

A M D G



## BEAUMONT UNION REVIEW SPRING 2019



Whatever happened to So & So? We often hear it at gatherings and I am certain that you like myself can think back to one's schooldays and remember those, who it would seem for no apparent reason, have dropped below the parapet. Some of them seemed to have a future assured: they were gladiators on the sports field, bright and intelligent or from a background "bien-aise". For most Beaumont had served them well. The majority joined The Union but...they changed address or because the school closed felt it was no longer relevant to their lives,

their beliefs or their attitudes changed. I know from my own experience that I was out of touch for thirty odd years moving around with the military followed by living in France. Then back to this country making contact once more and picking up again as if it were yesterday. I would like to think that one or some of these absent friends, like myself will find out about us, re-make acquaintances and regale us with tales of their life's experience and who knows enjoy our company from time to time.

## PASSING THE BATON



**John Paton Walsh** our Honorary Secretary who has held the BU together for the best part of half a century has decided that the time has come to hand over part of his duties to a successor. This will include holding the BU account and taking the Lunch bookings though he will retain more than a passing interest in the menu and seating plan. **It is the wish of the Committee members that John becomes our Life Vice-President, a role that has been vacant since the late Hal Dickens in 1966: I'm pleased to tell you that he has accepted.**

The Committee is very pleased to tell you that John's successor as Honorary Secretary is **Mandy Bedford**. Those that know Mandy will not need to be told that she has all the qualities and more to look after us: no one is better fitted for the role. Having organised Mike and his BU ventures over the years and now the Team Leader of the BOFS it is a great relief to us that she is prepared to take us on.

## OBITUARIES

I regret to inform you of the deaths of **John "Juan" Nelson (49)** in Buenos Aires. Son of the polo legend Jack Nelson (09), **Michael McGreal (67)** mixed sport with music, **John Mayle (52)** rowed in the VIII that beat Eton. **Fr Billy Hewitt SJ:** a staff member in the school's final years.

**See Obituaries**

## **VRIL**

A new edition to **VRIL** can be found on the "dropdown" **ANNOUNCEMENTS – NEWS right VRIL**. There are a couple of articles submitted by **John Barrington Tristram** produced by "Onepeterfive" that supports the views of the traditional wing of the church: interesting reading.

## **RARE PHOTOGRAPH**

This is not only the first Beaumont Team photograph, but is also one of the very earliest Cricket team photographs in existence.



It is of the 1869 side outside the White House. The condition is good for its age with some foxing, trimmed edge, light scratches and craquelure. Its rarity is reflected in the price of £1,978 and is being offered by a seller from Oak Lawn, Illinois, USA.

We have no record of who were the team members. Opposition came from The Baker Street Club organised by T I Molloy (Hon) the composer, Emeriti, the Rev Ld Petre whose brother **Bernard (72)** succeeded him, Windsor Home Park, Coopers Hill and Viscount Downe and the Life Guards. It was in 1869 that Beaumont beat the Oratory; this was the second time the two schools had met, the first had been in 1867 which was also a Beaumont victory. In those days masters and boys are recorded as cutting the pitch with scissors.

## NOTICES.

### BOFS

The **BOFS** will be in Lourdes 24 -28 April in conjunction with the annual HCPT pilgrimage. We will of course remember you all at the Grotto and at the various Masses. We will also raise a glass or two to absent friends and the Spirit of Beaumont. The Carmen and the Pater Noster will drift melodiously on the night air – “Aeterna non Caduca”.

### BUGS.



**The annual meeting will take place at Westerham Golf Club 29 May: not only players but supporters most welcome. Details from The Hon Secretary Nigel Courtney [nigel@courtneynet.com](mailto:nigel@courtneynet.com)**

#### **New Fixture**

#### **From Nigel Courtney Hon Secretary BUGS**

The OBs of Worth School would like to take us on.

As you probably know, Worth was originally a prep school for Downside, but launched a senior school in 1959). As you can imagine, establishment in 1959 means that many of Worth's OB golfers still work during the week. Happily, a Friday afternoon fixture fits the bill, on similar lines to our Denham fixture: lunch followed by 18 holes.

I have found what I hope you will agree is an ideal venue: The Addington. In case you are not familiar with it, it is one of the Top 100 courses in the UK. This woodland and heather course was designed and built in 1914 by JF Abercrombie. The club house is located on Shirley Hills, at 205 Shirley Church Road, Croydon CR0 5AB. PG Wodehouse was a member (cf: Bertie Wooster grumbles to Jeeves about the bunkers). The course is currently rated number 30 in England and its hilltop location provides some dramatic scenery and fine views across the City of London (see [www.addingtongolf.com](http://www.addingtongolf.com)).

Luckily I've been able to negotiate a heavily discounted price of £72pp for a 2-course lunch, followed by 18 holes, with sandwiches and chips served at the 19<sup>th</sup> hole.

I'm pleased to say that The Addington will be happy to host us on Friday 26<sup>th</sup> July. To meet by 12.00; lunch at 12.30; first tee at 13.30; sandwiches & chips at 18.30. BTW, of the options for the main course I can recommend the chicken curry with rice and poppadums.

**ED:** Worth were invited to replace Beaumont in the Russell Bowl played between Ampleforth, Downside and Stonyhurst.

## **Facebook**

**Guy Bailey** with the assistance of **Tony Parish** has set up a FACEBOOK page for PHOTOS only.

## **Museum.**

We make progress, having gathered a fair amount of clothing and memorabilia at St John's. It is now a question of making the displays and ensuring that it is relevant to the boys. I'm working to this end with Giles Delaney and Fr Adrian Porter.

## **Jesuit Alumni Livery** - Blandyke Dinner 2019 - Save the Date - 18th June 2019

The dinner will be held in the Judges' Dining Room at the Old Bailey by kind permission of Sheriff Vincent Keaveny.

John Dewhurst has kindly offered to talk to us about the Jesuits who were martyred in the City of London. It may be highly appropriate that we are dining at the Old Bailey!

As always, if you know of any others Members of Livery Companies with Jesuit connections and who may be interested, please let me know.

Steve Hodkinson [steve.hodkinson@scotchpartners.com](mailto:steve.hodkinson@scotchpartners.com)

## **Congratulations**

The youngest person to row the Atlantic solo and unassisted in The Talisker Whiskey Challenge: "The World's Toughest Row".



**Lukas Hartzman SJOBOD**, who then went on to the Oratory and aged 18 completed the crossing in 59 days having started on 12 December, he crossed the finishing line 9 February'. He was also the first of the 5 solo competitors to finish. Before setting out Lukas wrote:-

"In December 2018 I will set off from La Gomera to row 3000 miles, alone, across the Atlantic Ocean. Upon arrival in Antigua, hopefully, no more than 60 days after my departure, I will become "*The youngest person to ever row across the Atlantic solo and unassisted*".

I'm a British 18-year-old young man, and due to my Italian and Austrian parents, I will also become the 1<sup>st</sup> Austrian and 3<sup>rd</sup> Italian to have done such a challenge alone. This will by no means be an easy journey, facing all that nature has to throw at me. Battling against storms, 30-40 ft waves, sleep deprivation, injuries, and rowing for up to 16 hours/day, for 60 – 80 days straight, etc.

However, although physically I will be as alone as anyone could ever be, I know that I will not be completely alone, as I am certain that back home my friends, family, and all my supporters will follow this '*extraordinary*' journey by an '*ordinary*' young man.



The Beaumont Union sends him our Congratulations and admiration.

## PAST EVENTS

### THE MIKE BEDFORD CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON

The late lamented Mike's lunching club met to continue the tradition at Boodles on the first Friday of December. 16 of us gathered to remember Mike and past members of the group – **Jack Wolff (34)**, **Brian Dillon (48)**, **Tony Mathews (53)** and **Graeme Grant (62)**.



Jerry has recently updated his profile (see below)





Travelling home on an over-crowded Friday evening train but feeling mellow after our excellent lunch, it occurred to me what an eclectic group of people had just gathered together. Around the table in profession, relations, sports and interests I began to put a jigsaw together. There were 5 sons of OBs, we stretched from '56 to '66 with three '58s. Three brothers in law and a brace of cousins. A couple of lawyers, an accountant and an engineer. Business from antiques to cars, shoes, and property. A couple of insurance brokers and a metal broker. Two doctors one medical and a Harley street surgeon. Liverymen as varied as Feltnakers to a Wire Drawer, a Farrier and an Information Technologist. Two Past Masters and a serving Master. A couple of Papal knights, three members of Boodles and representatives of The Turf, Cavalry & Guards and Chelsea Arts. Men who use the services of Hoares and Coutts. Varsity men and those of the University of Life. Two Captains of the School, Captains of Rugby, Boxing and Boats. A "twice- niner", A, B, and C streamers. BOFS, BUGS and BUEF followers, HCPT group leaders, a Real Tennis player, a couple of past amateur jockeys, a County veteran golf captain, two who raced horses in the school colours. One on crutches and another on sticks and an agnostic among the faithful. But we all wore the same much-loved tie.

I should add that also lunching in his Club that day was **Anthony German-Ribon** who did not take much persuading to join us for a snifter in the bar on our adjournment.

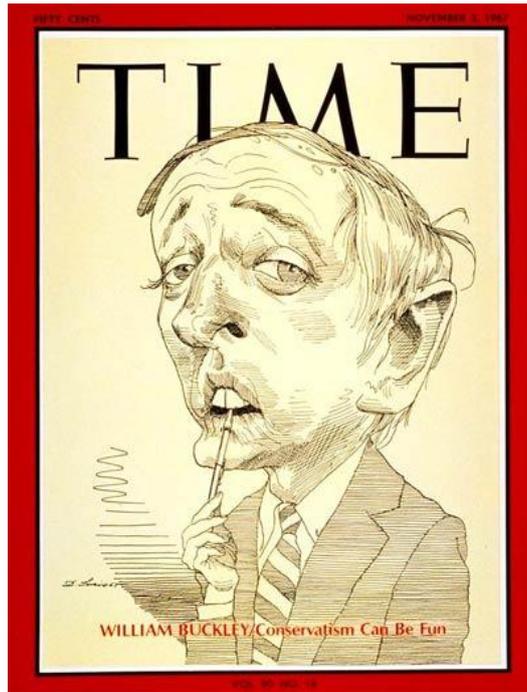
## ARTICLES

### WILLIAM BUCKLEY REMEMBERED

**(In these days of the Donald)**

"To fail to experience gratitude when walking through the corridors of the Metropolitan Museum, when listening to the music of Bach or Beethoven, when exercising our freedom to speak, or ... to give, or withhold, our assent, is to fail to recognize how much we have received from the great wellsprings of human talent and concern that gave us Shakespeare, Abraham Lincoln, Mark Twain, our parents, our friends. We need a rebirth of gratitude for those who have cared for us, living and, mostly, dead. The high moments of our way of life are their gifts to us. We must remember them in our thoughts and in our prayers; and in our deeds."

— **William F. Buckley**



**3<sup>rd</sup> November 1967 The only OB to appear on the front cover.**

### ***The Washington Times***

It's been over a decade since William F. Buckley Jr. died. Yet, surveying the ideological landscape, it feels more like a century.

Watch an episode of his program "Firing Line," and you'll see what I mean. There, Mr. Buckley — in his uniquely aristocratic way — would debate guests on the issues of the day. Not try to shout each other down, or trot out a quick sound bite before three or four different people cross-talked over you, but actually debate.

That may sound like a recipe for boredom, and perhaps by the cage-match mentality prevailing today, it was. But we're talking about a program that racked up more than 1,500 episodes over nearly 35 years. People were watching, listening and engaging in debates of their own across the country.

Mr. Buckley, of course, was no mere host, but an intellect of the first order who preached undiluted conservatism. Author, publisher, commentator, he bucked the liberal order by revealing the emptiness of its utopian promises.

He got off to an early start, putting himself on the political map right out of college in 1951 with a best-seller called "God and Man at Yale." Only a few years later, he founded National Review.

It's hard to overestimate the importance of National Review to the conservative movement. Great thinkers on the right, such as F.A. Hayek, Russell Kirk and James Burnham, were producing important books, but before Mr. Buckley's magazine hit newsstands in 1955, no periodical was unapologetically applying conservative principles to current affairs, especially in such an urbane and witty way.

“Though liberals do a great deal of talking about hearing other points of view, it sometimes shocks them to learn that there are other points of view,” he wrote in “Up From Liberalism.” Another classic zinger: “Liberals, it has been said, are generous with other people’s money, except when it comes to questions of national survival, when they prefer to be generous with other people’s freedom and security.”

With good reason did his son Christopher describe his father as “the intellectual godfather” to the movement that gave us Ronald Reagan. “I’d be lost without National Review,” the future president wrote to Mr. Buckley in 1962, two years before his famous “A Time for Choosing” speech for Barry Goldwater put him on the political map.

Mr. Buckley was *sui generis*: master of the spoken and written word; founder of institutions that outlive him; unheralded supporter of many individuals and organizations; political trendsetter; and a congenital optimist who led the way for so many to follow, while remaining a man of deep personal faith and belief.

Imagine a world without Mr. Buckley’s presence for all those decades, and his continuing legacy. Not only no National Review, still America’s pre-eminent journal of sensible thought and analysis, but no institutions of the right, ranging from the Young America’s Foundation to The Philadelphia Society. None of the thousands of next-generation followers who have made their individual marks in myriad ways to promote freedom worldwide.

Ever the defender of what Russell Kirk called “the permanent things,” Mr. Buckley continually reminded us that real conservatism is based on tradition and the cumulative wisdom of those on whose shoulders we stand.

He was reluctant to provide a final definition of conservatism, but he offered himself as a definition, admitting he was dependent on human freedom, not as an end, but as a means — to “live my life an obedient man, but obedient to God, subservient to the wisdom of my ancestors; never to the authority of political truths arrived at yesterday at the voting booth.”

What a legacy William F. Buckley has left for us to celebrate — and emulate.

**ED** there is a William Buckley Programme at Yale founded in 2010 by a group of Yale undergraduates under the guidance of Professor Donald Kagan. The programme officially launched in the spring semester of 2011. The mission is to promote intellectual diversity on Yale’s campus.

This was his Obituary written in **The Guardian**



William F Buckley Jr, was one of the most important builders of the conservative ascendancy in America. His great single achievement was to make intellectual conservatism respectable for the first time for a generation. He did this through his own spiky but elegant polemical writings and through the magazine he founded in 1955, National Review, which fused together the warring tribes of the American right and gave encouragement to an entire generation of rightwingers.

In his television show Firing Line (1966-99), he became the most feared controversialist in America. Kind and generous in private, Buckley could be sarcastic and cruel in defence of his beliefs. His gladiatorial contests on air reached a climax in an infamous row with Gore Vidal in 1968. When Vidal persisted in suggesting that Buckley's views made him something close to a fascist, Buckley burst out: "Now, listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto-Nazi, or I'll sock you in the face!" Buckley was ashamed of himself for losing control, and developed a gentler style.

He loved to shock those he regarded as wimpish liberals, but it was important to him to present himself as a gentleman. He was a man of culture, a gifted writer and brilliant debater, and a sincere Catholic. He was also an accomplished pianist, and from 1976 onwards wrote a series of popular novels about CIA agent Blackford Oakes. In all, he produced more than 40 books and 5,600 of his biweekly newspaper columns, On the Right. A keen sailor, Buckley made a number of voyages, across the Atlantic and the Pacific, in large yachts loaded with friends, vintage wine, hundreds of hours of taped Mozart and Motown, word processors (for captain and crew to write their books on) and a piano for the captain's Bach.

At the same time, he freely expressed views most people would regard as oafish. For a long time he approved of racial segregation, though later he seems to have come to understand that this would conflict with his stylish image. He continued to write with gross insensitivity about Africans. He was openly homophobic, and when Aids first appeared, he suggested that gay men should be tattooed on the buttocks. As a young man, when asked about his beliefs, he replied: "I have God and my father, and that's all I need."

Born in Manhattan, he was the sixth child of Will Buckley, a Texas Irishman who made and lost a fortune in Mexican oil and then made it back in Venezuela. Buckley

Snr rescued priests during the Mexican revolution and brought up his children to think of themselves as counter-revolutionaries. After taking the children to live in Mexico, France and England, he settled on an estate in rural Connecticut.

Buckley Snr resembled his contemporary Joseph Kennedy in that he was a self-made Irish millionaire, anti-communist and isolationist who had a fierce determination that his children must succeed in competition with the Protestant elite. Young William's older sister recalled that they were given professional instruction in "apologetics, art, ballroom dancing, banjo, bird-watching" and so on alphabetically for a long paragraph to "tennis, typing and tap-dancing".

Buckley Snr was a bigot who sent his children (not including Bill) to burn a cross, symbol of the Ku Klux Klan, on the lawn of a Jewish hotel. Like Kennedy, he was also an Anglophobe. Young William rejected his father's anti-semitism and was ambivalent about things English. He retained for life the slight English accent he acquired at the Catholic public school, **Beaumont**. He had many English friends, especially the historian Alistair Horne. But he derived glee from having Blackford Oakes sleep with the Queen of England.

The young Buckley was deeply influenced by his father's friend Albert Jay Nock, a defrocked Anglican clergyman. In an autobiography called *The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man*, Nock expressed contempt for the democracy and "economism" of the modern American world. He borrowed from the prophet Isaiah the idea that people such as himself and the Buckylys were a "remnant" who would fail to persuade their contemporaries but would influence generations to come.

After war service in the army (1944-46), Buckley studied political science, economics and history at Yale. He was a member of the elite insiders' club, Skull and Bones; star of the debating team (he won a famous victory over the Oxford team of Robin Day and Tony Benn); and editor of the *Yale Daily News*. After graduating in 1950, he met his sister's tall and beautiful friend Pat Taylor, daughter of a Canadian businessman. He proposed within a week and was accepted. It remained the model of a happy marriage. She died last April; their son Christopher survives them both.

Once he had left Yale, he wrote a caustic attack on the university's lack of religious faith, a book called *God and Man at Yale* (1951). Yale reacted with fury. When it put up McGeorge Bundy, later President Kennedy's national security adviser, to denounce him as a "twisted and ignorant young man", Buckley's name was made.

After a brief stint as a CIA agent in Mexico - where his boss was the future Watergate burglar E Howard Hunt - he co-wrote a provocative apologia for the liberals' bete noire, McCarthy and his *Enemies* (1959), about the witch-hunting senator from Wisconsin.

He founded *National Review* with a gifted and pugnacious team of editors, many of them converts from the left. They included Whittaker Chambers, an ex-communist who was the denouncer of Alger Hiss in the high profile trial of the McCarthy years; the talented ex-Trotskyite James Burnham; and another American ex-communist, Frank Meyer.

Buckley shone as the ringmaster of this ideological menagerie. National Review's great achievement was to bring together the authoritarian, often intolerant, strand of American conservatism with the libertarian, free-market tradition. The common ground was anti-communism. National Review had many of the faults of the politicised little magazine, including sectarianism and infighting. But countless American conservatives have testified that it made them feel part of a movement that would eventually change society.

By the 1960s, however, Buckley was losing interest in the magazine. He took to spending long holidays near Gstaad, in Switzerland, and worked on a book, to be titled *The Revolt Against the Masses*, which was never finished. There he made friends with the film star David Niven, and - incongruously - with the arch-liberal Harvard economist, John Kenneth Galbraith.

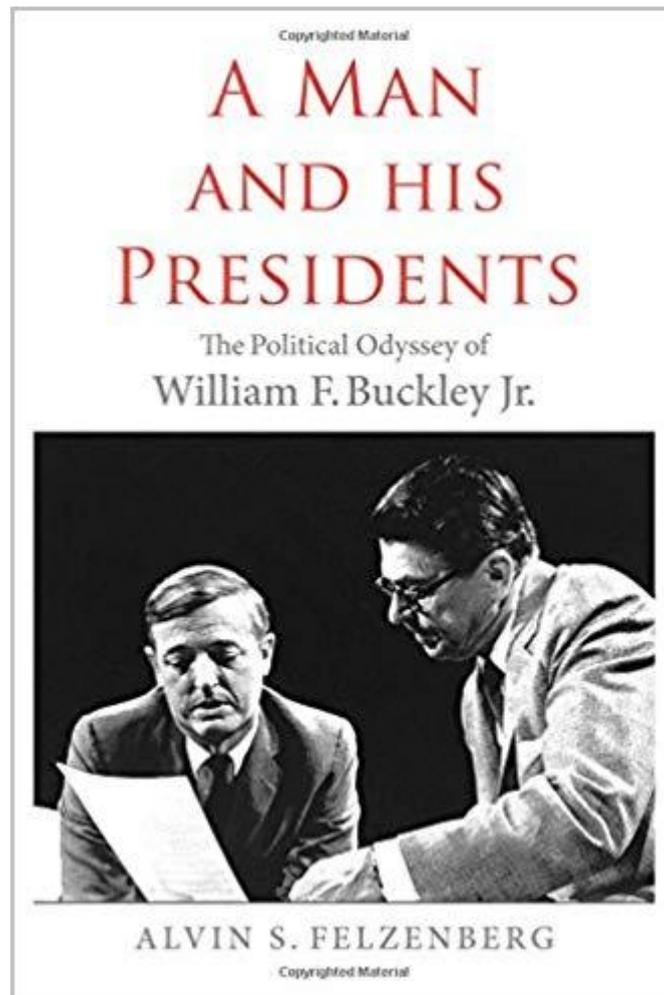
In 1966 he threw himself into *Firing Line*, which made him an instant celebrity. He ran for mayor of New York, though with no hope of winning. But increasingly he was more interested in the role of a Manhattan man about town whose speciality was to *épater les bourgeois* with patrician arrogance and rightwing insolence.

The election of his friend Ronald Reagan in 1980 restored his reputation and enabled his family to enjoy a celebrity vacation with the Reagans at Claudette Colbert's house in Barbados. But his serious political influence was over. However, he could take consolation from the praise of George Will, National Review's former Washington correspondent, who said he had equipped the Republican Party with an "intellectually defensible modern conservatism".

He proclaimed the decline of civilisation, while enjoying the best it had to offer in his big house on the Connecticut shore of Long Island; in Switzerland, which he called the antechamber to heaven; and in the salons and restaurants of Manhattan. His prosperity was dented, but not destroyed, by a series of business rows and reverses.

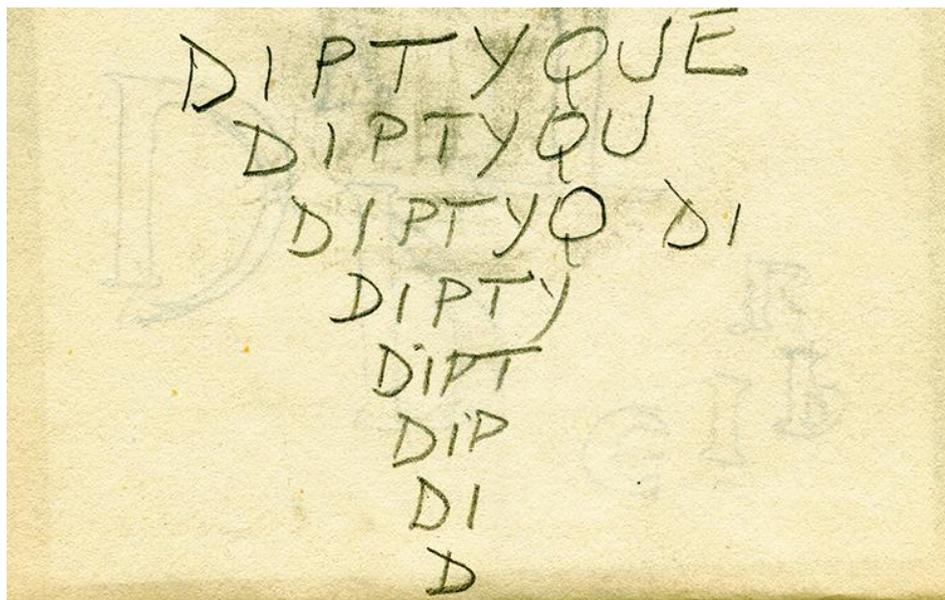
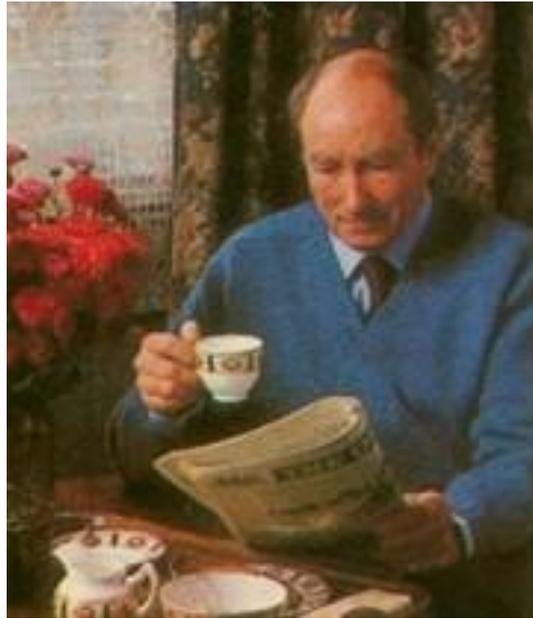
He will be remembered among other things for his self-deprecating wit. When he was running for mayor, a reporter asked him, "conservatively speaking", how many votes he expected to get. "Conservatively speaking," he replied, "one". "What would you do if you were elected?" the reporter asked. "Demand a recount."

• William Francis Buckley Jr, editor, writer and television personality, born November 24 1925; died February 27 2008



William F. Buckley Jr. is widely regarded as the most influential American conservative writer, activist, and organizer in the post war era. In this nuanced biography, Alvin Felzenberg sheds light on little-known aspects of Buckley's career, including his role as back-channel adviser to policy makers, his intimate friendship with both Ronald and Nancy Reagan, his changing views on civil rights, and his break with George W. Bush over the Iraq War.

**THE KNOX –LEET STORY continues:-**



Which kind of party are the dancing letters coming from?

diptyque lettering may not be the most readable, barely legible at times, however it also stands out from among thousands. Sometimes people pretend to get it while their tongues seem to struggle to get the name right. The diptyque labels were created by Desmond Knox-Leet who designed their higgledy-piggledy letters – his work at the mansion in Bletchley Park during World War II could have had something to do with it. Little do we know about it as all members of Bletchley's carefully selected teams signed the Official Secrets Act and the role of Bletchley Park was shrouded in secrecy by the British Government until 1974.

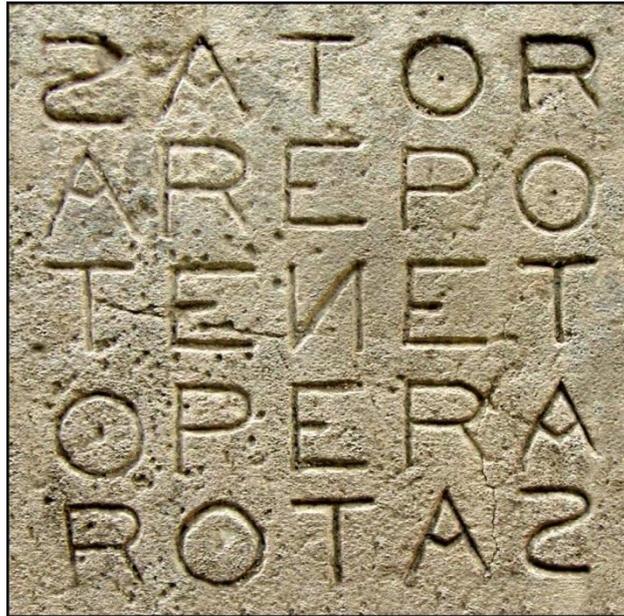
From 1939 to 1945 the sharpest of minds with a diversity of skills, from the brilliant to the eccentric were recruited and housed in Bletchley Park to decipher the German coded communications systems. Mathematicians, linguists, crossword experts, chess-players etc – all were above suspicion. The mansion at Bletchley Park became the headquarters for the United Kingdom's Government Code and Cypher School (GC&S), whimsically dubbed the "Golf, Cheese and Chess Society" by the staff. Work was done around the clock in shifts throughout the war and groups were accommodated in huts each having a specialisation – cryptanalysis, transmissions, intelligence etc.

There it seems he met Alan Turing and this brilliant mathematical genius devised various techniques for breaking German secret codes, including the famous Enigma which was used by the German Navy for their submarine fleet. It is generally said that the landing of the allied troops on June 6, 1944 (Operation Overlord) was possible owing to Turing's team's breakthrough. He is also thought of as being the founder of modern-day computers, as he had laid the groundwork for the computer programming methods as well as morphogenesis.

In 1952, he was prosecuted for homosexual acts as such behaviour was still criminalised at the time and as an alternative to prison and to pursue his research, he accepted a treatment of chemical castration. The hormonal turmoil he endured led him to suicide by cyanide poisoning two years later. An apple that had been bitten is said to have been found near his body. Had he injected it with poison? Legend has it that the Apple logo is a tribute to him as the father of computer science.

Shaun Wylie, his friend from Princeton and who he'd met up with again at Bletchley Park, said a long time after his friend had died that "*it was good that the authorities didn't know anything about Turing's sexuality when at Bletchley otherwise they would have sacked him and we would have ended up losing the war*". On December 24, 2013 the Queen granted Alan Turing a posthumous pardon. Prime Minister Gordon Brown declared that the treatment of Alan Turing was appalling, naming him a real war hero and making an official public apology saying "I am very proud to say: we're sorry, you deserved so much better."

So secrets are vital here, fatal there. That is often a matter of a label too – maybe this is why it's sometimes best to keep a label enigmatic, which can be done by dancing letters.



The SATOR square.

The story of this theme began at Bletchely where Desmond enjoyed checking out the SATOR square; something that never fails to stir minds that enjoy a bit of speculation.

So what is it exactly? Well, it's a word square with five letters side by side in which five words (sator | arepo | tenet | opera | rotas) can be read on all four sides, making it a palindrome (word or phrase that reads the same backwards or forwards, e.g. bob). It is organised to feature a quadruple entry system. If the phrase consisting of five words forms a palindrome, only the central word is one – « tenet » whereas the other four words are two pairs of letters in reverse – « sator » and « rotas », « arepo » and « opera ». « Arepo » has no known meaning, except for a presumed meaning, which invalidates the consistency of the enunciation but opens up an infinite number of readings that are never proven, always shrewd and forever challenged. The ink that has been spilt on this topic so far in scholarly, theological and mystical squabbles is equivalent to a thousand years of monsoons on a postage stamp...

This word square can be found dating back to medieval times in parchment filled bibles or secreted away in a few churches in Italy and France. However, it has mainly been identified and dated in a couple of locations: a Roman villa in Gloucestershire in England; at Doura-Europos in Syria, dating back to the IIIrd century; in Budapest, dating back to the IIrd century and finally in several locations in Pompeii before the eruption that swallowed up the city in 79 AD. How did this word square manage to reach such diverse locations? And why? Did the Roman legions have something to do with it? Or did it travel via trade routes? Christian communities? Jewish communities? Have hermeneutics (the science of interpreting signs) and epigraphy (science of inscriptions) stumbled upon a « ? »

One day a certain Felix Grosser got all parties on board when he discovered the anagram of two « pater noster » (Our father) which were in a cross shape with a central N with the letters a and o (standing for Alpha and Omega of the Apocalypse)

on either side. Jackpot: case closed! But no, the discovery of Sator squares in Pompeii reopened it all again! Especially as signs on the side of the square made the riddle even more complex... Because most historians disagree that Christians were in this location back then. But the Jews on the other hand were! The latter, who had studied lessons by the Greek Pythagoras, practiced exegesis (critical interpretation of religious text) of the Gematria. This meant that a numerical value was assigned to each letter so that words and phrases produce meaningful numerical equivalences within a statement. The Sator square could therefore be an outlet for the occult and assume the status of a magical square (numbers) with the same totals on each line. Magical squares were known in China prior to the Christian era and in India... The Hebrew interpretations of the Sator square with their biblical connotations are particularly clever. Of course, much later on, alchemists did not waste a minute sticking their two penny worth in...

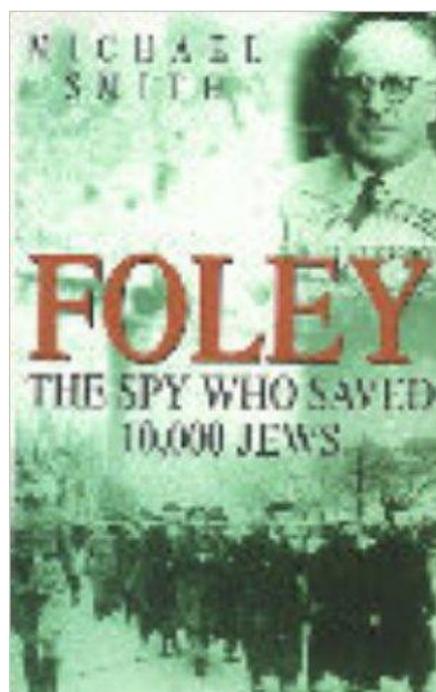
But there is no reason why this square could not have been part of a variety of traditions. There is also no reason why it should not have flitted from one to the other. And that's the fascinating part of reading coded text: the method of interpretation creates as much meaning as it conceals. And the text appears to be a pretext...

(Ed If you can understand all that then you are a "better man than I am Gunga Din" but you can see why Desmond was employed at Bletchley Park).

To Be Continued.

## **RESCUING THE JEWS IN GERMANY**

An OS and an OB collaborated in Berlin to help those most in need.



Michael Smith has researched and vividly written one of the greatest unknown heroic stories of the Second World War.

**Frank Foley OS** worked as Passport Control Officer in Berlin during the war and helped thousands of Jews to escape from Germany. At the 1961 trial of Adolf Eichmann he was described as a 'Scarlet Pimpernel', risking his own life to save Jews threatened with death by the Nazis. In fact, his post at the Passport Office was a front for his real role as MI6 head of station. Despite having no diplomatic immunity and being liable to arrest at any time, he went into the concentration camps to get Jews out, he hid them in his home and helped them to get forged passports. One Jewish aid worker estimated that he saved 'tens of thousands' of people from the Holocaust.

While there he found a ready ally in **George Ogilvie-Forbes (09)**. He had arrived in 1937 as Counsellor and deputy to the Ambassador Sir Neville Henderson. One of his first concerns was the unwelcome visit of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, which could have no official recognition and was an embarrassment. This episode was insignificant in comparison to what he was going to see in the next couple of years, but more importantly what he was going to do.



It did not take long before George was expressing the view to the Foreign Office "that the Germans are unfit for human society in their treatment of the Jewish people". It wasn't that the Government in England did not care; it was just that they didn't care quite enough. Neville Chamberlain said "No doubt, Jews are not a

loveable people; I don't care about them myself - but that is not sufficient to explain the pogrom". In 1938, Franklin Roosevelt convened the Evian Conference to discuss the growing refugee problem, the direct result of German policy. Countries were asked to take quotas but their reluctance was summed up by one delegate; "We do not have a racial problem and we are not desirous of importing one". Nobody wanted penniless Jews who might be a threat to the indigenous workforce. In the end the British agreed to take 40 thousand and allow a similar number into the Protectorate of Palestine

The World might take them reluctantly, but the Third Reich was not going to let them go without all the official paperwork being correct and exorbitant taxes paid before departure. George saw it as his responsibility to negotiate the "right of passage" with the German authorities and where it was not forthcoming to assist the clandestine operations of others. Others in this instance consisted of one man; the British Passport officer in Berlin - Frank Foley.

**Frank, the son of a railway worker had won a scholarship to Stonyhurst,** after which he tried for a vocation but eventually settled for an academic career. Wounded in the War, he was then recruited by MI6 and under the guise of the Passport Officer, he ran the intelligence network in Berlin. In his official capacity, he was able to interpret the rules according to his discretion and if he could help a Jew to emigrate he did. Frank Foley was the "British Schindler" and George did whatever he could to assist him.

After "Kristallnacht", George sent a strongly worded missive to London; "I can find no words strong enough in condemnation of the disgusting treatment of so many innocent people and the civilised World is faced with the appalling sight of 500,000 people about to rot away in starvation". In December, he eventually received permission to send the first of the "Kindertransport". The Government had agreed "to accept children for a limited period for their education and training provided they returned home afterwards". George helped to get some ten thousand to England; they probably never saw their parents again and was a small number compared to the half a million children that went to the gas chambers.

In the British Foreign Service Ogilvie-Forbes was considered a protégé of Lord Vansittart, the Permanent Secretary of the Foreign Office. His views on the German state and the Nazi system were in sharp contrast to those of his superior Henderson, with whom he had a tense relationship (Two unequal Tempers – Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes, Sir Neville Henderson and British Foreign Policy 1938 -39. By Bruce Strang) : In the reports, which he in his capacity as Deputy Ambassador to Lord Halifax British Foreign in London, Ogilvie-Forbes warned repeatedly of the danger emanating from the German regime. He referred to his report 6 . December 1938 to Halifax concerning the 14th chapter of Hitler's programmatic political confession Mein Kampf, in which Hitler detailed the foreign policy program he intended to carry out when he came to power: Especially initially 1.) massive armament upgrade, then 2) the overturning of the Versailles Treaty concerning territory and Austria and the Sudeten to join to the Reich again and then 3) on this basis to annex spacious territories in Eastern Europe, which were not traditionally inhabited by Germans, and incorporate the regional branch of the German Empire. Since he had completed the

first two points, he was in no doubt that Hitler would soon move on to the third: How exactly this would take place, was unclear. However, it is a certainty that the objectives of the National Socialists would be on a plane that would take "enormous dimensions" (*grandiose scale*), and that their "final objectives boundless" ("there is no limit to Their ultimate ambitions". Based on the collected information from the political circles in the capital he believed that the German authorities would first strike at Poland before moving to "liquidate" France and England as opponents before they could armour sufficiently to catch up with Germany, and then to implement their ambitious goals in the East.

After Britain declared war on Germany on September 3, 1939 Ogilvie-Forbes left the country. He was briefly employed at the Foreign Office in London and then to the British embassy in Oslo.

Meanwhile in Germany, Ogilvie-Forbes, , was classified by the Nazi police forces as a public enemy and by the spring of 1940 Reich Security Main Office ,he was placed on the special of those in the event of a successful invasion and occupation of the British Isles by the German army should be taken by the SS and arrested as a priority.

In November 2008 British diplomats who helped Jews and other victims of Nazi persecution were honoured at the Foreign Office in Whitehall with the unveiling of a plaque in their memory. Between 1933 and 1936, British diplomats living in Germany, Austria and other European countries gave nearly 30,000 Jews visas to Britain, as well as granting them entry to Mandatory Palestine. At a reception in the Locarno Suite at the Foreign Office, attended by British Chief Rabbi Sir Jonathan Sacks and representatives of the major Jewish organizations, Foreign Minister David Miliband paid tribute to Foley and the many other diplomats who helped Jews and other victims of the Nazis. "The plaque honours those British diplomats who helped Jews and other victims of Nazi persecution during one of Europe's darkest hours," Miliband said. "Some of these individuals are well known to us: **Frank Foley** visited concentration camps to get Jews out and hid others in his home; Robert Smallbones, our consul-general in Frankfurt, worked 18-hour days issuing visas on his own authority in the aftermath of Kristallnacht. Others who also helped may have escaped history's limelight, but all their efforts deserve to be remembered." Unveiling the plaque the foreign minister said, "We are here today to pay tribute to the men and women who understood more than most the depths of the Talmudic phrase 'he who saves just one life is considered as if he has saved an entire world.' It seems so simple but in the 20th century, it was sometimes deemed impossible." The bronze plaque bears the inscription, "To commemorate those British diplomats who by their personal endeavours helped to rescue victims of Nazi oppression." Present at the unveiling were a number of Jews who had been the recipients of this help. Klaus Neuberg's father, Max Neuberg, was sent to Sachsenhausen during Kristallnacht along with three of his nephews. **Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes**, counsellor and charge d'affaires at the British Embassy in Berlin, ensured that all of them, together with their wives and children, got immigration visas for New Zealand. Also present was John Cooke, whose grandparents were given visas by Smallbones in November 1938 and who settled in Dublin. Ruth Weyl's father was offered shelter by Foley in

Berlin, when he tried to escape imprisonment by the Nazis. She herself received a student visa that helped her flee. Other attendees included George Weidenfeld, co-founder of publishers Weidenfeld and Nicolson, who, at 18, was issued a visa to enter Britain by Thomas Kendrick, passport control officer in Vienna; and Alec Shapiro, whose father-in-law was helped to immigrate to the UK with his wife and two children by British Vice-Consul in Munich Frank Fulham. Philanthropist and businessman Sir Sigmund Sternberg, who was integral to the commemoration initiative, said: "The brave British diplomats, known and unknown, who displayed their concern for the suffering of Jews and other victims of Nazism, are properly entitled to the recognition and appreciation which we accord them with the unveiling of this plaque. "I am grateful for the understanding and support offered by the Foreign Office, led by the foreign secretary, in bringing this commemorative project to fruition. It will forever be a reminder of the fact that, even in the most terrible of circumstances, individuals of good conscience can make a contribution to the safeguarding of humanity." Foreign Office historians worked with the renowned Holocaust historian Sir Martin Gilbert. "When the Holocaust is finally beyond living memory, the desire will remain to remember and to honour those who extended a helping hand," Gilbert said. "It is important to recognize individual bravery. It is also important to provide a reminder that human beings can, in situations where civilized values are being undermined, find the strength of character and purpose to resist the evil impulses of the age, and to rescue the victims of barbarity."

**“Courage and ingenuity of those who rescued Jews from the clutches of Nazi Germany is a high point in the moral progress of mankind. At a time when fear and hatred threatened the whole of Europe, individuals some of whom were more usually accustomed to the dignified luxury of peaceful rooms and calm conversation, made enormous efforts to find avenues of rescue for those whose lives were in daily peril”.**

## **CLOSURE.**

**Below is an extract from the Memoires of Fr Thomas Dunphy SJ the Last Rector of Beaumont and the man who had the unenviable task of overseeing the announcement and closure of Beaumont. Whatever your personal feelings were towards “TP”, one cannot but feel sympathy for his predicament.**

## THE CLOSURE OF BEAUMONT

During his provincialate John Coventry had decided that the Prefect of Studies of Beaumont should be up-graded and become the Headmaster with full responsibility for the running of the school. This came into effect in January 1964. John Costigan had been both Rector and Pref. Stud. for the previous five years; he gracefully accepted the change, though there were aspects of it he did not like, partly because the Rector of a Jesuit establishment cannot brush aside his responsibility, and he could not quite see how it could be fulfilled by letting the Headmaster have full running of the school. However, he had only two terms to go before his span of office came to an end, so he patiently endured and found consolation in watching the cricket, which he now had time to do.

I was appointed to succeed him and did so in late July. "Be a father to the community" was the instruction given me, and this suited me splendidly, for I had neither the desire nor the ability to be involved in running the College. Jack Gillick was the Headmaster, and more than capable of doing the job excellently. So together we settled down to get on with our jobs. After fifteen busy years at St John's I was not looking for more work. Fr Gordon George was already in the province and had been to Beaumont once or twice. By now he had made it clear that the province was doing more than, in his opinion, could be done efficiently while at the same time leaving scope for new works suitable for Jesuits to be involved in. So there was some talk about schools being closed. It seemed unthinkable that Beaumont - Beaumont above all places - should be abandoned, so Jack and I cheerfully carried on and planned for the future. This we did quite seriously, recognising that Beaumont in 1964 was too small to be financially secure. To increase would mean more buildings and alterations . . . and another Appeal to raise the necessary funds. It was exciting. We planned that in the new scheme a new chapel would be central to the design, all areas leading to it so to speak.

While we thus doodled and day-dreamed, on 17 May 1965 Fr Kevin O'Callaghan, who was Prefect of Studies of the Province at the time, phoned up to ask if he could come to see me and Jack as soon as possible. He arrived that afternoon with a letter from the Visitor stating (that's the right word) that the decision had been taken to close Beaumont. I have not re-read the letter, but it will be in the province archives with all the other papers regarding this matter. Fr George expressed the wish that the school be closed within a year, and asked if this was possible. It was made very clear that under no circumstances was anyone to be told of this decision.

How did we react? First of all it was clear that this was an order: of that there was no doubt, so our reaction was to obey without further discussion. Secondly, I think we were both shocked – I do not mean horrified, but too shocked to think clearly about it and its implications. I know I wrote a letter to Fr George saying that we accepted the decision, and we would go about examining what was to be done and how to do it. The only thing that worried me greatly at this stage was the timing. If the school was to close in twelve months' time, what would happen to the boys who were about to begin their sixth form course in the coming September? They would have to go elsewhere half way through the course, and this seemed to me to be unjust. And how would one be able to get boys into other schools in so short a time? Jack agreed with me about this, so I went to see Fr George and Terry Corrigan, who had become provincial before the decision was taken to close us down. I put before them the necessity in justice of continuing Beaumont for two years, and of planning the closure for July 1967, not 1966. Fr George accepted this and agreed to make this change in his plans. This was the one and only point we won in all the ensuing argument. Everything else Fr George held in his own hands, and he was uncompromising. He was determined that his decision should go through, come what may, for he sensed at that early stage (though he never said it to me) that there would be an outcry. Jack and I had now, in secrecy, to compose letters to be sent to parents, Old Boys, staff, and as many



donors to the Centenary Appeal whose addresses we could find. We composed suitable letters, which Fr George wished to see. We were writing to people we knew, not to strangers, so we composed the letters accordingly. Fr George would not accept our text: he thought it too conciliatory and insisted on his own version being used. We protested, but in vain. Looking back it now seems to me very wrong that such letters had to go out over our signatures, and not that of Gordon George. Unfortunately there was no Board of Governors to take the responsibility. Be that as it may, my small bedroom was filled with hundreds of letters, each one of which was signed personally. When the storm broke, naturally most of it fell on Jack and myself. Letters were written and signed; a brochure was printed, selling the great idea that Beaumont and Stonyhurst would be amalgamated; that this would benefit both schools; and what a wonderful idea it was . . . all this in great secrecy.

A few days after the summer term ended the Jesuit community was asked to meet in the library before supper. I told them as simply as I could what was happening. Their reaction? I remember the silence that followed, and not much else. Some felt hurt that they were not trusted enough to have been taken into higher superiors' confidence. Those like Fr Sass and Fr Ross, who had spent so long at Beaumont as boys and in the community, carried their sorrow with restraint and courage.

The next evening Jack and I went to London to attend a hastily arranged meeting of the Beaumont Union Committee, of which I was the chairman. We met in the Challoner Club. I had told Fr George of my fear and anxiety about this meeting. He assured me that I would find that the Committee understood our reasons and would support us. My brief was to inform, to enlist support, but not to invite discussion. And this to a body of men who had been utterly devoted to Beaumont, and had given the school and the Jesuit and lay staff their friendship and support over many years. The news was met with horror, dismay, anger. Hal Dickens, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Committee asked me, "What are you asking of us?" I said,

"Your support to make this amalgamation a success". "Over my dead body", he replied, with other words to which all agreed. I felt I could do nothing but resign as chairman, since I could not force them to back the plan, and having done so, I left the room with Jack. One remembers small and touching things. Charles Russell walked the length of the room to open the door for me. When I went out it was indeed night.

I asked Jack to go back to Beaumont alone (we had come up by car), as I did not feel I could return immediately. I wanted to be alone, and would have wept if tears could have come. I wandered about for a while, seeing and hearing again the dismay of my friends. By some strange chance the mother of a Beaumont boy passed in her car and recognised me. She stopped and we chatted for a moment or two. She sensed something was wrong, and suggested we have coffee together in a cafe. I told her the story, for by now a letter was in the post which she would receive the following morning. She was therefore the first parent to be told. At that moment I think she felt for me more than for anything else and was a wonderful support. After a time she insisted on driving me back to Beaumont. I had taught her son at St John's and we had had many a disagreement: now she was an undeserved support one dark night.

Hundreds of letters arrived on people's breakfast tables the next morning, and all hell was let loose. One wife told me her husband picked up the coffee pot and hurled it against the wall. Some reacted calmly; some understood and were later great supporters of the Society; the majority were angry and enraged. The telephone rang all day, and soon enough the postman was weighed down with the extra mail he had to deliver. I engaged a secretary just to deal with the post. Every letter that came was answered and personally signed; every phone call was accepted and dealt with. Like everything, the storm abated and slowly things took on a new shape, and the school continued successfully, though smaller, until July 1967. The anger and sorrow took longer to die down, and in some cases has never done so.

**Ed:-** further to this, it is interesting to hear the views of Fr Martin D'Arcy SJ who has been described as perhaps England's foremost Catholic public intellectual from the 1930s until his death in 1976.

*“Early in 1964 Fr Gordon George arrived in England appointed by the General to carry out a visit of the English Province to address among other matters the over-extension of manpower particularly among the decreasing number of lay-brothers. The utilitarianism, to call it no worse was evident in the solutions he proposed. The matter of the Lay-brothers was tackled by measures apparently aimed at assimilating their qualifications and training to those of a secular business firm. A more startling decision however was made by Fr George just before he left England in July 1965, he ordered the closure of Beaumont. A Canadian, he came to his task with a determination to strike a blow at the gentlemanly airs of the old country, and no doubt Beaumont, out of the Province’s three public schools, particularly focused his objections. Occupying an elegant 18<sup>th</sup> Century house which once belonged to Warren Hastings and in close proximity to Windsor, it presented a paradigm of aristocratic life and had for a good many years been the provinces’ best school.”*

## **GISS - GOSS**



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

"From **George Stanton, John Wolff Richard Pennington** to the Chairman

Dear Robert,

Even our combined achievements in the CCF are never going to warrant a mention in your BU military memoirs.

However we would like you to know that we are available for special operations.”



If the three “Montys” do not appeal we also offer for weddings

**“Los Beaumontanos”**



**Ed;** As far as the first offering is concerned, I understand that one of these three gentlemen was working on his body in the gym when he spied a very sexy young lady and asked the trainer “Confidentially, which machine should I use to impress that girl”. In your case Sir “Try the ATM in the entrance hall”.

## **ERROR**

In the Winter Review I produced a photograph purporting to be of **Michael Perrett-Young, well I was wrong** as it seems was the newspaper I took it from. Michael has kindly sent me another so that we can put a name to a face (even if it was taken a few years ago).



Michael with a timely reminder for all skippers.

Michael has also provided me with some Wartime rowing photographs courtesy of the College Photographic Society.

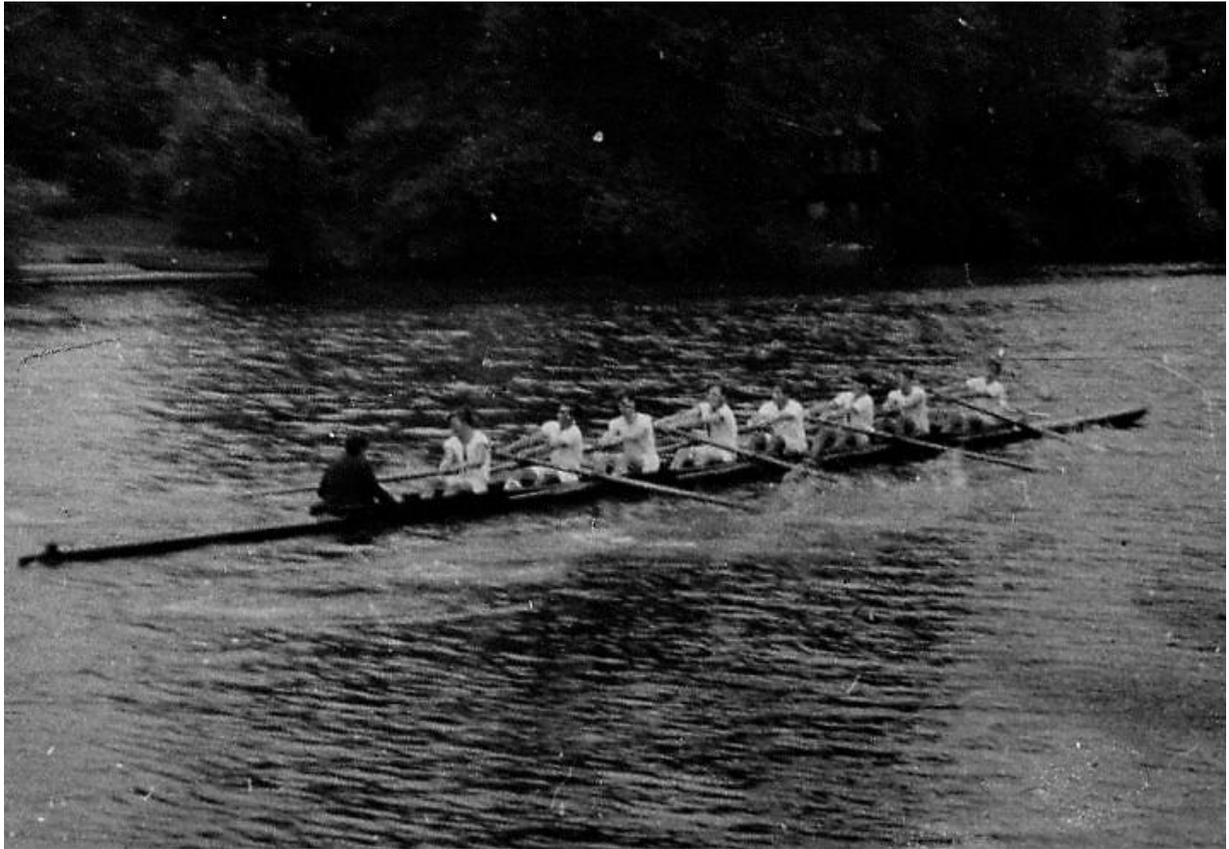
ROWING PHOTOS 1944



The Trial 1<sup>st</sup> VIII about to take to the river



1<sup>st</sup> VIII with the 2<sup>nd</sup> VIII pacing as they row upstream.



Eton Race: beaten but not bowed

The 1944 crew was one of the lightest in the annals of the Boat Club with only two turning the scales at 11stone. The crew had an average weight of 10stone 4lbs. However in the words of Mr Merrill "I do not think I can remember a season when the general spirit and morale of The VIII has been higher. Against Eton, The VIII found themselves against a crew averaging a stone heavier per man, but they rowed with great spirit and thoroughly enjoyed the race. In fact they were up a canvas at the start and at Haines were still level and it was only after that, the superior weight of our rivals made itself felt and they drew away to win by 2.5 lengths".



Beaumont passing Ricardos on their way to victory over University College School



Back at the boathouse after the UCS race

Michael also sent details of a book which features the late Hugo Duplessis whose Obituary I recorded in the last REVIEW:-

*Dear Robert,*

*You'll recall I mentioned **Hugo Duplessis** again to you, and the following might be useful to you as further material for The Review:*

*By chance I've a friend close by, whose mother lives in Lymington and whom he visits. Hugo had long lived there and my friend visited him on my behalf before he died. One thing leads to another, and my friend brought for me 'Boldre and the Second World War'. This Book has been produced as 'a lasting tribute to all those who sacrificed their lives in the Second World War and who are remembered as valued members of our community.'*

*What a nice idea, and interesting in itself; even more so that one of the contributors is Hugo himself on the Boldre Home Guard, and incidentally he mentions his Father Captain Gerald Duplessis. He signs his article off: 'Lance Corporal Hugo Duplessis (Retd)' !*

The Book is available from the Boldre Parish Historical Society. You may know someone there.

# War veteran to celebrate 103rd birthday with fellow hero he saved

**Sam Morton**  
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A Sussex Grange Care Home resident will celebrate his 103rd birthday with a fellow veteran whose life he saved during the Second World War.

Selsey man Reginald Hunt, known as Reg, met Petworth-based Michael De Burgh, 95, in North Africa in a prisoner of war camp during the conflict.

Karen Halford, registered manager at Sussex Grange in Selsey, said Reg, who was a tank driver, fought through the war from day one, and taught then schoolboy Michael the ropes in driving a tank.

She said: "When out on a manoeuvre on one occasion the tank very nearly tipped over. It was difficult to see the slopes from the level ground."

When travelling through Italy to the River Po, Michael's tank was 'shot to smithereens', Karen revealed.



Selsey man Reginald Hunt (Reg) and Petworth-based Michael De Burgh, 95

She added: "Bullets showered the tank entering at all avenues, ricocheting all around the interior. Michael was shot out of the tank and up into the air. Reg spotted Michael and came around

with his wren carrier — a vehicle used to collect the dead and wounded — and managed to get him to safety.

"Michael says if it were not for Reg he would most definitely not have survived."

Karen said Reg managed to get through the war 'practically unscathed', except for one near miss.

"On one occasion he was in Allemagne and slightly injured," Karen said.

"He lay still on the ground and pretended he was dead. The Germans left him there."

According to Karen, the pair parted company at the end of the war, but were reunited after Michael discovered that Reg had settled in Selsey and was working for Prudential.

Karen said: "Another friend of theirs, Colonel Ripton, who is sadly no longer with us, and his wife Jane remained in touch and visits still continue for Reg, Michael and Jane where they meet at the care home.

"Reg is a wonderful man who is loved and respected by all who come into contact with him.

"He meets up with Michael at Sussex Grange on a regular occurrence and [they] share their news and reminisce on the days they spent together at war.

"They have us spellbound listening in awe of how their friendship has survived the years, [They are] both such an honour to know."

**Michael de Burgh (41)** featured in the local Midhurst and Petworth Press when he met up with one of his surviving wartime companions. Michael was one of two OBs of the same year commissioned into the 9<sup>th</sup> Queen's Royal Lancers the other was **Victor Berry**). They arrived in the Desert for the Second battle of El Alamein and its successful aftermath.

Prior to the breakout, the First Battle of El Alamein had been fought where Michael's uncle **Ronald McDonnell (16)** was in command of the Regiment. The following is an extract of the events at that time.-

From *The Ninth Queen's Royal Lancers 1936 to 1945* by Joan Bright

*After a night of bombing we packed up again and set off down the coast road, strangely empty of traffic. By midday enemy tanks had cut the main road where we had spent the night of the 26th/27th of June.*

*Feeling like a lost tribe of Israel, we camped that night on the staging ground at Imayid, thirty miles from Alexandria, still wondering who was going to stop the rot, and hoping hard that A Squadron was alright. On the 30th June we got a few tanks, six Grants for B Squadron and nine Cruisers. C Squadron left in wheeled vehicles for Khatatba, and we were given C Squadron, 4th Hussars, to make up two squadrons.*

*On the 1st of July we moved across to the Tank Delivery Regiment at Ikingi and took over all the available tanks remaining in Egypt at that time. The Army Commander had issued the order 'Send up your best team- suggest 9th Lancers' a message of which the Regiment had every right to be proud.*

*With 12 Grants and 4 Crusaders, B Squadron was ready first and moved up along to join Brigadier Carr and the 22nd Armoured Brigade. By the 2nd, C Squadron, 4th Hussars, had 8 General Lees and 4 Grants, and a composite squadron of A and C crews had 8 rather old Cruisers. We moved off through Burg el Arab, and spent the night by Hammam station.*

*Our orders were to report to the 22nd Armoured Brigade as soon as possible. Early on the 3rd of July we moved up, and on reaching Rear Divisional Headquarters **the Colonel** went in to ask for 24 hours in which to test guns, adjust sights and telescopes and carry out the hundred and one other things necessary to a new tank. The answer was startling: 'Get down that ridge as fast as you can-there's an enemy tank attack coming in and there's very little to stop it'.*

***The Colonel** hopped back into his tank and we hurried down the ridge-the now famous Ruweisat Ridge-passing Main Division, then Brigade, through the gun lines and then into a curtain of shell fire with which the enemy saw fit to greet our arrival. Here we joined B Squadron, which had already had trouble with it's Cruisers.*

*Though we did not fully realise it at the time, this was the centre of the Alamein Line. To the north stretched a sand-sea for nearly eight miles, ending on the low escarpment over which ran the one and only coast road. The north end was held by the Australians and South Africans. To the south the ground fell away to the lip of the Qattara Depression, an impassable obstacle even to tanks. In the centre was the Ruweisat Ridge, running for ten miles east and west. Our enemies held the far end.*

*As we waited, evening drew on and from out of the west came a familiar sound - The drone of a squadron of dive-bombers. Everyone who was outside his tank climbed briskly in, and then watched while 9 Stukas started circling overhead. Then we saw, high up in the sky and heading for home, a patrol of Hurricanes. Would they see the Stukas? No; they kept steadily on. Then, as the first black vulture came diving down, the leader of the Hurricanes spotted them. The whole patrol seemed to fall out of the sky and in a few seconds they were tearing into the bombers. Eight of them crashed in flames in as many seconds and the ninth was trying to get away at a hundred feet with two Hurricanes on its tail. Everyone stood up and cheered themselves hoarse.*

*No sooner had the excitement died down than B Squadron rear link reported a strong force of enemy tanks coming along the south side of the ridge. B moved up a bit and then began shooting. In the dusk the red tracer behind the armour-piercing shells sailed down on the enemy tanks and soon they began to burn. 'One-two-three-there's five-no, six!-no, eight on fire!' an excited voice came on the air. They tried to dodge the fire, but within ten minutes twelve tanks were blazing. That stopped them and for a few moments they tried to shoot it out with B before turning tail. B Squadron's shooting that evening was superb. Later on a message came from General Ritchie: 'Well done the Ninth!'*

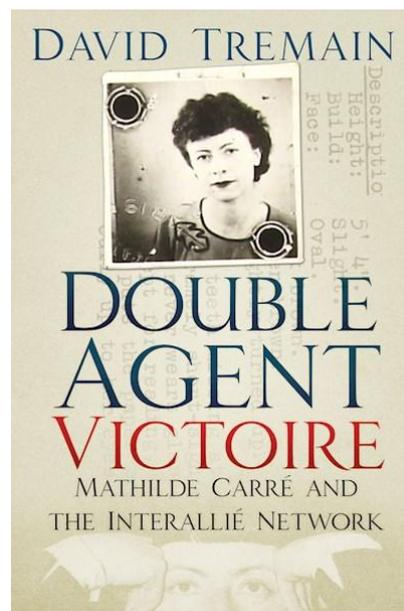
*This attack proved to be the last real attempt of the Africa Korps to break through to*

Alexandria until the next big offensive in August.

The thirty enemy tanks which were routed that evening represented all that Rommel could muster, yet they would have been enough to break through the fragile line which was just beginning to take shape. By the grace of God the remaining British armour, represented by a mixture of Queen's Bays, 4th and 10th Hussars and 9th Lancers, under the command of **Lieutenant Colonel J R Macdonell**, was in exactly the right place and took such toll that the enemy was afterwards unable to mount more than local attacks until the Eighth Army was again organised.

The British public knew nothing of the events that evening except perhaps an announcement of 'another armoured clash'. How much had depended on B Squadron's gunners that night was only known to a few, but some weeks later **General McCreery said, in his quiet way, to the Colonel: 'You know, Ronald, you saved Egypt that evening.' And we like to think that it was true.....**

## The DOUBLE AGENT who ensnared an OB



Mathilde Carré, notoriously known as La Chatte, was remarkable for all the wrong reasons. Like most spies she was temperamental, scheming and manipulative – but she was also treacherous. A dangerous mix, especially when combined with her infamous history of love affairs – on both sides. Her acts of treachery were almost unprecedented in the history of intelligence, yet her involvement in the 'Interallié affair' has only warranted a brief mention in the accounts of special operations in France during the Second World War. But what motivated her to betray more than 100 members of the Interallié network, the largest spy network in France? Was she the only guilty party, or were others equally as culpable? Using previously unpublished material from MI5 files, *Double Agent Victoire* explores the events that

led to her betrayal, who may have 'cast the first stone', and their motivations, as well as how the lives and careers of those involved were affected. It reveals a story full of intrigue, sex, betrayal and double-dealing, involving a rich cast including members of the French Resistance, German Abwehr and British Intelligence.

The Story:-

It began when Major Roman Garby-Czerniawski, a dashing figure who had been an Olympic skier for Poland, but also a Polish Air Force officer with cryptanalytical training, escaped to Paris in October 1939. With France falling seven months later, he went undercover and was eventually tracked down and asked by the Special Operations Executive (SOE), to organize a Paris-based espionage ring, code-named Interallié (Allied Circle), which grew to 120 agents. Mathilde Carré, an alluring French woman in her mid-thirties who held a law degree, was recruited by Garby-Czerniawski as a radio operator. Carré had no way of knowing it at the time, but she would be the only female triple agent of the war and would work behind the lines of both sides. In the weeks ahead, Carré gathered important intelligence through social contacts with top German officers who were bent on demonstrating their importance to this beautiful and vivacious young woman. She would later state that she received a sexual thrill from danger.

Interallié's first radio message to London was broadcast from near the Trocadero on January 1, 1941. Almost daily from that point, Carré radioed her own intelligence tidbits and those gathered by Garby-Czerniawski (code-named Valentin). She introduced her messages with "the Cat reports," so she was given the code name La Chatte (the Cat). Meanwhile, the German intelligence agency, Abwehr, sent to Paris one of its operatives described as "a human ferret" to dig out the broadcast source and wipe out Interallié. He was Hugo Bleicher, a middle-aged man, who adopted the alias "Colonel Henri". Interallié had been so successful that Garby-Czerniawski received Poland's highest award for valor when he was brought to London in November 1941 for an intelligence planning session. While he was gone, disaster struck in France. Abwehr agents arrested Raoul Kiffer, the Interallié chief in Cherbourg, who betrayed more than twenty of his agents.

Unaware of the Cherbourg episode, Garby-Czerniawski returned to Paris on the night of November 17. He was sleeping soundly when Hugo Bleicher and a squad of his men burst into his apartment and seized the network leader. Apparently, Kiffer had also disclosed Valentin's hideout. (Some have said the Cat had betrayed the handsome Garby-Czerniawski in a fit of jealousy over another woman.)

Later that day, Bleicher arrested the Cat in the Interallié headquarters in the Rue Léandre. She evaded torture and execution by agreeing to become a double agent for Bleicher. The Cat launched her perfidious role by failing to inform London promptly of Valentin's arrest. After London learned of the disaster, the Cat proposed continuing to broadcast for Interallié under the code name Victorie. Unaware that she had been turned, London quickly approved.

Predesignated security phrases were embedded in the Cat's messages to show that the operator was not under enemy control as Bleicher stood next to her. About six weeks after the Cat's first radio broadcast to London, she was introduced to **Pierre de Vomecourt (code-named Lucas)**, Pierre saw the opportunity of at last

establishing contact with London, and she accepted (in reality Pierre's messages were sent and received under the complete control of Bleicher)

It was not long before Pierre suspected that she was working for the Germans and sending messages to London dictated by the Abwehr. Angrily confronting the woman, Pierre accused her of being in bed with the Germans.

She vigorously denied the charge, but then she broke down in tears and confessed. Pierre thought about killing her on the spot. Then he had a better idea: turn her into a triple agent. Had the Cat not been involved in the espionage business, she would have been a remarkable actress. She persuaded the Abwehr to allow Pierre to take her to London, where, she promised, she would get details about a meeting of British agents in Paris that Pierre was planning on his return to France. Vomercourt and his female companion were picked up by a British torpedo boat on a remote beach in Brittany on the night of February 26, 1942. In London, British intelligence officers treated her like a queen. She was put up in a luxury apartment where she spent three happy months unaware that her rooms had been bugged with hidden microphones. One day came the rude awakening. The British had obtained all the information they wanted, and the Cat was hustled from her ornate apartment and thrown, clawing and scratching, into a dingy prison for the remainder of the war. In 1945 when she was returned to France where she was tried for "giving intelligence to the enemy" and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted twice and she was released in 1954. She is thought to have died in 1971.

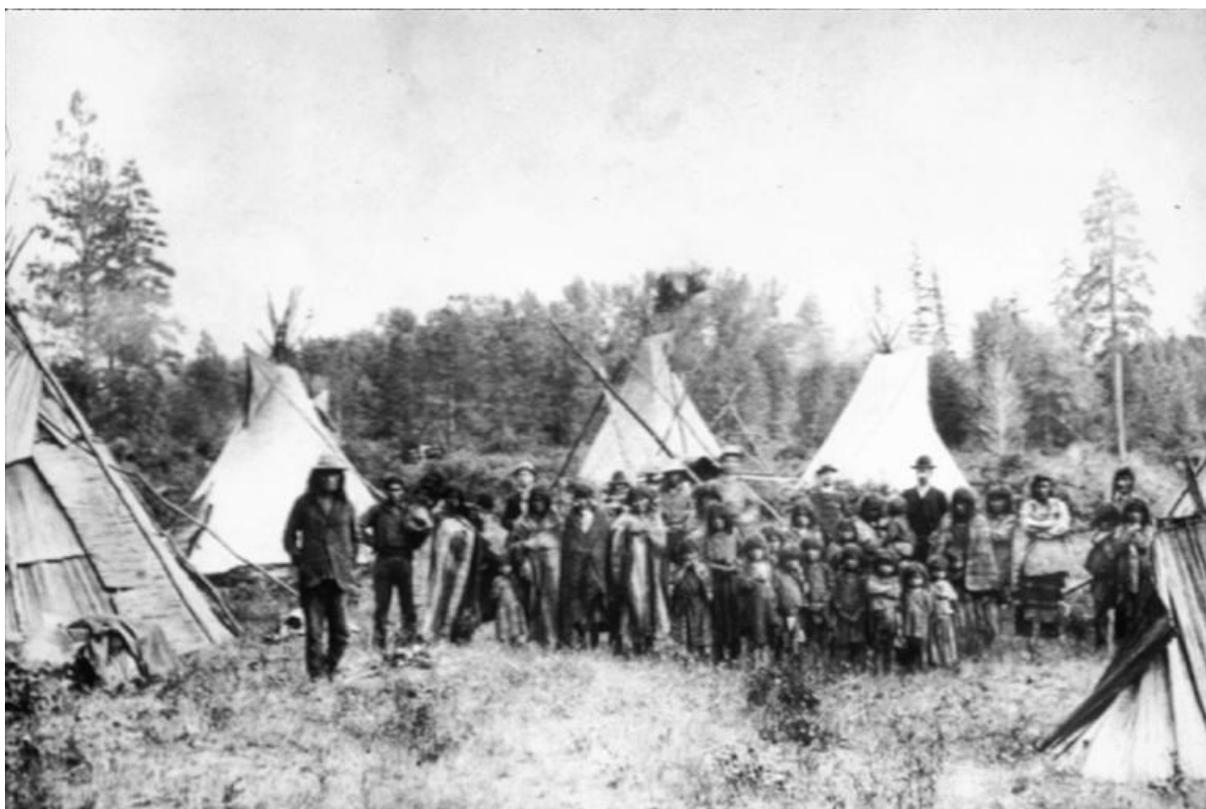
## **POW – WOW**

It must be rare these days for an OB to appear on Television but as I reported in the last edition of the REVIEW Mark and Susie Marshall received a good five minutes' worth of prime BBC coverage on the Antiques Roadshow from Helmingham Hall, Suffolk on the 19<sup>th</sup> August. The Marshalls were in the midst of downsizing and retrieved from the attic Mark's maternal grandfather's old trunks the contents of which brought a "heart flutter" to the experts. Initially, they had taken along the odd "Constable" to be assessed but when in the course of conversation the Team heard about the contents of the trunks a nifty swap was made. -



**ED:** the story as I understand it is as follows:-

The Native American Beadwork was brought back to this country by Clement Hungerford Pollen. He was the son of John, a Catholic convert and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He fathered ten children and sent the boys to The Oratory. Clement was the youngest child and apparently went out to Canada to seek his fortune which he it seems he achieved. According to the history of the Kootenay Railway in the west of Canada who were looking for a backer "*What was needed was the money for construction. Enter Clement Hungerford Pollen. C. H. Pollen was a pedigreed Englishmen of considerable means. A "gentleman engineer" by trade, he was 32 years of age at the time, having come to the area in 1897, during construction of the Crow's Nest railway. He farmed at Ta-Ta Creek and later lived and maintained an office in both Cranbrook and Fort Steele at various times and, to the elation of many, took a decided interest in the KCR, becoming president of the company by 1903*". Later in WW1, he would command a Battalion of the Kootenay Regiment before leaving Canada and returning to live in England and he brought with him the Bead work. ED: Although not stated, I presume that these items came from the Kootenay Tribe part of The Ktunaxa Nation.



A Group in 1900

Clement had two children, Hubert who he sent to Downside and Cynthia who married **Ronald Marshall (35)** in 1943. Ronald had left Beaumont for a Naval Crammer before entering the service at the cadet training ship HMS Frobisher, a heavy class cruiser. In the early part of the war Ronald was on North Atlantic convoy duty but in the evacuation at Dunkirk survived the sinking of his ship off Nieuport in May 1940. He was invalided from the Navy but was re-engaged by the Admiralty as a Hydrographer a subject at which he became an expert.

Back to the Beadwork.(Cynthia's dowry?) The Marshalls were, it seems, pleasantly surprised at the valuations although the "Eagle War Bonnet" under an embargo cannot be sold or exported. The Editor looks forward to a glass or two of Ojibjwa (firewater) with Mark in due course.

### THE IRISH ARGENTINIANS

After Christmas, I was contacted by **Brian Deane (55)** who was over from the Argentine with his twin brother **Patrick (55)**. Apart from seeing a daughter of Brian's now with the BBC, they had been on a "trip down memory lane". This included a visit to Beaumont and to the old family home at Fittleworth West Sussex. It was Brian who told me that his cousin **John Nelson** had recently died and one became aware of how closely related are so many of the Argentine families who sent sons to Beaumont. Apart from the old Spanish such as **Ortiz-Basualdo and Solar-Dorego**, it was those of Irish descent that mainly patronised the College. I thought it would be of interest to look at this "jigsaw"

During the nineteenth century, many thousands of emigrants left Ireland to colonise the lush yet deserted Argentine pampas and laid the foundation for a flourishing Irish-Argentine community.

Most came from two areas, the coastline of County Wexford and a sector on the Westmeath–Longford border. In the 1860s almost all the young people of the townlands around Ballymore, Ballynacarrigy and Drumraney, in County Westmeath, emigrated to the River Plate. Sixty-one per cent of the emigrants were from Westmeath, Longford and Offaly, and sixteen per cent from Wexford.

Most of these emigrants were single farmers in their twenties, non-inheriting children of Catholic middle-sized tenants. Sooner or later they would have to leave the family farm, and they preferred to emigrate than to enrol in the British army or in the church. Argentina was attractive to Irish emigrants because of its reputation as a place where land was relatively easy to acquire. By the mid-nineteenth century migration networks had been gradually established by Irish landowners, merchants and Catholic priests, who as *ingleses* were highly regarded by the local bourgeoisie. They actively hired family members, friends and neighbours in Ireland to help them on their sheep-farms on the pampas.

So Land was the fabulous El Dorado that enticed thousands of Irish emigrants to Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay in the first half of the nineteenth century. Actually, the dream of owning land came true for a small group of immigrants, and a few among them owned sizeable tracts of land. In 1888, the brothers Duggan of Ballymahon, county Longford.



In the success story of the Irish in Argentina, the name Duggan is inescapable. When Thomas Duggan arrived in Argentina with seventeen shillings in his pocket, he shared the same modest dream as millions of his fellow countrymen: that one day he would own a farm. Little did he know that a few years later, he and his brothers

would become the richest Irishmen on the planet with a million-acre spread so big it needed its own train station and a small town (called Duggan) to house its workers.

With a small population spread over an area the size of Western Europe, Argentina was more than capable of satisfying the land cravings of tens of thousands of Irish emigrants like Duggan who flocked there in the mid-nineteenth century.

"They were lucky. Some were very unlucky.

Thomas Duggan did not just breed cattle, sheep and ponies; with his wife Marcela they had eleven children and two of the boys came to Beaumont. Eduardo and Bernardo spent five years at Old Windsor leaving in 1897 to return and work with their father. Eduardo never married and died young in 1915 but Bernardo sent his son Carlos back in 1938. Interestingly Eduardo and Bernardo's brother Alfredo came to England as an Argentinian diplomat in 1905: like Eduardo he died in 1915 and two years later his widow the wealthy American Grace Hinds married Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India. The two Duggan boys were sent to Eton as their mother and step-father were not catholic. They became internationally known: Alfred as a British historian, archaeologist and best-selling historical novelist during the 1950s. Hubert was an Army officer and politician, who was Conservative Party Member of Parliament for Acton from 1931 until his death. He was an opponent of appeasement and broke the whip on several important occasions, voting to bring down Neville Chamberlain in 1940.

A witty and handsome man who very much enjoyed the company of women, Duggan was married only briefly before becoming the plaintiff in a scandalous divorce case. He suffered from ill health; brought up in the Catholic faith, he lapsed in adolescence but returned when on his deathbed. Episodes in his life inspired writers Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell to fictionalise him. While on his deathbed in 1943, Duggan was visited by his friend Evelyn Waugh (Duggan was god-father to Waugh's daughter Margaret. Duggan told Waugh that he was thinking of returning to the Catholic faith from which had been estranged since his youth, but was reluctant to repent of his life with his mistress Phyllis de Janzé because it would be to betray her.

The next day Waugh brought **Father Francis Devas (93)** (wartime chaplain DSO, OBE) of Farm Street, to see Duggan. Duggan's sister Marcella Rice did not want the priest to go in to see him, but Waugh insisted and Duggan was given absolution, replying "Thank you, Father". Later that day Waugh and Devas returned with the offer to anoint Duggan; Duggan was reluctant but eventually crossed himself to indicate his acceptance and after receiving the ceremony told Waugh "When I became a Catholic it was not through fear". Waugh later transposed this scene into his novel *Brideshead Revisited*.

Duggan's "demeanor at school—though not in later life" was the model for Charles Stringham in Anthony Powell's series of novels "A Dance to the Music of Time". (You may recall that it was said that he characterised **Denis Capel-Dunn (21)** as Widmerpool and **Francis Fortescue Urquhart (86)** as Prof. Sillery.

However I digress, Thomas Duggan also had a daughter Juana and she married John Nelson originally from Kildare and a shipping merchant exporting mainly beef to Europe and North America. John was the father of the famed polo players **Jack (09) and Louis (09)** and the grandfather of **John (49)**. However before leaving the Duggans, I should mention Thomas's brother Edward as he had three grandsons at

Beaumont – **Harold (08) and Edward (08), Frederick (25) and Alexander (27)**. The two older boys moved to The Oratory to finish their education and Harold married Isobel, the sister of fellow Argentinians **Christopher (25) and Edward Hope (27)**.



Harold Duggan went on to have a distinguished record in the Great War. He was commissioned in the Royal Fusiliers but served mainly with The Loyals. He was awarded the DSO, and a MC & Bar.

Let me return to the Nelson connection. John Nelson had among his siblings William who became Chairman of the Nelson Shipping Line and was created a Baronet.

His younger son **William (93)** was at Beaumont and interestingly his youngest sister Violet was married to Hugh Grosvenor 2<sup>nd</sup> Duke of Westminster who was associated with Coco Chanel after the death of **Boy Capel (97)**. Perhaps one should not be surprised that Violet and Hugh were divorced in 1926. (She then married Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council and British Representative to the League of Nations and whose son Sir Stafford Cripps Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer after WW2).

William's son another **William (32)** inherited the title. At school he was an all-rounder Rugby XV, Cricket XI and the Boxing team and another fine polo player. He was commissioned in the 8<sup>th</sup> King's Royal Irish Hussars and married the Hon Elizabeth-Anne Cary daughter of Viscount Falkland. He soldiered in Palestine before the War, during the War with his Regiment and then in Korea where he was awarded an OBE



Lady Hope-Nelson

John and Sir William Nelson had a sister Rebecca who married a fellow Argentinian and Kildare man Richard Bobbett and his grandson another **Richard** would come to Beaumont in 1929 leaving in 1937. During WW2 he was commissioned in The Irish Guards and was wounded in action; he later settled in England to farm at Fontwell, West Sussex and died in 2015.

Finally I come full circle back to the Deanes. Apart from Jack and Louis, John Nelson had a daughter Olivia and she married Captain Gerald Iredale Newnham Deane a member of the famous family of Irish architects Sir Thomas Deane his son Sir Thomas Newnham Deane and grandson Sir Thomas Manly Deane. Though known for many of the great buildings in Dublin and Cork some will recall the stone detail at the Kildare Street Club of the "Monkeys playing Billiards".

Gerald had served in WW1 as a Royal Engineer who transferred and flew with the Royal Flying Corps. He married Olivia in 1922 and they spent much of their time in England up until WW2. As I mentioned at the start of this article they lived in Fittleworth at the Old Mill, a property once owned by the family of Brigadier Sir Geoffrey Hardy-Roberts, Master of The Household and an Uncle of **Michael de Burgh (41)**. **Michael (39) and Gerald (34)** finished their schooling before the family returned to Argentina before the outbreak of War. **Robin** came over in 1946 leaving in 1950 while **Brian and Patrick** came that year and stayed to 1955.

I will finish with this tribute to Beaumont's best known Argentinian:-



In its obituary for Juan Diego (“Jack”) Nelson (1894-1964), the Buenos Aires daily La Nacion described him as excelling “in whatever sport he tried: polo, golf, tennis, rowing, cricket, show-jumping, gentleman-rider, athletics.” It seems he declined the captaincy of the national golf team to concentrate on his polo, a game he took up at the unusually advanced age of 23.

Jack’s eye-hand co-ordination, horsemanship and team play coupled with a gift of leadership, whether as a captain or extending teammates beyond their known capacities. Testimony of this is the eight-man, self-mounted squad he led in the 1922 English season, which in varying combinations won virtually every tournament. At the invitation of the US Polo Association, it then crossed the Atlantic to win the US Open.

In the 1924 Paris Olympics Nelson led the Argentine team to its first gold medal in any sport, hitting the winning goal as the final bell rang. For the 1936 Berlin Olympics he served as chef d’equipe to the Argentine team, and again won gold. **Perhaps his most unusual award at these Games was to be presented with a pair of Dachshunds by Adolf Hitler in person. Their progeny has continued down the line of generations of Nelsons, Duggans and Deanes.**

In 1928 he inaugurated a Western Hemisphere polo tournament, La Copa de las Americas, and between 1920-37 won the Argentine Open six times.

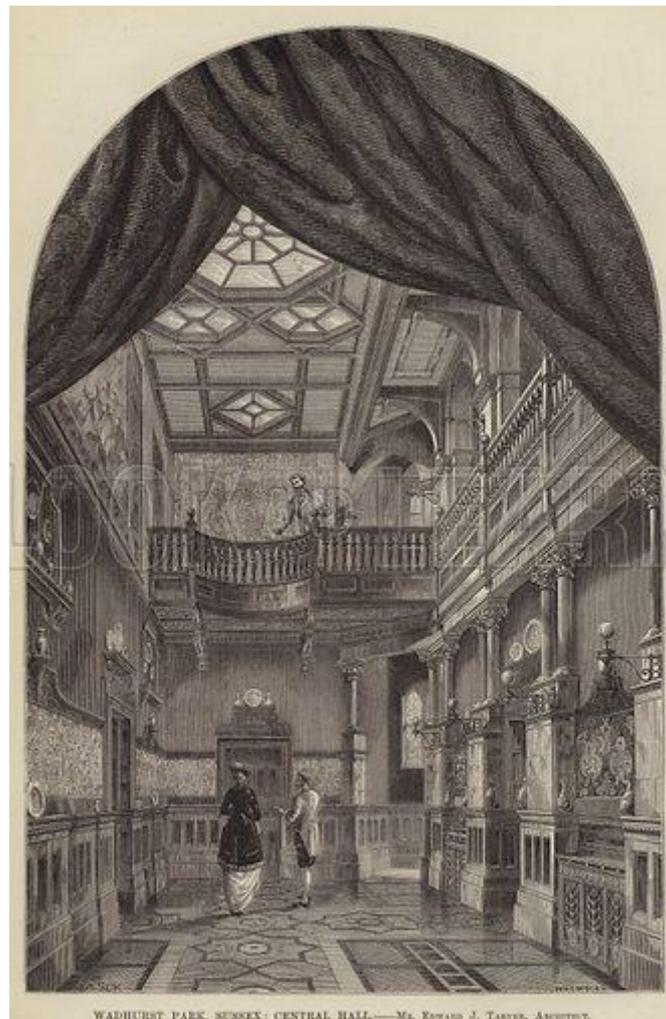
He was three times President of the Argentine Polo Association. La Nacion’s obituary concluded: “His passion for the sport was matched by a comparable commitment to ranching the wider cause of Argentine agriculture.... He won fame, honour and medals. And due to his easy manner, his human qualities, he had friends everywhere in all walks of life, and was loved and admired.”

In Argentina, as in other New World countries, most Irish migrants brought little more than their personal belongings. The first generation lived barely above subsistence level and married into other Irish immigrant families. Their descendants, not the migrant-settlers, were beneficiaries of their dreams, buying estancias—ranches—

and employing gauchos—cowboys of mixed Latino-Argentine-Indian descent—whose horsemanship was, and is, the stuff of legend.

### The MURIETAS

An article in Country Life caught my eye concerning Lisbet Rausing the Swedish philanthropist (The “Tetra Pak” Family considered the wealthiest in Europe). Lisbet lives at Wadhurst Park and considers it her favourite building. In the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century The Murrieta family probably thought the same though it was a very different house that stood on the land. Four brothers had come from Santurce near Bilbao to England and set themselves up as merchants in the City and bought the Wadhurst estate and the adjoining Southover Hall. The eldest, Marianno lived at the latter and had two sons **Francis (79) and Cristobel (79)** both of whom were “society” men, enjoying sport, literature and the arts.



Their Uncle Jose lived at the Park and was ennobled by King Alfonso XII as Marques de Santurce. His daughter Clarita married her cousins’ school friend **Juan Duke of**

**Santona (79)** a prominent polo player and both his sons and grandson would come to Old Windsor. The Murietas entertained on a lavish scale and guests included many of the leading politicians of the day and Edward VII and Princess Alexandra were regular visitors: they attended Clarita's wedding at The Brompton Oratory. Sadly all was to go array for the family: in 1890, the financial house of Barings in whom they had a major interest was thrown into crisis when Argentina defaulted on bond payments and the Murrietas lost the major part of their fortune and the estates: their London address in Carlton Terrace was sold.

However another member of the family was more successful as a cousin Luciano returned to Spain and after service in the army dedicated his life to making outstanding wine. He studied in Bordeaux for a number of years before starting on a business that would bring him commercial success and the title Marques de Murieta from Queen Isabella II. In 1878, he purchased Ygay that was to become the renowned vineyard it remains to this day. Luciano died without an heir and he passed his vineyards to his nephew **Jose de Olivares (06)**, the son of **Julian Conde de Artasa (82)** both of whom had been at Beaumont. Jose passed these back to his father Julian would produce the Murrieta wines up until his death in 1931 to be succeeded by his sons and Ygay would become the paragon of classic Rioja. Its accolades contain all the great clichés of wine tasting and appreciation but possibly because it ages beautifully that a young lady had her torso tattooed with its famous label. One of his sons - another **Julian (07)** was also a fine fencer and represented Spain at the 1924 Olympics with the sabre and where he was in the same category as **Robin Dalglish (93)** representing Great Britain.

## **The ARMISTICE at BEAUMONT**

Some of you may have wondered why I didn't mention Armistice celebrations at Beaumont in the last REVIEW – one would have expected jubilation, holidays, High Masses, bonfires and feasts but as it happened none of these occurred.

At the beginning of November 1918 boys started to go sick with flu symptoms and by the time the 11<sup>th</sup> November arrived followed by the Feast of St Stanislaus an epidemic had burst upon the school; the "Spanish Flu" that was to kill more people than the war itself. Within a space of four days you were either a patient or a nurse and within the week it had spread to St John's as well. Luckily being warned in advance they were able to send some of the boys home before the malady claimed its first victim. Beaumont was now a hospital with the general appearance of a Casualty Clearing Station.



Dr Lewis More O'Ferrall

The school was to owe a huge debt of gratitude to the College physician Dr More O'Ferrall who showed unwearied care and energy assisted by his wife and a couple other hurriedly recruited nurses. All the 130 patients in his care made a good recovery. The Community themselves played their part in the promptness and efficiency with which the unusual situation was tackled and in many instances taking on nursing craft with unaccustomed hands. Many fell victims themselves: but lime juice and beef –tea and medicinal nastiness went round with unfailing regularity. You will not be surprised that term ended early on 9 December with a large number already convalescent enough to be sent home.

With no work, no societies, plays, or sport the term was a “write-off” and the Beaumont Review stayed unpublished with nothing to report.

The Doctor had two sons at the school: **George (24)** the pioneering Film and Television producer and **Mons. Roderick (27)** National Director of The Apostleship of The Sea and National Chaplain St Vincent de Paul Society.

### **THE WAR MEMORIAL FUND**

Even before the War ended a Committee had met in July 1918 to set up a fund with the purpose of raising money for a Memorial or Memorials. Under consideration were:-

A new Church at the College, The erection of a Monument, Endowments and scholarships for sons of the Fallen.

The President was the Rector Fr Bodkin with a distinguished group of OB Vice-presidents:-

The Bishop of Nottingham Thomas Dunn, The Earl of Granard, Sir Humphrey de Trafford Bt, Colonel Sir Mark Sykes Bt, Sir John Knill Bt, and Lieut-General Sir George MacDonough.

Also on the Committee were men such as Charles Roskell (69) and John Munster (69), Sir Charles Russell Bt, Hon Frank Russell, Don and Clan Chief Francis Urquhart (86), Cricketer Charles de Trafford, Col, Monsignor Smith DSO, Hal Dickens OBE, Judge Sir George Langton OBE, Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple Bt, Colonel Dallas Waters DSO and others.

**Mark Sykes** volunteered and was appointed Secretary of the Committee only to fall victim to the flu in February

1919 while in Paris attending the Peace Conference.

## **Sundry Snippets.**

Unlike the BU notes in the old school REVIEWS, I do not receive many snippets of news to pass on – understandable most of us have reached an age when a visit to the doctors is most we have to look forward to and that if we remember it in the first place. However, I still pick up on a few things. Apart from the call I had from Brian Deane which led to the piece on the Argentinians I heard from **Peter Hughes (60)** who was about to depart for Colombia for about 6 weeks: did we have any OBs in residence?. Well you may or may not be surprised that I could not tell him that FARC had its roots in Old Windsor but it seems that Columbians were not great supporters of Beaumont and only seven came our way. No free lunches for Peter. None of the Columbians were of note bar **Alvaro Holquin y Vargas (45)** whose father served as Ambassador both in London and Paris and whose grandfather had been President on two occasions and Alvaro's niece is currently Foreign minister. Alvaro himself spent most of his life in Paris.

A January weekend which included Burnham Market, Norfolk on a Sunday only to discover that most of the congregation at Mass were Old Amplefordians; It was a relief to find a friendly face in **Anthony Tussaud** who was making plans for the last few days of shooting left in January. I also met the sister of **Christopher Rahr**: I gathered that Christopher, who now lives near Tenterden, had become a Buddhist which she explained might explain his absence from BU events. I asked her to pass on the message that this was no bar to joining the fold.

Burns Night was spent with haggis, whisky and the odd "fling" (Highland of course) with **Charlie Poel's (61)** sister Veronica at Graffham. Charlie I gathered was on his way back from a skiing holiday in the Alps. Always good to hear that many of us are despite what I wrote earlier, "active in the sporting area".

## **60 Years ago**

### **From the Beaumont REVIEW.**

#### **Ex Cathedra**

As our own Centenary approaches, congratulations were sent to The Oratory School on attaining theirs.

The New Wing designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott OB continues apace: the work is being carried out by Messrs Longleys and will be occupied by the boys in September.

The cost of the Wing is £43,000 – the current fund stands at just under £38,000.

The next stage is the refurbishment of The White House to provide suitable accommodation for the community and the conversion of the Old community wing to Schoolrooms and studies.

In June the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster will visit to belatedly lay the Wing Foundation Stone and mark Mr Clayton's fifty years of service to the school.

The preparations for the Centenary demand much work and thought but as the Editor writes the sun is shining on the cricket fields, the woods and the lawns, there is no doubt that Beaumont deserves our best efforts.

The Easter term was short and there was a Flu-epidemic. Rhetoric only had three guests with the accent on the seamier side of life. Dr Patrick McGrath Medical Superintendent at Broadmoor on psychology and murder. Brigadier Paton Walsh on the prison system and Mr F H Lawton QC on the South African treason trials.

Gp 11 French went twice to the theatre. Moliere's *Les Precieuses Ridicules* and Sacha Guitry's *Villa a Vendre* at the French Institute. Then to the Comedie Francaise for Feydeau's play *Le Dindon*. Later in the term M Max Vevier gave a talk on the French resistance.

Dorothy Lady Stafford has given four engravings of Beaumont that belonged to her late husband.

### **Sodality.**

Split into five groups and carried out diverse activities from visiting The Old People's Home, catechizing on Englefield Green, collecting stamps for the missions (22,000), writing to the press. There was a concerted effort to help the Ryder-Cheshire Organisation to gather signatures concerning neglected concentration camp victims. (ED. Sue Ryder was an assistant Matron at St John's).

### **Entertainment.**

**Shrovetide Concert:** the Choir performed the Mikado. There was concern about the lack of practise time but everything was all right on the night and stimulated by a responsive audience both choir and soloists acquitted themselves creditably. They gained confidence and verve as the performance progressed reaching a climax the the finale. Special mention of **Rory O'Sullivan** in the title role both strong and tuneful.

### **BU Play**

Witness for The Prosecution.(Agatha Christie). The BU were in their element with so many lawyers in the cast. An exciting story with a good twist at the end, it was well played throughout – at times even brilliantly played – the excitement was held all

through – what more could be wanted? Frankly nothing. Unlike some professional critics, this one goes to a play to enjoy himself which he did. It was not just that the main parts were well played, but that there were no poorly played parts. Small parts were made into real characters. **Michael Burgess and Gerald Russell** had the lead roles well supported by the likes of **Leo Burgess and Maurice Coleman** and the four ladies in the cast could not be faulted. It was **Hal Dickens** fiftieth performance and at the end of which he announced his retirement with his grand-daughter now starting her career on the BU stage,

### **Lower Line Play.**

A Damsel in Distress (Hay and Wodehouse). It promised an amusing evening and so it was- there was some good character acting as well as the straight parts. Among the male roles Roger Johansen, Francis Gould-Marks, Robert Wilkinson-Latham, Michael Tussaud, Nicholas Hinds and Mark Lake were singled out for special praise. Understandably the more difficult parts were those of the ladies and Fr Ezechial had to find eight suitable boys all of whom came up trumps: Paul Burrough, Hilary Synnott, Drostan Stileman, Roger Darby, Alex van der Stegan, Michael Ohly, Nigel Courtney and John Towsey.

### **CCF**

A party of 120 enjoyed the hospitality of the Royal Marines at Portsmouth; highlights included a drill display, a frogmen demo and an exhibition of Marine trades.

Camp will be at Greenfields, Near Towyn close to the Army Outward bound School.

Malley, Atlee and Gracie have been on Leadership courses and Critchley and Cronly “enjoyed” the R M Commando course at Lymstone.

A Shooting VIII has reformed. We lost in a postal shoot with Ampleforth but won the Horton Cup against the Old Windsor Rifle Club: a trophy that has not been competed for since 1949. No 2 Company won the inter- company shoot but No 1 Company retained the Inter Company Competition. Cridland was awarded the Best Shot Badge.

### **H L Debating.**

Owing to various other activities, the “annual plague” and pending examinations the number of Deates were limited.

This house prefers Day schools to Boarding; motion defeated despite the lack of female charm.

This House deplores the welfare State: motion carried

This House Is glad that it is not yet an OB: defeated

This House considers money preferable to breeding; carried

PM Mr H James, Ldr Opp. Mr J Atlee, Hon Sec Mr N Malley, Sgt at Arms Mr R O’Sullivan, Deputy PM Mr J Kells, Deputy Ldr Opp Mr T Hooper, Min without Portfolio Mr D Hamilton.

## **Quodlibetarian**

The first meeting was one of prose and poetry which included a piece by Siegfried Sasson about some revolting Newspaper got the meeting off to a lively start. Mrs O'Malley gave a talk on "Lady Alimony or The Reluctant battleaxe" there followed a lively discussion on social welfare. Finally the distinguished critic Mr Martin Turnell gave a talk on the French Novelist Francois Mauriac.

Hon Sec J Kells, Treasurer M Murphy, Librarian M Bingham.

## **Scientific**

No expedition this term but plenty of films particularly on specialised subjects such as glass blowing, biology and heat. Mr Morgan spoke to us on "An introduction to modern Physics" including Atomic and modern research.

Hon Sec C Gardner-Thorpe. Hon Treasurer M Pritchett.

## **Photographic**

Membership has been low owing to the Darkroom closure so that drains could have their quinquennial unblocking and the opportunity for re-decorating. An exhibition is proposed for Speech Day and we are joining a National Federation of Photographic Societies to obtain help and encouragement.

Hon Sec M Adamson, Hon Treasurer A Egan.

## **Music**

There is a shift towards better taste among members. Fr Hanshell gave a talk on "West Side Story" and the development of American Music and Ballet. Lower Line went to see The Mikado at the Princes Theatre prior to the choir Concert. Higher Line went to see three short ballets at Covent Garden: "*Petruhska, La Fete Etrange and Dances Concertantes*". Greatly enjoyed though the English Troupe sadly muffed Petrushka.

Hon Sec R O' Sullivan Treasure E McIlvenna.

## **Current Affairs**

Membership stands at 24 probably the maximum to maintain its present high standing. Lectures were given by P Foy on Parliamentary Procedure, K Gracie on Aviation in the World today, Argentina in the last quarter century by S Creek, Life in Uruguay by J Attlee, Cuba and its recent disturbances C Halliday. B Martin on the Chinese in Hong-Kong. Finally J Dudley and H James on Irish Immigration and its Effects on English Society.

## **Carpentry**

Mr Lucas continues to help with instruction each Sunday. M Sullivan has finished a Kitchen Cabinet, R Pritchett a bedside table, C Hamilton a boot-box for Fr Brogan! A Flores a bookstand for Fr Minister and de Wolff a small coffee table. It is hoped to exhibit at the Old Windsor Handicraft Show this summer.

## **Hobbies**

M Pritchett has resigned as President and his place taken by P Critchley a model railway enthusiast. One valve radios have been made in large numbers and some members have progressed to two- valve with some good quality reproduction.

## **Green Room**

The year started with a raw set of stage-hands comprising of M P, C G-T, P C, and T L only M P and P C had worked backroom before. The H L Play Grand National Night was a success despite the powder-blue colour chosen which was frightfully difficult to work with. The Christmas Panto called for some special stage effects which did not go to plan but was well received. This term S G and D H joined us as we only had three weeks before the BU play; we hurriedly scrubbed, painted, built, planned scene changes and the lighting – it all went well. No pause after the BU as it was Lower Line with three different sets to produce, we lost C G-T to studies but gained the H-D brothers –we were still painting up until a few hours before curtain up. An eventful year and our thanks to Major R as our tireless stage manage.

## **Correspondence**

### **Oxford**

The following attended the Oxford and Cambridge Dinner: Simon Burrough, Christopher Noble, Valentine Russell, Ian Sinclair, Peter Brindley, Andrew Clasen (organiser) Anthony Whyatt's speech fitted superbly the mood and sentiments of the port-befuddled diners.

Christopher Noble has failed Latin: he tries again in June. Adrian Vickers and Richard Hewins both passed their Law Prelims, the latter continues to make his name in journalistic and dramatic circles. Peter Brindley and Valentine Russell renowned for spending more time outside of Oriel than in it both passed History. Russell must be complimented as he only took up the subject last term after giving up PPE.

After spending his first term gate-crashing parties Guardino Rospigliosi has faded into the background: avoiding barbers seems to be his only activity. Philip Danby prominent at Balliol both at parties and in the motor racing fraternity- he came out of his last smash unhurt. Anthony Leggett is much respected in the high - powered intellectual circles. Ian Sinclair, elusive but busy and looking forward to the cricket season. Stephen Corcoran is a regular at the Newman Society meetings – last seen smoking a pipe having given up cigarettes for Lent. Ted Winfield, Vincent D' Alton and Ian Unsworth have not been seen but apparently are enjoying the festive side of life. Brian O'Gorman and Anthony Paton Walsh have heads down and secluded themselves in preparation for their finals.

### **Cambridge.**

The Easter term sees the mime of working for examinations with all its traditional variations. The weak give way to panic and are not seen, the strong punt on nonchalantly far into the summer evenings while a Girtonian, couche, stylised sings

out to him in a ritual incantation of his lecture notes. Among the strong Andrew Miles of the oldest college now has a very beautiful motor car and dispenses the family Madeira to all at 35 Trumpington Street. Also at Peterhouse are Marc Brincard, always willing to talk about Algeria and General de Gaulle and Kevin O'Sullivan reading Anthropology and planning a trip to Borneo.

Across the road to Pembroke and find David Thornely, impassive and magnificent, reading Geography, rowing, lifting weights, extremely hospitable and going by sailing boat, this summer, to fish salmon in Norway. In Christ's Tom Wood, medical man is rarely seen as he lives so far out of the town, Paul Bedford with colours in numerous sports and an odd-shaped bicycle and Richard Mills-Owens of bizarre tastes showing an interest in Anglo-Finnish relations. Brendan Mulcahy, the aviator is also at Christ's – a well-rounded man with a full social calendar and an aptitude for sport.

At cloistered Queen's see Patrick Walsh, every inch the military man, a repository of officer qualities: Sandhurst is proud of him Seek out in Trinity Hall Christopher Dickens, a toper, a wit. You do not know what he is reading? Neither do I, but he is very hospitable.

And now to Trinity there are nine Jacopo Patrizi has interesting friends – they shout "Vittorio in Abyssinia" and "Viva Il Duce" and drive Ferraris: Jacapo takes tea at the Whim every day. Martin Wells knows lots of people and belongs to a dining club which eats swans and quails and leads to envy in his friends and gluttony and sloth in himself. Not so David Bulfield who after a successful Rugby season is expected to do even better at cricket. His cousin Anthony is now in his last year preparing for the rat-race; he is thin, sinister and a conjurer who might go into Shell and become a Tycoon. From two Bulfields to two Gompertz: Christopher is about to take high office in the Fisher Society and is seen at the top parties and wears a dark green smoking jacket when he indulges. Jeremy reads Law; there are interesting people in his lodgings and they all talk a special slang all about Leaping Black Africans: Jeremy is very good at this slang.

Jeremy Cuddigan is a scientist so has to work though he spends an equal amount of time sailing: some say more rational than rowing though Anthony Barnard would not agree and should be in the Trinity 1<sup>st</sup> May Boat. Nothing is known of Michael Shields in his third year – I saw him once disappearing round a street corner and also met a man who had talked to him on a remote staircase, though this was only momentarily and in the half-light. Rumour has it that he may re-appear in May week.

### **Beaumont Union.**

Fr Michael Hollings is now Catholic Adviser to Independent Television. Michael Campbell-Johnstone SJ has departed the College staff for the London school of Economics to prepare for his finals.

Generations of OBs may have missed the incorrect spelling of Fr Borrett's name in the previous Review but would concur that the ascription to him as a member of the SS was a gross libel or at least an exaggeration.

John Mathew son of Sir Theobald Director of Public Prosecutions has been appointed Junior Prosecuting counsel to the Crown at the Central Criminal Court.

A P J F F de Remusat has been appointed to a commission in the Household Brigade. (Ed: the future Marquis is the third OB Frenchman to hold a commission in the Irish Guards).

Simon Burrough boxed for the second year running for Oxford against Cambridge.

Andre Clasen in his second year at Brasenose Oxford has been elected to Leander.

The Hon Charles Russell presided at the Oxford and Cambridge Society Dinner in April.

Mrs Merrell unveiled the new VIII at the start of the Summer term and to her astonishment discovered that it had been named in honour of her husband : E J Merrill.

From Letters. Eric Hutchins has started his National Service with The Royal Fusiliers guarding the crown Jewels at The Tower. David Corner is at the barracks at Winchester, cleaning and polishing kit when not on the Drill square. David Hamilton has joined the New Zealand Army. Andrew MacQueen has now been commissioned and is looking after amphibious craft. Anthony Tibitt has found gainful employment with Law Fire Insurance Society, James Murphy having finished National Service is now on a farm waiting to go to Agricultural College.-John Bedford is at Shuttsworth at the moment. Quentin Macleod having taken his degree awaits the results of WOSB as does Patrick Mackinley with the Life Guards. Sir Richard Barrow is now at Windsor with the Irish Guards and has recently been over to cast an eye on the CCF. Roger Vickers has been offered a Shell scholarship to University- John walker has also recently joined Shell. John Appleby from West Vancouver writes to say that he is about to start at the Vancouver High school one of the best in the Province but the standard of education is about three years behind that in England.- he also adds that he is joining the Provincial Militia, The Seaforth Highlanders.

Births: Sons to Basil Berkeley, Roger Unwin, Christopher Tyler and Edmund Kavanagh Smith.

Engagements: Hugh Orme and Jane Pouncey. Michael Harden and Dorothy Weingaertner. Paul Shanks and Margaret Sheffield. Henry Roberts and Patricia Dunsmore.

Marriages: Arthur Moore and Joan Fitzherbert-Brockholes at Spanish Place

David Peppercorn and Susan Sweeney at Spanish Place.

Deaths: Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple Bt. (09). Captain of the School, Cricket and Football. Christ Church Oxford. He married Anne Thorne and lived at North Berwick and his properties included the Bass Rock Bird Sanctuary. He was a Member of the Queen' Bodyguard for Scotland, a JP for East Lothian and a Privy Chamberlain to Pope Pius XII.

Ninian Campell-Johnstone (26) At School he was in the Rugby XV and went up to Queen's Oxford. He was the father of Michael SJ and Christopher.

Dominic Roberts (48) the son of Andro Roberts of Oxendon Grange, Market Harborough. Entered the Royal Marines but was forced by oncoming illness to retire.

## Sport.

### Boxing



The first unbeaten season in the history of Beaumont boxing. All congratulations to Major Roddy, Johnny Johnson, the captain A J de Kerdral and the team. Colours were awarded to M R Barr, E W McIlvenna, M L Addison and R A Storrng.

Results Merchant Taylors won 7-2, Dulwich drew 3-3, Wellington won 6-3. Arborfield won 6-3. Gordon Boys won 7-4

**Ed:** I note that both Addison and McIlvenna won all their bouts inside the distance.

## **Squash**

Captain A C Scott, Vice J C Murphy and Secretary D A Collinwood Results Won 3 Lost 6.

A Young team lacking in experience: the results not going well for us however promise success for the future. We had two wins against the Oratory and one against Leighton Park School. There were losses to Wimbledon Vagabonds (2), KCS, Merchant Taylors, Windsor Club and the BU.

Colours to Murphy and Collingwood.

## **Athletics.**

Flu resulted in the cancellation of fixtures against Eton and London Athletic Club but the School cross country went ahead through the Home Park. Higher Line win M Murphy, followed by Walter and Outred. Second Playroom win Collingwood followed by D Martin and Palmer. Third Playroom. Win Gould-Marks followed by McCaffrey and O'Driscoll.

## **Hockey**

Captain P Haden, Vice D Henry, Hon Sec J Hywel-Davies

A happy and encouraging season with thirty playing regularly. Fierce tackling was a notable feature of our play this season. Results KCS Drawn 0-0, Oriel Oxford lost 0-4, Epsom HC lost 0-3, St George's won 3-1, Wellington lost 0-5.

**Ed:** I note that John Carey who played on one occasion found further use as a promising "clothes-horse".

## **Sevens**

The usual difficulties of raising a team and it was only in the last week of term that Stevens and Stickney were "dragged onto dry land" to make matters worse the Public schools took place halfway through the Easter Holidays so we did not practise for a fortnight.

Results Ellesmere won 5-0 with a Stickney try and a Paton-Walsh conversion.

Berkhemstead Lost 0-5. Unlucky to be beaten following their try Barr was forced out on the line and Roberts having found a gap in the defence was tackled just short of the posts.

The Team: Walter, Cameron, Roberts (Capt), Barr, Stickney, Stevens and Paton Walsh.

## **Rugby**

The short season seemed to resemble a battlefield. Against the BU drawn 6-6 . Elliott broken nose, D Gilmore concussion and broken collarbone and this a game played in a most friendly spirit. In the midst of the Flu epidemic Patrick Mackinley

arranged to bring over a team from the Life Guards. Our Survivors XV had a hard fought battle on their hands but won 14-6. Finally Eton: the ground was very wet and slippery and the match was a scrum game against larger and heavier opponents. We drew with no score. The performance of the three-quarter line on this occasion is best forgotten.

At least the Under14 side won their match 19-0.

## Rowing

For once we started with a winning crew that had won the Junior Vllls at Staines Regatta so Reading Head of the River was bit of a disappointment when starting 38<sup>th</sup> we made little headway on Southampton University ahead of us and although second in the Schools Cup to St Edwards we were a minute behind them. As Usual the "A" VIII spent a week of the holidays at Henley being coached by A M T Durand an Oxford Blue and the University crew rowing coach '52-'53.

## MORE BOOKS.

Most active members of the BU are more than aware of the larger than life **Simon Potter**. Simon has just written a new book –more of which in a moment, but for those unaware of Simon, I publish a synopsis of his life in his own words.



"I was born in St Helier, Jersey in the Channel Islands. My father and uncle were owners of Jersey Potteries.

When we moved to London, I went to Warwick House Prep in Hampstead and then, as a boarder, to Beaumont where my interests included acting, debating and rowing.

I went on to Leeds University to read English and History, played drums in a band and joined the Territorial Army. I was lucky to meet my future wife at the Catholic chaplaincy.

After teaching for two years at a private high school in Kent, where I built a recording studio for the pupils, and doing studio session drumming and co-writing songs (including the cult "*When Christine Comes Around*" – see *YouTube*), I went to London University Goldsmith's College to do a PGCE.

I was taken on at Wimbledon College without a job interview (The Jesuit Head Master asked me how I got on with women, and informed me that the College and its sister girls' convent school were to produce "*Oliver!*" and needed a director). This started an endless cycle of directing, producing musicals, and adapting and writing plays for teenagers from joint schools (I am currently working on my 67th production). I was also Head of English at the college for 22 years.

I began writing, using my trans-continental motorcycling trips and travels to Russia, America, Canada and Europe, as inspiration. I continued collecting die-cast model railways from the 1940s-60s and writing about them. I performed in rock revival and jazz groups throughout this period. I was asked to work on studies of Shakespeare and on poetry for SmartPass Ltd, producing seven projects with them. One of these won the Spoken Word Bronze award in 2004. I received an MBE for my work in education, especially youth drama, in 2016.

In 2018 I developed GLASSINGALL BOOKS as publishers for niche technical works and poetry, (with Trans-Oceanic-Press as its fiction imprint).

Email: [glassingall@aol.com](mailto:glassingall@aol.com).

Seven interviews with me are on YouTube: *simonpotter mbe*, in which I was encouraged to hold forth about education and my work".

**The New book:-**

# SHOOTING

# EUROPE



*"Funny, grotesque and scathing. It made me laugh out loud; a satire that is spot on." (J P Lomas)*

*"Savagely comic and comically savage. Simon Potter is one of my favourite writers of comic fiction." (Bruno Vincent)*

## SIMON POTTER

*Trans-Oceanic-Press*

### **PLOT LINE**

*A love story and revenge thriller, satirical about modern concept art and TV docu-drama, told in first-person narratives.*

**Part 1: Escaping from Hell.** *From Cleeve Rehabilitation Centre, Sussex, England, Mike tells Holly, in Ventura, California, about his vile and miserable life in Los Angeles before they met.*

In the Fall of 1999, Mike was in a destructive relationship with obsessive extremeschlock concept artist Mopsa Greene. When a chance came to use his real estate wealth to invest in a childhood friend's BBC TV drama series, *Shooting Europe*, he seized on it as a means of escape from her and from America. He falls in love with script-editor Holly, but he would not be able to shake Mopsa off so easily.

**Part 2: Coming Alive.** *Holly responds. Nowadays, she works in publishing and lives at home in Ventura with her parents.*

In London, attacks on Holly began, and she had a sudden frightening insight. There were connections between these and the *Shooting Europe* stories: stepping-stones leading to mutilation and death.

**Part 3: Dying for Art.** *Mike's explanation, in what he calls 'the longest love-letter' of everything that Holly had not known at the time.*

Mike also had perception far too late to help him, or to stop a bizarre escalation of manic comic/horror *schlock* art enacted in a London gallery and in the Millennium Dome culminating in a horrifying secret which has still not been discovered...

**Simon writes:**

*As an old Beaumont boy, and master at Wimbledon College since 1972, I really want to contribute to the much-needed restoration of the neo-Gothic Sacred Heart in Wimbledon, built for the Jesuits and used as the school's church. I don't run marathons for charity – my exercise is tapping at a keyboard. So – as "**Shooting Europe**", my latest (and 13<sup>th</sup>) book is out now, I have arranged that 50% of all sales (paperback and Kindle) until the end of the financial year (March 31<sup>st</sup>, 2019) will go to the Sacred Heart Restoration Fund.*

The novel is a comic satire and love and revenge thriller set in L A, New York and London in the world of modern concept art and the making of the TV docu-drama '*Shooting Europe*'.

It is available on-line from Witley Press Bookshop and from Amazon as an ebook or paperback (692 pp, £12.99 book, £7.99 Kindle), but if you would like a signed first edition sent to you by post, send a cheque for £16, [£12.99 plus £3.01 p&p], payable to S C Potter c/o GLASSINGALL BOOKS, 4 The Crescent, Belmont, Sutton, Surrey, SM2 6BJ

#### **HALF THE PRICE OF EACH BOOK GOES TO THE FUND**

Simon is a member of the Society of Authors.

#### **SWAGGER CANES.**

In an earlier REVIEW I discussed the Corps Swagger canes carried by the Under Officers up until the change from OTC to CCF. These were black with a rounded crested silver knob as seen below.



I had an Email from a Paul Squire who had acquired a couple of sticks from a charity shop in Swindon, one of which is crested and notched and asking about their provenance. This defeats the Editor, unless they were carried by the Corps permanent staff in the person of RSM Percy Marin who joined the Corps in 1907 and stayed until the end of the 40s or CSM Osborne who was for many years the band Instructor.





## **PRESS CUTTING**

Chris Tailby's Sister found this in the Daily Mail:-

# AN INSPECTOR CALLS



He pays his way and tells it like it is

THE De Vere Beaumont Estate in Old Windsor is huge. There are more than 420 rooms spread over the campus of what used to be Beaumont College, a Jesuit public school which closed in 1967.

De Vere moved in five years ago and has just lavished £12 million on it, with more to come in the next 12 months.

Harry and Meghan will virtually be neighbours when they take up residence in nearby Frogmore Cottage.

It's close to the River Thames and ideally placed for Windsor and Legoland. Ideally priced, too. You can get a family room for not much more than £100.

On arrival we are handed a map and given rough directions to our room along a 100-metre corridor, at the end of which there is meant to be a lift.

We get completely lost and end up barging through a door marked Staff Only. A chef promises to deliver us safely, but he can't find it, either. 'I know where the kitchen is,' he says in a bid to break the ice.

When we do get there, it's such a



let-down that I ring the front desk and ask if, at the very least, we can have a room that has been refurbished.

'That is one of our refurbished rooms,' says the receptionist, who, to her credit, takes pity on us and adds that she will try to find something more agreeable. She tells us we should just leave our stuff where it is. Someone will move it while we have dinner.

That's exactly what happens, and our new high-ceilinged room is a big improvement.

This is ostensibly a conference hotel. There's a pool, gym, chapel and three places to eat. We opt for 1705 restaurant just off the lively main bar, and it exceeds our expectations. The Italian manager knows his wines and isn't phased when he's told that the selection of those by the glass is pitiful.

'Leave it with me,' he says — and comes back with two glasses of delicious Argentinian cabernet sauvignon that aren't on the list.

There's something to be said for big hotels, just as there is for big cruise ships. Space, choice, a sense of occasion — and you get plenty of exercise going to and from your room.

De Vere Beaumont Estate  
Burfield Road  
Old Windsor  
Berkshire SL4 2JJ  
01753 640 000, [devere.co.uk](http://devere.co.uk)  
Doubles from £119

★★★★☆

## Tony Mornement (54)

It is great that you are keeping in touch with so many BU members but it is now 64 years since I left Beaumont and I cannot remember many names. I do remember how kind and helpful most of the Jesuits were particularly Father Boyle who kept in touch with our family for many years, and Father Edwin Sass who married us almost

57 years ago. We are both well and enjoying life, but I have advanced AMD and can no longer read, write or of course drive, so I now want to reduce the number of emails and kindly request you to Unsubscribe me from your list.

Following Tony's decision to retire from the BU, I took a look back on his Career and what I wrote in "Once More to Runnymede".

*Tony Mornement is another OB brigadier that on retirement would find that his new role would take him to Africa as well as Asia in the role of a Director of the UN World Food Programme. Anthony left Old Windsor for Sandhurst in 1954 and a commission in the Sappers. His Service would take him round the world including Hong Kong, Malaya, Thailand and East Africa and Defence Attaché in Rome. With the UN, he was responsible for distribution of aid to many of the World's most suffering people. One example was Chad in 1985, a country classified by the World Bank as the poorest of countries anywhere on the planet. Development had been hampered by twenty years of civil war as well as the encroachment of the Sahara and reoccurring droughts.*

*Sent in to organise relief, Tony's strategy was not just to hand out food, but to use it as an incentive, and help pay for the schools. "It is important in a situation like this not to aid dependency". To this end, he fed workers that reclaimed ravines where water gathered during rainfall so that they could plant their own crops to feed the villagers. Indiscriminate food aid destroys the imitative of farmers and Tony often rejected the requests from regional leaders who followed the tradition that food had to be shared regardless of need. As far as he was concerned, rations would go to the starving. In one instance, when there was an urgent request, he found the woman wearing gold bracelets having made a lucrative cattle sale and so refused to deliver her any food at all.*

*As in other parts of the World where he had directed programmes, Tony Mornement saw his job as making the best use of the administration available. His programme was aimed at feeding workers in the area until they could support themselves whether it was Chad, Burundi, Pakistan or Afghanistan. Now retired a second time, he has used his diplomatic and organisational skills to renovate the church of St Peter serving the coastal Witterings near Chichester.*

## My favourite painting Bamber Gascoigne

*Richard George Archibald Lucian Hungerford  
Crewe-Milnes, Earl of Madeley by Philip de László*



*Richard George Archibald Lucian Hungerford Crewe-Milnes,  
Earl of Madeley, 1914, by Philip de László (1869–1937),  
26in diameter, West Horsley Place, Surrey*



Bamber Gascoigne is a historian and the quizmaster who originally presented *University Challenge*. He is a trustee of the Mary Roxburghe Trust

Four years ago, I inherited unexpectedly, from my great-aunt Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, a large Grade I-listed house of great beauty near Guildford called West Horsley Place. I hardly knew the house, but when I first walked into it as its owner, I discovered many paintings relating to my family. My favourite among them rapidly became this beautiful, but unashamedly sentimental portrait of the Duchess's brother at the age of about three. Jack, as he was known, was a beautiful boy and obviously greatly adored. The house is full of images of him. However, the story ends sadly—he died at the age of 11, in 1922. We are now taking tours round the house and this image is part of a family display ([www.westhorsleyplace.org](http://www.westhorsleyplace.org))

Another piece from “Country Life”, where it happens that both the subject and the artist have Beaumont connections. Richard Crew-Milnes was the son and heir of the first and last Marquis of Crewe, politician, Knight of the Garter and Privy Councillor. Crewe’s elder sister was married to Sir Gerald FitzGerald Accountant General of India and were the parents of **Gerald Milnes FitzGerald** who spent three years at Beaumont leaving in 1887 for Eton, so was the young Richard’s first cousin. Gerald after service as a Captain in The County of London Yeomanry in WW1 became a well-respected archaeologist particularly for his work at Beit She’an in what is now northern Israel. Another cousin of Gerald’s married **Carlos Lumsden of Clova (95)** Major HLI died in Action 1916.

Philip de Laszlo’s reputation still remains largely as a society portrait painter particularly among European royalty, but well numbered amongst his sitters were industrialists and scientists, politicians and painters, men and women of letters and many other eminent, as well as ordinary, people. He was a friend of the **German-**

**Ribons** who he called the “El Grecos” and they would lunch, dine and party together. The friendship had come about when **Philip G R (30)** was at the same prep school in London as Philip’s youngest son John. Philip G R used to watch the artist at work occasionally and would have serious political arguments with him leading up to WW2.

Both Philip G R and John were up at Oxford together joined the RAF and even worked in the same office during the War. Afterwards they went into business as Ribon-de Laszlo: they were firm friends all their lives.

YET MORE FROM “COUNTRY LIFE”



# The drawings marked 'No. 1'

*The Cathedral of Christ,  
Liverpool*

The architect who created the red telephone kiosk and the London power station today occupied by Tate Modern also designed Britain's largest cathedral. John Goodall looks at the story of this masterpiece

ED: Below are extracts from the article.



The two assessors inspected the anonymous designs of the five finalists at the Walker Art Gallery on May 4, 1903, and wrote a short report recommending ‘the set of drawings marked “No. 1”’. On examination, the committee was dismayed to discover that the architect, Giles Gilbert Scott, was only 22 years old, with no previous commissions to his name and a Roman Catholic. All that could be said in his favour was that he was a grandson of the great architect George Gilbert Scott.

The eye reads the monumental piers that rise up the interior as the essential supporting structural members of the building. Between them, great expanses of wall set off the stained-glass windows to spectacular effect (*Fig 3*). The treatment of the windows is inspired specifically by Chartres, which Scott visited on a trip to France in 1906. Of the cathedral there, he wrote: ‘The enormous scale of the windows filling up the whole wall, and the huge lights, are the

In the late 20th century, there were those who regarded Liverpool Cathedral as old-fashioned, an expiring gasp of the Gothic Revival, yet this assessment now, itself, seems dated. Admiration for Scott's secular and industrial buildings, including, perhaps particularly, Bankside and Battersea Power Stations in London, reveals the extent to which he used the Gothic tradition—as explored in the development of this cathedral—as the basis for a modern architecture.

In this regard, he surely created a 20th-century building that ranks, in the words of Bishop Chavasse, amid 'the great cathedrals which are amongst the greatest heritages of the English nation'.

*Acknowledgements: Michael Hall*

I am beginning to think that we have contacts at "Country Life" as in the last edition of the year we had this article:-

# Sybaritic delights

*Villa Bologna, Malta  
The home of the de Trafford  
family in Malta*

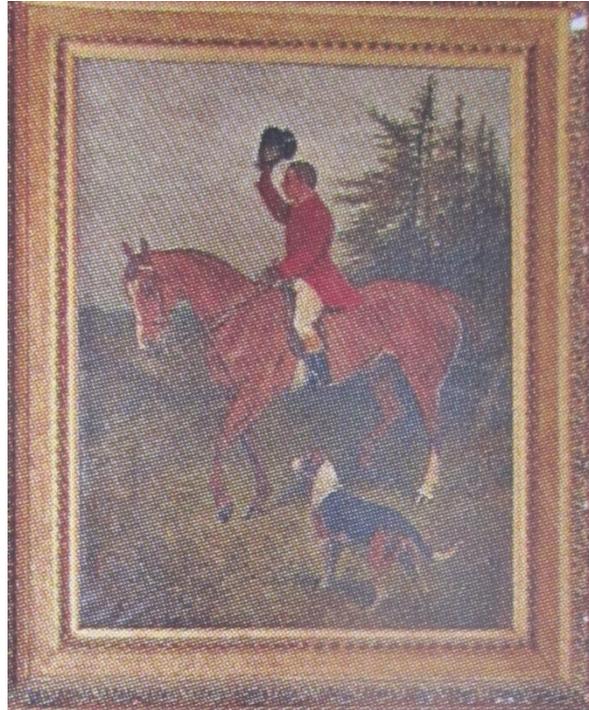
Built as a wedding present, this Baroque villa came to be occupied by an English MP and Westmorland landowner. Marcus Binney tells the remarkable story of the building and its gardens

Villa Bologna stands in the village of Attard, just three miles from Malta's fortress capital of Valletta. Its large garden is continuously enclosed with high stone walls punctuated with turrets and grand ornamental gateways. The villa was built by Fabrizio Grech in 1745 as a gift for his daughter on her marriage to the Count della Catena and descended from them to Gerald Strickland later Lord Strickland.



**Charles de Trafford (83)**'s son Edmund married Hon Cecelia Strickland and settled in Malta. His father in law had made two highly advantageous marriages. In 1890, Lord Strickland married Lady Edeline Sackville-West, the daughter of the 7th Earl de la Warr. Lady Edeline died in 1918. In 1926, Lord Strickland married Margaret Hulton, daughter of the newspaper magnate Edward Hulton and it was the second Lady Strickland who was to modernise Villa Bologna, she extended the gardens far beyond their original limits, raised the walls of the property and decorated them with

crenels. She added turrets, planted hundreds of trees, many of exotic species, and laid out fountains and ponds of unique character and beauty. An already fabulous villa, was transformed into a horticultural paradise.



Portrait of **Charles de Trafford** by John Emms. Surprisingly, he is portrayed out hunting rather than on the cricket field.

In 1940, Lord Strickland died and, for the first time since its construction, the ownership of Villa Bologna was estranged from the Catena title. The title passed on to the son of Lord Strickland's eldest daughter, the Hon. Mary Constance Horneyold Strickland \_wife of **Henry (OB)** while Villa Bologna passed on to Edmund de Trafford.

Edmund and Cecelia had three sons at Beaumont. **Gerald the eldest (OB 47)** went to McGill University then St Catherine's Oxford for Law, He married Helena Catherina Charlotte Hallo



and in 1951 inherited Bologna. Gerald was a deeply cultured man, who in another century, might have been a monk. He is the subject of this superb full-length portrait by the American artisty Craig Hanna in the black robes of the Knights of Malta. Charlotte, his wife, invested tireless energy in maintaining the gardens and the pottery.

Their son Jasper de Trafford in turn inherited Villa Bologna on Gerald's death in 2015 the seventh of his line to hold it. Jasper is married to Fleur de Trafford who just happens to be the daughter of Gerald's brother **Hubert George (52)** who was usually known as George After two marriages George died in 1993. The marriage of his daughter to her cousin probably required a church dispensation. The middle brother was **Anthony (53)** who married Gabrielle Boone and the last Beaumont connection to the family.

Villa Bologna is witness to the aspirations of Maltese Baroque architecture, fired by the direct connections of the Knights of Malta to Rome and other European Capitals. It is open throughout the year, adding to the unrivalled number of superb architectural treasures to be explored in Malta.

## **WORDS OF ADVICE**

**Paul Podesta** forwarded these words of wisdom following the “Bailey Hacking”

This is from someone who just had all her bank accounts emptied after she paid a taxi driver with her debit card. She wanted to pay with her credit card but he asked for another method because he didn’t want to pay the 4% visa fee.

“Received some great advice from the police today that I want to share: whenever you are asked to use debit instead of credit for whatever reason, first fully enter in the wrong PIN. If it is a counterfeit machine it will pseudo process the payment and produce a receipt. An authentic machine will reject the PIN and request a “try again” of some sort.

Help spread the word, as the police tell me this type of fraud is becoming increasingly prevalent.”

## **CANTORS of The CARMEN**

There have been various rumbblings and mumblings concerning the “entry notes” for singing the Carmen with talk of “The Castrati” intoning at a level of which the majority are Incapable. It was pointed out by the complainants that with age all bodily parts have taken a downward turn including their voices and that they are incapable of reaching the notes. Well, might I suggest a few deep breathing exercises, reaching for those tummy muscles, add a glass of red wine or even better port to loosen those vocal chords (as I do in the Petfringe Chorus each week). Better still step forward as Cantor to represent the Bassi Profondi and show off your “Paul Robeson’s” to the assembled company: somewhere between the second E below middle C to the E above middle C (i.e., E<sub>2</sub>–E<sub>4</sub>) will do nicely.

**LAWYER with the CANINE touch.**

**The Knox Ellis website had the following information.**



## Anthony Chancellor-Weale

### Consultant

Anthony qualified as a solicitor in 1966 and was the senior partner in a thriving solicitors' practice in Berkshire for 15 years. He has a wealth of experience in conveyancing, landlord and tenant, housing law and commercial property. Anthony is a Consultant to the Firm and primarily deals with boundary disputes, easements, interpretation of leases and general leasehold queries.



### Bella

#### Dog Lead

Bella joined us in 2015 as our SMO. Although mainly working from home, she visits regularly and is popular member of our team. Her role involves running around the office, sleeping under desks, scrounging food and demanding tummy rubs.

[woof@knoxellis.co.uk](mailto:woof@knoxellis.co.uk)

### **What's in a name**

#### Eustace & Arthur

Stylish & quirky gifts for everyone but mainly for men!



“With three daughters all giving presents to their father and boyfriends over the years, our home became a testing ground for all sorts of gadgets and accessories. A few stood the test of time; either because they were really useful or just absolutely lovely.

We had the idea for a shop offering a unique range of gifts just for men and **Eustace & Arthur** was born! The shop is named after Nicola’s father, **Eustace Arthur McNaught**, and all the men’s gifts that we sell, are tried and tested by Matt, Nicola’s husband.

**Eustace & Arthur** is stylish and friendly independent gift shop offering a range of original and quirky products for men.

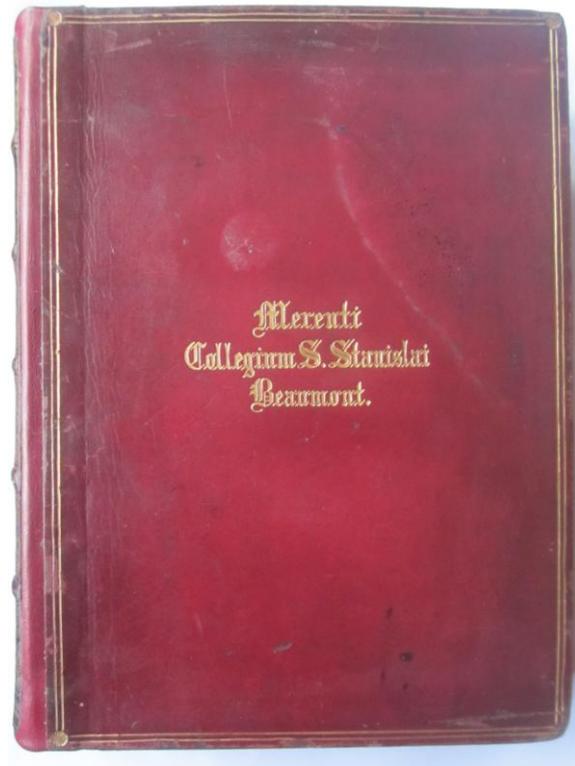
**Our shop can be found in The Old Register Office, an attractive and historic building located in the ancient market town of Langport at the heart of the Somerset Levels.**

Now, as the shop has grown, we have expanded to include a range of gifts that men can give the women and the children in their lives. This has also allowed Nicola to test some of the gifts too – especially the gorgeous scarves!

Please do take a look at the virtual tour of our shop and visit on our online store range for plenty of gift inspiration.

We are also always interested to hear about the gifts you have loved. Tell us about a wonderful present you have been given and, if we use your suggestion, we will send you a £30 voucher to spend with us”.

**Eustace McNaught (40)** Left Beaumont for New College Oxford, He was commissioned into the RA and joined the 1st Airborne Division for the Algiers campaign. He dropped into Sicily and was wounded. He recovered enough to take part in the attack on Arnhem and was one of two survivors of his regiment. Later, he transferred to the SAS. In the Post War era of the Middle East he was named by Kim Philby as the MI6 co-ordinator for the region.



How many of us possess a volume with these words engraved upon it: the editor admits to a couple for history. This particular book which is Cassell's Sports and Passtimes was awarded to **Fredericus Noble** for "Primum" in Figures 1890.



Frederick was born in Bombay the son of George Noble who was the Head Manager of HSBC and his mother Francesca was the daughter of General Sexton Indian Army. Young Frederick's Sexton cousins were at Beaumont – **John (83)** Major 10th Bombay L I, linguist and author. **Miles (85)** Lt Dublin Fusiliers but killed by a tiger in

the Decan 1894 and **George SJ (92)** superior at St John's 18-29 and Beaumont 29-35.

Frederick, considered a classical scholar at school left in 1893 and followed his father into HSBC but retired from their employment in 1903. During the Great War he was with the City of London Police Reserve and later a Freeman of the City. He was Secretary of the BU 1914 – 36. He died in 1937.

Somehow his "prize" book found its way to **Guy Bailey** who himself had the volume at school – no doubt to study the section on "Manly games and exercises".

## **RAMBLINGS.**

Up with the lark with the promise of sunshine on an early spring Saturday in February, I found myself listening to Clare Balding's "Ramblings"; not my favourite programme. I was about to turn it off, when she mentioned that she and her little group were passing Mapledurham and its Church which is the only Anglican place of worship with a Catholic side chapel. This stems from the Blount family at Mapledurham House next door. Sir Michael was Lieutenant of The Tower when both St Robert Southwell and St Philip Howard were imprisoned but remained a recusant Catholic. This male line died out but continued with the Blount-Eystons who were also descended from St Thomas More. Although there were Blounts at Beaumont, the descendant who lived at Mapledurham was **Thomas More Eyston (20)**, Capt. of the School, of Rugby also in the 1<sup>st</sup> XI Football and the Boating VIII. After Oxford, he ran the estates, married Lady Agnes Savile a daughter of the Earl of Mexborough, was High Sheriff of Berkshire but was KIA at Dunkirk in 1940 with his County regiment. Their two sons **Thomas More and John Joseph** were both at Beaumont for a time in the war years.

Clare Balding and her ramblers then passed Hardwick House owned at one time by Sir Charles Rose Bart said to be the inspiration of Toad of Toad Hall. To complicate matters the Rose family has two baronetcies and Charles's brother lived at Palladian Moor Park where his son **Sir Francis (the artist)** was brought up. He was at Beaumont after the Great War.

Enough Ramblings.

## **OFFERS**

**David Martin** ( [annmarie.martin1@btinternet.com](mailto:annmarie.martin1@btinternet.com) ) has some copies of The BEAUMONT REVIEW if anyone is interested: -

1951 January 1953 January 1955 February and July 1956 February, May and October 1957 February and May(2) 1958 March, May and October 1959 February and October 1960 June and October 1961 March, June and October 1962 March, June and October 1963 March, June and October(2) 1964 March, June and October 1965 March, June and October 1966 March and June 1967.

## **CORRESPONDENCE**

From: **Hans-Christoph Gemmingen Freiherr von Massenbach MBE**

(or just Hans as I might have been called)



As an interlude to hours spent in Internet spellbound “watching parliamentlive.tv”. “Brexit” debates, I just ventured into the Beaumont-Union website and once again marvel at all you, Robert, manage to put together in keeping the Revue alive and making it all such interesting reading. It is of course all in an attempt to keep the past alive, an enjoyment that we all share with advancing age. My time at Beaumont (1952-55) was short and ended without academic distinction nor did it leave mark on its playing fields....sadly, as I miss out on many of the anecdotes of old. Looking at the photographs – all these young golfers - I do realise that those of “my years” must now be fairly small in number. I shall have turned 81 years of age in four weeks time. Having spent almost of my working life abroad, I had failed to keep up with old school friends. Indeed their names have long past from memory. Some years ago I had telephone contact with de Bertodano. I was most embarrassed when he had to remind me that we had been best friends!

My wife Marie-Theres and I, now fast approaching our 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding anniversary, depart for Sri Lanka shortly at the invitation of our younger son Christian and his wife Katharina, travelling all together, also with their recently adopted baby child, this with view to going down old trails of my tea planter days (1958-1964). It is clearly going to be one of the great highlights of the year ahead.

Brexit is of course very much in the forefront of discussion here and arouses much bewilderment as to what is in the minds of the people in the country at large and those in politics against the background of a globalised world. Quite a number of expats known to me locally have panicked and taken on Irish nationality, a move that might yet be proven needless and be regretted.

Much in our daily lives is taken up with the troubles of our Church and with the way ahead. The shortage of priests here is now so acute that one priest has alone to serve three to four parishes. The widespread disrepute in which the Catholic Church

finds itself resulting from the Church's handling of known cases of child abuse, both in Germany and worldwide, has led to large numbers leaving the Church. Mistrust is widespread and it is proving an uphill struggle retaining the loyalty of church-goers. Marie-Theres plays an active role in supporting our parish priest in two of our parish churches and we both do all possible to help those, the most part Indian and African priests, to find their feet locally when called-in to fill the gaps. The spirit and doings of the youngest generation of the German Knights of Malta can only be described as most heartening, not least against the background of the "German connection" held responsible for much of the "unrest" of recent years at the top of the Order in Rome.

A highlight of the past year has been for us the 350 year centenary celebrations in Vienna of the founding of the Habsburg "Sternkreuzorden" whose Patron is Erzherzogin Gabriele von Österreich. The celebration took place with Holy Mass celebrated by the appointed papal nuncio to Austria in the chapel of the Hofburg palace and a gala dinner in the Johannis Club and adjoining Jockey Club. Entirely a Ladies Order, its ranks are filled by Ladies of former "Habsburg Empire" catholic noble families of ancient lineage.



Marie-Theres



The President of the Republic of Austria receiving the Representatives of the Order in the Hochburg palace.

Last year, for the first time, I took on the challenge of participating in the two mile long Ascension Day procession through Munich's city centre, this as Knight of the Royal Bavarian House Knights-Order of St. Georg (Königlich-Bayerischer Hausritter-Orden vom Hl. Georg), of which Duke Franz of Bavaria, as Head of the Royal House, is Grandmaster.



Hans-Christoph (in the forefront 2<sup>nd</sup> row ) followed directly behind by Marie-Theres next to Prinzessin Theresa von Bayern Erzherzogin von Österreich, Prioress of the “Kongregation der Adelligen Dienerinnen Mariens”

We look positive to the future, living also in the hope of continued good health. The challenge is keeping one’s mind active with projects of one or other kind. For my part, it is largely painting and reading biographies with historical background.

To those Old Boys who might just remember me – my special greetings!

Hans-Christoph Gemmingen Freiherr von Massenbach MBE, Schachener Strasse 94, D-88131 Lindau (Bodensee) Email: [massenbach-lindau@t-online.de](mailto:massenbach-lindau@t-online.de)

**ED:** Hans-Christoph also mentioned that Duke Franz is Head of the Royal Stuart Society and as such is the Jacobite claimant to the British throne – not that any claim has ever been made.

From **John Appleby**

Thank you as always. I’m enjoying the newsletter not least because I’m reading it in the lounge of an Edwardian relic of a club in Victoria. The surroundings here seem quite appropriate to the subject matter.

From **Christopher McHugh**.

Dear Robert,

Thank you for yet again producing a Beaumont Review full of historical interest about our Alma Mater. I always read it with keen interest and I see you have recorded for posterity the speeches Robert Bruce and I gave at the recent BU lunch. I enjoyed that whole event very much and received some kind emails about it all subsequently.

It slightly took my breath away when reading John Joss' article in your review about coxing a college eight and the tragic events he recalls of the drowning of a boy called David who was rowing at No.2 and fell overboard, never to resurface until his body was recovered on the Staines Weir some four days later. It is sobering how terrible accidents can happen at the most unexpected moments and it reminded me of a very much less tragic event, thankfully, which occurred on almost the same stretch of the Thames when I was a cox.

For the record, the No 2 of the eight I was coxing fell into the Thames virtually opposite Magna Carta Island at the end of a hard competed race against Eton. As the boat was still moving at some speed he drifted past me a few seconds later having been underwater, thankfully, whilst the bow-side oars passed over him. I was uncertain whether I should immediately abandon the boat I was responsible for steering but on hearing Nigel Courtney, rowing at No.7, shout "Jump in after him, cox!", I did not hesitate to take to the water. But it was all rather unnecessary as the boy was swimming for the bank as fast as he could and I was struggling to keep up with him, weighed down somewhat by my white flannels and Beaumont school blazer (I never saw my cap again!) which was the "*de rigueur*" formal rig for the cox on races against Eton.

Climbing out of the river at the muddy bank, cursing, dripping wet and sodden to the bone, I was greeted with profuse thanks by the coach for my quite unnecessary exertions. But it didn't end there. Back at the college, once showered, dried off and changed, I was summoned to Father Costigan's office to be congratulated for my pluckiness. And on my way, to my acute embarrassment in front of a number of other boys loafing in the main gallery, I was hugged by Anthony Scott the senior boat club coach. Whether he was aware of the tragedy in John Joss' story of the drowning of David and was merely giving vent to his profound relief that this incident had come to naught, I have no idea.

There was a sequel. A few days later I received a personal letter, which still languishes in my family archives in my loft, from the boy's father thanking me, in the most moving terms on behalf of he and his wife, for saving their son from drowning. And he sent his son instructions to take me out for the best lunch I could ever have. It is unseemly for me to name him though a few may recall who he was and I subsequently became quite chummy with him although we hadn't been that close before.

With permission from Father Brogan, he honoured his father's wish and arranged a taxi to take us both to a hotel/restaurant in Datchet. I cannot recall its name but it was no simple precursor to a MacDonalds and we certainly indulged ourselves. He

said that with my French connections I must know something about wines and told me it was for me to choose. Feeling now rather important as a teenager I summoned the sommelier to bring the wine list and my eyes alighted on a claret – Chateau Beaumont. There could clearly be no other choice.

ED: an appropriate note on which to close this Spring Review.

**L D S**