

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW

AUTUMN 2016



How many of us recall from our youth having a discussion with one's father during which the parent suggested it was time that one "did" something. Personally, I replied somewhat naively that I wanted to do something with horses. To which he had replied that this desire was but a manifestation of adolescence. This had confirmed my fears that my idea of a profession did not come up to the mark. So I bowed to his implication that my visions and dreams were one with the spots on my face and only pleaded that my life should be something in the open air: in my case soldiering. The masters at Beaumont seemed to take a cavalier approach to one's future. One thinks of Nobel physicist Sir Anthony Leggett having to study classics and there were many other cases of roulette being played with our futures. I was on the A level French course having failed miserably at O level – a situation of "we could not think of what else to do with you". Yet in my case I was to spend over twenty years living in France and I think that would have brought a hint of a smile to the face of Fr Leslie Borrett. Many an OB's career was based on a Jesuit whim.

A PDF version of this Review can be downloaded [here](#)

NOTICES

The **BU Lunch** will take place on **Monday 10th October** at the Caledonian Club, Halkin Street. The cash bar will open at 12 noon. The Price remains at £75. (Ch Beaumont in Magnums). Dress: suits. Chairman **Nigel Courtney (63)**. His health will be proposed by **Mark Marshall (63)**.

Your contact with a Cheque made out to the Beaumont Union is

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Remembrance Sunday 13 November: we will gather for Mass as usual at The War Memorial. 11.45am to be confirmed.

OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the deaths of **John Moor (55)**, **Patrick Covernton (63)**, **Laurence Dowley (43)**. See **OBITUARIES** Section.

On your behalf I sent our sincere condolences and prayers to **Quentin de la Bedoyere** on the death of his wife Irene.

WEBSITE.

Firstly we have another **VIDEO**: this is of Beaumont's last VIII in 1967 and has been kindly supplied by **David Fettes**. You will find his comments on it and the crew in the **GISS-GOSS section**. In view of our expanding video library I have now moved all bar the original Cine Film Collection to **GALLERY section Videos**.

At Last, we have a contributor to The REVIEW and not just anybody.



John Joss (50) has been writing for 30+ years. After serving in the Royal Navy, he started writing in London for a conglomerate (ICI) and a motorsports magazine. He emigrated to Texas: oilfield engineer for Schlumberger, then technical/promotional writer for Dresser Industries. He moved to San Francisco as advertising/promotion writer for Silicon Valley pioneers Ampex, Fairchild, Hewlett-Packard and Varian Associates before starting his freelance career, working worldwide.

He has created product 'launches' for high-tech companies, written websites/ads/collateral for agencies and clients, written/directed editorial and marketing videos (including voice-over work), written speeches for F100 corporations, created winning business/technical proposals worth >\$10B for clients worldwide, primarily in information technology and land development, and devised a business-plan format for a dozen Silicon Valley technology startups. He was the first photojournalist to fly, photograph and write about the U-2 'spy plane,' for FLYING magazine. He writes for major media and is m/c-commentator at many events, primarily motorsports and aviation. His commentaries/VO have been broadcast on PBS-TV, BBC-TV and network radio (CBS).

His publishing companies—The Soaring Press and The Practical Press—sold 70,000 copies of 10 books in 35 countries worldwide. His own book writing includes fiction (SIERRA SIERRA, Morrow, New York) and A FULL ACCOUNTING, about the Vietnam War POW/MIA conundrum, and nonfiction (STRIKE, Ballantine, New York) among his 20 novels and non-fiction books. He has edited and helped write the autobiography of Silicon Valley pioneer, the Indian Abdusalam Qureishi (who created computer analytics for the NFL), and has written widely on subjects ranging from high technology and military aviation to human behavior and poetry.

Ed. John who has recently re-discovered the BU after many years and has kindly submitted various short articles that will be published over the next few editions.

I hope he will inspire others to do likewise.

IN THE NEWS

The Queen's Birthday Honours

As we all know it is a special year for HM and so it is particularly pleasing that two well- known OBs were included in the List.

CVO - Michael Burgess OBE Coroner for Surrey and Coroner to the Royal Household. (The Victorian Order is the personal gift of the monarch)



From "GET SURREY" -

AFTER a varied career that has included presiding over the inquests of Princess Diana and the young son of singer Eric Clapton, Surrey's coroner is calling it a day.

Michael Burgess, who sits at Woking Coroner's Court and has dealt with some of the most high-profile inquests in Britain, is retiring at the end of June after 25 years in the post.

Mr Burgess, 65, who acted as a deputy coroner for seven years prior to his appointment in 1986, has dealt with hundreds of inquests during his career, but it is those of Princess Diana and Dodi Al Fayed for which he is best known.

The coroner handled those inquests for nine years, but he famously withdrew from the cases after blaming a 'heavy and constant' workload for his decision.

Recalling his time on the Princess Diana and Al Fayed inquests and the media storm that surrounded them, he said: "On occasions it proved personally very difficult, with

them [the media] arriving outside my home, and we needed the police on several occasions to get in.”

Mr Burgess explained that while those inquests were ongoing, he still had to deal with others at the same time.

“The thing about the high profile cases is that they do detract from all the other cases, not just for me but for my deputies and officers too,” he said.

“We need to give each inquest all the attention we can at the time, so we don’t really want to be spending too much time on one in particular. It might take time but it’s not the only case.

“As far as Princess Diana and Al Fayed are concerned, I ran the cases for nine years until the summer of 2006 and it became very clear that there were some insoluble problems.”

Being a coroner brings with it a host of expectations from the public, said Mr Burgess, expectations that he then has to remove.

“I think the hardest part is explaining that you don’t make the sorts of judgements that some people would like me to make,” he said.

“I don’t condemn people, it’s not a trial in the way in which you see on TV.

“No one is found guilty at the end of the day.”

He explained that the function of the coroner is limited to finding specific answers to four questions, namely who has died, how, when and where.

“People often want me to add a fifth one, that someone is to blame for someone’s death, but we don’t do that and we never have,” he said.

Looking over how the work of a coroner has changed in the last 10 years, father-of-three Mr Burgess, who is also a grandfather, said the biggest difference is people’s expectations – and TV shows are one of the causes.

“TV shows like NCIS suggest that certainty is easy to get,” he said.

“Whereas that’s not the case and even scientifically there’s very often an element of uncertainty.

“When I watch these shows, I think, ‘How unlike the real coroner’.

“Also, there’s a general expectation that the medical profession can cure most things and when they don’t cure it, they are at fault.

“There’s an expectation that elderly people may be kept in good health, totally ignoring the fact that they are ageing and on occasions one has to explain to families that the end of the road has been reached.

“They say, ‘mum may have been 95, but she wasn’t ready to die then’.

“Everyone is going to die at some point.”

Mr Burgess originally trained as a solicitor, before being asked to act as coroner in 1979 at the age of 33 when the incumbent coroner went on holiday and the deputy was unwell.

He has remained a coroner ever since. These days, his Surrey office deals with 4,400 cases every year, with Mr Burgess making the final decisions.

However, Mr Burgess’s days as a coroner are not completely behind him, as he will continue to sit on some cases in the region, as well as remaining as the coroner of the Queen’s Household, not to mention advising the minister for justice on coroner reform.

On the inquest process, he added: “The feedback from families tends to be that it is a cathartic process.

“If you have achieved at least part of that, then it’s been a job well done, I think.”

MBE - Simon Potter for services to education in Wimbledon.



From the Jesuit Province Newsletter:- Simon Potter joined Wimbledon College in 1972 and became Head of English in 1981. He retired from teaching at the College in 2009, having inspired generations of pupils. Since then he has continued to support pupils by returning to run revision classes for A Level and GCSE classes. Throughout his career at the College, he has been an inspiration to generations of pupils both within the classroom where, while being a History graduate, his love for and deep knowledge of English Literature, was passed on to the boys.

He is also responsible for creating a Wimbledon College Anthology of Poetry, and has written a book as a personal reflection on his time at the College. He is currently collaborating in a project to update a history of the College in time for its 125th anniversary in 2017.

Outside of the classroom, his enthusiasm focused on annual dramatic productions, where again pupils were encouraged and inspired by his relentless enthusiasm for all aspects of theatre. Mr Potter has directed the College's school productions for over 40 years, and even now retired he still returns each year to support current teachers in theatre productions. There have been a wide variety of highly professional and successful performances which include Les Misérables, West Side Story, HMS Pinafore, Oliver, Dr Faustus, Julius Caesar, Sweeney Todd. There are also been a number of productions that he has written or adapted especially for the school.

In his retirement, he maintains strong links with former College staff and pupils through his involvement with the Old Wimbledonian Association.

ED:In view of this literary wealth I have reproduced one of his articles for **VRIL**.

It is not just The Queen who has granted Honours. Ed Monaghan (62) Emailed me with the following:-

June 30, 2016

Governor Announces New Appointments to the Order of Canada

OTTAWA—His Excellency the Right Honourable David Johnston, Governor General of Canada, announced today new appointments to the Order of Canada. These appointments were made on the recommendation of the Advisory Council for the Order of Canada.

The Order of Canada, one of our country's highest civilian honours, was established in 1967, during Canada's centennial year, to recognize outstanding achievement, dedication to the community and service to the nation. Over the last 49 years, more than 6 500 people from all sectors of society have been invested into the Order.



Shane O'Dea, C.M., O.N.L. (63)

St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador

For his contributions to Memorial University as an educator and orator, and for his impact as an advocate for the preservation of built heritage in Newfoundland and Labrador.

Shane O'Dea, Professor of English and Public Orator at Memorial, has long been involved with preservation in Newfoundland.

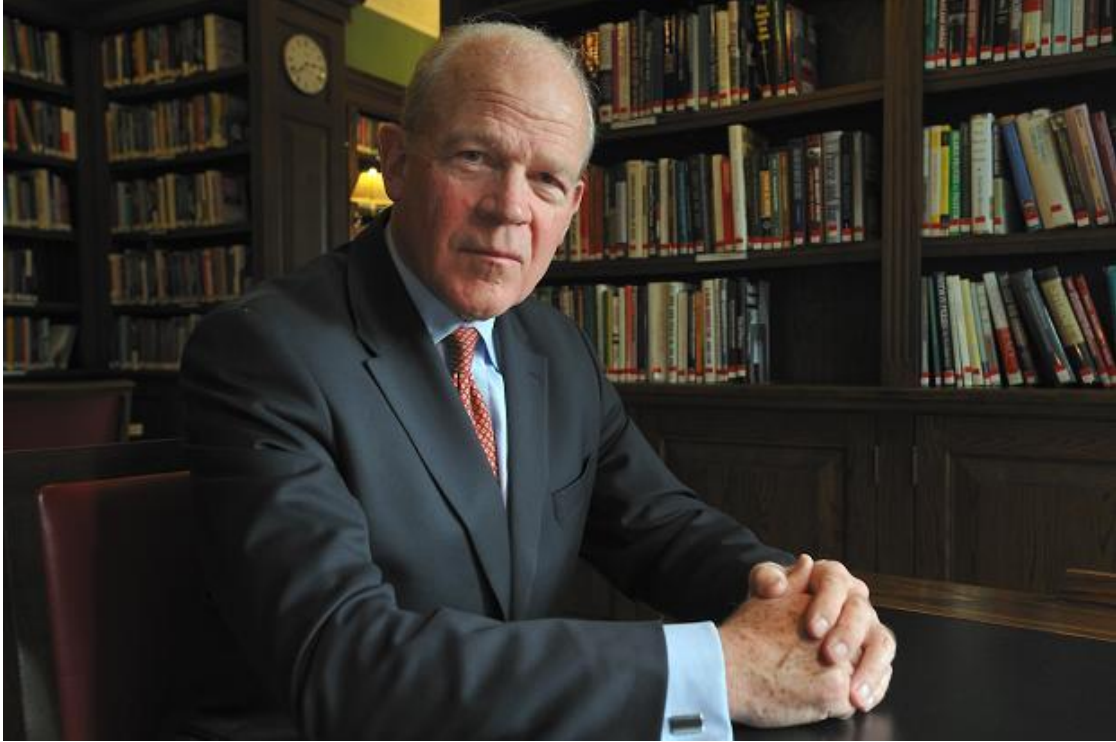
He has chaired the boards of Heritage Canada, the Nfld Heritage Foundation, the Nfld Historic Trust and the Nfld. Historical Society. Co-author of two books on Newfoundland buildings, he has published a number of articles and reviews in *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, *Macmillan Encyclopedia of Architects*, *Canadian Review of American Studies* and *Newfoundland Studies*.

In 1988 he was Memorial University's first Distinguished Teacher and Canadian Professor of the Year. In 2002 he was made a 3M Teaching Fellow and in 2005 was appointed to the Order of Newfoundland and Labrador.

VRIL

Is back and critics will be pleased to find that the Lytton VRIL symbol has been replaced by that of the Quodlibetarian Society (which I tracked down) and by a subject they probably feel is more in keeping with their diktat.

CHILCOT



The publication of the inquiry puts us in mind of the Late **Sir Hilary Synnott (62)**. Hilary, the retiring High Commissioner in Pakistan accepted an invitation to become Regional Co-ordinator for Southern Iraq post war under the American led Coalition Provisional Authority. When he was told by the Foreign Office that Iraq “was a bloody mess”, he had no idea how bad and he could not resist the challenge. What he did not expect was the total chaos behind the coalition’s attempt to establish civic government, the dysfunctional relationship between the two occupying powers and the lack of planning and support from the Blair administration. He arrived to find squalor, no command or control facilities; “Everything had to be created from nothing against a background where it was not clear what the task was”. It was evident that Whitehall thought that the Americans would sort out the situation; they were unaware of American indifference and the contempt the “Supremo” – Paul Bremer had for the British and for her army.

Bremer had already made the two notorious blunders that were to cause the deaths of many thousands more than were inevitable in so badly a planned an operation; the disbandment of the Iraqi Army and the de-Ba’athification programme that eliminated the entire administrative elite. Synnott could make little or any headway with the Americans and the British Prime Minister’s “ask and you shall

receive”, turned out to be worthless. When the Prime Minister visited troops in Basra the following January, he did not even visit his chosen emissary. Was it any wonder that liberation turned into insurrection and insurgency on a massive scale. Hilary stayed in post for six months and his appraisal is quite clear as to where the blame lay; “The key decision makers, especially Bush and Blair, must inevitably bear ultimate responsibility both for the war itself and for the failures surrounding the process by which success might have been achieved”.

What Hilary saw and experienced in Basra made him exceedingly angry. He was by all accounts a different person from the kindly and philosophical man his colleagues recall from earlier years. Sir Hilary Synnott KCMG died in September 2011.



Jeremy Gompertz QC

A month before Hilary was appointed to Iraq Dr David Kelly had been found dead. To recap:-Following the conclusion of the first Gulf War, United Nations inspectors carried out regular assessments as to whether Saddam Hussein and his regime had been developing weapons of mass destruction to include both chemical and biological delivery systems. One of the reasons given for the invasion by the Blair Government was the Iraqi capability to fire these weapons within 45 minutes. After the ground battle, searches were conducted to find proof of these weapon systems; none were found. Dr David Kelly, an expert in this field had carried out inspections

both before and after the end of hostilities, gave unauthorised information to the BBC, stating that the Government claim was at the very least dubious. Kelly was exposed by the MOD as the source and he was interviewed and many felt interrogated by Parliamentary Select Committees. He was found dead a couple of days later. An inquiry was set up into the events that led to his death under Lord Hutton and the lawyer representing the Kelly family was **Jeremy Gompertz QC.(55)** He castigated the Government and the Minister of Defence in particular, for their duplicity and cynicism and their betrayal of a man who had served his Country to the best of his abilities.

EX CATHEDRA

The BU is a “broad church”; on the question of religion we are a Catholic Association but embrace waverers and those that have lost their faith as well as the faithful. We have members who loathed their time at school others that loved it. Politically, despite the tag of “Loyal and Royal” we cover the Left as well as the Right: we have recently voted either “Remain” or “leave”. Despite differences, friendship and a common goal of the betterment of all of society, holds us together. So the Website is not a soapbox, though one welcomes opinions and comments that may be of interest to OBs and so I prefer to steer clear of contentious issues. However on the 24 June I received the following:-

“To the members of the Beaumont Union

Congratulations for the result of the referendum! The British people have spoken. A new chapter in the history of Great Britain begins now. Great Britain has always been a leader in the past and will of course continue in the future”.

Very best wishes, **Thierry de Galard**

ARTICLES

In this edition of The Review I have tried as much as possible to keep away from military matters: I haven't quite succeeded the Anniversary of The Somme is too significant to pass without comment. However, with summer drawing to a close I have returned to the early post war years when youthful pleasures were less complicated than today; wistful memories.

Today's slice of heaven (summer 2015) – John Joss

Pin Mill. You may never have heard of it.

Heaven on earth. That's all it was. The centre cottage of three identical floor plans in what would today be a 'triplex,' on the River Orwell in the village of Pin Mill, Suffolk, pop. 250.

Four small rooms, that's all we had. A living room faced the river, with window and front door; a kitchen in back featured a coal-fired range, with dining table for four and the back door; to one side, through a 'closet door,' tightly confined stairs leading to the two bedrooms, front and back. No electric light. No running water.

Across an alley behind the cottages: a shed with coal-fired copper for heating water, sheet-metal bath tub, a separate well with bucket. Down the garden, the 'outhouse'—board with centre hole, the 'honey bucket' accessed via rear hatch.

Primitive? No. It was joyful, every barefoot-boy's summer for eight weeks, over a period of ten years. There I learned how to sail and row, cook and clean, draw water from the well, light the Primus stove for modest meals, prime and light the paraffin lamps, stoke, riddle and feed the range and copper with coal, empty the honey

bucket. I learned the manual skills of basic trades: handling saw and hammer; chamfering with spokeshave and plane; assembling the components of boats, painting them. I learned how to live, humbly. It was intensely real.

I consorted with the villagers, a decent crowd of intrinsic honesty and profound charm. I loved and respected them, in my young and innocent way, and came especially to care for little Dawn, the younger of two sweet sisters. She was my first crush—delicate and gentle, simple but clever.

Memories illuminate the magic: the plaintive, bubbling cry of curlews on the mud flats at sunset, accompanied by the distinctive aroma of that Suffolk mud; the reverberations of hammer and saw in the soft morning light, 200 yards away on a Thames Barge under repair, a long time delay between the worker's observed action and the sound's arrival; the incoming tide swinging the boats east to the sea, reversing on the ebb; as night fell, the twinkling of the light buoy marking the channel, every five seconds.

Pin Mill's only trade was boatbuilding. The Kings' yard, still there half a century later, created lovely yachts, hand crafted over months, while their work crews refurbished those Thames sailing barges—working craft that visited routinely. Yachtsmen had been coming upriver from Felixstowe and Harwich from all over the East Coast for years, to cruise, moor and explore, to put their boats in winter storage in the 'saltings.'

The only other diversions: the Pin Mill Sailing Club, one big room where parties roared on weekends, and the Butt and Oyster public house, the daily epicentre of the village's social life. I was permitted ginger beer, standing in the passage remote from the bar. The nearest shops offering basics were half a mile up the lane in Chelmondiston, including a tiny bakery. My sister and I would watch through the side window as fresh loaves came out of the oven, dash in the front to buy one and for sixpence, and tear it to bits walking home. Real stores were a bus ride away in Ipswich.

The place remains a yachting mecca but in 1942 World War II was raging and the river moorings were occupied by six Royal Navy MLs (Motor Launches) and eight LCTs—Landing Craft, Tank. Their young and boisterous crews came ashore day and night at Pin Mill and a mile upriver at Wolverstone. A degaussing craft called Pin Mill home: created from a herring drifter, she was used to degauss (protect) metal ships from magnetic mines sewn by the Germans on the North Sea coast of Holland and France.

The Royal Navy matelots adopted me and welcomed me aboard. From them, in addition to painting, polishing and power-boat handling, I learned other skills, especially the use of expletives as nouns, verbs and adjectives, applied liberally, almost indiscriminately to anyone and everything. The first time I uttered those words in the cottage, innocently, the shock was palpable. My mother knew the words. But from the mouth of a child? Unacceptable.

The MLs would go out to harass German coastal shipping, each armed with a single 20-mm Oerlikon gun. One did not return. Others came back with battle scars and wounded men. Their duties in the North Sea included the successful saving of hundreds of bomber and fighter crews from aircraft that had been shot down over the water or damaged over enemy territory. In 1944, in early June, the MLs and LCTs all left and none came back. They had a 'D-Day' invasion to tackle. How many of their men survived? Though I didn't realize it at the time, I was learning the skills and culture of a Royal Navy I would soon join, at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

Today, a lifetime later, it is easy to recall those carefree years in the heart and mind. My mother is gone but will never be forgotten. So is my sister. Re-visiting the village brings it all back as if no time had passed: the boat yard, the river rising and falling with the tides, the cloud of yachts at anchor, the busy Butt and Oyster. The three cottages have been rebuilt as one house. Now it has electricity, running water and indoor plumbing, with a single front door in the centre, never locked back in the day, through which I ran barefoot so many times.



At Pin Mill, more than 70 years later, I am eight years old again, messing about in boats, the mud oozing up around and between my toes. Only now, with my dear wife Katherine at my side, I can go into the Butt and Oyster and buy a beer.

ED: I commented to John - “have just read your piece on Pin Mill: I have never been there but I know it well in my mind's eye as above the mantelpiece in our bedroom hangs a painting of the barges there by David Howell. I have an affinity for the Thames barge; in the grounds of our family home on the Kentish side of the river was a hill and summerhouse where as a small boy I would go with a spy glass to watch the barges making their way amidst the much heavier shipping heading for Tilbury or the Port of London. As an amateur artist I have done a few paintings of these lovely vessels inspired by Wylie who was friend of both my grandfather and Edward Seago”.

Further up the coast to the Norfolk Broads and after the War there were several jaunts during summer holidays. This is a short story of one such that appeared in the Beaumont Review:-

Extract from the log of the “Favourite”

A Beaumont party this year (1946) visited the Norfolk Broads for a fortnight in the summer holidays. The “Yacht squadron” was composed of two vessels the “Ruby” and the “Favourite”. Both were sloop rigged cabin cruisers and were manned as follows:-

The Ruby,- Fr Nassan, Mr Ross , George du Boulay, Frank Doyle, Anthony Greenaway, Bernard Kilkenny, Ronald Richard.

The Favourite,- Mr Brinkman, Ian Blackwood, Geoffrey Blackwood, Charles Ennis, John Kenny, Tom Russell.

The full title of the remarkable document which has reached us is this: “Log of the Favourite and her voyages, being a history of strange people and happenings, of wet paint, lack of drink, of untold damage wreaked in two weeks by two ships and their crews retold by the survivors.

The Start from WROXHAM.



Sat Aug. 3rd 4.20pm Slip Moorings.

4.30 pm. Having set and hoisted jib, hoist mainsail and off with a fair wind until about 200yds from Wroxham Broad. Missed first entrance. Missed second entrance. Rammed bank.

5.30 pm. Made Wroxham Broad. Searched for Ruby, found her after varied adventures with other boats possessing motley crews and no sea sense. Berthed successfully in a small creek.

8.30 pm. Tea in the middle of which were rammed stem on by Ruby's dinghy, loss of two loaves, Ruby "quanted up to our anchorage" and with much noise she anchors within twenty yards.

(A quant is a wooden pole about 20ft in length used to propel boats on the Broads)

9.40pm. Songs by Ruby's crew and scurrilous remarks on the fixing of the Favourite's awnings. Exchange of missiles (unspecified) until-

11.00pm. All turn in. No washing. Uneasy first night.

Sun. Aug 4th 7.10 am. Mass on board Ruby

10.30 am. Quanted from anchorage, set sail in main stream (River Bure). Fair sailing to Little Salhouse Broad, before beating to windward and arrive at Horning.

12.30pm. In violent collision with motor yacht Royal Oak, owing to its owner's failure to observe the rule of passage. Result: broken shackle on the Favourite. Broken starboard window and woodwork amidships on Royal Oak. Their vessel fails to stop and is pursued by our dinghy.

12.55pm. Shackle repaired and lunch

1.55pm A combination of quanting and tacking we reach Horning Ferry. Ferry corner proves a hard nut to crack; we are still beating to windward and we keep meeting squalls. Remarks by a local inhabitant on the handling of our boat are properly ignored. Quanted till tea time

5.00pm Tea then fair sailing until wind drops and we have to quant again to Ruby's anchorage.

9.00 supper then turn in.

AT ACLE BRIDGE



Tues. Aug 6th

9.00 am. Set sail and a very good passage with a fair wind for five miles till Acle Bridge at –

11.10 am Ran aground and nearly caught up by Ruby.

11.20 am. lunch and some of the crew to Acle for provisions.

11.45 am. Stepping of mast at hurricane rate: we are being nicely deposited on the mud by an outgoing tide. From now on we begin to look at the tide chart.

1.30pm. After frantic efforts to tow her off by the dinghy, desperate quanting and furious muscle work from the bank and in the mud we finally pass under the bridge at –

2.00pm. Discover on hoisting the mast that we have broken the goose neck. To boat-yard for help.

3.00pm. More desperate quanting and towing after a verbal exchange with a gentleman who was fishing and who seemed to be deficient of a sense of humour.

4.00pm. Captain to boat yard: meets with some success. Crew set off in the dinghy on a foraging expedition; result they are pursued round Acle churchyard owing to unwarantably suspicious circumstances and a bag containing fish and chips.

8.20pm. The day's miseries are solaced by supper, the repair of the goose neck and at long last bottles of cider.

AT YARMOUTH

Thurs. Aug. 8th.

6.45am. Rise. Skipper away to Mass: Dinghy for milk. The only other Christian in the crew fell in a swamp on the way to Mass and came back in grubby condition.

10.45am. Hoist sail and very good sailing with a beam wind until-

12.45pm. Arrive at outer Yarmouth. Then came rain, pouring rain: furious work with weight anchor as we tack astern according to the methods expounded in the books. Hectic and drenched we gain about 4 yards till at-

1.15pm. Yacht Attendant gives some good advice and we steer fairly well towards the first bridge. Then attendant comes aboard: result, we ram two stationary yachts at their moorings. Rain still pours, we quant and try and keep a foothold on slippery decks and to cope with soaked sails. We begin to wonder why we came to the Broads. We pass two more bridges: dinghy away for food: amidst an even greater downpour, part of the crew wading knee-deep in harbour mud, with everything wet and cold we sweep like a dying duck alongside the quay.

2.30pm. Lunch: very cold, very wet.

3.20pm. Set sail in harbour and make for Breydon Water. Quant overboard. Dinghy after quant and sorts it from driftwood. We pass under the swing bridge meet with a strong fair wind. Result: all crockery cascades into bunks. Return of the dinghy after a frantic row and an exchange of "pleasantries" with the Bridge –Keeper.

5.00pm. Through Braydon Water and more rain. Then wind drops but rain continues and we tow, quant and row to get her along. We lose a warp overboard.

7.30pm. Impossible to go further. We anchor.

8.00pm. Supper. Crew repulsed by local inhabitant when foraging for rations. Wind puts primus out of action and rain cascades into the cooking. Everything swimming in rainwater and part of the crew serve the remains of supper in sarongs. Supper continues until bread runs out.

10.10 pm. Turn in after a perfect day during which for some reason or other we never stopped laughing.

THE LAST MORNING.

6.45 am. Skipper rises and to Mass in the dinghy.

7.00 am. Some of the crew rise and try to make breakfast while packing. Result: frying pan and breakfast to floor of the cock-pit. Strong language brings about-

7.30 am. Remainder of crew rising.

7.50 am. Breakfast second attempt. Rain again. Relieved we are not starting today.

8.50 am. Arrival of Boat-Yard Official who wishes to see the "Governor". Together he and the skipper go to a nearby shed to work out damages. Apparently we have incurred £1; 7; 6, worth of damage (4/- less than The Ruby).

9.14 am. Say farewell to our ship and arrive at Wroxham Station in good time for the –

9.25 am. Train. As we say our good-byes we wonder a last time if we shall ever have such company and such an enjoyable holiday on the Broads again.

George du Boulay from St Lucia, went gold mining in Columbia and then the Philippines

Frank Doyle went tea planting in Assam before returning home. Advertising Director.

Anthony Greenaway.

Bernard Kilkenny, Scholar in Maths New College Oxford, qualified in Medicine. Director Brewing and Distilling

Ronald Richard from Barbados. Business in Trinidad.

Ian Blackwood to Sandhurst. Commissioned Royal Scots Greys. Land Agent.

Geoffrey Blackwood. Brother of above

Charles Ennis to Jesus College Cambridge for Law,

John Kenny. Commissioned Royal Staffordshire Regiment

Tom Russell, International schools Rugby player. Given a farm in Kenya by his father. Killed in air crash over Sicily 1952.

Back to the Old Windsor Reach:- **EGHAM REGATTA 1952**

Local regattas are nearly always more enjoyable than the great events. There is none of the strict formality that characterises say Henley; if you yourself don't know half the competitors personally everybody else seems to and starters and officials and umpires are all thoroughly mixed up with club supporters and the crowd so happy that a spirit of intimacy exists everywhere. Insert certain figures uniquely Beaumont – a Master or two and a valiant corps of signals battling against fearful radio interference and the temperamental tricks of their telephones and we have the scene of the 1952 Egham regatta.

This year it was in many ways a singular event. For one thing there was no rain. This was most unusual and rather disconcerted the committee who had come prepared. Also the races ran very nicely according to the programme which was something of an achievement. Nevertheless there was quite an undue amount of impromptu comic entertainment provided by various people in unusual ways. This was only remarkable in its extent.

The course too had been changed and this year for the first time all races ended at the enclosure at the bottom of The Meads instead of half a furlong downstream. Beaumont was entered for three events. Two fours were competing in the School Fours event, the Second eight had a private challenge from Strode's and there was an entry for the School Rum Tum event.

The Fours were somewhat outclassed. Mr Kensington's "A" four lost its race against the City of London School by four or five lengths but the "Egham Four" didn't do quite so badly. It won its first race against Strode's by two lengths and was only defeated by the Haberdashers in the second heat. Very well rowed. I believe it was on the first heat of this event that Mr Hart the judge was darkly accused of being "in league with

them boys". As there was no winning post visible this year and as the umpire's launch was shouting "Come on Beaumont!" for all it was worth it must have looked a little suspicious.

The Second Eight of course won its race by a few lengths and Farrant who entered for The Rum Tum Sculls, did very well and finished by winning another cup for Beaumont. As for the rest of the regatta there is not space to give the details exciting though some of the items were. So much for the rowing which was all very serious.

However comic relief was provided, as I have already mentioned, in plenty. The punt racers were on the whole quite efficient and apart from one fair lady gracefully deposited into the river on the end of a punt pole there were no incidents. The ninepenny charge for the enclosure however caused one alarming accident. Two ardent supporters searching for a way to see the finishes free conceived the idea of climbing the willow trees at the opposite bank of the river and perching in comfort on a suitable branch. Both went up the same tree and remained for some time in a fork about fifteen feet up. But a tempting overhanging bough promised an even better view, so soon they climbed to that. Once they were well over the river, off it snapped and the two were last seen being rescued from the depths by a launch.

But the event which the announcer described as "A unique event staged for the first time in the Egham regatta this year" caused a most remarkable incident. It was the Eights Race which Beaumont won. Not that the Eights themselves did anything unusual – no, the fault lay with the following umpire's launch. This is the terrible tale of what happened: below The Bells of Ouzeley were moored several small cabin cruisers and at about seven o'clock on this cool evening the race streaked past. Some way behind the umpire's launch was steaming at full throttle in an attempt to keep up with it. Now a launch going at full speed makes quite a high wash and this particular one was no exception. As it sped past the small boats a mighty wake spread havoc far and wide. Soft music ceased abruptly as the radio was hurled into the river closely followed by its young listener: out of a tossing port –hole flew a frying pan full of supper and a quiet tea party was rudely terminated by the tea cups jumping off the gunwale into the water. At the Meads, an ice-cream boat was violently tossed and further on a punt race came to a watery end in a flurry of foam and competitor.

As the Launch came into land, a wild figure approached dragging a police sergeant by the arm. This was the man who had been vaguely observed sprinting after us at a prodigious rate all the three quarters of a mile from the site of the motor boats. He was evidently rather annoyed. The Beaumont Master in charge of the launch was ferociously collared and confronted with an awe-inspiring list of damage done. "Two

wireless sets at the bottom of the river, swept the baby overboard and half-wrecked the boat. Don't deny it. I've got five boatloads of witnesses, five boatloads I tell you. Go on sergeant, take his name – e's a blooming menace that's what 'e is !" Just then a powerful sportsman complete with blazer and old school tie strode up and gave a fiery lecture our Mr—about the launch and in particular its punt upsetting capabilities, ending up in a superior manner with "This will not happen again"

"No," said Mr – "Not until next year!"

Eventually, he was hauled off complete with policeman, witnesses and the man with two wireless sets at the bottom of the river to be examined in the Committee tent. He remained there for some time but contrary to general expectation, when he came out it was to cordial shaking of hands. That was the end of the affair.

A Brief History of Egham Regatta...

The first Egham Regatta took place in 1909 & despite certain periods when the regatta did not function, (mainly during times of war & during the 1930's) in the subsequent period of over 100 years, the regatta has always taken place on the Runnymede reach of the River Thames, normally just upstream of Bell Weir Lock.

The first regatta was held in September of 1909 and took just a month to organize! As the Regatta became more established, & the competition became more serious minded, it regularly took place the weekend before Henley Royal Regatta and it maintains that tradition to this day.

The old Minute Books of the Association are held in the Surrey history Centre in Woking and give a fascinating insight into both the sport and the workings and attitudes of a small town at the beginning of the Century. Certain themes keep cropping up such as the rivalries between local bands wishing to play at the event and which local firm would be given the tender to provide the regatta catering.

Duncan Grant very kindly sent me a biography of Joseph Bagshawe from which I have extracted the following “snapshot”

Joseph Bagshawe: Marine Artist



As an artist, Joseph Bagshawe’s preoccupation was with the sea: the sea in all its moods and in all its states; turbulence, calm, oily swell and angry storm – all are to be found in his work.

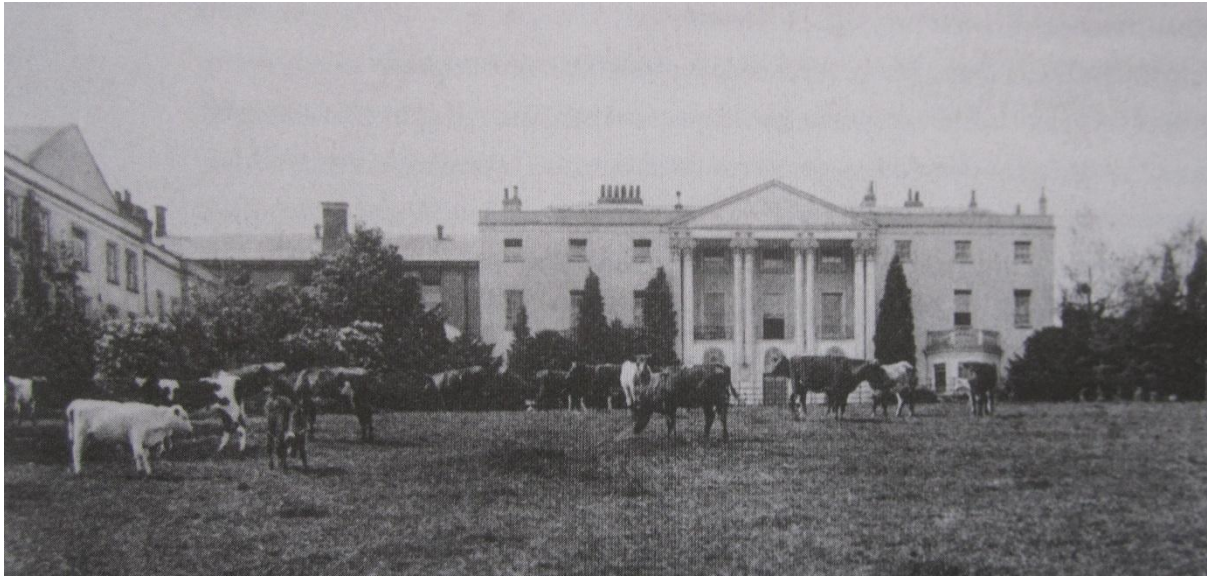


His other, human, focus was those who sailed the sea and derived their living from it, especially the fisherfolk and their families; above all, those who dwelt on the shores of the North Sea, and in particular, those of the North Yorkshire coast. The Village of Staithes and the port of Whitby captured his attention most of all, and he earned the respect of those communities both as a person and as an artist. Yet Joseph Bagshawe was not a native of either place: in fact, he was born in Hampstead, the son of Judge William Bagshawe and grandson of the famous marine artist Clarkson Stanfield (1793-1867), and first visited the Yorkshire coast only in his mid-twenties. He quickly established himself as a founding member and the first secretary of the Staithes Group of Artists, a loosely organised band of painters who for a number of years were producing some of the most exciting art in Britain, these included Harold Knight and his wife the future Dame Laura.



Today, the work of the Staithes Group is much sought after and prices for individual paintings are rising. Bagshawes are particularly popular

. Joseph came to Beaumont in 1885 to be followed by his brothers Francis, later the Senior Provincial Commissioner in Tanganyika and Edward who was KIA in the Great War. The choice of Beaumont was influenced by the Dickens family who had been friends for several generations. After Beaumont, Joseph studied at the Royal College of Art in South Kensington under Hubert Voss and in Bruges.



Beaumont in the 1880s

He settled in Yorkshire at Whitby and for a man whose subject was the sea, he aptly married Mildred the daughter of the prominent shipbuilder Thomas Turnbull. “The wedding was apparently a sumptuous affair, the likes of which Whitby had never seen before –or since. The whole town was en fete”. Here again there was a Beaumont connection as Mildred’s brother **Thomas** and their cousin **Edgar** were also at Old Windsor. The Turnbulls were to have a considerable influence on Joseph’s life so it is worth digressing for a moment

Thomas Turnbull’s father Thomas built ships for trade rather than war. Thomas was brought up in a fine Georgian residence – Whitehall at Whitby where his father had his yards and was the home port for his fleet. Leaving Beaumont in 1894, Thomas went up to Wadham Oxford before joining the family firm. Turnbulls had started in business in 1700 with sailing ship construction up until 1871 when their first steam powered vessel was launched. By the time Thomas was involved, all sailing ships had been scrapped and they concentrated mainly on tramps trading coal in exchange for grain to the ports of the Black Sea, coal also to Scandinavia, Spain and Portugal returning with timber, cork, wine and corn. By 1902, they were sailing to Argentina, the Falklands and the River Plate.

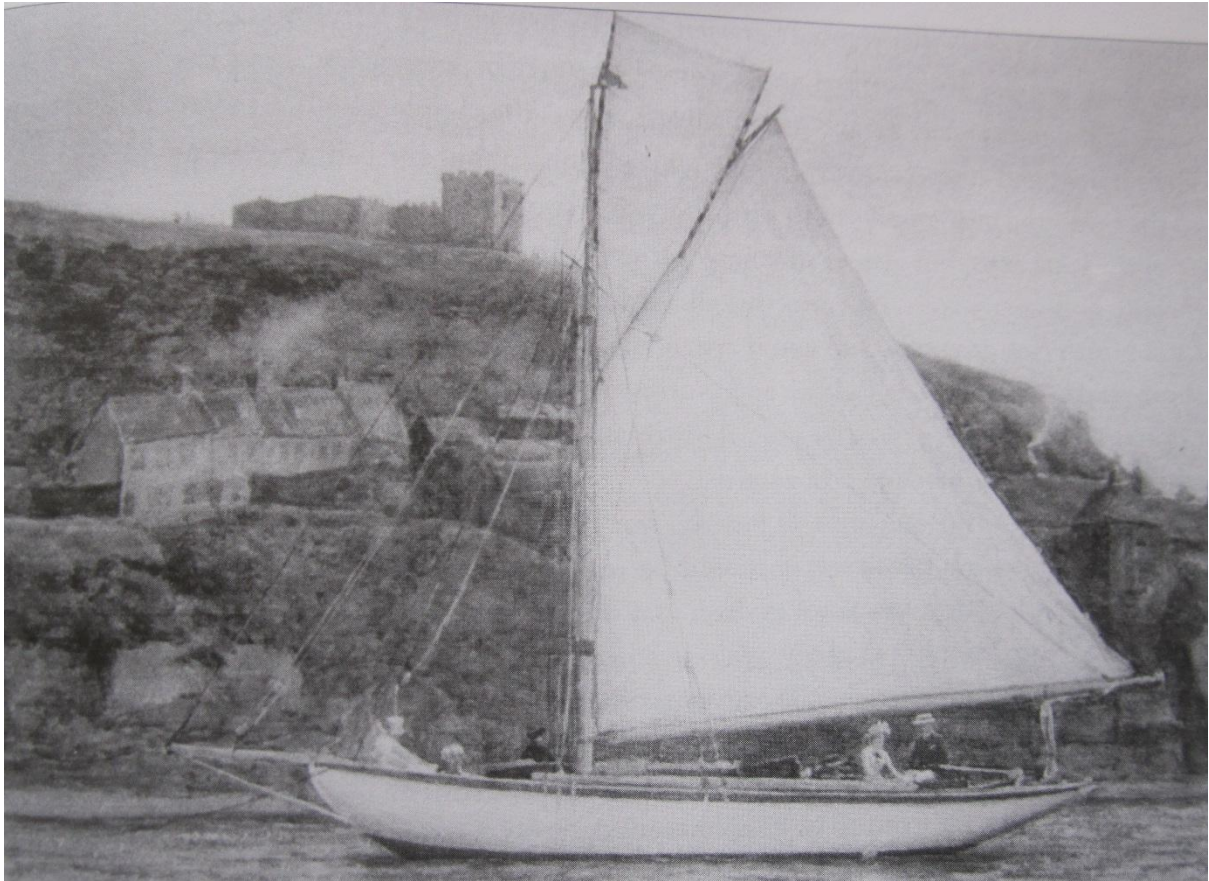


Turnbull's yard at Whitby

Misfortune beset them up until the War, whether it was a case of “one albatross too many” but of their fleet of over forty ships, they had one disaster after another. Five were sunk in collisions with a further eight wrecked in bad weather or ran onto rocks. Three went missing altogether; the SS Cosmopolitan out of Swansea for Torre Annunziata near Naples in 1910, SS Mildred disappeared in mid-Atlantic en route from New York to Marseilles and the SS Emma Lawson sailed from Blythe to Neufahrwasser, the port in West Prussia and was never seen again. In the War, they lost a further six ships torpedoed by U-Boats, sunk by cruiser gunfire or mined.

The yard built some 113 ships from 1870 to 1902 and their first all steel vessel was launched in 1887; at the start of the century the yards were closed. The seabed from Whitby to Japan and to South America, are littered with the rusting hulks of Thomas Turnbull. **Young Thomas** was to sell what remained of the fleet at the end of the War and then retire to the Isle of Man.

Returning to Joseph, it was not long after his marriage in 1901, that he fell ill but the diagnosis of diabetes was not made for a further five years. It was said that even with the threat of death hanging over him Joseph lived his life to the full. He was a person needing to live his artistic experience and he would regularly put to sea with the local fishermen.



Later he was given the yacht Beatrice by his father-in-law and took himself off on trips that lasted a fortnight or so. He visited the European ports but also went further afield sailing to Finland and around Scotland to the coast of Ireland. The latter had a powerful hold over him – some of his works, studies of extraordinary vigour were made during his last visit to Ballyconneely, Connemara in 1909. His friend Hirst Walker wrote “...the hand of death was already upon him and we seem to feel in these sombre coast scenes the note of sorrow which was soon to fill the hearts of those who loved him. He was among humble Irish friends, who through so many trials had clung to the Catholic religion, of which he was a devoted adherent...” He returned home and was taken ill after a day’s shooting. He died in the arms of his beloved Mildred “He just turned his head and put his poor tired lips up to me to be kissed and took my hand and kissed it twice and said “I love you. I love you”. The last words he ever said”.



Joseph's paintings were exhibited at most of the important galleries in the North and from 1897 onwards regularly at the Royal Academy where some of his work received special recognition from the critics. Joseph, like his brother died too young, not on the field of battle but at the age of 39. His talent was recognised, his works apart from private collections are to be found in the Victoria and Albert.

If he had lived longer it was said that he would have found world-wide recognition as a marine artist. He possessed the quality of genius – the infinite capacity for taking pains....As he understood the fisherfolk's lives and their work, so he studied with infinite patience the craft in which they set out to win their livelihood. Like his grandfather before him, Baggie was a true painter of the sea.

ED: Joseph Bagshawe's nephews **Harry Joseph Bagshawe Eyre Irish Guards (15)** was KIA in the Great War as was **Herman Bagshawe Bicknell Yorkshire Regiment (16)**. Herman's father another **Herman Ox & Buccks LI (93)** was another casualty. Together with **Edward Bagshawe** they are listed on the War Memorial.

ON THE FARM

Notes from July 1953.

During the reign of **Sir Lewy Clifford** as Rector no Beaumont Review would be complete without the Farm Notes. As a visitor remarked during his tenure; "Apart from the boys, there were geese in the playground, pigs in the orchard, turkeys on the lawn and cattle everywhere"

Tongue in cheek, they could well be his Address to Parents on Speech Day;-

"We must begin by recording a tragedy. One morning last February Sea lord of Hare Hatch, the pedigree bull so kindly given to Beaumont by Mrs Wynmalen, was found dead in his box. On cutting him open it was found that a piece of binding wire two inches long had been swallowed and was embedded in his liver. This was a sad loss indeed. We were, however fortunate in being able to procure another bull from Mrs Wynmalen's famous herd of Guernseys: Foremost of Hare Hatch, a son of the great Dairyman of Hare Hatch, and therefore of the same stock as Sea lord.



During the past year twelve heifer calves have been born and of these nine were by Sea Lord. As another thirteen cows or heifers are in calf to him, he may yet have played his part in building up the foundation of the best type of Guernsey herd at Beaumont. Moreover by good fortune a bull calf was born sired by Sea Lord, just previous to his death. This calf it was decided to rear, not only to perpetuate Sea Lord's blood but also because he is son of Kostka Damsonia, who is the first pedigree Guernsey to be reared at Beaumont and who in her first lactation holds the distinction of gaining the first Advanced Register Certificate for Beaumont. She qualified with almost 7,000 lbs of milk and 347.46 lbs of butter fat (5.02%). Fourteen heifers reared at Beaumont are now in the heard. Some of these will no doubt be culled; but it is satisfactory to note that one of these has an Advanced Register Certificate to her name, while six or seven others are well on their way to qualify.

The harvest last year exceeded all previous records, though of course a greater acreage had been cultivated; and it was owing to the number of ricks and the consequent expense involved in thatching, not to say the difficulty in obtaining thatchers that it was decided to build our own Dutch barn, This has not yet been completed; but when finished, it will be entirely homemade and should be able to contain as much and more than was harvested last year.

The amount of corn actually threshed out was; 20 tons of oats, 3.5 tons of wheat, almost 3 tons of barley and 1 ton of beans. Added to this was some 50 tons of straw. This should give more than enough cereal feeding-stuff for the cattle and poultry right through the year with oats to spare. We have put down roughly the same acreage to wheat, barley and oats this year, so with a reasonable harvest we should be secure as regards our cereals. At the time of writing the crops on the Hams are very promising and have come well into ear. The wheat and oats on the Woodside acreage do not compare quite so favourably; the ears are not so full and the straw is

shorter; but the oats at any rate did not have the same chance, as they were sown very late, in fact not until the mangolds had been pulled. The beans which were sown in the autumn must be registered as a failure, for the rooks, pigeons and pheasants played havoc with them as soon as they were sown.

Mangolds and kale have each year been a great stand-by for winter feeding, and last year was no exception. From experience it has been found that four acres of kale will see us nicely up to Christmas and beyond and four acres of mangolds with an acre or two of swedes will carry us on to the first flush of grass. The problem of grass, however presents us with our greatest difficulty: that is if sufficient hay is to be made to last throughout the season. We could only begin to approach this aim if a cut of hay could be taken off the meadows available; but this would be possible only if The Beeches could support the herd during April and May. In spite, however, of all efforts made, The Beeches could not be said to have been of greater value than fair to good rough grazing”.

Mrs Julia Wynmalen was the daughter of one of the Wards that were at Beaumont in the late 1880s: her Uncle Arthur was the first OB KIA in WW1. She married pioneer aviator Henry Wynmalen who had won the Paris to Brussels Air Race in 1910 and had held the aviation altitude record. Later together they won a 1932 Coupe de Glacier: the premier pre-war Motor Rally. Changing hobbies again, Henry became one of the leading exponents of dressage in England and organised the Equestrian side of the 1948 Olympics. Together with Julia he bred horses and cattle including the famous Hare Hatch Herd.

THE SOMME

“To when the barrage lifts” Toast 9th Bn KOYLI (eve of the battle)

Careless of eye and coarse of lip,
They marched in holiest fellowship.
That heaven might heal the world, they gave
Their earth-born dreams to deck the grave.

When summer comes we see the reassuring return of our most defining British annual occasions, yet amid the flower shows, colour troopings, test matches, race meetings and tennis, one historic date in our calendar – perhaps, as a country, our most defining of all – usually goes by unnoticed. This year it was noticed by all of us.

July 1 was the centenary of the first day of The Battle of the Somme, a day that saw the greatest British offensive of the First World War. By mid-1916, the western front was still mired in deadlock. The German line of trenches remained stretched impenetrably from Nieuwport on the Belgian coast to the village of Pfetterhausen on the Swiss border. More than 300,000 British and Empire soldiers had already died trying to break it.

Faced with the defensive acme of barbed wire and machine guns in Belgium and France, the British government had tried to win the war elsewhere, but the failure of the Dardanelles campaign in 1915 had forced the return to the Continent. It may be that General Haig wanted more time to prepare his new volunteer army, the army of friends, but the French were being bled at Verdun and the British were hastened to their aid and relief.

So it was that the largest of our armies ever deployed attacked the German positions at the junction of the two allied lines. Nowhere on the whole German front was it better defended.

At 7.30am exactly that Saturday morning, the seven day artillery barrage ceased giving way to an extraordinary silence before the shrill whistle blasts of the officers sounded the assault. So in the early hours of that summer morning the motley crew of miners, dockers, errand boys, railway men, artists and aristocrats along with regular and territorial soldiers scrambled from the dirty white chalk, the early mist had gone and against what was described as a “heavenly sky” they set off towards the enemy. They had been assured that the German defences had been obliterated by the bombardment. “You won’t need a rifle just a walking stick” said one commander. How wrong could he be. They may have been tormented even to madness by the shellfire but the Germans survived in their underground bunkers. In

no time their machine guns were in place and their own artillery brought down fire on no mans land: carnage ensued.

By nightfall, nearly 60,000 men had been killed or wounded in 16 hours of fighting, most of whom fell in the first 90 minutes. It has been said it was that fateful day on the sunlit downlands of Picardy – a day that witnessed monumental human suffering and personal sacrifice that irrevocably changed the Britain of our forebears. A hundred years later, its story retains the power to influence us as well

To many of us The Somme is synonymous only with bloody failure, but at the time, the battle promised to be the turning point of the war. Civilians and Government had allowed the Generals the failed offensive experiments of 1915. This time Teutonic barbarism would be put to the sword once and for all. The plan was familiar in format, but novel in scale. The British attacked with 13 divisions along a 15 mile front and force a break in the enemy lines that the cavalry could exploit. The objective was the town of Bapaume, 10 miles from the British lines. They estimated to be there in three days. The breakthrough never came. On the 18 November, 140 days after the initial attack Haig called a halt. What remained of the 4th Army was still 4 miles short of its objective. The passage of the fighting was chartered by the unrecovered bodies and the makeshift graves. Each phase of the campaign had been costly. The names of such killing fields as Delville Wood, Pozieres and Guillemont would not headline the battle for posterity. The ownership of the Somme in popular memory will always rest with the battle's first day. The war will slowly recede in the collective memory, but that story of the middle day of its middle year never will.

Beaumont was lucky, and luck played a part as to whether you died or survived, as on that first day we suffered only one casualty though a further sixteen were to die before the battle was over:-



2nd Lt Henry Egerton Whitgreave Somerset light infantry. (99) Son of Robert Whitgreave of Mosley Court. A family of recusant Catholics involved in the escape of Charles II after the battle of Worcester. He enlisted on the outbreak of war and was commissioned July 1915 1st Bn and went to France. 1 July 1916 Battle of the Somme. After a very intense bombardment, at 7.20 a.m. a large mine was exploded under the Hawthorn Redoubt. Practically no casualties were suffered while in assembly trenches. At 7.30 a.m. the attack was launched. The 11th Brigade advanced in magnificent style in following order from right to left: 1st East Lancashire Regt., 1st Rifle Brigade, and 6th Warwicks. In second line: 1st Hampshire Regt., 1st Somerset LI., 8th Warwicks. Battalion advanced on a front of one company. Leading battalion advanced in lines, 2nd line of battalions in lines of sections. The battalion advanced in four lines. The advance was carried out excellently to start with and a severe barrage was not encountered. Shortly after heavy rifle fire was opened and machine guns from both flanks. The 1st East Lancashires and 1st Hampshires were unable to get beyond the enemy's wire. The battalion had to ease off to the left, owing to the ridge which it should have crossed being swept by machine guns and quite impossible and found itself in the German trenches in the neighbourhood of the Quadrilateral. The Warwicks gained their objective but were unable to hold on there. The 4th Division was greatly handicapped owing to the fact that the 31st Division on the left was unable to make progress and that the 29th Division on the right was unable to capture Beaumont Hamel. It is impossible to get a detailed account of the fighting that ensued but the situation after the first hour or two was that men of various battalions in the Division were holding part of the Quadrilateral and were engaged in a fierce grenade fight. Our men were for some time severely handicapped by shortage of grenades, but these were afterwards sent up. The battalion lost very heavily. None of the officers who formed up in assembly trenches returned unscathed at the end of the day. Battalion casualties were 26 officers and 438 other ranks. Among the missing but later found dead was Henry. Killed 1 July 1916. **Buried Redan Ridge Cem Beaumont Hamel.** Age 34.

As the Battalion War Diary Noted “A complete but glorious failure”

John Poels (43) wrote this piece for the Review in 1954

On Reading in and out of school

The other day I was reading Sir David Kelly’s most interesting autobiography “The Ruling Few” which has a chapter devoted to early impacts. This chapter had the salutary effect of reminding me that I had promised the Editor of The Beaumont Review a short resume of the sort of literature I had lapped up in my youth, and I looked anxiously to see what early impacts Sir David had to declare: Grant Allen’s “Evolution of The idea of God”, he says of himself at the age of fifteen or so “swept off my feet when I was on a solitary visit to Margate, and having read this basking on the beach at Ramsgate or Deal, with my bicycle and a packet of sandwiches at my side I thereafter devoured Haeckel’s “Riddle of The Universe” which I took to be the last word in modern science.

It is no discourtesy to the author to suggest that this is more than most of us would be prepared to say on the subject of Early Impacts: a punitive phrase conjuring up unliterary memories I for one would prefer to regret. Not that I was surprised at the tidal wave, qualities of the Evolution of God on Ramsgate Beach, where people are frequently swept off their feet by impacts of one sort or another, I was simply puzzled how people ever remember what they were reading at school and how they can remember its influencing them.

Of course I do not mean what they were told to read. If at an impressionable age you are constrained to devote several hurried minutes each morning to the crib of some hectoring indictment of a Roman senator you are unlikely to forget the fact in later life. Nor do I mean the holiday tasks which were carried home at the bottom of the trunk and left there alongside the football boots till the next term began; nor for that

matter do I mean books we were given. Thus at an early age, when I should have known better, can remember being presented with a prize bound in the glorious colours of my prep school. It was a large green volume, the hue of a huge fat caterpillar which has eaten far too much cabbage, with a golden eagle embossed on the cover, called "The gateway to Literature". The Gateway accounts perhaps for my horror of anthologies. I took it back to my seat blushing furiously. It is still in my possession. It has never been opened. I can also remember a gaily illustrated work called "The wonder Book of wonders", of which only the title seems to have been remarkable enough to stick in my memory. But this, in any case, is not the sort of thing I have in mind.

No, what I really mean are the books devoured of one's own accord up by the cricket pavilion, or down by the river, or in your room after tea on a wet Sunday afternoon. What were these well-thumbed books? What were they about? Who were the characters? What became of them? What of the books themselves and the authors? Who reads them now? These are tantalising questions precisely because most of us, if we are honest, must find them difficult to answer. There they lurk at the back of our minds – confused and obviously erroneous visions of Biggles, D'Artagnan and Dickson McCunn stepping out of a biplane together, armed with all the latest gadgets, yoyohs, death rays and copies of the Magnet. Somewhere in the background hover Medina, Peterson, Vultz and other villains.

Other people's memories it is true are more coherent. Thus Mr Graham Greene has told us that Marjorie Bowen's masterly creation Gian Galeazzo Visconti in the "Viper of Milan", numbers amongst his superbly melo-dramatic deeds, that of first encouraging him to write; while Maurice Baring in "The Puppet Show of memory", was at an obvious advantage in that for a whole year while at school he kept a list of what he had read with short comments attached, eg, "King Solomon's Mines", Excellent; "She", Thrilling; "Jess", Worth reading; "Allan Quatermain", Exciting; Maiwaia's revenge", Trash; "Adam Bede", Perfect Book; etc. The practice was clearly a good one and tells the prospective reader all he wants to know. In fact I picture a corps of youthful reviewers for the Sunday papers. But alas, I kept no such list, and for me, as perhaps for others, the library shelves of our youth are as strange as the streets of a city we visited long ago, which we might recall if taken back there, but cannot otherwise remember. Thus occasionally, on a visit to a friend, I have been shown into a spare room once used by a child of the house. There on the shelves are the familiar volumes, Buchan, Rider Haggard, Stanley J Weyman, each with that "of course you remember so and so" look about them, that particular brand of heartiness that comes from long absence. Only the other day I found a Haggard I swear I had never met before greeting me in such a manner. I opened it eagerly at a typical piece of dialogue. "What is the time,

Leonard? “Eleven O’clock, Tom” “Eleven- already? I shall go at dawn, Leonard. You remember Johnson died at dawn and so did Askew”.

There I was back once more in the schoolboy’s cabalistic world – the common code, the shared adventures, the closed shop of college and club – a world of more than human figures. You had only to mention the name and people knew what you were talking about. No need to ask how Johnson died. It was common knowledge, and even if you did not remember it was wiser not to betray your ignorance. “He was with Bob McNab in Swaziland and you know what that means” Wasn’t that how Buchan introduced Pewter Pienaar to his readers? How could you possibly say you didn’t know what that meant? Doesn’t it all come flooding back?

Only these were but passing moments. The weekend slipped by. Monday came and I was back on the train with my Peter Cheyney, called casually enough “One of Those Things”. It had a splendid lurid cover. For a few minutes, as we were leaving the station, I left it unopened. My thoughts were still with Bob McNab in Swaziland. Then dreamily I opened the pages before me. “O’Dea,” I read, “was tall and slim. He had good shoulders. His lackadaisical style and lazy walk concealed a hard sinewy physique” Here was Hannay outclassed. As for the heroine Merys, she was definitely something, knocked Hilda von Einem into a cocked hat. She wore a black dinner frock of tulle over a slim –fitting heavy satin foundation. The tulle, which was scattered with black sequins, softened the lines. She wore gun metal nylons and American sandals with four inch heels sprinkled with little jewels. This was the stuff. Bob McNab was forgotten. I read on quickly....

John Poels was the youngest of three brothers to come to Beaumont from St Antony’s Eastbourne (green caterpillar). He left in 1943 to study law at St John’s Oxford and won the Barstow Scholarship for the Bar. He published a travel book in 1956 “Without Let or Hindrance” about his experiences in Yugoslavia when it was very much a sealed off country. He disappeared while on his yacht in the Channel the same year: No body or wreckage was ever found.

Giss - Goss



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

Cri de Coeur.

Where are the OB Real Tennis players or even those who would like to play? You are missing out on the opportunity to team up with **Robin Mulcahy** and play for the Catermull Cup (Schools' Alumni Handicap Doubles). Contact me and I will pass on your details to Robin.

On an historical note **Clarence Mackay (92)** one time US Amateur racquets champion had apparently one of the most beautiful Real Tennis courts in America at his home Harbor Hill where he played with notables such as the Prince of Wales and Jay Gould 11 the US Champion 1909 – 1926. Gould was the nephew of **Prince Helie de Perigord (73)**.

Choir

The music and singing to be heard in the Choir recording 1958 (now in the Video section) brings to mind what Fr “Fizz” wrote about it in The Review at the time.-

“Given the inevitable upheavals in the personnel of the choir at the beginning of the school year, it was somewhat disconcerting to hear that we should broadcast when the term (to say nothing of the choir) was barely a month old. However, we were fortunate in having an unusually talented and hard- working second and third year members; and the new arrivals soon proved worthy of the lead they received. As a consequence, their singing on this public occasion – though not as good as it has since become – received high praise from many listeners, including complete strangers to Beaumont”.

The talented included (Trebles) Alden, Burrough, Rousseau, Van der Stegen, Lazar, Stileman and brothers Wilkinson.

The worthy (trebles) Ching, Goldsmith, Lorant, M Marshall, P Marshall, O’Driscoll, Ohly, Ryan, Sommi, Stevens, Summers and Thompson.

Talented (altos) Agnew, Hawkins, N Hinds and H Synnott,

Worthy (altos) Clayton and Ulyatt.

Talented (Tenors) Fr Dooley, Fr Sass, Walter, Bingham and M Wood.

Talented (Basses) A Synnott, Paton-Walsh, Gracie, Attlee, O’Sullivan and T Synnott.

New Rowing Video

David Fettes sent in his memories that accompany the new video that has just been “launched” on the website.

"We started our Henley training in earnest in the Easter term of 1967. Knowing we would be the last Beaumont crew ever, we were encouraged by the quality of the pool of talent from which the Eight would be drawn when it was reported that the coach of the 2nd VIII, whilst sitting on his bike watching them row past The Bells, was asked by a passing elderly lady,

“Is that Eton?

“No Madam, Moth-eaten” he replied.

Tony Scott was our coach and arranged a bespoke training programme for us to be devised and designed by Dr John Williams, the doctor to the GB Oarsmen. Dr Williams was writing a book about his theories and physical training methods, and so we tossed weights about with gay abandon, ran around a bit and generally emptied the Thames onto the banks of Runnymede with our newly burgeoning muscles, all the while nourished by the Beaumont diet of 100 calories a day of ravioli that you are all familiar with.

The season began with our old fashioned, and nearly as anorexic as us oars, whilst the rest of the world moved on gracefully with the new-fangled spades with their far greater surface area. After some discussion it was agreed that we could empty the Thames each day faster and actually flood Runnymede with these bigger blades and

so we were told we were going to get a set if we would be good enough to pay for them.

I have no idea what my fellow members of the crew did for the money but I got a job as a navvy on the A3 where I happily dug up the road outside Sutton Place, thus blocking Paul Getty's exit for him. Each day with a pneumatic drill was a substantial workout and so I reappeared for the summer term with my £8.00 clutched in my hand eager for my new oar. We went down to the Eton Boathouses where they were being made and saw them in their raw form.

The new blades duly arrived and at our first trial racing start with them we managed to dislocate fourteen shoulders. John Fagg in the bow avoided this impediment to his next stroke because he was waving at a pretty girl on the bank and was somewhat oblivious of the fact he might be needed to help in the collective effort ahead. Brian Burgess in the 4 seat was having some difficulty getting his oar handle over his somewhat substantial thighs and showed some rather churlish, indeed tetchy, distaste for the suggestion we shave a few rashers off his equally substantial buttocks to lower him in his seat.

Tony Scott had a key to the Home Park so we would often row up through the lock into the peace of the Park with the Castle off to one side. The Queen followed us once in her car with Prince Edward sitting on her lap. On one outing in the Park, it was decided that our timing would be improved if we rowed for a stretch with our eyes closed. The coach's cry from the bank "Not you cox!" was a few seconds too late to prevent us rowing into a large tree in full foliage that was floating down the middle of the river.

All through the summer term up to Henley, we decamped from Runnymede to the Henley reach each Wednesday afternoon where we trained in our spare boat from Upper Thames Rowing Club. The course posts and lanes were being erected about us and in their wisdom the Stewards clearly decided 'construction' should begin with putting in place the complicated arrangement of upright posts at the start by Temple Island. Now, any fool looking at them would quickly realise they were pretty sturdy and unlikely to be easily shifted so we were a little surprised when our cox decided to drive us straight into them. It's amazing how many feet of saxboard and how many riggers an eight under full steam can have removed by an obstinate post.

On the day of the race we rounded the bottom of Temple Island and despite having sent our cox to the opticians for some updated spectacles, nearly cut the Hampton Grammar eight in half as they waited their turn to go on the stake boat. Just behind them lurked the hulking mass of Groton School from America, our opponents. As we flailed past them with our practice start, looking like eight frogs in a blender, we passed into their shadow as one does when passing an oil tanker that towers over smaller craft. The Groton crew's bodies were covered in exotic but somewhat unsightly lumps that we later discovered were muscles.

By cheating and going off early from the start we led the Groton crew for the first foot of the race, which was an unaccustomed position for us and somewhat exhilarating - in truth we led to the Barrier, largely by dint of the fact that for those days we had a very high stroke rate off the start - over 40 strokes per minute which we heard later the announcer in Stewards commented on to the spectators. Groton won and we had an amazing time.

I can say that the Spirit of Beaumont very much existed throughout the year in that crew - we rowed for each other as well as for the College and life-long friendships were formed. It is a sadness for we survivors that four of us are no longer with us.

As a postscript, two of those new Eton-made oars went on to the GB youth trials in Hereford where Nick Sykes-Balls and I trialled for a place on the GB Youth team to represent GB in the World Youth Championships in Ratzeburg in Germany. We rowed in a coxed pair, with Mark Stevens as our cox, and lost to Winchester College who went on and came fourth in the Finals in Germany. Eton won the gold medal in the Eights.



Fagg

Farr

Scott

Hammett

Ribo

Fettes

Sykes-Balls

Burgess

Geddes

Stevens

Ed: I asked David if he like to write a few words about a crew who were very much a "band of brothers".

"Here goes, reading from the Bow:-

"Bow - **John Fagg**

John went up to university (Oxbridge I think but I cannot recall which) but sadly was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1969/70 so his considerable intellect and intelligence never fully bloomed.

2 - Ramon Ribo

All I know of Ramon is that he went to Sussex University, which the J's dissuaded boys to go to as it was considered a den of iniquity and vice due to the preponderance of girls there - a magnet to any suppressed and captive Beaumont Boy. I have failed to locate Ramon over the years, despite searches. (Ed perhaps the J's were right)

3 - Peter Hammett

Peter went to University and rowed again at Henley, I believe becoming a Steward and doing important grown up things there. He moved to France, married Mylène, a French girl, and still lives there near Paris. Peter has grown up children. Peter has been known to continue with some work now and again

4 - Brian Burgess

Brian became a lawyer after leaving Beaumont and went into partnership - setting up Beauvoisin and Burgess. He joined the Worshipful Company of Feltmakers where I think he followed brother Patrick's footsteps and became Master. Sadly Brian died suddenly and quite unexpectedly about seven years ago - just after his 60th birthday I believe.

5 - John Farr

John went to University and became a lawyer, joining the mighty Herbert Smith where he became a partner specialising in employment law. John is retired.

6 - Bruce Geddes

Bruce became an architect and set up his own architectural practice, Geddes Walker which he continued after his partner's death many years ago, and in which he continues to work.

7 - David Fettes

Having been actively encouraged by the Js to avoid the humiliation of rejection by every university in the country, and quite a few in Papua New Guinea, David spent the next fifty years avoiding any form of work or sweaty brow through seven pastimes laughingly referred to as careers, retiring just over eight years ago before being found out to become a professional wildlife and travel photographer.

8 - Nick Sykes-Balls

Nick became a lawyer after leaving Beaumont, joining a firm in his home town Torquay, a firm where his father was senior partner. Sadly Nick died in or about 1981.

Cox - Mark Stevens

Mark pursued a number of occupations after leaving Beaumont. Sadly Mark too died a number of years ago.

Some would say that the early deaths of four members of a small group of nine is a high attrition rate. I told the Js rowing, indeed anything strenuous, was dangerous. As we flailed up the Henley course in 1967, none of us could have known there was a longer course that so many of us would not see the end of. Those of us still paddling that course, now perhaps more sedately, carry a small flame for the close knit nine.

Perhaps I can close with a memory from those final halcyon days as Beaumont moved to its closure. With only eighty boys left in the school in the last year, the depth of talent in all things was shallow. The 1st and 2nd Vllls had a fixture with a visiting school. The 1st Vlll were regularly in the gym raising a sweat. About three days before the event, a notice addressed to the 2nd Vlll went up on the board in the main gallery - 'Would members of the 2nd Vlll kindly stop smoking in preparation for the forthcoming race on Saturday.' We lived in louche times in comparison to the previous nine years!"

I hope these words are OK for you Robert - I have left out alcoholism, widowerhood, failed marriages, business disgrace etc as none of that adds anything positive to the memory of a group of nine who became very good friends who held the record for the fastest BU crew over a Henley course."

HENRY KERR (96)

I have had some interesting correspondence with Johnny Scott (OE) who wrote:-

"I have been reading the most interesting pages on the internet posted by the Beaumont Union, from which I extracted your address. I wonder if you might be able to guide me regarding some research I am undertaking.

My grandfather, Henry Kerr, was born in 1878 and attended Beaumont and Stonyhurst. I had always understood it to have been in that order, but I know he went off to school in about 1885 and I see that Beaumont opened its junior school only in 1888 - so perhaps he went to Stonyhurst, then Beaumont?

Either way, I would be most interested to know if there are any records of Henry Kerr's time at Beaumont, a school of which I recall him talking with great affection (he lived to the age of 94).

I also now understand his great regret at my parents' decision to educate me at a larger school a couple of miles up the river. Despite spending over 5 years at Eton, I have never visited Beaumont, but I am currently involved in a walk down the Thames Path and this year's section takes us past Windsor and Runnymede. This would provide an opportunity to call in and it seems to me that there is much there of continuing interest. I do look forward to hearing from you.

Ed:- It is always a pleasure to hear from relatives of those that went to Beaumont especially as we are in a similar situation to the Mohicans. I will try and answer from the limited information I have available.

Your grandfather came to Beaumont in 1892 from St Mary's Hodder the Stonyhurst prep-school and left in 1896. During his time Fr Sir William Heathcote an OB was the Rector. From what I have trawled, he was no great academic, took some small parts in a couple of school plays but did not write articles for The Review or take part in debates. However he was good at Football and was in the XI for a couple of seasons. **He seemed to be rather versatile starting in goal becoming a forward but ending up as a half-back! A report against the Scots Guards – the game was a very enjoyable one and the XI showed much better form than in previous matches. Their combination was excellent and their staying power greater than the reported slackness in training might have given reason to expect. Another report was of “toil worn combatants meeting at their host's town house in Kensington for a sumptuous banquet at which toasts were enthusiastically drunk”. I begin to understand why Henry had fond memories of Beaumont.** Apart from football he is not mentioned on the cricket field or the river.

His notes in the Centenary Lists states (and this you probably know) that he served as a Captain in The Scottish Rifles in South Africa. I don't know whether there was a family association but both The Rector's brother and three other OB's were serving in that regiment at the end of the century. Later he contracted polio in British Columbia but recovered to take up farming in Roxburghshire. He was life member of the Beaumont Union.

As you know Beaumont was very small – about 150 in Henry's day but checking his year (some 35) he did pass through the school with some interesting people including Sir Mark Sykes (Sykes/ Picot Agreement on the Middle East). Malcolm Hay of Seaton (Code Breaker & historian on anti-semitism), Edward Topham (Grand National Handicapper), Sir George Langton (judge), Arthur Capel (lover of Coco Chanel & politician), Duke of Alba (Spanish Minister and Ambassador), Salaskar Gunn (a founder of the league of Nations Health Organisation), Pierce Joyce (Lawrence of Arabia's mentor), Meldon brothers (international cricketers). John McCann (Olympic silver medal polo).

6 of his year were killed in the Great War – Beaumont suffered 22% casualties possibly the highest of any school in the country

If you are passing through Old Windsor, the school setting is much changed –gone the country house atmosphere with cows grazing up the drive. Now a hotel with Hindu weddings a speciality, the interior is execrable but it is worth visiting the War Memorial, standing in the grounds and designed by the Gilbert Scotts (Henry was a contemporary of the eldest Sebastian, a pioneer in radiology): it is one of the most beautiful in the Country.

I don't know what years you were at Eton but we played them at every sport and the prep school - St John's which continued despite the main school closure now sends more boys on to Eton than any of the traditional Catholic schools.

On a personal note –are you any relation of “Countryman” Johnnie Scott, my great niece married his son on Islay last summer.

Johnny Scott:- Thank you so much for your reply - and what a fascinating one it is, too.

Dealing first with Eton, I was there from 1965 - 1970, so Beaumont was in the process of closing while I was there.

Re the “other” Johnny Scott (this being the name by which I am often known) - no, we are not related, but we know one another quite well and our sons (Sam and Jamie, respectively) were in the same year at the prep school Belhaven Hill and are very much in touch with one another. Johnny lives about 20 miles from here, near Hermitage. Oddly, of the 7 boys in that cohort at Belhaven, 3 had fathers called John Scott.

I am so grateful to discover that Henry K went to Beaumont as a senior school, though I am at a loss to understand why the family moved him from Stonyhurst, given that their base was in the Scottish Borders. The Kerr link with Catholicism dates back to 1851 when Henry's grandfather, The Rev. Lord Henry Kerr, suddenly converted to Rome and abandoned his Anglican ministry. Of his 6 children, 4 took up Holy Orders, with 2 sons becoming Jesuit priests. The one son who did not follow this path (my g.grandfather Francis) died when Henry was 4, leaving him and 6 sisters to be brought up by his mother, who moved the family to Scotland to live with their Constable Maxwell Scott cousins on the Abbotsford Estate - that family having likewise converted in 1851. They seem to have thought of little else beyond the Catholic Church.

Whatever they taught Henry at Beaumont seems to have worked. He remained a devout and unquestioning member of the Church of Rome until his dying day. He was a charming and unassuming man, who suffered two major inconveniences in life, about which I never heard him complain. Aged 6 he was blinded in 1 eye in a nursery accident. Then, as you say, he contracted polio and spent a year recuperating in Vancouver; he returned to Scotland with a limp which necessitated his using a stick. Then, in about 1930, he was persuaded to have an operation on

his leg to cure the limp, but something went wrong and he never walked again. He was on crutches for 40 years.

Given his partial blindness, it is remarkable to read that he was good at football. I have also been surprised that he was able to enlist for the Boer War (in, as you say, the Scottish Rifles, also known as the Cameronians, I believe). The connection there is at least twofold. First, they recruited heavily from this area of Scotland (several of my Scott ancestors served in this unit); and his brother in law, Adrian Cave (another RC, naturally), also signed up and it is my understanding that they joined together; maybe the regiment was 'RC friendly', given what you say about the Beaumont connection. I had imagined that they were 'Gentlemen Troopers', that is to say young men who could ride and supply their own horse (for which there was suddenly an urgent demand once the mobile nature of the Boer was understood at the end of 1899 - Colenso, etc.), but your records suggest that Henry progressed further than that. The Cameronians' records are held in Glasgow and I have yet to go and examine them.

I remember my grandfather talking a lot about the Boer War and of course I now wish I had written it all down. It was certainly the high point of his life and I went to ZA in 2014 in part to try to re-construct where he might have been. I did establish that he could not have been at the Relief of Ladysmith, but I believe that he was at Mafeking. Again, work in progress....

I think that ZA opened Henry's eyes to the opportunities of Empire and he wanted to go to Columbia with a view to being a pioneer farmer (in what is today probably a suburb of Vancouver), but polio left him physically incapable of that. He returned to Scotland and rented a farm called Rawflat from his cousin, the then Lord Lothian, and farmed it for 64 years. One of many funny stories about him is that, when in WW2 he was offered prisoners of war to work on the land and boost food production, he said "fine, but only Catholic ones, please". So he had to wait until they had a few Italians, who turned out to be useless, more interested in the local girls than in the War, but at least had no inclination to escape!

It always struck me that he had rather an extraordinary life, in that he knew the world before the advent of the motor car, yet lived to see the Moon landings (in which he took an enormous interest). But it was the Catholic Church which attracted most of his attention and almost all his reading; The Tablet was read from cover to cover, before being passed on to one of his cousins; and the Catholic Directory accompanied him everywhere.

I am shocked by what you say about the death toll at Beaumont - 22% is an enormous number, but Eton lost (from memory) 1118, which was about 6 years' worth of boys, which may be a higher percentage of those who served. The WW2 number is not a lot better - about 850 - and even in the Boer War, when lots of OEs went off as Gentlemen Troopers, the number of deaths is about 175; hence School Hall on Eton High Street as a memorial.

The emergence of Eton as a quasi-Catholic school is remarkable. When my father was there, the RCs numbered about 30 (he was not one of them, but he converted at 23), in my day it was 70 and for my son Jamie the score was about 200, with a full time Catholic chaplain and even RC confirmations in College Chapel. My elder son Alexander went to Ampleforth, which was in those days a school for RC boys, but it is now mixed sex and multi faith, with no monastic housemasters and about 95% lay teachers. It would not surprise me if there were more RC boys at Eton today than at SHAC.

I am sorry to drone on, but your response was a most interesting one, for which I am immensely grateful. I'll definitely be visiting your alma mater in September.

ED:-A small world with Sam and Jamie being old chums. I thought I would let you know that I came across that Henry's Uncle was **Joseph Monteith** who was at Beaumont from 64-70 and his son Edmund was a near contemporary of Henry's. I also note that Joseph was a member of that set best known for "Salmon and lobster, smoking fine cigars and an intense interest in racing". He and Wilberforce (grandson of the philanthropist) were chastised for "recklessly riding their bicycles across Runnymede in a manner to frighten a gentleman on a horse causing the man to fall off and the horse bolt".

On the war side, the figures are truly horrific: I had no idea the Eton's losses in the Boer war were so high. Beaumont lost only 5 and for so small a school it sent the largest catholic contingent. How Henry got a commission with one eye is remarkable and sadly we will probably never know the story, but at least I know why they moved him from goal in the first XI.

Eton now has well over 300 Catholics – Beaumont was never larger than 250. Typical of the Jesuits to immediately send one of theirs to Eton when Beaumont closed as the first chaplain since the reformation.. There was the old adage- Beaumont is what Eton was, the school for the sons of Catholic gentlemen. Now the

roles are reversed. Up until after the Great War there was always a large contingent that came South from North of the Border and from the northern counties to Old Windsor. This changed when Ampleforth started to move away from being a school for “shopkeepers” under the great Fr Nevill and took a good proportion of Beaumont’s clientele.

Johnny Scott:- Again, thank you. I have a note that **Edmund Monteith** was born in 1883 and I think his line died out when his son **David** was killed in Burma in 1943. I have a rather batty 3rd cousin called Robert Monteith (whose father Michael ran the Knights of Malta in Scotland for many years), who descends from JOSEPH’s 3rd son, Basil Joseph Lawrence, the 2 elder brothers having died during WW1. Basil was born within a few days of Henry and I wonder if he attended Beaumont, too?

A most interesting anecdote about Edmund. The Monteiths were supposed to be very rich (thanks to textiles in Glasgow) and very mad (a tradition which sadly endures to this day - cousin Robert has been Sectioned several times). Joseph Monteith’s father, Robert Joseph Ignatius, would appear to have converted in the 1850s (his father, the famous Henry Monteith MP was an Elder in the Kirk) and to have adopted Religious Mania even more fervently than the Kerrs, the Caves or the Kenyons. He also spent lots of money building RC churches in Lanarkshire.

My grandfather told me that he was packed off to Beaumont for 10 months at a time - Sept to June. Presumably standard practice for the Scottish boys there.

ED: – in haste. All Edmund’s brothers went to Stonyhurst: **Edmund** was the “sacrificial offering” to Beaumont. His son **David** followed him and as you say was KIA in Burma with the Guides Cavalry. Before that he was attached to my Regiment 11th Hussars in the Desert Campaign.

Interesting that Henry did schooling in 10 month stints – Scotland must have been considered “overseas”.

VISIT to CHATEAU BEAULIEU

From **Tony Outred**:-



I thought that you might like this snap of the BU gathering chez Schulte. Agnes and Robert were the most hospitable of hosts so a splendid few days were enjoyed by all in idyllic surroundings liberally sprinkled with their excellent 2005 Oratorio.

Much of the great summer of 1959 was spent by yours truly travelling in Europe with Thierry De Gallard-Terraube and his charming family. Mark Lake also enjoyed their hospitality the following year. None of us could have possibly imagined that we would be fortunate enough to all meet again in France some 57 years later. Could it have been the 'baked beans' effect?

Robert and Agnes mentioned how much they had enjoyed the Battlefields trip and hoped that we could have a repeat next year with a visit to Verdun. Should you have the time and the inclination to put something together with Philip Stevens you can count on Guy Bailey and me for support.

Ed: I wrote to Robert concerned whether the bad storms at the end of May in France had damaged his vines

From **Robert Schulte:-**

A late answer to yr kind question re our vineyard. So far (touch wood), we have not suffered too much from the terrible weather conditions many French vineyards have experienced this spring.

In our area, the major danger has been severe hail storms, which have indeed badly hit some Madiran vineyards. These hail storms are often confined to a very local area, as you must have known in Tarn & Garonne. They can hit and badly damage one plot of a vineyard and not the others, leaving your neighbour unscathed...Question of luck: good or bad!

But weather conditions this spring have been odd. Too much rain and not enough sun. Leading to risks of mildew or other disease, which require treatment and care. We hope the weather will soon stabilize and settle into a period of warm sunny days to allow good development and maturity of the grapes throughout the summer. But "Qui vivra verra " !

The Beaumontani and spirit have continued to entertain our own life and discussions in the last weeks. Our faithful friends and trusted wheelchair carriers around the Ypres and Somme battlefields, Tony Outred and Mike Bedford visited us in Beaulieu with their charming wives, soon joined by Thierry de Galard and Dominique and last, but not least, Mark Lake and Trinkie. Very good to see them and their elegant and delightful wives.

And then we dined at Thierry and Dominique de Galard's home last Wednesday with Christopher Noble and his charming wife. I had not seen Christopher since leaving Beaumont in 1954 (!), where he was in a class below, younger by a year. They live most of the time in Montreal, Quebec, but travel considerably. Thus the Beaumont Spirit pervades like an alluring perfume in our "youthful old age" reaching us in the most unexpected moments or geographical locations. Great !

Tony's eldest brother **Simon (54)** wrote to me and I commented that I had not seen him since he came to a dance given at my family home in the early fifties. He recalled, as I did, **Jimmy McAleer (55)** providing an impromptu cabaret with his piano playing. I mentioned this to his sister Maureen Mullaly-Clarke who commented that the McAleer household boasted two grand pianos to keep the family amused. She also recounted the story that when Jimmy went to St Johns in 1946 he was asked by his mother whether he would like to take his Teddy. He replied "no" thinking it would be considered babyish. However, in his first letter home he asked that Teddy was required ASAP as "there is a boy here who has brought back a collection of bears and is renting them out at a penny a night and is making a fortune".

Ed: I wonder if anyone can remember who the entrepreneur was. My money is on **Michael Gooley (46)** who arrived at the same time and is the wealthy founder of "Trailfinders".

Maureen also talked of **Michael (66)** who died a couple of years ago and was the leading expert on Irish Silver. She mentioned that he had written the relevant chapter in "Jacksons". It so happens that I have a copy of this tome originally published in 1921 by Sir Charles covering Goldsmiths and their Marks. It is nice to think that my more up to date edition contains Michael's painstaking research.



The Brothers Bruce in home country: **Robert** and the late **Michael** on the left, the others had to go up to Stonyhurst. For the Sassenachs, the variation in tartan can depend on whether you are wearing dress, hunting with variations of ancient or muted. I couldn't tell you which kilt Robert "the Bootneck" is wearing but I can assure you that he is not quite ancient and certainly not muted.



A more formal fraternal gathering this time of de Lisles: **Edwin, Bertie, Gerard and Hubert** in Leicestershire.

Gerard wrote to me last January concerning Laurence Dowley's death unfortunately he sent the letter to my old address so I eventually received his missive in June. Gerard had been unable to go to the funeral as he was in Barbados. He also said that he had seen **Anthony d'Ombrain (58)** for lunch in London when he was over from Toronto.

The mention of **Laurence Dowley's (43)** death (see Obituaries) means that the last of the "Irish Musketeers" are no longer with us. Five of those that left in 1943 were commissioned into the Irish Guards on the 24 March 1944 in time to take part in the Normandy Invasion.

Basil Berkeley was the youngest of three brothers all part of the Berkeley Castle / Spetchley dynasty to come to Beaumont. He was Captain of Cricket at school and later in life played for the Forty Club. He was wounded in Holland and ended up in the bed next to an equally wounded Laurence. He retired as a captain and after the War became a Lloyds underwriter and died in 1994 at his home at Uckfield at the age of 68.

Robert O'Grady, a soldier's son from Co Dublin. He played in the First XI and took five wickets at Lords. He was awarded an MC during the capture of Hamb, Holland: "Throughout the whole action Lieutenant O'GRADY's coolness and courage were of the highest order and his disregard of the enemy's fire and determination in the face of heavy odds were an inspiration to all around him. His actions were of the greatest assistance to the successful outcome of the battle". After the war he stayed on as a Regular Officer serving under **Basil Eugster (33)**. He married Joan the daughter of Viscount Soulbury and retired as a Major, He died in July 2014.

Richard de Ayala, the son of **Edmund (13)** of the Champagne family and a grandson of Earl Howe. He played in the first XV and XI both he and O'Grady made the "minimum" number of runs at Lords in 1943. He was wounded during the advance to Arnhem. His Father was fighting with the Maquis at the same time. He died in 2010.

John Russi, the son of **Felix (15)** one time 6th Inniskilling Dragoon and during WW2 head of Counter Intelligence in North Africa. Apart from the fact that he married Diana Campbell-Plummer and lived at Little Dunmow, Essex, I have little other information. His Brother in law was Sir John Hungerford Pollen Bart whose son Sir Richard married Christianne Agnew sister of **Patrick** and **Ian**.

From Country Life



A dog's life for Oates

RATHER than Capt Scott choosing the ponies for his second Antarctic expedition, it was his dog expert, Cecil Meares, who travelled to Siberia to buy the expedition's dogs as well as the ponies (*Letters*, May 4). Capt

Oates remained in London on *Terra Nova*, carrying out duties any able seaman could have done. Although disappointed with the ponies, Oates understood that Meares was a dog expert who knew little of horses. Capt Scott is reported to have held the view that any man who understood one kind of animal would be able to make decisions about another.

It was Meares and the dog driver, Dimitir Gerov, who, on more than one occasion, showed Scott the full potential of having dogs hauling sledges in such a harsh environment.

This letter reminds one that Beaumont had an interest with the dogs. It is little known that both the animals and the tentage and sleeping bags were sponsored mainly by schools. For some reason Beaumont was the only Catholic establishment and apart from Eton and a few others, most of the backing came from the state sector. The school's involvement may have come through Sir George Clifford Bt, a man that had given much support to Scott and his ambitions. The expedition also took with it cases of **Bohane** owned Kopke port to give required sustenance.

Thirty-three sledging dogs were collected from Siberia and taken to the port of Vladivostok and from thence by steamer to Lyttleton New Zealand to join the expedition. Kungai, named for an island in those northern Russian regions was renamed Beaumont. As it turned out, it was bad news for the pony sponsors as the beasts were inadequate for the task, and were slaughtered by the team members on their trek south and the meat cached at depots to supply rations for the return journey. The canine contingent, including Beaumont returned to base camp having reached Cape Evans and before the final leg to the Pole. Scott had decided to man-haul the sledges as he had problems with handling dogs on his previous expedition and had little faith in them.

Scott failed to appreciate that "man is a poor beast of burden" which had been an obvious lesson from his last attempt. Meanwhile Amundsen and the Norwegians

had guessed correctly that the dog teams would go all the way, and if trained properly with the expedition members were the solution against fatigue and time. Amundsen was prepared to sacrifice the weaker animals as they progressed to feed others in the teams as well as themselves.

The problem was that Scott had the typical English approach and was to say “one cannot contemplate the murder of animals that possess such intelligence and individuality which have such endearing qualities and one regards as friends and companions”. The ponies did not come into that category and were sacrificed while Beaumont and the other dogs were spared and survived. What it came down to, was that the British had no idea how to work dog teams and were ill-prepared for the task. They might not have got to the Pole first, but at least they would probably have survived.

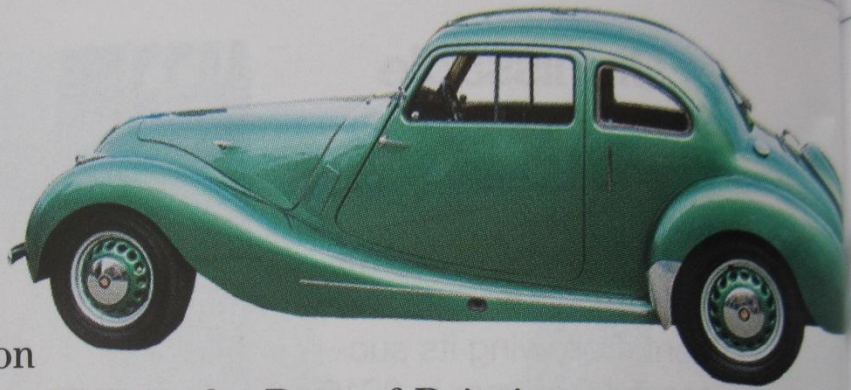
Even More from Country Life

Up to speed

SIR—I really must take issue with your inclusion

of the Aston Martin DB5 in the Best of Britain pages (*July 6*). Surely, for understated looks, more practicality and greater reliability, any Bristol model would be far better.

Down the decades, a Bristol, from the earliest 400 (*1949 model above*) to the final Blenheim 3 and the grossly ignored Fighter, was far superior in every way to a same-era Aston Martin, including exclusivity. Aston Martin is a brand, Bristol a car-maker.



How it all began:-

A chance discussion took place in May 1945, between D. A. Aldington, (**the father of Tim and Nick**) a director of Frazer Nash then serving as an inspector for the wartime Ministry of Aircraft Production (MAP), and Eric Storey, an assistant of George White at the Bristol Aeroplane Company. It led to the immediate take-over of Frazer Nash by the Bristol Aeroplane Company.

Aldington and his two brothers had marketed the “Fraser Nash B.M.W.” before the war, and proposed to build an updated version after demobilisation. This seemed the perfect match for the Aeroplane Company’s own ambitions to manufacture a high quality sports car. With the support of the War Reparations Board, H. J. Aldington travelled to Munich and purchased the rights to manufacture three BMW models and the 328 engine. By July 1945, BAC had created a Car Division and bought a controlling stake in AFN. A factory was established at Filton near Bristol.

The Aldingtons helped to launch the new 400 model before separating from Bristol at the end of the Forties.

The Royal Irish Regiment has commemorated the sacrifice of all Irish infantry soldiers on the centenary of the battle of The Somme at a service and wreath laying at the Royal Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst, on Saturday 25 June 2016.

Around 300 serving and former officers of Irish infantry regiments attended the commemorative Service. Among these was **Brigadier Adrian Naughten MBE** a past commanding officer and Honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

1st Battalion Pipe Major Jason Bruce composed a piece of pipe music commemorating the Somme centenary, which was played for the first time.

ED; Adrian hopes to be back over from Kenya for the BU lunch this year.

Patrick Covernton's Memorial Service on 4 July at St Mary Bourne with a packed congregation produced a good showing of OBs to remember a great supporter of the BU.



Stephen Crompton, Richard Sheehan, Mark Marshall, John Flood, Nigel Courtney.

Also present were **Kevin Covernton** who lives in France, **Paul Burrough and Robert Wilkinson**. We would have made at least a “Dirty Dozen” but the aftermath of Henley Regatta seemed to have taken its toll: the late lamented Patrick would have made a four letter comment.

Further to Patrick’s Memorial Service, it is certainly rare to hear a new expression concerning one’s Alma Mater of which one is totally unaware, and which produced a chuckle among a knowing congregation. Patrick’s ability to cause mayhem in a situation of tranquility was known among his brother officers as “**Pulling a Beaumont**”. It begs the question as to whether this is a suitable epitaph for the behaviour of other OBs.

MASTERPIECE LONDON is a leading international fair for and art and design from antiquity to the present day. A multi-disciplinary show of objects and artworks consisting of paintings, ceramics, rare maps, sculpture, photography, jewellery, important furniture and contemporary design, all works are vetted by a committee of experts to ensure the highest standards and authenticity. So it was not surprising that **Tony Outred** was displaying his wares.

It's a real destination for international collectors, connoisseurs and glitterati. The fair offers unrivalled opportunities for collectors and enthusiasts to meet international specialists from a diverse range of disciplines and to purchase some of the finest and rarest works available in the current market. Fashion designer Sir Paul Smith and American *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour have been spotted in previous years. This year among those visiting Tony's stand were **John Gillibrand (62)** who is now back in contact with the BU after many years absence. **Dudley Heathcote (51)** was over from France: he now lives near Toulouse. **(ED: I recall the heady parties he gave in Cyprus in the early 70s with his wife Leslie).** Another good friend of several OBs to grace Tony with his presence was the Papal Nuncio "Fr Antonio".

The Editor has been led to believe that one of our most distinguished members who currently holds various appointments was in his youth rusticated from Caius Cambridge for a term following the "suspension of an VIII above a public highway"

Certain OBs had expertise in such pranks judging by the bicycles, chamber pots and other paraphernalia that found their way to the flagpole on the Community Wing.

In similar vein:-



There are some boys even Old Boys who continue to flaunt the Rule Book.

A certain Suffolk Gentleman caught "in flagrant disregard" on last year's battlefield tour.

On matters military I note that a “Beaumont Corps Swagger Stick” recently came up for sale but was purchased almost immediately, possibly by an OB and certainly a discerning collector of memorabilia.



These ebony sticks complete with silver knob engraved with the Corps badge were carried by the Under Officers up until the Second War, when not on parade, when swords were carried. It puts me in mind what my father said “It was not the Beaumont School fees that were unduly expensive but all the extras”. Before the War your parent could indeed be “hit in the pocket”. If you were a Corps Under Officer you not only bought your Swagger Cane but also Officer’s Service Dress and Sam Browne: thankfully the sword was provided.

Looking at the state of the knob it looks as if this one was used for more than the odd swagger.

I heard from **Tim Barry (55)** who kindly said that he much enjoyed the REVIEWS, but also to introduce his sister Katherine Meller who lives fairly near to us. I wrote back to say that we did know Katherine, a past Master of the Surrey Union and by all accounts a formidable lady across country. **Tim, David (64)** and Katherine are the

offspring of **Frederick Barry (20)** one time Assistant to Sir Theobald Mathew at the DPP.

Mike Parker mentioned that his son Nick, who was CNN correspondent Mexico and now an anchor man at CNN Centre is understandably in contact with Nick Paton Walsh (**son of John**). Nick PW is an Emmy award-winning senior international correspondent for CNN International, based in Beirut. He focuses on covering stories from the Middle East, Afghanistan and the surrounding region. His work in Syria won two Edward Murrow awards in 2013, and contributed to a Peabody win for CNN's Syria coverage. His script-writing in Syria and Afghanistan also won an Emmy that year for Outstanding Writing. Nick won the British Press Awards' Young Journalist of the Year in 2000. He won Amnesty International's Gaby Rado Award for a reporter at the start of their career in 2006 for his work in the former Soviet Union, and their television award for his work in Sri Lanka in 2010.

Should one be surprised that such talent has sprung from the loins of men who played at Lords and at Runnymede?

3 August marked a century since the execution of Sir Roger Casement:-

A man revered in the first decade of the century for his work on human rights in the Congo and Peru was to turn Irish patriot but British traitor. When Casement was arrested in Ireland having previously tried to raise troops and arms in Germany to support the Easter Rising, he was transferred to the Tower of London. His solicitor George Duffy, a man with Sinn Fein leanings engaged his brother in law to lead the defence. This man was **Alexander Sullivan** and he held very different views. The son of an Irish MP and journalist, he had left Beaumont in 1879, studied for the Bar and by the start of the War was the Second Sergeant-in-Law in Ireland. He was a constitutional Nationalist and was prominent in the recruitment of Irishmen for the War effort. He opposed republicanism and was often prosecuting counsel in the

cases of malefactors; hardly the most sympathetic lawyer for Casement's cause. With the World's largest Empire fighting for its very existence in 1916, it was not difficult to convince the men of power, or the public that a man capable of pro-German sympathies and of encouraging rebellion against the Crown was capable of anything, including what was termed "moral offence". Casement was guilty before the trial came to court, not just of incitement to revolt but alleged homosexuality. **Sullivan**, considered one of the leading advocates of the day suffered a near mental breakdown in his pleas on behalf of the accused. He made his case on a statute of 1351 that treason could only be committed within the jurisdiction of the Realm. The Lord Chief Justice ruled otherwise "based on the placing of a comma" in the text. Casement was condemned and executed. He was received into the Faith before he died, not that this counted for much with Cardinal Bourne and the Church Hierarchy which distanced itself from the conversion. **Alexander Sullivan** became the First Sergeant of Ireland in 1921, but also the last, as the appointment was abolished under the Anglo Irish Treaty.

Personally your Editor is not a TWITTER man but I find some other people's Tweets amusing:-



Paul Burden "Well, it's not often you walk into a shop and the sales assistant says: 'I can give you new nipples.' It happened to me today in a bakeshop".

OTHER CORRESPONDENCE

From **Charles Halliday**,

Dear Robert.....thank you so much for the BU Summer Review....all fascinating as usual....as it happens I have just read (and warmly recommend) "Castles of Steel" by Robert Massie, so the Jutland notes are of particular interest.....likewise the very evocative picture of HM the Queen with **Pip Hinds** and **Eddie Roberts** followed by Fr Costigan (and I think **Andrew Stibbs** and me) in May 1961....I still bear the marks of Eddie's teeth just above my right eyebrow....about six months before this photo, during a 1st XV match on Runnymede, we clashed when both going to catch a high ball....lots of blood but no lasting damage. On that afternoon of the Queen's visit a cricket match was staged which she viewed for a few minutes.....as Captain of Cricket that year I had the good fortune to accompany HM, plus an equerry, Fr Costigan and the driver, from the school up to the flats in a Land Rover. Anyway it's amazing how a single photo transports one back more than half a century in an instant....and extraordinary to reflect that in a world where so much has changed the Queen goes on....in the year of that visit she'd already been on the throne for 9 years....

By the way, you hint that Derek Hollamby is having a lively time.....good on him !!

Yours ever, Charles

Ed – I understand from my informant that that one or two of Derek's fillies have been hard to keep in training and that he was bucked off one early in the season – at least I think that's what he said.

From **Gino Ciuffardi**

Just keeping in touch and to let you know I really enjoy reading the extensive gossip, history, anecdotes and occasional banter in the reviews and the BU website. It is quite obvious someone has put in a great deal of time and effort, thank you.

At various times we all have our little mutterings of discontent about life at Beaumont, in my case of the harsh treatment us younger and tender 67'rs suffered at the hands of boys not much older than 2 or 3 years above us (I still walk down the

centre of corridors and turn at right angles to doors!!!!). Nevertheless most of us enjoy friendships made at that time which endure to this day. Thank goodness we now have the wonders of email, Facebook and a myriad of other social media outlets to remain in contact even though none of us know where it is all heading.

I am recovering (well) from a second, rather serious, cut & carve session at my local hospital. The engine is now running very well, even though I cannot in all honesty recommend the body repair shop! Strangely, coming out of intensive care I thought of Beaumont..... bashed, bruised & beaten if not actually bugged but I live to tell the tale!

All the best

Gino

From **Robin Mulcahy**

Livery Dinner for Jesuit Alumni

It was a really good evening but sad to see no other BU members. They came from Stamford Hill, The Mount, Downside (!) and even Stonyhurst. I had to correct the Toastmaker, ex Sheriff, who failed to put Beaumont at the top of the list of Jesuit schools but otherwise it was a very good evening.

Steve Hodkinson, a Plumber, was kind enough to invite me as a guest because my City credentials are a bit tenuous: I am a Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries but not a member. There must be oodles of genuine BU "Liverey" blokes eligible for this "Do". Could you re-plug?

Best wishes,

Robin

FINAL WORD: **David Danson's** daughter Alex won Bronze at London '12 for Hockey. My Gt Niece Kate French is at Rio for Modern Pentathlon and is competing as this is published: my fingers are crossed.

L D S