of **Gregory Hinds (57)** and the niece of **Sqn Ldr John Taylor (36)** has been in contact with me about her uncle's time at the school. John was killed 70 years ago over Tunis when commanding 601 Squadron "The Millionaires". John was one of the RAF's leading fighter aces with 15 kills and 11 damaged to his credit and considered the leading spitfire pilot in North Africa. His tally equaled men such as Douglas Bader. He was succeeded in command of the Squadron by the Polish ace and future General Stanislaw Skalski.



John was awarded the DFC & Bar in his short career and it is interesting to note that Fr Lillie, the Rector of the day, said of him "A boy of character and ability but is still too retiring". It was a case though of "cometh the moment cometh the man" as he inspired his men with his flying ability and command in battle.

His Adjutant and friend wrote; "John did great things for this Squadron. His leadership lifted it from a period of mediocrity and placed it among the first of our Fighter Squadrons...What a vivid personality he had. It is still vital and lives with me. For what is good, there is certainly no death".

Mary continues;

My father Hugh, and his and John's mother Gwen were so stricken by his death that they could hardly bring themselves to mention him. We grew up revering his memory, but fearing to ask about him. We had little idea of his wartime contribution.

There is, for example, an entry in John's log-books (we count ourselves incredibly fortunate to have them), where he notes "Diced alone" with 7 Me 109s (this is confirmed in a contemporary newspaper cutting), destroying one - he comments: "Shaky Do!" after his low-flying escape.

ROYAL YACHT BRITANNIA

Chris McHugh who served on Britannia told me that this year's reunion for the Ship's Company was held at Beaumont. The venue was selected as it was close to Windsor Castle and convenient for The Queen and Prince Philip to attend. As it turned out Her Majesty decided to invite the Company to the Castle for a reception before they returned to Old Windsor for the dinner.

Chris obviously enjoys a good party and he sent me a photo taken at the City Naval Club Luncheon at the Merchant Taylors Hall and he added: -



“**Nick Sheehan** and I are members as were both in the navy but guests can be invited and by chance **Clive Fisher** and **Richard Sheehan** had been included.

The lunch was attended by over 100 former naval officers and we four from Beaumont sat together but did not down quite enough claret to have the courage to stand up and sing the Carmen in front of such an illustrious gathering”.

Chris might not be going to sea again but I hope he remembers volunteering for: -

THE BEAUMONT UNION VIII

I know it was after The Lunch but our idea of an VIII to row a commemorative course at Henley Regatta next year took a step closer when a few others also showed “the Spirit of” Or was it the effects of “the Spirits”.

Michael Wortley, John Flood, Andrew Flood, Geoffrey Kelly, Anthony Northey, Richard Sheehan, Nigel Courtney, Mark Marshall and the Editor (and Uncle Tom Cobley & all) also showed some of the enthusiasm found in a BCBC clinker fixed four. It is hoped that others will volunteer to join the squad.

Since then I had a call from Andrew Stickney to say that he would be available; this is particularly good news as you will read in the CORRESPONDENCE section. Paul Burrough has also offered his services as has Peter Moss the cox of the 1951 boat.

David Fettes wrote to me: =

Hanging in our garage is my oar, used at Henley in the Princess Elisabeth Cup 1967, and a few weeks later at the National Youth Championship Finals in Hereford when our coxed pair narrowly lost to Winchester. If it is still

hanging there when I die, the children will probably use it as kindling wood. Do you think they might like it up at St John's? They are the only set of 'spade' blades ever used by Beaumont and were specially made for our crew at the Eton College Boatyard - we went and saw them when they were glued together planks of wood! There were no funds to pay for them so we each paid for our own - I got a job on a building site for two weeks to pay for mine - somewhere around the £12 - £15 figure I seem to remember. They do of course have the school colours on the blade, and '95 - '67 painted on the light blue section of the colours. I know the '67 was an allusion to us as that year's crew but my memory fails me for the '95. I have a feeling it was when the boat club was formed - 1895 - but your records may show otherwise.

ED - I told David to hang on to it for the moment as we need another 7

DOWN but not OUT

I heard from **Robert Schulte** who together with his wife Agnes showed the Wilkinsons much kindness during our sojourn in France. Robert had recently suffered a stroke but as he said fortunately his mental and wine making abilities have not been diminished though he is somewhat physically incapacitated at the moment. He also added that the Schultes always do things "en Famille" so his brother **John** had suffered a similar fate. Later I heard from John to say that he is also on the road to recovery and hopes to make it to The Lunch next year.

CRICKET HERO

Patrick Stow (53) told me that **David Kingsley (47)** has recently died. David is remembered not only as a Captain of Rugby but more importantly as one of the school's greatest cricketers and captains. His records included; -

Most runs in all out-matches; 2101 from 1945 – 7.

Most runs in a Season; 940 in 1947.

Most Centuries in a Season; 3.

Most wickets in all out-matches; 254 between 1944-7.

Most wickets in a Season; 81 in 1945.

Most catches in a season (excluding wicket-keepers); 13 in 1947

SPORTING STEVENS

As **John Wolff** reminded us at The Lunch both **Henry** and **Anthony Stevens** were Triple colours at School – a unique achievement. What many readers may not know is that their half-sister Aly Pattinson won the prestigious Burghley 3 Day Event Horse Trials on Carawich in 1975 sandwiched between the World Champion Bruce Davidson (USA) the year before and Lucinda Prior-Palmer the European Champion the year after.

Sporting Wilkinson (well almost)

One advantage of being editor is that I can be just that! So although my own sporting achievements are limited these days, I am pleased that my great niece Kate French was in the Women's Gold medal Modern Pentathlon team at both the European Championships followed by becoming World Champions in China last August. I am keeping my fingers crossed for RIO. It is pleasant to rest in the glories of others – even at a distance.

I also read in Horse & Hound:



A life sized bronze statue of Sefton - the Household Cavalry horse who survived the 1982 Hyde Park IRA bombing, has been unveiled at the Royal Veterinary College (RVC)..

Sefton suffered 34 wounds in the bombing - which required 8 of hours of surgery but he recovered and returned to service. He was put down in 1993 at the age of 30 due to complications caused by injuries suffered during the atrocity.

The statue was created by Camilla Le May in a giant shed near her home in East Sussex. Camilla used photographs and talked to those that knew the horse in attempt to make the statue as lifelike as possible.

One person she could not talk to was my late brother **Richard (62)** who as a Major in the Blues and Royals had Sefton as his charger and made him the remarkable horse that he became.

Rugby

The St John's Old boys played a first ever match against their great rivals the Donhead Old Boys last year and WON. The 2014 match is scheduled for February; details will be published in due course on the St John's Website under the Old Boys Section.

THEATRE

A play I saw again this summer was that Oscar Wilde gem "The importance of being Ernest" and I said to one of my companions that one of the best amateur productions I had seen was on the Beaumont stage 1962. Low and behold later that week I received a packet of Photos from **Drostan Stileman (62)** including one of the cast.



L-R Drostan Stileman, Bernard Pearce, Roger Darby, Jeremy Nightingale (seated), Andrew Dearing, Robin Goldsmith and Michael Tussaud. The play produced by **Fr Joe Dooley** received the best reviews for many a year with some outstanding performances.

"**Stileman** carried the weight of the play with honours, **Tussaud**, frivolous, rakish, exquisitely unscrupulous, dreadfully shallow yet somehow appealing. **Nightingale** relished his part, almost a caricature and dominated the scene when present and haunted it when absent. The comic duo of **Darby** offered befuddled confusion and the other-worldliness of the parson with **Dearing** both prim and precise. **Goldsmith** displayed the freshness and the naiveté of the character and **Pearce** combined charming with catty. If there was

criticism, it was of the difficulty of boys playing girls capturing the venom of a little quarrel “entre femmes”.

To take on female roles requires not only talent but courage when performing before a whole school of your fellows”.

RUNNYMEDE TRILOGY?

I cannot say that there has been a stampede but a few of you have mentioned that a Third Runnymede book is required to cover the day to day stories and antics of both boys, masters and servants. An opportunity to have those reminiscences of one’s youth compiled into a volume.

So I want your stories whether they be funny, nostalgic, serious or dramatic that capture all aspects of school life. They may be your own personal experience or those passed down by fathers or grandfathers.

Either write or Email your contributions; quantity large or small - all I ask is that they are divided under a suitable heading for each story.

I await “with bated Breath”.

CORRESPONDENCE



Gilbert Conner

Andrew Stickney

Gilbert Conner wrote to me and mentioned that on holiday this summer he had called in to see Andrew Stickney at his home near Fowey in Cornwall

“**Andrew** sold his business a couple of years ago and is now retired to being a full time oarsman twice a week and on call for the rest of the week. His brother **Tim** has also retired, but I do not keep up with him, though I do with his other two brothers. The best at communication is **Peter** who lives in a parish with a number of Old Boys: **George Stanton, Tony Matthews** and I think a **Tolhurst. Michael** of my vintage runs a business in Australia and as a side line grows vegetables in pots round the house and on the roof, because his wife grows flowers in the garden and gives them a priority over his vegetables. We stayed with them a couple of years ago in Melbourne. He has now joined his brother as a grandfather, his eldest son is my Godson and my second son is his godchild, so our family and my family have a spiritual affinity..

I am copying this response to the three of them so they can put their own side of the story. I met their father who was awarded the MM in the First World War and after the Falklands war (60 years later) I was able to fly over the Family Stickney Sheep Farm in a helicopter. His father retired from sheep farming to become a banker, so sold the family farm in the Falklands. They have all had fascinating careers. **Andrew** served in both the British and the Canadian armies, he and **Gerard Ford** were drawn to the army for different reasons (**Gerard** to the Parachute Regiment twice - his father was awarded an MC), both were to wild for peace time service. **Andrew** bought himself out of the Canadian Army for \$20 dollars!

We are kept in touch with many of the English Jesuits here in Preston as they own the city's central church and look after retired 'Js' in their house' who like to keep in touch with their first English School. Fr Hilary Thomas was the last one to depart from here. I was particularly pleased to meet Fr Bamber here, before his departure, he put me and **Gregory Hinds** on the altar to serve Mass and then promoted me to thurifer and made my brother (**William**) the boat bearer. He has been interested in boats ever since.

Gerard Ford still ski-es and rents out his villa in France Switzerland/France to those interested at a very reasonable sum.”

In another missive **Gilbert** Wrote:

“All the **Stickneys** have had interesting lives. **Andrew** is the one who seemed to have been the most travelled, he was such a ‘quiet’ lad at school. **Michael**, while he was at Beaumont convinced everyone he was going to be a priest, but then went to Glasgow to get an agricultural qualification which took him to Mull and then Nyasaland / Malawi, before returning to England with three boys, re-qualifying as a teacher and then going to Australia as a senior agricultural expert to the Australian Government. He built his own house with the help of **Andrew** and after some ups and downs started a cleaning company, which he still runs. He put me up for a week and I did a days ‘work experience with his company and learned all

about housekeeping and keeping customers happy. I don't think he has really lost his faith, but prefers to keep his cards close to his chest. I have spent my life trying to provoke him, but he is not provable. His elder brother **Peter** and youngest brother **Tim**, also **Andrew** spent some time in South America. I was sent to the Falklands, a year after the war, because no one else wanted to go and Mrs Thatcher wanted someone to organise a visit for the Argentineans as a gesture of peace, but in the event they turned her down, but I used it as an excuse to see a bit of the island and something of South Georgia. You say 'I know that you were hardly a peacetime soldier yourself (though adventurous rather than wild?)'. You were right about being a peacetime soldier, before National Service, it was considered my future would be in the city, but no one would employ me before completing my NS, so I joined a bank as a trainee, which taught me life was not what Beaumont had led me to believe, so when I was called up, I stayed on – so nothing to write home about. (Ed; this is a real understatement)

You sound as if you are really going to enjoy what you are doing. I have copied this to three of the Stickney brothers, because i am not noted for accuracy, while they like a bit of precision”.

This prompted an Email from **Michael Stickney**

“**Gilbert** understates his own contributions to society. He had a career in the army and served as a captain in the SAS for three years. (Ed. MID in Borneo) His four sons went to Stonyhurst and two have become priests. He also has a daughter and several grandchildren. He is an extremely active, erudite and devout catholic.

My brother **Tim** whom you were at school with has only just retired after a long career with Fyffes in Central and South America. He lives in Kent but still does consultancy jobs for Fyffes in Central/South America and West Africa.

While working in Malawi I met up with **Peter Bicknell (56?)** and **Jerry Fitzgerald-O'Conner (58?)**. **Peter Bicknell** was Aide-de-Camp to the Governor General and impressed my mates by turning up at my house and several other spots around Blantyre in the Governor's car complete with the crown in place of number plates. **Jerry** was a great character who always gave us a good laugh. Later in Uganda I met **Hugh Dinwiddy** who was loved by everyone just as he was at Beaumont”.

Finally **Andrew** joined in:



I am enclosing a photo taken last Saturday of a Cornish Pilot Gig racing at Fowey regatta; the crew is a mixed crew made up on the day more as a fun race. I am the white haired old boy in 3 with Guy my son in front of me in 4. We came in 4th which wasn't bad for our second scratch crew. The boats are Cornish Pilot Gigs which were used originally to take Pilots out to incoming ships and we belong to the River Fowey Pilot Gig Club. I only started about 12 years ago when my son's crew was short one training session. I also do a bit of sculling at Castle Dore Rowing Club in the winter months".

Ed: **Andrew** may be far from Henley – but he is an obvious selection for the proposed BU VIII.

Michael Younger

From north of the border sent me an "Outraged of Tunbridge Wells" missive

Interesting on the website about Breweries represented amongst OB's Sad however that the best known of the lot Wm Youngers of Edinburgh was not included... As a direct descendant of Wm Y and a OB 1959-1964 It would be nice to have been included!

The portrait of the original founder Wm Y is now in the Heineken Museum in Amsterdam...in spite of my efforts to buy it off them!

Cheers

J Michael Younger

I replied to Michael: -

Dear Michael, I am sorry if you feel aggrieved; I am well aware of the reputation of Wm Youngers of Edinburgh and had no intention of giving offence. All those listed on the Website were owned by OBs, if you inherited the Brewery or it was owned by your family Trust in your lifetime and you worked for the firm I will more than gladly add the name to Beaumont's Alcoholic heritage which is second to none.

Michael bounced back; -

Blood is thicker than money...But you make the exclusivity rules whatever they mean...

Cheers

Michael

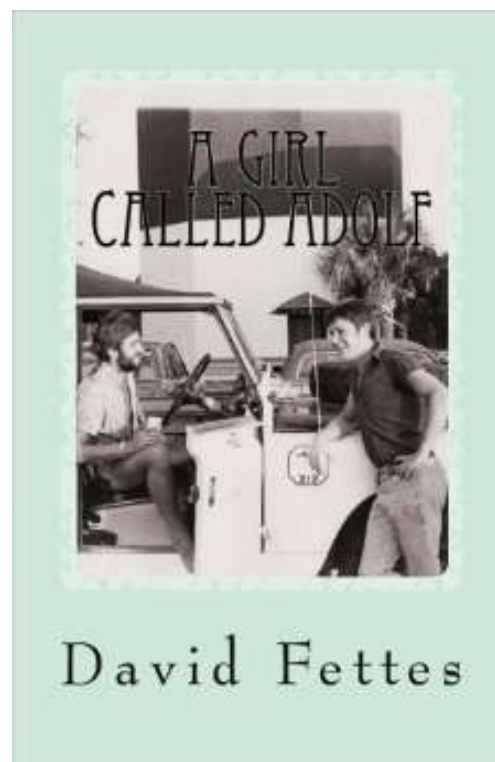
Mark O'Sullivan

Dropped me a line following Remembrance Sunday: -

I went back for the Remembrance service this year: a good turn-out, I thought. I ran into three of the Savundras whom I hadn't seen since 1967 – a great pleasure, and I hope to stay in touch. I aim to go back for next year's War Memorial event, maybe with my brother Kevin, who now lives not far away from me at Bruton; you may be interested in his memoir of the Loyals in Malaya, which I hear may achieve publication in a volume of National Service reminiscences next year. My Roman Britain novel, *Britanniae*, which Guy was kind enough to note in a BU Newsletter last year, is selling reasonably, though I've not managed to get any national reviews. Next Spring I publish a rather different book: *What Works at Work: a guide for thoughtful managers*, which looks at science in people management, explaining where the psychologists have got it sorted out, and in what areas (rather more!) one has to rely on intuition. More another time...

Mentioning Books:-

BOOK REVIEW



This is a story of a journey, a journey of discovery physically, emotionally and geographically. In 1972 two young Englishmen sailed on a cargo ship to Mexico with their Land Rover, called Adolf. Living in the vehicle they travelled through North, Central and South America for over a year, at a time before emails and mobile phones existed. Arrested a number of times, held at gunpoint, living on their wits and ingenuity, many friendships were formed that have stood the test of time. This is also a story of love and how that can endure through separation, even though to all intents and purposes the two travellers had disappeared off the face of the earth as far as family and friends were concerned. Contact with home was tenuous and restricted to out of date letters. The story is written in the time of the trip, reminiscing about the music of the 1970's, the world political situation and some of the people in the news at that time. For anyone who spent their formative years in the early 1970's this book should evoke memories of a new world and a new order, of a time of fun and rebellion.

ED – I have read the book which is highly descriptive of living an adventure with all the exuberance of youth in hazardous places and conditions. Like any achievement it would have consequences that alter the perception of life.

I highly recommend it