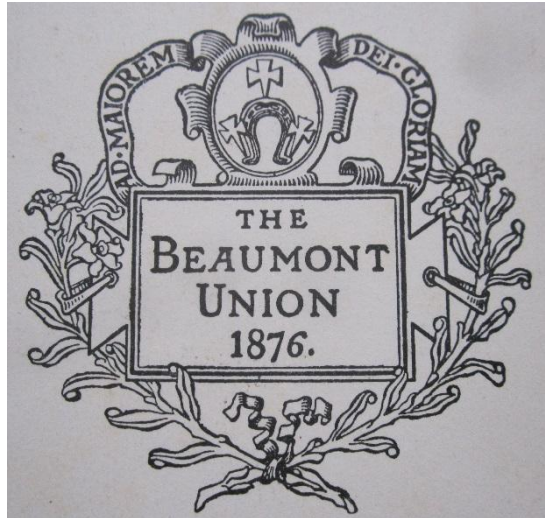


A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW AUTUMN 2017



How will we remember these days, now that methods of recording events are so instant, involving little thought and much technology: this website is a prime example. Remembering is human: the ability to store memories enables us to learn, build relationships and form convictions. What is personality if not memory? Or friendship, composed of recollections of shared happenings. Beaumont is a collection of memories but despite having no “young entry” for fifty years the Union has not only survived but prospered. I was amused to find in the first

edition of the Beaumont Review 1894 that October 10th, the anniversary of the opening of the school in 1861, being the eve of a Blandyke, passed without any general recognition. Not so October 9th 2017 when we will gather to celebrate our continued friendship and endeavour.

50 years ago

THE TABLET • 15 JULY 1967

After all the anguish and commotion Beaumont has now finally closed, and the time has come to veil its modest glories. It is not the history of the school or its triumphant moments that ought to be commemorated this week: essentially the *genius loci* of Beaumont has to do with the peaceful happiness and industry which have peopled that oddly arcadian place, and with certain well-disposed ghosts which are like the detritus of nature itself. Everyone's memories of their schooldays are acute and

personal, and it is hard to know in what proportion truth and fantasy have mixed to make one's own mental pictures. At any rate, the first feeling one is bound to have about the closing of one's old school is a purely personal twinge; then, that this represents a turning page in Catholic history; for better or worse you and I, reader, are not going to be replaced ...

Beaumont has been an honourable star in the English sky, and strange and I think prophetic both in its birth and in its suicide.

With thanks to **Oliver Hawkins: an OB Arcadian of '61** and **Robert Bruce** who also sent it to me. I have made some comments on Arcady further on in the REVIEW as has **Simon Potter**.

NOTICES

THE BU LUNCH AND CELEBRATION MASS. To mark 50 years since Beaumont closed and to celebrate the continued success of the Union takes place on Monday 9th October.

Speakers: John Paton Walsh Hon Secretary of The Union will propose the Toast to the Beaumont Union.

Robert Wilkinson will propose the toast to The Spirit of Beaumont.

DRESS: Suits. Those who have mislaid their BU ties may purchase at Benson & Clegg, 9 Piccadilly Arcade or on Line at bensonandclegg.com/neckwear

TIMINGS

11am Mass at Farm Street. Wives and family members most welcome.

12 noon Caledonian Club, Halkin St: bar opens.

1.15 pm Lunch.

Please make your booking with John Paton Walsh jmpw@mac.com,

Remittance to Arrowbank Lodge, Tanyard Lane, Bridge St, Kington, HR5 3DX

The cost is £50 and please clarify your attendance at the Mass so that we can book coaches.

OBITUARIES.

Just as I was about to write that no “empty saddles” have been reported, when I heard that **Michael Bohane (49)** has died. The son of an OB with a brother and numerous ncles and cousins at Beaumont, he will be sadly missed.

I have included the recently published Telegraph Obituary for **Christopher Tyler** in the OBITUARY section.

WEBSITE

If you are changing your Email please remember to let me know

IN THE NEWS

THE BUGS MEETING



As reported in the last edition of the REVIEW the resurrected Beaumont Union Golfing Society (BUGS) held its first meeting at the Westerham Club on 31 May.

Glorious English weather, as it turned out, saw some ten players gather for coffee and a bacon roll before serious competition began.



Our secretary **Nigel Courtney** had the whole organisation working like clockwork. **Mark Marshall** (Vice Captain BUGS, Starter and naturally Marshall) but lacking pistol or flag saw that the first ball fly off the tee at 11am (as the military know its imperative that the first round is on time) and the match for the Bedford Claret Jug was under way.





BU DRIVING STYLES

The Match was played as a Stapleford foursome so in a logical game such as this, we played in two sets of three and a pair at the end (a right pair they were). Leading the way was our top handicapped player **Kevin MacArdle** (H 13) from the Hockley Club at Winchester with **Clive Fisher**, (H 15) one of two players from Royal Wimbledon. Clive seemed to be as much at ease on an undulating golf course as skipping his boat on a trans- Atlantic race. Home bred **Nigel Courtney** (H 16) made up the trio – another yachtsman whom I gather has been on the successful round the Island race on several occasions. All of these were at the first hole on level par and setting a hard pace. Next off was **Mark Addison** (H 19) up from Ashford but soon to be at the Hythe Links and looked to your correspondent to be as useful with a club as he was with his fists in days gone by. **Chris Tailby** (H 20) from down the road Effingham and in recovery from the BUEF Verdun.



RUPERT CARRIED HIS CLUBS WHILE “MARSHALL” MARSHALL CARRIED THE FLAG

Rupert Lescher (H 22) another Wimbledon man and sailor combined, set off into the woods – a trend others would follow as the match progressed. Finally **Jim Ingram-Cotton** (H 27), our senior contender who had come all the way from Clivedon Bristol which put to shame others who said Westerham was a Club too far. Last but not least **Henry Stevens** (H 28) had not hit a golf ball in four years, the polo stick having been his chosen “appendage” in recent times set off in pursuit in a buggy.



AN ADDISON CHIP AND A STEVENS BUNKER SHOT

Both **Tailby** and **Stevens** found the first lake attractive but no one was making a clean break and so it continued. At the shortest hole **Fisher** set the pace with a fine chip for the “Closest to the Pin” Competition only to have **Addison** ball sneak in another meter. A similar situation occurred for the longest drive with **Courtney** looking confident till **Tailby** who had obviously taken a few notes on the battlefield trip sent a shot worthy of “Big Bertha” to put on another twenty meters.



“BIG BERTHA” TAILBY’LONGEST DRIVE and the STEVEN’S NEAR “BIRDIE”

Nigel at least had the compensation of a Birdie at the 15th. **Stevens** almost claimed another when just missing a moorhen at the 18th. (Your correspondent and holder of the Rule Book hurriedly checked whether this would have counted). The question was also raised concerning the status of a ball run over by Marshall in his buggy; complaint squashed.

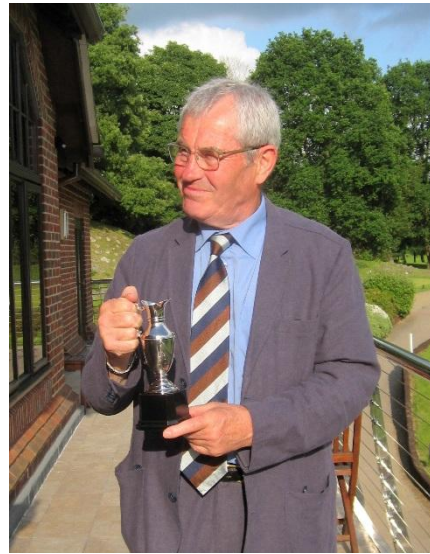


“ ROLL YOU B----R”

So we were all back in the clubhouse by 4pm in time for prize giving. The main event was the competition for the coveted trophy dedicated to our much-missed OB and friend, Mike Bedford.

Everyone seemed to get a prize for some feat of the day including **Henry Stevens** -2 balls in the lakes.

Kevin McArdle came third with a very creditable score of 33 points off a handicap of 13. The runner-up, with 36 points, was **Nigel Courtney**, playing off 16. These two were granted bragging rights (you have been warned)



“TWO BALLS” STEVENS and MARK ADDISON WITH THE WINNER’S JUG

It was a close-run thing because the player who triumphed, also with 36 points but on countback, was **Mark Addison**, off a handicap of 19. Congratulations to one and all! Everyone present called for further fixtures and we hope more OB golfers will wish to participate. Watch this space.

PS I think Mike would have said that the Jug was a bit on the small side for his needs.



THE BUGS: NOTE THAT HENRY STILL FITS HIS BOXING "BLUE"

From **Clive Fisher**

A brief note to you both for the original idea and then the work put in to arranging such a lovely day at Westerham.

I was sorry I had to dash and therefore miss the meal and prize giving but as explained I wanted to do a hospital visit before driving to Lymington and then sail the English Channel . I am pleased to say all was achieved , leaving Lymington at 5.30 yesterday morning and arriving here in Alderney mid afternoon 70 miles in glorious sunshine at an 8 knot pace !

Best wishes, Clive

PS **Rupert** I missed spotting (or hitting) your boat in the river on the way out but it was 05.30 hours and rather bleary eyed ! Remind me of the name and I will look on the way back Tuesday.

ED: Who was the wit that said "there are the have yachts and the have nots"

BUGS v OGGS

We have accepted a challenge to play the Old Gregorians at Denham 21st September: we are still short of players. If you are still reticent about offering your services please reconsider.

CORPUS CHRISTI

It would be difficult to forget the Feast of Corpus Christi at Beaumont with its procession and sermon at the Corpus Christie Oak: the rituals of the Captains in morning dress holding the canopy, the Corps guard of honour, the St John's rose petal strewers and the lead treble singing the "Jesu Joy of Man's desiring". Beaumont's day is in the past but it is good to know that these processions still flourish and in particular at Arundel Cathedral where an OB has for many years been a key figure in the celebration. Read on:-



For over 100 years, Arundel Cathedral has celebrated the feast of Corpus Christi with a festival of flowers, which includes a magnificent carpet of flowers in the central aisle of the Cathedral and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament from the Cathedral to the courtyard of Arundel Castle, where Benediction is given.

Some months before the feast, several members of the Corpus Christi team meet to discuss the theme for the current year's carpet. The theme is inspired by events being celebrated by the Church and always has a religious meaning. The theme is displayed at each end of the carpet and at the centre point. The rest of the

carpet is laid out in repeating geometric designs.

Once the theme and patterns have been chosen, the design is given to Arundel parishioner and artist, **Oliver Hawkins**, who then makes the cardboard templates. Oliver knows the exact measurements of the aisle and how many repeat patterns of the geometric design are needed. The design is handed to Oliver on a piece of A4 paper. It is then scaled up to meet the length and width required for the carpet. A template is cut out of sheet cardboard and then traced out in chalk on building paper. This protects the stonework of the Cathedral floor.

The carpet is made solely of chrysanthemums (double and small headed). Colours are chosen by members of the planning group. Any colour can be specified as the flowers can be dyed to accommodate the need of the design. Some vibrant colours are chosen to ensure the design has full impact. The number of flowers ordered is dependent on the intricacy of the design, but generally around 10,000 flower heads are used. The flowers obviously have to be in peak condition when they reach the Cathedral. They are left in water for as long as possible. When they are needed for laying, the heads are cut off close to the bloom (keeping the colours separate), to enable them to be laid flat on the prepared, papered floor. The flowers are not placed into any foam as the coldness of the Cathedral floor helps them to stay fresh. At Arundel we adopt a format by starting with any lettering chosen and main themes. This is then followed by outlining and filling in the geometric designs in the chosen colours. Once all the designs have been completed, the rest of the paper is covered with greenery.

After Beaumont, Oliver studied at the West Sussex College of Art before Architecture at St John's Cambridge.



His work “consists of scavenging and assembling – I can’t deal with a clean canvas or a blank piece of paper. Most of what I make is three dimensional: just occasionally flat collages. I enjoy the process of finding, usually but not exclusively on the beach, as much as the making, and land up with crates full of bits and pieces to work with”

Oliver has lived in Arundel for over forty years, and was a founder member of the Gallery Trail. He works with salvaged materials, assembling sculptures from pieces found on the beach, in skips, or at the bottom of drawers. His instinct for scavenging is complemented by a lifelong enthusiasm for pop art in all its manifestations.

Apart from the art world, Oliver is also the editor of “Cornerstone” the magazine of the Friends of the Cathedral and a founder of The Arundel Festival.

THREE MEN ON A WALK

John Flood, Patrick Soloman and Arthur Cope (over from the USA) undertook the Menorcan Coastal Walk to raise money for HCPT



GOOD WEATHER



AND A BIT OF ROUGH



A MOMENTS RELAXATION DAY 7



ONE KM TO GO AND DISCOVER A MORE SUITABLE OB TRANSPORT

Here is John's blog that records all the ups and downs and so many moments of fun and even hilarity amongst the sweat and toil of this formidable walk.

Day 1 which was not uneventful! The first half of the day was pretty tough with some serious "ups", "downs" and more ups. The first down for Arthur was finding Patrick still eating his breakfast when he called to collect him from his Italian hotel, and then having the temerity to pinch a bit of melon for which he was accosted by the Italian proprietor, who they then nicknamed 'Luigi', who said it was bad enough to pinch it but inexcusable to then try, unsuccessfully, to hide it! It also saw Arthur failing to notice a root in the path which sent him sprawling onto the path, cutting his knee and damaging the thumb he hadn't already damaged when he fell into a trash bin in the States recently! After an excellent lunch in Es Grau the walk got easier and the swim towards the end refreshed us. The only other incident was my then leaving my i-Phone on the car roof when we drove off and not realising what the clunk was when we heard it slide on to the road, only discovering that when we got home! 4 hours later, after a trip back to the Cap Favorite, where no phone was to be found, and then home to learn that the French couple who had picked it up had been contacted were staying in Es Mercadal, half way down the island, I was reunited with it there!

Day 2 was the greatest distance at over 15 miles, but less strenuous and without incident. We learnt how beautiful and varied the coastline is with salt beds and inland waters and had time for an excellent lunch at Arenal d'en Castel before I swam at Son Parc.

Day 3 was altogether different and made us realise how rugged and strenuous parts of this walk can be. This is said to be the toughest day and certainly lived up to that reputation as we all felt we had not climbed for so long and over such difficult terrain since our scouting days at Kandersteg in Switzerland 50 years ago! We swam at the remote but large beach at Cala Calderer and all returned home around 9.30pm feeling very satisfied and tired, but certainly no longer bashful about looking for support for our charity, HCPT.

Day 4 As we approached our starting point the heavens opened. Arthur insisted that we turn around and try to get back to the area which the rain had not yet reached so we could put on our waterproofs without getting soaked. This was only partially successful! We had rain for the first half and Arthur suggested for lunch we needed to find a nudist cafe with a tumble dryer! When we eventually reached our planned lunch place around 4.30pm and followed a long downhill road to the Troglodytes Restaurant, we found it was closed. Having re-climbed the same steep hill, on further enquiry we reached the conclusion there was no other Restaurant or even a shop in Cala Morell and therefore there was no lunch available. Instead we embarked on the extra stage of 7km which we had added which proved to be over the most rocky ground we have encountered. But we made it and have therefore now completed the North Coast and 52 miles in 4 days. It was undoubtedly the most wearying day yet with the saving grace that the scenery was different again and none of us fell down the most alarming and deep unguarded hole in the ground we came across.

Day 5 it turned out that the information on distance that I had taken off the internet was a serious under statement so the whole day amounted to over 17 miles rather than 11.37. As a result we had lunch in Ciutadella around 4pm and still had a further 10 miles to walk after lunch! Patrick did us a favour by returning to our starting point and retrieving car 1 so that when Arthur and I arrived at our destination where, car 2 was parked, we did not have to return to collect car 1. He and I had enjoyed the walk together and I learnt all about the changes and challenges he faces in his business, so the time seemed to go quite quickly. On arrival home we enjoyed the customary G&T before some first class tapas at one of our local restaurants.

Day 6 This morning we turned the corner on to the southern coast with 4 days remaining (and for Patrick it was his last day). There were to be a succession of beautiful beaches and walks through the forest. We knew there was no facility for lunch and had come prepared with sandwiches from our local bakery. For me this was to be a day with 3 swims. All in all a great day followed by a super meal at Patrick's Italian hotel at Binissafuller Vell as his swansong when we discovered how nice Luigi was. There we were served magnificent fish by him and his wife.

Day 7 We had a late start and did some shoe shopping en route. Patrick took car 1 away and left it at the airport for us to retrieve in the evening, but this cost us a fortune as he decided to arrive at the airport 3 1/2 hours before take off! We also received an email from our car hire company referring to what we thought was a parking ticket, we already knew about, and a fine of €50, but this morning I have been able to open the attachment and it turns out to be a speeding fine for Car 2 which was Patrick's, not my, car! Today's walk was the shortest and easiest, mostly through forest and rural scenery. The late start meant that lunch was to be late but when we got there the chef was having a break. For the last part from Santa Thomas

to Son Bou there were 3 tracks, one going inland, one involving a difficult trudge along the longest sandy beach in Menorca, and the other through what on the map showed as water, but was in fact dry and involved walking between high reeds. The deeper we got into this the thinner the path became, but we soldiered on even after the path disappeared! Somehow we extracted ourselves the other end and found a way around the water that by then had appeared, duly making it to our car. That evening we went for another excellent meal in Mahon overlooking the harbour and celebrated a week of walking and that we had done three quarters of the whole walk with just 2 days remaining.

Day 8 The length of today's story reflects how long the day turned out to be! The day started with a number of errands including settling Patrick's speeding fine and our car parking ticket. For the latter we learnt that we could have put €3.50 in the machine within 20 minutes of the ticket being issued and that would have been the end of it - if only we had known! Knowing that we would be making a late start we foresaw we would not get to Cala en Porter until nearly suppertime and ensured that the Cala Morell and yesterday's experiences would not be repeated by investing in some sandwiches. We set off from Son Bou for the first time at 1.15, as usual continuing from where we had finished in the car park the night before. We had not realised that our wading through the dried up swamp yesterday meant that we had not finished on the Cami path so, when we set out from there along the delightful wooden walkway at the back of the beach, it was half an hour later that we eventually persuaded ourselves, in the absence of any way posts on the rocky path we were by then traversing, that we had to turn back and start again for fear we would end up at the bottom of a cliff with no way of reaching the right path. So it was that at 2.10 we started again from a higher point in Son Bou on the real path which we had unwittingly been within sight of nearly an hour earlier. We had made the right decision, as the path rose rapidly before descending to a beach several feet deep in seaweed which could only have been reached by the first track by swimming around the base of the intervening cliff! It made a good spot for our 3pm lunch but we decided we neither had the time to swim or the inclination to sink into the seaweed! So once again we climbed until we reached a plateau and the path again went inland and seemed to go on for ever. The last part before getting to Cala en Porter was very attractive with orchards and some very rare trees. Instead of lunch we had a welcome beer and started stage 2 for the day at the time we had more usually finished walking. To add to our woe this was the day we were doing the first half of a 3rd stage so as to achieve the walk in 9 rather than 10 days. There was no signing in Cala en Porter and we were misinformed by a local after climbing the hill adding still further to the distance to reach Binissafuller. We began to be concerned that darkness would fall before we met the road and the prospect of walking over the difficult rocky path in the dark was a formidable one. After 2 1/2 hours we knew we were getting close as with every step we came nearer to the flight path of the planes landing at Mahon airport. Had one been landing when we passed the landing lights it would have been nearly on top of us (like our experience in the car a few days earlier when we parked under the flight path adjacent to the perimeter fence and attracted the attention of security guards, but luckily with the fence between us!). Within moments of reaching the road it was dark so we were very relieved. That relief redoubled when after a further kilometre we came, at about 9.45, to a restaurant and they had a table for us. There we had a superb tapas dinner, including outstanding baby clams, before setting off for the final 2 1/2 km at 11.15. Walking through

Binibeca with our poles we were probably a strange sight and we attracted the attention of an English couple who asked us where we had come from. He had clearly had a good night out himself and treated us like heroes, insisting on shaking our hands while his wife looked on in disbelief! So a 1/4 of an hour later at 2 minutes to midnight we finally finished the day's walk when we walked through the door of our apartment and rolled into our beds, without collecting the car from Son Bou!

Day 9 This should be our last day! It started by my receiving another email from the car hire company with what turned out to be my equivalent of Patrick's infringement at the Es Mercadal radar trap! We then set off to retrieve Car 1 from Son Bou and leaving it at the end of Mahon harbour. Then back to our apartment in Cala Torret from where we set off, initially by road to Son Glaxo and then on to Punta Prima to complete the 2nd half of yesterday's extra stage. Once we left there we were on rocky track, but mostly less onerous than on most of the other days. We were in Alcafar in time for a late lunch and enjoyed an excellent Paella together beside the beach. The path from there gave us superb views of the harbour mouth and the Fort beyond. Somewhere on that path I recollect my right and weak ankle slipping off the side of a rock which meant that, just as Arthur had been in pain on day 1, an hour or so later it was my turn to suffer, especially on the steep path down to the final opportunity for a swim at Cala Sant Esteve. We both took it with alacrity and were delighted to find no sand which had been the bane of our lives when getting our socks and boots on after the previous swims. While changing on the jetty we saw 2 men coming down the path who turned out to be a 55 year old uncle and his nephew who were also finishing the Cami walk in Mahon this afternoon. We guessed they would be on day 10 and asked them how many days they had been on the walk - when the answer was 4 and they had run most of it we were dumbfounded - how anyone could run the 50% of the path that is formed of fixed rocks of every shape, height and size was beyond us! But the 4 of us enjoyed a swim together and we wished them well on the final 6km, which they probably finished at a gallop, before we were half way! Those 6km were on roads, the official path going through the centre of Mahon, but we took the harbour edge, adding a little to our walk to make up for missing Cala Tirant on day 3 because the police had closed the road to the eastern end of it on account of a Cycle event. The harbour made a delightful end to our final day and we reached the exact point at which we had started 9 days ago at 7.22pm, tired but with a great sense of achievement and having greatly enjoyed the beautiful and varied scenery! It was then off to Binibeca beach for a rewarding Gin & Tonic followed by another celebratory meal, this time at 'Caraba', one of the best restaurants nearby. Mission accomplished!!

The Epilogue - On Sunday we had a leisurely breakfast at the local bakery before heading for Mahon and a Mass before a walk around its lovely old streets with superb views of the harbour. Arthur had for several days insisted he needed a No. 2 haircut, despite his having very few hairs to have cut! Suddenly he spotted a barber and this turned out to be manned by a Moroccan who claimed to be the only barber open on a Sunday in the city! A late lunch at Cala Fons, a swim at the superb S'Algar pool by the sea and another meal of fish at Cap Roig made for a very relaxing day to rest our weary limbs! We flew to England the next day and the day after that were reunited with Patrick on Arthur's 70th birthday celebrated in Brighton with his sister and brother-in-law and their family. 'Pura Vista' - the Costa Rican most used expression had been regularly uttered as a sort of chant by my 2 Spanish speaking

fellow walkers - it means 'Pure Life' which aptly sums up the 11 days we spent together and the epic unforgettable journey we shared for 9 of these. It was well worth all the blood, sweat and tears and, thanks to our many benefactors, should enable several disabled and disadvantaged kids to experience a life changing week in Lourdes next Easter with HCPT. Thank you all so much for this.

HENLEY 2017

Fifty years on and the remnants (or should that be flotsam or lagan) of the VIII of "67", the last crew to row at Henley gathered on the first day of the Regatta to recall those heady days, those that had passed on and raise a glass or two in their memory.



THEN



NOW

John Farr, Ramon Ribó, Peter Hammett, David Fettes, Bruce Geddes –

Temple Island in the background

For those who may not know this select group:- **John** became a Lawyer “a heavyweight” on contentious employment matters at Herbert Smith where he was a partner. He remains a consultant. Labour politician Chuka Umunna was one of his juniors.

Ramon came for Syntax from Barcelona and enjoyed it so much he stayed on an extra couple of years. He went on to Sussex University. Returned to Barcelona and joined his father’s company which he eventually took over and sold in the last couple of years and is now retired. Married to Angelika and splits his time between Barcelona and Vienna.

Peter went to Reading University. Carried on rowing, got to the semi-finals of the Ladies Plate, became a Steward and umpire - youngest umpire on the Thames at that time. From the Local Press:-

"The Reading University eight that raced at Henley today equaled the Boat Clubs record set by John Whitear’s crew of the 1948-49 period and beats all of the other Reading University Boats since the war said Frank Ortner, elder statesman of the

Reading University coaches last night.

He described this year's eight as the University's best for many years and their achievement in reaching the Ladies' Plate semi-finals yesterday as an event unparalleled in the past 21 years. "There has always been a happy atmosphere amongst his crew and it is significant that they have just elected **Peter Hammett**, second year math's student, for a further year as president. They have had a very successful season with a very good place in the Reading Head then three junior-senior victories".



THE READING CREW

Peter qualified as an accountant and moved to the firm's French division, ending up in the south. Married Mylène, lives near Paris and has two daughters. Semi-retired but runs a Consultancy service and has done so for some time.

David younger brother of Robert, author of two books and well known wild life photographer (some might say exponent in his younger days).

Bruce Is the youngest brother of three - Gordon and Andrew. Became an architect and set up own firm - Geddes Walker. Still practicing, lives in Rottingdean and London, married to Liz and has two daughters.

ED:- I understand that Patrick Burgess gave his annual picnic behind the boat marques;. Apart from Patrick forgetting his "slot" number and Michael Wortley's double journey with all important gazebo everything went according to plan: among those enjoying the hospitality were the **Bruces, Floods, Wortleys, Sheehans and Courtneys.**

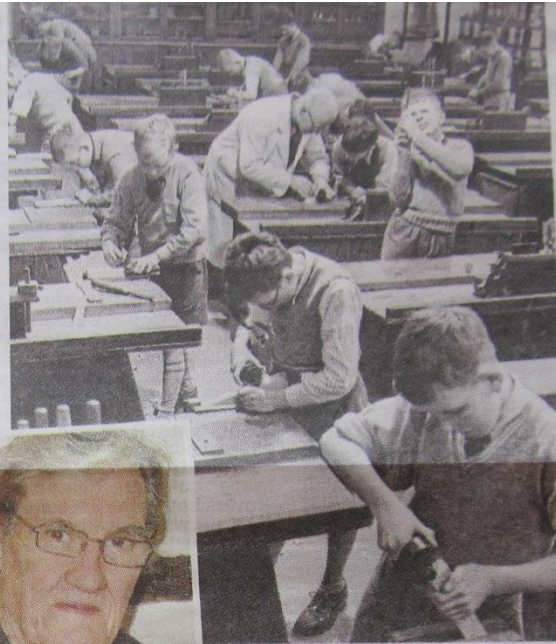
DOUAI

Your Editor represented the Union at the opening of the new cricket pavilion at Douai 9 July. The Pavilion is also the Memorial to their Fallen in the Great War and they have an upstairs room there dedicated to all things Dowegian. The school closed in 1999 for financial reasons and falling numbers. However there is still a Benedictine Abbey and a fair number of monks but the buildings were sold off for housing.

In the afternoon they had a cricket match against the Downside Wanderers at which the home side claimed victory. Among those playing for the Wanderers was a nephew of the **Cantopher brothers (34)**, **John** had been Captain of Cricket, Rugby and the School and awarded the GM in WW2. **Peter** also cricket, rugby and boxing teams was with the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank after his war service.

Douai features in our cricket records as firstly the highest individual score of 155 N.O. was made against them in 1952 by **Paul Raymond-Barker** and then the highest partnership was made in the same year of 188 4th Wicket with **Raymond-Barker and Gubbins**.

Scarred by the cane? No, I just got on with life



PICTURE: POPPERFOTO/GETTY IMAGES

Hard at work: Boys in a Fifties' classroom. Inset: Nicolas Travers

I CAN'T find much sympathy for Harry Benson, sent to boarding school when he was seven (Mail), nor for the victims of school beatings who moaned in recent reports. Things were simply like that in those days.

My widowed mother popped me into a Guildford boarding school run by the redoubtable Miss Teeling, when I was just four. It did not do me much good, though I did learn to read and write. Mother then moved me to another boarding school in Devon, safely distant from our rented home in Chelsea. She said it was for my safety during the Blitz. I was doubtful: she seemed to have a number of admirers when I came home for holidays. My father, an Army colonel, had died when

I wasn't quite two. My mother, a prosperous member of a wealthy Australian pastoral clan, was still not yet 50. Admirers plainly represented more fun than a small boy, and I was parked at the school during the long summer holidays.

I was a stubborn child, mulish. I disliked being told what to do. Mr Dix, the headmaster, slipped me on my bare backside, but I didn't care. It was part of school life. I still didn't do what I was told.

I then went to Beaumont College, run by the Jesuits. I racked up the school punishment record — beaten on my hands by the priests and caned by the Captain of the School (head boy). I think I was whacked more than

25 times during one term. Painful, but no one was going to break me. I just made sure not to wear corduroys when being caned. (A cane leaves a clear line on corduroy. The head boy was also a star cricketer.)

Mind you, I did gain a measure of revenge on my last night before leaving Beaumont. I got drunk at a nearby pub and chased the master who had beaten me the most along a corridor, brandishing a golf club and yelling that I was going to kill him. But trauma? Agony? No way. School was like that. You conformed or the system whacked you. Your choice. I can't say that I enjoyed it. But that was the way it was.

NICOLAS TRAVERS, Slough, Berks.

This piece appeared in the Daily Mail in February and given to me by **Jim Ingram-Cotton**. **Nicholas Travers (53)** has dropped below the BU radar.

ED: I sent a correction to Country Life concerning an article they published about the provenance of the Chanel suit:-

Suits you mademoiselle

REGARDING your piece on tweed in '50 things Britain gave the world' (*July 5*), Coco Chanel (*right*) may well have borrowed a jacket from her admirer the Duke of Westminster, but its potential came from another source. Her nephew and ward was sent to Beaumont in memory of her lover and backer 'Boy' Capel. When he returned to Paris at the end of term in his boating jacket, she declared that it just needed a little tailoring and stitching to be transformed into feminine fashion, according to biographer Marcel Haedrich—and so the suit was born. Rugby gave us the game and Eton our love of boating, but Beaumont, long forgotten by most, left a legacy for the ladies.



FILM RELEASE

SUMMER IN THE FOREST, a documentary about L'ARCHE went on general release at the end of June.

"The sheer humanity absolutely shines through. Viewing should be compulsory." Daily Mail

"Breathtakingly beautiful... the keynote is joy... It will make you laugh. It will make you cry. And it will remind you of what it really means to be strong"

The Guardian.

The Director is Randall Wright who is responsible for over 20 major documentaries, including the critically acclaimed Hockney and the feature length Lucian Freud: A Painted Life, which won an RTS award for best arts documentary, a Grierson nomination, and BAFTA Robert Flaherty nomination.



This is a calm and often affecting study of L'Arche, a community of people with learning disabilities in Trosly-Breuil, northern France. It was founded by **Jean Vanier**, a saintly, snowy-haired figure. As a young officer in the British Royal Navy, Vanier was stricken by the horror of the Second World War and the Nazi death camps. He felt a vocational calling to do good that found its focus in the early 1960s, when a priest showed him the grim conditions in which mentally ill people were housed. Vanier began L'ARCHE, which now has hundreds of franchise-type offshoots all over the world. His is, above all, a peaceful vision, if not precisely non-partisan. *SUMMER IN THE FOREST* pointedly emphasises the branch of L'Arche in Israel's occupied territories, showing Vanier's arrival there: he voices his approval of non-violent Palestinian activism. The most touching moment comes at the end of the film, back in France, when Vanier presides over the wedding of two of the community's young inhabitants: a man and a woman. It is an event that permits us to ponder the enigma of the bachelor Vanier and his own romantic feelings, what he has renounced and what he has embraced in pursuit of his vision and faith. Like countless others Philippe, Michel, Andre and Patrick were labeled 'idiots', locked away and forgotten in violent asylums, until the 1960s, when the young philosopher Jean Vanier took a stand and secured their release - the first time in history that anyone had beaten the system. Together they created L'Arche, a commune at the edge of a beautiful forest near Paris. A quiet revolution was born.

Now in his 80s, and still at L'Arche, Jean has discovered something that most of us have forgotten - what it is to be human, to be foolish, and to be happy.

SUMMER IN THE FOREST invites us to abandon the rat race and forge new friendships. Amid the ancient trees, Philippe, Patrick, Jean and the others welcome us into their lives. If there are rules to break, they will be broken and if there is a truth to be told, they will tell it. Michel reveals his war torn past, Andre is desperate for a date, and young David will prove himself a hero in the fight against the forces of evil.

Dates and venues for Film showings can be found on the website www.summerinthe Forrest.com

ARTICLES

“OCEAN LINER SINKS IN MEDITERRANEAN”

John Joss continues his memories:-

We are returning from the West Indies to the UK, via Gibraltar, steaming east, in terrible North Atlantic weather.

It is early spring 1954, when particularly violent storms often rack the world's oceans. Even aboard our aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Triumph, cooks cannot prepare hot food for two days, so severe is the ship's motion in the difficult, quartering seas that are brutalizing us from the northwest. We realize, yet again, that Nature really runs the show. This lesson will follow us for the rest of our Navy careers, indeed for the rest of our lives.

The Force 10 full gale—40-foot waves, 60-knot winds—tests our seamanship. Our flight deck is out of bounds—white water, 60 feet up. The wind is tearing the tops off the waves, leaving white striations down their faces, an awesome sight. Our escort destroyer, H.M.S. SAINTES, broaches, flung onto her beam ends by a particularly savage set of waves, and gets water down her funnel.

Watching her, staggered by those immense combers, we wonder if she can recover or might founder. At last an Aldis lamp winks from her bridge: “Still standing. Bloody but unbowed.” British sense of humor is alive and well. Walking and standing are problematic, even for professional seamen. Both ships have many injuries—fortunately none are serious.

We steam east towards Portugal and Gibraltar as the storm abates at last and shipboard life returns to normal routines for both warships. We have been anticipating liberty in Gib, after four months in the Caribbean. As night falls on the fourth day, our return to Europe almost complete, lovely aromas of food and wine reach us, 30 miles offshore from Portugal, long before any loom of light from the land is visible.

I have lookout duty on the bridge in the desperate 0000-0400 Middle Watch. Just after midnight the Admiralty signals us to go directly to Algiers. Word spreads quickly around the ship: an emergency. It can be sensed beneath our feet, as we crank up the boilers and start to steam at maximum speed. I stay on deck, bleary-eyed, to watch our passage through the Straits. The familiar Rock rears up to port, just visible in the light of a half moon, showing few lights. Africa lies to starboard, showing no lights at all. The sense of urgency is palpable.

We are tasked to rescue hundreds of British military personnel and their dependents, returning from Korea in a former German troopship now owned by the British, renamed S.S. EMPIRE WINDRUSH. A switchboard fire has erupted off Algiers, out of Port Said. The conflagration is consuming the ship. She is sinking.

WINDRUSH was powered by electricity; all significant services failed when the switchboard blew up—no lighting, no pumps, no sprinklers, no public-address system or winches, just emergency radio. The time had come to abandon ship.

As we learned later, rousing 1,500 officers, wives and children at 0300 was arduous: stewards hammering on hundreds of cabin doors in the dark, attempting to explain the situation and the need to abandon ship immediately, with life jackets. Homeward-bound party goers fresh from the war zone sensed some sort of sadistic safety drill; the frantic stewards had to convince hundreds of sleeping, hung-over celebrants that the emergency was real.

Without functional winches, the crew had to cut the lifeboats loose and let them fall to the water, where some crushed lifeboats that were already afloat. Survivors, many of them still in pyjamas, shoeless, had to jump or shinny down ropes and rope ladders, including women, children and babies. Miraculously, only four of the ship's complement of 1,500 were lost—an officer and three seamen who had been attempting unsuccessfully to fight the fire.

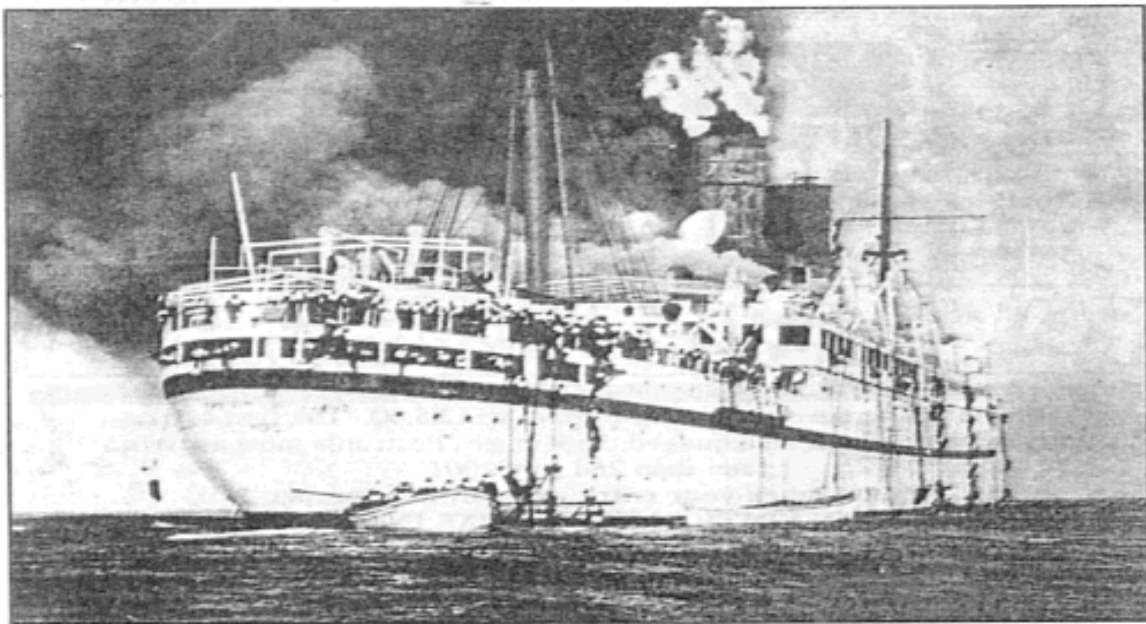
We reach WINDRUSH at dawn. The sight is dreadful. She is engulfed in flames except for the bow, taking on water and starting to list. Crowded lifeboats bob nearby. At great risk to the boarding party, SAINTES manages to attach a tow, hoping to bring her into Algiers, but the fire intensifies and the emergency group of six sailors must beat a hasty retreat. For WINDRUSH it is now only a matter of time.

Eerily, as the paint burns off the funnels—paint the British applied when the ship was 'liberated' from the Nazis after World War II—German swastikas appear in the pearly Mediterranean dawn. WINDRUSH slips slowly beneath the waves, stern first, the fires hissing into silence. It is a scene reminiscent of the Battle of the Atlantic, when so many Allied merchantmen were sunk by the German U-boats, their deaths captured on newsreel film. All that remains now, seething on the surface, is a fuel-oil sheen and boiling air bubbles from collapsing compartments and bulkheads, accompanied by the subdued rumbling of destruction in the deep.

SAINTES takes the lifeboats in tow, one by one, and heads for Algiers. We follow her, dock and take the survivors aboard over the next four hours. Making room for doubling our ship's complement is difficult, but we manage somehow. We put our aircraft on the flight deck, curtain off hangar areas and establish temporary quarters for 1,500 men, women and children. Senior officers and their wives take our cabins. The sound of crying infants aboard a man-of-war is . . . incongruous.

We steam west for Gibraltar and come alongside, the Rock looming above. The fortunate few from the survivors fly home and we prepare to sail for Plymouth, taking time only to report to the Admiral and replenish our supplies.

Liberty in Gib? Not this time.



Troopship Empire Windrush on fire off the coast of Algeria, March 1954.

ED: The MV Empire Windrush was originally the *Monte Rosa* and was delivered to Hamburg Süd in 1931, who operated her as a cruise ship, traveling to Norway, the United Kingdom and the Mediterranean. After the Nazi regime came to power in Germany in 1933, she was operated as part of the Strength Through Joy programme, which provided leisure activities and cheap holidays as a means of promoting the party's ideology.

At the start of World War II, *Monte Rosa* was allocated for military use. She was used as a barracks ship at Stettin, then as a troopship for the invasion of Norway in April 1940. She was later used as an accommodation and recreational ship attached to the battleship *Tirpitz*, stationed in the north of Norway, from where *Tirpitz* and her flotilla attacked the Allie convoys en route to Russia. In November 1942, she was one of several ships used for the deportation of Norwegian Jewish people, of the deportees carried on *Monte Rosa*, all but two died in Auschwitz.

At the end of March 1944, *Monte Rosa* was attacked by Royal Air Force Bristol Beaufighters, but they failed to sink her. In June 1944, members of the Norwegian resistance movement attempted again but failed to sink her by attaching Limpet mines to her hull. In May 1945, she was captured by advancing British forces at Kiel and taken as a prize of war.

In 1948, *Empire Windrush*, which was en route from Australia to England via the Atlantic, docked in Kingston, Jamaica, to pick servicemen who were on leave. The British Nationality Act 1948 had just been passed, giving British citizenship to all people living in Commonwealth countries, and full rights of entry and settlement in Britain. The ship was far from full, and so an opportunistic advertisement was placed in a Jamaican newspaper offering cheap transport on the ship for anybody who wanted to come and work in the UK. Many former servicemen took this opportunity to return to Britain with the hopes of rejoining the RAF, while others decided to make the journey just to see what England was like. The resulting group of 492 immigrants famously began a wave of migration from the Caribbean to the UK, and the name Windrush has as a result come to be used as shorthand for that migration, and by extension for the beginning of modern British multicultural society.

In February 1954 *Windrush* set off from Yokohama, Japan, on what proved to be her final voyage. She called at Kure and was to sail to the United Kingdom. Her passengers including recovering wounded United Nations veterans of the Korean War, some soldiers from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment wounded at the Third Battle of the Hook in May 1953, and also military families. However, the voyage was plagued with engine breakdowns and other defects and it took 10 weeks to reach Port Said, from where the ship sailed for the last time.

An inquiry later found that an engine-room fire began after a fall of soot from the funnel fractured oil-fuel supply pipes. The subsequent explosion and fierce oil-fed fire killed four members of the engine-room crew. The fire could not be fought because of a lack of electrical power for the water pumps because the back-up generators were also not in working order and the ship did not have a sprinkler system. The lack of electrical power also prevented many lifeboats from being launched and the remainder were unable to accommodate all the survivors, who were mostly clad in their nightclothes.

While under tow and rough seas and worsening weather the *Windrush* sank and the wreck lies at a depth of about 2600 meters.

FIRST HAND EXPERIENCE OF THE GREAT WAR

Although there are plenty of papers and reminiscences of OBs held in the Archives at Kew, the only readily available memories of life at the front during WW1 are the following by **Arthur Wolffsohn (06)**.

Capt. Arthur William Wolffsohn 9th Bn. Royal Welsh Fusiliers

9th (Service) Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers was raised at Wrexham on the 9th of September 1914 as part of Kitchener's Second New Army and joined 58th Brigade, 19th (Western) Division. They trained at Tidworth, spending the winter in billets in Basingstoke, they returned to Tidworth in March 1915 for final training and proceeded to France, landing at Boulogne on the 19th of July 1915. Their first action was at Pietre, in a diversionary action supporting the Battle of Loos. In 1916 they were in action during the Battle of the Somme, capturing La Boisselle and being involved in the attacks on High Wood, The Battles of Pozieres Ridge, the Ancre Heights and the Ancre. In 1917 they were in action in The Battle of Messines and the Third Battles of Ypres. In 1918 they fought on The Somme during The Battle of St Quentin and The Battle of Bapaume and in the Battles of the Lys at Messines, Bailleul and The First Battle of Kemmel Ridge. They fought in The Battle of the Aisne and during the Final Advance in Picardy they were in action in The Battle of the Selle, The Battle of the Sambre and the passage of the Grand Honelle. At the Armistice were in billets near Bavay. Demobilisation began in December 1918 and the final cadres returned to England on the 27th of June 1919.

“One of the most effective war posters put out by Lord Kitchener in August 1914 was one showing some children asking their father "Daddy what did you do in the Great War?" later to be replaced by "Your Country Needs You" As military conscription was not enforced until years later, this poster shamed some thousands of unwilling volunteers to join up. As soon as conscription started, patriotism went by the board. You just waited to be called up or found the best means of avoiding it. No one was going to ask you what you did in the Great War. You just did what you were told, and that was your answer.

As one who joined up as a volunteer in 1914 and thus completely ruined my studies and future career I always wanted to be an engineer. I am still bitter at those that by not joining up were able to get five years head start on any youngster of business age who, after having fought for his country, found on his return that the best jobs were already taken and were in fact looked down upon as totally inexperienced for his age. These are the same men who always come forward first when there was any loyalty about to show the patriotism they so surely threw away when there was a chance to give their lives for King and Country.

I have started out some five or six times to try to give a concise answer as to what the War was like and what part I took in it, not that one, in so many millions who took up the colours, can claim to have played more than an infinitesimal part in winning that struggle.

It is now 54 years since the War commenced [1968], so that anyone under 65 cannot have much idea of the sufferings of the troops living day and night in heavy thigh gum boots in trenches, sometimes over their knees in liquid mud, having to be relieved every 48 hours, with the consequent march over miles of shell holes, quagmires of mud, snow and slush in pitch darkness under shell fire to reach slightly better dug-outs. The weeks of nervous tension seeing your best friends riddled, blown up and mutilated by rifle or shell fire and knowing that the same thing might happen to you at any moment. The hopelessness of it all when neither side from 1914 to 1916 were able to advance an inch. Or from August 18th 1916 when the

Allies advances were thrown back practically to the original line by the Germans after both sides had lost a million men.

I propose to condense onto one page my own war service movements in England, Belgium and France and then concentrate, not so much on the unpleasantness of the War, but on the highlights of some of the fighting I was in and the occasional amusing, at least to me, incidents that took place.

My first experience of going up the line consisted of being driven up in an old London motor bus with solid tyres, still marked "Piccadilly" with all the advertisements intact. En route we stopped in a wood opposite some roofless houses. There was an enormous explosion and half the bus load of raw troops, including myself, tumbled out and got under the bus as best we could to avoid the second shell. Nothing happened and when we emerged we had quite an audience of grinning old-stagers. The explosion had been a salvo of our own light field guns hidden in the shelled houses.

The signs of previous battles were everywhere. Out in No-Man's-Land were strewn the corpses, which from the fragments of kit remaining could not be recognised as Scottish troops. It may sound gruesome at this moment, but one used those days to crawl and fall over such remains and take cover behind them when patrolling about in No-Man's-Land with as little concern as one would regard any other obstacle. There was much snow about and on moonlight nights the whiteness and the silence were ghost like in their effective and, when more intense than usual, the calling of some wounded or starving cat in some ruin behind the line intensified the eeriness.



As Battalion Machine Gun Officer I had placed four guns in strategic positions so that each gun's sweep of bullets would intersect the next, thus allowing no part of No-Man's-Land to be free from machine gun fire.

I was returning to my dug out in the second line, from which point I could visit the guns by the shortest routes, when I saw a flash-light being waved indiscriminately along communication trenches which was of course, strictly forbidden. I immediately yelled "Put out that ruddy light". A few minutes passed and the light went out. Suddenly I saw a figure shuffling past me. I thought his steel helmet seemed unusual and then "Hello Winston, I didn't expect to see you here". I realized that I was perhaps the only British Officer who has ever given such an order to Churchill. I was right about the tin hat. Winston would never wear the hat in vogue; it was a French blue steel helmet he had picked up somewhere.

A day before Christmas in these same lines, the Germans gave us a barrage of tear gas shells which affected our eyes in spite of our crude masks. That evening they put Christmas candles on their parapets and sang suitable songs calling on us to have an armistice the next day. This had occurred on another front the previous year and had been strictly forbidden since then. At dawn on Christmas day the Germans stood on their parapet waving and cheering and we noticed they looked like boys of 16. Our 14lb battery Observation Officer was standing beside me and I saw him pick up the phone. A few seconds later four shells spread shrapnel fairly close to the Germans, who dived into their earthworks and were not seen again. Our guns were limited to firing one round per gun per day due to the intense shortage of ammunition, afterwards solved by Lloyd-George as Minister of Defence.

The Germans holding these lines were mostly Bavarians of a friendly type. When the Prussians were to relieve them they yelled to us the previous night Royal Welch, they had found out somehow, "Be careful tomorrow, the Prussians are coming". The first man who showed his head the next morning was instantly sniped at. They also had a sense of humour. One day I saw the tops of ladders being carried along their lines. Thinking I might get a head popping up carelessly, I trained a rifle I had attached to a periscope (so I could shoot without lifting my head) on the ladders and had several shots at them. Within a few minutes, a stick with a round disk painted red was displayed above the German trench; this was waved from one side to the other the exact signal used by us when practising on our own rifle ranges to indicate a miss.

In March 1916, by which time I had been promoted to 1st Lieut. We were in a portion of the front line where the distance between the opposing trenches varied from 800 to only 40 yards. Where the two trenches converged to the 40 yards separation was called the Ducks Bill, due to its similarity of the trench design.

To prevent hand-bombs falling into our trenches, these later were covered with chicken wire, and there were all sorts of trap dugouts and inner defences. Actually this position became too hot for either side and we withdrew all but a few sentries.

My dug-out was some 300 yards from this point and one night I thought I heard curious tapings. I mentioned this to some officer passing through and he must have

alerted Headquarters at St.Omer who, to my astonishment sent up two mining experts with listening gear to interview me.

Ordering everyone not to move, they listened at various points for something like two hours and reported that they could not discover anything unusual. My ears proved correct, at dawn a few days later I heard a tremendous explosion, my dug-out shook like an earthquake and, although I got out quickly I could still see sandbags, men, earth and debris some two hundred feet in the sky. The Ducks Bill had blown, causing many casualties amongst the North Staffordshire Regiment and many men were shell-shocked or completely unfit for action. Being out of my area, I could only alert my guns against a possible attack and bring one gun to bear slightly in the direction of the gap thus caused in the line. However the South Wales Borderers rushed up from reserve and held the line against a few hostile attempts to dislodge them.

On 7th September 1916 our Battalion was in the trenches at Plug Street (Polegstreet) the home of Bairnsfather's cartoons, who does not remember. A better hole was Armentieres where various Mademoiselles seemed to be employed in an open laundry within shelling distance of the Huns. Here I was nearly hit by a new German mortar shell shaped like a pineapple which buzzed like a hornet.

As time wore on and the men saw that I never seemed to be wounded in action (out of four hundred officers passing through the ranks of the RWF during the war, the Major H.Lloyd Williams and myself were the only two left in 1918, the others being killed or wounded, missing or transferred; they seemed to classify me as a Human Tank. When one goes over the top the drill is to be single line spaced outwards, the men being at least five yards apart.



The 9th going into action

On the Somme, on the first attack when I was halfway between the hostile trenches, I found no men for a considerable distance on either side of me. Looking back, they were strung out in a line behind me they explained that as no bullet would hit me, the safest place was exactly behind me.

Aviation was very primitive in 1914/15 and planes were only used for observation, until one day an officer took out his revolver and fired at a German in mid air. It did not take long for them to take up Lewis Machine Guns with them and then came the invention of firing through the propeller.

One day sitting in billets in Belgium we heard a hum of planes, on rushing out we saw a German crash diving into a ploughed field, his wheels hit a deep rut, the plane overturned and the Observer and his Officer fell clear leaving the Pilot, a sergeant, with a bullet through his calf hanging upside down caught by his belt. The amazing thing is that the three British planes either thought the German crew would escape or were making sure that they were their particular prize. They therefore dived down onto the ploughed field and promptly nosed into the ground or turned over. A stiff price to pay for two Germans. Our men soon turned out and watched as the German officer took out a suitcase, removed his flying helmet, windjammer etc. and replaced them with a smart drill helmet and uniform coat of a German aviator. Then, pulling out his greatcoat he held it out for one of our men to act as valet, and was surprised when he was left standing with it. I, as a machine gun officer, was given the German machine gun to take to pieces. It had jammed which probably caused their downfall, and try as we might we never managed to unjam it.

Another day, as I was taking a long line of mule limbers up the line; I saw a German plane diving like a falling leaf. Thinking he was bluffing, I ordered the mule train off the road and, sure enough, the German straightened up and came down the road. Just as I thought he would start firing, he swerved off and crashed in a field nearby. We found him upside down in his cockpit dead as a doornail, with no passengers. As these men never flew alone, we thought the Observer must have fallen out. They must have died at considerable height and the falling leaf manoeuvre widely used later as a bluff must have been the planes natural way of crashing. Our men who had taken cover under the limbers looked sheepish when they realised that the plane could have done them no harm.

The Germans extended their raids with their Zeppelins on London. On the evening of Friday November 18th 1917 while on leave, I found a telegram from Ian Baxter, and catching the 6 p.m. train met him at the Criterion Theatre where we witnessed "A Little Bit of Fluff". Later we had supper at the Trocadero, in the course of which the alarms were sounded that an air raid was in progress. We went outside to observe the kind of barrage that was said to be fired by anti-aircraft guns, but quickly hurried back to cover when we heard the whistle of bombs which fell in Piccadilly near Swan & Edgar's corner.

Another curious affair occurred at Rocquigny in an aerodrome in the back lines near where we were camped. One night a large plane circled our field a few times and then shot off, green and red Verey lights circling off again. On the next pass the ground staff shot off similar lights and the plane glided in. A German Gotha straight into our laps. Apparently it had lost its way and the lights were the code for answering signals from German aerodromes. The bright RFC officer had brought off a scoop. The Germans had made the reply lights the same as the planes, presumably on the theory that no one would be so foolish as to devise so simple a code, and hence the British would reply in different colours.

ED: Wolfsohn retired from the Army in the rank of Captain in September 1921. Apart from this piece of information we know nothing more about his life.

GISS - GOSS



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

ANTHONY HUSSEY

In June three OBs and their wives sat having lunch together in the café at Stonor Park. The **Sheehans, Husseys and Wilkinsons** were there at the behest of the St Augustine Society which exists to promote the Faith in England. Mass was celebrated in the family chapel where various adornments have come from families associated with Beaumont over the years: the altar from the **Blundells**, a statue of Our Lady from the **Mostyns** and the Amethyst Cross above the tabernacle from **Monsignor Alfred Gilbey**. The present Lord Camoys's younger brother **Robert** was at Beaumont in the early sixties though he himself was at Eton.

This paragraph is by way of an introduction to the main subject of this piece – **Anthony Hussey (54)**.

Anthony is best known as “Mr Connolly Leather” and he appropriately has an association with St Augustine with the story about their Canterbury tannery's managing director, Stephen Williamson, being introduced to the Archbishop of Canterbury at a social function. England's premier prelate couldn't resist mentioning the less than fragrant odours that wafted from tannery to cathedral. He wondered

when and why permission had been given for a tannery to be established in the centre of the ancient city. Mr Williamson said: "With respect, your grace, you should look back almost 1,400 years and ask yourself why St Augustine, the first of all your predecessors, built his church so close to premises where leather had been tanned since long before Christianity came to England."

The following is an article about Anthony from Motor Sport a few years back:-

Lancia Aficionado, historic rallies contender, and provider of comfort to all the fastest cars

For a man whose work and hobbies revolve around cars, Anthony Hussey did not grow up with any youthful desperation to be Fangio. The family product, Connolly Leather, has been standard fitting since the first models of Bentley, Rolls-Royce, Jaguar, Aston, Ferrari and Morgan (who are still ordering the same colours). Yet Hussey's first driving pleasures came in the unlikely surroundings of Korea, during National Service, when he realised that keeping a four-ton truck straight on a rockstrewn hill-road, or slithering a Jeep on ice through a minefield, was pretty exciting. This might be why he competes in historic rallying rather than on a dull and predictable race-track.

Once back in the UK, he found his sister had become secretary to Maurice Smith, Editor of Autocar, and cars began to feature rather a lot. Smith lent him his DB2/4 Aston Martin, and Hussey did his first 'ton', like so many others, on the Kingston Bypass. He soon met people like 'Steady' Barker and Peter Gamier, and went to the races in the company of photographer Michael Scott and Michael Turner, the artist "I used to stand right behind Scott at the track edge, while the drivers used him as an aiming point. Clark would beckon him forward or back a few feet each lap, then nod and get on with it. He'd be in a full drift when he got to us. When Scott wanted to move, he would wave to Clark to let him know he was going."



A Lancia Aurelia Spyder

Did he ever want to race? "Oh, my (Connolly) uncles tried to keep all of us too poor to race we just went to watch." Nevertheless, he became fast friends with Stirling

Moss after leather-cladding a bathroom in Moss's famous Mayfair house, and still is. Today he goes only to vintage races "I might go to a Grand Prix, but only if someone dropped me in the paddock by helicopter". It was Scott (who now runs the 96 Club) who introduced Hussey to Lancias. "He said, what you need is an Aurelia B24 Spyder; I know where there's one for £375. I didn't know what it was, but I bought it." That was in 1966, and he still has it. Competition caught up with him when he saw the first Coronation Rally over Eppynt in 1986, one of the first historic events, and thought "I really want to do that". He entered the next two Coronations, two Monte Carlo Challenges, several Circuits of Ireland and three Pirelli Classic Marathons, in the Spyder, his Aurelia B20 coupe or an Aprilia, and loved them all. "I never care where I finish, I just want to drive for miles and miles on wonderful roads in a beautiful car in the company of people who think the same way. After the spectacular Yugoslavian leg of the '89 Marathon, I actually went off and had a little cry, I was so happy and exhausted."

Connolly's new venture, into luggage and accessories and a glamorous West End shop, has kept him off the stages for a while, but earlier this year he tackled LEJOG, the testing end-to-end challenge. It was going fine until the Spyder collided with a lorry; but Hussey relates even this sad outcome with his endless jollity: "A real PR coup. First I get towed to the start, then I catapult a famous car journalist (Phil Llewelyn) through the windscreen!" (The Lancia is healing fast, at Omicron Engineering.)

He relishes the pressure of these long-distance rallies. "Saturation therapy. If work is stressful, a normal holiday is no good I lie on the beach and think about the business. But on a rally, you worry about that noise in the back, the oil, the schedule. Makes work problems seem smaller when you get back."

His competition mounts are always Lancias: 'The coupe's a good old nail, and with the transaxle Aurelias are brilliantly balanced for snow. One Monte was packed snow from Edinburgh wonderful!' This is one of his favourite words. But the Connolly office car-park offers other excitements, like two Ferraris, an F40 and a 328GTB, a Metro 6R4, a very fast Jaguar he'd rather not publicise, and his favourite, the Nissan Skyline GTR. This, in case you've forgotten, is the tarmac-tearing homologation race special with computer-steered back end. Just brilliant. Hewn from cast-iron. It's chipped to 375bhp, but it's still peaceful to drive. And you can leave it anywhere no-one knows what it is. I just don't know what to follow it with." These cars are only extended at 96 Club track days, where the digital efficiency of the GTR overwhelms the GTB but, says Hussey, "I know which one has the soul". And the F40? "Such a turn-on, but you can't stretch it on the road. For that you need a '60s Alfa or Lancia; you can have fun at 60mph instead of 130."

Lately Hussey has been a regular judge at such elevated concours d' elegance as the Louis Vuitton and Villa d'Este meets, also awarding a 'best interior' prize. "Sometimes I wonder why I'm there, because I believe cars are for driving; but these events do bring out some incredibly rare and beautiful coachwork, especially Villa d'Este which lures some lovely Lancias along from collectors who won't leave Italy."

And, he adds, it also brings him into contact with the world's top car designers, a useful thing when the Connolly company now has plants in Melbourne, Greece and Detroit. But for all the sparkling glamour of these affairs, what Hussey is currently longing for is the chance to get wet, cold and tired on the forthcoming Liege-Sophia-

Istanbul rally, "even if it does mean coming back through Bosnia". If he enters, he wouldn't expect to win, whichever car he might take: "I'm not fast, I'm a mid-field wallflower, but I've got stamina." And, one might add, seemingly unstoppable enthusiasm. GC.

For those who know little of the Connolly history, Anthony has described it as "Not really have a family tree - it's more like a family bramble."

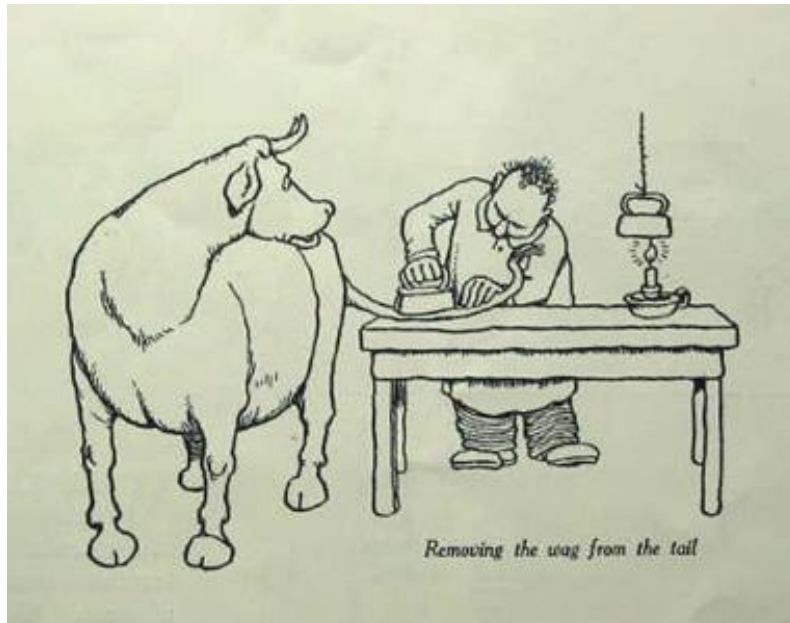
Connolly's journey began in London in 1878 as a small family business of saddlers and shoe smiths. It evolved to become the best-known supplier of highly finished leather for the automobile industry. Its portfolio of distinguished clients includes Bentley, Aston Martin, Jaguar, Ferrari and Rolls Royce – whom Connolly was the exclusive leather supplier for over 100 years.

Connolly's reputation for supplying the finest hides to the motor industry is equalled by its reputation for providing leather upholstery to special order. Our leather graces the seats of the Houses of Parliament and the Coronation coaches of the British Royal Family. Other landmarks include the desks of the British Library, the Mies van de Rohe chair, Concorde and the latest lightweight E type Jaguar.

Connolly opened its doors once again on 28th October 2016, at No.4 Clifford Street in a beautiful 18th century London townhouse. Come and explore our collection of tailored separates, knitwear classic sportswear, leather goods and archive pieces for men and women.

The essence of Connolly is best described as a contemporary style inspired by a rich heritage of classic motor racing coupled with a strong sense of British know-how, understatement and European style and craftsmanship....Today, you will find the history of Connolly woven through the collections at the new No.4 Clifford street shop.

With 1928 came the 50th anniversary of Connolly. The Connolly family has always been known for its lively family events and good sense of humour, It was not surprising that well-connected Frederick Connolly decided to mark the occasion by commissioning a cartoonist. William Heath Robinson, by then well-established as a cartoonist with a unique style, was also a friend.



Heath Robinson's oeuvre revolved around weird and wonderful machinery and Frederick persuaded him to apply his skills to the world of Connolly. As well as numerous individual drawings, he created 'Connollyland' which envisaged a kind of 'cow' holiday resort, complete with recreation areas, a college, kitchens and even a sanatorium. The one artifact that had Heath Robinson stumped was a hide-measuring machine – the real one used at the factory was such an arcane device that Heath Robinson famously declared, "I can't improve on that, Mr Connolly". Today, Connolly is continuing this wonderful tradition with the young and talented illustrator, Rose Blake.

When Charles Rolls and Henry Royce unveiled their first motor car at the 1904 Paris Salon, they had already decided that they wanted to make 'the best car in the world'. Although that automotive world was admittedly still small, they turned perhaps unsurprisingly to the carriage-making industry, which was still flourishing.

Since its launch in 1878, Connolly had been a key component in the finest carriages and so began a long association with the carriage's successor, the motor car. Two things are remarkable about this association – that 112 years later Rolls-Royce still manufacture arguably the best cars in the world, and that Connolly remained its exclusive supplier for over a century, until it withdrew from regular production to concentrate on bespoke offerings. It was a happy marriage of the best for the best.

In the same year that the QE2 launched, Concorde was unveiled. Needless to say, the response was global astonishment. It looked unlike any other aircraft and the technical achievement – reaching Mach 2 – broke completely new ground for a passenger aircraft that is unmatched nearly half a century later. The interior went through several iterations, but the last was designed by Terence Conran.

His new lighter seat design was inspired by Eames chairs, and the choice materials was to save 20% in weight and nearly £1m a year in fuel. Conran's choice was a grey/blue leather from Connolly and pairs of these final seats still come up for auction. By happy coincidence, Andrée Putman, designer of Connolly's first store, designed the (fabric) seats for the French Concorde.

The members of no less than 14 Parliaments around the world rest their esteemed backsides on Connolly leather. This includes the 'seat of democracy' – the well-known chambers of the British Parliament designed by Charles Barry and Augustus Pugin in the mid-19th century. (**ED: Rebuilt by Giles Gilbert Scott after WW2**) Both appear regularly on television: the House of Lords (in red leather) is seen each year at the State Opening of Parliament, and the House of Commons (green leather) on an almost daily basis. Connolly still maintain these benches regularly.

Back in 1991, when a move to Ashford was under discussion. Anthony was asked whether the family ever thought of selling what appeared to be a very successful enterprise. He shook his head. "The option of taking the money and sitting on a beach for the rest of our lives was mentioned, although not by us, when we first considered moving to the new site. "There were three main reasons for not hesitating to reject such a notion. First, because we'd all die of boredom in a week. Second, because our ancestors didn't work their socks off for us to flog the business and sit back. Third, there's the challenge of wanting to leave the next generation an even better business than we were fortunate enough to inherit."

A final thought from Anthony: "If you have proper leather in a car there is no doubt about it that you should drive stark naked because it's the only way to truly appreciate it, But it's impractical."

ED. Back in the 70s in a moment of extravagance I had a sofa and a couple of armchairs buttoned in Connolly leather: I will not be drawn on appreciation.

JERRY'S SHORTS

A belated and undisclosed source tells me that I missed the launch of Gilmour support shorts back in 2014. Having "googled" them, it is probably just as well that Jerry did not model them himself and that the vast majority of the BU readership is beyond the need of them.



“The Gilmore Support Shorts have been designed for the management of groin, adductor and hamstring injuries and are set to revolutionise the sports industry. This next generation base layer has been endorsed by Olympic Athlete Lawrence Okoye, Professional Footballer and England International Wilfried Zaha as well as leading Sports Physiotherapists, Physicians and Surgeons to help support and minimise groin and sports injury related problems while enhancing core stability allowing suffering sportsmen and sportswomen the opportunity to continue playing.

Renowned Harley Street surgeon Jerry Gilmore has pioneered groin and hernia techniques to help restore athletes to full fitness for over 20 years and now in partnership with ex-footballer and chronic groin problem sufferer Aaron Smith have launched a product promising to be the saviour of many. The Gilmore Support Shorts have been designed for use when playing or training and use data collection from over 8000 patients spanning more than 30 years to provide one of the most exciting medical clothing advancements of recent times.

How do the Gilmore Support Shorts work?

To help maintain your competitive edge you need to feel comfortable and confident in the equipment you use, Gilmore Support Shorts give you that peace-of-mind allowing you to sustain peak sporting performance. By actively encouraging blood flow to key areas throughout exercise the shorts minimise the risk of groin, adductor and hamstring muscle injuries. They will assist the body and help to accelerate the rehabilitation of recently damaged tissue through the control of your lower body movements making these an essential item in any kit bag.

Testimonials

- Wilfried Zaha England International & Professional Football Player "I wear the Gilmore Support Shorts to train in daily as part of my essential kit bag - they are

exceptional."

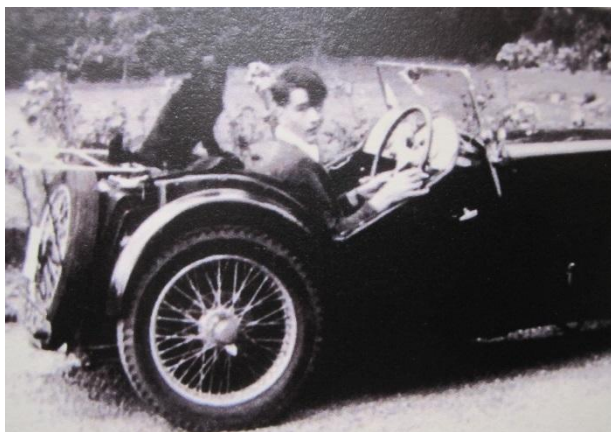
- Lawrence Okoye (Olympic Athlete Team GB, Discus Finalist London 2012) "I've benefitted massively from using this product, a real step forward for injury prevention."

- John Locke (Triathlon Athlete) Chronic hip & pelvic problems "Lovely to go to the gym and be able to run and not be stiff in the morning." I know it's not for everyone but it a bargain for someone who needs one".

ED: Whatever happened to the jockstrap of our youth – it was I believe initially introduced in the early 19th century for people like me who ride horses or carriage drive.

In Memoriam – Christopher Tyler.

Christopher's Memorial Service took place in the Chapel of St Mary's Ascot 24th July.



The young Christopher at St John's and then Beaumont

Present in a very large congregation were **David Flood** school Contemporary and friend, **Robert Wilkinson** and **John Flood** representing the BU and **Varyl and Louise Chamberlain (Family friends)** and **Fr Kevin Fox SJ** who had known Christopher well when a governor of St John's. It must be said that on first perusal of the service card, it seemed to have a strong Benedictine influence. The service was taken by Fr Edward Corbould OSB from Ampleforth. The Editor has noticed that Fr Edward has stepped into the shoes vacated by the late **Monsignor Alfred Gilbey** – no society wedding, baptism or "send off" is complete without his presence and the comfort of his blessing. However, there is a Beaumont connection: Fr Edward's elder brother **John** was at Old Windsor. Captain of the School, Rugby and Cricket leaving in 1940. He served as a Lt in the Coldstream Guards alongside **Michael Hollings** before going up to Oxford at the War's end. He went out to Colombo but contracted polio and died too young in April 1956. The Corboulds are descended from King Henry VII, Robert 111 of Scotland and William of Nassau Prince of Orange: no wonder Fr Edward is in demand.

The tributes were led by Christopher's two brothers William and Major General Tim, both of whom were at St John's but with Beaumont's closure went on to Worth.

The Editor also noted the presence of several very senior officers from outside of REME including General Sir Hew Pike, a Para commander in the Falklands and Army commander in Bosnia and Northern Ireland emphasising that Christopher was not just a technical officer but very much the fighting soldier.



Qualities that **Captain Tom Kelly** recognised when he was SUO and when he tried to recruit him for the Irish Guards; His father as a founder of REME was having none of that, both Christopher and later Tim had to go into the Corps. Christopher was also a good friend of Field Marshal Lord Guthrie our one time CDS and was his “Godfather” when Guthrie was received into the Church.



Governor of The Tower and Master of the Turners

Christopher was a stickler for getting to Mass on time. When as Governor he did his stint guarding the Jewels and unable to get to Church that Sunday, he had Mass

said, with the the Queen's permission, in the cell once occupied by St Thomas More: some of the press were indignant and said that he himself should be "for the chop".

One other story was when he played hockey for the Fathers against St Mary's, it drew the comment on the touchline " Girls, you will never see better legs on a man" and that was from the Reverend Mother.

Christopher's death means that Beaumont has lost its last and 8th officer of Major General's rank and above: another marker in our history.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

100 years ago, the British finally got what they had wanted since 1914: the opportunity to attack at Ypres and breakout of the confines of the salient of trenches around it. Often known as the Third Battle of Ypres or Passchendaele, the offensive began with encouraging gains but terrible summer weather soon bogged it down. By August the offensive was clearly failing in its objectives and had descended into attritional fighting. New techniques by both sides led to agonisingly slow forward movement for the British, at enormous cost in casualties to both sides. Bad weather in October led to the battlefield becoming an impossible quagmire. An OB that recorded it was:-

Henry Fitzmaurice Stacke (09) followed his brother **Herbert (02)** to Beaumont. Herbert was commissioned in the East Surreys and during the Great War was wounded on the Marne in 1914 but returned to fight and was awarded a Croix de Guerre and an OBE rising to Lt Colonel.



Henry was Captain of the School before entering Woolwich and a regular commission in the Worcestershire Regiment. Below are some of extracts of fighting during the 3rd Battle of Ypres (Passchendaele) in the late summer of 1917:-

Stacke was a Captain in the 4th Bn when he was awarded the MC in Aug 1917 at Langermarke during the 3rd Battle of Ypres. In his Regimental history he describes the fighting across the Ypres terrain, which was notorious for being a field of mud.

His soldiers waded rather than marched to their objective knee deep in mire close to the German trenches. The night before their attack at Langermarke, Stacke and his Worcesters had great difficulty just getting to their start positions.



So intense had been the British artillery fire that hardly one flat yard of ground remained, recalled Stacke. The shell holes everywhere met or intersected each other and all the shell holes were full of slimy water.

Several platoons got lost in the dark as they tried to find their way across the morass of flooded craters with only a thin duckboard track to lead them:

“To leave the duckboard track was to be lost in the dark amid that wilderness of muddy pits. Several times halts had to be called to rescue men who had slipped and fallen.... As the long file reached the crest of Pilckem Ridge they met the heavy fire from the enemy’s guns. Through the darkness the great shells came crashing down and the blaze dazzled the struggling troops. Several shells struck close to the duckboards causing further casualties which delayed the march.”

At one point Stacke had to go back to find missing soldiers. “Aided by luck and an electric torch” he wrote, “I succeeded in finding the missing platoons, the last of which struggled into position only ten minutes before the hour fixed for the attack. Even then many men had to be left sunk in the mud up to their waists or further, helpless under the enemy’s shell fire”.

The British assault began at 0445hrs with a massive artillery barrage onto the enemy positions. The Worcesters advanced through the swamp surrounding the Steenbeck stream towards the German front line.

“The trenches were taken without much resistance” recorded Stacke, “and the work of entrenchment was at once commenced under an intermittent fire from the enemy machine guns beyond the stream and a continuous bombardment from their heavy artillery. The Losses to the battalion were over one hundred men including seven officers.”

Stacke was one of those wounded and was awarded the MC for his leadership.

“For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. He directed the assembly of his battalion for an attack under heavy shellfire with the greatest gallantry, and later, when wounded, refused to leave the battalion until ordered to do so. It was largely due to his splendid work as adjutant in personally supervising all the preliminaries that his battalion took all its objectives”

He later wrote: “The one positive side of the swampy battlefield was that the mud smothered many of the heavy shells and casualties were lighter than they might have been”. Henry survived the Great War and apart from writing the Regimental History he also wrote “The Principle Events 1914-18” and “The History of Military Operations in East Africa”

He later attended the Staff College and was working at the War Office when he suddenly died from a cerebral haemorrhage in 1935. The Army lost one of its most promising young officers.

ED: Passchendaele village lay barely five miles beyond the starting point of his offensive. Having prophesied a decisive success, it took over three months, 325,000 Allied and 260,000 German casualties to do little more than make the bump of the Ypres salient somewhat larger. In Haig's defence, the rationale for an offensive was clear and many agreed that the Germans could afford the casualties less than the Allies, who were being reinforced by America's entry into the war. Yet Haig's tactics and decision to continue into November remains deeply controversial and the arguments, like the battle, seem destined to go on and on. During the latter stages of the battle there was a “falling out” between Haig and **General MacDonogh (OB)** head of intelligence with Haig complaining to the CIGS that “**I cannot think why the War Office Intelligence Department gives such a wrong picture of the situation except that General MacDonogh is a Roman Catholic and is influenced by information which doubtless reaches him from tainted Catholic sources**”. A personal attack that many historians believe sums up Haig's lack of objective thinking and self-deception.

Passchendaele took the lives of 11 OBs who already held 5 MCs between them.

MAYTREE MUSINGS

For those that have not picked up on **Jerry Hawthorne's** Blog of 1st April

“Having agreed albeit with a little reluctance, to attend the reunion of the final year of old school friends, 50 years after Beaumont closed. I decided to try to meet a friend

from those days, who like myself is or at least was not then, as sporty as many of our contemporaries were in those teenage years.

Tracing a contemporary from school and with whom one has not had any contact at all for 50 years or so proved quite difficult.

In fact, chance and good fortune played a good part in the search. Coincidentally, another boy or I should say now, man, from the old school some 3 years older than I a few days ago, fortuitously happened to give me a large wave and hoot from his wonderful motorcycle and side car, as he raced up a local hill whilst I was strolling down.



Who else but POTTER

I recalled that the contemporary I was seeking, had had an older brother at Beaumont so later I emailed the motor cyclist for his assistance with my search. He gave me the telephone number of the older brother who I subsequently telephoned to explain my quest.

The older brother, Paul signified that my contemporary, his younger brother Simon, had not been too keen on the old place so might not take too kindly to my contacting him. Nonetheless having been given a telephone number I gave Simon a call and we agreed to meet at Southampton where he lived.

Arriving at Southampton Central station I realised that neither of us had a clue as to how the other might appear after 50 years. However we stumbled across each other at an agreed station entrance.

Age had taken a little toll as one might expect but thankfully not too much. Simon cleared the air by signifying that his issue was not about people at the old school nor about abuse etc and although he could not be persuaded to attend the reunion party of our year in November 2017, we enjoyed several hours of catching up over coffee and then a good lunch at a country pub which Simon kindly provided. He also gave

me a tour of the City of Southampton, which I could not recall visiting previously.

Despite huge bombings by German planes and rockets during WWII, the city has been substantially rebuilt with fine parks and green open spaces abounding.

Simon proved to be brilliant as a tour guide and explained that the City was celebrating the residing there (for a few years) of Jane Austen although he told me that in reality she could not stand the place!

Some fine stretches of the Old City walls have survived the WII bombing and Simon showed me the spot where in the fourteenth century, landings by French warships and the pillaging of the gold and other precious materials from the local church, essentially caused the fortification of the City from further such attacks and apparently led to the start of the 100 years' war with the French in 1337.

A most unusual and interesting reunion for which I am truly grateful to Simon although I could not persuade him to come to our year's reunion at the old place.

Some footnotes:

Simon Charles Potter informs me that the *"motor cycle and side car"* point above is quite inaccurate. and he has sent me a picture of the real machine. I am pleased to update the post above by using his photo below accordingly:



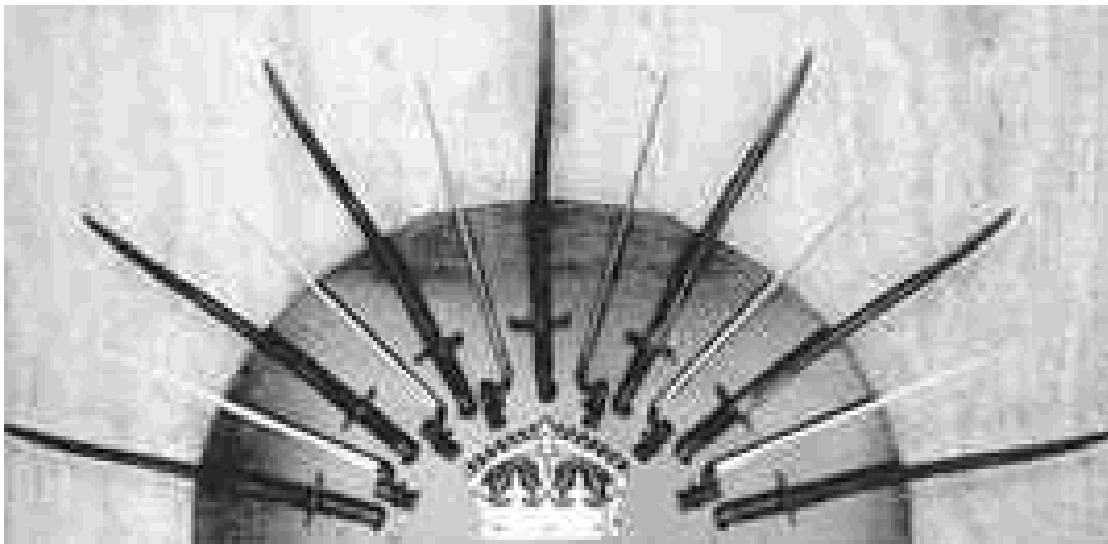
Also having overcome the earlier difficulty of depicting a photo of **Simon Reynier** 50 years on, I have now managed to do this - quite successfully!

THE AUSTRALIAN EMBLEM

As we are aware OBs influence has been worldwide and the Australian emblem of The Rising Sun Badge is a case in point.



The most popular theory relating to the origin of the Rising Sun badge, involves a Trophy of Arms.



The original concept of The Trophy of arms belongs to then **Major Joseph Maria Gordon (OB 73)** of the South Australia Permanent Artillery. In 1883, he was appointed the first commanding officer of the newly constructed Fort Glanville in Adelaide. He named the trophy –the Australian Rising Sun.



Major Gordon's inspiration for the design of the trophy is believed to have come from the edged weapons radiating from a circle on a badge worn by the New South Wales Corps. The badge was an 1800 British universal pattern Shako Plate.

The draftsman who drew the plan for Major Gordon's Trophy of Arms was Mr. Frank Bartels, a well-known black and white artist from Adelaide.

It consisted of a red semi-circular board on which was placed a large brass crown. The crown was protected by an alternating arrangement of seven cut and thrust sword bayonets and six Martini-Henry rifle triangular socket bayonets.

Major Gordon asked Commander William Creswell, who was in command of HMCS Protector, if the Trophy of Arms could be constructed on board HMCS Protector by 'Magic', if all the materials were provided. Magic was the nickname given to the shipwright rating on HMCS Protector. As the name implied, Magic could produce something out of nothing.

Gordon displayed the Trophy of Arms on an easel in his quarters at Fort Glanville in South Australia. He took the Trophy with him on recruiting tours of South Australia. He often told audiences that he had called the Trophy, 'Australian Rising Sun', as a reply to the Japanese Rising Sun Flag, because he considered Japan to be a future danger to Australia.

In 1899 following his promotion Colonel Gordon was involved in the Boer War in South Africa as a Special Service Officer. He was appointed Staff Officer for Oversea Colonials. He served as Deputy Adjutant General to the First Mounted Infantry Brigade, commanded by Major General E.T.H. Hutton. Colonel Gordon accompanied General Hutton on several operations during the Boer War. The two men had met in NSW when the General was re-organising the NSW Military Forces as Commandant between 1893-1896.

After the Federation of the Australian States on 1st January, 1901, the first Australian Commonwealth Government appointed Hutton to be Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Commonwealth Military Forces from 26th December, 1901. His task was to

organise the Military Forces of the six States of Australia into one Commonwealth Force. General Hutton arrived in Melbourne on 29th January 1902, to take up his new appointment.

Following General Hutton's arrival, Colonel Gordon presented his Trophy of Arms (Australian Rising Sun) to General Hutton.

Major General Hutton was pleased with the gift. He was made aware of the history of the Trophy, including its construction aboard HMCS Protector in Adelaide and he had it mounted above the door of his office in Victoria Barracks, Melbourne, where he was re-organising Australia's Military Forces. The Trophy remained there until 1904, when General Hutton returned to England.

BOER WAR, 1899-1902

Australian Boer War Contingents from individual Australian Colonies had been sailing to South Africa for more than twelve months before Federation in 1901. In March 1901, two months after Federation, the Executive Council of the Federation took control of the Defence Departments from the various States." They decided to continue sending Contingents of Mounted Rifles to the War, with each Battalion consisting of Squadrons from the different States. Eight Battalions of 'Australian Commonwealth Horse' were raised in 1902 for service In the Boer War.

General Hutton decided that the Commonwealth Contingents should have a special badge. Most of the design suggestions from his Staff Officers featured Australian flora and fauna. However, General Hutton wanted a badge with a martial theme; he suggested the Trophy of Arms that was displayed above his office door. A Melbourne die-sinker was asked to submit designs based on Gordon's Trophy of Arms.



The first Rising Sun badge is by no means a mirror image of the Trophy of Arms on which it is thought to be designed.



The second RISING SUN badge design which was also manufactured in 1902 is a closer representation of the Trophy of Arms. Six short points separate the seven longer points representing the thirteen bayonets on the Trophy of Arms. The word AUSTRALIA was changed to AUSTRALIAN and a scroll at the base of the badge contains the words COMMONWEALTH HORSE.

The most common reason given for the change from the 1st pattern badge to the 2nd pattern badge in 1902, is that the first pattern badge was not popular. There is no evidence to support this reason. A more plausible reason for the change of badge, would be the change of name in April 1902, from 'Australian Commonwealth' to 'Australian Commonwealth Horse'.

It can also be argued that the first badge was produced in a rush and did not accurately indicate the Unit name. Therefore, when time allowed a better option was chosen. The word "Australia" indicated a whole country and in the absence of any other insignia was misleading. The words "Australian Commonwealth Horse" were much more precise and military.

It can be further argued that the second version much more closely resembled the original concept and therefore version 1 was seen by the people at the time as a stop gap measure created in haste and with the intention of replacing it as soon as time and money permitted.

A GUARTAMALAN GERMAN TO ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

While in Cumbria for a family wedding I made the acquaintance of Kyle de Klee one of the ushers. His Great Grandfather was at Beaumont.



Bertie de Klee was at Beaumont from 1908 till 1911. He had an interesting background: his family were German / Dutch who went to Guatemala where they had coffee plantations. However this did not suit Mrs Klee who preferred French and English society and they returned to live in England adding the “de” to make the name more acceptable in the right circles. Bertie was initially sent to Harrow but a senior boy tried to seduce him and he asked his parents that he be removed and so he came to Beaumont. After the usual course at the RMC Sandhurst, he was commissioned into the Royal Horse Guards in 1915 and at the same time changed his nationality of Guatemalan to British. He was then in France until the end of hostilities including service the Guards Machine Gun Corps. He commanded his regiment from 1934 to 1938 and at the outbreak of war in 1939 was seconded to the Royal Air Force Regiment on its formation, but two years later he joined Special Operations Executive (SOE) serving there with distinction until the end of the war.

On retiring from active service, he returned to his home on the Isle of Mull: Auchnacraig House close to Torosay Castle where in 1925 he had married Violet Guthrie daughter of the Clan Chief. “A happy home with a loving wife, and in later years the joy of grandchildren, brought much pleasure into a full and happy life. It was said that more than most men he gained simple pleasure and deep satisfaction from country life. A straight and newly turned furrow or a field of golden corn gave infinite satisfaction. Whether a tractor or with a fork in hand there was always a cheery word for a passer –by. His devotion to his fine herd of Highland cattle was an example to many herdsman, and an all- night watch over a sick cow or calf was normal routine. As was, at times, the vigil with rifle in hand to stop the poacher of crop, river or hill.” He died at Oban 27 March 1963 and after Requiem at the cathedral was buried at Balure Cemetery, Mull.

ED: Kyle’s mother Charlotte runs the productions at Wintershall near Guildford: the award winning and epic productions that focus on the birth, life and death of Christ.

GIDLEIGH PARK

If any of you have stayed here with its titles ranging from “Hotel of the Year” to “Best food in England” , you may not have been aware that for a time it was the family home of OBs.



“Set majestically on the bubbling upper reaches of the River Teign, Gidleigh Park enjoys an exquisite location on the very edge of Dartmoor National Park.

Famed for its culinary credentials, Gidleigh Park offers an air of tranquillity and romance within a Tudor-style country house, beautifully furnished and set within 107 acres of mature grounds.

Adding to the five-star experience, the bedrooms at Gidleigh Park are of exceptional luxury. All individual in style and design, they feature the most stunning bathrooms, wet rooms and spa suites that inspire a true sense of indulgence”.

The OBs father was Jasper Graham Mayne CBE (9 April 1859–6 January 1936). He was a soldier, marksman and police officer. He was commissioned into the Inniskilling Fusiliers and was for a time ADC to Sir Frederick Weld Governor of The Straits Settlements and married his daughter Cecily. Later he was Military Secretary to the Governor and High Commissioner of South Africa. A superb marksman, in August 1891 he became an instructor at the School of Musketry and then Inspector of Musketry. Mayne was secretary of the Army Rifle Association won many trophies and titles.

In 1899 he was appointed Chief Constable of East Suffolk and held the post until his retirement in May 1933.

His sons **Rudolph (05)**, **Everard (08)** and **Jasper ((10))** all had distinguished war service. Rudolph also took part in the Siberian Expedition in support of the White Russians. Everard emigrated to Canada but returned to join the RFA at the outbreak

of hostilities and was awarded an MC. Jasper also won an MC and both brothers were wounded, Jasper never fully recovered.

Their sister Mary married **Richard Weld-Blundell (06)** heir to the Lulworth estates but who sadly died in action 1915: his name together with his brother **louis (07)** are on the War Memorial and another sister Dorothy married **Colonel Charles Walmesley DSO,MC (96)**.

ARE YOU LISTED?

In the Beaumont Hotel in one of the bars there are several photographs of bygone schooldays with a printed overlay. One of them reads:-

“In 1854 the Beaumont estate was sold to the Society of Jesus as a training college, and for seven years it housed the novices. On the 10th October 1861 it became a Catholic boarding school for boys, which for one hundred years produced an impressive alumni of notable old boys. This include Princes, Dukes, Earls, Counts, Barons, and Knights. Architects, Engineers, Scientists, Doctors, Artists, Engineers, Journalists, Writers and Novelists, Musicians, Poets, Actors, Film Directors and Producers, Athletes, Adventurers, Generals and Admirals, Judges, Politicians, Civil Servants, Diplomats, and a host of civic and international Business Leaders. The Beaumont Alumni were drawn from across the globe and countless nationalities and their influence was felt worldwide in all aspects of life and society”.

ED: Thinking of our present crop they seem to have excluded Priests, Wine Merchants, Distillers, Wine makers, Antique and Car Dealers!

THE TABLET 50 YEARS AGO (As produced below the Editorial)

Simon Potter comments: “I think the last para refers to the school's founding at the beginning of the Catholic renaissance in the Newman period of growth of religious interest in the mid/late 19th century (ie: what it calls "prophetic birth") and then touches on the start of a decline in interest in religion and the slow collapse of vocations and mass attendance in Catholic churches just noticeable in the late '60s - much of it self-induced (ie: what it calls "strange suicide"). The "ghosts" inhabiting a lost Arcadian paradise are just US among the Autumn leaves and ever-rolling river! But I agree with you, Brucie (**Robert Bruce**), - it could have been less arty-fartily expressed! Maybe penned by Peter Levi SJ; its style is reminiscent of his book "Beaumont" published at the time (and featuring on Robert W's website).”

AN ODDLY ARCADIAN PLACE

In view of what was written in The Tablet 50 years ago, here is a reminder of what was supposedly our school days.

Arcadia can be seen as a poetic byword for an idyllic vision of unspoiled wilderness. Arcadia is a poetic shaped space associated with bountiful natural splendor and harmony. It is often seen as a lost, form of Garden of Eden. The inhabitants were often regarded as having continued to live after the manner of the Golden Age, without the pride and avarice that corrupted others. It is also sometimes referred to in English poetry as Arcady. **The inhabitants of this region bear an obvious connection to the figure of the noble savage, both being regarded as living close to nature, uncorrupted by civilization, and virtuous.**

The Spanish playwright and poet Lope de Vega published in 1598 his *Arcadia: Prose and Verse*, which was a bestseller for its time.

“Does not the pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it, or for any such danger that might ensue? Do you not see how everything conspires together to make this place a heavenly dwelling? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age, with the only happiness of their seat being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health which the birds (both delightful both to the ear and eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not every echo here a perfect music? And these fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they slide away, as, loath to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure. Certainly, certainly, it must needs be, that some goddess this desert belongs unto, who is the soul of this soil, for neither is any less than a goddess worthy to be shrined in such a heap of pleasures, nor any less than a goddess could have made it so perfect a model of the heavenly dwellings.”



Ed: Personally I don't remember too many days like this at Beaumont though out on the river in a skull on a barmy day, ogling the girls on the tow path did have its moments.

CORRESPONDENCE

From: Brian Bourke

I was interested in your small piece on Fr Peter Knott who was not only the Chaplain at Eton when my elder son Henry was there but also officiated at Henry's wedding when well over 80 driving himself down from the North to undertake the ceremony at the bride's village church in conjunction with the resident lady vicar without turning a hair!! Indeed I met someone recently who had been married by Peter Knott at the Guards Chapel in the early 70s.

Peter Knott was a splendid man and when I occasionally went to his mass in the Upper School at Eton where there were well over 100 boys: he could get through mass with a very short sermon in about 20-25 minutes.

I believe it was my ex-neighbour, Tom Camoys (Stonor), who was involved in setting up the chaplaincy and whose brother **Bobby Stonor** was at Beaumont. I learnt from my son Henry, that Peter Knott died a few months ago but I still have one of his lovely watercolours.

PS I have added my brother **Michael (63)** to this as he lives between Vancouver and Kent.

From: Robin Mulcahy

So kind of you to keep soliciting for me!

Was at the Blandyke Livery dinner at Ironmongers Hall a few days ago. Also present were **Patrick and Michael Burgess** who were shockingly labelled as Stonyhurst.

We objected. I have established my credentials for this annual dinner by my florid Charter of LMSSA - Licentiate of Medicine and Surgery of the Society of Apothecaries. This I took as an insurance before the MB BS at Thomas'.

I remember sorting out the crucial long surgical case element of the exam, waiting half an hour, and then hearing a puffing Examining Professor arriving to say "desperate parking!" "Well done, off you go!" And so a Doctor!

From John Tristram.

I have been reading your latest issue. Re unknown names from my year of Grammar II. **Mark Chancellor** sadly died a good many years ago. I last saw him with **Guy Bailey** at Caversham, having recognised him at Mass at Henley earlier in the day. The **Wallace** in our class was not the sportsman but his elder brother, who had a disability, something like a twisted spine, and died very young. **Patrick Mackinlay** found his time in basic training at Combermere Barracks in Windsor a bit of a culture shock. He used to call round to my parents' flat in Windsor for a break from the rifting the National Service recruits used to endure. Even 5 years later at the Wessex Depot at Exeter there was still the possibility of recruits being launched from an upstairs window inside a steel locker. Nowadays we would get questions in Parliament. The first casualty of my platoon in training was a guy in the D&Ds who was killed in a fight in Exeter the night before he was due to fly to his Bn in BAOR.

From Gino Ciuffardi

I can't make this occasion(St Ignatius Mass) however it reminds me of my four years spent at St Ignatius Prep in Buckhurst Hill, Woodford (as did the Riordan's) under the ever watchful eye of Fr Costigan (and Palmer)

I later approached Costigan when I spotted him reading his breviary on the Beaumont cricket flats:

"Hello Father, how are you? I don't suppose you remember me?"

Frowning at the interruption, he looked up over his half-moons and without hesitation said:

"No I don't remember you, but I remember your brother!!"

The ferula was used with monotonous regularity on my brother to remind him of expectations and standards required by the J's, all to no avail!

And of course, after the sending home and inevitable phone call, on his eventual return home Mother was always there to meet him at the front door. It took me some time to realise her weapon of choice did not come straight from the dungeons of the Tower of London but could also be used for beating carpets!

Perhaps it was Costigan who marked him down and banished him to a life of booze, women and possibly much else at St Georges, Weybridge.

From Bernard Stevens



“BUEF LEADER SURRENDERS TO MUTINOUS TROOPS AT VERDUN”

LDS