A M D G

BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

SUMMER 2020

"And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year:
“Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.” Well, we didn’t see this one coming. Having written in the last REVIEW about “a year like no other” which concludes in this Edition, no one thought we would be living through another. Over

90% of the BU have been confined and we have seen the cancellation of The HCPT and BOFs Pilgrimage to Lourdes, The Verdun Battlefield Tour, The BUGS Meeting at Westerham and Ant Stevens much anticipated Musical “Streetwise”: Now rescheduled for 24-29 May 2021. Much quoted at the moment “We will meet again, Don’t know where, Don’t know when but I know we will meet again some sunny day: - Actually it looks like a cloudy day in the Autumn if we are lucky!

I was amazed by the response to my Easter Message: I don’t know whether it could be described as an “Urbi et Orbi” moment but it did bring a huge response from OBs worldwide. One such from Patrick Agnew which I share with you:-

“Indeed. We have taken a lot for granted, during our years; much to be grateful for. Humanity is vulnerable to many things, some much worse than seen now. Globalization has it’s many drawbacks, as well.

Our precious little planet, in such perfect evolved balance, for so many eons, is also threatened by the economic “progress” of mankind, whose numbers compound upwards and ravage resources, and are poisoning them.

The CV might, for a while, cause some thoughtful re-planning.

Tomorrow, I will till and seed our veg. garden (about 50 sq. meters.---how much land does a man need…?), here in New Jersey, where stuff grows at phenomenal rate, after mid- May; but father time makes my back much less tolerant of such efforts, once so easy…from our enforced isolations, closed churches, and opportunities to retreat, reflect, to all. **May all manner of things be well.**

ED:

Amen to that.

In another place, in another time, I used to lecture to the Civil Defence Course on the aftermath of Nuclear, Biological and Chemical weapon attacks and I recall telling them that whenever they emerged from their lockdown bunkers the world outside was going to be a very different place: I trust it is not a “déjà vu” situation.

Some of you may express concern that for a time, one of the leading experts on this subject in this country only scrapped through his Physics with Chemistry “O” Level – I couldn’t possibly comment.

Before we get too serious, **Johnny Muir** put some humour into the perspective.

‘Home Thoughts, from Abroad’…

Oh, to be in England

Now that Lockdown's there,

And whoever’s woke in England

Feels, though yawning but aware

From a telling cough, that the dude who eats beef,

Round the white man’s grave, is bathed in grief;

While the Copper Drones on the hillside’s plough

In Blighty—now!

And after April, when May follows,

And coronas sprout, with all one swallows!

Lo, when my Chinese face mask, parked upon a ledge,

Falls in my soup and scatters on the sofa

Chip sticks and bread ends—at the frayed wipe's edge—

That's Twitter tweeting; it tweets each tweet twice over,

Lest you should think it never could recapture

The first fine bird-brained rapture!

And though my beard looks rough with hoary stubble,

All will bloom again when markets starts to bubble

The fag ends, pansies, groupies, ravers' bikes

—Far gayer than the Marches' gaudy dykes!

(with apologies to Robert Browning)

Except Virgil and this anonymous rhymer, I can recall no verse about cheese. Any ideas? JM

PS Out of respect for the dead, any reference to 'Offa and his Forty Dykes' has been deleted.

PPS I've enjoyed your Beaumont Review and revisiting your JM pastiche, clinging to the wreckage of a continuously misspent life...

Health Warning.

Further to the Government Health Warning, **Dr (non- medical) Nigel Courtney** sent me the following advice to pass on “To avoid touching your face, hold the glass in one hand and the bottle in the other”: should not prove too difficult for the majority of OBs to follow.

Ed: Purely as an observation but I imagine that the BU has, during this period, increased in size but depleted in numbers.

JULY 55 years ago.

The announcement was made that BEAUMONT was to close. Perhaps it was one of those occasions that you remember where you were when you heard the news; those on the Senior Scout Camp at Kandersteg certainly do.

I was at Hohne (next door to what had been Belsen) and we had just finished a week of celebrations for The Regiment’s 250th: parades and parties and more parties. I came into breakfast, having just ridden first lot at the Racing yard, to be greeted with the tidings: expletives and more expletives.

VRIL

To mark this sad anniversary, I have reproduced **Alastair Russell’s “Spirit of Beaumont”** that appeared in both The Tablet and the Beaumont Review.

NOTICES

B U LUNCH.

I hope it is in your Diaries for Monday 5th October: whether it takes place is any ones' guess. Your committee will take a decision in August.

OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the deaths of **Michael Scott-Moncrieff (59)** of the talented literary family, **Veronica Bailey (widow of Bart '60)** and among the first Covid casualties. **Vaughan Thursby-Pelham (47)** committed Catenian. **Fr Peter Kelly (50)** White Father.

Late Entries include **Philip de Tura Clarke (40)** American who brought his family to the 150th**, Phillipe Comte Ogier d'Ivry (42),** French aristocrat, **Pierre Brull (52)** another American**, Peter Bull (61)** Luxury yacht owner**, Desmond Asby (31)** distinguished physician. **Jean Comte de Madre (41)** one time Secretary General of the Atlantic Treaty Association.

Edith wife of **Gerard de Lisle (58)** died 30th April. Edith was the daughter of **Frederick Krarup (20):** she received the last rites from her grandson Fr Christian. Christian's other grandfather **Michael Dormer** was at Beaumont for a year in 1942.

Adrian Aylward Headsmaster of Stonyhurst 1996- 06 and then Lewiston died Maundy Thursday.

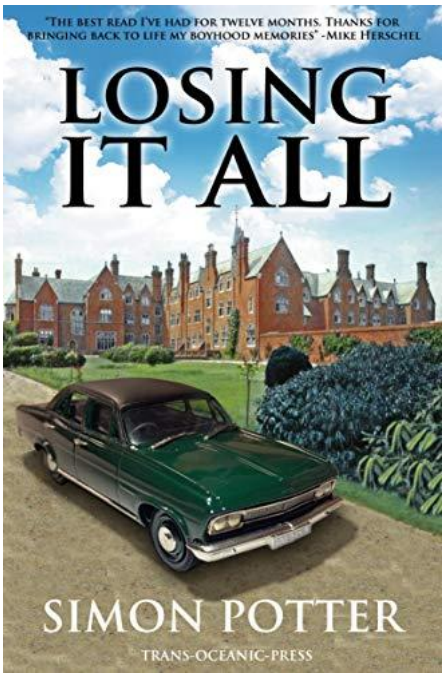
On a personal note my Brother-in-Law **Michael Goldshmidt** has died of the Virus. Although at Ampleforth, Michael had Beaumont connections with his grandfather **Rear Admiral Robin Dalglish (93)** and **Gt Uncle Charles (94) KIA 1914** who is listed on the War Memorial.

DOWN but NOT OUT.

We heard that both **Ronnie de la Grange** and **Michael Marshall** suffered Heart Attacks. Ron was in and out of hospital sharpish and before the virus took hold and Mike is awake and chatting up the nurses: prognostic looks good.

“POTTS OF READING”

Simon Potter has revamped “The Fate of Glassingall” as “Losing it All” : it is a modernised, sharpened, more PC version of that old novel. It is being **sold in aid of The Jesuit Refugee Service**: Online from Amazon (£4.99 paperback, £2.99 Kindle) and from Witley Press bookshop.



Floody Reviews :

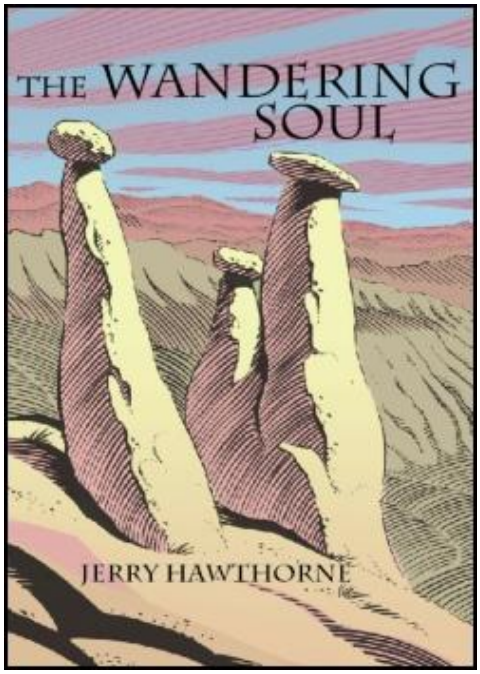
"The question is how "more PC" is it? I well remember Patrick buying a copy of the previous version for all his children, his mother and his maiden aunts, which put the latter into a state of near ***terminal shock!*** *When I last saw David I leant him a biography of Newman. Maybe when I can next visit him I should take him Dark Lines, Carry on College and Wimbledon College - a shame I left Shooting Europe on an EastJet plane!*

ED:

Perhaps news of its arrival on "the top shelf" should have gone out with a "Heart Attack" warning: several have told me that they have ordered copies. Personally, I asked my local bookshop to acquire a copy which he assures me will come in a brown paper wrapping; discretion assured: it has duly arrived.

"JERRY'S JOURNAL"

OB Authors have been busy and here is the latest:- ***The Wandering Soul:*** **the autobiography of Jerry Hawthorne.**



Following his honours law degree at London University LLB (extern) and articled clerkship, Jerry qualified as a solicitor in 1973. Later he obtained a diploma in Education Law from Buckingham University.

Early life in an RAF nissen hut in Lytham St Annes; his time at Ladycross and Beaumont; archaeological digs; HCPT; travel and time spent in the Middle East. Also , time in New York, Washington and Philadelphia, meeting his wife in Ireland; working for two legal firms and for the Catholic Church, both positive as the latter included the successful visit to the UK by Pope John Paul II, but negative as it involved appalling child protection cases.

click the link below for details.

The Wandering Soul

Once the self-publishing costs are paid ,Jerry hopes to make a decent donation from the sale proceeds to the London Beaumont HCPT region,

EVEN MORE ON BOOKS

Traderjo Bookseller is none other than Roger Johansen (62)

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THE FINAL WORD ON BOOKS.

The Editor has been a little busier than usual and has edited the Recollections of **Fr Francis Fleming SJ (OB)** of his time as a Chaplain in The Great War: not much war but plenty of sport: I hope to publish.

"Cross Between the Antlers"

The Sporting Recollections

of a Chaplain of The Great War.

However, I need an illustrator, someone who can sketch soldiers, hunting, fishing and country life: pen & ink or watercolour

If you have a relative or know of someone who would like the task please let me know.

DONATIONS: MUSEUM.

David Hiscocks has generously offered his 1st VIII blazer for the Museum at St Johns.

I also heard from **Charles Crawford (51)**

"When I was at Beaumont we did our best to do our best in the Cadets (OTC to JTC to Cadets). We had an excellent Drum and Fife Band, once enthusiastically praised by a visiting General at a formal Inspection. As a drummer, I was tutored by the senior side-drummer of the Coldstream Guards. Our RSM was an awesome ex-

RSM of the Irish Guards. He awarded another boy, **Freddie Cumming (52)** and me the ‘silver drums’, two each, to pin on our sleeves. Some years ago, I sent them to Stonyhurst to keep with what they had from Beaumont, and was told they would be kept with ‘our’ drums, which were there”.

Ed: We are trying to track them down for the museum and Charles is also sending on other items of intertest.

LOCKDOWN LIFE.

There cannot be many positive things to be said about our current situation, however one that does come to the fore is the number of different churches I and I’m certain others have visited for Mass whether it be St Peter’s in Rome, Walsingham, Farm Street, and with other BOFS: **Mgr Jim Curry (Hon)** at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington. I never thought I would take to streaming and facebook but what a difference it has made: we have been fortunate that our churches have remained “open”.

PAST EVENTS

TONSLEY GRAND NATIONAL 4th April

John Flood writes:-

A stupendous thank you to those of you who entered into the fun and had a Wager - the first 3 with winning punters are shown at the end.

This started as a Tonsley Events idea to have 40 people raise £400 for the King's Hospital Charity. By the 'off' it had raised £2,935 - now increased to £3101 + Gift Aid a phenomenal outcome which has truly overwhelmed our daughter, Lucy, at ITU at Kings. It also overwhelmed the Tonsley foursome who were hard pressed to keep on top of issuing the horses and keeping the Race Card up to date. Instead of one bottle of Champers to come out of Woolfy's cellar, he has to find 9! He luckily gave Champagne up for lent (but not wine & beer!)! The nature of the prizes for the 2nd & 3rd places has yet to be disclosed!

WOW! THANK YOU EVERYONE! You have raised more than 7 times our original target!

From Lucy Flood Matron at Kings:

"A huge thank you to all of you for your generosity, heartfelt messages and solidarity! It means so much to us all and we are overwhelmed by everyone's support over the last few weeks. I've never been prouder of the team: from the nurses, doctors, AHP's, the procurement team, technicians, admin support, porters and cleaners and those are only a few! Thank you from us all! Stay safe and look after each other. x"

The Winners

1st No. 30 Potters Corner

Dr Peter Savundra, my son Christopher, one of our Epsom Catenian's, Tony Palladino and **Patrick Burgess's grandson**, Clive Burgess were 4 amongst the 9 winners.

2nd No. 40 Walk in the Mill

Robert Bruce Snr & Mickey Parish & [The spelling of 'John Woolf was not an error - this John Woolf is 'Woolfy's dad, rather than **John Wolff (58)]**

3rd No. 29 Any Second Now

My son in law, Rob Hubbard, my son Christopher again and another Epsom Catenian, Ron Coll.

Ed: All great fun apart for **the unfortunate name of the winning horse.** As a keen racing man both jockey, trainer and owner I was concerned that I wasn't allocated a nag– I can only assume that the Tonsley Horse Racing Authority had in the correct parlance "Warned me Off" as an "Unfit person" !

I am holding a certain retired Major Royal Marines responsible.

About TONSLEY (Best served Thrilled)

A group of like- minded spirits who enjoy each- others company in social, sporting and challenging activities.

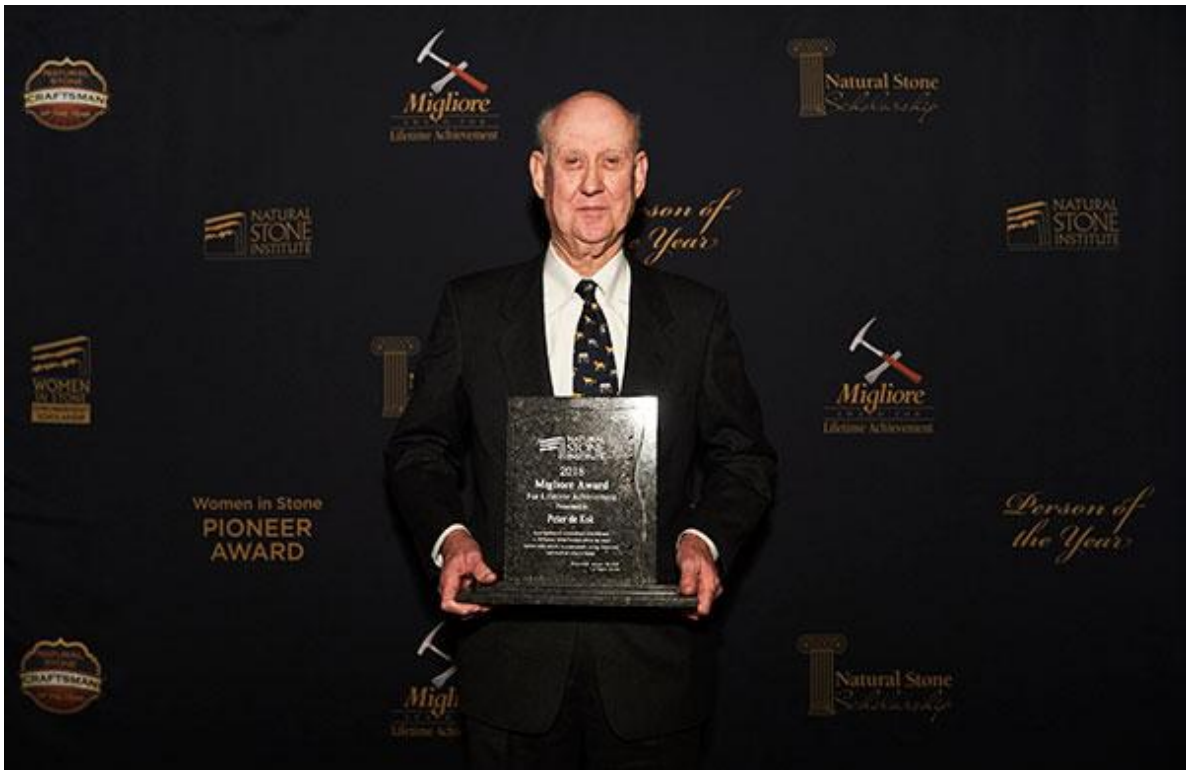
The Beaumont influence is really only **Andrew, Hon & (OSJ 91).** He then joined his cousin, Robert Jnr son of **Robert snr**.at the Oratory where they were ultimately

joint head of Norris House. Joe Bruce (OS) is Robert's 5th and last brother and I think only 7 months older than his nephew. Woolfy and Joe were great friends and the 4 of them got together. Woolfy was living in a house in the Tonsley area of Wandsworth, known as 'Tonsley Towers', hence the name 'Tonsley Events'. Woolfy, completely coincidentally, married a cousin of mine whose mother's maiden name was Brand, as was my grandmother's. Her uncle was **Fr Jim Brand** who, before his death, I believe was an Hon member of the BU, but that is a bit of a loose BU connection.

Now for something a bit Hardcore:-

From THE NATURAL STONE INSTITUTE (The International trade Association)

Peter de Kok Receives 2018 Migliore Award for Lifetime Achievement.



Peter de Kok (GranQuartz) is the recipient of the 2018 Migliore Award for Lifetime Achievement. As one of the Marble Institute of America's earliest members and a long-time member of the Building Stone Institute, it is highly symbolic that de Kok becomes the first recipient of this award since the merger of the two associations.

Peter de Kok's career in the natural stone industry began in the 1950s with his father, Theo, importing Impala granite from South Africa to Europe and North America. The family immigrated to the United Kingdom in 1957, when Peter was only 17 years and he came to Beaumont for a couple of years leaving in 1959. Around the age of 19 years old, he began selling stone for his father's company. His father's business traded in rock from places such as South Africa, India, Brazil, Sweden and Norway. While working in the U.K, Peter began coming over to Canada and market stone there. In the early '60, he started selling in the United States. Peter's product was mostly used in the monument industry. In September of 1970, he moved along with his family to the United States, in Atlanta, GA, which was close to Elberton, the biggest monument working location in America.

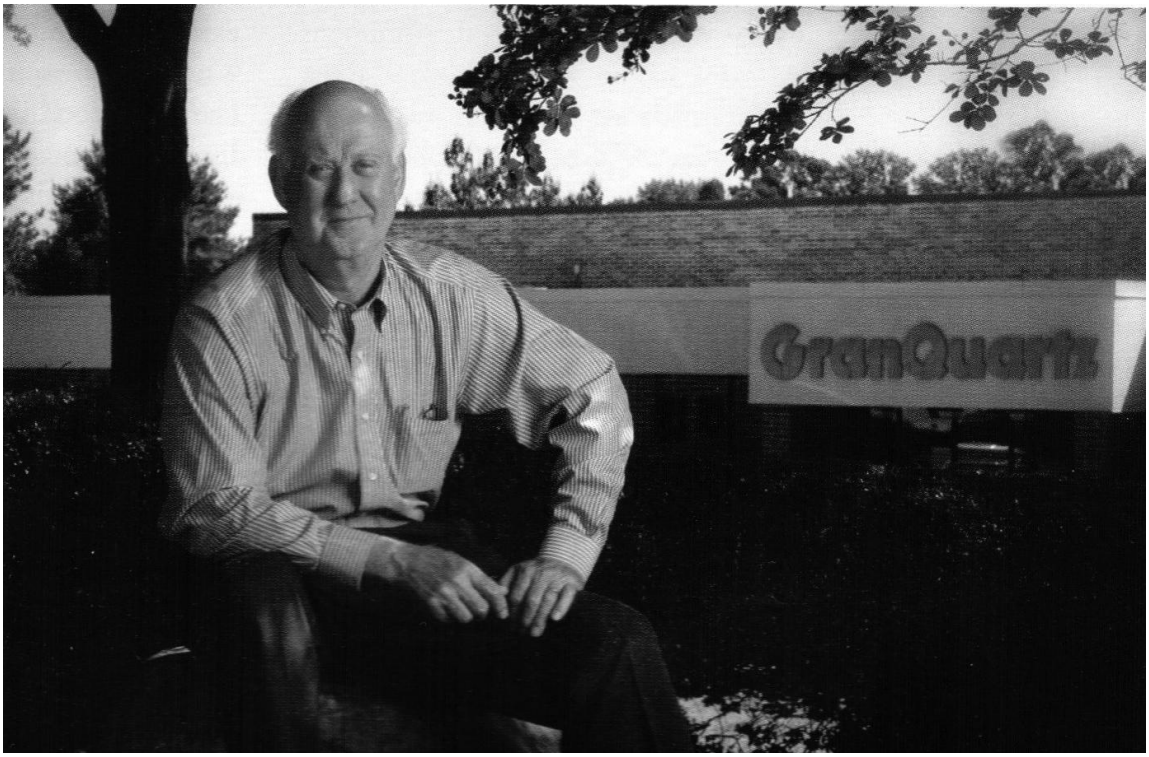
Peter launched GranQuartz Trading, Inc. in mid-1970 in Atlanta, Georgia, and began introducing new machining technologies. A new factory would then begin developing efficient diamond tools to affix to these machines. The stone workshop would become a faster, cleaner, and healthier place to work, giving the industry a more positive image for future job seekers.

It was also at this time that Peter began a long-term commitment to multiple stone associations, predominately the Marble Institute of America and Building Stone Institute. He was constantly looking for opportunities to innovate the quarry segment. In 1986, there were no trade shows yet in North America for showing large capital equipment. If a buyer wanted to see the new technology, it required travel to Europe in order to witness the advantages of the new trends.

Peter provided substantial support for the creation of StonExpo and later served multiple terms on the StonExpo Federation.

His support of multiple industry initiatives during this decade, including a five year term on MIA's board of directors, is impressive. Since his semi-retirement in 2012, he has been a constant advocate for the supplier community, the need for better industry data, advancement of the Women in Stone program, and the call for an industry check-off program.

When asked why it has been so important to give back to the industry, Peter replied: “The industry was very good to me, so it seems reasonable to me to try and support the associations in any way possible to help them and the industry grow. To be honoured by my peers in this way gives me tremendous pleasure. I am proud to have played a small part in the industry.”



The B U sends its belated congratulations to Peter

Been There Before.

Beaumont suffered from Flu or virus epidemics on several occasions, the first of these was the so-called Russian Flu of 1889 -90 which passed without comment despite taking the life of the future heir to the Throne – the Duke of Clarence.

The Spanish Flu of 1919 that killed 17 million plus worldwide had probably started in the WW1 base camps and hospitals at Etaples. It also was home to piggeries, and poultry that were regularly brought in for food supplies from surrounding villages. It was thought that a significant precursor virus, harboured in birds, mutated and then migrated to pigs kept near the front.

It arrived at the School in the Winter term and was reported upon in the Spring:-

“It is questionable whether Editors should ever apologise, because it is questionable whether they – being possibly more than Kings and certainly more than Premiers – can ever do wrong. But we take it that, if not an apology, at least an explanation is due to our failure to publish last term: and the explanation is simple and compelling. At a time we should have been engaged in celebrating the concurrent festivities Of St Stanislaus Day and The Armistice, the entire College was devastated by an overwhelming attack of what we have agreed to call influenza. In other respects, thank God, we came well out of it; but the prospects of a December number were ruined beyond repair.”

The fact that no-one died was put down to the remarkable care of the newly arrived Dr Lewis More-O’Ferrall who had held appointments in both Dublin and Vienna.

Next was the Asian Flu of the Winter term of 1957 that accounted for 2 million mortalities:-

“Beaumont did not differ from other schools in having the Asian Flu, though it was decided to see the thing through, without closing down. (Many schools did). 140 out of 250 were down at one time and four of the dormitories were requisitioned to cope with the overflow from the infirmary. Major Bond became infirmary maid, Fr Lawson almoner, and the other priests and scholastics of the community worked by shifts in the temporary wards. We are grateful to Miss Peggy Selmon and to Mrs Peach for assisting Matron in the nursing, and to the lay-masters and their wives who so very unselfishly – sometimes when they themselves were on the brink – came to the help of the bedridden. We should like to take the opportunity of welcoming Sister Cooke as Assistant Matron.

Overall “in command” of the situation was Dr Cuddigan.

V E DAY 1945

The Beaumont REVIEW published in July gave an account of the celebrations at the school.

Desmond Knox – Leet's sketch of celebrations in Trafalgar Square

VICTORY IN EUROPE CELEBRATIONS.

During the last week or so before VE-Day, when it was becoming increasingly apparent that things were "working out pretty well", there was much speculation as to what form the necessary celebrations should take. As a matter of fact, the relatively long-drawn-out expectancy of the event seemed to disappoint many people but

when it was announced over the wireless on Monday: May 7th, that the following day would be the official Victory in Europe Day, everybody' agreed it could not have come at a more opportune moment, for three full days of holiday were now at hand. That night saw the first signs of hilarious rejoicing, coming from every room and every dormitory. The flag-pole on top of the Community 'Ning was flood-lit the whole evening.

Tuesday, May 8, was VE-Day, and therefore, a whole holiday. In the morning there were games; and then after a short lunch, there was an Exeat for the whole school until 7.0 in the evening. Some people visited cinemas in the afternoon, but the majority decided that the river was a better attraction; and, indeed, they equally enjoyed themselves, either swimming, or rowing in parties in small boats, or else in paddling canoes. At 7.30 we had a good dinner and at 8.30 there was a very special Solemn Benediction in the Chapel, which had been very beautifully decorated for the occasion by Br. Cookson. The Te Deum was sung as well as Elgar's arrangement of the National Anthem. After listening to the broadcast by H.M. the King, nearly the whole school began to go up to the Beeches, where from about 10.15 onwards a very large and impressive bonfire was set alight. At the bonfire everybody had plenty of scope to vent their feelings, and great quantities of smoke-bombs and thunder-flashes added to the enjoyment of the whole proceedings After over an hour's entertainment of this kind, the whole school went down and assembled before the beautifully flood-lit Wat Memorial, where the De Profundis was recited. Then, after three cheers had been given for Father Rector and for Beaumont, whole crowds of ravenous and excited boys flocked into the Refectory for hot cocoa and special Victory buns (and chocolate eclairs!) This was followed by a midnight -and-early-morning swim, after which the place gradually (very gradually} quietened down.

V-Day +1 was another whole holiday. It was begun in the proper style with a long sleep until 8.30. Once again there were games during the morning. At 1.30 Rector, Matron and the Community together with the whole school, met in the Refectory to do justice to Br. Higgins' highly appreciated efforts. The programme for the afternoon was the same as it had been the day before and after supper the whole school was free to do anything until 10 p.m. The next day, the Ascension was yet another welcome holiday—but this one was in its own right.

On Thanksgiving Sunday, May 13 we had an Open-air High Mass at the War Memorial, celebrated by Father Rector: an efficient Guard of Honour turned out in assistance. It was indeed particularly fitting that at that moment we should have. been kept mindful of the many O.B.'s who gave their lives for their Country in this war and in the last.

But that was not the end of our Victory Celebrations. To crown our rejoicings a long week-end was granted at Whitsuntide from Saturday to Tuesday, during which we were able to join in the festivities at home.

V E DAY 2020

“Milly”, Me on Lockdown VE.

Some THOUGHTS by Nigel Courtney:-

“I’ve just finished a remarkable book: Normandy ’44 by James Holland. I found the 650 pages absolutely gripping and actually reached the last page on VE Day. BTW,

the Hussars get a mention (13/18th). On VE Day the film Darkest Hour was on TV – about Churchill and our near collapse in 1940. Comparison with the 1944 account highlighted just how astounding the achievements were just 4 years later. Incredible.

All this reminded me of a D-Day story my father Donald told me – havoc was being caused on the beachhead by a German 88mm gun several miles inland; but its location was unknown. Suddenly my father's spotter plane was flung about by a passing shell and he saw muzzle flashes through a hole in a barn roof. He radioed the map reference to his battery of 4 field guns. But it transpired that at that exact moment there was a lull in the battle and allied gunners had gone on open frequency in the hope of picking up a target. 100 field guns opened up, accompanied by a broadside from a battleship's 16" guns. The barn disappeared.

Donald told me that in order to try to keep what he was doing in perspective he would, whenever possible, go by jeep to see the result of his actions. In this case he found that the barn and a football pitch-sized area had been vaporized to a depth of about 15 feet …

I'm ever grateful that our generation has not had to experience war first hand. But it is necessary to be prepared. This might explain my 3 years as a TA officer cadet with the Royal Lancashire Fusiliers – but actually is was tremendous fun!"

ARTICLES

A YEAR LIKE NO OTHER

Part 2

As the German Forces "steamrollered" through the Low Countries, so the French Army and the British Expeditionary Forces (BEF) moved to block their advance: in

England, Neville Chamberlain went to Buckingham Palace and resigned as Prime Minister. Churchill accepted to form the next government

There was fierce fighting along the Maginot Line but it was in the Ardennes, hilly and heavily forested, where the tanks unexpectedly broke through. Under Erwin Rommel, the German 19th Corps defeated the French army at Sedan and outflanked the French and BEF forces defending the Belgian border. As Rommel's tanks swept northwards, threatening to encircle the defenders, the BEF and French were forced to withdraw. This withdrawal turned into full-scale retreat as the Panzer columns thrust deep across France, sweeping aside all resistance.

In the chaos of battle that ensued it is impossible to follow a sequence of events but I have put together various incidents that illustrate that despite personal courage the Allies were totally unprepared for what was to occur.

Pilot officer **Thomas Pace (32)** – nicknamed "Ace" Pace was with his new squadron No. 85, based at Lille-Seclin and part of the 60 Fighter Wing, their role was to support French and British ground operations.

On 10 May 1940 the squadron was on alert from 03:40 but he would not be airborne until 17:30 when he and two fellow pilots came across 35 Heinkels.

The three RAF aircraft were soon joined by others making the odds 12 against 35. He writes that 27 of the German bombers from that raid were destroyed. He shot down one of the bombers and '*believe me it was a satisfying sight when I think what they were doing lately"*. When his particular combat was over (as seemed to happen so often in these type of accounts) he found the sky empty of aircraft. Landing back at his airfield he gave his ground crew a thumbs up sign and received an ecstatic response.

"You should have seen them singing and dancing. I felt glad I had not let them down"

Later that same day he would account for another Heinkel. That night there was a '*terrific party in the Mess*' as soon as they were stood down and he went to bed at 2am, having consumed nothing but orange juice and was awake and on stand-by an hour later. He flew again that day but did not encounter any enemy aircraft.

Wednesday 15 May 1940 and the Netherlands fell to the German advance. Pace and his colleagues were in action again – after another late night when they returned

from their billets in lille at 02:30. Airborne that morning at 11:00 with two of the squadron's other pilots, together he attacked a group of 15 German bombers.

Pace set one on fire. Then he was too was attacked by a Messerschmitt 110 escort as he describes being hit by 20mm cannon shells. His engine faltered. Smoke came from under the dashboard. His aircraft had the oil pipe severed and cannon shells damaged the underwing radiator. Then his radio was shot out. Knowing how valuable his aircraft was – given the losses the squadron was experiencing – he decided to force-land in a field. Unfortunately as he came in low, blinded by smoke he hit a tree with his right (starboard) wing. *"As I hit the ground there was a terrific pop and the whole thing was a mass of flame"*

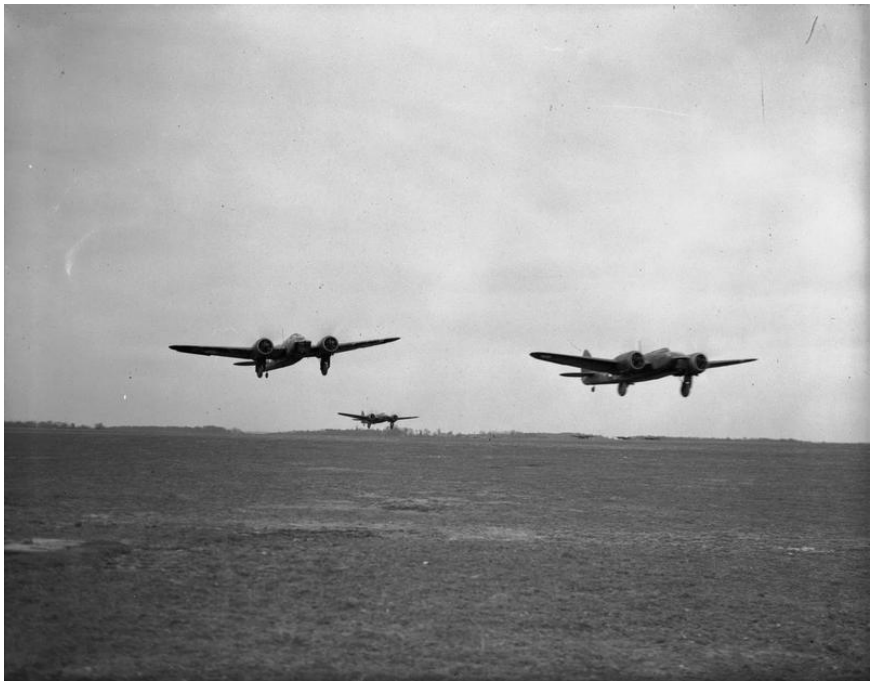
The force of the landing jammed the canopy (which he had previously opened in case he needed to parachute out) shut. The forward fuel tank behind the instrument panel exploded, showering his right thigh with burning fuel. With the flames taking hold he heaved at the canopy and managed to open it. Then his parachute caught on his seat. Somehow, he cleared it and threw himself out of the burning cockpit.

But his troubles were far from over. He fell onto the port wing, landing on his shoulder in the burning port fuel tank. He rolled on the ground to put out the fire on his clothing and body. Picking himself up he walked half a mile until he met an Army motorcyclist who summoned an ambulance.

"I climbed into it myself and very nearly passed out but managed it and climbed out the other end then they put me to sleep and I woke up a fortnight later in the hospital" He was eventually evacuated to England, moving to Prewett Hospital near Basingstoke in Hampshire where Sir Harold Gillies and his team had established their reconstructive surgery unit.

"Sir Harold Gillies the famous plastic surgeon is working on me. He has given me new eyelids, nose and cheek". After many operations Thomas eventually had recovered enough and returned to operational flying but on 3 December 1941 he and his aircraft were lost without trace.

On the 12 May, the Blenheim squadrons of No2 Bomber group were thrown into the battle to stem the rapid German advance. **Ronnie Rotheram (36)**, one of the sons of the International polo player was a member of 107 Squadron ordered to attack the enemy on the Maastricht bridges. Led by their charismatic commander Basil Embry, the squadron attacked and was immediately engulfed in heavy flak; five of the twelve bombers were lost and Ronnie's aircraft was hit repeatedly and the windscreen smashed. Having dropped his bombs, he discovered that the controls to the port engine were severed and the starboard one was damaged. He started to drop out of formation when he was attacked by enemy fighters, finding some cloud he managed to evade them but then the port propeller dropped off. He made a crash landing but luckily no one was badly injured. Ronnie was taken to the underground fortress at Tildork to brief the Belgian King before flying back to England and rejoin the Squadron. In the days ahead, he carried out a further eleven daylight missions against heavy opposition and his craft was hit four times but survived. He was fortunate as the losses amongst the Blenheim force were heavy.



Blenheims of 59 Sqn taking off in France 1940

It was written that the casualties lost not only the vibrant life and livelihood which they had inherited and might have left to their descendants; there was a heritage of work and joy, of struggle and creativity, of learning, hopes and happiness which died with them. **Francis Bird (35)**, another school athlete and the Inter Services 400m champion was flying only his second mission with a Blenheim of 59 Squadron. While carrying out a reconnaissance for the retreating Army, he was shot down over Fricourt by one of our own spitfires. It was a tragic error that was to be repeated often in the fog of war. **Charles Darwood (31),** nephew of the newly knighted Sir John, was a hurricane pilot based at North Weald; on the 18th May, his flight flew a mission over Cambrai claiming one kill, early afternoon and they were back engaging a greater force of Messerschmitt 109s and shot down five. They returned to base refuelled and an hour later, they were back above Douai. Charles did not survive this next encounter.

For the French, **Robert Petin (35)** was awarded the Croix de Guerre avec Palme for a secret reconnaissance mission over Germany, and bringing his plane into land though there were flames coming out of the backend. He had the information required and it probably wasn't good news.

Time and again, carefully prepared defensive positions were penetrated and strong points bypassed. German units ranged across northern France without check, and even as one probe was stopped, another flowed past to cut off supplies and communications. As casualties mounted and the urgency of the retreat increased, ad hoc units were thrown together to try to stem the tide.

The weaknesses and chaos within the BEF are highlighted in the story of the 7th Bn of the Royal Sussex which was a territorial volunteer battalion. On 21st April 1940, belonging to the 36th Brigade they disembarked in France. Their intended mission was maintenance and guarding of the lines of communication behind the front held by the British troops. The Battalion was comprised of soldiers who were neither experienced nor fully trained, they were young recruits but commanded by regular Officers. In the chaos that ensued with the German breakthrough General Gort, the Commander in Chief needed to protect the southern flank threatened by the German attack in the Ardennes. He decided that there was no option but to deploy troops such as the 7th Sussex. On the morning of the 18th May, they boarded a train for Amiens and with them went **2Lt Eric Sevenoaks (33).** There arrival at Amiens Station coincided with a dive bomber attack resulting in over 100 officers and men killed or wounded. The Commanding officer without radio contact with Brigade decided to deploy his men along the Amiens – Rouen road and hold the position for as long as they could. On the morning of the 20th Eric Sevenoaks took out a patrol of one platoon on a recce through Salouel near Amiens, and on to the high ground West of the village. He obtained much valuable information as to the enemy's dispositions and strength which he communicated to his Company Commander. On his way back, his patrol encountered enemy tanks and came under heavy fire. He concealed his men in a thick wood and himself made several recces in order to find a way back, but without success. Meanwhile the main positions came under air attack from ground attack aircraft followed by a violent assault against the centre positions of the Battalion, with tanks and infantry, heavy mortar and artillery fire. The fusillade was awful but, despite the unequal odds, the men stood firm.

When Sevenoaks realised he was completely surrounded by the enemy AFV's and motorized units, he kept his men under cover and eventually succeeded in withdrawing them without loss through the German outpost lines. He spent many hours within a few yards of German armoured units and passed through German outpost lines by night by pretending to be a German patrol.

Having got through the German lines, he continued his march through heavy shelling and eventually contacted French troops after marching throughout the night. It was

as well he didn’t get back to the Battalion. All through that afternoon, the Germans pounded the British positions, advancing only very slowly, in the apparent belief that they were dealing with a highly-trained and fully-equipped force. This misconception, once created, was certainly effective in slowing the Germans’ advance but the cost in terms of lives lost and injuries suffered on the British side were considerable and eventually without ammunition the few left were forced to surrender: The 7th had held up the advance in that sector but ceased to exist.

For the most part, their orders had been simple: 'Fight to the last man and the last round'. The heroic sacrifice of these rearguard units and of the French 1st Army at Lille, allowed the bulk of the BEF and two French divisions to escape up the rapidly-shrinking corridor to Dunkirk. Many of those men retreating up the corridor received the simple instruction: **'Every man for himself, make for Dunkirk'**.

For his courage, initiative and coolness in a difficult situation and for setting his men a very fine example in determination. Eric Sevenoaks was awarded the MC.

Major Peter Casella Murphy (24) was one of five sons of OB Major Frank and Marguerite Murphy from Dunsland Court in Jacobstowe.

Peter went to Sandhurst, before being commissioned into the East Yorks Regiment and being sent to India. There he served on the North West Frontier and was also caught up in the 1936 Quetta Earthquake. Later, he also served in Palestine. By the outbreak of the 2nd World War; he was a Captain in the Royal Irish Fusiliers. In his personal life, as a countryman, he was a good horseman and a 1st class shot. While on a training assignment in Catterick he met Kathleen Margaret Sharpe and in early 1940 they were married. Peter thrived on life in the army. His gaiety was infectious and he could be relied on to lift spirits in any mess party.

1st Bn on their way to the Front

On the second of October 1939 Peter left for France in command of A Company, 1st Battalion, Royal Irish Fusiliers, to join the BEF. The morning of Sunday 19th of May 1940 saw the battalion at Ninove, acting as rear guard to the bulk of the BEF in their retreat towards the River Escaut. As the battalion withdrew from Ninove towards the rendezvous on the River Dendre at Oultre with the German army hot on their heels, Peter, his company, and the battalion as a whole came under heavy German machine gun fire. During this withdrawal Peter Murphy was severely wounded having been hit through the lung. Nevertheless, he kept command and marched with his of his company for several days, before he collapsed and was evacuated back to England via Dunkirk in a critical condition. While in hospital, he received a visit from the Queen.

For his actions Peter Murphy was awarded the Military Cross. The citation reads:-

Commanding his Company on the wide and exposed right flank of the Battalion in the rearguard position north of Ninove with conspicuous coolness and skill under very heavy fire. Although shot through the chest in the early stages of the withdrawal he refused to get on to a vehicle until contact with the enemy had been broken. He saw to the evacuation of his casualties and despite his wound marched for five miles in command of his Company until he collapsed and was put onto an ambulance. This courageous example was a most valuable factor in a very difficult withdrawal.

Peter and his piper were later killed in Tunisia in January 1943: The Regiment lost "one of our best wits, as well as a most colourful and endearing character".

In the First War, **Robert Hoare (13)** was the youngest Major and Battery commander in the Army but when hostilities came to an end, he resigned his commission and was for a time the Secretary of the Economic League which was set up after the War to oppose subversion against free enterprise. He was personally involved in violent clashes with communists and their sympathisers. He also went to farm in South Africa for a while, but the threat of another war brought him back. He was given command of K Battery RHA then doing ceremonial duties as The Riding Troop based at St John's Wood. However, with the onset of hostilities, they were re-equipped with First War 18pdr field guns which had been "modernised" by fitting road wheels with pneumatic tyres. The Battery left for France as part of 5th RHA and found themselves covering the retreat of the BEF towards the Channel ports. A small village in Belgium, Hondeghem lay on one of the major German lines of advance. It was imperative that it was held at all costs but the only forces available were K Battery and a small detachment from a searchlight regiment.

Robert Hoare deployed his small force with two guns on the outskirts of the village and the others in depth amongst the buildings. Not long after dawn on the 27 May, the leading elements of the 6th Panzer Division approached the village and were engaged by the outer guns and they destroyed three tanks. Sheer enemy strength and firepower was eventually to destroy these defensive positions but the crews continued to fight to the last man till the battle then passed into the village centre. For the next eight hours there was confused and violent street fighting with the guns firing at short range over “open sights”. By mid-afternoon, they had almost expended the gun ammunition and resorted to just rifle fire. At 4pm, Robert Hoare decided that he must save the guns which the Germans had failed to destroy and his small group of survivors withdrew down the road to the next village only to find it already occupied by enemy infantry and tanks. The order was given; “Charge” and shouting at the top of their voices they assaulted the German position. Taken by surprise, the enemy panicked and fled and the remains of the Battery cleared the village and continued its withdrawal. It had been a remarkable action worthy of the best traditions of The Royal Regiment. They had held up the German advance on that axis for half a day and completed their mission, although at heavy cost in lives.

Robert Hoare was awarded the DSO for his courage in command and in due course K Battery was renamed K (Hondeghem) Battery to honour their valour that day.

Ronald MacDonnell (16) was a bit of a mongrel; his mother was a Ryan of Scarteen and his father was Canadian of Scottish extraction, his family having emigrated from the West Coast of Scotland after the 1745 rebellion. Ronald's father had built the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies and also many of the canals in Florida. These rapidly fell into decline as they too were replaced by railroads. When Ronald's father died in 1901, his mother thought that the shares in the canal company she found in the attic were worthless, but on further investigation, she discovered that they owned a 100-yard strip either side of each waterway and with a property boom they became exceedingly wealthy. Mrs MacDonnell came back to Europe in 1904 in style, with a bevy of staff and a squad of governesses and settled at Frimley Park not far from Ascot. The previous owner of this mansion had been the Crown Prince of Siam and he had occupied the smallest room in the attic as custom demanded that he slept above the servants. Ronald's accommodation was therefore rather smart for a young boy. He was sent to St Johns where his mother donated the Lady Chapel before he went up to the main school. At the end of his education in 1916, Ronald was commissioned in the 9th Lancers taking part in the later actions of the Great War and the entry into Germany. He then went to Ireland with the regiment during the "dirty" war of Irish Independence; it could not have been a happy time for a man with Irish connections. Like the remainder of the Cavalry, the 9th Lancers gave up their horses in England and were then poorly equipped with inadequate tanks to go to France with the BEF in May 1940.

Ronald's first action on this second confrontation with the Hun was when he spotted German activity some three hundred yards from the Regimental Headquarters. Together with the Commanding officer, they went forward with Ronald's tank and a couple of scout cars to investigate to find themselves having to attack a position full of enemy infantry. They opened fire, but unable to depress the tank guns fully to engage the Germans, they had to resort to old fashioned cavalry fighting with their pistols from the turret top. This extraordinary assault resulted in a "bag" of one officer and forty three soldiers captured. Surprise and bravado had won them this little action but it was the last for some time with the retreat and the final evacuation from Dunkirk. The Vickers Light tanks with which they were equipped were obsolete even by 1940 standards: no match against their German adversaries. The Lancers stayed in the Somme area between Amiens and Abbeville for nearly a fortnight, dashing here, there and everywhere with no definite information about anything. Days and sleepless nights were full of alarms and excursions. During the first fortnight of June they withdrew back across the Seine, only just escaping the surrender of the 51st Highland Division to which they had been attached. The Germans were hard on their heels and sometimes even in advance of the Echelon.
Finally, they left Le Mans to go non-stop to Brest: and back to England exactly one month after landing, on the day that France capitulated.

Ronald, the recipient of a DSO & Bar would later command his regiment but was killed in Italy in 1944.

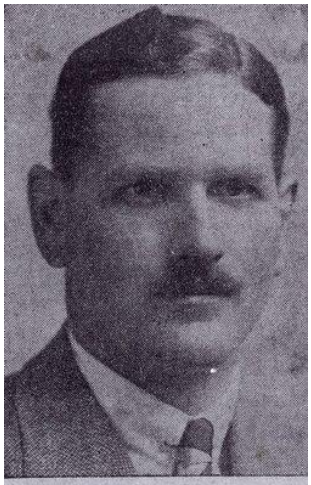
As early as the 15th May, the French high command had admitted that they had lost the battle. By 20th May German Panzers had reached parts of the coast, splitting the allied armies in Belgium from France. On 22nd May German armour was poised to capture the ports of Calais, Boulogne and Dunkirk. Yet two weeks later

around 325,000 troops got away from encirclement by an enemy with air superiority. How did so the British and 125,000 Frenchmen get away

The German high command ordered its Panzer divisions to halt on the 23rd May, and only released them three days later. The Bundeswehr historian Frieser identified nine different explanations for the Halt Order. The order did not originate with Hitler, but with some German officers concerned about the threat to their flanks. Higher command disagreed about the riskiness of the panzer advance. Hitler sided with the risk averse and the Panzers were halted. The British Official history denies that this was a significant factor. The threat to the German advance appeared more real on the maps in Hitler's HQ in the western border of Germany, than to the tactical commanders in France.

The evacuation had begun. The Country was saved from a colossal military disaster, between the 26 May and 3 June as what remained of the Expeditionary force was evacuated. Several OBs were not to see England again and amongst them were the sons of some of the best known Catholic families.

George Clifford (11) had lost his younger brother at the battle of Loos in 1915 with the Irish Guards while he himself was serving as a regular officer in the 8th Kings Royal Irish Hussars within the Cavalry Corps. He was wounded and mentioned in dispatches but in 1928 he retired from active service. At the age of 47, he rejoined the Army and too old for service with his Regiment, he went to France to command a company of pioneers attached to the recently formed Royal Armoured Corps. It was at Etaples that he was killed while under attack from enemy aircraft. His death would mean that another brother **Lewy (14),** a Jesuit and Army Chaplain and future Rector of Beaumont would be heir to the title.



CAPT. T. MORE EYSTON, of East Hendred, who is reported missing.

Thomas More Eyston (20) was ten years younger than George, happily married to Lady Agnes Savile a daughter of the Earl of Mexborough and the father of two boys. His family had always remained Catholic and it is said that no “reformed service” had ever taken place in the chapel at Hendred House. As descendants of Thomas More, the family holds various relics of both Thomas and his fellow martyr John Fisher including the Chancellor’s drinking tankard and the Cardinal’s walking stick. Between the Wars, Eyston had served as High Sheriff of Berkshire and a JP, but as a territorial officer in his county regiment he went to France with the 4th Bn. Thomas was severely wounded during the onslaught at Rouliers in Belgium on the last day of May and died as a result. His Battalion was reduced to 40 men.

The name of Throckmorton is associated with the plot of 1583 instigated by Francis against Elizabeth 1 and the family was also involved in the Gunpowder plot. Before the Second War, three brothers were at Beaumont; the eldest **Anthony (33)** served though the war with the KOYLI but died before he succeeded to the baronetcy, Anthony became a priest but eventually left to marry and live happily in the United States but without heirs the title is dormant. The youngest was **Robert (37)** known as Bobbie. In any other circumstance he would never have been a soldier, a cheery and amusing companion but no gladiator. However, at nineteen, he joined up as a driver in the RASC and with less than a month’s training he was deployed to Lille. After heavy and constant bombardment his Regiment pulled back to Dunkirk for evacuation, where he waited two days on the beach for a ship. Bobbie was about to board a destroyer when she was bombed and sank at her moorings. He was then transferred to the paddle-steamer Princess Charlotte where he helped with the wounded but during the crossing, they too were attacked and he was thrown into the water by the bomb blast. The survivors were picked up by another passing ship – The Crested Eagle but as luck would have it, this was hit by incendiaries and Bobbie

was badly burnt and back in the waters of the Channel once more. After half an hour, he and his other companions were rescued by a destroyer and taken to Margate. His wounds were too severe and he died shortly afterwards. It is hard to think of a worse series of personal mishaps in an operation where luck played such an important role.

It might seem strange that **Denis Sweetman's (37)** brother **Gerard (25)** would be a future Irish Government Minister but a family's national allegiances is often split as we have seen between England and Eire and also with France and Spain. Denis had passed into Woolwich on leaving school in'39. For so slight a person, he had been a formidable captain of boxing taking most of his bouts on a knockout; feats which he continued in the Army. At Woolwich, he had won the Tombs Memorial prize, as the best Gunner cadet of his year. Twelve months later, he was in France with an Anti-Aircraft Regiment near Boulogne. Having got his men safely away during the evacuation, he went back to disable the guns, it was while he was carrying out this task that the position was attacked and Denis was killed.

The French fought with greater skill, determination and courage than is given credit by Anglo-Saxon accounts. Although French senior leadership was weak and indecisive, many British accounts mention small groups of Frenchmen and tanks turning up at the right moment to save the day.

It has often been recorded that the French were bitter at their abandonment and the priority given to British troops on the beaches. In fact, Admiral Darlan, commanding the French Navy had said that British troops should take priority. Churchill had this rescinded on the 31 May and evacuation continued on equal terms. One man that benefited from this was **John de Kerdral (33)**, the eldest of two brothers and the sons of the Vicomte, whose family home was the Chateau de Kerambleiz in the Finisterre region of Brittany. John was one of one hundred thousand Frenchmen to be evacuated, but instead of being repatriated to continue the fight in France he opted to join the British Army, using his mother's maiden name of Halsey. He was given a commission in the Lancashire Fusiliers and would fight in Europe, in the Far East with Wingate's Chindits and finally as a member of SOE. **André Palasse (23)** was not so fortunate, despite ill health he went to the front and the Maginot Line but was one of many thousands of French that were captured and force marched to the prison camps. His Aunt and guardian Coco Chanel used her influence with her wartime lover Gunter von Dinklage, a German intelligence officer to procure his eventual release.

Michael de Kerdral (35) was also called up in the French Army in November of '39 and went to the Alsace front with the 5th Engineer Regiment. In June '40 he was badly wounded in the head during the German offensive and luckily for him was evacuated to a hospital at Perpignan in the south of the country. Here he recovered and was demobilised but wishing to continue the fight he tried to get the last British

boat out of Marseille. Fortunately, he missed it as it was searched and all the passengers arrested. Thwarted by that route, he made his way north through the occupied zone to arrive at his family home to find his mother still there but his father in England. His mother, concerned for his safety was able to make radio contact with intelligence sources in London and an agent from MI6 was given the task of getting Michael, together with a French and a Polish pilot and a Free French agent out of France. Having spent the night at the Chateau on the 2 July ’41, they took a small fishing boat and made a rendezvous with the submarine HMS Sealion which conveyed them to Portsmouth. Like his brother John, Michael used his mother’s name to join the RAF and was sent for pilot training.

Returning to those troops retreating onto the beaches, they would not have been aware or “given a toss” that the esplanade over which they crossed was named Georges Cavrois. It was the same Georges who had marched off to fight in 1914 with his brother Petit Charles and his family were one of the most distinguished in the town; a municipality of which it has been aptly written “you pass through and do not linger”. It is on the seafront, named in this OB’s honour that the Allied Memorial to those sad days, made of cobblestones taken from the old port, is situated.

One of the “little ships” that went to the beaches was the 40ft motor yacht “Jong” built in 1931 by Thorneycroft and owned by Donald Aldington. The boat had been moored in the Thames but was taken down to Sheerness and handed over to a Royal Navy Crew. She went over to rescue some of the rearguard personnel under heavy bombardment. After several trips, she was finally returned to her owner with only minor damage to her stanchions and guardrail. Donald Aldington had not gone himself as he was fully occupied as a director of Frazer-Nash producing gun turrets for RAF bombers. Donald was the father of **Tim and Nicholas** who came to Beaumont at the War’s end.

Others that did not get out at Dunkirk or the Dutch ports may have been directed to embark at Cherbourg, St Malo and St Nazaire. Two of the **Robertson brothers** took a ship from Cherbourg, Walter got away at Dunkirk. All three, as good linguists were in the Intelligence Corps. The Robertsons had been at Beaumont just prior to, or during the Great War. Frederick the eldest had served in the County of London Regiment after a degree at Oxford. Walter with the Connaught Rangers and Arthur had been saved from service by the War’s end. They had another sibling – Herbert buried in France, the last OB to die on the battlefield in that “War to end all Wars” with the 132nd (Bengal Rocket Troop) RA on 1 November 1918. France did not hold happy memories for the Robertsons. They were at least fortunate not to have been put on the Lancastria, the commandeered Cunard liner that was sunk by German bombers outside St Nazaire on 17 June. Over 4000 lost their lives in the worst maritime disaster of all time. The news was kept from the British public who were only just coming to terms with the defeat and losses at Dunkirk.

Apart from the Lancastria disaster, other information concerning the BEF that did not come to light till much later were the massacres at Wormhoudt and at Le Paradis. British soldiers had already heard tales of the atrocities committed in Poland but they still found it hard to believe that a civilised people would fight against them with a disregard of the Geneva conventions.

Committed to a rear guard action at Le Paradis without hope of reinforcement or assistance was 2nd Battalion of the Royal Norfolk Regiment including **Capt George Hoghton (25)**, the first grandson of an OB to come to the school when he arrived in1921. Now with the remainder of the Norfolks, George was under orders to hold out for as long as possible to give the BEF time to evacuate. They put up stubborn resistance but were eventually overrun by troops of the SS Division Totenkopf and

George was among many taken prisoner and would face the next five years in captivity. George was lucky; his brother officer Lisle Ryder with another company held out, till with no ammunition left, they were forced to surrender under a white flag. The 99 captives, many of them wounded were disarmed and marched down a lane to a barn where a couple of machine guns had been prepared. The men were lined up against the wall and shot, those that still lived were bayoneted. Two men did survive but were later captured by another unit and so the murders were not exposed until their release from the POW camps.

One man whose duty it was to stay in his Country, was the new Minister of Information in the last Reynaud administration before" the fall" appointed to the Government and the coming of the Vichy Government. **Jean Provoust (02)** was appointed on the 6th June, the son of a wealthy textile producer in Roubaix and one of the most important industrial dynasties in northern France. He left Beaumont in'02 and continued to build the family empire where he cornered the market from socks to shirts and jerseys. In 1917, he was asked by a Government Minister whether he was interested in buying a daily paper "The Nation", which was causing a hindrance to Clemenceau in the direction of the War. Provoust did so and fell in love with the roar of the presses, the smell of ink and the razzmatazz. He took over a small paper

“Paris–Midi” which he re-launched covering the stock markets, racing, Paris life and the world of art; the circulation jumped from 4000 copies to 80,000 in a matter of years. He engaged Colette to cover news, Cocteau was a roving correspondent and Simenon wrote on sensational crimes; no other paper had such writers and colourful characters. Jean now turned to the “glossies” with Paris-Soir; lavishly illustrated, it was another huge success. Marie-Claire for the female readership followed and finally Paris-Match which had a circulation of a couple of million before the War broke out.

Jean’s time in Government was short lived, his role made superfluous by the complete collapse of France. When Le Maréchal became President, he asked Jean to remain in post, which he did for one month resigning in the middle of July on Petain assuming full powers.

Meanwhile a young Canadian was living through these times in the south of France. **Tom Kenny (27)** was the son of a retired Colonel in Princess Louise’s Fusiliers. The Kennys had come to Canada in the 1820’s and Tom’s grandfather was the first president of the Bank of Canada and his uncle on the other side of the border was the late Theodore Roosevelt. Tom’s father died when he was only a year old and his mother married again to Major Edward Knox-Leet and the family moved to Europe and settled on the Riviera. Tom and later his half-brother Desmond were then sent to Beaumont. After which, Tom studied Architecture in Belgium, and now at the age of thirty, he was living in the fashionable Hotel de Noailles on the Canebière at Marseille.

While there he had been introduced to Emmanuel and Emma Martinez and their seventeen year old daughter Suzanne by an old Australian journalist friend – Nancy Wake later to work with John Farmer in SOE. Tom fell in love with Suzanne. Her parents were both wealthy and influential and Emmanuel owned the Hotel Martinez in Cannes and it was for that “affair of the heart” that he was still in France.

Hotel de Noailles, Marseilles: HQ for the escape route organisers

After Dunkirk, evaders started to filter south to Marseille in the hope of either finding a boat or someone who could help them to get over the mountains and into Spain. Tom and Nancy together with Lisa Haden-Guest, the partner of the flamboyant 4th Baron met with one of these evaders - Captain Ian Garrow. They decided to set up an escape network into Spain under Garrow's leadership. Although Tom's Uncle Patrick had worked with Sir Vernon Kells in the setting up of MO5 later MI5 under **MacDonogh** in the Great War, Tom was very much an amateur at this sort of work. However, he did have several assets for he spoke French fluently, could produce technical drawings and had money to put into the organisation. Escape out of France for allied servicemen was now possible.

UNITED KINGDOM

England now stood alone and the defence of the realm against invasion now fell upon the shoulders of the limited number of regular troops stationed in the country, while those back from France were being re-equipped. **Major General Kevin Martin (07)** had command of the Eastern District comprising of East Anglia. As an engineer officer he prepared tank obstacles and ditches, pillboxes along the river lines and sea defences to include machine gun posts and barbed wire entanglements. Kevin's son John would be killed near Bardia in the desert campaign of January 1941. **Major General James Harter (04)** late of the Royal Fusiliers commanded the Portsmouth Garrison before moving to the North Midland District; both his brothers had been killed in the previous war. To back up the limited regular troops, the Local Defence Volunteers came into being. Most of these men were

veterans of the Great War, too old for active service, but determined to serve their country. Their problem was that they were a low priority as far as arms and equipment was concerned.

Cuthbert Fuller

Beaumont's old Generals came out of retirement to command these units that would form the Home Guard. **Gilbert Harrison (82)** and **Cuthbert Fuller (92)** were also engineer officers and both had previously been at Eastern Command. Cuthbert now took on responsibility for the region around Mayfield in Sussex where he lived with his wife Princess Sophia. She was the daughter of a Russian émigré who had signed the Viborg Manifesto calling for a constitutional monarchy in 1906 and was forced under the Tsarist regime to leave his homeland. Cuthbert's eldest brother **Francis (85)**, yet another Sapper General was also to offer his services that saw men patrolling with shotguns or any other weapons they could lay their hands on. **Richard Walsh (88)** was a veteran of South Africa and the Great War with the Royal Scots Fusiliers; he now rallied the troops around Cheltenham. They were often thought of as blimpish characters out of touch with the realities of modern warfare, but they knew how to command, maintain morale and motivate the troops.

It was not just the Generals, Rear Admiral **Richard Plowden (93)** a veteran of Jutland who had captained the Battleship HMS Centurion had retired in 1933 Now he volunteered to command Atlantic merchant convoys

Dillon Kelly (33) had been posted to the RAF headquarters in France during the initial onslaught, but delivering some documents by air, he discovered twelve Hurricanes parked unattended on the airfield at Angers in Brittany. He had only flown the type once before but managed to fly one to the airfield at Nantes, where No. 1 Squadron were based. They then recovered the remaining Hurricanes and Kelly flew with the squadron until its withdrawal from France to England on 18th June. The day previously he had flown a patrol over the *RMS Lancastria* as it sank off St. Nazaire, if he had not flying with No.1 Squadron he would have been aboard it. The Squadron was driven from base to base trying to continue the fight, ending with their withdrawal to Tangmerre on 23 June.

Dillon then joined 74 Sqn, known as “The Tigers” equipped with spitfires at Hornchurch and waited for the first wave of attacks; he did not have long to wait. After one encounter, he fought his way out against an overwhelming number of fighters and limped back to an emergency landing at Marston with his aircraft badly damaged. He was unhurt, but the armour plate behind his seat was riddled with bullets; it was a lucky escape. One pilot wrote; “Service life in this way teaches a man to live largely on little; we have few ties, little daily cares. For me duty now orders only the brightness of the five buttons down my front. Our outward sameness of dress and type remind us of that…As we gain attachment, so we strip ourselves of personality”.

Johnny Taylor (36) was to come through the Battle with the title of “Ace” with 15 kills and 11 damaged aircraft to his credit. It is little appreciated how difficult it was to shoot down another aircraft in aerial combat; the speed of engagement, the split second timing and the accuracy involved meant that the majority of pilots might have only one claim recognised. 5 kills warranted the title of “Ace” and Taylor’s tally was the equivalent of other great airmen such as Douglas Bader. Johnny was to be awarded two DSOs before he too was killed leading 601 Sqn known as the Millionaires for their well-heeled officers and disregard for discipline and dress - that was out of Tunis in June 1943.

The fighter pilots had the critical role, but Bomber command also had an important task in those summer months. No1 group had taken a mauling in France with their inadequate aircraft that were not built for the task, but with the adage that it was better to have planes in the sky rather than none, they did what they could. **John Breen (06),** brought up in Co Wexford, had started life as a soldier with the Royal Irish Regiment and served with them throughout the Great War. He then transferred to the RAF at the end of hostilities and spent the inter war years in the Middle East before taking charge of the demoralised No 1 group in May 1940. There are basically two types of commander, those that lead from the front by example whatever their rank and whatever the cost; men like Embry and Bader. There are also those with an astute mind, men that appreciate the battlefield requirements and make the best use of the limited resources available to them and get it right. John Breen was in this category. He was a quiet, private man and dedicated to the Air force and he was also cool under pressure.

During this crucial period, Bomber Command was tasked to carry out night raids on the German oil industry and lines of communication. As the Battle intensified, they moved to engaging the aircraft factories and then the ports and shipping, with the invasion barges a priority. In a ten day period in September, they destroyed 200 landing craft, thus denying Hitler his means of invasion.

The remains of a downed Battle. The only real winners were the French scrap metal dealers

John Breen conducted the Group's raiding activities from his Headquarters at RAF Bawtry; his squadrons were still equipped with the Fairey Battle light bomber, slow, limited in range and vulnerable to both fighter attack and artillery. He did a remarkably good job maintaining morale with a 50% loss rate on each mission and achieving any form of success with aircraft that were simply not fit for what they were asked to do. John had seen his Group through this most difficult of times and with the Battle ended, he was promoted to Air Marshal and moved to the Air Ministry.

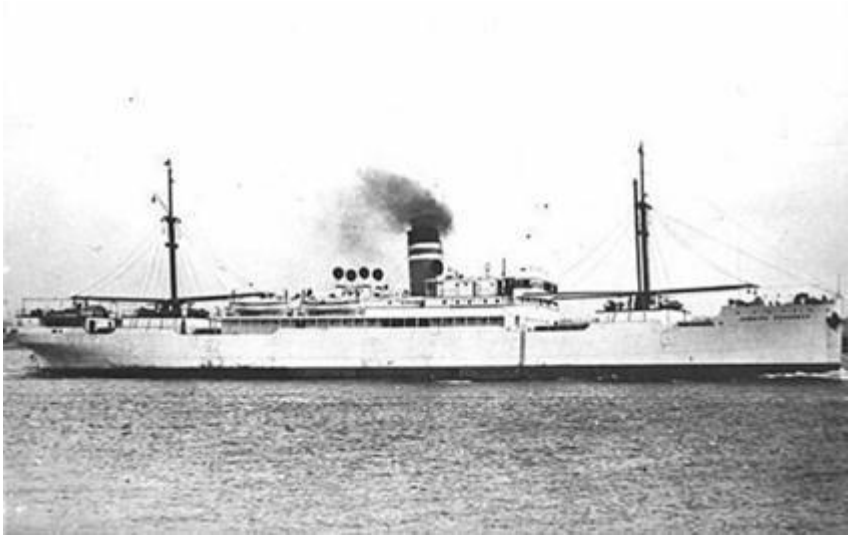
So, while the heroic exploits of 'The Few' of Fighter Command are rightly lauded, those of 'The Many' of Bomber Command often remain overlooked. Night after night, the bomber crews ranged across Europe seeking out and attacking targets in an all-out effort to undermine the German war effort against Britain and prevent invasion. The Other Battle of Britain tells the stories of the young men who carried out dangerous missions on a nightly basis, battling against both the enemy and the elements, relying on a mix of nerve, skills and luck to hit their target and make it home.

Douglas Ffrench-Mullen (27) came from a family of Irish rebels – his aunt Madalene was one of the very few females that took an active part in the Easter Rising of 1916. In 1940 he was a Whitley bomber pilot with 10 Sqn based at Dishforth in North Yorkshire. Because of their vulnerability, these aged aircraft were used on night raids. On the 9th July the Squadron took off from the old "mud and grass" runway at Dishforth for the last time as on their return they would land on the concrete of their new home at Leeming. Denis and his crew landed in the sea. Attacking the shipyards at Kiel they gained the distinction of being the first victim of the new Luftwaffe night fighter squadron: Douglas did well to put the plane down and the crew were picked up by a German patrol vessel and they would spend the next five years as POWs. It could be said that it was preparation for Douglas's entry into the Trappist Order on Caldey Island after the War.

If Bomber Command felt that their aircraft were inadequate for the task that summer, Coastal Command were considered the lowest priority

Lt James MacKenzie Bell (33) was serving with the Air Branch of the Royal Navy and had been posted to 826 Squadron equipped with Albacore torpedo bombers, on their formation in early 1940 at Ford, West Sussex. After initial training the Sqn was placed under the operational control of RAF Coastal Command. The desperate situation of the BEF meant that the Squadron's first mission was a daylight bombing raid against a road junction at Nieuwpoort Belgium on 31 May 1940. The squadron then continued to fly a mixture of convoy escort missions, daylight attacks against German land and sea targets and night time patrols against German E –Boats but on 21st June James was killed on a raid on De Kooy airfield and Den Helder naval station in the Netherlands.

The protection of the Atlantic convoys to safeguard the Country's resupply was vital but had to be weighed up against the immediate threat of invasion from the Continent. Before the convoy system was organised many ships had to to run the gauntlet" from U-boats and surface raiders on their own.



One such ship was the SS Jamaica Progress which had set sail from the West Indies and was following what her Master hoped was a safe route to port, The Ship was what was described as a Defensively Equipped Merchantman (DEMS) equipped with a 4inch gun on her stern that had last seen action in WW1. To man the gun, she had one naval rating on board: Able Seaman **Edmond Robert O'Brien RN (21). His father was heir to a baronetcy and he was the younger brother of both Sir John and Sir David Bt.** He had married Lady Ashtown on her divorce from her husband in 1938 and she was also the daughter of Sir Henry Foley Grey Bt.

Despite his background, Edmond had joined up as a sailor at the outbreak of War and because of his age he was posted to the crew of SS Jamaica Progress as the one and only gunner At 01.38 hours on 31 July the unescorted ship sailing from Kingston to Avonmouth was hit on port side aft by one torpedo from U-99 about 40 miles southwest of Barra Head. The ship was sunk by a coup de grâce at 02.44 hours. Eight were lost. The remainder were picked up by a British trawler and landed at Fleetwood. Edmond was among those lost together with 2000 tons of bananas. In command of U-99 was top U-Boat Ace Otto Kretschemer who sank 40 ships before he was captured in 1941. He later rose to Admiral in the German Federal Navy.

It is probable that **Evelyn Fanshawe (07)** felt the same about inadequate equipment in his Armoured Brigade, but it was better than the horses he was brought up with. Evelyn was a cavalryman through and through. His grandfather was Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood and his father General Sir Hew Dalrymple Fanshawe. His father had been Wood's ADC and had married his eldest daughter. In the previous War, Hew Fanshawe had commanded the Cavalry Corps and V Corps in France and Evelyn had been his father's ADC. Leaving Beaumont just before the outbreak of war, he had been commissioned in his father's Regiment, The Queen's Bays. Apart

from France, he also served in Mesopotamia, Palestine and Russia and spent a couple of years seconded to the Royal Flying Corps. It would be Evelyn who commanded the Regiment in 1935 when they had to say farewell to their horses after 250 years and become a mechanised regiment equipped with light tanks. As a horseman and a recognised authority and author on horsemanship, Evelyn would have found it a difficult period but he would probably have been the first to admit that the horse no longer had a role on the modern battlefield. Still when you have fought and trained as mounted cavalry and lived your service life with horses, it is a blow. Evelyn's brother **George (07)** would command The Bays with their "new mounts" when they deployed to France with the BEF.

In '39, Evelyn was promoted to Brigadier and given command of 20th Armoured Brigade tasked with home defence. For this role, he had the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars and two regiments of the Northamptonshire Yeomanry, initially they were to guard East Anglia and appropriately for Evelyn he had his headquarters at Moulton Paddocks, Newmarket.

Possibly an apt insignia for a Brigade with obsolete and inadequate equipment

The brigade was equipped with an assortment of Bren gun carriers, light tanks, Guy armoured cars and lorries. With the Battle of Britain raging overhead, the Brigade moved into the more likely invasion area of Kent and Sussex. With their paucity of fire power, let alone their lack of strength in numbers, it must have been a relief that the force was not required. In September, as the aerial battle was coming to a close, they started to be equipped with the modern Valentine tank. The cavalry is used to close shaves - this was as close as you wanted it to get.

The men of 20th Armoured Brigade were territorial soldiers and so also were those that served in the London Irish Rifles, an infantry regiment deployed at the same time on the north Kent marshes. **John Cantopher (34)** was commanding one of the companies with his headquarters at the Sportsman's pub on Graveney Marsh. John had left the school in '34 and had gone up to St John's Cambridge to read economics. He now found himself tasked with the rest of his battalion as part of the anti-invasion force.

On the 27 September, a Junkers 88 was shot down by spitfires and crash landed not far from the pub. At this stage of the battle it was not an uncommon event and a patrol went out to investigate what was expected to be wreckage. In fact, the plane was intact and as they approached, they came under machine gun fire from the crew. John had been away from the pub at the time and returned to hear firing in progress. He made an appreciation, then gathered together the rest of the company and put in an assault on the enemy position. This resulted in the capture of both the crew and their plane. Taking the prisoners back to the pub, Cantopher, a German linguist, heard the crew captain say that at least the British would not get the aircraft as it was primed to blow up. Realising the implication that a bomb must have been activated, John ran back to the plane, searched for and found the device. He released it and threw it into the dyke before it exploded, thus saving what turned out to be a new variant of the bomber for intelligence analysis. The Battle of Graveney Marsh, as it came to be known, was the last armed conflict between our forces and enemy troops on British soil. For his heroism that day John Cantopher was awarded the George Medal. It had only been instituted by the King three days before, to be awarded for acts of great bravery by civilians and members of the military when not in contact with the enemy.

For the final words on this extraordinary year of the War we must return to Beaumont as reported in the REVIEW. 12 OBs were dead, a further 12 wounded and 7 were prisoners of war. Honours awarded seemed meaningless in comparison. But there was a pride in the announcement that " By special permission of H.M. the King, the Beaumont Contingent of the Crown Lands Battalion under the command of the Lord Wigram is to wear the badge of the Grenadier Guards in recognition of their defence of Windsor Castle and The Royal Lodge".

Beaumont was serving her Country in her hour of need.

The Legacy of Rodolfo Cardenal (15).

Listening to the BBC World Service at about 3 am on the 2nd March I heard the news that Ernesto Cardenal had died. It just so happened that I had started to write an article about his family.

We think of OBs who have made their mark on history through personal endeavour but as someone who is interested in Bloodstock we should not overlook those who have bred offspring who either have or are making names for themselves. **Rodolfo Cardenal** is one such who produced two remarkable sons whether you agree with their political views or not.

Born 1896 in Paris to Nicaraguan Salvador and his wife Isabel, Rodolfo came to Beaumont in 1909 and left in 1915 for the Catholic University of America. He returned to his home town Leon where he married Esmeralda Martinez He died in 1995 bat the age of 98. Not a life of note

The Cardenal offspring

except he was wealthy and influential and Rodolfo and Esmeralda had seven children including five sons two of whom became the controversial priests Fernando and Ernesto.

Fernando:-

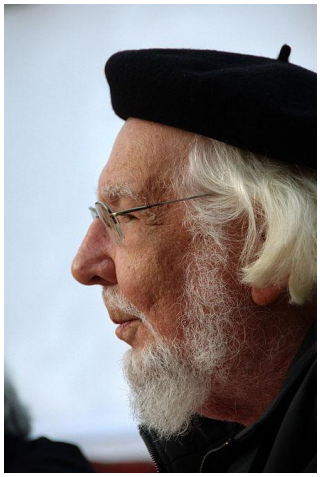
Born in Granada Nicaragua 1934, he served as Minister of Education from 1984 to 1990, during the Sandinista era. His brother, poet Ernesto Cardenal, also a Catholic priest, served as Minister of Culture from 1979 to 1987.

Because of his ties to the Leftist Sandinistas and liberation theology, he was forced to leave the Society of Jesus and, together with his brother Ernesto, he had his priesthood suspended directly by John Paul11,on the grounds that his roles as a priest and a government minister were incompatible. In an open letter published in 1984, he wrote: "*I cannot conceive of a God that would ask me to abandon my commitment to the people […] From my point of view, and from my personal experience, it is possible to live […] simultaneously (in) fidelity to the church as a Jesuit and as a priest, and also devote myself to the service of the poor in Nicaragua from within the Sandinista revolution."* Cardenal left political office in 1990, and was subsequently reinstated into the Jesuit order in 1997.

In 1980, Cardenal led the Nicaraguan Literacy Campaign, a Sandinista effort that succeeded in teaching basic literacy to more than half a million people with the help of 60,000 young volunteers.

Fernando Cardenal was a director at the Fe y Algria organization in Managua, Nicaragua. Through the organization, Cardenal was able to help provide education for the poor in the country. Since 1997, the year that he was readmitted to the Jesuits, Cardenal was an active priest. He was readmitted after four years had passed since he renounced his membership in The Sandinistas.

Cardenal made several visits to Jesuit universities in the United States, such as to the University of Detroit Mercy in 2013 and to the John Carroll University in 2014. He talked there about his commitment to help the poor and his experience as a Jesuit priest and Liberation Theologian during the Nicaraguan Revolution. He has given several interviews to discuss his involvement in the Revolution as a minister of education, his commitment to the poor, and the current state of education in Nicaragua which links to his current involvement in Fe y Alegria. He gave an interview to an undergraduate student at Georgetown University in 2014. He died in Managua in 2016.



Ernesto

The two priests

Ernesto

Born 20 January 1925, died 1st March 2020) was also a Nicaraguan priest poet, and politician. He was a liberation theologian and the founder of the primitivist art community in the Solentiname Islands, where he lived for more than ten years (1965–1977). A member of the Sandinastas a party he eventually left, he was Nicaragua's minister of culture from 1979 to 1987. He was prohibited from administering the sacraments in 1984 by Pope Paul II but rehabilitated by Pope Francis in 2019.

He studied literature in Managua and then from 1942 to 1946 in Mexico and from 1947 to 1949 in New York. In 1949 and 1950, he travelled through Italy, Spain and Switzerland.

In July 1950, he returned to Nicaragua, where he participated in the 1954 April Revolution against Anastasio Somoza Garcia's regime. The coup d'état failed and ended with the deaths of many of his associates. Cardenal subsequently entered the Trappist Monastery of Gethsemani (Kentucky USA) joining another poet-priest Thomas Merton, but in 1959, he left to study Theology in Cuernavaca Mexico.

Cardenal was ordained a Catholic priest in 1965 in Granada. He went to the Solentiname Islands, where he founded a Christian, almost-monastic, mainly-

peasant community, which eventually led to the founding of the artists' colony. The colony engaged with painting as well as sculpture and was visited many times by well-known artists and writers of the region. It was there that his famous book *El Evangelio en Solentiname* was written. Cardenal collaborated closely with the Leftist Sandinista National Liberation Front, or FSLNin working to overthrow Anastasio Somoza Debayle's regime.

Many members of the Solentiname community engaged in the revolutionary process through guerrilla warfare that the FSLN had developed to strike at the regime. The year 1977 was crucial to Cardenal's community, when Somoza's National Guard as a result from an attack to the headquarters stationed in the city of San Carlos a few miles from the community, raided Solentiname and burned it to the ground. Cardenal fled to Costa Rica

Ernesto in Managua in 2001

On 19 July 1979, immediately after the Liberation of Managua, he was named Minister of Culture by the new Sandinista government. He campaigned for a *"revolution without vengeance.".* When Pope Paul 11 visited Nicaragua in 1983, he openly scolded Ernesto Cardenal, who knelt before him on the Managua airport runway, for resisting his order to resign from the government, and admonished him: *"Usted tiene que arreglar sus asuntos con la Iglesia" ("You must fix your affairs with the Church")*. On 4 February 1984 Pope John Paul II suspended Cardenal *a divinis* because of Cardenal's refusal to leave his political office. This suspension remained in effect until it was lifted by Pope Francis in 2019. Cardenal remained Minister of Culture until 1987, when his ministry was closed for economic reasons.

Cardenal left the FSLN in 1994, protesting the authoritarian direction of the party under Daniel Ortega, calling it a "robbery of the people and dictatorship not a revolutionary movement" when he left the government. He is a member of the

Sandinista Renovation Movement, MRS that participated in the 2006 Nicaraguan general election. Days before the election, Cardenal explained his decision: *"I think more desirable an authentic capitalism, as Montealegre's (Eduardo Montealegre , the presidential candidate for Nicaraguan Liberal Alliance would be, than a false Revolution."*

He was also a member of the board of advisers of the Latin American television station *teleSUR .*

Cardenal had been for a long time a polemical figure in Nicaragua's literary and cultural history. He was described as "the most important poet right in Latin America" politically and poetically. He has been a vocal representative for Nicaragua and a key to understanding the contemporary literary and cultural life of Nicaragua. He participated in the Stock Exchange of Visions project in 2007. During a short visit to India, he made a profound impression on a group of writers called the Hungry Generation.

Cardenal's tour of the United States in 2011 to promote his newest work stirred up some controversy, as with the American Society for the Defence of Tradition, Family and Property that protested his appearances at Catholic universities such as Xavier ,Cincinnati because of his Marxist ideology.

On 18 February 2019, Archbishop Waldemar Sommertag, the Vatican nuncio in Nicaragua, announced that Pope Francis had ended Cardenal's suspension and that Cardenal was "granted with benevolence the absolution of all canonical censures"

Poetry

Earlier works were focused on life and love; however, some works like "Zero Hour" had a direct correlation to his Marxist political ideas, being tied to the assassination of guerrilla leader Augusto César Sandino. Cardenal's poetry also was heavily influenced by his unique Catholic ideology, mainly liberation theology. Some of his latest works are heavily influenced by his understanding of science and evolution, though it is still in dialogue with his earlier Marxist and Catholic material. Cardenal sums up his later material in a PBS NewsHour interview:

"*In the first place, one matures, and can write about things one couldn't before. One couldn't get poetry out of this theme or this situation. And later, you can do it*

because you have more technical ability to do it. Now I can do easily things that were impossible for me to do when I was younger. That also happens to painters, I guess, and to all artists and creators. Even politicians mature and become, perhaps, more astute or more cunning".

- 1980: Peace Prize of the German Book Trade
- November 1990: Peace Abbey Courage of Conscience Award
- 2005: Nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature
- 2009: Ibero-American Poetry Prize Pablo Neruda
- 2009: GLOBArt Award in the monastery church in Pernegg
- 2010: Austrian Cross of Honour for Science and Art, 1st class
- 2012: Queen Sofia Prize for Ibero-American Poetry
- 2018: Mario Benedetti International Award

Rodolfo Cardenal certainly left a mark on society through the work of these two sons.

"They don't come from much further"

Everard Charles Xavier White was born in Morvi India in 1894 the son of Charles White and his wife Eily however shortly afterwards the family moved to New Zealand and Everard was brought up mainly in Hawkes Bay, Waipukarau, Sherwood Sheep Station. It was from here he was sent to Beaumont in 1909 leaving in 1912 to return to take up farming with his father.

With the outbreak of War he took ship again and volunteered with the Lovat Scouts then part of the 74th Yeomanry Division and was subsequently sent to Palestine to fight the Ottoman. He was here and in Egypt for 2 and a half years, with General Allenby's army. Much of their time was spent reconnoitring and guarding certain isolated oases in the desert, west of the Nile Delta. There was a threat that the Senussi, a camel-riding Bedouin tribe, paid by the Germans and led by a Turkish Colonel called Ja'far, who had started a guerrilla campaign, raiding villages in the cultivated Nile valley. Before making such raids, it was probable that they would first concentrate at one of the oases. They did much to nip this campaign in the bud and the leader Ja'far himself, was wounded and captured.

But the threat remained and so the Scouts, were stationed for over six months at various places in the desert- Oasis junction, a few miles north of Luxor; Dakhla, some sixty miles further west; Miniah; Sohag and Assuit. Everard spent most of his time on horseback but there were occasions when they swopped to Camels.

Everard White (on left) among a group of British soldiers on camels in Egypt. The Great Sphinx and the Pyramid of Khafre are visible in the background. Taken in 1916.

Everard also took part in the memorable charge at Beersheba: one of the greatest *actions of the entire war - 31 October 1917. He recalled:-*

“The approach and assault at dawn over open and undulating terrain was quite memorable. Men and animals started to be shot down, but advance went on with steady, unhurried determination. One of the first to be hit was my dear old Seldom, his leg smashed so he had to be destroyed”.

When the War came to an end the Cavalry received the order that all their horses were to be disposed of: those young and fit enough would be sold in Egypt, the aged and infirmed destroyed. The news was devastating to the Troops who loved these animals and saw them as comrades in arms. Many found this callous act unforgivable and took their horses into the desert and put them down themselves.

Everard born and brought up with horses was both angry and bitter: Horses, donkeys and mules fought like heroes in WW1, side by side with the soldiers. Over eight million equines fell during the war and without them the outcome could have been very different. There was sadly little he could do and he sailed back to England and demobilisation in 1918

Back home again in New Zealand, he did not forget what had happened.

12 years past and Lady Dorothy Brooke accompanied her husband Geoffrey to Egypt where he was to command the now mechanised cavalry Brigade.

At Cairo's SPCA (animal protection agency), Dorothy encountered the first of thousands of elderly, neglected former war horses, survivors brought to the Middle East by British forces to fight in Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Equine veterans who helped win the desert campaigns, they were then left behind.

Money was needed and an appeal made through the press. Back on his sheep station Everard heard about the plan and took it upon himself to become one of the main fund raisers and supporters in the country

Within three years, Dorothy Brooke had purchased five thousand ex-warhorses. Most were old, exhausted and had to be humanely put down. But thanks to her compassion, they ended their lives peacefully. She founded the Old War Horse Memorial Hospital in Cairo, with the promise of free veterinary care for all the city's working horses and donkeys. The Brooke Hospital for Animals was born.

War came again in 1939 and once again Everard volunteered this time as a Gunner and rose to the rank of Lt-Colonel before returning to his sheep and his much loved horses.

David Everard White

In 1947 it was the turn of his son David to set sail for England to start his time at Beaumont. He left in 1950 with Boxing and Rugby Colours and a member of the shooting VIII and managed to fit in a pilgrimage to Rome. Then like his father it was down to Southampton and the voyage back home and the farm and the horses.

Everard died in 1980 and his daughter Susana wrote in 2017:-

“Dorothy Brooke’s sanctuary for war horses in Cairo is still open and working. A new book has just been published about her work. The 100 year memorials for Beersheba and stories have been widely distributed throughout the world so, at last, so many of your friends who perished are being remembered and honoured. All their graves have been repaired and casualty lists updated. You would be pleased to know this.
Also, your grandchildren are devoted to their horses and live on the farm which you purchased for us”.

The Campiglis:-

William Murray Campigli left the school the year before David White arrived and is remembered for being ordered “Twice Nine” for setting his desk alight in class.

William was Australian and his father George and uncles had fought alongside Everard White at Beersheba. George was born at Kurting, Gunbower, Victoria in 1890 and after leaving school was employed as a railway Clerk, his father was the Station Master for Victorian Railways. George together with his brothers Donald and Francis joined up in October 1914 in B Squadron of the 4th Light Horse and sailed on the Troopship Wiltshire for the Middle East. They left their horses in Egypt and went to reinforce the Anzacs at Gallipoli making a reputation for themselves at Ryrie’s Post before being withdrawn in December 1915. Donald was awarded the DCM but later died of pneumonia in 1918.

The three brothers took part in all the battles of the Palestine campaign including the famous charge. George rapidly rose through the ranks to Staff Sergeant and was commissioned in 1916 and was awarded an M C. After the War He stayed in the Army and promoted to Lt- Colonel but transferring to his old employment with the Railways as a Royal Engineer: He was to command the railway network in Palestine.

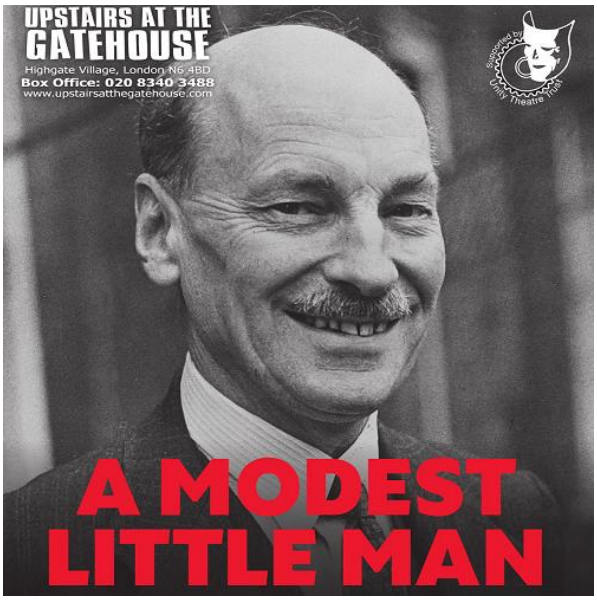
On retirement after WW2 he returned to Australia and died in Victoria in 1951. His son **William (46)** also returned to his home state but we have no further records of his life thereafter.

GISS - GOSS

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

Snippets

John Flood has been organising a Class of 60 Zoom every Thursday afternoon, of which there are now potentially 15 participants, with on average 9 or 10 attending. Shortly before sending the invitation, he sends a 'warm up' by What's App, which is the best cartoon, video or other item he has received during the previous week . When writing he was about to send out **Catholic Poker** (Click into Youtube) courtesy of **Richard Sheehan.**



I enquired of **Jeremy Attlee** (60) whether he had been to **Francis Beckett's** play:- "To answer your question: Yes, Francis did invite me to *A Modest Little Man*. I went on a different night from John (3rd Earl) Attlee, and watched it with Clem's other grandson Richard Attlee (actor, and voice of Kenton Archer...); we thoroughly enjoyed it, predicting (correctly) to each other when all the old Attlee jokes would be worked in. Also present were my sister Cath Attlee, and Janice
partner of my brother **Thomas Attlee (OB 67),** who is still running his College of

Craniosacral Therapy and has recently published a second volume of his Cranio-Sacral Integration.

Francis also “chipped in”:

“Yes, I most certainly did invite Jeremy – he was there, as was John Attlee, the present Lord Attlee, in your picture, and the actor Richard Attlee, another grandson of Clem’s, who plays Kenton in The Archers.

Jeremy is actually the grandson of Clem’s older brother Tom. Clem and Tom were very close throughout their lives and Clem’s regular letters to Tom for 60 years or so are a vital resource for biographers. But Clem didn’t think much of Jeremy’s decision to study to be a Jesuit , and wrote to Tom: “I should think the Jesuit training is pretty narrowing and he will miss so much of Oxford. However, I suppose being a Catholic priest, even a Jesuit, is better than becoming a Communist.”

The play was to return to Highgate for another run in April, but Covid-19 washed that out. Virus permitting, it will return to Upstairs at the Gatehouse in Highgate Village, 11-15 November. Tickets from www.upstairsatthegatehouse.com, phone 020 8340 3488, or go to the box office.

ED: Some of you may have heard **Francis** on the World Tonight Programme on Radio 4 “Talking about a new society post - Covid”.

Jeremy again:-
Did you see the good little letter in The Tablet (07/03/20) from **Jim Cargin** (OSJB 72, OS 77). There's a lot on the internet about the tremendous work Jim has done with L'Arche over more than 40 years in Poland, Belgium and elsewhere.

Jim is a younger brother of **Johnny. (63)** I knew him and David (OSJB 70, OS 75) at Stonyhurst; Jim was a star of my chess team. Their sister Frances were tenants/members of a sort of commune with my sister and others in my parents' house in Hampstead for a while.

Kandersteg ‘65

Chris Tailby was having a clear out of slides and came across this one of Father Brogan with he thinks is **Tony Newling Ward** on the right of the picture. (Confirmed) Not sure who is on the left. It was taken at Stresa on the Kandersteg Scout Camp where we were staying when we heard about the Beaumont closure. Father B and a few brave souls swam in the lake which was extremely cold! Brogie was not fussed about posing half starkers! Not sure why Tony and the other chap are in full uniform but maybe that was the dress code for that expedition.

We asked **John Flood** to come up with a suggestion: -**Bruce Geddes**

“I know that somewhere in this house is an old album with my Kandersteg 1965 photos but I have been unable to find where Celia has stuffed them! Instead I have gone to the October 1965 edition of the Beaumont Review and found the attached detailed article about the penultimate Beaumont Senior Scouts Kandersteg camp (one in Whitegale on Cork harbour taking place in 1966, which I attended as an 'Old Scout', as also the final Kandersteg 1967 camp immediately after Beaumont had closed). It is interesting that the account of the trip through the Loetschental tunnel to catch the coach through the Rhone Valley and the Furka and Susten passes is referred to as being "marred by poor visibility" which, while true (it was thick fog and we saw nothing other than the Rhone Glacier for the whole and very long day) was totally overshadowed by reading page 3 of the Daily Telegraph in the Loetschental tunnel, announcing the closure of Beaumont. This is not mentioned in that article but, as you can imagine, it was a day that one will never forget, especially because Brogie was that day unwell, probably after over doing it climbing the Balmhorn the previous day, and was unable to accompany us. By the time we got back to Pffadfinderheim (the Scout chalet at Kandersteg), we had talked of nothing else for perhaps 7 or 8 hours, and were ready to lynch Brogie! He had been burdened with this news before leaving the College, but sworn to secrecy. Nobody could have been more upset than he was.

A great photo of Brogie!”

Chris apropos of **Alastair Russell’s** “Spirit of Beaumont” mentioned:-

It was one of the Russell’s who had a lot of rather good wine in a Customs warehouse which was the subject of some irregularities on the part of the Excise so through no fault of his, he could not get it out. When I became a Director at C&E Russell contacted me to see if I could help. I realised I had some clout in the organisation as when I mentioned the problem to my PA he got on to the Excise lot they scurried around and Russell got his wine very quickly! Not sure if it was Alistair or Andrew Russell. There were a lot of them!!

ED: Any Russell owning up to a good cellar?

Breakfast .

David Liston noted in **The TIMES Mon. 4th May** a photo of an attractive lady having breakfast cereal. Instead of milk she was pouring wine from a bottle of **Chateau Beaumont 2015.**

David hopes there will be some left for our lunch in October – and so say all of us.

ED: I rather think that red wine cereal is a bit of an aberration but I always serve house guests the remains of any red or pudding wine left over from dinner at breakfast to have with their sausages and bacon: " it cuts the fat beautifully" and sets one up for the day.

Lost property

Charles Crawford (51) wrote that if any BU members happen to visit St Anthony's Church, Slough, they will find suspended over the High Altar there the beautiful Crucifix that used to be on the High Altar at Beaumont. An 'Old Boy' (from the early forties?), Father Francis (Frank) Glanfield, Parish Priest there from 1969 to 1972, managed to save it. I remember how privileged we were to have daily Mass in our School, and shall always be grateful for our education by the Jesuits and lay-Masters to prepare us to be what we are now.

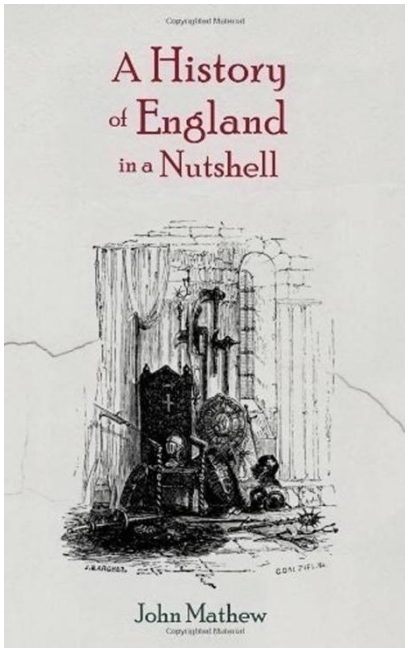
Ed: Fr Frank came to Beaumont from Penryn following his brother **Bernard (42).** Frank left in ’44 having played in the 1st XV. He then served in The Rifle Brigade before going to Birmingham University and The Scots College in Rome. He was ordained for the Northampton Diocese at Oscott in 1955. Apart from his time at Slough nothing else is recorded.

John Mathew QC.

John, whose Obituary appears in the Obituary (dropdown) was probably the best known criminal lawyer Beaumont produced. He was listed in the “Dream Team” of barristers :-

“When the time arrives for computers to create the perfect defence advocate (no doubt uncomfortably sooner than we think), I would suggest that we will find the magical chip to contain the court presence of Victor Durand, the power of **John Mathew,** the style of Robin Simpson and the humour and empathy of Bruce Laughland. John will be much missed and most warmly remembered by all who knew him”.

Two other interesting facts about John: he appeared as himself in a couple of films including “Secret History” and the salacious sounding “The Porn King, the Strippers and the Bent Coppers”; John was, in this instance, the prosecuting counsel.

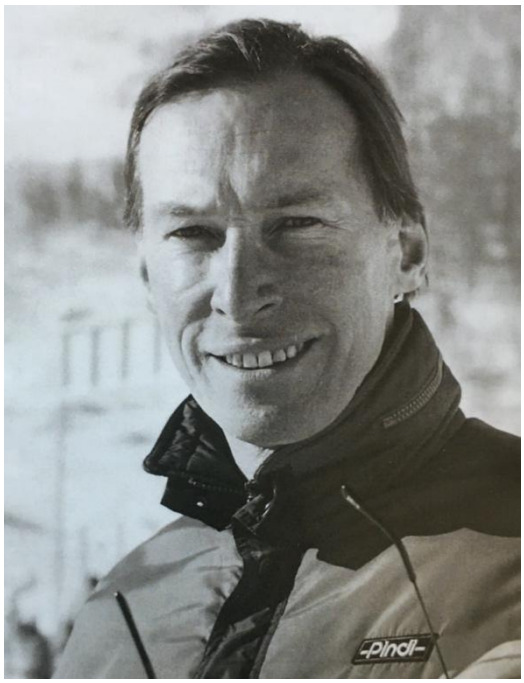


He also deplored the way history was taught, complaining that the overall picture did not emerge clearly. His answer was to produce two books, A History of England in a Nutshell and A History of the World in a Nutshell, published in 2007 and 2011 respectively.

Roger Johansen (62) wrote to say that John was also a good golf player and your Editor asked for further details: Roger replied –

John was one of the Hewitt team at the time of the closure when it was decided to withdraw from the competition as there were may schools who wanted to enter, and numbers were limited. He, **Jim Peppercorn and Jack Wolff** were all members at Sunningdale, and captains of the club in their time. A funny incident I remember: many years ago the club was host to one of the first major women's professional tournaments in England, and on the weekend before the actual tournament there was a pro-Am event which took the form of a four-ball in which three members played their best ball against one female professional. I was in a game where our opponent was an American called Kathy Martin who at the time was fourteenth in the American order of merit, effectively the fourteenth best female golfer in the world. As the starter called us onto the first tee he announced: “On the tee: Miss Kathy Martin versus Roddy Hanbury, Toddy James and Roger Johansen.” John was walking by at that moment and immediately called out: “Roddy, Toddy and Noddy”! She beat the three of us fairly easily, and didn’t even have to resort to a stratagem that some of the other girls used of “Kisses for birdies”!

“The Loveable Rogue”



Mark Marshall sent me the eulogy given at **David Crewe-Read’s** Memorial.

We all have a picture of David in our minds today. With his richly colourful life it will not be surprising if all of these images are different. But, whatever they are, they will have one thing in common -- they will all be positive – for negative was something David never was.

As we think of David today it is worth remembering that this is a service of Thanksgiving for his adventurous life. This is not the time for formal, factual biographical details such as one often hears on these occasions -- warts and all. This is a tribute to someone who gave us a wealth of fun, laughter and entertainment. And so I have attempted today to ignore the ‘warts’ and concentrate on the ‘all’ -- or at least some of the safer bits -- extracted from a life of extraordinary unpredictability, mischief, enterprise, controversy and playfulness. If it succeeds it will be thanks to his devoted family for helping to build the picture. There is no shortage of material, though time and tact mercifully do not allow mention of it all.

David's early childhood was undoubtedly a challenge for him. With his father in the Army immediately post-war there was no settled home. From staying with his mother at his Aunt's house in Newbury at the start, he moved with his family to St John's Wood, then to Athens (where his father was Military Attache) and into the countryside in Greece. When he was six, the family moved to Nanyuki in Kenya and two years later, with his father posted to Malaya, David and his sister Joanna went to live in Southern Rhodesia initially with their grandparents, and then, when Jo and Di (their parents) returned from Malaya, in their own house in Salisbury, Rhodesia. After seven years in Africa, David was sent to Beaumont, a school at Old Windsor run by the Jesuits, which had connections with Rhodesia. He left with few qualifications but heaps of ideas.

If David's 75 years might be considered rather shorter than one might expect these days this can be partly accounted for by the volatile life he set for himself. From an early age he showed a talent for enterprise. Inheriting his family's inexhaustible energy and with no aversion to risk he grabbed any opportunity that came up, from work as a junior journalist, then into the world of antiques, and then to a job at Elstree studios. His charm and spirit of adventure attracted the stars and celebrities he met there, who were to visit David later at the premises he bought in Wandsworth Bridge Road where he had sparked a new fashion for pine furniture. 'The Pine Mine' became a mecca. There he dealt, traded, bought, built and renovated pine furniture in a newly cornered market.

We bought a piece from him ourselves. It was an upright corner cupboard with a glass front and two loosely-fitting doors. It was, David assured me, one of the finest pieces of pine furniture one would find anywhere in London's prestigious West End and any defects (if they existed at all) were deliberately built into the structure to give a unique character to this particular design. As such, he explained, it was worth twice the price – which naturally I paid. Dealing and selling were his peculiar skills, whether in pine or pictures.

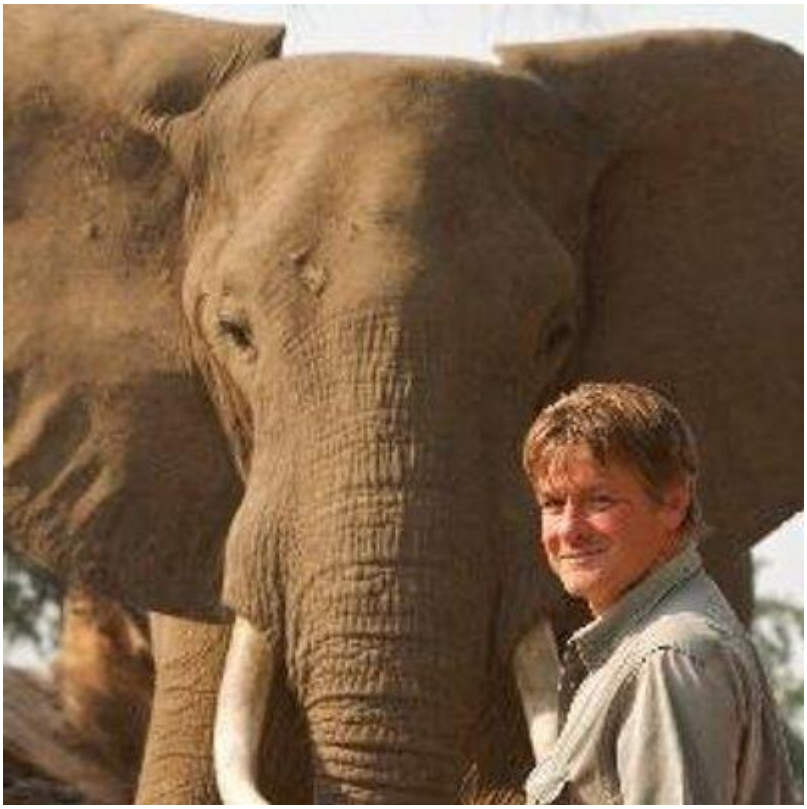
He introduced his six children to the works of Edward Lear, Oscar Wilde, and John Betjeman and in the art world to the Victorian and pre-Raphaelite painters who were among his special interests. He explored with his children the land around the country house he owned and loved, Wergs Farm in Berkshire and the parcels of land he acquired there, 'Hockley's Hole' and 'Watership Warren'. His charm and easy-going nature took him into all fields of society. He turned up at every party: missed no chance at repartee: left no speech un-heckled. His name was well known throughout London and even better known as a regular customer at the Cooper's Arms in the heart of Chelsea, and similarly in the bars of Malta, the island he adopted as a second home.

But it was at the opening of the smart and appropriately named Rhodes Gallery in Kings Road that we saw David in one of his last promotional roles, as the front-of-house man, ‘mine host’, the persuader, the enthusiast. His capacity for welcome and friendship was abundant. He was the greeter, the optimist, the positive thinker. He would describe a colleague as ‘Top Man’. We probably remember his catch phrases: ‘A collector’s item’, though this was applied more often to a person of advanced years; or ‘legend’ which could be applied to anything.

David was immensely proud of all his children (and grandchildren). Caspian, at his side for many years, and Daniel: Gabriella and her talented family: Honey-Bee, Sacha and Charlie. They shared his love of Malta and spent long summers on holiday with him there. They sustained him throughout his active life, and witnessed David’s humour, even in his final illness. Maybe what says most of all about David came at the very end, with his entire family of six children and his two ex-wives, Lisa and Emma, at his bedside when he died.

As one of his children wrote “his childhood never left him”. That eternal boyishness will be a lasting memory for the rest of us.

David Fettes” on air” March 2019.



The Trees a Crowd podcast is a series of informal conversations with artists, scientists and enthusiasts; a mutual celebration of the beauty of the environment and the way it inspires them as human beings. Hosted by artist and actor David Oakes, each episode explores how the countryside has inspired their careers as they reflect on how growing up within the natural world became working for the natural world. Growing up in the New Forest and the Purbeck Jurassic Coast, David Oakes launched this podcast as a passion project to explore his lifelong fascination with the wild people and the wildlife that makes our planet its home: Going against the crowd – and the best moment to press the button

David Oakes's thoughts:

I first met **David Fettes** at a 30th birthday party in Barnes – he was godfather to the 30 year old in question. David was joking that his wife would still be talking long after he'd said all his farewells, so was lingering a while to banter with me before heading off into the night. Needless to say, long after his wife had finished her goodbyes, David was still rabbiting on to me. A short while later, the birthdee's wife suggested that David might make a suitable candidate for my upcoming podcast….

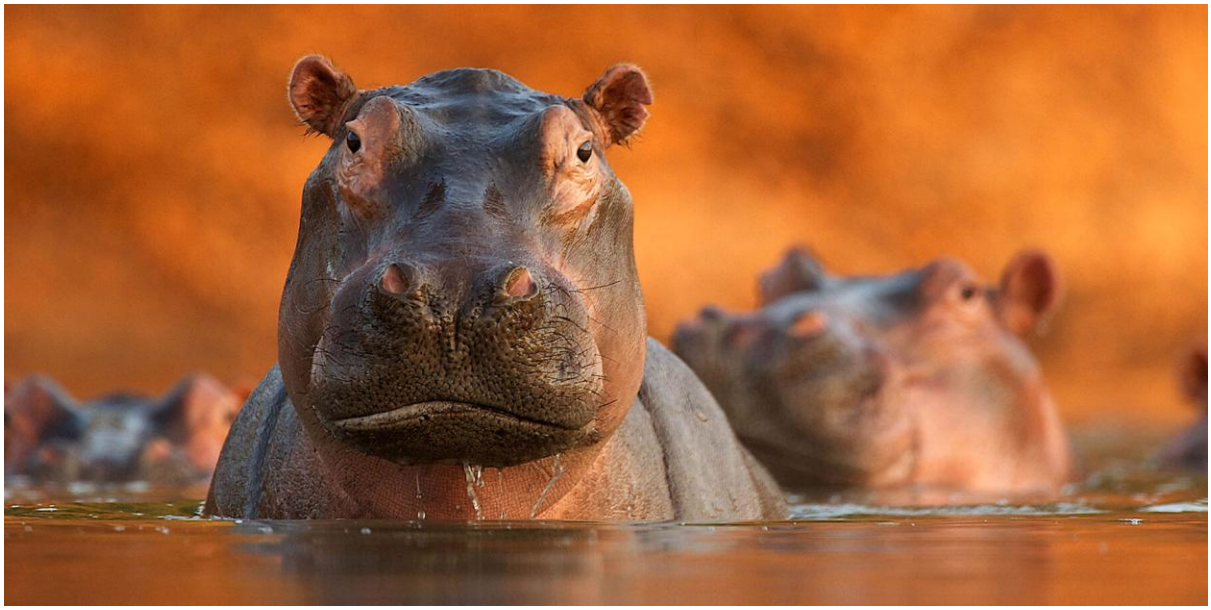
It’s worth noting at this point that many of my friends and family have recommended candidates for “Trees A Crowd-ing” – Auntie Rita who “has a lovely garden”, or the nextdoor neighbour “who does something with bees”. Subsequently I’m always a mite tentative when a recommendation comes in, and my vaguest of criteria for initial consideration has become, are they: (a) a person of note in so far as how they’re related to the Natural World, and; (b) are they fantastic to sit down with to talk to for an hour.

David already ticked box (b).

When I was informed that he had been a finalist at the Natural History Museum’s Wildlife Photographer of the Year, I made a mental tick in the “(a) box”, tried to suppress my glee, and politely asked if David and David could be introduced formally by email.

So last March we sat down to talk:-

David Fettes is technically a wildlife photographer but is far better described as a force – and primarily a part – of nature. Growing up in India and in England, surrounded by snakes, langur monkeys and even more baleful creatures, he has stretched the definition of “self-taught”. An initial career in curiosity led to a mandatory career in management and insurance, before he landed, feet-firm, in what proved to be his destined vocation. His work has featured in the Natural History Museum’s Wildlife Photographer of the Year exhibition and in magazines worldwide. In this in-depth conversation, he explains why he’s dedicated to educating children on where we fit into the ecosystem, argues that relying on technology has encouraged photographers to be “lazy”, and pleads for listeners to immerse themselves within other cultures, other species, and a more tolerant world to break down our woeful human misconceptions.



Prior to recording this interview, I spoke with David on the phone about his life. After speaking for 45 minutes his life story had still only just reached his 40s and he was yet to head off on his first safari and yet to pick up a camera! Believe me when I say that the interview that you will hopefully now have listened to only scratches the surface of what he knows and cares about.

For example – I wish I could have recorded David's comments on Trophic Cascades – INCREDIBLE – I aim to interview a specialist on this subject at some point over this podcast's lifespan, and draw you into the mysteries of our incredible and complex ecosystem.

Anyway, I'll leave you for now with some words that David wrote to me following our recording:

"When I do talks to children, and adults if they are still awake at the end of a talk, I always leave them with a saying of the Haida Indians (North West America) which, if you have not heard it before, is I think apposite to our conversation:

"We do not inherit the land from our ancestors,

We borrow it from our dependants."

"A Heritage Worth Having".

Gareth Narishkin Maclatchy (60)

I've been known as Gareth David MacLatchy for all legal and official purposes since 30th January 1953, when I was officially adopted by Dr Reginald MacLatchy and his wife Esta, having lived with them since December 1949, in The Manor House, Westcote Barton, Oxfordshire. However, my real parents, who split up in 1947/8, were Vadim Vadimovitch Narishkin and his wife Mary Dawn, nee Evans, and I was their second son, born in 1945, but I never knew my elder brother, Niall, as he died in infancy in 1944.

Narishkin in 1916

My grandfather, Vadim Alexandreivich Narishkin, was born in 1894, the illegitimate son of Tsar Alexander III who died in 1894. However, before he died, by an imperial ukase he acknowledged my grandfather and gave him the patronymic Alexandreivich, allowed him to adopt his mother's family name, and granted him the privileges of the nobility.

In effect my grandfather was the half-brother of Tsar Nicholas II, the last of the Romanovs, and the uncle of the Tsarevich, Alexi, and his four sisters, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Maria, Tatiana and Anastasia. Nicholas II, his wife, family and servants were executed together in July 1918 in the basement of the house in Ekatarinburg where they had been under house arrest, by the Bolsheviks at Lenin's order.

My grandfather was Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse to Tsar Nicholas II before the Great War, when he enlisted as a Squadron Commander in a regiment of Cossak cavalry, where he served until the cessation of hostilities. He then left the military

and returned to St. Petersburg as a private citizen. My father, Vadim Vadimovich was born there in 1918, as was my aunt Maria, the following year.

Because of the Red Terror unleashed by the Bolsheviks, my grandfather decided to flee to England in 1923, where my uncle Fiodr (Theodore) was born in the same year. My grandfather moved the family to Headington, Oxford, upon obtaining a lectureship in foreign languages at the University, and the family lived there for nearly twenty years. My grandmother, Elizaveta Timotyevna Narishkina was instrumental in establishing a Russian Orthodox Church in the area during this period. She was buried in the Russian Orthodox section of Headington Cemetery, subsequent to her death in 1945. My Uncle Theodore is also buried there, after his death in action in 1943, in a grave next to hers. He was only 20.

My grandfather, my father and my uncle all joined up at the outbreak of WWII; my grandfather a Sergeant in the Royal Artillery Territorials, my father a subaltern in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and Uncle Theodore in the Royal Air Force Volunteer reserve.

My grandfather was transferred and commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Intelligence Corps, because of his language skills. He was seconded to the Nuremburg trials as a translator, with the rank of Acting Major. This was where he

met his second wife, whom he married at the beginning of 1946. My Aunt Vera was born to them in 1947. In that year, he left the Intelligence Corps and relocated to Geneva to work in the fledgling United Nations Organisation. Sadly he died of Hodgkin's Disease in 1953, and his widow continued the work he had started in the UN.

I found Vera on the internet in 2013 and went to visit her in Geneva that September. She let me have a lot of memorabilia of my grandfather and family. At last I had found my roots. A heritage worth having.

Ed: Gareth left Beaumont early when his family emigrated to Australia.

The Berkeleys and Worcestershire County Cricket Club

The footage on the Television of the County ground at Worcester under flood water brings to mind that three of the Beaumont educated boys played for the County.

Robert (73) played 1876-91, **Maurice (76)** played 1876 – 89 before service in the army took him away from home. Likewise, **Thomas (76)** who played 1884- 91 and was later killed in the Great War. The County were known as “The Pears” and the Bekeleys played when the side were members of the Minor Counties Championship which they won in 1896, 97 and 98. **Thomas** was the only Berkeley to play in the County Championship which they entered in 1899.

Memoires

I wonder how many, during our enforced isolation have written a memoire: you probably won't be surprised that I wrote my Volume One some 15 years ago while idling time in France. I have been receiving weekly chapters from **Philip Stevens (63)** which I have much enjoyed and he has agreed to share some of his recollections with the wider BU.

Philip, of course comes with a Beaumont heritage, which he may or may not feel hangs like the albatross around his neck. His grandfather **Col. Harold "Viva" Stevens** was one of four brothers sent to the school from Naples at the turn of the Century. In his turn Harold sent his three boys: **John the father of Henry and Ant, Geoffrey and Charles always known as CP. Dominic, Simon, Philip and Mark were CP's offspring.**

CP's Album from his schooldays are on the WEBSITE under GALLERY dropdown.

Philip begins his story:-

MBA from the Jungle Warfare School

The title of this memoir arises from a conversation with Eberhardt von Wangenheim, a distinguished senior manager, who recruited me to join the Swiss bank UBS in 1998:

"Philip. Remind me, what were you reading at the university?"
"Eberhardt, you know perfectly well that I was never at university; I joined the army, to kill people."
"Yes, I recall. You will find this more useful in the Swiss banking."

Dedication

This book owes much to many people.
Louie Howie was ever-present, in my childhood and as Nicky and I learned to be parents. She taught me much about how to live in the maelstrom.
Mrs Scott taught me a love of words, the only legacy that I cherish from St John's.
Uncle John was admired and a little feared when we were young, then greatly loved as we knew him better. I wish I had known more of his life.
The history staff at Sandhurst taught me an abiding interest in history, and this book is about the past.
Many friends of my father appear in this story. They eased my career over some bumps in the road, and for that I thank them all.
Many other people flit through these pages. If I have mentioned you by name and your recollection of events is different from my own, please accept my apologies. If I have not mentioned you by name, please also forgive me; sometimes I have run two individual personalities into one character, and it would be unfair that one should to have to bear my interpretation of the foibles of another. This is dedicated to all of you. To help fit names into the jig-saw, if you want to do so, there is a family tree, heavily pruned, as an appendix.

Introduction

I owe this book to two circumstances. I have written a diary, almost every single day since 1965. For about thirty years I have aimed to write 100 words per day, and I hope that by writing this story I shall save something from my diaries when I die, because Nicky says she intends to burn them unread.

The second circumstance is that I have developed a small repertory of stories about my life, mainly told after a glass or two of wine. On Thursday 19 May 2005 a friend told me write a memoir and promised to buy a copy when it would be published, but bet me five pounds that I would not write it. I want to see the colour of his money; he's a Yorkshireman. Pete, prepare to open your wallet.

Chapter 1 – Greenlawns
The family home in Maidenhead, central to early adventures.

This story is Just William meets Swallows and Amazons; a family, increasing at regular intervals to become nine children, living what was even for those days a libertarian and largely self-adjusting existence in a large house in Maidenhead, with larger garden backing onto a stagnant and often smelly little creek, which in turn had access to the river. At the bottom of the garden were some decrepit moorings where we kept a succession of punts and other small craft.

Greenlawns was in Ray Park Avenue, a long road parallel to the river. Large houses sat back from the road, most with a horseshoe driveway that gave two gateways onto the road. Ours was a large Edwardian house typical of the prosperity of its time, with the important attraction of having the space to hold a large family, as well as the people who came and went. The back of the house was pebble-dashed, and from an early age I enjoyed the rain of small stone ‘relics’ that could be dislodged by throwing tennis balls at the upper stories.

There were few rules:
Not allowed out of your room until you’re dressed.
Not allowed past the gate to the lily-pond until some birthday marked the age at which you would be expected to climb out unaided if you fell in.
Not allowed in the boats on the river without a grown-up, until you could swim across the river, clothed but without shoes.
A large hand-bell was rung to announce meal-times, to us and to all the neighbours. Later, as we learned to get a noise from it, a silver cavalry trumpet replaced the gong. Night prayers were said daily, Grace was recited before meals; we went to Mass on Sunday.
We visited Mr Christie Rae the dentist at the end of every school holidays. On one occasion, we all set off from home to walk across Maidenhead to the dentists, teeth neatly brushed. Simon diverted to a sweet shop, where he bought, and we all shared, a packet of raisins. Mr Christie Rae was less than pleased.

Brother **Mark** and the silver trumpet. Sister Antonia watching.

That Greenlawns life seemed to have been more or less the whole of the formal part of non-school upbringing.

The Greenlawns domestic offices included a scullery, cold larder, walk-in dry goods store-cupboard, pantry and a large kitchen. A coal-store was next to the scullery, with a large window through which the coal-man would pour sackfuls of coal. A system of boarding inside the door from the scullery meant that the store could be filled without overflowing into the rest of the house. As the level in the coal-store fell, boards were removed and the coal remained accessible. A small and temperamental closed stove stood at one end of the kitchen. My brother Simon understood it; the rest of us children left it well alone. During one winter Simon took out the fire bricks that lined the stove, and thereafter the cast iron body of the stove glowed red in the dark when he gave it any opportunity to do so. We had open fires in every room, and if one was sick enough, which meant very sick, it was a rare treat to have a fire lit in one’s bedroom. However, hot water was always in short supply, and taking deep

baths were decadence, in fact a sin of selfishness that would be paid for in some unspecified but grim way when the great Day of Judgement will come.

A variety of people came, lived in the house for a while and moved on in due course. The earliest of these long-term visitors that I remember was a naval man who had befriended my parents on the RMS Mauretania, bringing three small children with them home from Egypt in the middle of the War. Stories of that long and undoubtedly dangerous voyage from Suez round the Cape of Good Hope make it clear why my parents welcomed extra help from fellow passengers. The Mauretania was one of the fastest passenger liners in the world, thought to be safer running alone at speed than in convoy with slower ships. The ship ran down the Indian Ocean, down to round the Cape into the Antarctic and back north, the length of the Atlantic Ocean, at high speed. Later, my mother, here in after referred to as Granny Betty, explained that at irregular intervals, but at least once or twice an hour the ship's whistle sounded and she set off at a different angle, heeling sharply for the turn; stabilisers had not yet been invented. It was anti-submarine practice and seemed to work, at least on that voyage. Three small children, my eldest siblings, Dominic, Simon and Clare were safe to wander the ship more or less at will for the weeks of the voyage, the only problem being that all three perfected their 'starving waif' routines, and found a ready stream of passengers and crew willing to share rations with them. The drastic solution putting labels on string round their necks: 'Please do not feed me.' Granny Betty, recalled a ship's officer approaching her, saluting and asking her, with the Captain's compliments, to keep her children out of the gun-turrets, which were expected to be needed at any moment. One naval officer on that voyage needed somewhere to stay in war-torn England and ended up at Greenlawns for so long that I, born in 1945, recall him still being there when I was small. Few of the many short-term or longer-term guests showed this staying power, although many did manage to stay for weeks rather than days.

In later years, one elderly lady, or so she seemed to us, came to live in some unspecified capacity as companion, or lady housekeeper or stray soul. JG had responsibilities, but she also seemed to have funds that enabled her to pay one or other of us to take on large parts of those responsibilities. Her two awful dachshunds, Andy and Digger, smelled and were scarcely house-trained. JG disappeared one day and was spoken of in hushed tones thereafter. Fevered speculation was rife, with ever-more lurid theories converted into known facts.

A succession of au pair girls, usually in pairs, arrived from post-war Europe; Italy and Holland, Switzerland and so on. Some became family legends, like the Italians Amelia and Fulgencia, who were never able to control their passion for the delicacy of raw eggs, which was not popular in a family where feeding many mouths in austerity depended on planning and rationing. Others, like, Hannelore and Meck, became friends and re-appeared in later life with husbands and children. Perhaps, back home in Switzerland or Holland, they told stories of their time with us that so stretched their own families' credulity that they felt the need to prove them by revisiting the scene of it all.

During school holidays, it was not uncommon to find extra residents, friends of older brothers and sisters already at boarding school. The housekeeping department seemed to treat this capacity for numbers to expand entirely as a matter of course; I cannot recall the suggestion ever arising that perhaps the house was full enough for the moment and that for another friend to delay their visit would be helpful.

Typical Whitsunday, with added guests, at Greenlawns, about 1960. **Brian Baker, Tom Richardson, Dominic, Simon (with hammer and sickle,)** Michael Chelk, **self,** cousin Ann, Clare and Faith, with tea urn doubling as sports trophy, Christian, Antonia (with solemn cricket face), Mary, **Mark.**

Major Buchanan lived next door, a somewhat shadowy figure, who seemed to live alone in a large house past which one walked a little quicker. As children, we knew nothing of him; he was a neighbourhood mystery. Royal Navy Commander 'Tuggy' Butler down the road was a more distinguished adornment to the neighbourhood, as the owner of a proper boat with a deck and cabin. It was supposed to be interesting that his river cruiser, Sea Quest, had been to Dunkirk in 1940, but we knew nothing and cared less about Dunkirk and 1940; Tuggy's willingness to take large numbers of friends and their children on his boat was far more important.

Uncle John, my father's older brother, lived alone. He was divorced, and his Catholic faith led to the decision that a second marriage was not an option. Greenlawns became his spiritual home, and his base. He was a soldier, academically gifted, who had invented an ingenious gadget for plotting the influences that decide where to aim a gun so that the artillery shell will hit its target. In the pre-computer this plotter became an essential apart of the artillery-man's equipment, and it was said many years later that a modern artilleryman, feeding information and co-ordinates into his PC could deliver ranging instructions to his gun almost as quickly and no more accurately than could an expert user of the Stevens Plotter.

Uncle John had a room at Greenlawns, but never slept in it. When I first really became aware of him as a fixture, he owned a Humber Super Snipe, a large, black, retired military staff car. At some stage this was replaced by a venerable retired hearse. The flat-bed and rollers for holding a coffin were removed and replaced by a narrow bed, a small sink, primus stove, wash basin and some storage space. This was kept in some local barn, and collected by Uncle John whenever he came to stay for the weekend. It would be parked on the front lawn, and over the years the neighbours become accustomed to seeing a dressing-gowned figure strolling to and fro between house and hearse as he retired to his accommodation each evening. In the aftermath of the polio outbreak of 1952, Uncle John took my sister Faith, slowly recuperating from the disease, for a drive in this imposing vehicle. She adopted a corpse-like repose in the back, whilst her siblings tried to play the part of solemn mourners all around her.

Later on, the hearse was succeeded by an enormous Rolls Royce Phantom 1. It had been custom-built as a shooting brake for an Indian prince or maharajah. At about 21 feet long and over six feet tall it would still be imposing among today's modern large SUVs. At the time it was huge. Re-designed to the same basic principle as the hearse, this upgrade offered greater space, comfort and reliability. In later years this formidable vehicle would ferry Uncle John's nieces to their weddings, and the next generation to their Christenings.

Uncle John and the Rolls Royce, both on duty for a family First Communion at Innings

In the earlier years, before the Rolls Royce, Uncle John was abroad a lot. He served as military attaché in Bucharest, and had lived abroad after leaving the Army, working for Short Brothers of Belfast, as a technical expert in their export business. This job gave us access to the Farnborough Air Show, an occasional treat of a day out on the last weekend of the summer school holidays. Arriving anywhere in the hearse, as wide and high as the largest cars on the road today and much longer, in an era when the original Mini was the commonest car on the roads, was always an experience. Every head would turn, and the mass of jammed cars ahead would part, as the Red Sea parted when Moses gave it a stern look.

Uncle John was good at stern looks. He was a soldier through and through, a man who, as we shall learn very soon, had known tragedy during the war, unhappiness after it, and loneliness as a regular part of life. We were a family of noisy children, and we must have been a constant reminder of his loneliness and solitary state. He led family prayers, kneeling, as we all did, in the drawing room at Greenlawns, in early years facing a crucifix on the mantel-piece at first and later facing a frosted glass statue of Our Lady, which stood on a plinth and was lit to an eerie orange glow by a small lamp bulb inside it. We knelt behind, often convulsed by the sight of a tweed-covered behind as a gruff voice recited the unchanging litany of a decade of the rosary followed by prayers for family and friends. “Please Jesus, make me good always, make me love you always....” Night prayers were the cement of the family:

“A family that prays together stays together.” Hindsight and experience suggest that we did not pray together enough.

Uncle John had some very useful toys. He owned a large round and bright orange inflatable aircrew rescue dinghy, a war-surplus acquisition that doubled as an inflatable swimming pool for very small children or a paddling pool for larger. It was in constant use for the long summer holiday every year and I suspect it gave us a great deal more fun than people obtain from their outdoor hot tubs and Jacuzzis today. He had a boat, or access to one, for a while, and Greenlawns took possession of its first punt at about the same time. My first ever memory of the river is of one grey day when we set off up the river, passing by Boulters Lock and heading up the weir stream. As we approached we heard the heavy rhythmical pounding of a pile-driver, erecting a dam in preparation for repairing part of the weir. The noise was enormous, with a background roar of the weir as it rushed through its narrowed channel. The fear of that day was conjured up again many times over the early years on the river as we went up the same channel. That first trip up-river remains as clear in my mind as the first-ever boating adventures in Glandore.

The weir stream at Boulters Lock, towed by Sea Quest. **Simon, Philip, CP** and Clare

The paraphernalia of many adventurous lives was stored in the lofts and attics at Greenlawns. With my father, his father and brothers all having been soldiers in the last days of Empire, and with other rootless friends also using Greenlawns as a depositary, there were plenty of trunks and boxes to investigate and explore, and one of the largest was full of the ‘dressing ups’. Quantities of uniforms and accoutrements, dresses of every fashion of the twentieth century, an assegai, helmets, pieces of leather that may have been anything from an officer’s Sam Browne belt to part of the harness of a riding camel, officers’ baths, mantillas and a cavalry dress helmet with a spike on top. All were there for our enjoyment. Hindsight says that we should not have collected the stumps of candles from church in order to make a ‘house of candles’ in the dry timbers of the spaces beyond the attic, but we were lucky children too, and the house never actually caught fire.

Much of the best of the equipment was probably Uncle John’s. He had served in the elite Sudan Camel Corps before the Second War, had led a colourful and adventurous life ever since. He was reticent about his time in Bucharest as Military

Attaché, but we were aware that he had had interesting times. Once, perhaps thirty years after the event, he was sitting in the dining room at Greenlawns chatting to my regimental friend and later Best Man, Johnnie Chisholm and me. The subject of 'What did you do in the War?' arose, and to my total astonishment he told us, for the first and only time I ever heard him mention it, the story of his regiment in the war.

Uncle John raised a regiment of native artillery in Southern Africa, trained it and made it ready for war. They shipped out of South Africa and were on their way to join a distant campaign. A day or so into the voyage the ship was torpedoed and sank. It was early afternoon and most of the regiment were below decks asleep, with a few officers strolling on the decks above. As the ship rolled and sank the troops below decks has no time or chance to escape, and Uncle John had lost his regiment before they had ever had a chance to take part in the war. The story of this ill-fated voyage is told in Passage to Destiny, by Brian Crabbe.

In 1948, 96-years old Mrs Minnie Freeman Lee had been murdered in a house just across the road where we lived, we knew not how or why, but as small children we relished the risk of association with such things when we ventured into her orchard, now part of our father's investments in the area, to scrump fruit in season. We felt that the story added to our standing when visiting this orchard with friends; we could pass on details, totally invented, of how the victim had perished. I later discovered that my parents thoroughly disapproved of a game that involved locking each other in an old trunk that held dressing-ups: the murderer's method of disposing of Mrs Freeman Lee's body must have been known to the older children of the family.

At the far end of Ray Park Avenue was a large, overgrown and gloomy garden, in the middle of which stood a Chinese pagoda. How it got there or why, I never knew. It certainly provided the background for many adventurous expeditions, particularly for my sister Christian and me, as we sought out the Chinamen who must live there. It was a considerable feat of daring to walk right to the end of Ray Park Avenue and find one's way into the Pagoda garden and wait, in terror of being discovered and captured, for the occupants to emerge. I never saw any occupant, but I was only looking for pigtails, dressing gowns and large round hats, so the people I did see cannot have been the occupants. Perhaps they had business with the Chinamen. Of course, this wondrous building was pulled down many years ago and replaced by a housing development called, imaginatively, The Pagoda. Do the owners of those properties ever ask themselves the reason for that name?

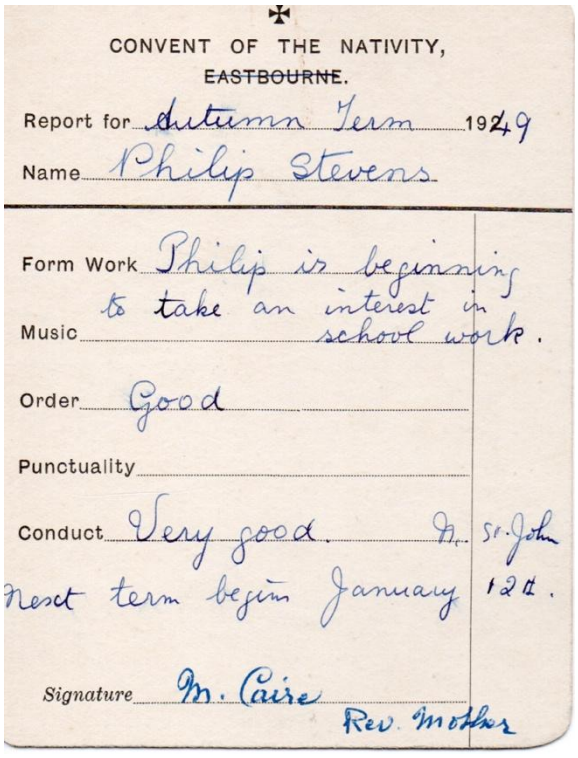
The household lynchpin was Miss Howie, a local dressmaker who made my sisters' clothes from old material, wherever that could be found whilst clothing coupons were still needed. From this role she developed into Louie, housekeeper, peacekeeper, friend in need and confidante of all of us, the model of discretion, the knower of many secrets that remained just that; secret. She had been in the WAAF during the War, and I imagined her as an integral part of the black and white Air Force that bounced bombs, flew without legs and otherwise enlivened our early cinema visits. She re- appears later in this story. But now, she was a still, peaceful eye in the storm that surged round a house that had nine resident children and a similarly large corps of cousins, friends and other travellers, who sometimes gave Greenlawns the air of a slightly anarchic Ealing Studios school scene. "Oh, get away with you" was the closest she ever came to being cross.

Shopping seemed to be done by telephone. Calls would be made, to the butcher, to the Home and Colonial Stores, to the baker. During the day delivery boys would arrive, pedaling large iron bicycles with baskets on the front, and the shopping would be delivered. Fifty years later Tesco home delivery is thought to be a great modern invention! In those days my mother actually talked to the man who was about to cut a joint of meat or select some vegetables to be sent out in his errand-boy's round. Mr Meeling had the local taxi, and seemed to be important in matters like sacks of potatoes. Food was still mostly rationed.

I was to begin my proper schooldays, aged four years and one month, at the Convent of the Nativity of Our Lord, run by an order of émigrée French nuns, at the other end of Maidenhead. My first day at school, in September 1949, is recalled by two people. My sister Christian recalled that I was a reluctant entrant into the academic life, clinging to the school gate and trying to make a run for home. She was sent for, to cajole me inside the grounds. During the first we day went on a march around the perimeter of the grounds, presumably during break. As the school buildings receded into the distance, probably all of one hundred yards, my courage failed, and Christian had to be sent for again to persuade me to carry on. The other person who remembered all this was Janette O'Connor, the Head Girl, aged 17 or 18. She also recalls a lively, small boy, fascinated by the shape of her school shirt, and by what made it protrude in the chest area. Seventy years later, in 2019, she had the chance to embarrass me by telling the story when Nicky and I were having lunch with her.

As the only taxi driver in Maidenhead, Mr Meeling took us to school. Petrol was short, and in order to make the run pay, Mr Meeling would cram many small children into the ancient taxi, with its yellowing windows and threadbare seats. We played and fought in the back, with more and more children climbing in and joining in as the journey progressed. It was inevitable that on occasion a flailing arm or leg would catch the door handle, allowing the door to fly open. Once this happened as the taxi was slowly taking a corner at the six cross-roads junction in Maidenhead, depositing a child or two on the road. Fortunately, Mr Meeling drove very slowly indeed, presumably to conserve petrol.

A nun, Madame St John was my first teacher, a talented artist with chalk on the blackboard. On one occasion, she drew a multi-coloured picture of a winter scene,



CONVENT OF THE NATIVITY,
~~EASTBOURNE~~.

Report for Autumn Term 1949

Name Philip Stevens

Form Work Philip is beginning to take an interest in

Music school work.

Order Good

Punctuality

Conduct Very good. M. St. John

Next term begin January 12th.

Signature M. Claire
Rev. Mother

First School report

including snowman complete with coloured mittens and red carrot for nose. No child other than I ever saw the picture. I arrived first in the classroom; it was the work of

moments to find a duster, move a chair, climb up and wipe off the whole scene. I hid for some time in the girls' lavatories, but eventually was, as it might be said, flushed out. I was becoming a problem child.

In the summer of 1950, my mother, Granny Betty, took me on holiday to Ireland, to Glandore in County Cork, where her parents had moved to live in retirement. Perhaps this trip was less of a holiday than the hope that some individual parental time would unlock the mystery of who this naughty and willful child might be. We went by car to Maidenhead station, and for the only time in my life I sat in the dickey, a seat that folded out of where the car boot would normally be, open to the weather, and offering no protection whatsoever in the event of any accident. The car must have belonged to a friend; it certainly was not a regular part of the family transport of the time. The train journey from Maidenhead to Fishguard took us through the steel belt of South Wales as evening approached, and the train took us past a vision of the Inferno, a succession of tall chimneys pouring smoke into the sky, and views into great halls where red glows and showers of sparks were evidence of a world, which even at that age I could recognise was nothing like anything I might expect to see in Maidenhead. Even the local gasworks, whose distinctive smell would occasionally fill the air from across the river a mile so away, was nothing like the Halls of Industry in South Wales. At Fishguard we stood and watched from the ferry's deck as cars being carried on the crossing were driven one by one onto a large net spread on the quayside, inside which they were lifted by dockyard crane into the hold of the vessel. The SS Innisfallen took us safely to Cobh. I did not know then that this was the third ship of the name, the first having been sunk by torpedo in 1918 and the second sunk by striking a mine in 1940.

Ireland was the Ireland of long before the EU and development subsidies. Outside towns, roads were little more than cart tracks, and in towns they were little better. Glandore was, and seems to have remained, a tiny village strung along one side of the main road from Cork to the west. My grandparents had a house on the hill at the back of the village, and a small, old, black car. A lot of time seemed to be spent in this car while Grandpa ran errands to the local stores, collected live lobsters from the small quayside and discussed matters with Paddy Fortune in his front room. Paddy's front room, adjoining his stores, was also the local bar and meeting place, and a judiciously timed bar of Cadbury's Dairy Milk would ensure my willingness to wait in the car whilst discussions proceeded. I had almost never seen chocolate, and the distinctive blue wrapper of Cadbury's Dairy Milk can still evoke memories of that holiday. On one occasion the discussions must have run on for longer than usual, and when Grandpa returned he found a small child desperately trying to make himself smaller in the back of the car whilst a large and very much alive lobster

climbed out of its box and made a dash for freedom. I never felt much affinity with lobsters for years afterwards, even when they arrived on a plate with suitable garnishes.

This holiday took place during harvest-time, and in the fields around the house the scene must have been exactly the same as during every harvest of previous centuries. Horse-drawn scythes cut the corn; men bound the cut corn into sheaves, and stacked the sheaves into stooks. Horses pulled carts alongside the stooks, and the stacked sheaves were pitched up into the cart. The scythes went round and round the field from the verges inwards. Eventually the uncut portion became too small to hold the number of rabbits and hares that had retreated into it. Everyone seemed to have a dog, unleashed to pursue the animals that broke out from the diminishing shelter. The excitement of the chase, making a contrast to the ordered calm and pace of the harvesting that had gone on only minutes before, gave me a great belief that Ireland was a place that I should know better.

Grandpa had a small dinghy, and I learned quickly that getting in last was better than getting in first. Grandpa was happy to step in, set the boat rocking and wait for calm before lifting me down from the quay-side. But if I got in first and Grandpa followed, the boat tipped and rolled to put us in imminent danger of a marine tragedy on unparalleled scale. It was, conversely, better to get out first. I could not understand how seagulls could balance so effortlessly on the buoys and marker posts that were dotted around Glandore Bay, and was always convinced that Grandpa would be quite unable to find the way back from the ocean expanses offshore.

Although this holiday took place when I was five years old, I retained so many memories of it that Grandma, to whom I was to be a disappointment, as we shall see, was used to say that I could not have remembered all this and that my imagination was far too active for its own good. Granny Betty, on the other hand told me many years later that my recall was accurate.

My mother's sister Myfanwy married at about this time, and I was forced, against all my attempts to prevent it, into a cream satin suit with twin rows of enormous mother of pearl buttons down the front, and the whole topped off by a lace ruff. Of the actual wedding ceremony, I have no memory, except of being certain, as I walked up the aisle carrying the train of the bride's dress, that my humiliating suit and I were almost certainly the reason why everyone was turning in the pews to watch the procession. The embarrassment of appearing dressed like this in public remains a vivid memory,

the Greenlawns dining table, with occasional forays to ensure our full share of the meal spread on top of it. I was not thrilled to discover a picture of myself in this shameful suit recently; it really was as shaming as I remembered.

Pageboy with bridesmaids, sisters Christian, Faith and Clare

After their honeymoon, Myfanwy and Rodney invited me to stay a few days with them at their flat in London. The Festival of Britain was in full swing, but I remember a little about that other than ‘Skylon’ overshadowing the South Bank. This was described in the Festival publicity material as ‘A vertical feature in steel and aluminium’, but history tells us that it was described by a journalist of the time as ‘A tall thin structure with no visible means of support, rather like the British economy.’ I was more impressed by a ride on a tram along the Embankment, and a trip in a river steamer with a tall smoking chimney that was lowered at every bridge, releasing an extra cloud of smoke and soot onto the passengers unlucky enough to be downwind. That visit, my first to anyone without a parent to look after me, was the first of several over the years, and not less memorable than the later one during which I jumped onto the iron bedstead a little energetically and was able to surprise Myfanwy and Rodney considerably as the long iron legs of the bed broke through the floor boards and brought down a large slab of ceiling in the room below, where they were sitting, doubtless glad of the peace and quiet of the end of the day.

Grandma, Granny Betty’s mother, was another regular visitor to Greenlawns, and was certain to be there at Christmas. Arriving at lunchtime on Christmas Eve, she

would commandeer the kitchen, every pot and pan in sight, and a few helpers, to make mince pies. Pastry being better for you than mince, she was able to combine her natural frugality with the knowledge that her all-but-minceless mince pies were good for you. No Christmas decoration was yet to be seen, with only a bare tree outside the front door as a hint of the festivity to come. We younger ones were sent to early bed, so as not to be ratty at Midnight Mass, getting up to find the house decorated and tree in place, but not yet lighted. Midnight Mass was always at St John's, the prep school at Old Windsor that would in due course play a large part in my life. The car ride home was tense with anticipation, not least in one later year when a bottle of cherry brandy was smuggled into one of the home-bound cars and required that various younger members of the family be safely in bed before my rather slower-driving father would get home with his cargo. In general, there was high anticipation in looking forward to seeing the tree lighted, and to being allowed to open one present before bed.

Christmas Day seemed to revolve around a timetable of Grandma's requirements, and the only fixed point was to gather in the hall, chairs arranged along one wall, at 11 o'clock, for presents to be given out. This was a prolonged process, with nine children and parents to give presents to each other. Presents given by godparents, grandparents and so on were carefully recorded and before the end of the school holidays Thankyou letters had to have been written. Christmas wrapping paper was carefully removed from presents and saved for re-use next year. My father's parents gave tickets to the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Windsor and we became devotees of the succession of Aladdin, Mother Goose and other stories that required Duncan Lewis to dress up as Widow Twanky in a succession of ever more outrageous costumes, ladies to dress as Prince Charming, and Barons or Wicked Stepfathers to add the spice of fear. In due time Nicky and I would have the fun of taking our own children to see those same pantomimes told in exactly the same way, with Bryan Burden having replaced Duncan Lewis. In recent years we have been allowed to start visiting the panto at Windsor again, nowadays with our grandchildren. Our children would, and still do, insist on the same tradition of presents at 11 o'clock.

Easter was the festival always drummed into our heads as being more important than Christmas. One year, it was the occasion of a moment of anarchy. Having spent most of the afternoons of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday in church, hearing but not attending to the interminable reading of the evangelists' accounts of the Passion, in Latin, we were set to attend the Easter Vigil, the late-night service on Saturday evening, to mark the Resurrection and the beginning of the church's new year. During the process of getting ready to go to church someone found a large old-

fashioned alarm clock. To set the alarm and slip the clock into Betty's most capacious handbag was the work of a moment. In due course the service in church got under way. All light in the church was turned off. A little fire was lit outside the porch, to symbolise the re-birth of the world. The parish priest lit a candle from the fire, and the congregation sat inside in the dark. Canon Murtagh entered the church, now lit solely by the one candle, and intoned "Lumen Christi" - 'The Light of Christ' -, whereupon the alarm clock went off. Each of us had assumed that another would have lost their nerve and removed the clock from Betty's handbag, but none had done so. Occasionally, my father would be very angry, and this was one of them, but he was alone, as even my mother, very devout Catholic though she was, saw the funny side of the moment.

Polio struck in late 1952. A national epidemic took hold, and Greenlawns was affected. Our sister Faith was paralysed for some weeks, and various others of us were affected to a greater or lesser extent. I suffered a caving-in of my left chest wall and a weakenedfoot that took some years to conquer. Faith was nursed at home, in a large bedroom, with a fire of course, as permitted for sick persons. A large fire-side fender was placed across her bedroom entrance, and thus protected from her germs we were able to keep in touch with her. The parish priest came to anoint Faith and deliver Holy Communion. Nowadays this is a routine part of any parish's care for its elderly and sick members of congregation. In those days it was an unusual, serious and significant event. A makeshift altar was set up, with white table cloth over a small table. A crucifix flanked by two plain white wax candles stood on this altar. The family gathered at the door to the bedroom, except for one person who met the parish priest at the door and led him upstairs, walking ahead ringing a small bell to announce his coming. We were familiar with the routine; when my father's mother lay dying, in that same room a year or so before, Cardinal Godfrey, the Archbishop of Westminster himself, had come to administer the Sacrament to his old family friend.

The visit of the eminent London doctors to see Faith, and look over the rest of us, was conducted almost equally solemnly. Dr Cassell and Mr Kerr arrived, were met by the greeting party at the door and escorted to Faith's room. There seemed to be little difference between the ceremony of their visit and that of the priest. A table laid out, with soap, a bowl of water and towel to replace the candles and crucifix, but the same feeling of great events unfolding. It was generally thought to be a good sign that Faith summoned up the strength to kick one of them hard in the stomach as he asked her to straighten her leg.

Whether it was the Sacrament or Dr Cassell and Mr Kerr who did the trick, Faith made a remarkable recovery, and was later to captain her school hockey team, play tennis for the school and be an all-round sporting hero in family terms.

The geography of the garden naturally divided the whole into a series of smaller spaces. The whole was an L-shape of two arms, about 75 metres on each outer edge and each arm was about 15 metres wide. The house sat at the end of one arm. Behind the house there was a lawn large enough for tennis or hockey, which my sisters all played to some school-level standard. Endless games of hockey, with teams on one, two and sometimes even three players occupied school holidays. The line of tall elm trees at the end of the lawn had to come down as they aged, but long before the invention of Dutch elm disease. Mr Nightingale and his boy arrived with an enormously long double-handed saw, a long rope was attached to the tree and in due course we all heaved away and down came the trees one after another. Behind the elms, filling the elbow of the garden's L-shape was a small orchard, of no interest to anyone as far as I recall. Here stood the henhouse as well.

I have no idea why I decided one day that as there were no chickens at that particular time the house could be dismantled and burned. I think that my father's reaction was a little extreme. The day was Good Friday, and during the course of his fit of anger I came to understand that in some mysterious way Christ had died on that very date a few years previously in a vain attempt to stop my undertaking this sinful act of arson.

A hedge and the white gate marked the beginning of the other garden, the second arm, at right angles to the first. Some rule applied to being allowed to go beyond the white gate, because beyond it one came first to the lily-pond garden, a rectangular sunken garden surrounding a good-sized pond, full of fish, water lilies and deep water. Running back from the creek one day with my sister Faith, we raced round the edge of the pond, or to be accurate I raced round the edge and she cut inside me and into the pond. A moral dilemma arose; pulling the girls' hair was a matter for parental retribution, but all that I could see of Faith was her long hair floating on the surface. I grasped the hair and heaved. A sodden Faith emerged, and together we ran crying up the garden, she cold and because I had pulled her hair, I in anticipation of the retribution to come. It was confusing to find that whilst helping by sorting out the hen run was not a good thing, helping by pulling one of the girls' hair was worthy of praise.

Beyond the lily-pond was the drying green, a small lawn with poles at each corner supporting a lattice of wires. Beside this stood a tall elm, and the elm had a large branch projecting out over the garden, ideally placed to form the support for the crow's nests, a succession of tree-houses, built by Simon and each replaced by a better one until the final incarnation was a multi-storied palace. One entered by transferring from a homemade ladder onto a lower platform. A smaller ladder led into the lower level of the crow's nest itself, and some further climbing led into the upper storey. Windows were fitted with sliding shutters, and trapdoors were lowered to complete the flooring when in residence. The crow's nest was almost as important as the last part of the garden, a wild area that finally took one down to the creek. The creek was the hub of our summer existence, too important to be the footnote of a chapter, and unfortunately school was to take centre stage.

TO BE CONTINUED…….

Brother Michael Strode’s Funeral

John Flood sent this photo of past Chairman of HCPT at Brother Michael’s Funeral at Nazareth House Cardiff last January.

Dr Patrick Bennett, Dr Patrick Coyle, Dr Michal McGloin, John Kerr, Andrew Flood (OBSJ 91) Iain O'Brien

Bro Michael's Memorial Service previewed for June at Westminster Cathedral will now take place in November.

More Heritage: The de Lisles

In early March, in an Email discussion with **Richard Sheehan**, he mentioned that he thought "Our Mission Statement" (to use modern jargon) on our website reminded him of Newbolt's poem Vitae Lampada – "Play up, Play up and Play the game". That may well be but in the Poem's second verse "the sand of the desert is sodden red…." Refers to the Battle of Abu Klea January 1885 in the Sudan where one of the fallen was Lt Rudolph de Lisle the brother of Edwin the first of the family to send his sons to Beaumont. Rudolph's Diaries and Watercolours from the Peruvian-Chilean War were the subject of a Book edited by **Gerard (58)** in 2008.

Later in the month I had a call from Gerard concerning the closure of Grace Dieu Manor - the prep school to Ratcliffe the Catholic college in Leicestershire and a onetime home of the de Lisle family. Those Catholic Preps that are tied to a senior school are, it seems, not in a good position: Gilling Castle for Ampleforth closed last year and moved to buildings in the Abbey grounds.

Grace Dieu has a special place in the heart of the de Lisle family as its history shows.

The house is named after the adjacent Grace Dieu Priory founded in 1240 by Roesia de Verdun for fourteen Augustinian nuns and a prioress. It was dissolved in 1540 and granted to Sir Humphrey Foster, who immediately conveyed it to one John Beaumont Master of The Rolls who made it his residence. Sir Ambrose Phillips (1637–1691) purchased the estate following the death of the 3rd and last Beaumont baronet in 1686. Phillips demolished most of the priory church in 1696. On the death of his eventual successor in 1796 the estate passed to his cousin Thomas March, who adopted the surname Phillips in lieu of his patronymic.

In 1833, Charles March Phillips gave the manor of Grace Dieu to his son, Ambrose following his marriage. Ambrose had converted to Roman Catholicism at an early age, and was an enthusiast for monasticism. His biographer Edmund Sheridan Purcell says his father had been "anxious to see him married and settled lest his religious fervour should induce him to make vows of celibacy, which he often spoke of as the highest life, and follow up by entering the cloister or ranks of the secular clergy". As Ambrose and his wife Laura Clifford of Chudleigh had 16 children I don't think he needed to worry. The old priory buildings having fallen into ruins, he set about building a new house to a design in a "Tudor" style by the London architect William Railton. It was built on higher ground, about 300 yards south of the priory ruins. There was a chapel attached, later enlarged by Augustus Pugin.

In 1842 Phillips built another chapel, to Pugin's designs, about a mile from the house and set up a cross, 17 feet tall, on a rock he named the Calvary. Between the chapel and the cross was a series of fourteen shrines, each containing a representation of a scene from Christ's passion. At the foot of the rock he built a village school, dedicated to St Aloysius. In around 1846, Pugin also added the mansion's east wing and stable court gateway and Sir Banister Fletcher made alterations in around 1900.

The March Phillips family, later March Phillips de Lisle, although their main residence was at the Hall they built at the former Garendon Abbey which Ambrose inherited on his father's death. Generous to a fault he left the family in financial difficulties and they moved in 1885 out of Garendon and into Grace Dieu Manor. A return to fortune allowed the family to return to Garendon once more in 1907, however, finally in 1964 Garendon Hall was demolished and the family returned to Grace Dieu for a final time, selling the house within a decade. Grace Dieu Manor becoming the Ratcliffe Prep school.

In 1972 Gerard, now head of the family moved to Quenby Hall, but since then has moved to Billesden. Gerard is particularly concerned about the chapel at Grace Dieu: a future owner might install a gymnasium or worse a jacuzzi.

It had a Rood-screen, the first to be erected in England since the general destruction of Roods ordered by Elizabeth I. It was the brain-child of Father John Lythgoe, S.J. When Pugin saw it, he fell into de Lisle's arms: it was "so wonderfully to his taste." Pugin greatly enlarged the chapel and adorned it with some of his finest work: it was often called "Pugin's gem."

Lord Shrewsbury gave the figure of Christ Crucified for the Rood: this Christ was treasured as the Rood of Sion Abbey founded by King Henry V in 1415. Pugin made statues of the Blessed Virgin and St John, and added a full complement of Gothic Revival furnishings. There is, of course, no east window; the chapel is oriented according to the universal and honoured traditions of Catholic antiquity. There were flanking side altars of St Joseph and St Philomena, the first altars to be dedicated to these saints in England. The three altars were richly decorated: painted and gilded and outstandingly beautiful. There are four windows on the south side, two lights in each window, and erected in memory of John, XVI Earl of Shrewsbury.

The west window has three lights and was erected in memory of the wife of de Lisle's eldest son Charles who had died tragically in 1871. Legend has it that her ghost still haunts the manor house.

In the sanctuary there is a fine brass over the vault of Reginald de Lisle, the young son of Ambrose and Laura who died at the early age of five. Once over the High Altar, and now on the north wall, is the beautiful Byzantine style icon of Our Lady, 'Mater Divinae Gratiae', given to de Lisle by his friend and admirer, Cardinal Placido Zurla.

On the north side of the chapel Pugin built and designed the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, dedicated to St Elizabeth of Hungary. The altar stands under a graceful baldachino or ciborium designed by Pugin who always considered it his best effort. The ciborium stands upon four decorated, pointed arches which are supported by four graceful columns richly clustered. The north windows are very beautiful, traceried, three light windows and filled with some of Hardman's best glass.

A large crypt runs the length of the nave. It has a stone altar dedicated to St Edward the Confessor. In it three of de Lisle's sons, one daughter, his daughter-in-law Fanny, and two grand-children were buried.

When Father Ambrose St John, Newman's dearest friend, visited Grace Dieu in 1874, he wrote to Laura de Lisle: "I almost wish I had not seen Gracedieu chapel… so exquisitely beautiful it was, breathing an atmosphere of prayer and peace."

The liturgical re-ordering of churches which took place in the 1960's did not leave Grace Dieu Chapel unscathed. Indeed, even earlier, the sanctuary had been truncated: the Rood-screen, the lateral altars, the stalls, the beautiful painted altar, the pulpit, and the font have all gone. Nevertheless, the chapel at Grace Dieu still remains a beautiful and prayerful place with an atmosphere all of its own.

Finally, I should add that **Gerard** was High Sherriff of Leicestershire & Rutland in 1989 and has been a Deputy Lieutenant for the county since 1997. He is a past Chairman of the Quorn and President of the County Agricultural Society. His wife Edith is the daughter of the late Frederick Krarup (20).

And a Memorial

The family have planted a tree at the National Memorial Arboretum Staffordshire

(from Military Images net). Two of those listed were at Beaumont: **Cdr Rudolph (05)** and **Alexander (14)** and their names are on the School War Memorial.

Lieutenant Rudolph Henry Edward March Phillipps de LISLE Royal Navy. Born 11th November 1892 died 1943 at Oxford aged 50. Son of Edwin Joseph Lisle March Phillipps de Lisle MP.DL, FSA and Agnes Henrietta Ida nee Hope.
He lived at Chalfont Grove, Chalfont St Giles, Buckinghamshire and died 17th August 1943 at Warneford Hospital, Oxford. His effects went to **John Adrian Frederick March Phillips de Lisle (09).**

Lieutenant Alexander Charles Nicholas March Phillipps de LISLE. 21st

Squadron Royal Flying Corps Born 6th December 1896 died 20th November 1917 aged 20. Youngest son of the late Edwin Joseph Lisle March Phillipps de Lisle, M.P, D.L., F.S.A. and Agnes Henriette March Phillipps de Lisle. Native of Leicestershire. Wounded 1915 and 1916.
At rest in Dozinghem Military Cemetery, West-Vlaanderen, Belgium.

C M S-M

Is how Michael Scott-Moncrieff signed off his literary work at Beaumont. He was the Editor of Vril the Quodlbetarian Society Journal. Critics described the ’59 Edition as a little work of art: favourable reports came from *The Tablet* “very, very lively” it is a splendid effort. Neville Braybrooke, poet writer and editor said it reminded him of his early days with *The Wind and The Rain.* One of Michael’s contributions was the poem *Calvary Flower:-*

Does a flower feel pain?

Not from the green-crushed stalk

Nor the torn leaf I mean,

But when I forget to bend

And kiss inhaling what is given,

When I send myself away,

Ignoring and ignorant

As the moon leaving lovers,

Turn myself to myself

And the concrete path of life,

Does the flower feel pain?

Not the simple sorrow-breath

Of the jilted coquette –

For sorrow is not pain

But the gentle wish for pain

On behalf of time ago.

On behalf of time ago

I am but a quarried man,

Weathered to a fine round,

And solid in my smugness,

The flower, this tiny wholeness

Feels pain and shares it not

With God nor man nor beast, nor me.

Forgive me - a quarried man,

Wave your head – and cry dew – I cannot look,

I have no pains, no cross

On my granite back;

Just sorrow-wood.

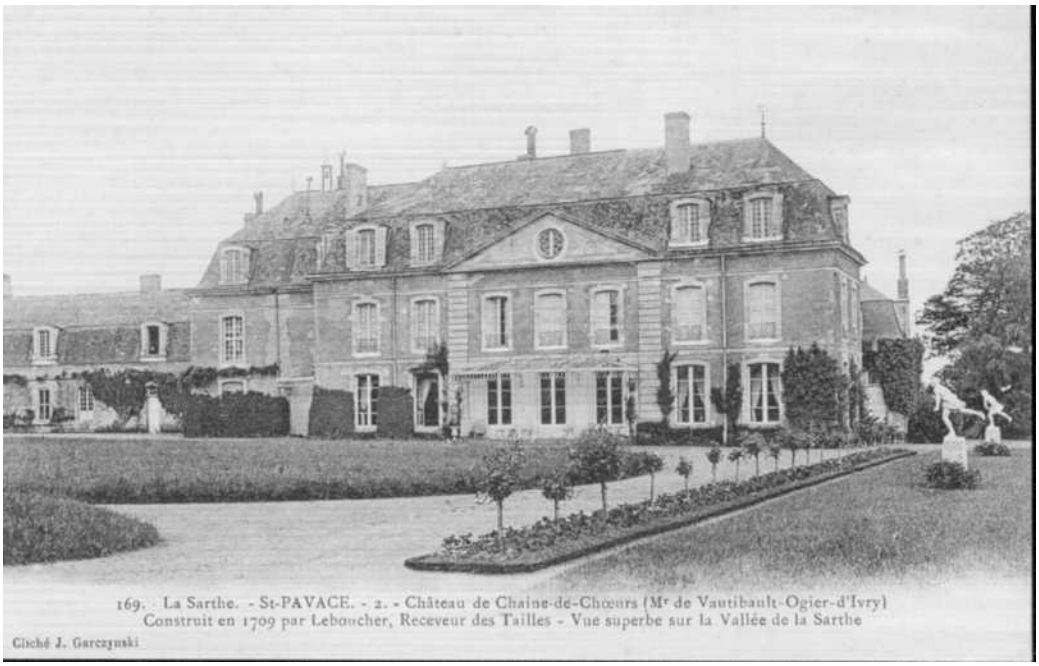
On the back cover of this edition of *Vril* was written:

“three poor cheeses and a rich ham were having a talk about functional classification of the arts in relation to sandwich designs, and historical variations in inventiveness in connection with the cruel human method of disposal via the knife and the fork, when unfortunately the question of money and prices arose and disrupted the discussion, the cheeses asserting unanimously that money warped appraisal and destroyed harmony while the ham alleged that money was the hallmark of quality and harmonious with everything, unfortunately I have neither time to agree nor to disagree but it is a fact that Beaumont is in need of a further £25,000 for the completion of the new wing and for necessary alterations and is **relying on you”.**

The author is unknown but undoubtedly had a sense of humour.

A Tale of Fortune:-

The Family of **Phillipe Ogier d'Ivry** whose death is recorded among the Obituaries.



In 1891 Viscount Emile Ogier d'Ivry died at the family home Chene-de Coeur St Pavace north of Le Mans, leaving his wife Angele and their three children. Her biggest challenge was to ensure that the children established themselves, this was especially difficult when it came to her eldest son Raoul now the new Viscount . Although in his late 20s at the time of his father's death, Raoul had the intellectual ability of a boy of 14. For all that he was charming, attractive and had a devoted wife Elza.

Agele undertook to relocate the young couple to Canada telling them their mission was to establish the d'Ivry name in the New World. Here they bought a farm near St Agarthe and Raoul built a large country house. However, he was fool hardy and invested in an Iron and titanium mine which never produced any ore. He then became bored of farming and sold up to buy a steamboat on lake Manitou and it became very popular with the wealthy Montrealers. During the Great War Raoul's son Gaetan enlisted and went to fight in France at the end of which he was able to make the acquaintance of all his cousins at Chene-de Coeur. Meanwhile his parents had fallen on hard times and were living the life of a "distressed Nobleman". Providence came to the rescue Raoul's cousin died without a male heir and he succeeded to the title and lands in France. Raoul died in 1952 but his son Gaetan having worked for a time in New York after the end of WW2 came back once more to Chene-de Coeur. He had sent his son **Phillipe** to Beaumont arriving in 1942 for a couple of years. Phillipe then saw service in the French army before attending the

Faculte de Droit in Paris after which he worked for J P Morgan both in Paris and New York where he met his wife Therese in Connecticut.

Like his forebears Count Phillipe settled into Chene-de-Coeur where he documented the long family history from the reign of King Louis XIV including the impoverished interlude in Canada.

Phillipe died at the age of 89 in March 2015. His Home is now a gite.

The CHOIR: The final years……

Down but not Out

“And in the dawn of life appears

The wisdom of declining years”

So goes a stanza we sang in the Hymn to St Stanislaus which comes to mind when reading about The Choir during the last few years of the school’s existence.

In January 1964 the school had returned for the Lent term to the sad news that Fr “Fizz” had died at the early age of 52 added to which Tommy Clayton had decided to retire through ill-health. One Colin Atkinson ARCM, CM was appointed to take on the dual role of Choir Master and Organist: what a task: but he did have an able assistant in David Martin ARCM. That summer both Choir and Congregation made an Overseas Broadcast which was warmly praised and it was very creditable that the Choir produced such confidence in an unaccompanied motet when “on air”. It was rather extraordinary that this Broadcast received no further detail either in the Choir Notes or in Current Events.

Some nine months in March 1965 it was reported that the outstanding event of the term was the performance of the St. Luke Passion by Bach, which was given in the College Chapel on the afternoon of Passion Sunday. The performance provided a most appropriate conclusion to the Lent term. It is hoped, now the precedent has been created, that many similar events will occur in the future. The Choir sang with ease and confidence. As well as two visitors from the B.B.C., Miss Wendy Blamire and Arthur Price, Esq., we were also fortunate to have other friends to augment the Orchestra.

EVANGELIST: Rev. G. Hughes, SJ., SOPRANO: Wendy Blamire, JESUS: F. J. D. Allen, Esq., PILATE: M. Newton, PENITENT MALEFACTOR: T Martin, IMPENITENT MALEFACTOR: M.Russell. Leader of the Orchestra: A. Price, Esq, Sub Principal of the B.B.C. Concert Orchestra. HARPSICHORD: D. Martin, CELLO: Patricia Dowie. ORGAN: F. Woolen Esq. CONDUCTED BY C. T. ATKINSON, Esq.

It comes to mind of those who had left the school in earlier years that this more serious work had replaced the Shrovetide Concert of Gilbert & Sullivan Operettas much espoused by Fr Fizz and Tommy Clayton: perhaps emphasis was changing.

‘I feel that life for these boys is going to be pretty competitive and technological, and some appreciation and early training in the arts may keep them sane in middle life and so be of more importance later on than G.C.E.’-an extract from a letter from a parent requesting instrumental tuition. These are words of wisdom! There has been a renewal of interest in instrumental playing this term, and it is hoped that this will continue so that it will not be long before there is a full College Orchestra capable of giving pleasure and enjoyment on many occasions.

So should one be surprised to read: ‘I have the impression that the life of the School evolves around music’ was one comment at Speech Day.

This was in June 1965, by the autumn the sword of Damocles had fallen and Beaumont was to close. However Colin Atkinson had other matters on his mind when the Choir notes began:-

“Thirteen seems to be the general limit for the treble voice these days. Ten to fifteen years ago I could keep nearly all my singing boys until they were fourteen or fifteen.’

These were spoken to me by Sir George Thalben-Ball only a few weeks ago. Indeed, it can only be a short time before Beaumont will hear no more the sound of seraphic voices echoing over the mist-shrouded Thames valley shortly after dawn on a Sunday. What is the reason for this sudden ageing of the modern juvenile? Nutrition experts tell us that it all came about as a result of the second World War! It was not the use of Spitfires, V 2 rockets or atomic bombs; just simply 'The Men from the Ministry'. They decided to examine the diet of the English child, and found it wanting. Now we reap the consequences: a taller, more physically mature species of the English schoolboy. With the arrival of Rudiments in September only seven trebles could be found, consequently First Altos were constrained to hoot a treble line. To meet our difficulties a new Mass was introduced for the Feast of St Stanislaus which. stirred the imagination of many and surprised a few!

Despite what seemed an impossible predicament for the Choir, Colin Atkinson was determined that they would go out on a flourish if not a high note. In March for Passion Sunday, reassembling many of the performers from the Bach Passion, they sang Handel's Passion of Christ assisted by the St John's Choir. Wendy Blamire returned for the Soprano part and the orchestra was again led by Arthur Price with David Martin on Harpsichord. Fr P Hughes sang the part of Jesus with David Allen moving to Pilate (not that we should read anything into the role change!). Gino Ciuffardi was the only boy soloist:

"THE performance of Handel's 'Passion' was a most enjoyable and worth-while venture. The combined choirs of Beaumont and St John's had the delightful and invaluable experience of singing with an orchestra of professional musicians, and they certainly rose to the occasion. The trebles especially were to be congratulated on the verve of their performance and the confidence of their upper register. Possibly they were somewhat nervous at the start but this soon disappeared as they came to enjoy the music for its own sake. In general, the intonation and control of the choir was good. With a little more experience, they will learn how to project their diction through the orchestral texture. The playing of the orchestra was sympathetic and crisp, and a word of admiration must not be left out for the paper organ constructed by Mr Jack, which provided exactly what was required for the accompaniment of the recitatives. Wendy Blamire sang several long arias beautifully and with a most enviable control. The other soloists, with rather less to do in the abridged version which was performed, rather suffered by comparison, as was natural; but all were adequate, and Ciuffardi deserves special praise for tackling a very difficult part despite the handicap of a severe cold. As a piece of wishful thinking, one would like to have heard last year's Passion performed as well as this year's choir could do it. St John's trebles made a lot of difference!

That was the last performance by the Beaumont Choir and it was recorded and a few LPs produced. The Editor is fortunate to have been given the copy recently that belonged to John Fagg courtesy of his sister Angela. John then went up to Cambridge Downing College and sadly died in a motor accident in 1970 before completing his degree in Archaeology and Anthropology. Wendy Blamire is remembered today for the Award in her name given for outstanding linguistic and artistic commitment to text in at least two European languages other than English at the Hurn Court Opera: this company showcases some of the finest young singers in the country.

This though was not the last of the Choir: The Final Speech day June 1967 - "Knowing that trebles at Beaumont were things of the past one could not help wondering whether the choir had been well advised in offering its services; there are, after all, more soothing noises than those emitted by schoolboy tenors and basses. But all such fears were dispelled when they began to sing. There was a lightness of touch and an accuracy and smoothness of tone which were most pleasing. Moreover, the choir obviously enjoyed singing their madrigals as much as the audience enjoyed listening to them. Colin Atkinson has a wonderful way of getting the best out of his singers."

Ed: Whether or not the Beaumont Reunion Choir of 2007 could be described as soothing is open to conjecture but it is my hope that at some stage we will gather again to produce what could best be described as "The Beaumont Heritage Tracks"

These will include two hymns written by Samuel Smith our 19th Century Choir Master, together with digitalised and improved Hymns from the 1958 Christ the King Service, The 1961 Carol Service and this 1966 Handel's Passion. A final fitting tribute to a school choir small in numbers but whose love of singing lifted the heart.

You may find it of interest that The Carmen can also be sung to Samuel Smith's Hymn tune "Ruth": try it out on Youtube (from Whitby)

PARISH PHOTOs

Tony Parish (58) spent part of his isolation going through his old photos, some of which have appeared before but are still amusing to see again.

Tony in his study he shared with **George Stanton** with visiting **David Mcilvenna** when the White House Flats were the preserve of Upper Poetry / Rhetoric. One wonders what “wise J “ thought of putting those two to share a room.

With the smuggled barrel of Youngers – no wonder that Tony and George were not listed among the captains, monitors or even junior Monitors.

A Questionable VIII with Matt Guinness centre

On the Meads; “Parisse” Parish going for the line – Tom Wood (scrum cap), Smallman behind.

The 2nd XV of 56/57: There was no report on their activities in The Review that season so no idea as to how successful they were.

Tony on leaving …….. and doing what he liked best (at the time).


RED EX

The Corboulds

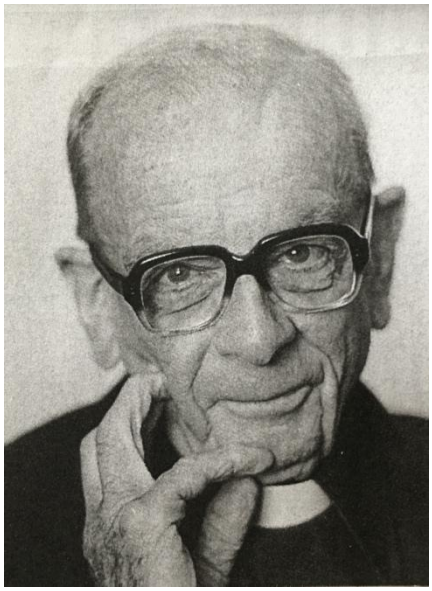
A fair number of OBs chose to send their sons to Ampleforth and even if you didn't the chances are that you will have heard the name mentioned of Fr Edward Corbould. No monk there has been held in higher esteem and continues so.

Fr Edward's elder brother John was at Beaumont arriving in 1935. He left in 1940 having been Captain of the School, Cricket and a Rugby colour. He then served as an Officer in the Coldstream Guards during the War before going up to Oxford

He then worked for Shell in Colombo but while there he caught polio and died in April 1956.

DADDY" SASS.

Through the auspices of John Flood we have been sent various Jesuit Obituaries which I am publishing over the next few REVIEWS. We start with our most loved "Daddy" Sass.



Edwin Sass was born in London in February 1905. He was school at St John's and Beaumont before joining the Society in at Roehampton in 1923. After noviceship and juniorate he went to Heythrop for philosophy and taught first at St John's (l930-31) and at St Michael's, Leeds (1931-33). He returned to Heythrop for theology, and was ordained there in l936. He taught at Beaumont for a year before tertianship at St Beuno's and returned to Beaumont for a further year before serving as a chaplain in the RAF from 1940 to 1946. On leaving the service, Fr Sass did a couple of terms at the Mount and then went once again to Beaumont in September l947. The next forty years were divided between Beaumont (1947-66) and Boscombe (1966-87).He died in his sleep during the night of 4-5 March 1987.

It would be unnatural to refer to him as 'Edwin', a name no one ever used. 'He was generally (Fr) Sass', writes Oswald Fishwick, 'Old Sass, Daddy Sass at Beaumont, and even Fa Sass by a certain budgie in the Boscombe parish.' When at Heythrop as a theologian, he was inevitably stage manager, pro-beadle and general DIY man, a target of good. natured jokes which he enjoyed himself. Once just before supper he dashed off a notice on his typewriter and stuck it on the theols' board on his way to the refectory: 'Will the person who took the knife from the Vaseline please replace it AT ONCE in the pro-beadle's Arce'. One or two sidled up to him: "It's spelt with an 's' old boy."

At Beaumont he taught the 'C' stream for many years, and my (Ed) respect for him deepened when to take hls 4c. maths class during an illness. He took the two

dormitories of difficult' 4th/5th formers at the top of the central stairs. "Father," one boy said, "I don't believe in God anymore." "Oh," replied Sass: "how long is it since you last went to Confession?" The intellectual problem evaporated. Sass would do anything for anybody, and saw to an enormous number of practical matters, such as mending fuses, in addition to his formal duties. To get the best out of him, you had to present a near hopeless case. Came one term the Asian 'flu, and the infirmary staff were stretched beyond capacity, even though those of the teaching staff (and their wives) still on their feet did all the meals and supervision. "I know it's an impossible request, Sass, with the epidemic all over the country; but we desperately need another nurse." "Leave it to me! Leave it to me!" And sure enough a London Airport nurse came to help before the day was out. On hearing of his death, Tom Dunphy wrote from Zimbabwe: "I anticipate a request from you re Sass, so recently departed to eternal banquets which he will enjoy. "enormously; and deservedly. 'Leave it to me' should appear on his tombstone, for it summarizes his life. We laughed a him and joked about his setting off in his van (Beaumont) or car (Boscombe) to go miles to buy something at a cheaper price, or to buy in bulk and so save a penny or so. But whatever it was he bought, someone needed it, and he knew it. He was a generous, obliging and helpful old dear, and I expect we traded on his goodness." At Beaumont he did so much innumerable odd jobs for everyone – and seems to have been involved in most departments. (He did not like being ultimately responsible as Minister, and returned to Sub-min before long.) Boys and Old Boys had great affection for him: he solved many a problem and married many an OB, baptised their children and kept in touch over the years (he annually said the 11. November Mass at the War Memorial after Beaumont's closure), He accepted and carried with Little complaint the great personal sorrow of Beaumont's closure, his SJ obedience carrying him through this sad period of his life. Few realised how much it meant to him."

A vacancy occurred at Boscombe in l966, and the Provincial wisely sent him there. He did valiant work. As hospital chaplain for a good many of those years he did wonders: he was much liked by staff and patients, was most conscientious in his visiting and brought spiritual help to many. Eventually his arthritic ankles caused him to find it too much, and he handed over to Fr Tom Smalley. In the parish he again made many friends and solved many problems. He did it by his presence and his patient listening. He never for a moment thought of himself as one to solve problems, and worried a lot about either not having given enough help or having given wrong advice. He hadn't much confidence in his own ability, and never pretended to be other than 'an ordinary hack'. I think he was without guile: simple, good, devoted priest and Jesuit. He will be much missed by many families he has known over the years; and missed to by the local clergy for whom he supplied so willingly when they wanted to get away. He loved doing this, as long as he was not absent too long or too far from Boscombe. And he will be missed by his community. He greatly enjoyed his jubilee celebrations! The Catenians, to, have lost a friend." Fr

Fishwick adds: “At Beaumont he gave great help to the Scouts and was very proud of organising them for the ‘‘Queen’s visit in sending signals from the roof to indicate her approach. This interest continued at Boscombe and he became the diocesan chaplain to the Scout movement. ”Every week he would to to St Peter’s, Southbourne, hear confessions, and when he had to give that up the De La Salle Brothers insisted that he have a weekly meal with them. And Fr Delahunty “There willl never be another Fr Sass. He was sui generous. His greatest quality was to be extraordinarily kind to anyone in trouble whether it was marriage problems, sickness, lapsed Catholics – he was always there. Most devoted to his job as a hospital chaplain for many years, a job he loved doing. His own uncertain health made him that much more sympathetic to fellow sufferers especially priests. A great community man: always obliging; ‘He loved having his leg pulled, a fine priest.” Finally, the following from Tom Smalley: “’Daddy Sass’, as he was sometimes called at Beaumont, expresses very well a marked characteristic: his kindliness which was indeed a great virtue and which, I think, played a large part in his growth in holiness. He loved people and gave himself to them with enormous generosity. True, he enjoyed doing this (‘I can’t read a book,’ he said to me one. day) and being with people was essential for him. But it not infrequently meant giving hours of his time just listening to people in distress and being constantly at their beck and call. This was a marked feature of his years of service as chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital.

”It was only about four years before his death that he made his first visit to Lourdes; surprisingly, “because he had a very simple and very profound devotion to Our Lady. From then on he became an enthusiastic pilgrim, travelling as chaplain on the Jumbulance and enjoying not only the joys of a pilgrimage but also being spoilt by many young helpers. In November l986 Edwin Sass had a serious operation for a stomach ulcer. This was followed by thrombosis, but he recovered remarkably. He continued all his work on the parish accounts and, more important for him, began to drive again and so keep up the many contacts he had made over the years. He said public Masses on Sundays despite difficulties in walking. On Ash Wednesday he volunteered to say the school Mass at St Peter’s, Southbourne, and to distribute ashes; his congregation say that he was ‘vigorous’ in saying Mass, and preached magnificently. That evening, however, he complained of feeling unwell, with stomach pain, The doctor gave him a pain-killing injection and promised to call again in the morning. When Peter Griffiths went to his room at 7.45 a.m. it was clear that he was dead. He was then anointed.

The Requiem Mass was on 12 March. As a mark of his affection for all that he had done in the diocese Bishop Emery of Portsmouth asked to come to the Requiem, and was the principal celebrant. There were fifty or so concelebrants, about forty of them priests from the diocese grateful to Fr Sass for his services in the past. The

Bishop was assisted by Fr Provincial and Fr Cyril Hodsoll OP, cousin of Fr Sass. The Dean, Canon Murphy, preached the homily, and Fr Fishwick, at one time Fr Sass's superior in Boscombe, gave a light-hearted but moving address at the end of Mass. Fr. Hodsoll conducted the final commendation and the burial service.

Fr Sass's Beaumont connections were recalled by the presence of many of his ex-pupils. Mr John Paton Walsh read the Bidding Prayers, while Mr Brian Duffy, Headmaster of St John's, accompanied by Br Edward Coyle and Mr Billy Daffern and a dozen St.John's boys represented the Beaumont of today. The church was full to capacity and reflected the great love so many had for a zealous and dedicated priest. It is clear that many people have lost a very dear friend. May he rest in peace.

MISSPELLINGS

Spelling, as Members know, is not one of my strong points so I was relieved to find that the Js could also be culpable. I was Emailed by Charlie Rotheram to say that his **Gt Uncle Sisson's** name is misspelt in the WW2 Archive. I had made the mistake of taking the name from the Centenary Lists. I replied:-

Thank you for bringing this to our attention: I will have the website manager change it at the next update at the end of the month. Being quizzy are you the Grandson of ***Ronnie (36) or Geoffrey (39)?***

I often wonder whether Beaumont was selected for their education as two other members of that 1908 Olympic Polo team that played with your Gt grandfather Auston were OBs.

From Charlie:-

Ronnie was my grandfather - we shared a birthday! He died in 2010. His obituary was in the telegraph and makes for a good read. Uncle Geoffrey emigrated to Australia. My father visited him a few years before he died and retrieved Auston's photo albums of polo and serving in India with Churchill (who was in some of the photos).Interesting about the other polo players – **the Rotherams weren't catholic,** so might well be correct. I was interested to see the college was named after the Marquis of Bowmont, but is spelled differently.

Funnily enough, the current Duke of Roxburghe (11th) and I served together in the army. We used to laugh that nobody could ever spell our names! It used to drive him mad as he always used to have his name spelled as Charlie Beaumont, and now people always miss the E off the end of Roxburghe!

(**Ed:** Guy Roxburghe (10th Duke)served with my twin brother **Richard** and **Henry Hayward** the Blues in the '70s)

Ed to Charlie

I know Ronnie's obituary and funnily enough I have just finished a piece for The BU REVIEW on 39/40 in which he features (name correctly spelt !). Thank you for letting me know where Geoffrey went to – there is nothing in our records.

Most of the Irish internationals at that time were Beaumont educated together with the Argentinean and Spanish. The fact that the Rotherams weren't catholic is a bit odd but for Beaumont not a surprise.

Ronnie was Captain of Rugby in '36 and had played in the 1stXV in '34 and '35'

He was also SUO in the Corps commanding on the Trooping the Colour and at the Funeral of King George V at Windsor.

Returning to spellings

The 3rd Duke of Roxburghe

When Beaumont was owned at the start of the 18th century by Viscount Weymouth the estate was called **REMNANTS** it passed from that family to the Duchess of Kent and from her to the 2nd Duke of Roxburghe who gave it to his eldest son the Marquis of Bowmont (3rd Duke). The old name of **REMNANTS** was now changed to that of **BOWMONT** Lodge and since the title was frequently misspelt to **BEAUMONT** it stuck!

Whether we should be **BOWMONT** rather than **BEAUMONT** is a matter of conjecture but we could have ended up as:-

"OLD REMNANTS".

MORE SNIPPETS

John Browne Headmaster of Stonyhurst

Wrote to enquire about any possible records/photos of a former Beaumont College pupil **John Ronald Bird** who left around 1938 and will be 100 years of age in June.

The family (who are friends) have asked if we have any records at Stonyhurst and we are checking.

John's brother **Derek Francis** was killed in 1940 just before Dunkirk.

If you have any pointers I should be most grateful.

I replied

How very good to hear from Stonyhurst and the Headmaster in person.

Unlike his brother **Derek,** we have little if any knowledge of **John.** He was not a "gladiator" like his brother who was in the 1st XV, the Boating VIII and was the Inter Services 440yds and long jump champion. I can find no record of John in the sports teams except for an entry in the Egham Regatta Rum Tum Scullers event in July 1937 the year he left. Unlike everyone else he does not appear in the Valette lists which would have given an outline of his time at Beaumont. We know he came to the School from Wellbury in 1934 and left in '37 for TCD and then entered the Civil Service. The only other entry I have found in the REVIEWs was that he was Next in Merit in Latin for the Higher Line Prize.

All rather unsatisfactory I'm afraid. He may have completed a reply giving an address in Co. Cork at the time of the Centenary in 1961 but apart from that he does not seem to have been in contact with the Beaumont Union.

Would you please pass on our very best wishes – though he may not wish to be reminded of his school days!

John came back

It is so kind of you to get back to me so quickly. I will pass this on to the family.

Marie and I hugely enjoyed the Stonyhurst Association at Beaumont in November. We also hosted a OS Rugby match at St John's Beaumont (where I am also a Governor) **so links with Old Windsor remain strong**.

Secretary General

The very name sounds important and there are not that many organisations that warrant one, so I was interested to read that **Jean de Madre,** whose belated death is announced in the Obituaries was one of this elite group. Jean was Secretary General of A T A – the Atlantic Treaty Association.

For those, like myself, who were unaware of this NATO aligned organisation: this is the brief.

"The Atlantic Treaty Association (ATA) is an independent organisation designed to support the values enshrined in the North Atlantic Treaty. Created on 18 June 1954, it is an umbrella organisation for the separate national associations, voluntary organisations and non-governmental organisations that formed to uphold the values of the Alliance after its creation in 1949.

The ATA is a community of policy-makers, think tankers, diplomats, academics and representatives from industry. It seeks to inform the public of NATO's role in international peace and security and promote democracy, individual liberty and the rule of law through debate and dialogue."

Jean, obviously had an important role and one very much in the international spirit of Beaumont.

Catholic Education

Editor's thoughts.

This may be a personnel gripe. My grandson has been turned down by one of our leading Catholic schools for not being bright enough for their standards. The school is accepting children from other denominations who presumably meet their academic criteria and no doubt will enhance their position in the League tables. Before you ask – no, my grandson is not a dunce - I would describe him decidedly more intelligent than I was at his age - I appreciate not difficult, but he is bad at exams.

We were lucky at Beaumont, when we took the Common Entrance, it wasn't so much as whether you would get a place but what stream you entered. Thereafter, the Js undoubtedly put all their efforts into the "A" stream to get those all - important Oxbridge places they so cherished. The remainder of us learnt that great lesson in life that if you were to get on, it would have to be by one's own effort. I probably was not the only one to leave without a single word of congratulations from The Rector on achieving my own goal of getting into Sandhurst. No sour grapes: I left with what was far more important – my Catholic Faith which despite the lapses over the years has "set me up for life".

If Catholic schools today are not there for Catholics but just to provide a "Christian ethos for all and sundry", they do not deserve our support. My grandson will now start at an Anglican school in the Autumn – he is particularly looking forward to his first lessons in Mandarin and, being a weekly boarder he will be available to continue serving at the Parish Mass. Sadly, he will not receive the benefits accorded to me by Beaumont.

CORRESPONDENCE

Finnbarr O'Driscoll getting in touch.

I left Beaumont on 1963 and did medicine at The London Hospital, Whitechapel (now amalgamated with Barts and called Barts and The Royal London). I qualified in 1968 and joined my father in General Practice in Northumberland in1971. I retired in 2005.

I married Jane Eyre, a nurse at The London in 1970. We have 4 children and 12 grandchildren.

My only regular contact from Beaumont is **Barnaby Capel-Dunn** who has lived in France since the 1960's.

We have remained in Widdrington (near Morpeth) since retirement. We received an unexpected visit from Fr Waring a few years ago. He had been staying in Alnwick. The odd thing is the only physical punishment I received at Beaumont was 6 ferulas delt by him (ordered by Fr Brogan)!

From Damian Russell on David Crewe-Read

Robert, thank you for the message concerning DCR . A well-known brocanteur up and down the Wandsworth Bridge Road, he was a lively figure and a new father, I believe, in his sixties. He made no secret of his liking for young women, and his leanness in old age testified to his agility in this area. At school, of course, he presented a quite different persona, and he and Juan Garton lent a certain zest to life in Grammar III . Brains were not his forte, but a residue of charm and a vague claim to aristocratic antecedents gave him a mystique which easily outweighed his one-syllabled nickname at Beaumont. He famously fell off a chair at the Chelsea Arts Club some time ago in a fit of enthusiasm. Steady, David!

I didn't know of his passing, and greatly regret it. R.I.P. Thank you, Dion Russell.

From Charles Halliday on De Maury

I met **John P-W** for coffee in Hereford a couple of weeks ago, and we had a long and happy chat.

On Mountbatten....Andrew Roberts in his Eminent Churchillians has a whole chapter in Mountbatten and his wife....fairly damning about both, Indian Partition, Nehru etc. Field Marshal Gerald Templar is said to have remarked to Mountbatten 'Dicky you're so crooked that if you swallowed a nail you'd shit a corkscrew.'

Ed: I was fortunate to meet Templar on several; occasions and was a Royal Representative at his funeral.

From Marcus Wigan on Motorbikes

Its daunting reading the stellar carers of old BU people (High Court Judges Sir, Nobel…etc etc)

I'm still plodding on in my own way, and am up to the 10th postgrad qualification and have had an honorary appointment yesterday in the 5th different Faculty at the University of Melbourne I have postgrad qualifications in three further faculites.. so its a bit of a scattergun progress.. still at 78 I'm happy still to be seen as a serious contributor in all these fields!

clearly Oxford had a bad effect on me.

On the other had I changed my motorcycle for another lifebreathing 160BHP sports [Yamaha MT10sp] machine last week.. my Indian Scout cruiser had become so boring.. —just as a change for all the over achievers in the BU OB reports!!(you may recall that I raced at an international level, in the Isle of Man TT and one World Championship round before I left the UK in 1976)

Cheers marc

Dr Marcus R Wigan
Emeritus Professor of Transport and Information Systems Edinburgh Napier University.

Honorary Fellow, Conservatorium of Music University of Melbourne
PO Box 126 Heidelberg Victoria 3084 Australia

From Chris Tailby on John Mathew

Good morning Robert. I see **John Mathew** death announced in today's Times. I think he was at Beaumont. He led me for the prosecution in a murder case at the Old Bailey when I was a pupil barrister standing in for a more senior member of Chambers. A role known as "straw junior". He cleared off after his closing speech to leave me to deal with the accused's antecedents when the chap was convicted of manslaughter. I think **Edward Cussen** was in the same chambers as Mathew. Incidentally Edward was the cousin of **Desmond Cussen** who may have provided the murder gun to Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be hanged. Did you see the TV programme on the Ellis case the other week? No Beaumont connection that I have found as I don't think Desmond Cussen was at Beaumont unlike Edward, of course.

Ed: Wrong Chris – **Desmond (40)** was at Beaumont.

From Jerry Hawthorne on The Virus and his Book.

Daily mass comes to an end today in England. Quite a number attended the 07:30am Mass for the final time for a while, here in Wimbledon this morning.

I was sorry to learn of Veronica Bailey's death; also the cancellations you report especially HCPT's Easter Week pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Not the best time to be publishing a book but my autobiography entitled **"The Wandering Soul" is now published.**

As you might expect, there are a few chapters about Beaumont and its closure (my year was the final Beaumont year). Also a number of chapters about the Jesuits and Benedictines; together with sadly, some words about the disaster of child and adult abuse by clergy, with which I was professionally involved as a solicitor either to survivors or to religious bodies.

On a more positive note, there is a Chapter about the Papal Visit in 1982 (when I recollect that **Robert Bruce OB** then a Royal Marine but also an HCPT Group leader at the time, who instead of pilgrimaging with us to Lourdes, had to be involved with the Falklands War, which of course almost resulted in the Papal Visit being called off at the last minute.

I will let you know when the book is available. SEE NOTICES.

Ed: Just so there is no misunderstanding and as much as I admire the many attributes of "Bootneck" : it was of course the War rather than Bruce that almost resulted in the cancellation!

COVID FLU (From the Home Front)

The words of W E Henley –

In the fell clutch of circumstance

I have not winced nor cried aloud.

Under the bludgeoning of chance

My head is bloody but, but unbowed.

From Oliver Hawkins

Indeed: I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my Soul: fine words.

From Hubert de Lisle

France is in complete “ shut down “ since 1200hrs yesterday ! Fortress France !

“ Laissez- passer “ forms are mandatory to leave one’s house to go to see a doctor , pharmacy or go shopping !

On behalf of our Archbishop and with the Parish Priest we have stopped all Church services for the foreseeable future – as of yesterday for ‘ at least 2 weeks ‘ .

But within our Parish (18 Churches) we have decided to keep the Churches open for personal prayers / meditation /contemplation .

The La Roche Posay Thermal Cure and Spa have closed since last Saturday ; as have the casino , cinema , restaurants , golf club and hippodrome!

For some it is as they said in the 1WW trenches “ keep you heads below the parapet “ !

For others , now residents in rest homes “ it is like the Occupation of 1940 “ !

All this reminds me of the 1WW cartoons by Capt Bruce Bairnsfather re-edited by the Tonie Holt family in the 70s & 80s .

From Adrian Naughten in Northern Ireland

We all need to be sensible and positive. I have just read about young Americans going off on their Spring Break determined to enjoy themselves and claiming that we are all overreacting!!! They are the folks Mr Trump should be targeting and ‘ isolating’. This will not go away overnight- my uneducated guess is that it will not ‘ peak’ until Late April/ Early May and that normality will not return much before August at earliest. We have to be realistic. A few prayers will not go amiss- starting with Psalm 91.

Lie low, take care, look after each other.

From Ant Stevens

Thank you, Robert, for telling everyone about the demise of "**Streetwise".** Circumstances permitting, we aim to resurrect it around April/May next year.

My sympathies go to Bart and the Bailey family over the death of Veronica. It just made me realise that there are more precious things in life than a bunch of thespians belting out Stevens & Fisher song and dance routines.

I assume everyone else left standing in the BU is under house arrest. Thanks be to God and good neighbours, even with my lack of foresight, we have managed to avoid slaughter in the supermarkets. My only complaint is The Famous Grouse has flown his nest. Oh well, as the Russians might say, "Sokhranitye spokoistvo e prodolzhayete!" Keep calm and carry on.

From Reg Carlton-Morris.

I have just come out of hospital where a superb specialist (a Muslim) from Pakistan saved my life after my ex-nurse wife sent me to hosp. in an ambulance as an emergency.

His words to me later were " God did not want you that day"

He was a spiritual man and I found we were on the same page totally.

I should be back to normal after a month of dedicated physio at home here in Norfolk.

From Mark Addison

Thank you for your Easter greetings. I am sorry not to have replied sooner with my best wishes for you and your family.

I was interested in your quote from Julian of Norwich wondering if there was not an element of “there ,there” to it inappropriate to the gravity of our present situation.

Looking into her well known quotation to get some sense of context, I came across this poem by Ann Lewin:

All shall be well

She must have said that

Sometimes through gritted teeth

Surely she knew the moments

When fear gnaws at trust

The future loses shape

The courage that says

All shall be well

Doesn’t mean feeling no fear

But feeling it, trusting

God will not let go

All shall be well

Doesn’t deny present experience

But roots it deep

In the faithfulness of God

Whose will and gift is life

These thoughts resonate to our present situation and show how your choice of quotation was entirely appropriate.

Keep safe and well. Wash your hands!

From Tony Newling-Ward

Stay well - here in the Virgin Islands our lock down has eased a bit but the borders are still firmly shut. We've had 6 cases so far, one death and 4 recovered - I haven't bothered to work out the statistics based on a population of 32 thousand (ish) but it would appear we are doing better than a lot of places. The only trouble is that the main pillar of our economy, tourism, is totally shot in what was beginning to look like our first "proper" season after Hurricane Irma....hey ho....

FINNALY: No, Not the B U REVUE.

The first thing my Colonel said to me is “If you cannot laugh at yourself, you shouldn’t have joined”. So, when a certain OB suggested that it was time someone did a pastiche of my REVIEWS, I immediately agreed and I received the following:

To: Robert Drivelson Editor BU Revue.

From: **Comte Marcel d'Herisson**

Chateau de Piquant,

Sonny et Cher,

France

It cannot be often that the third cousin of a Papal knight meets up with a man whose wife's half -sister is related by marriage to a major sherry importer, and they reminisce about their rugby triumphs at Old Windsor, but that is what happened some years ago in the beautiful and historic Marseilles Cricket Club chapel.

I refer, of course, to **Walter Nuttisham (47),** "Walnut" to his friends, who will be remembered by OBs of that "vintage" for his strenuously expressed political opinions – he liked to describe himself as "slightly to the right of Attila the Nun" (history was never his strong point) – and for his matchless collection of cravats, which he always hoped would one day be acquired for the Nation, but which were swept away in the only tornado, I think, ever to strike Lincolnshire.

Walnut, it will be recalled, boxed for the College against Eton in '46, lasting against the great Squiffy Drivelling for very nearly half a round. Drivelling later pronounced him "quite good" – no small praise from the nephew-in-law of a Lord Chief Justice. And he was a member of that triumphant first eight of '47 which very nearly made it into the second round at Henley. Though they lost by 27 lengths to the Eton third eight, it was generally agreed that Walnut and his compadres had given the old rivals a real scare.

With his fine record as a sportsman and robust outlook on life, Walter naturally gravitated, as so many OBs have done before him, to the international arms trade, where, as he said, "Even an ass like me could make a killing!" Retired now, he lives in a modest château in the Dordogne, hosting dinners for fellow "ex-pats" at which, he told me with a chuckle, "we drink like fishes and curse the Frogs!" Among recent guests have been **Humphrey Teasemaid (47),** Humphrey **("the other Humphrey") Twelvetrees (47)** and **Dùbghlas O'Ceallagheáin (46),** famous in his day for reducing Fr Stiggins to tears of frustration, and Syntax III to tears of laughter,

at the good Fr's attempts to pronounce his name. Sadly, the pawky Scot is now much hampered, Walter reports, by irritable bowel syndrome.

Je vous prie d'accepter Robert,

L'expression de mes sentiments distingues,

Gaston (imaginatively know as Prickles in Ruds A)

My Dear Gaston, (I will desist from Prickles)

What an extraordinary co-incidence. While we were living in France we were invited to lunch by **Walnut (**but ended up spending the night). He very generously cracked open (literally) a bottle or two of Cul de Cheval Gris, 4th wine of that Grand Cru of which celebrated wine buff **Jimmy Cuminseed (25)** wrote in his tome on the region "once tasted, never forgiven". **Humphrey Teasemaid** of course, as you well know, eloped with the daughter of **Colonel the Hon "Sprout" Brussell (14).** You may recall that it was he who led that remarkable attack on the German lines in 1917 when his platoon went in at the slow march with the drill sergeant measuring the step with his pace stick. Sprout was awarded his MC when on reaching the enemy dugout he bayoneted the commanding officer in the buttocks. This turned out to be no less than Graf von Wundernacht ober Gratz: he later learned that this Hun had been expelled from Ampleforth for "doing something unmentionable" to one of the Hunt beagles.

Sprout was also one of those that formed The BUTS - the OB Tiddlywinks Society that were one of the founding schools of the Shalford Stewit whose tournament is held each year at Noodles during the Autumn equinox. During Sprout's captaincy the side failed to make the cut on 9 out of 10 occasions. **Bungy Tilhurst,** a contemporary of Sprouts, who recorded details of all the matches played, was to write "it may not have helped our strategy that we would dine beforehand at The West India Club (Beaumont had several connections with The Caribbean since many of its sons were transported to the Old Windsor plantation in the latter half of the 19th century). Beaumont of course resigned from The Stewit when the school closed but presented a suitably inscribed Urinal to the Club in the memory of a school that

had always knew how to dodge the warm, wet cowpats on the Meads to the chagrin of our opponents.

Bungy's younger brother **Toss Tilhurst** was memorably "caught behind the wicket" in that first Match at Lords and appeared before the Bow Street Magistrate the next day -The J's would never have found out but for the photograph in *Tit Bits* that somehow found its way into the masters' common room.

Finally, returning to **Humphrey Teasemaid:** you remember his much more attractive younger sister **Julia** who was Assistant Matron in the Fifties. It was she who introduced "early bed and long sleep" mainly I gather for the benefit of the older boys. I went to her Requiem at Farm Street a few years ago that was extraordinarily well attended by OBs. **Fr Horace Bimber** said in his eulogy "She gave of herself freely and selflessly to the boys in her care". I have to say Old chum you couldn't ask for more than that!

Toodle Pip,

Robert.

I copied this correspondence to **PMCJD (63)** (he had added a few initials to sound important) and received the following:

Dear Drivel,

My father **CP (29)** sometimes spoke of **Jimmy Cuminseed**, a senior during CP's first year. It appears that Cuminseed moved from an indifferent elderflower wine in Lower VIth to experimenting with spirits during his last year, operating a still in a small hut in the woods behind the War Memorial. The hut had been abandoned when the college had less need of the retained occasional grave-digger and cemetery gardener, whose tea-hut and potting shed it had been. A non-vintage eau de vie distilled from Dubbin was suspected to have caused the famous outbreak of temporary blindness that did so much to pull down leavers' exam results in that summer. As a doctor, CP's later thought that if Cuminseed had contented himself with improving the accepted recipes that use better-quality Cherry Blossom as their

base ingredient, all might have been well. After all, the rector's decision that the Benedictines should not have a monopoly in matters of the spirit was already showing promising signs, largely based on pioneering work on Cherry Blossom being undertaken by a young chemistry teacher, **E de Menthell**, in the new Science Wing built for the purpose. The use of the cheaper Dubbin, and a filtration system that used some grey ash-like material found in an urn at the back of the shed, typical of Cuminseed's ingenuity, had taken the science of distilling beyond normal limits of respectable research.

Dear PMCJD,

It so happens I was reading through the College archives and I came across some interesting information about that hut and its' unfortunate occupant. It goes back to 1894 when Lady Satin Tights arrived in a fury from Sledmere to confront the then Rector **Sir William Heathcliff (71)** – the family of Thrushcross Grange on the Yorkshire Moors, concerning her son **Mark.** The young man had fathered a child on the daughter of their head coachman and she held the Rector responsible. Apart from his shock at this sinful lapse, Fr William failed to see how he or the School could be held to account. Lady T asserted that the assignation had taken place in a hut near the cemetery while the Coachman made merry in the Bells of Bouzely having delivered his charge for the start of the previous year. Mark was being removed from the school forthwith. It was then that Fr William recalled that the unfortunate Tomkins (an ex -Trooper in The Lifeguards) holding the position of Grave-digger and overall responsible for emptying the Moule's Patent Earth Closets who had been dismissed after articles of ladies' underwear had been found in the Hut: it had been assumed that he was a "cross-dresser". Rumour has it that he later found a position, much to his liking, in the household of the **Infante "louise" Fernado (04)**. No doubt your grandfather "**Viva" (90)** would have remembered the saga although hushed up at the time. Thinking of your grandfather was there any truth in the story that when the cry went up "See Naples and Die!" all the Stevens stood up and shouted "No! Viva Stevens".

I understand that Fr Provincial has recently made an abject apology on the steps of Farm Street to the descendants of all old "Crossdressers" including those who had to play female roles in school plays at Beaumont and elsewhere.

Best,

Robert.

PS. Please don’t use that nickname: not good for the Literary street cred Old Boy and rest assured that the Drivelsons and the Drivellings are in no way related.

CORRESPONDENCE TO BE CONTINUED.

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