

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW Summer 2015



It might seem an odd start to The Review when I begin with a sober assessment of war. War blows away the illusion of safety from death. Some random projectile can kill you however good a serviceman you are. Escaping death and injury in the warfare of the last 100 years is much more a matter of luck-or grace – than skill, and this is a significant difference from primitive warfare. In a combat situation you wake up from sleep instantly aware that this could be the last time you

awake, simultaneously grateful that you are alive and at the same time scared because you are still in the same situation. When or if they return home, the odds have changed greatly in favour of life than when in combat. It can be compared to the difference in the odds of getting killed that makes battle a noticeable experience of one's mortality and going out for example in the car an unnoticed one.

I mention this having returned from **Our Great War Battlefield Tour**, a report of which you will find further on and also because I have include in this issue some of the experiences of the late **John Ewart (41)** when on operations in Italy 1943-4.

## NOTICES

**THE BU LUNCH: Note Monday 12 October.** *Speakers:* Henry Stevens and Mike Bedford at the Caledonian Club.

**VRIL: No new contribution for this quarter: ran out of time.**

## OBITUARIES

Sadly, I must inform you of the deaths of **John Schulte, Vass Anderson and Gerald de Trafford**; please see Obituaries.

## PAST EVENTS

### THE BU in LOURDES

#### “A Pilgrimage like No Other”

It was an early start on the Wednesday morning after Easter as the BU gathered at St Pancras under the “leadership” of **Mike Bedford** and organisation of **Mandy**. The stalwarts like **Bill Gammell, Mike de Wolff** and **Richard and Marylu Sheehan** were joined by **Mark and Susie Marshall. Tony Outred** had flown out the day before to join **Guy Bailey** and take the open road to Lourdes. **Tim FitzGerald O'Connor** had to cancel at the last moment when Bermuda beckoned on the forthcoming Sunday but it was a great pleasure that **Anda** decided to come anyway. **Derek Hollamby** we understand was otherwise engaged. We would be 29 in all including **Maureen Mullaly-Clarke** the sister of the late **Jimmy and Michael McAleer**. Awaiting at the other end were HCPT stalwarts **Patrick and Maggie Burgess** (less banner and equerries on this occasion) and **John Flood** who had accompanied 40 fund raising cyclists as a support driver (more from John later).

The gathering at 7.30 am was to be the only uncivilised part of our trip as we boarded 1<sup>st</sup> class on the Eurostar and a leisurely breakfast. In Paris we were joined by **Thierry de Galard** with **Dominique** bringing our gastronomic picnic. If Thierry arrived, Bill decided to go aboriginal walk about and miss the Taxis to Montparnasse; worry not, he made it with time to spare. The TGV sped us to our destination in comfort and to our modest 4star Hotel Moderne who have looked after us so well in recent years. **Guy** and **Tony** driven by Noddy in the Royce were there to greet us.



The HCPT Mass was more crowded than ever and as emotional, organised by the West Indies Region. This year the BU (BOFS) Chaplain was Monsignor James Curry “Fr Jim” who not only looked after our spiritual needs but greatly added to our social as well. Fr Jim is currently Parish Priest at Kensington and Chelsea where the present Church was designed by **Adrian Gilbert Scott OB** in the Fifties.

Thursday night by tradition is Beaumont night at our adopted “watering hole” with the traditional singing of The Carmen and Pater Noster at Midnight. Further into the early hours and **Richard Sheehan** (in still fitting Boxing Blazer) led Group 24 onto the tables up “Sunshine Mountain”: no comment.

Your correspondent was up with the dawn (no mean feat) to join the Burgesses for a foray to the market to buy provisions for what in modern terms be described as a Gastro-picnic.



For a first time **Mike** organised that Mass that Friday morning should be celebrated at the Ukrainian Church and we are very grateful to the Sister Servants of Mary Immaculate in receiving us. Then it was up another mountain as we headed for our annual trip to Gavarnie (no green up or yellow down as the café is closed at the Pont Napoleon).



Arriving with the snow line as low as it has been for many years, we still enjoyed our picnic in appropriate sunshine. **The Baron** was then appointed “Collie” to get us back to the coach as **Mike** said for the first time he was “a wolf in dog’s clothing”. That evening could be described as a homage to Armagnac when **Michael Kenworthy-Brown (OA)** but who proudly sports our colours produced one of his bottles of Ch. de Lacaze “83” to supplement its less distinguished brethren.

Saturday and we were off to Bartres and Hosanna House for our mass outside in the grounds with the mountain backdrop and the sound of cow bells. It was then a walk to the village and “La Grande Bouffe”. That evening exercise both physical and spiritual was required as we headed for the Candlelit Procession. We might have been regimented in the days of Corpus Christie but the BU these days don’t take easily to discipline. We started with **The Baron** as befits his rank leading the way beneath Our Lady’s banner but by the time we started what can only be described as the “conga” in front of the Basilica he was dropping down the field and most of us decided to pull up at the same time and take to the benches. If you find my jargon reminiscent of the racecourse, it had been Grand National Day and we heard from **Anda** that **Tim** had, as the owner, led in the winner of the Novice Hurdle at Chepstow that afternoon. Our final evening in the hotel with **The Baron** performing his routine of the “3 Nuns and the One legged golfer”, followed by the Carmen and various songs: Fr Jim led us in community singing if you consider Twickenham the likely venue.



Sunday and Mass at the Convent of the Poor Clares celebrated for us by a very distinguished fellow pilgrim before an early lunch and we headed for Biarritz, The Hotel du Palais and entertainment from “Madame Bollinger” while sitting in the sun with the blue sea rough but enticing.

It was indeed a merry bunch that then took the flight to Stansted and our fond farewells. Fr Jim, a man who has made many a pilgrimage to Lourdes was to say “The Beaumont Pilgrimage is quite unique –like no other”: may it long remain so.

**John Flood-** I started to write this at 6.15 in the morning last Saturday as about 40 of those on the HCPT Cycle waited for our Eurostar to start our pilgrimage to Lourdes where, after 7 days this (Good Friday) afternoon and 500 miles on a saddle, at least for the cyclists, we are due to arrive at St Michael’s Gate in front of the Basilica.

You will remember that more than 6 months ago you very generously sponsored me when I and 4 others (2 school friends, a delightful Yank and “Mr Anonymous aged 84”) walked over 100 miles on the Camino from northern Portugal to Santiago de Compostela last September. 70 of you donated an incredible sum in excess of £5,000 that, with Gift Aid added, raised over £6,000 for HCPT. This far exceeded my expectations by not only covering the £2,000 I needed to raise to participate, as a support driver, in the HCPT Cycle, but in addition has funded 5 of the children that HCPT Group 24 is taking to Lourdes on Easter Sunday.

The Camino itself was a wonderful and memorable journey and the Cycle has also been incredible, with outstanding effort on the part of the whole team of 34 cyclists and the other 1 in the support team. It has been thrilling and momentous for all the participants and full of humour comradeship and amusing incidents. It has been far more active for the “sweep-up car than I had envisaged.

Above all, I wanted to thank you all for your superb support, enabling me to raise so much more than my target – I have had some further pledges in the run up to the Cycle so this may yet go still higher but you were amongst those who were so exceptional in your generosity and support last autumn and for that I am hugely grateful to you all and the several others who made their donations anonymously.



### THE BATTLEFIELDS 18 – 21 May

**“A homage to the 600 OBs that served in the Great War and in memory of the 136 that gave their lives”.**

As far as I know this was the first ever BU tour of the Great War Battlefields and may well not be the last. We were of course greatly assisted by the fact that it was organised by **Philip Stevens** (Author of *The Great War Explained*): not only an expert in the field but in true Beaumont fashion knew the exacting standards of creature comforts to which we are accustomed.

Having said that, several of us decided to spend a night at the Beaumont House Hotel before departure. Here, we quickly discovered that as far as accommodation was concerned there was “a them and us”. The “**Floodites**” organised by **John** including **Michael Newton** and **Patrick and Maggie Burgess** were in the vicinity of The White House while the remainder including **Guy Chamberlain** (flown in from Malta) **Chris and Moira Tailby**, **Mark Marshall**, myself and **Bill Gammell** found ourselves in the region of what had been Slack Harry’s Tuck Shop and the Schismatic’s cricket ground and our journey to find sustenance was reminiscent of arrivals at Gatwick. (In view of Bill’s record of “missing the boat” it gave cause for concern).

We have to report that despite the Sikh wedding (We avoided being garlanded), the execrable taste in décor, the rooms were comfortable, and the fare on offer had considerably improved since the days of ravioli. I also noticed that where the First Prefect dispensed ferulas, he has been replaced by an automatic coffee vending machine.

Remarkably at 8.20 prompt we were all assembled. Philip turned up with a very smart small coach complete with **The Baron**. **John Farr** had got through the M 25 rush hour, **Mike Wortley** had been deposited and **Tony Outred** had **Mike Bedford** out of bed an hour too early in a fit of enthusiasm to get started (though what Mike said was not framed quite so politely). Sadly **Varyl and Louise Chamberlain** were unable to come as Varyl’s replacement hip arrived earlier than expected: he generously donated their deposit to “our creature comfort”.

We started from the War Memorial where I read the Corps Collect that had been written at the time of it’s formation before we were on our way to Dover. Here we collected our “Old Buff” **Philip Critchley** (late Colonel Royal East Kent Regiment) – though “marrying up” to use the military expression was not helped as I had sent him to the wrong Dock.

All aboard, comfortably arranged in the Club Lounge with Champagne in hand (what else would we drink mid-morning, we set sail into what looked like rough weather but “The Pride of Kent” saw us safely to French Soil. On towards Ypres, ominously, we failed to find our first cemetery but we were to see so many in the next few days. At Ypres were booked in to The Hotel Albion where Ruth looked after our needs during the Trip. We met up with **Robert and Agnes Schulte** up from the sunnier climes of SW France.





Here I should say that if Robert had been concerned that his lack of mobility would slow us down or that he might not get to some of the sites: he need not have worried; within the team we had the experts from Lourdes and there was practically a scramble on who was to take charge of the wheel chair at each stop. Indeed on occasion, it was reminiscent of the Naval Gun Competition at the Royal Tournament as Robert crossed the various obstacles that presented themselves.



“Seen”

Having had a brief on the “Mobile War”, we spent the late afternoon and the next day discussing the three Battles of Ypres starting in the German Cemetery at Langemark before moving to the Canadian Memorial at St Juliaan. At each site Philip briefed us on the actions that took place and then I would fill in with a few words on “Our Man or Men” and the part they played: a formula we would use throughout the trip. That evening we made inroads into the **“Varyl Chamberlain Trust Fund”**.



The Work of Henry Pearce

Our second day took us to the Spanbroekmolen Crater the work of **Henry Pearce (02)** and his tunnelling engineers and now known as the Peace Crater. The Bayernwald trench system where I found myself not only briefing the team but also German radio about our two casualties **Nugent (01)** and **Bernard (11)** who were buried during the Christmas truce of 1914.



It rained while we were at Bayernwald!

Then on to Hill 60 where are then Corps affiliated Regiment –The East Surreys won 3 VCs. We also went to the vast Tyne Cot Cemetery where **Jack Morriss (11)** younger brother of Derby winning **Henry (97)** is remembered.



Ludo reads the Exhortation

Patrick "be-medalled"

That evening we were joined by **Ludo de Vleeschauer (43)** for both dinner and The Last Post Ceremony at The Menin Gate. It was Ludo's father, as the Belgian Colonial Minister, who convinced the remainder of the wavering Cabinet to come to London and continue the fight. Ludo is Chairman of the Wartime Veterans Association having served in the RNVR on the Artic Convoys and minesweepers. It was only correct that Monsieur le Baron was asked to read the Exhortation at the ceremony and a wreath was laid on behalf of the BU by our senior Committee members **Mike Bedford** and **John Flood**. Very smart the wreath looked too, with the centre commemoration painted by **Patrick Burgess**. It was a sobering thought that by the end of 1914 we had already lost 18 OBs in the land battles alone.

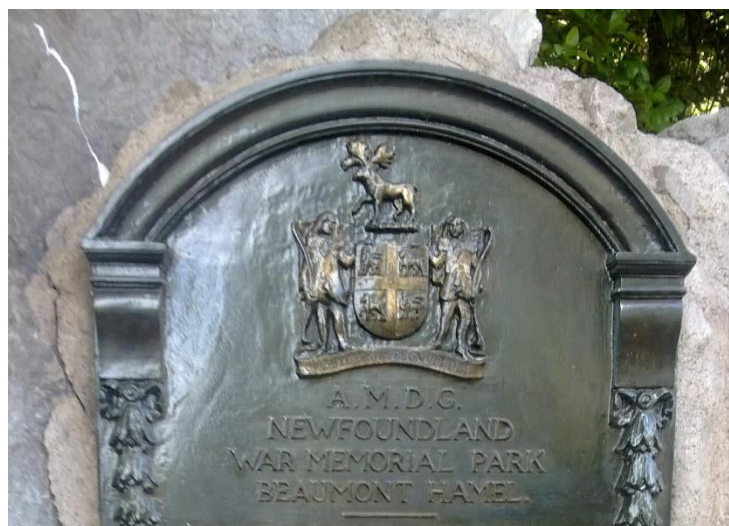


Two Barons for the price of one



George Vaughan:- “One of so Many”

Wednesday found us on the Somme where we visited the South African Memorial at Delville Wood and the Cemetery where **George Vaughan MC Coldstream** and **Thomas Hartigan Northampton** are buried. The Lochnager Crater and The Devonshires at Mansell Copse where **Lancelot Cary (08)** went over the top with war poet William Hodgson who had forecast the fate of the Battalion. We also took in that day the Lutyens Memorial at Thiepval where the names of **John Mereweather (01)** and **Cecil Wegg-Prosser (08)** can be seen side by side. (2 of 9 OBs commemorated here).



Later we saw the ground where **Cecil and Frank Hecht (06)** were killed at Newfoundland Park (Beaumont Hamel) and were able to inform the official Canadian guide the meaning of AMDG on their Memorial. Finally, we went to Serre to see the site of the “Pals” Battalions assault and where **Bertrand Devas (98)** was killed. Philip also informed us that the evening before The Somme offensive started **John**

**Wolff's** grandfather had gone in search of a decent meal – he returned having dined on oysters and champagne – are we surprised.



As if to follow the same vein, that evening at dinner, the Schultes generously provided us with their exceptional Ch. Beaulieu 2005 in magnums: what pleasure.

Our final day was spent in the Artois visiting the Arras Flying Memorial (12 OB Flying crew killed) and were able to discuss **John Flood's** great Uncle **Bernard Tolhurst (08)**. We then donned battle bowlers for the fascinating Wellington Quarry.



## Grandad's Army



Munnings' depiction of the Canadian Charge

At the most beautiful Memorial on the Western Front – the Canadian National; Memorial at Vimy, I was at last able to discuss the role of the Cavalry and our man **Lionel Wood (06)** who charged with General Jack Seely and Warrior (the original Warhorse). Finally and one of the most moving visits was to the French National Memorial at Notre Dame de Lorette. Unlike any other school Beaumont had over 30 Frenchmen serving and 6 were KIA.



We were accorded the special privilege of laying our Wreath in the Chapel of Rest where the bodies of the Unknown Soldiers lie. **Robert Schulte** and **Mike de Wolff** performing the ceremony before **Patrick Burgess** led us in the De Profundis.

It was then a sad farewell to Robert and Agnes who had contributed so much to the enjoyment of the trip (and to each of us a bottle of 2004) before heading for Calais to the sounds of "Cantionale".

What a trip: Philip's extraordinary knowledge of these tragic events made it an exceptional event and the contribution made by all the team made it hugely enjoyable. From the Beaumont perspective the War seemed to have greatly reduced the catholic legal profession of the day and the aristocracy. It became a standing joke that I was able to find a Beaumont connection to all and everything though the notion that a football match during the Christmas truce was between Beaumont and The Oratory was "True or False?"

**Robert Schulte** summed up the trip for everyone:-

Congratulations to you all. The tour was excellent. Agnès and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute. Many thanks for the outstanding explanations both Philip and Robert gave, which provided us with a good picture of the war and fighting in those strategic areas of Belgium and northern France.

Today, the beautifully arranged cemeteries and memorials, exuding an atmosphere of peace, calm and recollection, do not fully convey the terror and horror of the battlefields, despite the incredible numbers of graves. But the reality must have been horrendous for those living, fighting and dying in it. The sheer noise of shell and bomb explosions, the artillery, machine-gun, rifle firing, the very ground on which they stood blowing up, the smoke, and the gas clouds, with men scrambling out of their trenches, advancing, falling, dying and wounded lying all over the field must have been hell on earth...

We were very impressed by the number of visitors everywhere, especially at the daily ceremony of "the Last Post" at the Menin Gate, which is a reassurance the younger generations will not forget the immense sacrifice our forefathers have made to keep our nations alive and free. We were also pleased and proud to assist at the laying of the Beaumont wreaths at the Menin Gate and Notre Dame de Lorette and Ludo's de Vleeschauwer's speech at the Gate.

And then of course, we must thank all the "wheel-chair pushers and carriers" who helped Agnès so effectively in moving me around. It was tremendous! For info, we visited the Château de Fontainebleau on Friday, a special tour with the "Jubilados" of INSEAD, club largely composed of retired oldies. They were as good as the Beaumontani in pushing my wheel-chair, but - characteristic of the nation (?) - by the end of the day, set themselves up into a Union - "le Syndicat des Pousseurs de Fauteuils Roulants" - with very precise technical claims, which I shall have to submit to Patrick Segal, the owner, who very kindly lent me this apparatus!



Perhaps the Beaumont Chair-Wheel Carriers and Pushers should also set up such a Union, which could join the French one in Brussels to form an effective lobby at the EU (provided of course the UK decides to remain at the forthcoming referendum?). Perhaps we could even obtain an EU Kommissar to look after our specific needs and interests? On peut toujours rêver...

All told, an outstanding event. Good meals and very enjoyable days of total submersion into the rejuvenating "Beaumont Spirit", which you are all keeping alive wonderfully despite the havoc of time and dramatically sad decisions taken in the past. Many thanks to you all.

Agnès joins me in sending you our love and best wishes.

Robert.

A few more photos of the trip:-



Last Post at the Menin Gate



“The spirit of Beaumont”





“More Spirit of Beaumont”



Bill – it helps if you have a glass



I thought the Battle of The Bulge was WW 2



Briefing on OB participation



The "BU Battle Team" at VIMY



“I Don’t think they have any antique value Anthony”



“We mustn’t forget Bill”

**Ed:** I hope to publish a more extensive photo Album in the next edition of The REVIEW.

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**WEBSITE:** If you change your Email address Please remember to let me know; otherwise after a couple of “Mail Delivery Failures” you get struck off the mailing list.

If you are of the mind that the same people seem to crop up Review after Review it maybe because they are “the movers and shakers” within the Union. I realise that it goes against the grain to blow one’s own trumpet but The Review would welcome your news even if in the words of Quentin de la Bedoyere it is “the effort required to get your leg over a bicycle or anything else for that matter”.

## **IN THE NEWS.**

**Nepal Disaster**

The Devastating earthquake in Nepal together with the avalanches reminded me of the past Beaumont connections with that region but poignantly with the present.



Many of you are aware that **Maggie Burgess (wife of Patrick)** set up a charity in 2000 “PROMISE NEPAL” in the country dedicated to the elimination of Leprosy. On the 18 April Maggie set out with a fund raising group on “The Around Manaslu Trek” in the Annapurna Region. On 25 April the party was over 3000m and in sight of this the 10<sup>th</sup> highest Mountain when the earthquake struck.

As news reached the outside world, it was personally a desperately worrying time for Patrick and his family. Eventually Patrick reported “We have heard from their cook, who managed to get thru to a Kathmandu friend (aren't cooks all the same!) that they are safe and managed to make camp but are cut off in the mountains”.

Later; “I am relieved to say that I have just had a (much distorted) call from a Nepali friend in Kathmandu to say that Maggie's party is going to try to walk out of the pass where they are, tho the roads and trails are in chaos and mostly blocked, in the hope of finding something to fly back to Kathmandu in. Happily they are being led by Pertemba Sherpa, Tensing's successor, so they couldn't be in safer hands, though they are not out of the woods yet (so to speak) and there may be more seismic activity, but less likely now, I am told.

So far so good, thank God, and I believe no one is hurt.

Finally from Maggie:-

We are finally back in KTM. We were evacuated in a Russian helicopter absolute chaos as we were told no baggage only us! Anyway 28 of us Nepalis and foreigners scrambled on board.... All crushed together sitting on the floor.

a huge lightning bolt flashed across the sky, the thunder roared or was it another landslide??? The wind howled, the Lama on board appeared to be praying into his



mobile phone!!

A moment of humour... I could not resist an amused smile when I noticed the huge fasten seat belt sign!! I prayed all the way back to KTM

We are fine meeting Alison and going up to Anandaban today

Will call later

Please thank everyone for their concern.... I have really found all the love and prayers very comforting

Please keep praying for Nepal and the Nepali people the situation remains dire.

**Ed:** Overseas aid has been rushed to the Country and Nepal will recover, however the danger is that those considered the outcasts of society, those suffering from Leprosy will be at the bottom of the pile for help.



We have many calls on charitable donations but if you think you are able to help Maggie and her team of volunteers then go to:-

**Promise Nepal**

[www.promisenepal.org.uk/trustee.php](http://www.promisenepal.org.uk/trustee.php)

**Promise Nepal has no administrative overheads and all donations go directly to a leprosy affected person.**

**The Past Beaumont connections with Nepal and the Himalayas** include 15 officers in the various Ghurkha Regiments: the most recent being **Andrew Watt**, **Patrick Covernton** and **Nigel Wylie Carrick**.

**John Nolan** was one of three officers killed in the Khillanmarg Avalanche in 1936.

**Edward Strutt** was second in command and climb leader for the first Everest Expedition 1922.

Colonel Sir John Hunt leader of the successful Everest attempt visited the school in 1956 to talk to Rhetoric.

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**The Election:-** Since WW2 there have been no OBs in the British Parliament though one or two have made unsuccessful attempts. The last was Johnny Muir in 1997 for his own Albion Party. However Local Elections have produces some Councillors, the best known in recent times being **Stefan Oliver** Leader of Bury St Edmunds Town Council and a member of Suffolk County Council.



**Stefan** was re-elected for the Westgate Ward with more than double the number of votes over his nearest Labour Party rival.

**Our Congratulations.**

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**Our Commiserations.**

To **Christopher Tailby** who stood for the Guildford Greenbelt Party in the Claydon & Horsley Ward of Guildford. Christopher was part of a neck and neck finish when fifth but only 65 votes behind the winning Conservative Candidate.



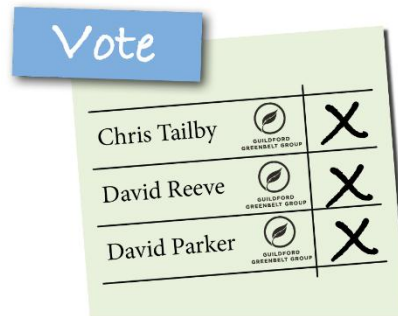
**GUILDFORD  
GREENBELT GROUP**

Guildford Borough Council elections

# Clandon and Horsley Ward

## In Clandon and Horsley, we will:

- Work on behalf of our communities to ensure that we keep East and West Horsley and East and West Clandon in the green belt with current legal protection.
- Defend and maintain the existing boundaries of the green belt, which were created to prevent urban sprawl and to ensure that future generations can enjoy the benefits.
- Only support new buildings within the green belt where there are genuinely exceptional circumstances and in accordance with the prevailing legislation.
- Ensure that new houses are built on brownfield sites in preference to greenfield sites, and in accordance with local needs.
- Ensure that the borough's housing need is properly assessed and determined according to the requirements of the borough and not according to the wants of developers.
- Work to ensure that traffic speeds and congestion are reduced to improve safety for our communities in the villages.
- Work with Surrey County Council to ensure that road surfaces and drains are repaired and improved to prevent them falling further into disrepair.
- Hold regular "Listen and Learn" forums with Clandon and Horsley residents to listen and act on their concerns.



Chris Tailby, David Reeve and David Parker (not pictured) are Guildford Greenbelt Group candidates in Clandon and Horsley Ward.

[www.guildfordgreenbeltgroup.co.uk](http://www.guildfordgreenbeltgroup.co.uk)  
[clandonhorsley@guildfordgreenbeltgroup.co.uk](mailto:clandonhorsley@guildfordgreenbeltgroup.co.uk)

**Vote Guildford Greenbelt Group**  
Local elections - 7th May

## Chris on the Election Trail

ED; I Emailed Chris

“Have just got in from Italy so have only just seen the results. A very close run race (almost a handicapper’s dream). I seem to remember that coming back from a lost away match we would sing the Dies Irae coming up the drive; perhaps a solo on the way to the battlefields!”

Chris replied-

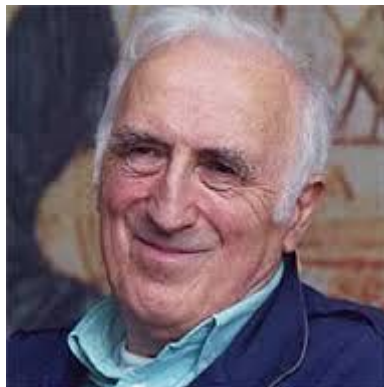
“That is kind of you to take the trouble to look and even kinder to write. I am not sure my Dies Irae will pass muster and would certainly curdle the milk! But I have to say I am secretly relieved not to get in as I had not appreciated how much work is involved in being a Councillor so to lose by a short head is a good result for me as a) I get the commiserations for losing b) I get lots of plaudits for standing and c) I don't have to do any work.....a “win, win, win” as they say! And our favourite got in so that is especially good.

Anyway I look forward to next Sunday and staying a night at Beaumont....spooky!”

Best wishes, Chris.

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## **Templeton Prize:-**



***The L'Arche founder is a deserving winner of the Templeton Prize:***

***Francis Phillips in The Catholic Herald 16 March.***

This year the Templeton Prize, an annual \$1.5 million award given to someone who has made “exceptional contributions to affirming life’s spiritual dimension”, has been awarded to Jean Vanier, the founder of L’Arche. Previous recipients include Mother Teresa of Calcutta, the Dalai Lama, Bishop Desmond Tutu, Billy Graham and (for reasons I can’t quite understand) scientists such as the cosmologist and astrophysicist, Lord Rees.

Jean Vanier, now aged 86, started what turned out to be the first L’Arche community in France in 1964 when he welcomed two disabled men, Raphael and Philippe, into a small house he had bought for this purpose. As he said yesterday on the BBC

Sunday morning news programme, he had visited a huge institution for those with learning disabilities and was shocked by what he saw: a place, he implied, where inmates were cared for, but impersonally; they were not loved as individuals.

What began as a leap in the dark, an impulse of charity, was to change Vanier profoundly. Today, as a result of that gesture, there are now 147 L'Arche communities in 35 countries, small family-type homes where people are welcomed for themselves and the intrinsic gifts they bring, not for their qualifications or abilities or for what they can "do". However, Vanier's "light bulb moment" came, not when he impulsively bought a house and welcomed two disabled men to live with him, but when he realised that they had as much if not more to offer him, as he had to offer them.

My brother, James, who has been part of the L'Arche movement for more than 30 years, explains to me that at first Vanier, who had been trained as a naval officer, thought he had to run the house according to a fairly formal timetable and organising everything on his own, if done for the benefit of his two companions. "Then he realised this model was quite wrong and that Raphael and Philippe, despite their obvious handicaps, had gifts of their own that were a vital contribution in helping to create a shared community of reciprocity and mutuality." This was humbling for someone who had previously enjoyed a successful life both in the forces and in academe; it was also life-changing, for the embryonic L'Arche communities that developed as a result, and as a message for society.

James emphasises that the message of L'Arche is simple: "To be human is to have gifts to bring to others, however disabled you might appear in their eyes. At the time, in the 1960s, this was a revolutionary idea." It also has significance for the Church, as James explains: "Jean came to realise that God speaks through human poverty, not just from the top down, through the Church's institutions." He adds that "such an idea has a wider importance, indeed to help transform society through the witness of the disabled. L'Arche communities show us that we are all meant to be relational. The western world is highly individualised. Vulnerable people of all kinds get pushed to the margins of society, when they should be seen as our brothers and sisters." He believes that the graphic and startling image of Pope Francis, that the Church is a field hospital for the wounded, ties in with the revelation that Jean Vanier received over 50 years ago.

Yet it is a message that always needs to be repeated. James tells me that a recent survey in the UK showed that 90% people in society have never encountered disabled people. This is not helped, I suggest, by current UK abortion laws which allow disabled babies to be aborted up until birth, or by the constant pressure from lobby groups to allow euthanasia for the very elderly or sick. Such attitudes suggest helplessness, fear and pessimism in the face of seemingly intolerable burdens.

Yet Vanier, who thought he would be taking on a burden in committing himself to looking after two disabled men in 1964, came to be transformed himself by the experience. James says, "It was a revelation to him that he was actually enjoying life with his co-residents. He discovered how much easier it was to live the Gospel in his new situation. The need for humility and simplicity, becoming conscious of the human dignity of his new friends and how much he needed their trust and

acceptance, was transformative. He discovered laughter alongside the different ways of coping and communicating that he had to learn." What he relates makes me think of Christ's words, 'Unless you become as little children...'"

Vanier told his BBC interviewer yesterday that he would give the Templeton Prize money to L'Arche. James tells me that it will go to helping their communities in the Third World which are very poor in countries which lack the apparatus of a welfare state. It seems to me that Vanier has done much more than the vaguely worded "affirming life's spiritual dimension." By his life he has shown the glory of human beings created by God, however visibly broken they might appear.

### **Templeton Purpose**

The Templeton Prize honors a living person who has made an exceptional contribution to affirming life's spiritual dimension, whether through insight, discovery, or practical works. Established in 1972 by the late Sir John Templeton, the Prize aims, in his words, to identify "entrepreneurs of the spirit"—outstanding individuals who have devoted their talents to expanding our vision of human purpose and ultimate reality. The Prize celebrates no particular faith tradition or notion of God, but rather the quest for progress in humanity's efforts to comprehend the many and diverse manifestations of the Divine.

The qualities sought in a Templeton Prize nominee include creativity and innovation, rigor and impact. The judges seek, above all, a substantial record of achievement that highlights or exemplifies one of the various ways in which human beings express their yearning for spiritual progress. Consideration is given to a nominee's work as a whole, not just during the year prior to selection.

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**Alexandra Rose Charities** was founded in 1912 by Queen Alexandra and has existed as a fundraising organisation ever since.

Queen Alexandra was searching for a means to mark her fiftieth year in the UK when she came across a priest in her native Denmark raising money for the needy by selling roses grown in his parish garden.

Inspired by his actions, she returned to London with the idea and launched her own rose day though she substituted silk roses for real ones.

They are continuing her work to help those in need in London. Their Patron is her great granddaughter, HRH Princess Alexandra.

The Chairman of the Trustees is:-**Mike Morris (62)**



“Mike served as HR Director for London’s award-winning Southbank Centre and Royal Opera House prior to joining Alexandra Rose Charities in 2007. A trained journalist and ex-member of the Senior Management Team at ITN, Mike is also a trustee of the Arts Educational Schools London in his spare time. At Alexandra Rose Charities Mike is leading the organisation’s evolution into an exciting new chapter in its history”

.During the last 12 months Alexandra Rose Charities has run a series of pilot projects supporting families on low incomes to afford healthier food. It's part of the Mayor of London's healthy eating initiative and work closely with his London Food Board. The pilots were developed and run by Food Matters and independently evaluated by Nutrition and Wellbeing.

Families and pregnant women taking part in the pilot projects receive £3 worth of Rose Vouchers per week per child which are spent on fresh vegetables and fruit and designated food co-ops, markets and other local food outlets.

They have also provided Cook and Eat sessions to help those buying more fruit and veg to try new recipes and receive tips on how best to prepare the food.

Since the project began, nearly 7,000 Rose Vouchers have been used by families. They keep telling the Charity of their delight in providing fruit and veg for their children.

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## Happy 90th birthday Sir Patrick Sergeant

**Sir Patrick Sergeant, Euromoney's founder, celebrated his 90th birthday in March. OB 1935- 40**



Sir Patrick founded Euromoney Magazine in 1969. Over the next 45 years his idea to launch a publication to reflect the growth in global capital flows has flourished alongside the development of banking and capital markets. As Sir Patrick has put it "Our little acorn grew into the oak it is today. (Ed: I have mixed feelings about Euromoney as they made a hostile bid a few years ago and took over my wife's family company Metal Bulletin that among its many interests published all worldwide information on the metal markets.)

### My Mentor: Patience Wheatcroft on Sir Patrick Sergeant

Once a year he would write from Ascot and wear a top hat in his byline picture

I had been working on a property paper and I knew I didn't want to be a foot-in-the-door-sorry-to-hear-your-child-has-died type of journalist. I wrote to Patrick, we had a cup of Earl Grey and he said: "You can come in on a six month trial", so I did.

It would have been 1976 and I was still quite little - 24 - but he was giving me a fantastic opportunity and he taught me a lot. He sent me off to meet people he knew and offered lots of helpful hints.



I worked hard on everything because what one didn't want was for Patrick to be disappointed in anything. He made this clear and he had people working hard for him.

The fact that he could write about business in an entertaining and chatty way was something I appreciated and learnt from, and the fact that he could talk to anybody in business on almost an equal footing was quite new in journalism.

He had a great sense of humour and he was very classy. I remember one day he said: "My dear, Private Eye has described me as an ageing matinée idol. Is this good or is it not?" And it was quite clear that he knew it was very good.

He also said that his doctor had recommended that he couldn't drink anything other than champagne or the very best red wine - which he took seriously.

I thought the Mail was a great place to be, though at that stage I don't think I ever thought that I should be a city editor. But he was a director of the paper and also made a huge amount of money because he launched Euromoney: he was a good example of why business journalism was a good career.

Patience Wheatcroft is The Times' business editor.

**Patrick has a daughter:-**



Viewed from afar, Emma Sergeant, would appear to have led a charmed life. The daughter of Sir Patrick Sergeant, the millionaire financial journalist, she chose, at 16,

to abandon a smart private education at Channing School in north London. Instead, she entered the state system at Camden High School for Girls, where she started painting as a hobby.

During a holiday in 1976, a chance encounter with a member of the Cobbold brewing family led to a commission to paint pub signs, and she decided that a hobby could be a career.

While still a 21-year-old student at the Slade, she astonished the art world by scooping the National Portrait Gallery Portrait Prize for artists under 40, winning the plaudits of some notable artistic curmudgeons in the process.

The award included a commission from the National Portrait Gallery to paint a well-known figure. Thanks to a mix-up, she did two of them, Lord David Cecil - "wonderfully eccentric" - and Lord Olivier - "extraordinary, mercurial, he told me all sorts of things about famous people, but I was so nervous I couldn't remember a word".

After graduating, Emma found a ready market for her talents. Her first show, held at Agnew's in 1984, was a sell-out, with small sketches going for £200 and larger works snapped up for £10,000. Firmly established with all the right artistic and social contacts, she could have chosen to settle into the comfortable furrow of "society painter".

Instead, she and two female friends took their crayons and brushes off to the fringes of the fighting in Afghanistan in 1985. Painting a war zone in the company of Muslim warriors was a world away from the salons of Chelsea, but the Sergeant philosophy applied: "I wanted to paint for me."

She still remembers the ferocious reprimand she received from some mujahideen tribesmen after plonking herself down on what turned out to be their ammunition supplies. But there were no mishaps and she is very proud of the fact that the subsequent sale raised £57,000 for Unicef.

In retrospect, it was not surprising that she had adapted so easily to the Islamic world; at the time of her trip, she was the girlfriend of the most eligible Muslim in Britain.

"I first met Imran Khan at a dinner party in 1982. I remember asking him what he did, and the table fell silent," she recalls. "He said, 'I play a lot of cricket'. I suddenly realised my mistake and waxed on about how wonderful cricket was, and how bowling was like the ancient art of discus-throwing and all that sort of thing. And then, feeling rather silly, I turned back to Nigella Lawson and started talking about poetry."

The Pakistan cricket captain was not insulted, as it turned out. "I got a call the next day and he said he wanted me to paint his portrait." A four-year romance eventually began. In the end, though, it could not supplant the art.

"It didn't work out and it couldn't work out because my work comes first," she says firmly. "Imran and I really enjoyed each other's company. It's easy to think of him as a sex god, but we had a very nice friendship.

"We were such a funny combination - an artist and a cricketer. But it would have been impossible for him to support me in what I wanted to do, given what he wanted to do."

Soon afterwards, her husband-to-be, Riccardo Pavoncelli, arrived on the scene. "He was a young banker with a lot of ambition. He made me laugh and he cooked me wonderful pasta. With Imran, I had been going out mindlessly night after night, but suddenly I was eating in and life became much more simple."

That simplicity led to marriage in 1988. "I wasn't too keen on getting married, but both sets of parents were in favour because they thought we were both impossible. And so we did." After the wedding, Emma decided that she wanted a "sabbatical" at home to concentrate on a new direction in her work, rather than accepting a lucrative succession of portrait commissions.

Eventually, her work and Riccardo's collided. "When you get involved in the world of finance, it's a treadmill. It seems to involve being away five nights a week and then going out on Saturday morning to be rude to some poor shopkeeper."

They moved to a new home in Little Venice in north London - his choice more than hers. "It didn't have a studio and that was a little mistake which turned into a big mistake. You think what he wants is what we want, but it isn't necessarily."

All the time, she was working on a series of works based on the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. When it was exhibited to critical acclaim five years later, she realised that her marriage had been the sabbatical and that the paintings, unconsciously, told her own story. "I found that my husband had become my role model for Orpheus, and there I was producing all these compositions about our bust-up."

And then the charmed life suffered a downturn. "I was trying to sell my house and do an exhibition and get through a divorce, and I had a sort of collapse." She returned to the parents she adores and began again, with her beloved English bull terrier, Carmen, as her only constant companion.

The experience has left her realistic rather than bitter about marriage. "I found there was no point in throwing myself into someone else's life," she reflects. "Men have nothing to offer me except love, because I want my own life. Men have got to feel like God in the house and I believe totally in a man's dignity. You should never humiliate them, like some wives do."

Growing old alone holds no fears. "It sounds absolute bliss. The only anxiety dreams I get are about going on holiday with my dog and then realising she has to go into quarantine. That, and rats and mice; I can't stand them."

Earlier this year, gossip columns linked her to the Earl of Caledon, a married man, but this is a subject she will not discuss. For all the "society" tags, she has become

almost anti-social in the past three years. "You can go through a moment in your life when you close off a lot of doors. I don't like dinner parties any more. I don't like seeing many people and I can count the people I really care about on one hand."

She cheerfully points out that she has not entertained since the party she threw for her Orpheus collection in 1993, and she has no intention of being a hostess again.

After her divorce, Emma left a message on her answerphone asking people not to leave a message. Now, she says, she only likes to "dip back in" to her old life occasionally, usually through polo, which she plays herself. "I'm a happy recluse."

THE art, needless to say, goes from strength to strength. In 1994, she painted a much-admired portrait of the Duke of York. Last year, she joined the select band of artists invited to make pictorial records of the Prince of Wales's overseas tours, and was on his 1995 trip to Egypt and Morocco.

Back in the studio, Emma's most recent collection has been various depictions of the Sumerian gods, to whom she has become very attached. "Each god is suitable for a moment in my life," she explains. "I find painting a great form of therapy. It's useless asking me what it all means when I'm painting it, but then, in retrospect, I look at the piece and understand what I was really thinking at the time." When she returns to London this week, she will finish off her sketches for the Prince and then resume work on a second Sumerian series, to be completed next summer.

"This time, I'm working on Inanna, who was a fantastic creature. She moved in the company of lions and was the goddess of love and war." Artist and subject would seem ideally suited.

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## ARTICLES

**John Ewart** arrived at Beaumont in 1938 and left in 1942. He was in the Boxing team during his five years and was fly half in the First XV, a position in which he also played for The Catholic Schools XV.

He kept a diary of his wartime service:-



John Ewart (OB 41)

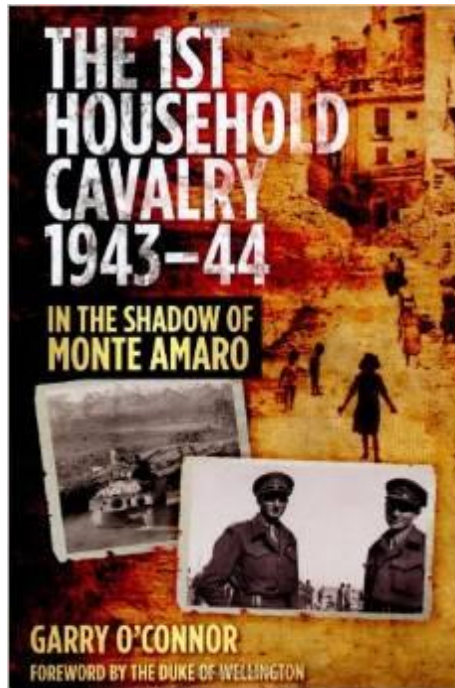
Garry O'Connor wrote: John died at the age of 87 on September 6 2012, a landowner and businessman residing just outside King's Sutton on the Northamptonshire- Oxfordshire border. He was a man of many interests: a longstanding County Councillor, as well as a keen foxhunter and yachtsman. He was very patriotic, a Tory and a devout Roman Catholic who regularly attended the local Catholic Mass in our beautiful Anglican church in the village.

John had always been an avid reader, especially of biographies and had read several of my works (Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Alec Guinness, The Blairs and Pope John Paul II). In his mid-eighties John had given up hunting and sold his Devon Estate and was back living at his Georgian Manor Astrop House with its grounds designed by Capability Brown.



John amassed a challenging and far-ranging collection of books about The Blues (The Royal Horse Guards) and the Italian Campaign from the time he joined until the end of the European War in May 1945, as well as regimental memorabilia and histories. He had also kept a diary as had a couple of his brother officers and he was keen to know what I thought of the material and if I could make book out of it.

I cannot do justice to the unflagging and generous enthusiasm of John who drew on a wide network of friends and colleagues and put his heart and soul into the creation of "The 1<sup>st</sup> Household Cavalry 1943-4 in the shadow of Monte Amaro". It was very much his book from the beginning, from his approval of the synopsis and his dedicated overseeing of all stages as it progressed.



In the chapter on Dramatis Personae, the author makes the following entry;

John Ewart, troop Leader A Squadron, comes into the Regiment direct from Beaumont at the age of nineteen. At School he had been a brilliant show jumper (Ed; I didn't know that was sporting option). His father was a city businessman who lived and worked in China for a while, where his two sisters were born. After the army, he took over and ran the family trading company. Later he was Chairman of a multi-million-pound company as well as his landowning interests. When interviewed by the Colonel of the Regiment, he was informed "You'll find there are a lot of people with lots of money, and a lot of people with a small amount – you couldn't do it for £400 per annum private income (about £10,000 at today's rate).

Before leaving London for Egypt in September 1943 where 1 HCR were based, Ewart confesses that his mind is in a complete whirl because of the difficulty in deciding what are the most important things; religion, home, girls or his two friends Ru and Porchey (Lord Rupert Nevill and Lord Portchester). (ED: Nevill was later Chairman of the BSJA, The British Olympic Association and PS to Prince Philip. Portchester became the Earl of Carnarvon and succeeded Charles Moore (OB) as the Queen's Racing Manager. John and Porchey, not only had horses in common, both boxed for their respective schools though they never met in the Eton Match as they were at different weights.)

In a very crowded cabin aboard the Belgian ship "Leopoldville", he was en route for Cairo.

"Writing this Monday morning as felt very sick all Sunday. In morning I mainly stayed on deck and afternoon and evening slept. Porchey was worst of all. The others pretended to be all right but were not really. We went due west having gone north of Ireland, it was very rough. The days passed playing Bridge ( usually loses) –debts,

watching films, reacting to U-boat scares (dropping of depth charges and sounding alarms) and keeping an eye on the coast should they be sunk (can see the African shore the whole time so it would not be far to swim. and writing to his girlfriend Celia Anson. On arrival at Port Said, Ewart finds “the usual muddle”.

The Regiment was supposed to be at Fayid, the base on the Suez Canal but when he gets there no one is around. Someone eventually turns up and he has dinner at the Officers Club where he meets up with Gavin Astor (Lord Astor of Haver) the Regiment's Intelligence Officer who warns him to be careful with the NCOs and the men. Soon he meets more HCR officers as they return from exercise, including his squadron Leader Tony Murray-Smith and his 2i/c Valerian Douro (later Duke of Wellington).

Ewart was the only Catholic Officer and maintained his devotion to the church:-

Got up at 6 to go to Mass at 7. Went to confession and communion. Padre gave me a lift back-seemed rather nice. Eleven letters from home; Celia is far too affectionate, June's was terribly welcome.

Following week Mass and communion. Conference about General Wilson's Inspection (ADC Jack Wolff OB). Played rugger for Service 1<sup>st</sup> XV – we were beaten. Quite disgraceful. After tea wrote to Celia being really blunt.

Ewart is described as short in build, an agile man who moves quickly, with a wide-eyed boyish look, invariably cheerful and with a smile on his face He is definitely a newcomer. He at once shows himself – and never stops evaluating the qualities that will make him a good officer, as well as having his antennae ever attuned to survival. He learns in Egypt to drive a scout car, and one day, driving to the back of a slow moving column, he misses a gear going downhill to avoid hitting the one in front he starts overtaking and overtakes the whole column, to the fury of his commanding officer (Colonel Sir Robert “Wispy” Gouch), who bans him from driving again.

On another occasion; “had an excellent dinner with quite a lot to drink. Afterwards went to the NCO's mess and I don't know what I drank but it made me quite drunk. I was absolutely clear in my head but I know I had too much.

On his 20<sup>th</sup> birthday, his friends give a party at the Officers club. Menu Crab soup / fried fish / roast canard / canapé, champagne and liqueurs -“it's funny, I can't believe I am only just 20 and have been leading a troop of 14 men. Oh how proud I feel of myself- absolutely no right to. But I do.

John writes 15 March 1944;- it seems are moving has been put off again – I often wonder if we will ever fight. – in fact the order to move to Italy came shortly afterwards.

16 April, the Regiment disembarks at Naples; a city mutilated by the Nazis both physically and culturally – an act of sheer vengeance. With a people for whom food takes precedence even over love, love is now offered for food; a third of the women now work as prostitutes. The Regiment had little time to experience the full impact of the devastation and the horror. “Naples was blind, there were no windows with glass



in them...a horror of barbed wire enclosures behind which were hordes of starved, miserable children. None of us are allowed to help”.

Moving up to the front, if John had his private fears and doubts, he must not communicate them to his troop. A thin line divides this from deliberate deception. It is not the dispassionate attitude of the leader he has to have, which defines not only his relationship with his men but also with his fellow officers. He is to become emotionally involved with both, for without this few men will respond, and few will work to the best of their ability. Grip is vital: grip on oneself, grip on one's soldiers and grip on the situation. His men must have confidence in his professional ability and at the same time trust him as a man. It is a hard call when you are just twenty. As is well known newcomers in battle suffer the highest casualties.

The Regiment moves up to the front at Palena in the shadow of Mt Amaro. When Churchill talked of Italy as the soft underbelly of Europe he had not been thinking of military tactics. There is nothing soft about the Appenines. They are an attacker's nightmare, and the defender's dream. The HCR are essentially there for the fast pursuit of a retreating enemy, but with roads blown, the valleys mined and the Germans the high ground of their choosing, there was simply no role for light armoured vehicles. They were trained armoured reconnaissance troops skilled in desert operations and with new equipment but here they were told to dismount and were thrown into action on foot as mountain troops. It was probing and fighting patrols, while the Germans countered with well-aimed artillery and mortar fire; it was stalemate while the main scene of action went on to the North East at Monte Cassino.

Cassino fell in May and Rome on 4 June; the Germans are in retreat and at last the HCR are “unleashed” in their proper role of following up, harassing the enemy and reporting on his movements. Not that the Germans made it easy for them. Ewart reports: - went on patrol behind Donato. Fired spasmodically all day. In the evening visited our observation post when all of a sudden a shell landed: the Germans were ranging on us. More shells hit our position, a man wounded. Had my doubts if we would survive; never been so frightened.

The War in Italy drew to a close and the Regiment were withdrawn and returned to England. Ewart's last entry in his diary, the first and last he ever kept is dated 11 October 1944: “got up this morning just before 8. Good breakfast, perhaps this is the peacetime chef on this boat (The Monarch of Bermuda). Read reports and collected money for charity most of the morning. Played bridge with Ru and Porchey – lost.

There is a final note “left from Naples harbour –Friday 13<sup>th</sup>. Arrived Liverpool 28<sup>th</sup>. Went home as Daddy was ill. Today is Boxing Day. I am at home and I decide to put this away in a trunk”. (Ed John's younger brother **Keith (43)** was also commissioned in The Blues and together they fought out the last few months of the War in Germany).

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**John Ewart's** contemporary at school was **Michael Gompertz** who had left school hoping to be a doctor. As it turned out he found himself commissioned into The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in an armoured role and posted to the Western Desert:-

"I had not wished to publicise my activities: we all had our personal moments in WW2 and many had far worse times than myself".

Michael finished the War in Italy and in his own words "was given the duty of escorting SS Oberfuhrer Otto Baum to England for investigation into war crimes. I was fortunate to get the assignment (for which I had applied) as I needed to get an interview with the Dean of Barts before being accepted there having had my studies so rudely interrupted. I had my first leave after VE Day after more than 3 years in North Africa and Italy. He took the General via Rome to Naples (while in Rome he was lucky to meet and have a short chat with Pope Pius XII). From Naples they flew in a Dakota to Blackbush aerodrome. The General was a very pleasant, dignified smart soldier who commented on our delightful summer drive and also said that he had always wanted to come to England".



Otto Baum:- was never a trained soldier having entered the ranks of the SS at 23 and commissioned in 1936. At the outbreak of War he served in Poland with Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler gaining an Iron Cross and a second on transferring to the Western Front to a command in the Totenkopf Division. He was back in the East for Operation Barbarossa when he was awarded his Knight's Cross and following heavy fighting in the Ukraine in 1943 he was badly wounded and received the Oakleaves. Following the Normandy landings, he commanded the Das Reich Division after they had committed the atrocity at Oradour and was instrumental in

rescuing German forces from the Falaise Pocket for which he was awarded the Swords. He then moved to Italy on promotion to Oberfuhrer seeing action there and in Hungary before surrendering to the British in Southern Austria.

Baum was considered one of the best SS military commanders noted for his dash and personal distinctive bravery. He was not guilty of war crimes and remained a POW until 1948 when he returned home: he died in 1998.

**Michael Gompertz** qualified at Barts taking his finals in 1951 and went into partnership in Cheltenham with **Richard Bruce (37)** who had also been in N Africa (wounded) and Italy with the RAMC.

## **B U PLAYS**

The following articles are taken from The Tablet archives.

### **18 February 1888**

At Beaumont, on Shrove Tuesday, the members of the Beaumont Union gave an excellent representation of Hamlet. Hamlet was exceedingly well played by Mr. F. Barff, who is no novice on the college stage, as those who have seen the Beaumont plays will recollect. His previous great characters were those of Macbeth, Richard III., and Richelieu. Mr. L. Till, on the present occasion, was excellent as King of Denmark. The Ghost was imposing, as played by Mr. G. Moran, and the scene in which it appeared well done. The grave-diggers were immensely popular with the boys; all the other parts were well sustained, and the whole play was much appreciated by a large audience, which would have been larger but for the snowy weather. To Messrs. Barff, Till, and Beauclerk, who prepared the play, managed the stage, and prompted the actors, much praise is due. The visitors enjoyed the usual supper and warm hospitality for which Beaumont is renowned. The orchestra from Windsor was ably conducted by Mr. Smith.

ED: Frederick Barff, barrister was the son of the eminent professor of Chemistry. Louis Till, professional actor under the name of Fred Lewis, toured with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Ten years later:-

### **18 February 1899**

On Shrove Tuesday, before an audience of Father Rector's friends, the members of the Beaumont Union performed Lord Lytton's Richelieu. Almost since the first establishment of the Beaumont Union in 1876—with the object of promoting the studies of the pupils, their zeal and public spirit, and of maintaining old associations among past students—Richelieu has been a favourite play with the acting portion of its members. It was first represented by them in 1880, and again in 1883, on both

occasions at Beaumont, and was reproduced in 1888 at St. George's Hall, Langharn-place, W., and there played with renewed success for a private object connected with the school. Mr. F. W. Barffs personation of Cardinal Richelieu was much praised on these occasions, and he was seconded by the Hon. Charles Russell's "de Mauprat." Mr. Charles J. Roskell, however, forms the link connecting the first three representations of Richelieu with the present one, for he has acted in it every time. Except him, there is no members of the Union who has been in all the castes, although Mr. Barff very kindly undertook the management on the present occasion. But the experience on the stage of the majority of the other actors is so considerable that it was conjectured beforehand that the play would be a success. Recent arrangements in the school studies, incidental to their objective now being the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Examination instead of the discarded London Matriculation, prevent the boys themselves giving a play at Shrovetide, so that the entertainment afforded by the members of the Union is the more appreciated. The boys' play takes place on St. Stanislaus' Day; they gave an excellent performance of *The Merchant of Venice* on the last occasion.

The following is the caste : Louis XIII., Mr. G. D. Lynch ; Gaston, Duke of Orleans (Brother of Louis), Mr. C. C. Payne; Baradas (Favourite of the King), Mr. J. McCann ; Cardinal Richelieu, Mt. W. B. Campbell ; The Chevalier de Mauprat, Mr. G. A. Blount, The Sieur de Beringhen, Mr. C. J. Roskell ; Joseph (A Capnchin, Richelieu 's Confidant), Lieutenant St. A. St. John, R.N. ; Huguet (An Officer of Richelieu's Guard,—a Spy), Hon. F. Russell ; Francois (First page to Richelieu), Mr. W. Sass ; Victor de Lorme (In Richelieu's pay), Mr. E. G. Gardner.

ED: George Lynch, Barrister, dramatic critic, author, poet and librettist. Lynch's best known volume of poems was *Love and Laughter*, and, in addition to being a dramatic critic, journalist, and barrister, he wrote the libretto of several cantatas and an operetta, *The Lady Lawyer*, produced at the Garrick at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. He wrote several books, including *Legal Advice for Everybody: the Law for Ladies, Gentlemen and Others*, and was for five years the dramatic critic of *Judy*. He was also a contributor to *Punch*, and was for some time assistant editor of *Vanity Fair*. Cyril Payne was a wine merchant. John McCann, horse breeder, huntsman and Olympic Silver Medal for Polo. William Campbell practised at both Irish and English Bars. John Edmund Gardner considered the world authority on Italian literature. Francis Russell 2<sup>nd</sup> Lord Russell of Killowen.

### **11 March 1922**

Members of the Beaumont Union presented, on February 28 at the College, a version of " *The Freedom of the Seas*," adapted, by permission of the author, from the play in three acts by Walter Hackett. The production was under the direction of J. F. S. Noble, with the following in the cast :—G. A. P. Arnold, Dr. W. Sass, Dr. H. J. Churchill, W. G. T. Noble, E. F. Callaghan, G. P. Hayes, M.C., H. C. Dickens, O.B.E., W. E. Doriohoo, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. B. Russell, D.S.O., Captain J. B. Hayes, M.C., C. Whitehead, G. C. Russell, M.C., P. E. Witham, and S. H. Harrington.

The characters—a clerk of rabbit-like timidity, a pompous lawyer, a breezy American, a ruthless blockade-runner, a grog drinking sea-captain, a "son of a sea-cook," an affected Lord, a smart naval officer with a sense of the ridiculous—afforded plenty of variety and gave promise of some excellent fooling—a promise amply fulfilled. The acting was so good, and the wit so pointed, that it was difficult to criticize;—one could only sit down and laugh. G. A. P. Arnold is to be complimented on the skill with which he passed from being a timid nonentity to becoming a capable naval officer; in the first act he amused by his droll attempts at initiative and his talent for acrostics ; in the next two, though now decision itself, his former self is continually peeping out in many a sly word and humorous phrase. The spirit of the old sea-captain, with his superstition and profanity and his love of grog, was well caught by Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. B. Russell ; while Captain J. B. Hayes provoked ripples of laughter by his affected accent and heart-whole devotion to clothes. The whole ended in almost total eclipse and a grand burst of noise—torpedoes, pistol-shots, sinking ship, aeroplane arriving—a regular climax. If the merriment and applause with which a play is received is any test of its excellence, then the producer and the actors must have been more than satisfied. The orchestra played enjoyable selections during the intervals.

Among the guests who were present at the play and at a supper which followed were the Mayor and Mayoress of Windsor, the Abbot of Farnborough, Father Guardian, O.F.M. (Ascot), Abbot Smith, C.R.L. (Eton), the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Justice Russell, Sir Charles Russell, Bart., Sir Joseph Skevington, Sir George and Lady Peters, Sir Charles and Lady Cameron, Lady Taylor, Lady Babbie, Colonel the Hon. T. Vesey and officers of the Irish Guards, Windsor, and many others.

Anthony Arnold had Served as a Captain in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in WW1 and was now a solicitor. Bertrand Russell had been commissioned in the RHA and had been ADC to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland before the War, he was awarded a DSO and was wounded three times. Joseph Hayes had been a Captain in the Royal Sussex but was badly gassed from which he never fully recovered. His brother Patrick was awarded an MC and now managed a greyhound track.

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## **VILLA BOLOGNA**

The Home of the late **Gerald de Trafford**



Villa Bologna has been described as 'perhaps the finest privately owned 18th-century country house in all of Malta'.

It was built in 1745 by Fabrizio Grech as a wedding present for his daughter Maria Theresa Grech and Nicola Perdicomati Bologna, who were married in April of that year. Fabrizio Grech was a senior advisor, or Uditore, to Grand Master Pinto and from that position derived significant influence and wealth. When the marriage was announced society mocked the Uditore for having wealth but no class and not even a decent family home. Not one to be snubbed, Grech built the villa for his daughter so as to silence his critics. He certainly succeeded: classified as a Grade 1 National Monument, Villa Bologna is as impressive now as it must have been when it was first revealed in the 1740s.

In the 1890s Villa Bologna was inherited by Sir Gerald Strickland – arguably one of Malta's greatest politicians. He was certainly unique, having been elected both an MP in the UK House of Commons and the Prime Minister of Malta.

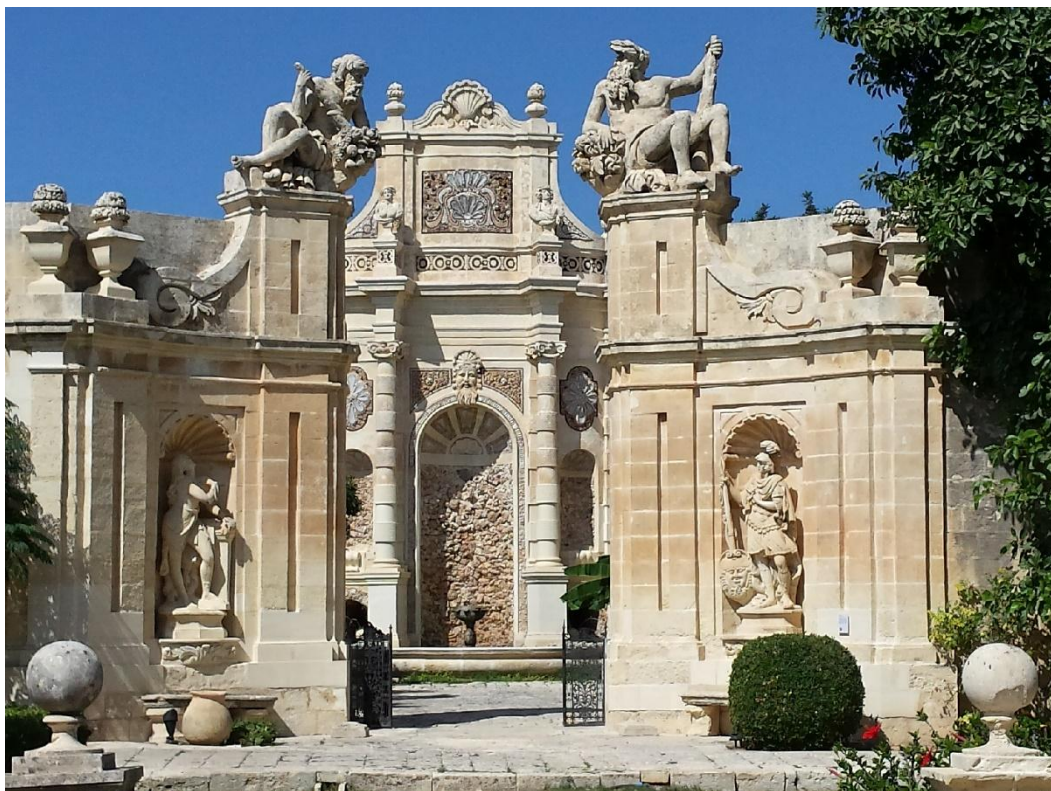
His first wife and the mother of his children was Lady Edeline Sackville West, daughter of the Earl De La Warr, whose family lived at Knole in Kent, rumoured to be England's largest stately home. She died in 1919 and Lord Strickland remarried Margaret Hulton.

Margaret Hulton was an extremely wealthy English publishing heiress of Picture Post fame. She spent much of her time in Malta and lavished her wealth on the island through her philanthropy and her extensive work at Villa Bologna. She was a very keen gardener and designed new gardens at the back of the villa. These magical

gardens have a distinct turn-of-the century character. Italian elegance and English restraint combine in a series of terraced gardens with immaculate lawns, a unique dolphin fountain, a sunken pond and vine-covered pergolas.

At the end of the garden lay the old stables, which were converted into a pottery workshop in the 1950s. The pottery still produces a small number of classic pieces today, which are sold at the shop and also at a small number of shops across the island.

The Villa is now the home of Gerald de Trafford, Lord Strickland's grandson. In 2009 his son, Jasper de Trafford, moved back to Malta to take over the management of the estate. A regeneration project was launched and European Union funding secured in 2012.



Works have now been completed on the restoration of the fountains in the baroque garden. This project seeks to make Villa Bologna financially sustainable through cultural events and tourist visits that showcase Malta's rich cultural, social and architectural history.



**Quite Interesting:** During WWII, a German pilot landed in the garden. It was a Sunday but Lady Strickland's head gardener had popped in to check on the animals and, as he approached, noticed a large crowd of villagers gathered outside the walls. The gardener eventually spotted the pilot in a tree, hanging from his parachute. He helped him down and locked him in a room at the far end of the garden, next to the private garden of San Anton Palace, with the intention of handing him over to the authorities the next day. The pilot escaped and leapt over the wall into the hands of a bunch of angry farmers who were keen to have revenge. According to the history books, they did get revenge, and the pilot was never seen again.

## Giss - Goss





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

### **The Lady Chapel Altar finds a new home.**

I heard from a friend who had been at Stonyhurst that one of our Chapel Altars had been donated to their School Chapel. I read the following:-

#### **The Weld-Blundell Altar.**

This recently installed altar in St Peter's Church has three figures on the front. On the left is King Louis, King of France; on the right is his mother, St Blanche of Castile. In the centre is Christ, crowned with thorns. The altar was made in Paris for an American widow who chose saints associated with Sainte Chapelle and the Crown of Thorns, to which she had a particular devotion. The altar was made in the late 19th Century for her private chapel in her home in Paris. On her death, the altar was acquired by Beaumont College, Windsor, then a Public School run by the Society of Jesus and it was placed in the St Stanislaus Kostka Chapel in the College Church. When Beaumont closed, John Weld-Blundell's mother bought it and brought it to Leagram for her own private chapel. That chapel has now been dismantled and the present Weld-Blundells looked to find a good home for it. The fact that the College looks after the Province's Holy Thorn from Sainte Chapelle made this a particularly appropriate gift.

I wrote to Stonyhurst on behalf of the BU to correct a fact:- The Altar was donated to the school by Mrs John Mackay – it had previously been in her private chapel at her home in Paris . Mrs Mackay was the wife of John William Mackay one of the wealthiest men in the USA and their two sons John jnr and Clarence were educated at Beaumont. You will find a great deal about the family on the internet. Mrs Mackay

also donated a silver gilt chalice with medallions and a fine set of vestments. (The attached photo shows the Altar within the chapel).



We have 2 Weld-Blundells on our War Memorial from The Great War so wiping out the direct line of male inheritance at Lulworth.

I would be quite interested to know whether St Peter's holds other pieces that were at Beaumont. These include The Monstrance containing the diamond and amethyst collection a gift of George V1 to the Errington Family. The Reliquary containing a relic of The True Cross, a Relic of St Stanislaus and a piece of hair-cloth of St Thomas a Becket. There was also another chalice donated by Don Carlos of Spain and a set of vestments with the Beaumont/Kostka arms woven into them.

It is of great sadness to The Beaumont Union that no record of disposal of such articles seems to have been kept, so I would be very grateful for any information you might hold".

At the time of writing I await a response.

**Mrs John Mackay** was not only known for her philanthropy but also for her jewellery



From the New York Times 1884

“I recently had the pleasure of examining one of the finest collections of jewels outside of a royal treasury that exists in Europe, and which belongs to an American lady, Mrs. J.W. Mackay. Many of the stones are unique, and the ornaments in general are characterized as much by the artistic beauty of their workmanship as by the splendor of the gems. Foremost in the collection shows resplendent the famous set of sapphires which attracted so much attention when exhibited by the jeweler Boucheron at the Parisian Universal Exhibition of 1878 [3]. It is valued at \$300,000, and comprises the diadem, bracelets, ring, earrings, and necklace, with a large pendant. The necklace is double, the upper row being a band of large, square diamonds and sapphires, fitting the throat closely, while the lower row, a wide arabesque of the same stones, supports the pendant. This last is composed of one enormous sapphire, peerless in color and in water, and set in large diamonds. This stone is of the size of a pigeon's egg, cut transversely, a perfect oval in shape, and is valued at \$30,000.

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**David Liston** gave a Lunch party at his Club – The Little Ships in the City in March



**Richard Barnes, Peter Moss, David, Christopher Lord and Peter Lavelle.**

“I sent out invites to about 15 but could only raise 5. We had an enjoyable lunch”  
(Ed; a case of quality not quantity),

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Seeing the photo with **Christopher Lord** included: I heard from **Nigel Magrane**:-

“That's a very nice photo of **Tony Matthews** and **Christopher Lord** (Spring Review). They both look soooooo distinguished which, of course, they are. Christopher's daughter Lucy has recently published her third (I think) novel. I read the first one and it made my hair stand on end. It puts Fifty Shades of Grey in . . .well the shade really.

Ed I hurried to discover more:-



Lucy writes on her website:

"I write novels for Harper Collins that have been described as 'Filthy-bright, brash and laugh-out-loud funny,' 'Bridget Jones times 10,' 'A fresh, funny and honest look at life in the hippest heart of London' and 'This Life for the 21st Century'.

Before writing novels I was a journalist for more than ten years, but prior to that my career path involved everything from waitressing (dreadful) to stripping (marginally better), to being fired from every bank in the City. I was not what you'd call an ideal City employee.

Journalism, however, was (and still is) fantastic fun. I've written for The Times, Guardian, Independent, Evening Standard, Time Out, Arena and Marie Claire, about extremely important things like hangover cures and the best beaches in Ibiza. I once had to live like Madonna for a week, for the Evening Standard. Which was nice. You can read some of my favourite pieces on the website.

I spent the first four years of my life in Majorca, grew up in central London, studied English at university, then went on to teach English in Athens as I had no idea what to do with my life. Sadly the lure of the Greek islands proved my undoing.

I now live in West London with my musician husband, and life is currently rosy.

**Ed:** I asked Nigel whether any of her novels were suitable for the train journey to Lourdes; he advised against it. Still Christopher seems to have had an adventurous youth and Lucy is obviously in the same mould.

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**Marcus Wigan** sent me the following as the subject “Transport and Behaviour” is one of his specialities.



**Frontiers in Transportations 2015–  
An update on social networks and travel  
Beaumont Estate, Windsor–July 24<sup>th</sup> 2015**

This small work shop will continue this successful bi-annual series first organized at Amsterdam in 2005.

It will take place immediately after the 2015 IATBR conference in the same facilities just outside Windsor, close to London.

We are inviting colleagues who are interested in presenting current work on the following issues:

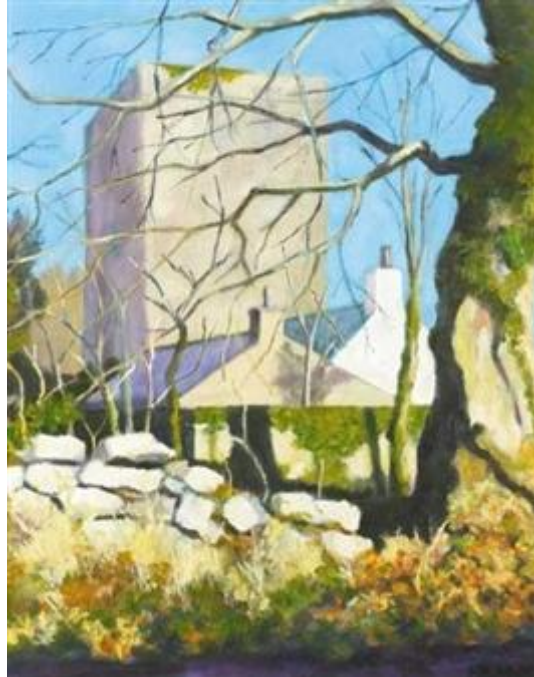
- Social network influences on travel behaviour
- Social network geographies
- Social media and services and travel behaviour
- Household interactions and travel
- Modelling of social networks in space and overtime
- Field and social effects in choice processes and models

No formal papers are required.

**Ed;** Sounds as if they could do with Lucy Lord to enliven the presentations.

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**Tom Haran** had an Exhibition of paintings and sculpture “Friends, Writers and a Countryman” at The Irish Georgian Society in March.



An Example of his work “Thoor Ballylee, Winter Sun”

According to the press

Tom divides his time between Rinbarra in Whitegate, Co. Clare and Dublin. He graduated from T.C.D. in History of Art and later took an Honours Degree in Painting and Sculpture at Central St. Martin's in London.

The title of the exhibition, '*Friends, Writers and a Country Man*', refers to figures from the literary world — Brian Friel, Anthony Cronin, John Ryan — actors Johnny Murphy and Barry McGovern in the roles of Vladimir and Estragon and publisher Antony Farrell. Rosanna Davison, model and author, appears as does Claire, a teacher from Pezenas. As well as two children, Olivia and Tom, the exhibition includes country man, Paddy Tuohy, the artist's friend and neighbour, a farmer of ninety years.

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Some of you may have watched the recent adaption of “Poldark” on the BBC. Since I have the 1975 version which co –starred **Ralph Bates**. I gave it a miss (my wife tells me my shirt-ripping days are long past though I remain a “dab-hand” with the scythe) but it was interesting to read some of the comments by the public, a few of which I publish below:-



Ralph as George Warleggan

"I have to admit I had never heard of this series until today. There is a new version on BBC1 and in the reviews it said based on a novel and originally a series in the mid 70's and as a fan of Ralph Bates from his Hammer horror period I thought I would take a look and he is wonderful in this programme. Shame I was too young. The new Poldark lead looks good but the chap who is playing the Ralph Bates role does not have his gravitas. I think he will go on to play a few posh fops but I doubt he will be remembered in the way we remember Ralph Bates who passed away far too young".

"These actors played the characters much better, though I like the new version. However, there are some inaccuracies about the look of Francis, George, and some others in the new Poldark, and look like they stepped out of Pride and Prejudice, which was years later than the 1780s/90s. The 70s version was more accurate with clothing and hairstyles. Wish the BBC would do it right.. Other than that, it's enjoyable but doesn't better the original adaptation".

"I remember watching this when I was a youngster in the 70s. I always remember Ralph Bates as George Warleggan brilliant. Excellent comedy actor as well in Dear John real shame he died so young".

" Ralph Bates was perfect as George Warleggan- a wonderful actor, he created a multi-faceted George- a villian, it's true- but I've always thought he also showed a vulnerable, unsure of himself side to the character, which made him very interesting to watch! "

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The 2015 Grand National has been and gone but the stories remain. I came across this obituary:-

FOR all her successes as a racehorse owner, and they were considerable, Lurline Brotherton is probably best known for the one that got away. Every owner who gets



involved in the sport will always have some tale of missed opportunity, but hers was on a grand scale: she was the woman who sold Red Rum.

Her trainer Bobby Renton bought Red Rum in 1968 after the horse had run frequently on the Flat. Even though he won eight times in all over jumps for her, Red Rum was suffering from arthritis in his feet and was sold at the Doncaster sales for 6,000 guineas to the trainer Ginger McCain on behalf of Noel Le Mare.

The magic of the Grand National was nowhere better illustrated than in the tale of Red Rum, whose new handler stabled his horses behind his car salesroom and trained them on Southport beach, something which undoubtedly helped Red Rum with his problems - and to a record three victories in the Grand National.

But at least Lurline Brotherton had enjoyed success at Aintree before she sold Red Rum. Freebooter, who won the big race in 1950, was one of her first purchases - and without doubt one of her best. He was something of an Aintree stalwart, winning the Grand Sefton Chase under top weight in 1949 before carrying 11st 11lb when beating Wot No Sun by 15 lengths in the following year's National.

The **Beaumont** connection to this tale is that **John McCann (94)** is another in the racing world best known for one that got away as he was the man that sold Freebooter to Lurline Brotherton. John's sporting reputation was for polo with an Olympic silver medal and a Handicap of 8, he was also President of the All-Ireland Polo Club.

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I had an Email from Robert Schulte to say that Richard and Rosie Nurick were spending a day with them and they would be raising a glass or two to the good health of Beaumontani. Richard was in SW France lecturing on one of the many wine cruises he does.



For those not in the know:- Richard Nurick started in the Wine Trade in 1959 following Military Service and University with a 3 years Apprenticeship. During these 3 years he worked in cellars, in a wine shop, assessing and buying and selling wines, culminating in a Stage in Bordeaux during the 1961 vintage.

He joined a London Wholesale company selling wines to Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants and was promoted London Sales Director taking particular interest in Champagne and the West End of London. During this period he studied the WSET courses and passed the Diploma Level and started a series of courses with Tutored Tastings for the London University Wine & Food Society and other University Wine Clubs.

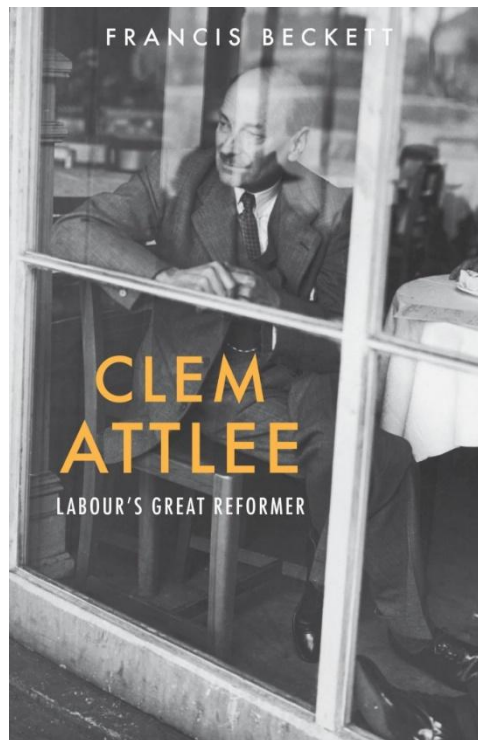
He helped launch and run a new wine company, subsidiary of a large American Company as Sales Director with a seat on the Board of Long John Distillers, another subsidiary company.

Launched Hawkins & Nurick importing and distributing mainly French Wines to the Wine Trade and London Hotels, Clubs & Restaurants. Hawkins & Nurick Ltd was a casualty of the 1980s depression and was taken over. Richard Nurick carried on importing and Broking wines until he retired from full time wholesaling and started as a Wine Lecturer and Consultant. As a Wine Lecturer he works for Newbury and Henley Colleges teaching WSET and Wine Appreciation courses. As a consultant he works with the largest Bulgarian wine producer employing New Zealand wine makers for the 2005 Vintage and launching the sales of Bulgarian wines in the UK. He now is in the process of launching a new wholesale wine company as a consultant and continues to teach to wine students including officers at R M A Sandhurst and on board cruise liners visiting France, Spain and Portugal as well as the Mediterranean. He is currently a Full Judge with the International Wine Challenge.

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Latest offering from **Francis Beckett**:-





**CLEM ATTLEE: LABOUR'S GREAT REFORMER, by FRANCIS BECKETT**  
2nd Edition

In this newly revised and updated edition of his acclaimed biography of post-war Labour Prime Minister Clement Attlee, Francis Beckett argues that, as the architect of the NHS and the Welfare State, he is one of only two post-war Prime Ministers who can claim to have changed the society in which we live (the other being Margaret Thatcher). In the years preceding World War II, polarisation within British society was acute. The radicalism of the 1918 generation had spent itself in futile gestures and bitter recriminations, resulting in a minimal change in conditions for the poorest Britons. In 1945, however, the Labour government, led by Attlee, took office with the skill and the political will to translate socialist aspirations into legislation – to change the way men and women lived, fundamentally, and in a sense irreversibly

**'Beckett gets near to the essence of Attlee, and does so in an easy, flowing narrative.'** – *Independent*

**'More government records have been opened, and Beckett has used them to great effect.'** – *The Times*

**'An engrossing personal biography of Attlee.'** – *History Today*

**'The triumph of this work is the author's success in passing on his love for his subject. By the final chapter...I too liked Attlee, whom I had previously barely known.'** – *The Spectator*

**‘A formidable work of scholarship...draws out the many facets, including the real subtlety, of his character.’ – *John Bercow MP***

**‘In this welcome updated biography, with the benefit of new material, Francis Beckett illuminates Attlee’s tumultuous times, analyses his transformative deeds, and – crucially – reveals the innermost man who is recognised by historians to be Britain’s greatest peacetime Prime Minister.’ – *Neil Kinnock***

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Better late than never I came across this piece:-

## Holguin donation

The following article appeared in Outline, the Bodleian Libraries Staff Newsletter, Number 451, 17 June 2010

A valuable collection of 19th-century Colombian newspapers has been donated to the Bodleian Library by **Dr Alvaro Holguín**, grandson of Carlos Holguín, President of Colombia 1888-1892.

The newspapers formed part of the president’s private collection and are described by Malcolm Deas, Emeritus Fellow of St Antony’s, as ‘among the best of their time’. Of Carlos Holguín, Mr Deas writes:

‘He was one of the leading figures of the Conservative Party, and one of the principal architects of its return to power after a quarter century of opposition in 1886. Like many Colombian politicians, he was also an editor and journalist, and in that role he came to be a constant critic of any recourse to civil war. He was also a diplomat and first Colombian Minister in Spain when relations were finally re-established 60 years after Independence in the 1880s.’

Collections of Colombian newspapers from this period come onto the market infrequently and are rarely found in European libraries. Newspapers were central to the political and cultural life of the time, because Colombia was not yet able to sustain a major book publishing industry.

Dr Eduardo Posada Carbo, Departmental Lecturer in Politics at the Latin American Centre, explains that, ‘newspapers were often the most important outlets for authors – certainly for those writing about politics. Indeed, some important 19th-century

books were published first as series of newspaper articles, which were then later collected in book form.'

The Holguín family moved to Paris in the early 20th century, where the donor of the collection still lives.

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Mentioning **Johnny Muir** and the Albion Party earlier in The Review, our man stood at Tatton in 1997 when the “whiter than white” Martin Bell took the seat. Johnny secured 126 votes which I note was two less than the candidate for the Miss Money Penny’s Glamourous One Party. Johnny’s belief that he would “restore sanity, purpose and a sense of identity to British politics” was not taken up by the good people of Tatton. The present incumbent is George Osborne.

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Among the Daily Telegraph Obituaries (5 May) is that of Anne Barr a member of the AG Barr family and a cousin of the late **Dougie** and **Michael**.

“Ann Barr, who has died aged 85, was one of the most important features editors of her generation; perceptive and eccentric, intensely wise and oddly naïve, she made Harpers & Queen into the most excitingly in-touch magazine of its day.

As its features editor from 1970 to 1984, she not only launched “Sloane Rangers” and other social stereotypes on to the world – The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook (1982) later sold more than a million copies – but also used it as a nursery for young talent. Valuing first-time writers far more than Fleet Street hacks, she snapped up a handwritten article by a 16-year-old Etonian called Nicholas Coleridge on “How To Survive Teenage Parties”, commissioned his contemporary Craig Brown to spend 24 hours with the restaurateur Peter Langan and then a whole week with Andy Warhol, and spotted and liberated dozens of other unknown talents”

**Ed:** she missed out on a few OBs

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The centenary of the sinking of the Lusitania 7 May reminds one that so often there is a Beaumont connection. In this instance the wife of **Cyril Bretherton** (89) journalist Lawyer and “Algol” in Punch was returning to England with their two children. When the torpedo struck Nora entrusted her younger child to another passenger while she collected her son from their cabin. Panic among the passengers resulted in her being fortunate to eventually get a place in a lifeboat. Sadly, it seems her daughter was abandoned and her body washed ashore four days later. As so often occurs in such a situation self-interest was as much apparent as selfless heroism.

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John Wolff has just moved to:- Anne's Cottage at Chesham. "The name was a happy coincidence as my wife's name is Anne.  
Very much a down size and trying to get 3 pints into a halfpint pot isn't easy.  
However we can walk everywhere, 420 paces to the Queens Head, and 180 to the surgery!  
**Ed:** I think it would have been more appropriate for John if the distances were reversed.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

**Tom Scanlon**

Dear Robert,

Another fascinating issue...I really don't know how you manage to find all that historical information!

I was particularly interested to see the photograph that included Father Bernard Egan, M.C.

I attended Donhead Prep. School in Wimbledon, before Beaumont. Fr. Egan was the headmaster. Self-evidently, he was a very strong person. I believe his M.C. was won in the thick of it at Arnhem with 2 PARA of which he was the RC padre and where he was wounded.

He took our school cricket team and used to hit very high 'skiers' for us small boys to catch. He showed no mercy! I remember going home after cricket practice with hands swollen and glowing red...just like after receiving the ferulas that he also administered!

Cheers.

Tom

**Ed;** Tom is spending his Sundays coaching young Berkshire cricketers at St John's

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**Hubert de Lisle**

My dear Robert ,

Thank you for your recent mail.

1914 -2014

In early September 2014 I organised a commemorative visit to Virton where our French grandfather Capt Auguste de Conchy ( 120 R Inf ) is buried having been killed on the 22 Aug 14 , on the same day the other grandfather Lt Jean Ruellan (117 R Inf ) was also killed at Virton .We also remembered my wife's grandfather ,Capt Émile Quentin ( 48 R Inf ) killed on 22 Aug And his eldest son Cpl Pierre Quentin ( 48 R Inf ) killed on 29 Aug ! Both killed in the same battles! The wives and children were all at the seaside in Brittany! They never returned to their Garrison Town of Stenay.

1917 - 2017

In the autumn of 2017 I am planning to take the nephews And great nephews of Lt **Alexander de Lisle** ( BU ) ( 9 Leics Regt / 21Sqn RFC ) killed on 20 Nov 17 by a British arty shell whilst flying his RE8 aeroplane over the Ypres Salient Battlefield . He is buried near Poperinge . Alexander was 21 years old !

**Ed**; as I pointed out to Hubert in the words of Oscar Wilde (Lady Bracknell) "to lose one relation is unfortunate: to lose two smacks of carelessness".

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## **Bruce Murray**

Robert

I was sorry to hear of **Ian Sinclair's** death. He is shown as a (57) yet I am sure he was a contemporary of mine (55) at Beaumont and St Johns. I remember being taught maths by his father "Sammy" Sinclair. Sammy was a most precise individual both in his manner and appearance. I remember that he used to write long equations on the board, then turn to the class and say "puzzle find x".

Ian I think went into Group III pure maths.

Best regards

Bruce M (55)

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## **James Sweetman**

Robert,

Thanks for the Spring Newsletter.

You asked about HQ 1 Armoured Div.

I was in Soltau with 7 Armoured Brigade from April 1973 to March 1975. As you will recall we were part of I Armd Div, so I did have to go to Verdun on occasions. Gwyn

Brammel was the GOC followed by Stanier. When the army was trying out "Task Forces" I got the bum job of setting up an Armoured Div HQ for one exercise. The divisional staff did not like working in cold FV432s compared to the warmth of their box body containers! Thankfully the folly of task forces was recognised and Brigades came back.

Best wishes,

James

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Mark Ransom son of **Oliver (30)**

Hello Robert

My brother David forwarded your email re my father and uncle who attended Beaumont in the 1920s.

My father was Oliver. I will send you some more detailed information I have about him, and what I know about Patrick but will need a little time to rescue it from a failed computer.

In brief re Oliver, he went to Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) to work on a farm and "learn the ropes". The legend in the family is that his parents accompanied him on the journey. They shipped an Austin Princess to Cape Town where they "motored" to Salisbury. The journey would have been quite an expedition I imagine. After Rhodesia (about 18 months) he returned to Selangor where he managed rubber plantations until the war erupted. He joined the Federated Malay States Volunteer Services rising to the rank of Lieutenant and was acting Captain when he was captured at Singapore. He spent a short time in Changi and was then transported to the infamous Burma-Siam Railway. He was at Tamarkan where the Bridge on the River Kwai was constructed, was bashed several times often for refusing to order other officers to work. I believe it was his ability to speak Tamil that contributed to his survival as he was of use to the Japanese as an interpreter. After three and a half years he was demobbed and chose to be repatriated to Australia where his parents were living. He married a Melbourne girl and returned to Malaysia for about two years. I was born during that period. At the end of two years, he could no longer handle the stress associated with the coming emergency, and left Selangor for Melbourne in October 1948. My parents had three more children, two sons and a daughter. He was active in the local community of Tyabb on the Mornington Peninsular outside Melbourne and played cricket for many years with Tyabb. He was involved in local politics, Church activities, school activities, and many local interest groups, especially associated with agriculture. He died in 1991 and is buried with our mother at Mornington Cemetery. It is sad that the Australian Department of Veterans Affairs was not kind to him, and that his British passport was never reinstated despite many attempts and appeals to the highest authorities.

I wonder if there are copies of any photos my father would have been in such as class photos and the cricket and rugby teams, and whether copies could be sent to



me, or if there is a web site where I may access such photos eg school magazines. My father lost all of his photos and other memorabilia in a fire that destroyed our house in 1954.

Thanks and best wishes

Mark Ransom

Ed: Oliver was part of a group of a dozen OBs that were captured by the Japs and put to work on the Railway. Somehow they all survived. As **Douglas Seward (34)** commented "We got through because we OBs stuck together and helped each other to survive". It also helped that many of them spoke the local language and that **Vincent Hetreed (34)** was a doctor.

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Finally the **Ed** has been in the local News in West Sussex concerning an industrial Biogas plant;-

**Two Crouchland Biogas HGVs create havoc for the carriage driver and his horses.**



On that note "**Au Reservoir**" as they say in parts of Sussex (and for which I would have received a traffic signal from Fr Borrett).

**L D S**