

A M D G



BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW WINTER 2015



In a Beaumont Review at the beginning of the 20th century a guest at a BU Dinner looking at the assembled company was to remark "I find it extraordinary that such a small school could produce so many men of influence in so many fields". Well possibly that was the case, especially considering the strength of anti-Catholic sentiment that still existed at the time, and although some came from distinguished families, most had to get to the top of their professions through their

own efforts. I cannot but help wonder what a guest would comment at our lunch today. Society has changed, there is no longer the religious factor but a privileged education even in the last fifty years is no longer the stepping stone to the top of one's profession. Perhaps, we should be content if a guest thought the members of the BU remain a force for good regardless of the contribution. Whether it was over a century ago or the present day it is not influence or importance that matters but service to others. I also wonder what would be made of **Charles de Beisteguié (08)** who is featured in this REVIEW.

Notices.

The website manager is away for 6 months in New Zealand so apart from The Review and Obituaries I have kept updates to a minimum: no **Vril** this Winter.

BU Ties are available at BENSON & CLEGG, 9 Piccadilly Arcade, London SW1Y 6NH tel 020 7491 1454 or website www.bensonandclegg.com

Obituaries

I regret to inform you of the deaths of **Jonathan Martin (63)**, **Malcolm Mearns (46)**, **Nigel Kennedy (66)** and **Chris Dake (60)**: please see the Obituaries Section.

Past Events.

THE BU LUNCH

The Lunch at the Caledonian Club was a great success and we are extremely grateful to **Thierry de Galard Terraube** for taking the Chair and giving us such an entertaining speech. As previously pointed out it has taken 139 years for us to have a French Chairman and I'm glad to say that there was plenty of "Entente Cordiale" on show and little sign of "Perfidious Albion".

We had a good turnout despite half a dozen regulars understandably attending **John Wolff's** Brother in law's funeral, **Tim FitzGerald O'Connor** who was supposed to speak being unable to make it at the last moment and the Editor having to stand in. The Food was excellent and Chateau Beaumont flowed. The scoff must have been good as when grace was announced **Fr Michael CJ** was unable to speak as he already had his mouth full: thank you to "**Fr**" **Duncan Grant** for giving us the blessing. I am reminded of the story of the young boy who was asked whether he had said his prayers before the meal. He replied "No" my mother's cooking isn't that bad.

It was rewarding that a number had come a fair distance. **Peter Henderson (46)** was over from Vancouver and his first opportunity to attend a gathering since 1957 and wearing cufflinks made from the old Corps "collar dogs". **Robert Schulte** managed the journey from the Marmande courtesy of the Eurostar and Agnes getting him complete with wheelchair to our door. **Mark Lake** was over from the Galard Gascon

heartlands, **Guy Bailey** from Monaco and **Tony Parish** popped over from Milan.
Thank you for your support.

Thank you also to the year of '67 who had made a special effort to be there with their mentor **David Allen**; it was sad that the majority found it necessary to leave before the speeches. "Empty chairs at empty tables" to quote some well-known lyrics.

Thierry's speech was given as a business contract containing various articles and verse:-



Drink with me to days gone by
To the life that used to be
At the shrine of friendship never say die
Let the wine of friendship never run dry
Here's to you and here's to me
And The Spirit of Beaumont wherever it be.



Article 1

He walked into the nightclub in the morning
There was kummel on the handle of the door
The ashtrays were unemptied and the cleaning unattempted
And a squashed tomato sandwich on the floor.



He pulled aside the thick magenta curtains
So Regency, so Regency my dear

And a host of little spiders
Ran a race across the ciders
To a box of baby polies
By the beer.



Article 2

WHEREAS I'm afraid the fellows in Putney

Rather wish they had
The social ease and manners
Of a varsity undergrad
For though they're awfully decent
And up to lark as a rule
You want to have the varsity touch
After a Beaumont education
The very best public school



Article 5

“There is no alternative and there is no such thing as a free lunch”.



Article 6

“This is a lovely Party”



Article 7

“And now the sun is above the yard arm”

Who was it that was spotted late in the afternoon getting into a taxi with a half consumed magnum of Ch Beaumont?

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

We were blessed with dry weather after four days of rain. That at least was good news as The Beaumont Hotel was closed to us for coffee and drinks as there was a large conference in progress. I suspected a Hindu gathering for Diwali and that garlands of flowers would be on offer. Indeed to make certain there was no likely fraternisation we had been taped off into a sector around the Memorial; as it turned out we were undisturbed. We were a smaller gathering than in past years but quality rather than quantity has always been a Beaumont hallmark.



Fr Michael Campbell Johnston celebrated the Mass with **Fr Peter Kelly**.

Our wreath layer this year was **Ian Temple Blackwood (46)**. After War years at Beaumont, Ian went to Sandhurst and a regular commission in The Royal Scots Greys and saw most of his service in Germany including Berlin. On leaving he became a land agent with Cluttons and now lives at Ditchling in West Sussex.



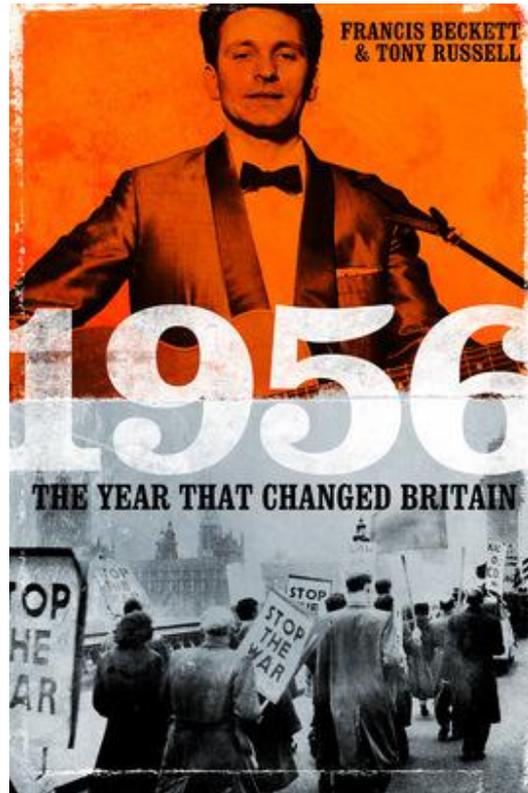
Ian Blackwood with his son Adam

Following Mass, we were the guests of **Giles Delaney** and the Staff of St John's for an excellent lunch: I noted that one of the puddings "three steps to Heaven" was particularly enjoyed by some of us that might well have been going in the other direction! As ever we are most grateful to Giles for his kind and generous hospitality and for the provision of the trumpeters.

IN THE NEWS

For the first time as far as I know two OBs have collaborated in the writing of a book.

1956 : the Year that Changed Britain



This is the work of **Francis Beckett**, already well known to OBs and **Tony Russell (63)**

“1956: a defining year that heralded the modern era.

Britain and France occupied Suez, and the Soviet Union tanks rolled into Hungary. Nikita Khrushchev’s ‘secret speech’ exposed the crimes of Stalin, and the Royal Court Theatre unveiled John Osborne’s *Look Back in Anger*. Rock ‘n’ roll music was replacing the gentle pop songs of Mum and Dad’s generation, and it was the first full year of independent television.

As post-war assumptions were shattered, the upper middle class was shaken and the communist left was shocked, radical new ideas about sex, skiffle and socialism emerged, and attitudes shifted on an unprecedented scale – precipitated by the decline of Attlee’s Britain and the first intimations of Thatcher’s.

From politics and conflict to sport and entertainment, this extraordinary book transports us back in time on a whirlwind journey through the history, headlines and happenings of this most momentous of years, vividly capturing the revolutionary spirit of 1956 – the year that changed Britain.

Francis continues:-

Philip Larkin was wrong: sexual intercourse did not begin in 1963; it began in 1956. So did the ‘60s, though no one really noticed this had happened until the Beatles released ‘Love Me Do’ in 1962.

It was the year of the invasions of Hungary and Suez, of home-grown British rock ‘n’ roll, of Nikita Khrushchev’s ‘secret speech’ revealing the crimes of Stalin, and of

Look Back in Anger and the angry young men. It was – so **Tony Russell** and I maintain in our book about 1956 – the year in which the world we now live in was born.

Before 1956, women were expected to see sex merely as a commodity to be traded for a wedding ring. In David Lodge's 1987 novel *How Far Can You Go?*, Dennis and Angela wait for many years for their wedding, while they get their degrees, he does his National Service, they get jobs and save money. In 1952, he puts a hand on her breast outside her blouse. In 1953, he strokes her leg to stocking-top height. In 1954, he puts a hand inside her blouse and onto her bra.

But the governing class lived by different rules. Sexual intercourse only began in 1956 for the *hoi polloi*; toffs had had it for years. The early '50s were remarkably tolerant about the peccadilloes of celebrities and the political and upper classes, so long as they were conducted discreetly.

The same politicians who upheld laws against homosexuality quietly covered up for their colleague Tom Driberg, whose exploits with men were common gossip in the Strangers' Bar.

It was well known in political circles that Harold Macmillan's wife had for years had an extramarital affair with Robert Boothby, and that the fourth and youngest of the Macmillan children, Sarah, born in 1930, was biologically Boothby's child. In the circles in which they moved, it does not seem to have affected the way in which Macmillan, Boothby or Lady Dorothy were regarded.

So sex was, after all, not invented in 1956. It was democratised in 1956, and not without controversy. A few months after the May production of *Look Back in Anger*, its author John Osborne showed that he could see dimly a revolution brewing in the relationship between men and women – and it was a revolution this revolutionary playwright did not like at all. 'What's gone wrong with women?' he asked in the *Daily Mail* in November:

'Never before have women had so much freedom, so much power, or so much influence ... It seems very obvious to say that women have arrived, that at last they are coming into their own, but what is not so obvious is the price we are all paying for it.'

Despite John Osborne, the freedom of Tom Driberg to have homosexual affairs, and Lady Dorothy Macmillan to have heterosexual ones, started to spread down for the first time to the middle classes, while the Wolfenden committee worked on its report recommending the legalisation of homosexuality.

Politicians now know they cannot get away with any behaviour that those who elected them cannot. In fact, as we write, politicians are probably judged by harsher standards than any other people today.

REVIEWS

'A wonderfully evocative and thoughtful account of a year that saw the ends and beginnings that explain why and how we got to today.'

Michael Rosen

'Beckett and Russell have done a wonderful job of recreating 1956, the year that shaped the rest of the century. They have brilliantly illuminated the taste and texture of the mid-1950s – the shift in class, culture and perception of Britain, the music, the theatre, the cinema, the momentous politics, the sex (or lack of it) – so that those of us who were there can recognize it instantly, and those who were not will understand why it was so pivotal. An important and absorbing living history book.'

Neil Kinnock



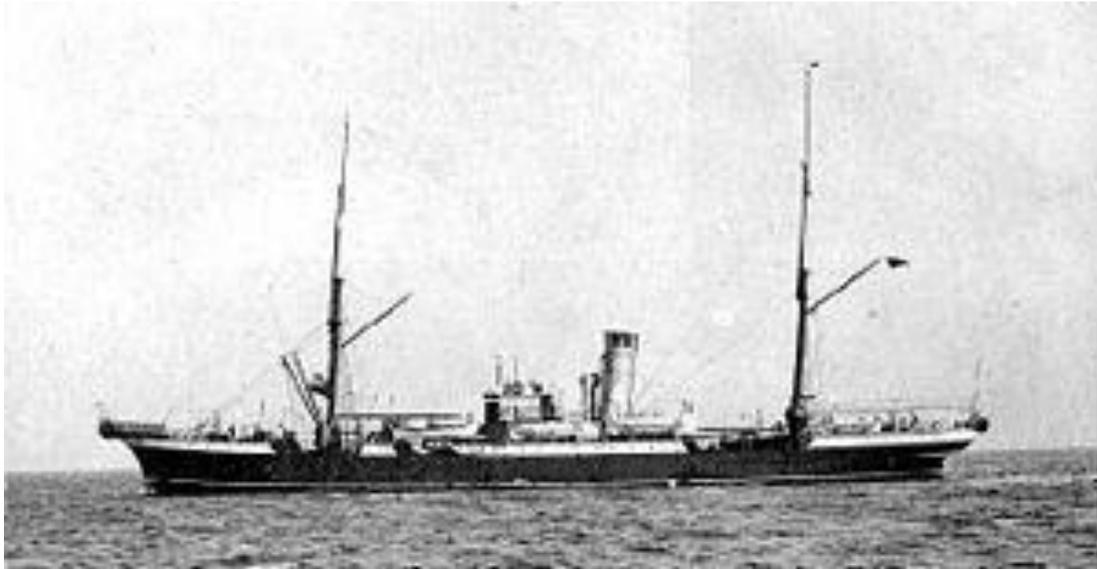
Tony Russell is a social historian of popular and vernacular music and the author of several books, including *Blacks, Whites and Blues* (1970), *The Blues: From Robert Johnson to Robert Cray* (1997) and *Country Music Originals: The Legends and the Lost* (2007). He has been a consultant on and contributor to numerous TV and radio programmes, writes obituaries for *The Guardian* and reviews books and music for a wide range of periodicals.

TWO TELEVISION PROGRAMMES

In the last couple of months there have been two documentaries on subjects where **OBs** have been involved; -

CLYDEBUILT; the ships that made the Commonwealth.

In the second programme presented by actor David Hayman he discussed the importance of the CS Mackay-Bennett. This was a cable repair ship built for the Commercial Cable Company and named for her owners John Mackay and Gordon Bennett who gave us that expression of incredulity. The partnership was trying to break the monopoly of another very wealthy entrepreneur Jay Gould, the father in law of **OB Prince Helie de Perigord**. John Mackay himself was the father of two **OBs** and it was his son **Clarence** who inherited the business empire and took over at the end of the 19th century. The ship was launched in 1884.



She was commissioned from then noted River Clyde-based warship builders John Elder & Co., who incorporated a number of new and then original features into a cable ship. One of the first ships built from steel, she had a relatively deep keel design to: accommodate as much cable as possible; keep the ship stable in the Atlantic Ocean swells; and yet a design which was also very hydrodynamic to keep her fuel efficient and fast in operation. The hull design included bilge keels to keep her stable, and she had two rudders, one fore and one aft, to maximize manoeuvrability.

The sailors who served aboard her pronounced the name "Macky-Bennett." Mainly based out of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she first arrived in March 1885, she was also often used for operations on the European side of the Atlantic, based out of Plymouth,

In addition to carrying out numerous difficult cable repairs, many during times of wartime danger, due to the nature of her work and resultant position in the Atlantic, *Mackay-Bennett* performed many rescues. Typical was the rescue of the crew of the sinking schooner *Caledonia* on February 12, 1912.

Recovery of bodies from wreck of RMS *Titanic*

In April 1912, whilst working on maintaining the France-to-Canada communications cable, the ship became famous as the first ship contracted by the White Star Line to carry out the difficult task of recovering the bodies left floating in the North Atlantic after the *Titanic* disaster. **Clarence** having given his agreement and after returning to port in Halifax, Nova Scotia and clearing out her cable stores, her captain took on board above her normal supplies:

- Canon Kenneth Cameron Hind
- John R. Snow, Jr., the chief embalmer with the firm of John Snow & Co., the province of Nova Scotia's largest undertaking firm, hired by White Star to oversee the embalming arrangements
- Sufficient embalming supplies to handle 70 bodies, including 100 coffins

- 100 long tons (100 t) of ice, in which to store the recovered bodies

Leaving Halifax at 12:28PM on Wednesday, 17 April 1912, due to severe fog and rough seas it took the ship nearly four days to sail the 800 nautical miles (1,500 km; 920 mi) to the scene of the disaster.

Having arrived the previous night, recovery of bodies started at 06:00 on April 20. Having anchored close to but not within the recovery area, she offloaded her lifeboats. Crews then rowed into the recovery area, and manually recovered the bodies into the skiffs. After recovering as many bodies as they thought safe for the return journey, the crews then rowed back to the CS *Mackay-Bennett*. Having recovered 51 bodies on the first day, it was noted by the captain that: there was not enough space aboard to store all of the recovered bodies; nor enough embalming supplies aboard. As the Canadian Government and associated burial and maritime laws directed that any bodies carried had to be embalmed before a ship enters a Canadian port, the captain agreed to a system where by:

- First-class passengers were embalmed, placed in coffins, and stored in the rear cable locker. These included the bodies of: John Jacob Astor (uncle of **John Astor Squires OB**), the richest man aboard, body No.124 recovered on April 22, identified by the initials sewn on the label of his jacket;
- Second-class passengers were embalmed, wrapped in canvas, and stored in the forward cable locker.
- Third-class passengers were buried at sea, a total of 116 passengers. In October 2013, a photograph taken by Fourth officer R. D. "Westy" Legate came up for auction, which captured the Canon ministering over a ceremony of multiple burials at sea on board the ship.
- One body of a two-year-old male infant, a third-class passenger and the fourth body recovered, was saved by the crew and stored in the hold

After a seven-day recovery operation, the ship had:

- Recovered 306 bodies, of the 328 bodies that were found from the 1,517 who perished aboard *Titanic*
- 116 were buried at sea, of which only 56 were identified
- Set-sail for home with 190 bodies on board, almost twice as many as there were coffins available

The ship arrived in Halifax on 30 April 1912, and began unloading her cargo at 09:30, with the bodies transferred to the ice rink of the Mayflower Curling Club. With the body of the unknown child unclaimed, the crew paid for the burial and headstone monument out of their own wages, with the casket marked by a copper plaque reading "Our Babe" the entire ship's crew, together with the majority of the population of Halifax, attended the child's burial at Fairview Lawn Cemetery on 4 May 1912. With improved DNA testing, on 30 July 2007 Canadian researchers at Lakehead University announced through testing of the body, the child was finally named.

Retirement and scrapping

The ship was retired in May 1922, anchored in Plymouth Sound to be used as a storage hulk. During The Blitz, she was sunk during a Luftwaffe attack, but later refloated. Her hulk was finally scrapped in 1963.

The second programme was:

OPERATION JERICHO– actor Martin Shaw rediscovered one of the most audacious air attacks of WW 2.



Operation Jericho was the name given to a raid by the RAF on Amiens Prison on February 18th 1944. It was sold to the public as an attempt to release Resistance workers being held captive there. The operation was carried out by specially selected crews flying Mosquitoes from the RAF 2nd Tactical Air Force. Among the pilots chosen was the then **Flt Lt Desmond "Tich" Hannifin OB** who had already been awarded a DFC and AFC.

To an extent a degree of mystery surrounds Operation Jericho to this day as no one is quite sure who ordered the raid and why.

It is known that the Gestapo was holding a large number of Resistance men at Amiens Prison. It is thought that one of the reasons for the raid was that the planners for D-Day believed that these men were vital to the success of D-Day as they would be required to carry out acts of sabotage on transport and communication links to stop the Germans advancing towards Normandy with any speed. Therefore, they had to be released from prison to allow this to happen. There are those who do not support this as a reason for the raid as even with precision bombing, there would be Resistance casualties and no one could predict how many. There was also built into Operation Jericho a plan to simply bomb wholesale the prison if an initial attack did not breach the prison walls and this would have killed many more. So in this sense it would not appear as if the Resistance men's release was the primary issue. So why the attack on the prison?

Two Allied intelligence officers were captured in northern France and were also being held at Amiens Prison. No one knew what intelligence they had but there were fears that it was important and might be linked to information that the Germans could associate with an Allied landing. Some believe that the raid was to eliminate these two men and that any Resistance men who managed to escape as a result was a bonus.

The attack was planned for February 18th. The weather on the day was very poor and made flying very hazardous – especially low-level flying. The men who participated on the mission were required to fly at about 50 feet above sea level as the Mosquitoes crossed the English Channel. The overall commander of Operation Jericho was Air Vice-Marshal Basil Embry (father of **OBs Mark and Paddy**) who was forbidden to fly, as he was involved in the planning for D-Day.

Eighteen Mosquitoes took off from RAF Hunsdon in Hertfordshire. They were supported by Typhoons. They immediately hit very poor weather and four Mosquitoes lost contact with the other fourteen and had to turn back. The crews later stated that the weather they had to fly in was the worst they had ever experienced.

One other Mosquito had to return to RAF Hunsdon because of engine problems. Therefore, thirteen Mosquitoes had to carry out the attack when the plan had been for a force of eighteen. Nine Mosquitoes were used in the attack while four were held in reserve. The crews themselves had been told that Operation Jericho was to free captured Resistance men.

The crews that crossed the French coast were helped in their navigation to Amiens as all they needed to do was find the main road into the city from the coast and it went in a straight line to Amiens. After crossing the coast, the Mosquitoes flew over Tocqueville, Bourdon, Doullens, Albert and then directly to Amiens following the very straight road built by the Romans.

Film of the actual attack exists as one of the Mosquitoes carried photo reconnaissance equipment aboard.

The first wave attacked the prison at 12.01 targeting the outer walls. They dropped 500 lbs fuse-delayed bombs. These breached the outer wall and offered prisoners a way out of the prison. A planned precision hit on a guardroom killed and wounded many of the German guards thus making escape far easier.

To disguise the target of their attack, two Mosquitoes peeled off from the rest and attacked Amiens railway station – a more probable target from a defender's perspective. This seemed to work and it took German forces in the city two hours to organise themselves and head towards the prison as they expected further attacks on key points within the city – and the prison did not fit such a description from their point of view.

By the time German soldiers got to the prison some 258 prisoners had escaped, including 79 members of the Resistance. However, 155 of the escapees were recaptured. 102 prisoners were killed in the raid by the bombs. Why does the raid remain controversial?

The story put out at the time was that the raid was requested by the French Resistance to allow as many imprisoned Resistance fighters to escape as was possible as they faced execution. In December 1943, twelve members of the Resistance had been executed at Amiens but none were planned when the raid took place. It is now accepted that the Resistance did not, in fact, request the raid.

The keys to resolving why the prison was bombed may well have been the arrest by the Gestapo of the Vice-Prefecture of Abbeville, Raymond Vivant. Did he know anything about the plans for D-Day? Vivant may well have been privy to some aspects of 'Operation Fortitude' – the Allied plan to convince the German High Command that the Allied invasion would be in the Pays de Calais and not Normandy. It was known that the Gestapo used whatever they thought was needed to get information, including the torture of family members. A secret RAF document found after the war stated:

“Monsieur Vivant was a key member of the resistance in Abbeville and probably had in his possession important secrets of the resistance organisation.”

So did British Intelligence order the raid and if so why? British Intelligence was divided into two branches in World War Two. SOE was to “set Europe ablaze” as ordered by Churchill. Therefore SOE was active in being disruptive in occupied Europe – sabotaging rail lines and blowing up bridges etc. (there were a considerable number of OBs involved in this organisation) The Secret Intelligence Service (SIS) operated on a more discreet basis, collecting information quietly and covertly.

After World War Two, Maurice Buckmaster, head of SOE French division, was asked if he had ordered the operation. Buckmaster was adamant that he had not and said that the raid was “ordered by I don't know who”.

Did the SIS order the raid? A letter has been found signed by 'C' (head of MI6) that thanked the RAF for its part in the raid. Why would he do this if MI6 had had no involvement in the raid? Buckmaster also believed that 'C' had ordered the raid.

After Amiens was liberated, the RAF sent one of their officers to the city to find out why the raid was ordered. He found out nothing – not even a list of supposed executions that were meant to have been carried out by the Gestapo of men who were saved by the RAF.

What cannot be denied, however, were the flying skills of the men involved. Film shows the Mosquitoes flying at a very low altitude over the Channel to avoid German

coastal radar – some crews flew as low as 30 feet above sea level at 350 mph. Radio silence was enforced. The attack on the prison required the crews to fly at 50 feet overland before climbing to 100 feet to drop their bombs – hence the delayed fuses, which also served to protect the incoming waves. After the raid, escorting Typhoon pilots, who flew higher than the Mosquitoes, said that they were overwhelmed by the flying skills of the Mosquito crews. Military historians view 'Operation Jericho' as the first ever precision bombing raid.

OBs had a special connection with the development of the Mosquito one of the most remarkable planes of World War Two. The Mosquito – in full the De Havilland DH-98 Mosquito – was a twin-engine, two-seat bomber that was modified to serve as a fighter which could operate during the day or at night or as a photoreconnaissance plane. In whatever capacity, the Mosquito proved to be immensely successful – for a 'wooden' plane.

The idea for the Mosquito was forwarded to the government as early as 1938. The De Havilland design team based the Mosquito on their plane, the DH-88 Comet, which had won the 1934 London to Melbourne air race. De Havilland's idea was simple – to power the plane with two Rolls Royce Merlin engines so that its sole defence, other than the skill of the pilot, was sheer speed to keep it out of harm's way. The structure of the Mosquito was to be entirely made out of wood with a stressed skin of thin laminated plywood over a balsa core. In September 1939 Geoffrey de Havilland established the Mosquito design team at Salisbury Hall close by to Hatfield Aerodrome. The Hall had been the home of Sir Nigel Gresley the railway engineer of Mallard fame and a pupil of **Sir John Aspinall OB**. Among the flight test observers was **John Scrope OB** who had been denied active war service because of asthma. The first Mosquito flew in November 1940, and it went into production soon after.

The first Mosquitoes were powered by two 1,250 horsepower Merlin engines. To enhance its aerodynamics, all tail surfaces were elliptical and the wings were sharply tapered. The original Mosquitoes were designed to internally carry four 500 lb bombs. The first flights of the Mosquito confirmed what the design team had hoped for – the fastest operational plane of its day. The Mk II, III and IV could fly at 380 mph – 19 mph faster than the Battle of Britain Spitfire and 50 mph faster than the Hawker Hurricane.

To go with its speed, the Mosquito also had an excellent operational range (1,800 miles) and ceiling (the Mk XV had a ceiling of 44,000 feet). With such qualities, the Mosquito was an excellent plane for photo reconnaissance and it started this task in

September 1941. With its greater range, the Mosquito outperformed Spitfires converted for the same task.

In May 1942, bomber versions were introduced. The increased power of the Merlin engines allowed the Mosquito to carry heavier and heavier bombs. Later versions of the Mosquito could fly at 415 mph with a 4000 lb bomb load. Such a speed made it very difficult for the Luftwaffe's fighters to attack it successfully. The only plane that would have had a chance against the Mosquito was the Me 262.

The Mosquito was used for a variety of tasks. It was used as a pathfinder plane during bombing raids on Germany. Flying with Bomber Command at night, it would attack a specific target ahead of the main bombing force, guiding them to that target. The Mosquito suffered fewer losses than any other plane attached to Bomber Command. The Mosquito was also used for the bombing of specific targets as it had the speed for low level accurate bombing. Some Mosquitoes were equipped with heavy cannon and were used to attack German armour on battlefields in Western Europe. Some were equipped with night-fighting radar and as a result, the Mosquito became the most successful British night-fighter. Some Mosquitoes were fitted out with rockets and attacked Nazi shipping.

With its multiple role capacity, the Mosquito proved a very valuable plane for the RAF. Production of the plane continued until 1947 and in all 7,781 of them were made. The Mosquito continued serving the RAF as a reconnaissance plane until 1955.

John Scrope was killed in August 1943 in a mosquito being flown by Geoffrey de Havilland's son John when they were involved in a mid-air collision with another of their own aircraft over St Albans.

After de Havilland left Salisbury Hall in 1947 it slipped into a derelict condition.



When **Walter Goldsmith OB**, having retired from the Marines, purchased Salisbury Hall in the fifties, he knew that it had been used by de Havilland during the war. On contacting Bill Baird, then in charge of PR at de Havilland at Hatfield, he discovered that Baird had squirrelled the original prototype Mosquito away in the Fiddlebridge stores, just off the airfield at Hatfield. Having resisted several calls to burn the aircraft, Baird was delighted to find someone who could offer the old aircraft a home. De Havilland carried out basic restoration work at Hatfield, and Goldsmith accepted the aircraft back at Salisbury Hall in 1959 where it became the nucleus of the DH Collection. This Heritage Centre owes its existence to the foresight, imagination and enthusiasm of **Walter Goldsmith**.

The 75th Anniversary of the Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Units Commemoration was held at St Paul's Cathedral 22 October. One of its earliest members and one of the most decorated was **Michael Clinton**.



Michael Clinton GM & Bar

22 Bomb Disposal Company.

Having left Beaumont in 1936 Clinton studied Engineering at London University. At the outbreak of War he was commissioned in the Sappers in May 1940 and posted to Bomb Disposal in October with the formation of the organisation.

Clinton was tasked with immunizing and removing a 250kg bomb in Romford . This was fuzed with a no 17, the fuze pocket was damaged and the fuze could not be removed. Whilst being lifted the fuze became active and ticking was heard, thankfully it stopped. But for how long was uncertain. His citation states that he accepted the risk of death with sustained courage and complete disregard for personal safety: Awarded February 1942. The bar to the GM was awarded for defusing a bomb that had two fuzes, a normal 50 but a new version 17A, delayed action. This was possibly the first of these new fuzes to be discovered. Clinton took the decision to remove it for research: Awarded August 1943.

He was only one of two Officers awarded this double honour.

He retired at the end of the War and eventually became The Colonial Secretary of The Hong Kong Legislative Council.

ARTICLES

Carlos de Beistegui (08)



Don Carlos de Beistegui y de Yturbe (1895 – 17 January 1970), also known as Charles or Charlie de Beistegui, was an eccentric multi-millionaire art collector and interior decorator and one of the most flamboyant characters of mid-20th-century European life. His ball at the Palazzo Labia in Venice in 1951 is still described as "the party of the century". He was often referred to as "The Count of Monte Cristo".

Beistegui's origins were Mexican and Spanish. He was born the heir to a huge Mexican fortune, to parents of Basque origin, and a mother (Dolores de Yturbe), both of whose ancestors had migrated to Mexico in the 18th century. The family made its fortune there in silver, agriculture, and real estate but left Mexico after the execution of Emperor Maximilian in 1867. Beistegui was, however, born in France, and travelled under a Spanish diplomatic passport. He was brought up in France, Spain and England, and only ever visited Mexico twice, briefly. His family members held diplomatic posts representing Mexico in the U.K., France, Spain, and Russia. His three de Yturbe uncles were at Beaumont and he followed them, leaving in 1908 to continue his studies at Eton, where he wrote a volume of poetry which he illustrated with his own drawings. He was about to attend Cambridge when World War I broke out. He then joined his parents in their mansion on the esplanade of Les Invalides in Paris.

In the early 1930s, he had a penthouse built on the Champs – Elysees designed by Le Corbusier. It included an electronically operated hedge that parted to reveal a view of the Arc de Triumphe and a roof terrace designed by Salvador Dali.



In 1939 he acquired the Chateau de Groussay, at Montfort-L'Amaury (Yvelines), and spent the next 30 years improving its interiors and grounds and expanding the structure by adding extra wings. These included a 150-seat theatre, inspired by the Margravine Opera House in Bayreuth, one of the most beautiful extant theatres in Europe. He hired Emilio Terry to undertake the interior design. He had huge copies of the world's great paintings installed, but often claimed they were the originals (for example he claimed that Hans Holbein's portrait of Henry VIII owned by the British Royal Family was a fake, and his was the original.)-He commissioned Spanish weavers to create tapestries in the style of Goya. He had giant Chinese jars which looked authentic but were actually made of tin or plaster. But he had an enormous number of genuine pieces, such as an ebony and bronze Louis XVI desk once owned by Paderewski. The furnishings were described as the greatest private interiors concocted in the 20th century. The house was admired by decorators such as David Hicks and Mark Hampton, who called it the most beautiful house in the world. One of the rooms so impressed Cecil Beaton that he used it as the model for Henry Higgins' library in "My Fair Lady". The Château de Groussay was the scene of some of the grandest weekend parties of the 20th century. The gardens have been classified by the French government as one of the Remarkable Gardens of France.

Beistegui was not troubled by the Germans during their occupation of France in WW2, because he had a Spanish diplomatic passport, and was treated as a citizen of a neutral country.

He did occasionally undertake commissions for others - salons in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Madrid, a suite of rooms at the Waldorf –Astoria Hotel in New York , and the library at the British Embassy in Paris (with the designers Georges Geffroy and Emilio Terry) - but he used his artistic talents almost entirely for his own pleasure. Cecil Beaton wrote in his diary: "*Beistegui is utterly ruthless. Such qualities*

as sympathy, pity or even gratitude are sadly lacking. He has become the most self-engrossed and pleasure-seeking person I have met."



The Ball Room Palazzo Labia

In 1948, Beistegui acquired the Palazzo Labia, just off the Grand Canal in Venice, and began an intensive restoration. He purchased furnishings that had been acquired from the palazzo's less fortunate neighbours, including frescoes by Raphael, Annibale Carracci and Guido Reni. These works of art, coupled with newly acquired tapestries and antiques, restored the palazzo to its former splendour. So avid a collector was Don Carlos that his taste became known as "le goût Beistegui" (the Beistegui style).

THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY

It was in the late summer of 1951 that Charles de Beistegui gave his famous costume ball. The Beistegui Ball, that stands in social history as one of the - if not the - most famous balls of the 20th century, took place in Charlie's spectacular Palazzo. 1000 guests were invited and the ball was attended by artists, aristocrats and millionaires from the entire world.

It was the first grand party after the privations of World War II and, therefore, the first opportunity to astound. Invitations went out six months before for people to have time to get ready, have the costumes made and travel to Venice. Travelling to

Venice in 1951 could be an adventure as boat and train could took five days.

The ball was a lavish party and newspapers were full of it. All over Europe the expectant guests were worrying over their costumes and preparing for the great night. The guests elaborated majestic entrances to the ball that were rehearsed for days before.

The story goes that an extraordinary line of chauffeur-driven Rolls Royces was seen in procession through Passo del Sempione in Switzerland in direction to Venice with large Dior boxes containing the costumes strapped onto their roofs - "a human chain of Rebox hatboxes", as one of the guests put it. The huge Fiat Garage on the outskirts of Venice, which housed 4.000 cars, was completely booked.

On the day of the ball, Beistegui retreated to a suite at the Grand Hotel, a room that purposefully did not have a telephone, in order to avoid frenetic scenes. At the same time some people harassed his staff claiming that, for some reason, their invitations had not arrived.

Couturiers were to the fore, as were the chic hairdressers (such as Alexandre de Paris) who had a field day, though not one without pressure, racing from hotel to hotel with gold lacquer and white powder. Venice was like a giant house-party.

Interestingly, the Mayor of Venice at that time was a Communist, and the Venetian people were notoriously impoverished after the grim years of the war. It might have been considered inappropriate to put on such a display but the Mayor was delighted, as were the Venetians. The ball took place the day after the annual Regatta, and the Mayor loaned two elaborate barges to Beistegui for his special guests. The city received welcome publicity, and with some of the richest people in the world descending on the place by yacht and by train, there were plenty of advantages for hotels, restaurants and other establishments.

At the moment of the party itself every bridge and all the streets by the canal were packed with onlookers. There was clapping and great excitement. Atmosphere was electric long before people reached the ball. Food and drink was provided for the crowd. There were jugglers, puppets, fireworks, even greasy poles for them to climb. And there were guests who came out to join in the fun, removing their masks to the delight of the crowd.

Arturo Lopez Willshaw, the great collector and party giver who had always loved China and Chinese artifacts, and his wife, Patricia, dressed as the Emperor and Empress of China made an apothotic entrance. Arturo's lover, Baron Alexis de Redé, who was part of their group remember " I was an attendant in their suite, with a fantastic Chinese crown, staff and sword, looking, I confess, rather like the last boy emperor. Our costumes were exact copies of those in the famous tapestries, the Voyage of the Emperor of China". Their arrival in a great Chinese junk purposely built was said the most spectacular of the evening.

Couturier Jacques Fath and his wife, dressed as the Sun King, had to remain standing in his gondola because "his posture [was] dictated by a costume so perfectly fitted and heavy with embroidery that he could not sit," stated **Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge (13)** in his book *Legendary Parties*.

Christian Dior's costume was designed by Dali and Dali's costume was designed by Christian Dior. Some guests, like Barbara Hutton, spent up to 15,000 dollars in their costumes.

Lady Diana Cooper, dressed as Cleopatra by Cecil Beaton and Oliver Messel, made an entrée that "people thought was the loveliest sight with the light from the windows of the palazzo falling on her face and pearls and blonde wig"

Daisy Fellowes came as the Queen of Africa. She was not feeling well that night and so she laid down on a bed before making her entrance. When it was her turn to parade, she rose from the bed and turned into a queen. "She was by far the most elegant person at that ball. I have never seen anyone walk as beautifully as she did. She had in-born style." Alexis de Redé said.

Seventy footmen in costumes from the Duchess of Richmond's ball the night before Waterloo, attended the guests. Ballerinas from the Marquis de Cuevas's company performed sarabandes and minuets in the courtyard and receiving his guests at the top of a giant staircase, Beistegui was a conspicuous presence in an 18th-century sausage-curl wig and platform buskins which elevated him two feet above everyone else, so that he could see and be seen on the night that was probably the most important night of his life.

The firemen of Venice performed a fantastic human pyramid, four rows high, in the central room of the palace, a troupe of giants entered and there were two jazz bands.

Apart from these displays and the spectacle of the costumed guests, "the supper was good, and the drink plentiful". Some of the guests did not get home till 6 am.

Later life

Despite this colossal extravagance and the enormously high-profile guest list he was able to attract, Beistegui did not generally warm to people, nor they to him. He remained personally aloof and shadowy, and was often accused of treating his friends and mistresses very poorly. He never married, and although he was said to have had many mistresses, his sexuality was often the subject of speculation.

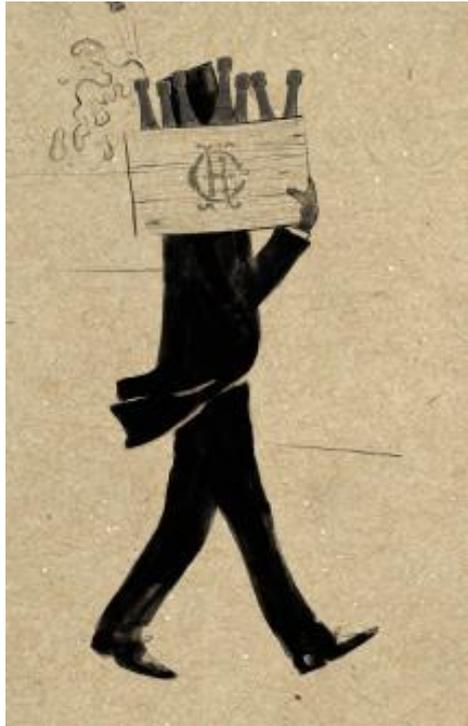


Palazzo Labia by Singer Sargent

After surviving a series of strokes around 1960, he sold the Palazzo Labia to RAI the Italian TV Company. Beistegui died in 1970, but without a will. His estate went to his brother, who did not want the Château de Groussay and gave it to his son Juan (Johnny) de Beistegui. When the collection, which included many of the Palazzo Labia's former contents, was auctioned by Sotheby's (its first auction on French soil) in 1999, it proved to be France's largest and most highly priced auction sale, realising \$26.5 million. The sale was described as "a major event in the history and sociology of the decorative arts"

A documentary *Don Carlos de Beistegui* was made in 1989.

Giss - Goss



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

John Boocock sent me information concerning **Canon Peter Wilkie** and the following is an article he wrote for the parish of Hampshire South Downs magazine “Crosskeys” this summer:-



I have been a priest for over 62 years, having been ordained on 4 June, 1953, the Feast of Corpus Christi, by Archbishop John Henry King, in my parish church, St Agatha’s, Kingston-on-Thames,

Born in Clapham, London, on 24 February, 1930, I was taken by my good parents a year later to live on Epsom Downs where my father had had a small house built. I began my schooling at the little Convent of the Sacred Hearts in Epsom, run by a small group of French nuns, known as Picpus Sisters. At the age of six, I walked on my own nearly two miles to Epsom each school day. I was there for just over a year, and continued to develop my love for the Catholic faith which had been nurtured in me by my devout parents. While there, I made my first Confession and Holy Communion, began the Penny Catechism and learnt how to serve Benediction. When I was seven-years old,

I was transferred for the next year to the John Fisher School in Purley. In 1939 I transferred to Wimbledon College, travelling by train from the old Epsom Downs station, and came under the care of the Jesuits for the rest of my schooling. When my father died in 1943 at the age of 49, I was transferred to boarding school at Beaumont College again with the Jesuits, to finish my education. The idea of the priesthood had been in my thoughts and prayers certainly from the age of nine or ten. As I look back, I don't think I had any positive encouragement in my vocation from anybody. I regard this, in retrospect, as a blessing. At least it left the Lord in his wisdom a free hand to guide me in the way that He knew best. So, in September 1947 I began my studies for the priesthood at St Edmund's College in Ware, Hertfordshire.

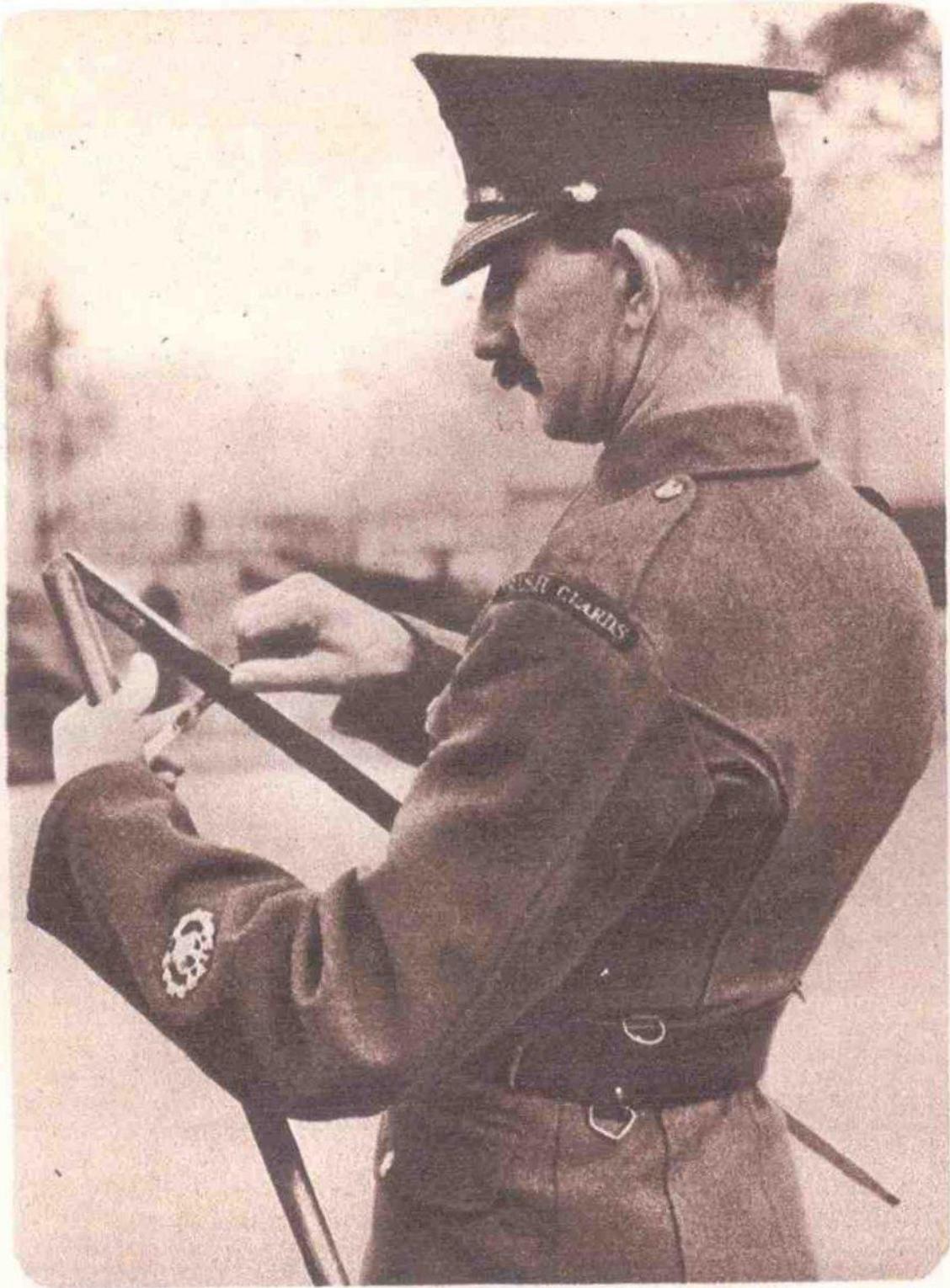
Following my ordination in 1953, I took up my first appointment as curate to Canon Bernard Lindsay in St Swithun's church, Southsea. Other priests in the City of Portsmouth at that time were Burrett, Murphy, Dwyer, Stanford, Wallace, Greenwood and Minogue. Those were the days when parish priests would remind their assistants, who began to show signs of independence, that they could be more easily removed and replaced than house keepers. In 1961 the Archbishop, who lived in Winchester and not in the Bishop's House in Portsmouth, sent me to be in charge of St John's Cathedral, which contained the Royal Hospital, now demolished, and the whole area of Portsea. It was to be the first of seven parishes that I was to be given the care of. I remained in Portsmouth for six years, and then Bishop Worlock sent me as parish priest to St Joseph's church in the new town of Bracknell, Berkshire. Here, church and school were overflowing with young and enthusiastic Catholic families who had come from all the privations of inner city London and were finding job, school, home and church all together in a flourishing country home. Church and school were bursting at the seams. Following a stay there of 12 busy and rewarding years, I was transferred by Bishop Emery to the Sacred Heart in Bournemouth, where I stayed for less than a year. I then went as parish priest to St Bernard's church in Holbury, near Fawley, Hampshire, a parish for which I have always preserved the greatest affection, and return there often to provide the Sunday mass when needed.

In 1981 Bishop Emery asked me to take over St James' church in Reading. It was there that I began what was to turn into 22 years as a Catholic chaplain with the prison service. I was attached for two years to HM Prison Reading, followed by 20 years at HM Prison Winchester after I became parish priest of Chandlers Ford in 1985. I was moved to St Edward's church in Chandlers Ford with the task of enlarging the church to accommodate the growing population of Catholics. This was undertaken and completed, as some of you in Winchester will be aware, by the goodwill and generosity of the people of St Edward's, Chandlers Ford. My final stop was to be in Fordingbridge, where I went as parish priest in 1993. I continued my work in prison, travelling several days a week to Winchester and clocking into the

prison at 7am each morning as the day staff took over from the nightshift. Then, towards the end of 1999 and nearing the age of 70, with the agreement of Bishop Hollis, I retired from parish work and moved to live at Milford on Sea. But I continued with my chaplaincy work in Winchester, until I reached the age of 75. The prison governor said I could continue if I wished, but I was sure the time had come to hand in the keys. And so I did, following a very generous send-off by both staff and inmates. I am truly grateful for my priestly vocation. For the most part it has been years of happiness and fulfilment, together with an increasing awareness that, in the words of the Great Apostle, 'God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise'. I am grateful to Canon Paul Townsend, a good and valued friend of many years, for giving me the opportunity of joining the parish community of St Peter's. I hope I may be able to contribute in some small way to the life of the parish. Increasing frailty means that it will be small. If you see me around, do give me a wave — I am always happy to pass the time of day. Please pray for me, as I shall for you.

Canon Peter Wilkie.

Edwin de Lisle rootled through some papers at home to find the following which featured a young Tom Kelly circa 1939-40:-



**FOR MEASURING THE PACE OF RECRUITS : A DRILL SERGEANT
SETTING THE " PACEMAKER " TO THE REGULATION 30 INCHES.**

The method by which recruits are trained up to the perfect marching alignment of the Guards regiments on such ceremonial parades as the Trooping of the Colour, is shown in these photographs. The drill sergeant walks beside the recruits and, by turning the " pacemaker " at each step, teaches the men to keep to the regulation marching-step of thirty inches. (Fox.)



HOW THE GUARDS LEARN THEIR IMPECCABLE MARCHING-STEP: MEASURING RECRUITS' PACES AT SLOW MARCH.

Further to the College Corps, **Peter Henderson** at the BU Lunch was wearing his cuff links made from the “Collar Dogs” that were worn on the uniform. His days of service were during the time in command of **Viscount FitzAllen** affectionately known as “FitzAllen Tonk” because of his limp caused when his horse was shot from under him when a subaltern of the 11th Hussars in WW1. (Beaumont seemed to like limps as **Tom Kelly** suffered a similar affliction from his wounds at Dunkirk).

Lord FitzAllen was succeeded in command in 1946 by the Austrian born **Capt Baron Ernst von Roretz** which might have raised a few eyebrows in certain quarters concerning his nationality. (Beaumont also liked its titles!)

Yet more titles or at least the mottos that go with them were the subject of letters to the Sunday Telegraph and brought to my attention by **Chris Newling-Ward:-**

MOTTO MYSTERY

4 October

SIR – Dr Emily Baughan, a lecturer in modern history at the University of Bristol, says that it was “pretty ridiculous” for Downton Abbey’s Dowager Countess to use the phrase “que sera sera”, as the BBC drama is set 30 years before the phrase was popularised by Doris Day in the song of that name. Nonsense. Since the 16th century this phrase has been the motto of the Russells – the family of the Dukes of Bedford – from that other well- known abbey, Woburn. It is often spelt in the Italian way: che sarà, sarà.

Violet Crawley would have been well aware of both that family and their motto, without the belated intervention of Miss Day.

Roger Richards
Stockton Heath, Cheshire

SIR – The Italian phrase “che sarà, sarà” is not only the motto of the Dukes of Bedford. It is also the motto of the Earls Russell and Barons Amptill and de Clifford.

Downton Abbey viewers have never seen the coat of arms of the Earls of Grantham. Might the Crawley family motto also be che sarà, sarà?

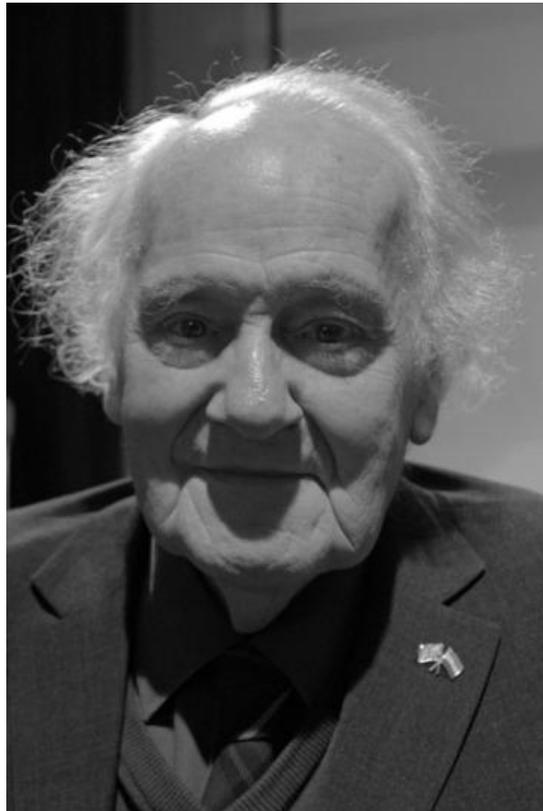
David Atkinson
Woking, Surrey

SIR – At Beaumont College during the Second World War, one could not miss the Russell family coat-of-arms, and the motto che sarà sarà, captioned “**Russell of Killowen**”, emblazoned in stained glass in the Study Place.

Beaumont is now an upmarket conference centre and one wonders what became of those windows. Perhaps they fared better than our chapel rose-window did: they were blown out by a flying bomb in the early hours of June 16 1944, badly damaging the nearby Bells of Ouzeley pub and the lodge next door, occupied by Sir Sidney Cockerell, father of the hovercraft’s inventor.

Contrary to myth, the current rose-window is a post-war reproduction; the original was not taken out and stored during the war. I have an angel’s face and part of a wing that I climbed up and retrieved that day.

John R Marr
Woodham, Surrey



John Marr

Dr. John Marr was awarded the 'Padmashree' from the Government of India in 2009, one of its highest honours.. He is a rare combination of both a Tamil scholar and an Indian musician.

He has studied under Chithoor Subramanya PiLlai and Mudikondan Venkatarama Iyer and has given concerts as well as many lectures on Music.

One of the prize possessions in the Beaumont Museum was a Koran donated by **Mansfield Pasha OB**. It was of Dervish origin and belonged to Abdullah Ibn-Mohammed or Abdullah al-Taashi or Abdullah al-Taaisha, also known as "The Khalifa"; 1846 – November 25, 1899). He was a Sudanese Ansar General and ruler who was one of the principal followers of Muhammad Ahmad. Ahmad claimed to be the Mahdi, building up a large following. After his death Abdallahi ibn Muhammad took over the movement, adopting the title of Khalifat al-Mahdi (usually rendered as "Khalifa"). His attempt to create an Islamist military caliphate led to widespread discontent, and his eventual defeat and death at the hands of the British at the Battle of Omdurman. This Koran had a perverted text to suit the personal pretensions and beliefs of the Mahdi. There seems to be no record of what happened to it when Beaumont closed.

One wonders whether this is the version now in the hands of Al-Baghdadi and ISIL.

There is, according to the Catholic Herald, a renewed effort for the Sainthood of Fr Thomas Byles who was a passenger on the Titanic travelling to New York for the wedding of his brother.

Byles was walking on the upper deck praying his breviary when the ship struck the iceberg. As she was sinking, he assisted many third-class passengers up to the boat deck to the lifeboats. He reputedly twice refused a place on a lifeboat. Toward the very end, he recited the Rosary and other prayers, heard confessions and gave absolution to more than a hundred passengers who remained trapped on the stern of the ship after all of the lifeboats had been launched. His body, if recovered, was never identified. His brothers installed a door in his memory at St Helen's Catholic Church in Chipping Ongar Essex. Pope Pius XI described Byles as a "martyr for the Church".

Byles has three times been portrayed in films about the disaster. In the 1979 television movie "SOS Titanic, he was portrayed by **Mathew Guinness**.

Just over one hundred years ago it was reported in The Tablet:-

July 1915

The congratulations of their fellow-Catholics go very heartily to two new Companions of the Distinguished Service Order, the official records of whose daring we put upon record. The first of these is the bearer of a name already honourably known in the service of the State in England and the Church in Ireland—**Captain the Hon.**

Bertrand Joseph Russell (Reserve of Officers), 104th Battery Royal Field Artillery (Beaumont), of whom it is written: "On 9th May, 1915, near Rue Petillon (Fromelles), this officer commanded a section in the trenches, greatly helping the infantry. He was heavily shelled all day, the parapet in front of one gun being destroyed. They kept on firing, however, and the success was greatly due to the courage displayed by Captain Russell, who was twice wounded early in the day."

Another old Beaumont boy on the same list is **Major Edward Metcalfe Beall, 4th Batt. Liverpool Regt.**, of whom the record runs :—" For excellent work throughout the operations near Ypres from 24th April to 4th May, 1915, especially during the attack on 27th April, when he was with the leading company in the front line. He returned to Battalion Headquarters for reinforcements, and took them forward with him to the front line. He was also conspicuous in the attack on 1st May."

As I trust you know I'm working on the WW2 archive (any contributions on our War dead gratefully received). I came across a remarkable co-incidence:-

Noel Cleaver left Beaumont in 1939 for the Royal School of Mines but with the outbreak of war he was commissioned in County of London Yeomanry (the Sharpshooters). **Capel Pritchard** left school a couple of years later and received a commission in the same regiment. Both took part in the Normandy landings in the same squadron. They fought together in a Regiment that took very heavy casualties in the armoured battles around Caen. On the 18th August they were engaged in fierce fighting for the Falaise Gap. There were two Sharpshooter officers killed that day, Noel Cleaver and Capel Pritchard – Beaumont together, served and fought together and died together. They are buried in the same War Graves Cemetery.

Much of our lives are given over to chance. At the Lunch, **John Flood** was discussing "name tapes" with **Rupert Lescher**. Having dutifully sewn Rupert's school number on all his articles of clothing, Mrs Lescher was incensed when informed that the school had made an error and could she kindly change the number. Mrs Flood heard of this sorry tale and was determined that when it was young John's turn to go up to Beaumont no such error should occur. She checked with the Bursar that John's number was indeed 60. Name tapes duly arrived from Mr Cash and were sewn in place. A week before the start of term there was a call from the Bursar to say that a mistake had been made as 60 was already allocated to a boy moving up from St John's, would Mrs Flood alter the number to 360. Mrs Flood was livid and threatened to cancel John's imminent arrival at Old Windsor and send him to the Yorkshire Moors.

As John recounted how different life would have been – no Mcnamara Ryan, no HCPT, no Celia and no Beaumont Union; what a thought.

The book on 1956 has made me recall the parts both large and small that OBs played in the tumultuous affairs of that year. Most prominent would have been that of **Philip de Zulueta** as Private Secretary and Foreign Affairs Advisor to the Prime Minister Anthony Eden.

In the Letter column of THE REVIEW, **Peter Kernot** wrote from Malta “Since my arrival, no matter where I turn there always seems to be an OB there. The first I met was **Michael Barnes**; he has now moved to Cyprus. I met **Christopher Wilkinson** (45 Commando) on one occasion. Now come to think of it I also bumped into him again in Port Said. **Anthony Whyatt** is now Midshipman Whyatt on board HMS Forth, the submarine depot ship and we have been out together quite a lot with **George de Trafford**, who as you know lives on the island. **Jeremy Gompertz**, now commissioned passed through on his way to Cyprus with the Royal Berkshires. **Christopher Dickens** also came over on the same boat and needless to say when OBs get together for a party there is no stopping them. Chris I gather is on his way back to the UKlife at first was easy, too easy. We were one of the first to land at Port Said with the commandos to direct naval gunfire to support the attack. I saw things there that I have always thought existed only in books or on the screen; things that I had forced myself to believe were just not true – the grim realisation of the realities of war were all too soon upon me. To be exact at 0430 on the morning of the British assault. The memories of my five days there will be with me for life, more from that sudden realisation than from anything else.”

Another at war was **Jean de Leusse**; “I have been in Algeria now for six months and I am afraid that we’ll have to stay here for the winter....life is very hard; no water, no electricity and of course no houses. This summer it was very warm, but the winter is going to be colder than I thought. But as we are fighting to save a part of our country it is normal for us to accept everything easily. My father is now Ambassador in Tunisia ...I hope to be in England next year as I am invited by my Uncle Lord Onslow for the “coming out” ball for his daughter. (**Ed** the phrase “Coming Out” seems to have changed in recent times).

Also in the news the new Salvadorian Ambassador to London was **Carlos Azucar Chavez** his country’s one time foreign minister.

Not mentioned was that at the end of the year, **Christopher Lord** then a student at Magdalen Oxford went to Budapest to join the Hungarian uprising against the Soviets.

In her critique of Michael Korda’s memoir of those tumultuous days Anna Porter wrote in The Globe & Mail: Korda travels in the company of three other similarly inclined friends, all Oxford undergraduates, seeking adventure. They pack their jaunty VW bug with a few randomly selected drugs that they imagine could come in useful in a hospital for treating shooting victims, and a couple of hampers of delicatessen -- salami, ham, cheeses -- just what a revolution might need in an emergency. To make sure they are not taken for ordinary rabble, they affix a Union Jack to the roof of the car. Given how they look, of course, there is little danger of being mistaken for anything other than what they are.

"**Christopher Lord** wore a 'British Warm,' suede chukka boots, a heavy astrakhan fur hat. . . . Roger Cooper a naval duffel coat and Russian fur hat . . . I wore my RAF

sheepskin flying jacket," and so forth. In preparation for departure, they have a few drinks, and Korda meets with Graham Greene in the Ritz Hotel Bar for last-minute advice. Greene features several times in the book, though only by reference. He does not make another personal appearance, but hey, if he were my family friend, I'd be inclined to mention him quite a lot, too.

Korda's father, Vincent, and uncle Alexander, both celebrated film people, drop by even more often as concierges bow and scrape at the mere mention of the name Korda -- such a magical name, and so reminiscent of wonderful times past.

Once the jolly group arrives at the Hungarian capital, not much happens to any of them, though the revolution unfolds as it did, Korda providing cheerful commentary in Isherwood-camera-style on surrounding events, grotesque dead bodies, Russian tanks -- he seems to be rather impressed with Russian tactics -- collapsed buildings, ineffectual barricades, students of about the same age as the Oxford adventurers, but less well dressed and carrying guns. Throughout the tale, Korda remains quite disengaged, if fascinated by his surroundings.

The medicines are delivered, the fine food is shared, there are a few tense moments in the bar of the hotel, when the Russian tanks shell nearby barricades, and the Oxford friends return to the safety of the West, leaving the Hungarians to mop up the blood and survive -- many did not exactly survive -- the ensuing Soviet-style retribution.

Journey is a fast, entertaining read for all those who don't wish to know a whole lot about either the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 or its victims. For me, a Korda fan since reading his wonderful *Charmed Lives*, the joy was in his style.



For those wishing to buy **Robert Schulte's** wine Chateau Beaulieu appellation Marmande it is available in London at **La Fromagerie 2-6 Moxon Street.**

CHATEAU BEAULIEU 2001 CUVÉE DE L'ORATOIRE MARMANDE

LOT ET GARRONE (NEAR BORDEAUX), FRANCE

CABERNET FRANC

CABERNET SAUVIGNON

MERLOT

Deliciously dense and fruity with spice and chocolate. Good tannin strength. A big wine for a superb cheese course and meat dishes. Will lay down for at least ten years. Agnes & Robert Schulte's top wine. The Oratoire yield twenty hectolitre per hectare, which is very low, producing no more than 10,000 bottles a year. The vineyards are located west of Marmande, where the humidity and sunshine – along with the clay-limestone soil composition – are very much like those of the much more expensive Bordeaux vineyards. Deliciously dense with exceptional concentration. Twelve months ageing in oak barrels give the hint of vanilla to the taste. Open and decant at least four hours ahead of drinking.

The Royal Borough of Windsor is currently listing all the War Memorials within their bounds together with all the casualty details. They were much relieved to hear that our Archive holds all the necessary details and I have allowed them to publish our record on their own Website.

Robin Mulcahy and other devotees of the original **Vril** will be pleased to find that AbeBooks.com are currently advertising:

VRIL: A Miscellany. No. 3 (The Journal of the Quodlibetarian Society)

Hewins, Richard

Published by Beaumont College, Old Windsor, UK, 1958

Used / Original Wraps / Quantity Available: 1

From Peter Rhodes Books (Southampton, United Kingdom)

Bookseller Rating: ★★★★★

Available From More Booksellers

1 Used from US\$ 15.68

In my parish of Petworth there is some good natured rivalry between those that went to the Catholic schools so you might be amused that on boarding the train for London I found an Old Amplefordian already seated. He greeted me and offered the seat opposite him. "Charles" I said, "Ampleforth it seems travels Second Class, we at Beaumont travel First, I must move further up the train". I left him spluttering into his Costa Coffee.

As we are now into Advent I feel that we can now look forward to Christmas which for many shops started in September. If you are at a loss for the present for the Lady in your Life and wish to add to your impoverishment can I suggest "a little something" from Dyptique the Parisian Boutique created by **Desmond Knox-Leet (40)** – scented candles, scents, diffusers". They have a shop in Brook Street and outlets at Harrods, Selfridges, Liberty and John Lewis. My wife Annie is a devotee and so it seems are others.

Shop! Mary Portas on Diptyque

"If you're struggling for gift ideas, think of this column as my Christmas present to you. This week's shop is not only a gem of a brand and store, it offers

presents galore to suit a variety of tastes. I first stumbled across Diptyque on boulevard Saint-Germain in Paris in 1990, while covering the catwalk collections for Harvey Nichols. The scents, the candles... it was like rediscovering the good part of being a Catholic. Instantly I fell in love, not only with the store - Diptyque's first, which had opened in 1961 - but also with its original scent, L'Eau, which Diptyque's trio of founders launched in 1968, having begun their aromatic adventures with (their now world-famous) candles.

Twenty-two years later, the love affair continues. L'Eau, a far from retiring perfume, is still my obsession, to the point that I become possessive and shouty if anyone borrows a spritz. I am also extremely fond of Vetyverio, which I wear in summer, and Eau Lente, a humdinger of an evening perfume. My home is also swathed in Diptyque fragrances - different candles for different times of year. For Christmas I'd recommend Baies (blackcurrant and rose) and Feu de Bois (mossy, woody).

These days, Diptyque is owned by Manzanita Capital, the same group that majority-owns Space NK, and you can buy its candles online, but nothing beats a visit to one of its boutiques, where there are experts on hand, and an opportunity to indulge in olfactory delights. I have to admit that I cheated on Diptyque for a while and went through a Cire Trudon phase, but those days are now firmly behind me because (sorry Cire Trudon) Diptyque candles really are the best. London has four branches; I normally shop at the Marylebone High Street shop, with Jayson Tane-Smiler, the wonderful operations manager whose office is tucked underneath in the UK HQ. However, to ring the changes, I'm heading to Brook Street.

The windows The Brook Street branch is a world away from the brash urbanity of nearby Oxford Street. As I approach it in the dark of a cold winter's night, its Christmas window display, with its red, green and blue holiday candles, shines like a precious jewel. This store is bijou to say the least (300sq ft) but emanates a warmth and welcome that comes alive when you step inside. The displays are simple and beautifully fitted, and the packaging does so much to communicate Diptyque's authenticity as a Parisian perfumer with a powerful narrative - the distinctive oval emblem is meant to bring to mind shields of ancient Rome or an 18th-century medallion. Store experiences such as this one are rare. It gets everything right. Even in a shop this size, everything feels perfectly edited. It's a feast for the senses: the scents, the colours, the sounds of Billie Holiday. Heaven.

Am I being served? As soon as I walk in I am asked if I need anything, and not in an over-responsive, annoying way. The sales assistant is helpful and - more importantly - knowledgeable when I ask for information on the latest products and their origins. Guiding me through the collection, she is not pushy, not bored, there is no chatter with the other shop staff when I am left to my own devices. When I comment on the re-inclusion of the brand's collaboration with John Galliano (which seemed to have disappeared from the shelves after his fall from grace last year), she tells me, honestly, that with so many people asking for the scent and so many candles still unsold in the Paris warehouse, that they had decided to bring it back for Christmas and test the response. There are also incense sticks in the same fragrance, with a rather pretty incense holder shaped to John Galliano's initials, previously unreleased.

Verdict Diptyque is a brand with creativity at its heart. Every product this company puts its name to feels lovingly created. There is a story to tell, and it is told extremely well. Service is impeccable and the in-store experience, from the windows down to the new-look hourglass home scent diffusers (which I bought) and oversize outdoor candles, feels pleasingly intimate but not confining. Despite its diminutive size, this store has a big personality, and there is nothing better in the service industry than the feeling of being served by an expert”.

CORRESPONDENCE

From **Hubert de Lisle**:-

My dear Robert ,

I hope you are keeping well.

My planning for the de Lisle battlefield Tour with **Philip Stevens** in the autumn of 2017 is ongoing.

I recently came across this assessment of “shell shock “as reported to the Military Command by Capt Hugh Bayly RAMC when as MO to 1st Scots Gds in the summer of 1916.

I attach an extract from this report which includes his assessment / definition of shell shock as used in 1916.

I thought you might be interested to have a copy for your archives particularly as Post Traumatic Stress (PST) is and remains a condition under debate today.

Yours ever, Hubert

Ed: I thought it might interest the wider audience:-

A Study in Shell Shock by Capt Hugh Bayly, RAMC, MO to 1st Scots Gds summer 1916.

..... “The term “shell shock “was far too loose a term as used during the war to cover:

- (1) Shell concussion, with a more or less prolonged period of unconsciousness and almost certain damage to brain substance.
- (2) Shell neurasthenia, the result of nerve exhaustion after a prolonged period of strain and tension and lack of sleep.
- (3) Abnormal nerve reaction to the stimuli of explosions owing to a sensitive and highly strung nervous system.
- (4) A lack of normal nerve control in the face of danger, to which the ugly name of ‘cowardice’ is sometimes, rightly given .

All gallant men dread shell shock more than any other wound, for the simple reason that an extremely small percentage of the men returned with this disability may possibly include a few poltroons. There is no form of casualty that has my greater sympathy.”

From **John Wolff**:-

Matthew Guinness rang me to say he had seen a recent article in the Guardian alluding to an assassination attempt on Queen Victoria foiled by two Eton boys on Windsor station. His memory is that it was one Beaumont boy, and that in gratitude the Queen made a presentation to the College (probably a picture of herself) which hung in the first guest room. He wants to write to the Guardian to correct them, but wants to be sure of his facts first. Do you know the true story? You can reply direct to Matt and copy me in.

ED: Dear Mathew,

Firstly, thanks to John I now have your Latest Email address - may I put you back on the BU mailing list? Concerning the 1882 assassination attempt: whether or not the two Eton boys were involved I could not comment but certainly no Beaumont boy was present. Following the attempt the then Rector sent a letter of congratulations on her deliverance to HM which eventually led to her visit to Beaumont later on in the month. The reward was an extra week's holiday. The signed portrait, the gift of the Queen came at the end of April after another Royal visit, when following their marriage, Prince Leopold and his new bride Princess Helena of Waddeck- Pymont visited the school. The Queen came on an unofficial visit to see the "Floral decorations" which the Royal couple had commented on to her. So sadly no cause for a letter to The Guardian but it was the first sign of a thaw in the Monarch's view of Catholicism which continued till the end of her reign and two further visits to the school.

Best wishes,

Robert.

From **John Wolff**:-

Thanks Robert. I hope your research into what Matthew and I got up to at Beaumont never hits the Guardian.

John

ED one day I hope to “hit” the REVIEW with it.

As I go to press I'm relieved to say that as far as I can ascertain no OB or their wider families were harmed in the recent atrocities in Paris. Deo Gratias.

Your Committee send you all our best wishes for a Happy and Joyous Christmas.

L D S