

The Douai Society



Newsletter 2011

Chris Keeble (51-55-60) was invited to give the address at the Annual Service of Remembrance and Thanksgiving at the Falkland Islands Memorial Chapel on 12 June 2011

I first met Sgt Horatio Benitez in 1992. He had commanded an Argentine Platoon at the Battle for Wireless Ridge, where he was seriously wounded in the head and left for dead. Happily, his life was saved by a passing 2 Para medic. He told me of the ferocity of his enemy's assault and their gentle compassion in defeat. He told me of the generosity of the Royal Navy, who kindly shipped him and his defeated army back to his Argentine homeland. He told me of the lack of charity of his countrymen, who would not feed, shelter, or dress his comrades' wounds; for they had failed in *la guerra de las malvinas*. He may have lost in the war, but he decided he could win in the peace. Feeling it was his duty to continue to care for his war-time comrades, he found them shelter, food and work. Later, more wounded in spirit than in body, he flew to the UK to meet his old enemy, and ask on behalf of his little platoon, his Army and his Country, for forgiveness. The healing for his moral-scars lay beyond the psycho-therapeutic. Horatio joined his pain to ours to become an advocate for Peace.

Love thine enemy' expressed in that magnificent Jewish Prayer written in the Ravensbrück Concentration Camp.

"O Lord, remember, not only the men and women of good will, but also those of ill will. But do not remember all of the suffering they have inflicted on us. Instead, remember the fruits we have borne because of this suffering, our comradeship, our loyalty, our humility, and the courage and generosity of heart, which has grown out of all of this trouble. When our persecutors come to be judged by You Lord, let all of these fruits that we have borne be their forgiveness."

In these moments, when we meet in the blue light of this chapel, we can allow our wounds to weep. Here, in this special community, we can share a knowing smile; a light touch on the arm; a reverent embrace in silence that speaks of a deep knowing love. For we have placed our hands one way or another, into the white furnace of warfare and its misery, in order to bless those we serve with the gifts of a just peace; what St Augustine called '*the tranquillity of order*'; for friend and foe alike. We suffer because we love and the price is enduring pain.

I can still feel Mike in my heart; see Hø smile and remember Chris's charm. We pass the picture on the mantelpiece. We pick it up momentarily and we are back with the smiling face under the apple

tree; playing football in the park; walking beside the canal all caught in a moment of happiness; now framed in pain.

Plaisir d'amour:

'The joys of love are but a moment strong.

The pain of love endures a whole life long.

And now he's gone like a dream that melts with the dawn.

But, His memory stays locked in my heartstrings.

Making sense of suffering is a dreadful challenge, and many a person confronted with mankind's inhumanity to their neighbour, has lost faith in a good God. For some, such horrors even suspend the presumption of the very existence of an all-powerful, all loving God. *'Were you there when they crucified my Lord'*, goes the Negro Spiritual. Yea, Lord, we were there; in the clamour of combat; in the bandaging of the wounded; in the anxiety of the fretting families; in the burying of our dead comrades; in the grief of our widows'sorrow.

For what Good do we suffer?

I am not a prophet, nor priest, nor preacher, but with you, I claim to have been a peace-maker. We are in this chapel, because we shared in the pursuit of peace, not just for our Islanders' liberty, but also for the Argentine's freedom. It is through our past pain and our present sorrow that we became advocates for the exposure of our Nation's deceit over the Falkland Islands and the restoration of the Islanders' homeland. Our struggle also brought the collapse of the repressive military junta, under whose jurisdiction eleven thousand men, women and children had their lives destroyed; tortured; thrown from aircraft; buried alive, to become the *'disappeared'*. We fought to relieve the grief of the wailing widows outside the Casa Rosada and to liberate the traumatised Settlers inside Goose Green.

Gerard Manley Hopkins celebrates the warrior's purity of action.

YES. Why do we áll, seeing of a soldier, bless him?

Bless Our redcoats, our tars?

Both these being, the greater part, but frail clay, nay but foul clay.

Here it is: the heart, since proud, it calls the calling manly, gives a guess that, hopes that, makes believe, the men must be no less;

It fancies, feigns, deems, dears the artist after his art.

We place a very heavy moral obligation on the frail and gallant warrior, ordered to do what is right and good through the proportional use of violence, with its profound absence of love, in a milieu that is wrong and bad by our principles of peace. Despite this burden, our Armed Services are still prepared to place the mission for peace and justice above life and limb; the only cadre of our uniformed citizens required to make the un-reciprocated sacrificial covenant. But, only the legitimate pursuit of a just peace can redeem the loveless outrage of the battlefield, absolve the Nation of ethical guilt and preserve the warrior's nobility of moral purpose for a just cause.

Hopkins' second stanza celebrates Christ's Way to Truth.

Mark Christ our King.

He knows war; served this soldiering through;

He of all can handle a rope best.

There he bides in bliss Now, and séeing somewhère some mán do all that man can do,

For love he leans forth, needs his neck must fall on, kiss,

And cry 'O Christ-done deed!

So God-made-flesh does too:

Were I come o'er again' cries Christ 'it should be this'.

Of course, the truth is, that we are all for *'the greater part, but frail clay, nay but foul clay'* much less than perfect. So, who will rescue us sinners on the broader battlefield of life's journey on this planet, that CS Lewis called an *'outpost of hell'*; what the Christian describes as this *'vale of tears'* Bunyan's *'slough of despond'*?

'Were you there when they crucified my Lord'?

Yea, Lord we were there. It was us who crucified you.

Imagine the terror of experiencing the utter abandonment of Love, in the sheer heartlessness of Humanity's battlefield; all for the salvific love of you and me. My suffering, although very arduous to me, seems very small compared to such Divine pain; for such great a Love, chiselling at my imperfections. The suffering of Absolute Love's absolute love, gives us all the bright shadow of the Cross, whose beacon-light reaches into every abyss of human sorrow.

The Suffering of Love has defeated the kingdom of death and its vast planet of tombs; how astonishing; how magnificent; how sublime!

Therefore, despite the world's base values, despite the threats of indifference, deceit, and demoralisation, and despite our inability to secure once and for all, all that we hold dear, we can replace the decay of despair with the glory of Hope and the hope of Glory.

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Individual News

Fr Brendan Sullivan MHM (35-40) writes: I was ordained a priest for the Mill Hill Missionary Society in 1947 and after a few years teaching in one of our junior seminaries was appointed to our mission in South India named Nellore. If I remember rightly, I did meet a former school companion in Madras one Christmas when I was spending a week there. It was John McClement and I remember spending an evening with him in his vintage Rolls Royce which he had acquired from some Maharajah's garage.

After India I was sent on a fund-raising operation in USA and the only contact I had was correspondence with Dominic McDonnell. The six years in USA were followed by twelve years on the administrative side of things at Mill Hill and I had the opportunity to visit many of our missions in Africa, India, the Philippines and South America.

Then it was six years as a sort of Vocations Director in Freshfield, Liverpool before being appointed to the remote mission of St Helena in the South Atlantic, where I had charge also of the islands of Ascension and Tristan da Cunha, with my bishop in the Falkland Islands. I visited there when he went on leave and was proud to find that an Old Dowegian (Chris Keeble cf above) had been an important soldier in the conflict of 1982.

By 1996 the powers that be thought that I should retire so I settled in our retirement home in Freshfield where I presently live.

Gerry Smith (37-42) writes: Pauline and I celebrated our 55th wedding anniversary last September. We went on a river cruise Vienna - Budapest, very successful. We both keep quite well, not as active as yesteryear but enjoy life and family. Eldest son, Christopher lives in Dallas, retired as he has MS but good US treatment enables him to remain fairly active

His daughter, Louise and her husband David had a great visit in September. Other than the Alamo, Texas is only of interest to those with relatives, or if you are in oil or cattle. They (L&D) were over for about 15 days Temperature did not fall below 100 Deg F the whole time. How did the early settlers and oil barons survive such heat before air-conditioning? One just did; I was in India 1945/6/7 and one had humidity of 100% + and 90-100 F, (more in places like the Sind Desert, which I crossed by train) we just got on with the job and took the temperature for granted. The only fridges were in Army Hospitals to store the new wonder drug - penicillin. Ice in one cwt blocks was available in larger towns.

Bryan Peers (39-41) remembers an incident which took place in his time: "In the summer of 1941 a (recent) Old Boy crashed his plane adjacent to the pavilion. This was hardly a day-to-day event, but in speaking recently to a number of fairly senior Old Dowegians, I found that they were totally ignorant of this dramatic piece of Douai history. With witnesses of the incident slowly eroding, it might be as well to place the story on record for the possible interest of younger readers. Harry Richardson left the school in December 1940 to join the RAF. In the cricket season two terms later we were enjoying a practice game in the middle when a Tiger Moth flew over very low and discharged a weighted note. Unfortunately Harry was so engrossed in watching the descent of his

visiting card that he overlooked, until too late, the oak tree by the pavilion. Despite a last second climb the plane was caught in the top branches and landed the right way up on the cemetery wall. It might first have somersaulted - I cannot be sure 70 years later.

Fearing the worst, we ran full pelt to the scene of the accident to find Harry climbing out. His first request was for a cigarette, his second for bat and pads.

I cannot vouch for the sequel but I believe it to be true. Apparently Mac, the groundsman, emptied out the aviation fuel for safety reasons, and was reported to the police by a suspicious vicar, understandably indignant about his wall.

Some time later the RAF police showed up to escort Harry back to base.

Alan Blair (41-46) lives in Jülich in Germany but continues to travel extensively in pursuit of his interest in Campanology. He has written articles about bells in Pamplona, Chihuahua (Mexico), Kiev, Lichen Stary (Poland) and many other places.

Michael Petrocelli (42-45) writes: My wife Lesley and I married in 1954, in Our Lady of the Rosary Church, in Marylebone London. A beautiful, small, very old church which was subsequently pulled down and a larger modern one built. It was rather a shock when we visited England from the USA in the 70s. However we were able to see the large book registering our marriage, safely stored in the retained, underground portion of the Old Church. We emigrated to Canada in 1957, where Camilla was born that year, then to the USA in 1961, where Fiona was born, and where, much later, Camilla married Timothy. They had a daughter Mia, who many years later, married Jason and had a son, Jonathan, our first great-grandson, now 16 yrs old.

We returned to England when I retired in 1992, and lived in Broadway where Fiona married another Timothy, and gave birth to their son Quinlan, now 13 yrs old. They now live in Dubai. In 2009, I was 80 years old and Lesley 79 years; we decided to move to warmer climes. Pursued France and Italy, and considered living permanently in Madeira, where we own a 2 bedroom condo overlooking the Ocean (which is now for sale). We miss Madeira very much, but our increasing age, makes the 16 hour journey from Arizona too difficult, compared to 3 hours from England. However since our grand-daughter, and great-grandson live in the States, and a few of our old friends, we finally decided to move back to the USA. This time to the South West. Green Valley, Arizona, where we live in a house on a golf course, with views of the Santa Rita Mountains. where the sun shines 300 + days a year. The latter being the definitive reason for moving here.

Golf, and Gardening (a desert garden, that looks remarkably English, since it has our very old stone garden ornaments etc. brought with us from England). which takes up most of our time, as well as the frequent visits from our family in Dubai, and USA, and friends (from England.) We have a Casita (Mexican, for "little house") in our tiny courtyard, with separate entrance, which is very convenient. During our time back in England we visited Douai many times, once on a retreat with Father Boniface. and a number of times for Mass at the Abbey, and the final lunch, at the closing of our dear old school.

Tragically, our daughter Camilla died June 1st 2000, aged 42 years.

Michael Lund Yates (46-52) writes: My sister, Maureen Dingle, an erstwhile peripatetic piano teacher at the School (early 1950s?) sadly died in February 2010. We had no sooner experienced this, when two of our grand-daughters produced sons of their own, exactly a week later. So we are now feeling pretty ancient, as you can imagine! As for me, I have developed a pretty busy life, driving minibuses and a small "accessible" car for the elderly and disabled in the Romsey area, as part of a team of about 20-odd drivers. Been doing it since shortly after retiring just over 20 years ago - very rewarding.

Tony Burton (48-51) and his wife Kay celebrated their Golden Wedding on 2 September 2011; they held a party in their garden after Mass and Douai was represented by **John Garbutt (47-51)** and **James Millsop (84-89)**. He and Kay have decided that their caravanning days are over and they

are open to offers from anyone looking to purchase the caravan in which they have visited Douai from time to time over the years.

Frank Hind (48-50-54) writes: I read with interest the letters from Ian Lyster and Michael Treays in the 2010 Newsletter; they were both contemporaries of mine. I well remember Lyster and Levante chattering away in Turkish in their corner of the dorm. I was a few beds away, incurring the wrath of the *õherk*” on duty often to the physical detriment of the rest of us!

Michael’s reminiscences of Ditcham took my mind back to my recollections of happy days there: pony rides in the downs and *hangers* of Hampshire; the *dens* in the extensive grounds armed with *throwing sticks* tipped with 3 inch nails!; the craze for *golf* played with clubs made of bits of discarded electrical tubing; Jimmy Mackintosh’s ghost stories in the dorm. õ on a dark & stormy nightí .ö; not to mention the relaxed atmosphere, the comradeship, the pleasure of football, and an undoubtedly good education. Fire drills were good fun involving abseiling from a third floor window. All in all, Ditcham was the nearest thing to a prep school paradise.

Like Michael, I qualified as a Chartered Surveyor in private practice, and over the years worked in local government, for a major brewer, a short spell in Paris, and with the Valuation Office, my last 11 years as deputy District Valuer in Barnstaple, North Devon, before coeliac-induced severe anaemia in 1993 brought my career to an abrupt conclusion.

I had in 1965 married Valerie, a Bristol modern languages graduate, in her home town of Darlington, Co Durham. We have three children, two daughters both law graduates, the elder a PA to a MD of a company in Exeter, the younger, mother of our two granddaughters, practises as a solicitor in Bath.

Our son, who joined the army as a boy soldier in 1988 is now a Captain in the Royal Logistics Corps, expecting soon to go on his second tour to Afghanistan.

Ian Lyster (51-55) has just become a grandfather for the first time: Sebastian Patrick William Casey was born on 19 September 2011

Terry Damer (54-59) writes: Pleased to see reference to the Catenians cropping up; I was President of Reigate circle last year (for the second time), a thriving circle, the third largest in the association and am presently a councillor. Recently made contact with Tony Saw (50-55-60) for the first time in 50 years and hope to meet him again at a Catenian function. Saw Michael Skivington at another one in the spring time. Michele knew Maurice Smith as they both worked voluntarily at one time for Lifeline, a now defunct pregnancy counselling charity. And finally, what a story your "Power of Google" (2010 Newsletter) Just wonderful. These old Dowegians sure did and do get around.

Adrian Strickland (54-58) writes as a member of Rotary in Malta: Malta has been in the forefront of providing humanitarian aid to Libya. There is a vessel travelling to and fro regularly to Benghazi, Misrata and recently after its fall to the rebels also to Tripoli. This vessel carries all kinds of humanitarian aid, and recently through Rotary Shelterbox, an organisation that supplies large plastic boxes containing different types of aid equipment, depending on the situation where they are sent, delivered some 500 of these boxes containing a tent, blankets, camp-beds cooking utensils and all that is necessary in the way of equipment to act as a home for ten people. Naturally aid of this kind needs to be supported by necessities principally food, water & medicines, as well as the other myriad necessities that we take for granted soap, detergent, toothpaste and shampoo to mention just a few.. The most serious shortages is potable water. The 'great man made river' a pipeline of very large diameter for carrying water, as well as a great number of other supplies of potable water have been contaminated by the dumping of bodies, rendering them unfit for drinking, cooking etc: man's inhumanity to man knows no bounds. It falls to us to do what we can to alleviate what we can to work hard in the opposite direction. Many Maltese have now started to return to their places of work in Libya.

Malta continues to provide medical assistance both in Libya and also in Malta where seriously

wounded individuals are brought for surgery. Last week we assisted in sending back home the two Libyan Air Force Pilots who defected to Malta, after been instructed to bomb their own countrymen. It takes less than 10 minutes to fly a jet fighter over the sea separating Malta and Libya. Among those badly injured and wounded have been several journalists who have also been nursed back to health as also the nanny to Colonel Ghaddafi's grandchildren who had been badly scalded when her employer poured boiling water over her!

Peter Aubrey (54-60) bumped into Jacqui and me at a concert in the beautiful Co-Cathedral of St John's a few weeks ago and we went and had a meal in Queen's Square.

I am currently President of Rotary Club Malta. There must be a few Dowegians that are Rotarians, and in the event anyone should visit Malta in the next 12 months, they should be informed that our meeting place is The Corinthia San George Hotel, in St George's Bay, every Monday evening from 7.00pm.

Gerald (84-89) has just come to Malta for a few weeks and brought his family with him. He plays rugby for the veterans of a local Brussels side and his two boys George & Thomas both play in their respective junior sides.

Colin Huntley (51-55-60) writes: Douai North (I am not sure whether it was the inaugural meeting) met under the impetus and direction of Austin Flint at the Brigantes Bar in York on the 16th June 2011. Peter Blackburn, Michael Furlonger, Austin and myself came from up North and there were two southerners John Hoshimi and Bernard Funston. We are still waiting for Austin to throw more light on the Eclectic Visionaries & the 13 Club which was Ollie Welch's dry run for the Oxbridge entrance exams I am told. Bob Barnsley, Jimmy Anderson and Dan 'the Man' Norman were unable to attend due to other commitments. Bernard Funston came up from Kings Cross on a £39 quid return ticket on Grand Central - a mere 2 hours from the smoke - we used to have it here up North but nowadays most industry is silent much to the detriment of the country's economy - the benefit of York as a venue is its countrywide radial rail links, accessibility and speedy access. I am waiting to hear from Austin whether this will become an annual event and I hope to see him again in October when I will back in York. Steve Ryle sings in the Yorkshire Bach Choir in Guy Fawkes's Church (St Michael le Belfry next to the Minster and seems to have eschewed his popular house concert talents when he brought the house down with his rendition of Lonnie Donegan's *Does your Chewing Gum Lose its Flavour on the Bedpost overnight?*. Austin still testifies to his wonderful voice !

Quentin Hall (57-62) writes: I have now completed my first year of service as a permanent deacon , attached to Brentwood Cathedral; it has been a time of spiritual challenge and growth and I consider it a huge privilege.

Valerie and I have just returned from an 8 day pilgrimage to the Holy Land with my brother **Michael (53-57)** & his wife Karen, a group of Serransø and Fr Godric. It was truly inspirational. Other than that we have acquired a new granddaughter (Katherine Elizabeth West) born to our second daughter Emily on 9 November 2010, which makes half a dozen so far ó another huge privilege.

Richard Lefebure (52-57-62) writes: I was at Douai from 1957 - 1962, having previously spent five years at Ditcham. As most Old Dowegians would say, these were indeed happy days in our lives, with the wonderful caring community. I still remember, for example, sitting out in the summer warmth at Ditcham listening to the record stand between Colin Cowdrey and Peter May against the West Indies. Anyway, more to the current days. I retired at the end of August having spent most of my life working in industry (first Printing and then Furniture Manufacture). I have a German wife, and we decided to retire to her home town in Hessen, Germany, where we hope to explore the

country and other European countries as well, without having to cross the channel each time. We have plenty of work ahead to renovate our house and create order from the garden wilderness. I will still visit England whenever I can, as I have a large family there.

Paul Nicoll (54-58-63) writes: Clare and I were very sad to leave Northumberland in 2009 after more than six years based at the National Trust's Wallington Estate where I was Estate and Property Manager. Sadly I was retired a year early as part of further re-organisation introducing a new role of General Manager and we returned to Welburn in North Yorkshire, leaving a very rewarding post and many good friends behind. On the plus side we have returned to Pear Tree House, which we had let out in our absence, and to the many friends we had made here before in my time at Castle Howard and beyond. We also celebrated our Ruby Wedding Anniversary in May last year followed by a (complete!) surprise party organised by our children in London with many old friends from time immemorial. Since then I have taken up the role of Business Manager for the Castle Howard Arboretum Trust, an independent Charitable Trust allied to Kew for whom our collection of Trees and Wood Plants is a key botanical reserve & we are known as Kew at Castle Howard and I am thoroughly enjoying the return to a charity that I set up when I was agent for the estate some 15 years ago. I also keep my hand in as a land agent, assisting one or two land agent friends with general estate work from time to time.

Our oldest daughter, Sarah, produced our fourth grandchild this year to add to the two boys (now 5 and 3) and the girl she gave birth to in February last year! All are doing well and living in London not far from our youngest daughter, Mary, who is as yet unattached and teaching at Alleyn's School, Dulwich. **Charles (86-93)** has also brought two more (step) grandchildren into the family by marrying Flora in March this year so there has been rapid expansion of late. He and Flora moved out of London and are now living in Tisbury, Wiltshire, where they have established themselves while Charles looks to start a new career & possibly in the wine business, although he also has other irons in fire having given up work he was undertaking in London with his Douai contemporaries, Ben Goor and Damian Cox.

Now that we're back in North Yorkshire I have renewed my links with the Benedictines at Ampleforth through their local church at Gilling, so any monks or old boys who pass this way are very welcome to drop in for a meal or a bed.

Paul Sullivan (58-60) has published a book called 'Kikuyu District & The edited letters of Francis Hall (1892-1901). Francis Hall was a Victorian man of the British empire who sailed from England to Mombassa in 1892 to work for the Imperial British East African Company. He wrote a series of letters to his immediate family, which were recently discovered in the Kenya National Archive. The letters are published here in their original form, along with supplementary information from the Royal Geographical Society in London, and material gleaned from the Francis Hall archive in Oxford on the early days of colonial settlement. The book is available through Amazon (this is not an advert & Ed!)

David Smallwood (54-58-63) writes: I'm still in regular contact with **Gordon Young (59-64)** who lives in Sydney, Oz. He has 3 children and 4-5 grandchildren. We have maintained contact since leaving Douai; even shared a flat immediately before he left for Oz (must be 40 years ago now since he went) He and Carol have been over a number of times - always stay with us and we stayed a week with them once in Sydney. Given that his parents no longer alive, unlikely they'll be over too often now. He worked many years for Ansett Airlines (internal Oz airline) but sadly it went bust some years ago and he lost a lot of pension entitlements, holiday accruals and cheap flight entitlements; very unfortunate..... but he's always very upbeat.

Also still in touch with **John Morrissey (58-63)**, who kindly had a Mass said at Douai when my sister, Jane , died very suddenly earlier this year. I am godfather to two of his and he to one of ours.

He and his wife, also Jane, came to our daughter's wedding last month. They have 3 children too and, I think, 6 grand-children. That, apart from Godric and Boniface, our Ormskirk parish priests, of course, is the extent of my informal OD contacts.

We visited L'Abbe Fonteyraud, near Saumur, whilst on a two week trip to France in the summer; it had not been a monastic institution since the Revolution but it came home to me how extensive the Benedictine writ has been - and probably still is - around Europe.

Esmonde Lange (59-63) writes: Unfortunately living in Perth, Western Australia makes it rather difficult to keep in touch and maintain close relationships with either fellow students or the Abbey though I do have contact with a few "old boys". That said, I do really enjoy getting news of both and have tried to visit Douai when in England.

I have not been to England for the past couple of years as we have chosen Italy, France, and South America for our extended holidays, in fact we have just come back from a three week sojourn by private air charter that took us to Buenos Aires, Iguassu, Manaus, Rio, Cuba (fascinating), Panama, Machu Picchu and Easter Island... It was a tremendous holiday and even though it was hectic it gave us an opportunity to see many places that were on our "bucket list"!

Richard Viner (61-64) writes: I have been on three convoys driving aid to Gaza from the U.K. I have posted a couple of videos on U-tube [WALES TO GAZA 2009/10](#) and [ROAD TO HOPE CONVOY 2010](#) I have been working with Viva Palestina whose web address is www.vivapalestina.org

Adrian Davis (61-63-67) is now Professor of Hearing and Communication at University College, London and also works for the NHS based at Royal Free Hampstead NHS Trust. He is also director of the NHS Newborn Hearing Screening Programme. He was awarded an OBE for services to healthcare in 2010. He serves as vice-chair of all the other scientific advisers attached to the Department of Health.

Patrick Sweeney (58-63-68) writes: In response to your request for entries for the newsletter, here is an update on the Sweeney family. Geraldine Sweeney, widow of **Tod Sweeney (34-38)**, celebrates her 90th birthday in December and remains very active with planned visits with her daughter Shelagh, to Northern Ireland in October, where she is to visit the Holy Cross Benedictine Monastery in Rostrevor; Thailand in January 2012 to see **Philip Sweeney's (62-67-72)** new property, and the USA in May 2012 to visit her daughter Anne in California. Most years she returns to Pegasus Bridge in Normandy, where Tod commanded No.5 Glider in taking the Orne river bridge on the eve of the D Day landings.

Patrick lives in Hertfordshire. He retired in 2005 from Sodexo, and set up a Business Consultancy. He is a member of the Hertfordshire Magistracy and chairs adult courts at Hertford, Stevenage and Hatfield. He and his wife Judith, have recently completed a "Grand Design" property overlooking Carlingford Lough at Rostrevor, County Down. His son Oliver, is Senior Boy at Kingshott School, Hitchin and is competing for a place at The Leys, Cambridge in September 2012.

Philip is a partner in Opus Law and specialises in major fraud cases from his practise in Bradford. Now with his two daughters away at University he is forever on holiday at his properties in Portugal, Spain and Thailand, where he continues to enjoy life and relax with a good book in one hand and a glass in the other.

Gerald Bulger (64-68) writes: I have been in Australia since 2009, working as a GP in Cairns where my wife and I now have a house, although our UK base is now our flat in Clerkenwell, London. The far east base allowed me to work in Sulawesi, Indonesia at an INCO Nickel mine sponsored hospital, and for a short time in Thailand, and another spell working in remote communities in North Territories. I am now starting work in Canada in Saskatchewan which will take me through to April 2012, to return to Australia. Where I go to work after that we are not so

certain. I am been a little active with the Amateur radio in Australia as VK4BGL. My own website is <http://gerardbulger.com.au>

Paul Smith (60-64-68) writes: One particular article in the last newsletter attracted my attention, that all about our cricket coach and grounds man, John Shaw. I was a member of the 1968 unbeaten cricket team indeed I believe I must be the "Smith" referred to in the piece. Much as I am pleased to learn that I was supposed to be a star batsman that year, not sure why as I was never that good, I know that I never tried to bat right handed at the beginning of the season. For my sins I had always batted left handed, although I am right handed; this was because I was taught to bat by my father who is left handed. Father Augustine, whilst I was at Ditcham, seemed to think I should bat right handed and actually forced me to do so but eventually succumbed.

John Wills (66-70) writes: I am now the Technical Director at the Institute for Marine Engineering Science and Technology (IMarEST), based in London. The role has increasing involvement with the adaptation of shipping to meet the effects of Climate Change, and with monitoring of the oceans for better data to predict changes to our climate. George Benbow's Geography A level teaching is coming into its own 40 years on. The role involves International Development of the Institute and some travel to the Far East and Australia. I would be particularly interested in contacting any Old Dowegians in Singapore, KL, Shanghai, or Sydney. (work e-mail is john.wills@imarest.org) The girls are all still in various phases of higher and further education.

Charles Morgan (62-67-71) writes: I continue to work for the pension department of Law Debenture, which acts as trustee of company pension schemes. I am also a trustee of the Lay Community of St Benedict, which grew out of the Worth Abbey Lay Community. Last autumn Clare completed her MA at Kings College, London in Eighteenth Century Studies. Earlier this year she took on a maternity leave appointment in the English Department at Richmond College of Further Education. Unless another teaching post comes up, she is now contemplating a PhD. Catherine graduated from Nottingham Trent two years ago with a degree in Theatre Design and is now trying to make her way as a set and costume designer. Jack graduated from Warwick, also two years ago, with a degree in English and has been working as a teaching assistant in special needs schools.

Mark Hoyle (68-72) writes: Having spent most of my professional life full time at the Bar in England I moved to Dubai in August 2009 to set up and run the Arbitration Department for Al Tamimi & Co., the largest Arab law firm. It was a welcome change from the increasing pressures of independent practice, and an interesting and novel experience. I was offered partnership at S J Berwin (Dubai) and took it up in February 2011. I am working in dispute resolution, with a sideline in fraud and injunctions. The work is similar to that I did at the Commercial Bar, but with a wider territorial scope. I'm crafting the fifth edition of my Freezing Order book, am still the Editor-in-Chief of the Arab Law Quarterly and am also a Visiting Professor at the University of Leeds. I just about find time to do my part-time sitting as a Crown Court and County Court Recorder, and often sit as an arbitrator. Dubai has a flourishing array of religions and churches, but as yet I have not found any Old Dowegians.

I married recently, and Lucy (ex-Woldingham) and I have a delightful daughter, Genevieve.

Charlie (97-99) is now working in Bethlehem for the Ma'an News Agency (having done languages at Royal Holloway, and a Masters at SOAS), and **Sophie (98-99)** (UCL - Geography, and Byam Shaw School of Art) is an artist.

Paul Beven (72-76) writes: Although I haven't cycled around the world, I did cycle from Big Ben to Gibraltar this summer (Clock to Rock). 6 of us finished the event's 1400+ miles in 14 days of cycling, so a bit more than 100 miles a day. Two were Dowegians, the other being Christopher Vaughan, even older than my 52 years. For me the best part was that another finisher was my 18 yr

old son Matthew, now despatched to Southampton University to study geophysics (Fr Wilfrid would have approved). We have so far raised more than £14,000 for the British Heart Foundation.

Andrew Camilleri (68-73-78) climbed Kilimanjaro in 12 days for the Nazio Trust charity in October. It was the wettest week that the guide had ever been climbing on Kili (100 previous climbs) - 6 out of 7 days, it rained from 9 am until 7 pm - big drops!! Fortunately, summit day was clear and bright which made it all worth it. It started up again the next day however and this made rock climbing on Mt Kenya impossible. Instead I used the three days to visit the two Nasio Trust day centres for orphans near Lake Victoria in Western Kenya. It was a wonderful experience to see such happy and healthy children who would otherwise have been abandoned at a very early age. They get fed and pre-schooled by Nasio but go home to relatives at night who can only afford to house but not feed them.

My youngest son has decided to follow me into Medicine; the other three don't like the sight of blood!

James Brown (73-78) writes: The vintage of 78 is organizing its first get together on Friday 15th of November in London prior to a major reunion planned for the late autumn of 2012.

A benefit game was held for Neil Murphy, the second one, at London Irish in April. A good attendance and a few ODs made it to the game ó Richard Dunbar, Chris Lloyd, Chris Mauduit, Al Bruce, Nigel Furminger, Jim Brown and Mike Segrue...I may have missed some. Separately, Ross Norman, Andy Lawson, Andy Camilleri, Jerry Attard-Manche, David Barrett and I had dinner a couple of months ago. I saw Finbar at Quarr Abbey on Christmas Day 2010. We both agreed we hadn't changed a bit! We have a house on the island and the whole family went to mass.

Chris Mauduit (74-79) was spotted on TV in October 2010 by **Mick Chesterman (78-83)** sampling the sausages cooked by one of the teams on the new series of 'The Apprentice'. The team were cooking and selling their sausages, alfresco, in Leadenhall Market in the City of London. Chris is an Insurance Underwriter at Lloyds, but obviously still has an unbeatable nose for free food!

Neil Murphy (68-74-79) writes: Not really much has altered for me apart from my mobility has got worse but I have managed to raise over £5,000 hobbling various marathons in memory of my mum for Alzheimers Brace. Many Old Dowegians managed to attend my second rugby benefit in April. Having regained my driving licence has transformed my life in that I am now able to drive anywhere within a 4 hour radius of Herne Bay.

In February I made one of my better decisions, calling off my marriage to Jackie Drake (the love of my life with whom I moved to Spain in 2007) as I probably won't ever earn the sort of money required to look after her and her children again. I am happy to say she is now much happier and we speak every day.

Recently I have started to use my brain and experience for two bodies *pro bono* for our local pier trust advising on their plans to regenerate the pier and for a local businessman advising on his various businesses - not good money but it's work. My children are well: Antonia (21) at Bristol reading psychology and Charlie (19) deciding what to do in hospitality.

Graham Dalley (70-75-80) writes: I am still flying helicopters for a living, and I have had an eventful year, which has included a fun few months flying to and from a superyacht around the Caribbean and Mediterranean and has culminated in my relocating to Doha, Qatar.

My wife Tanya has finally opened her art studio near Thruxton, daughter Isabelle has moved up into the 6th Form at St Mary's Ascot and elder son Tommy has settled into Bryanston, enjoying the rugby season this term. Freddy has 2 years more of prep school at Farleigh.

Thanks to 'Linked In' and the resourceful Adrian 'Fuzz' Jones I had a beer or two in Covent Garden with a few old friends whom I haven't seen for many years, including Adrian himself, Charlie

Whitworth, James Murphy, Colin Sweeney and Phil 'PAJ' White. All were in fine form and I am sorry that my expatriate status will preclude me from enjoying the inevitable round of 50th birthday parties in the coming academic year.

Dominic Myers (1975-80) writes: Continuing to live in Oman and had the distinct pleasure of meeting HM The Queen during her visit in November 2010 to celebrate the 40th Anniversary for His Majesty Sultan Qaboos bin Said, introductions facilitated by **Stephen Thomas OBE (66-71-75)** who continues to inspire us all within the business community in Oman. As Chairman of the British School, I with great assistance of fellow Governors continue to seek a new site for the school, ideas and benefactors welcome! Amazing safari holiday with the (3) children in Kenya and brilliant hiking holiday in Switzerland recreation highlights for the year and superb family party for my grandmother's 100th birthday in August, hope I have those genes.

Donal Brown (76-81) is the Acting Director for East and Central Africa at the Department for International Development. After many years of overseas postings he is now settled in Winchester.

Andrew Murphy (71-76-81) writes: I must tell you a story about something that happened to me earlier this year. I have been at Thomson Reuters since 2002 and have worked closely over a number of years with a colleague James. We were recently discussing the royal wedding and I commented that the bride came from near where I was at school. "Where is she from?" asked James, and I told him about Chapel Row. "Funny that, I was at school near there too". James turns out to be **James Arscott (74-78)** and we now sing *Ad Multos Annos* to each other on the frequent occasions we meet. Had it not been for that chance conversation I would never have known that I was working with an Old Dowegian.

In other news... I met up for a beer and a meal with Nick Vassallo and Richard Windsor this year. Both are keeping very well and as slim as they were 30 years ago when they graced the athletics track. Richard has spent his career in engineering, and Nick is a senior fund raiser with a charity Richard's son has inherited his brains and is studying Maths at Jesus College Cambridge, and his daughter is in the sixth form. Nick is still single and has a very busy social life.

As for me, my life is naturally dominated by my three little ones, who at 16, 14 and 9 are getting to be big little ones. I still remember what Fr Nicholas taught me as an under-11 footballer: "don't dive in to the tackle, contain him instead". As coach of my little boy's football team, I'm now passing on this wisdom to the next generation.

Michael Chesterman (78-83) writes: There was a large gathering from my year (78-83) which I missed out on a few months back. Felix Wong, Rob Venn, Richie Quarterman, Duncan Whitton, Jim Willis, Damian Hoskins, Mark Nolan, Charlie Stockwell, James Hodson and others met at a pub in Charing Cross.

My own news is somewhat dated, though it might amuse you (it will certainly amuse Boniface). On Good Friday 2010, at dinner at Charlie Stockwell's house, I made the mistake of getting too close to his border collie, who promptly sank every fang he could manage into my face and throat (I think he thought I was going to pinch his bone). Charlie leaped into action, handing me a packet of frozen peas to apply to the wound. Unfortunately, he had forgotten that the bag was open - blood soaked peas all over his kitchen floor. So I spent Easter weekend last year having my once angelic features patched up at St George's Hospital in Tooting.

Mark Christie (79-84) writes: currently working in a Staff appointment in the Army's Land Warfare Centre in Warminster and living in a lovely house between here and Bath (not ours!). Very handy for the kids who are at Prior Park in Bath, however my two boys have just left ó one to travel all the way to Bath Uni to read rowing ó I mean economics - the other to a gap year (hopefully) coaching soccer in the USA. The two girls have just started their GCSE year. Clair is the head nurse at Kings Bruton school ó about 30 mins south of us in Somerset.

The job sounds good but is very dull and definitely not me, so . . . moving at relatively short notice to Kenya in Feb to command our training unit out there for two years ó someoneø got to do ití ..! Living close to and seeing plenty of Chris McKenzie, Miles Ward, James Shrives, Rory Lynch (on and off ó heø quite nomadic) and Jon Boxall (less often), last event was a strange pre-historic gathering at Jamesøhouse where he has built an earth ring complete with hut and central fire/BBQ in his garden. I donø recall much of it, but there were a good few of us there and lots to drinkí ..

Paul Dryden (79-84) writes: George William Hector Dryden was born on 13 May 2011, a little brother for Daisy. All's well and he is a bonny little chap, although he still has slight Macbethian tendencies. Maybe I will get more sleep on exercise this weekend? I am still Fellow and Director of Development at Hertford College and am still, despite everything, in the TA, where I have just been appointed Squadron Sergeant Major of HQ (Westminster Dragoons) Squadron of the Royal Yeomanry.

Miles Warde (79-84) writes: This year was the centenary of Le Tour de France in the Alps, a hundred years of peddling up impossible slopes. To celebrate I found myself cycling up to the race's highest ever finish - Le Galibier, 2645m high. On my back, a heavy kit bag of cameras and recording gear, needed for a programme I was making about the race. In France the roads are all shut off for Le Tour, so a bicycle is often the only way to get up to the top. I have never, ever cycled so far. There was still snow on the ground, the result of a late July storm, but the trick to cycling in the Alps is to adopt a fixed grin and never get off. Then at about 1600m my phone started to buzz. There was a photographer I was meeting - he was walking up from the other side - so thinking the message might be important, I stopped. Mistake. It was a text from James Shrives. "Am playing with band in the wood - you free ?" I got back on the bike, but it was much harder this time, rhythm broken, red in the face. Past 2000m and the phone buzzed again. Resist for a while, keep going, just another six kilometres left, but now the air's getting thin. I'm not so fit, and this bag weighs a ton. Perhaps it's an important message that will affect all our day's plans. So I heave off the bike. It's Chris Mackenzie. "Guess who I'm sitting next to ?"

Modern communication is amazing - without it, I would never have stayed in contact with so many old friends. But there are times when you wish it didn't exist. Setting off again up an impossibly steep stretch of road, trying to move forward while locating the toe clip, bag swaying around like a drunk, I cursed text technology, but eventually did make it up to the top. And the programme was great. *(By chance I heard the programme on Radio 4 while driving back from Newbury . . . and stayed in the car until it was finished – praise indeed. Ed)*

Steve Lang (79-81-86) writes: Just to keep you updated- Jacqui and I and our three children, Siena, Atticus and Columba, have moved back to Africa where I have been appointed as Deputy Headmaster at St Andrewø School, Turi, Kenya from September 2010 (Jacqui is teaching Geography to AøLevel). Have really loved the first year- a welcome return to sanity following six years on the leadership team of a large comprehensive in Retford. Have also managed to catch up with **Gavin Bell (81-86)** who lives in Nairobi with his wife and three girls.

Martin O'Donnell (78-81-86) writes: Anke and I are expecting our first child at the end of October; with a bit of luck it will be over half-term! Martin is headteacher of Havannah Primary School in Congleton, Cheshire.

Simon Barry (80-82-87) writes: My news is that Fiona and I had another son, Ewan Peter (28/04/11) a brother to Rory. We are all keeping well and continue to fully enjoy life in Ledbury where we have lived for the past seven years. I am still in contact with Dominic Young and his family who live locally. We are active in the local church with our parish priest being Fr Richard Simons from Belmont Abbey in Hereford. Its a great parish with a good mix of parishioners and feel grateful that we are involved. Sorry the news is short and sweet, having such young children and a demanding career leaves me with little time to do much more than hopefully be a good

husband and dad!

David Deacon (82-84-89) writes: I spent April 2008 to November 2009 in the Middle East (UAE and Bahrain) working for an interior fit-out company. This included the investigation of the oldest building in Abu Dhabi - The White Fort, Qasr Al Hosn, before its transformation into a museum. I am now working as a site manager on a television broadcast transmitter getting ready for the great Digital Switch Over (DSO).

Marcus Saw (84-88) is no longer working as an engineer but has joined his brother **Nick (86-91)** as his transport consultant and co-ordinator.

Michael Lynch (86-87-90) is a Major in the 3rd Rifles. He was previously a company commander in their depot in Edinburgh where **Will Melia (92-95-98)** was one of his lieutenants. He is now Deputy Defence Attaché in Buenos Aires

He writes: After leaving school and the usual stint at University I joined the Army. After 15 years of the classic career path I have managed to wangle a 3 year posting as the Deputy Defence Attaché in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where I am officially living the dream and so are the family. Married to Rachel (the wedding service courtesy of Father Godric in 2001), we have 2 children ó Tilly(6) and Freddie (4). Terrible at keeping in touch, I get the impression from reading comments from others in the last edition of the newsletter it is less me and more a man thing!

Andrew Narracott (86-88-93) writes: I'm now Deputy CEO for a social enterprise, Water and Sanitation for the Urban Poor (WSUP), out of London, and travelling frequently to several countries in Africa. But the exciting news is that I was recently granted the wish of a boy, Benjamin, born on 26th July 2010, who follows his two older sister Maya and Lily (5 and 3). Living in Twickenham and enjoying the cycle in to the office in Waterloo. Now setting up a social investment fund to support entrepreneurs in Africa with water and sanitation related businesses working to overcome many failures that governments and traditional aid agencies have been responsible for in the past. High worth individuals who want their money to be put to good use please get in touch!

Peter Lang (85-87-93) writes about himself and his brothers:

David, Married, 4 children, Jacob, Eve, Joseph and Isaac. Living in Perth, Scotland.

Christopher, getting married 20 August 2011 , living in London and running his own accounting firm Flash Accounts Ltd.

Peter, very much single, no kids that I know of, living in Williamsburg, VA, USA and working for Advance Path Academics, Inc.

Alistair Silk (88-93) writes: I just got married to Rachel Cash on 3rd September. **Paul Deakin** has now had his second child Emma, sister to William (aged 4), **Steve Abrey** has also had his second child, Max brother to Sofia. James Williams still single but is in charge of the Olympic torch relay for Coca Cola..... **Richard O'Keefe** is living in Thailand and **James Majer** has just had a baby daughter, Sofia with his wife Elena in Parramatta, Sydney.

Richard Evens (88-90-95) writes: We attempted the challenge of climbing three peaks (Ben Nevis, Scafell and Snowdon) in 24 hours as a group of six (including brother **Paul (91-94-97)** plus two drivers in the form of **Stuart Hatch (92-94-97)** and wife Nikki. One of the climbers was not fit at all which is a bit of a sore point!! To cut a long story short we took an hour and a half too long to climb Ben Nevis because we were too nice in waiting for the slow coach... (what we should have done is ploughed on ahead and met him on the way down). We were then late arriving at Scafell in the Lake District. We made really good progress up that but reached the top in darkness and heavy cloud. We then got lost which added a further 40 mins. One other climber had to turn back before reaching summit of Scafell because his knee gave way. Paul, being Paul, decided to go back with

him which was a blessing in disguise as his Collitus/Chron's seems to be kicking off again; he's in real pain at the moment. So only 3 of us finished Snowdon. I was the first one down but it took 26 hours. This was mainly because motivation was zero knowing that it was an impossible task. In other words I was not going to break my neck to chase something that was not possible. We did however reach the top of Snowdon with 30 mins left & in other words we were on top of all 3 peaks within 24 Hours. The challenge is to climb and descend all 3 within 24 hours including 10 hours of driving...

All in all have put it down to experience. We will be doing it again next year. My aim is to do it in 22 Hours to make up for the 2 we lost here. This time we will make sure everyone is fit enough and be better prepared as we know the routes etc. Already have plans for a qualification round in March where we will climb Snowdon twice in one day via the two different routes. The good thing is that we have raised a £1000 for a really good local charity and we will probably do the same again next year. All I can tell you is that it was really really hard. Paul and I were the fittest of the bunch and had put in over 200 miles of walking in preparation. However nothing can really prepare you for the scale of the challenge. I was even running up and down Beacon Hill. But Beacon Hill is not even a quarter the height of those mountains. It was quite scary getting lost up Scafell in the dark especially at midnight when your body is shutting down. Next time we shall start at 4pm rather than 8am. Hopefully we should just about avoid climbing in darkness. Anybody that says Ben Nevis is easy is lying. It's a bit like that old tale that good Champagne does not give you a hangover...

Oliver Scott (90-93) writes: Life for me is going well. My wife, Ruth, is due to give birth any day now with our first child which is exciting so that is obviously the main focus of our world right now. I feel wholly unprepared!!

Other than that I have also moved jobs in the last month and now work for an Australian bank called CBA in their Institutional Banking area. It's been a very tough first few weeks but after six years at my last place I needed a change of scene to help maintain the learning curve. I guess it is always tough starting somewhere new and the change from a small firm of 500 to the biggest bank in Australia will also take some getting used to. We still live in Sydney. We have a lovely home just a few minutes from Manly beach - so certainly no complaints....although it is grey and raining as I speak!

Still doing lots of sports with my current focus being triathlons and ocean swimming. Having utterly failed to gain any swimming certificates in my time at Douai I decided to take lessons a year ago and now swim 2km ocean swims on a regular basis. Occasionally my mind drifts to the sharks that are undoubtedly nearby but I haven't been eaten yet and try to stay in the middle of the pack as much as possible in the hope one of the stragglers will be more appealing!

Joseph Conlon (91-93-98) is a Royal Society University Research Fellow in the Department of Physics, University of Oxford

Abigail Morbi (97-99) writes: I have passed 5th year and got distinction in my PACES exams (the clinical examinations) and in my psychiatry paper. I have had another abstract accepted at a radiology conference and also presented a poster at a rheumatology conference last week. I am in New Zealand at the moment on my elective, doing plastic surgery and burns medicine. Having an absolutely amazing time - love the hospital, the doctors are all so friendly and keen to teach and the surgeries are very cool - seeing some really complex cranio-facial paediatric operations and major head and neck operations and am being allowed to assist and do lots of suturing etc. So I am getting a lot of practical experience, which is great. I have been doing lots of exploring at weekends - two highlights were seeing the rugby world cup trophy and HOLDING THE RING from Lord of the Rings!!!

I have 18 days at the end, to travel around before coming home - I am planning to spend 5 or 6 days in the south island, doing the glaciers and the west coast and then some time in the Bay of Islands

on the north island, followed by the Tongarraro crossing in the national park, where you can summit the 3 volcanoes, one of which was used as Mount Doom in Lord of the Rings.

The Editor's own news: Fr Oliver writes: When asking people to send in news a few months ago, I said that if I didn't receive enough material I would have to tell you some of my own news. In the end I received mountains of material, but I have been persuaded that I should nevertheless tell you about my travels in July 2011 - there is an Old Dowegian connection and it is an extraordinary story.

I was invited to Budapest to attend the wedding of a former pupil of the great Benedictine school of Pannonhalma; he had spent a gap year with us some years ago. I stayed in the monastery for a few days and by pure chance I was there when an extraordinary event took place: the burial of the heart of Otto von Habsburg in the crypt of the Abbey Church. Otto was the last claimant to the Austro-Hungarian throne who died in June at the age of 98. He had been very active in political affairs, particularly in Austria, including some years as an MEP. Like all the Habsburgs he was buried in Vienna, but he had requested that his heart be taken to Pannonhalma where he had spent a year as a pupil and which is in some ways the spiritual heart of Hungary. After Vespers there were various tributes, including one from the chief rabbi of Hungary who proclaimed the traditional Kaddish for the dead because Otto had rescued many Jews from Vienna during the holocaust. Hearing this powerful prayer echoing round the medieval Abbey Church was an experience I will never forget. Two weeks later I was due to attend a wedding in the Frauenkirke in Dresden (a former pupil, Thomas Rossiter (91-95-99)). I decided it was hardly worth returning to UK, so I stayed a whole week in Hungary, followed by four days in Prague (staying in a monastery of course) and then four days in Dresden, where I stayed in a Jesuit house (no monasteries available!). This was the first time that I had been in any former communist countries and it was also an opportunity to get a glimpse of three fascinating cities . . . and two wonderful weddings thrown in as well!

Reunions

1977

On Friday 10 June we organised a reunion for the class of 1977. The group met in Covent Garden, London and the following were present:

Eddie Cloherty, Brian Stack, Tim Evans, Simon Dunbar, John Tracey, Max Forrester, Mike Gale, Mike Tuffrey, Andrew Lavarello, David Franklin, Stephen Ellis, Paul Beven and Sean Brown. John Simister was the only no show as he was unfortunately delayed at work.

After so many years it was a pleasure to find each other such easy company and the evening was filled with great humour and, of course, many memories. Following evening drinks the group went for an Italian meal at a restaurant recommended by David Franklin. The suspicion was that his architectural firm had something to do with the choice but we uncovered no link except that David did spend some time admiring different parts of the building! Max Forrester, David Franklin and Brian Stack possibly made the greatest efforts, Brian coming from the Midlands, David from Nottingham and Max from the west country where he left all his veterinary patients to tend for themselves - though Stephen Ellis was, coincidentally, on the same train to London from Taunton and by all accounts they eyed each other warily for an hour before the moment of recognition! Recognising each other as we arrived at the venue became the humorous challenge that created much laughter and commentary as we sported receding hairlines, wrinkles and larger waistlines! John Tracey gave his identity away as we could hear him arriving before he even appeared! The fascinating part was how everyone still maintained familiar quirks, mannerisms and expressions from their youth. The majority of people were southern based, Sean Brown, Simon Dunbar and Mike Gale making their way from leafy Surrey and Kent and the remainder living in and around London. During the evening we discovered Mike Tuffrey had thrown his hat into the London mayorial election race, on behalf of the Liberal Democrats, and we all wish him well!

Others who were unable to make it but sent their best wishes were Sean Prendeville in Perth, Australia, Ashley Prime [Foreign Office] in Toronto, Canada, Freddy Sherman, Bahrein, Chris Sharp flying a 747 somewhere, Fiona McLean in Spain and Simon Wheeler in Newbury, Berkshire! Missing in action amongst others was Sandy Lawson in the USA and Viv Rosser in the UK. We are planning another get-together in October and looking to increase the numbers if we can. Anyone from our year who wishes to get in touch please contact Mike Gale on galemikey@o2.co.uk or mobile number: 07990 573033.

Mike Gale (72-77)

1985 The Angel, Woolhampton

In the TV series *Life on Mars*, a modern day cop is thrown back in time to his 70s childhood in Manchester. Culture clash crime capers ensue as political incorrectness, police corruption, and fashion faux-pas jar with our right-on modern day hero. Great series! Its sequel was a tall order; a modern day cop is thrown back to 80s London. It was redeemed in no small part by Keeley Hawes being a far prettier lead than John Simm, but the premise was hardly an opportunity for dramatic juxtaposition. I mean, London in the 80s? I was there... it was only yesterday... and it's not like we've changed much...

So imagine my surprise, when the early discussions of a reunion for the -80-85 veterans prompted an inbox of photos of kids who looked younger than I'd thought physically possible. Kids with fluffy haircuts that screamed new romantic, despite having been dispensed with shears and a scowl in Classroom 5. And sixth formers striking quasi-Bullingdon poses outside a pub the future Queen Kate would one day call her local. Perhaps the -80s were further away than I thought. This was going to be a stranger meeting than originally anticipated!

Living with people for five years in the social cauldron that is boarding school ingrains one's contemporaries into your consciousness. Five long years of teenage adolescence sears your peers into your memory. They are life-long affiliates. They ARE family.

So after Simon Shaw and I had sat at the same deserted bar for 15 minutes, blissfully unaware of each other and our lifelong affiliation and kinship, our eventual recognition was briefly awkward. But then I expected him to look like his dad, and he probably expected more than the shambolic hippy head been sat opposite. But within a minute or two, we were back to the 80s, and as recognisable to each other as the day we had left.

And so the scene was set for the night. A memorable night. A wonderful night, as Old Boy after Old Boy wandered in, and all assembled squinted and looked diplomatically nonchalant. "Who's that?" we'd whisper to a neighbour. "Definitely one of ours..." "Is that...?" "**** me it's....!!!!" And as we adjusted our eyesight to take in increased girth, decreased hair, etc, the recognition game became easier. A quarter of a century melted away in an instant and we all picked up where we left off. Mannerisms unchanged, nicknames and foibles hilariously recalled, the evening was a hoot. And of course over all too quickly, but not before a bit of *Ad Multos Annos* and a lot of bitter. So many thanks to the attendees...

Simon Shaw doesn't look like his Dad (You're Not Going To Make Me Have A Haircut Award)

Damian Sollom travelled furthest, from a mountain in Spain (Best Effort Award)

Dermot Moloney thankfully is exactly the same (Least Changed Award)

Mike Strong was drying out and didn't drink all night (Stoicism Award)

Paul Lindberg used to sound posh, now sounds like a Viz character (Linguistic Adaptability Award)

George Spence, was a little lad, now towers over everyone (Creative Use Of Fertilizer Award)

Justin Damer, always respectable and measured, sadly had to leave early (Wife Management Award)

Dan O'Donnell, vibrant & loud (Energy of A Young'un Award)

Justin O'Shaughnessy, out of nowhere, an -83 leaver (Long Time No See Award)

Rich Weston, still a lairy lad, virtually unchanged (Loudness At Inappropriate Times Award)

Matt Jarrett, a bundle of fun (Mischievous Award)

Humphrey Turner, calming influence, tolerant wife (If Still At School Head be Head Boy Award)

Martin Hynes, the scruffy little rocker formerly known as Sid, now checks if his Merlot is -06 or -08 (Most Dapper Award)

Sean Brickell, ooooozed confidence, check his website! (Smoothie Award)

David Brocklesby, another stalwart to drive out, stay sober, and tolerate declining behaviour (Patience Award)

Fr Oliver, honorary Old Boy, (Still Being Given The Run Around After All These Years Award)

Matt Arlidge, your diarist, (Contented Award)

Iøve wracked my brains and I think this covers everyone there, massive apologies if Iøve missed someone.

Apologies for absence came from Phil Ronan, Ed Liew, Charlie Richards, Sebastian Taylor, Andy Lumb, Ivan Hutchings, Quentin Baker, Jo Abrey, Dominic Harwood, Matt Grove, Nick Peters, Dominic Guerrini. Possibly others Iøve missed in admin ó apologies, weæd be delighted to see you all next time

Facebook, Friends Reunited, Fr Oliver and various other social media pulled addresses together, but out of the 60 ó 70 who formed our intake, Iøm sorry that quite a few have dropped below our radar. Invites have been sent to many long-defunct addresses, and Iøm still receiving òreturn to sendersö. Rest assured that if you are reading this, and you were one of our number, we did try to get word to you. Please get in touch if you are one of us, a brother, friend or relative. We will be mustering for another meet at some stage, and Iød like to compile a definitive address book.

The day after the night before, myself and the Venerable Moloney tramped over the fields to The Six Bells in Beenham. I took issue over the fact that they no longer sold Best Scotch for 67p a pint, or had ZZ Top on the juke box in the public bar. Or indeed, had a juke box, or a public bar!

However the landlady was a delight, and conversationally it transpired that she was the barmaid at The Angel in ø85. She said she remembered the young Douai Boys well! We sipped our sugary remedies, and quietly left.

Another meet in the autumn?

Matthew Arlidge (80-85)

Douai Society Bursaries

Concert tour to Zimbabwe

When I wrote to you back in January, despite having no additional funding for the trip, my colleagues and I decided, that having received a large donation from yourselves, covering roughly all my personal contribution to the tour, we would go ahead and book our flights and fix the dates of the concerts in Zimbabwe, hoping that desperation and necessity would fuel the search for further funding. Shortly before leaving we had, as a group, managed to cover all the costs with the exception of about \$60 U.S.

Your support not only provided much needed finance, but also provided a foundation which actually enabled the idea to become a reality. Perhaps you would be interested to know that amongst others, the Mugabe government chose to give us financial support and sponsored the use of the concert hall in Harare for our first concert of the trip. The culture minister personally attended the concert, and was not only most grateful for our visit, but made great pains to explain that his ministry had supported the event. I was slightly ill at ease as he complimented this by adding òWe like to see what the white folks are doingö. It is unclear whether this was a cultural reference or an indication that our every move was being watched!

Our arrival at Harare airport captured how very wrong nearly every preconception I had about Zimbabwe. Having never travelled to a country on the Foreign Office donø go list, there was a certain amount of apprehension on my part. We had been told, by email, not to join the normal immigration queue as we would need to go through the residents channel, where we would be met by someone with our work permits. As there were only about twenty people on the flight from

Nairobi, immigration took less than no time to clear, and there was no sign of any one who had come to meet us. Foolishly we didn't even know the name of the person coming with the work permits. Unlike their counterparts in Heathrow, the Zimbabwean officials could not have been more welcoming or helpful, concerned that we were all right, ushering us to seats and then going off to look for our contact. It transpired that the day we arrived the main opposition in Zimbabwe had organised a rally in support of the rebellions in northern Africa. Mr Mugabge had organised a counter rally with hired supporters, and consequently the road to the airport had been blocked. The thought of being caught up in a revolution was slightly unnerving, but the officials at the airport were an early insight into the generosity and kindness that we experienced throughout our tour. Within an hour we were being driven away to our accommodation.

As we had offered to give workshops in schools, working with choirs and teachers, a hectic schedule had been organised in Harare, actually a little too hectic, and unfortunately time did not allow us to work with all the groups who had expressed interest, but we did our very best to do as much as possible, only disappointing two adult choirs. We gave workshops in five schools and gave an additional concert at a retirement home in Borrowdale, about an hour's drive from Harare. In particular the teachers at all five schools in Harare were pleased to have male voices to sing to and for the male students who otherwise have only female music teachers. There is a huge lack of male teachers in Zimbabwe, not helped by the average male mortality rate being forty seven .

The level of musical competence in all the schools , from their primary classes through to the last year of secondary education, is absolutely astounding. Discipline and manners in every school we attended was an example to British society of how possible it is to maintain discipline in a warm and friendly environment. I have never experienced such enthusiasm and willingness to learn in any school in Britain, and was fascinated by the students' ability to learn new things and accept new ideas at a moment's notice.

On our final day in Harare we performed our formal concert and had a wonderful turn out. The work we had done in the schools had created interest, and many of the children we had taught brought their parents along, in addition to the usual Music Club audience. Having carted our British winter weight dinner suits half way around the world, we suffered in the intense heat and humidity whilst performing, but it was a delight to have had such an appreciative audience.

The following day we boarded a bus for the six hour journey to Bulawayo. Having been educated by the Benedictines meant that praying for something is not an out of the ordinary experience, but when the stewardess on the bus, before we started out on our journey, got up to address the passengers and began praying for our safety on this dangerous journey, her prayers did very little to inspire confidence in the bus, the driver or the roads!

We arrived safely in Bulawayo, however, and were taken directly to the Zimbabwe Academy of Music. They have the most wonderful concert hall, a tribute to 1950's acoustic architecture, and a marvellous Steinway. The hall is a delight to perform in having in the past been frequented by many talented and successful musicians. Unfortunately the political climate and the financial situation has meant that the flow of visiting musicians has all but dried up. The immense gratitude of everyone we met, not only for our work, but also just for taking the time and trouble to come and perform and teach was truly humbling.

In Bulawayo we started with our concert. We drove ourselves to the venue that evening, and I remember the incredible darkness on the roads even though we were in the middle of the city. It quickly dawned on us that there was no electricity. A power cut makes for an incredibly dark city. The Academy did have a generator which managed to power about a dozen low energy bulbs. The concert was going to be a rather dull affair! The director got up on stage to welcome the audience and make the inevitable excuses for the meagre illumination. He closed by saying that we could only hope for a miracle to bring the power back before the end of the concert. As he finished speaking the power came back on to great applause. Needless to say with such gratitude to the electricity company, the concert was extremely well received.

The following days were a teaching marathon. Nearly all of the Bulawayo schools had requested workshops, many of which were at a very early hour with which we musicians are not normally acquainted. Again, in Bulawayo, the children were impeccably mannered, well disciplined, polite and keen to learn. All the schools had impressive choirs, and all have a tradition of singing within their schools. We were greeted by the Zimbabwean national anthem in three languages at one school.

We had been asked by The Academy to give individual lessons and coaching to some of the more gifted children, and spent many hours teaching. These sessions were amongst the most rewarding teaching that my colleagues and I have given.

As I said earlier, very little about this musical tour to Zimbabwe was as I expected. Our offer to do workshops around the two main concerts that we had planned was taken up with great enthusiasm by pupils and teachers alike. We taught some 1800 children in the time we were there and the experience was most certainly as rewarding for us as for the pupils. The teachers too were keen to take notes of our methods, techniques and advice.

We have been invited to return next year to open the Bulawayo Festival singing in a performance of Orff's *Carmina Burana*. If it is at all possible it would be an honour to return, coaching the choirs in the week before the concert and sing the solo roles for them. I am sure the schools would relish more musical input.

Matthew Bridle (83-88)

Old Dowegian Retreat at Douai – November 2010

On 19th November a group of old boys and wives gathered at the Monastery for the first Old Dowegian residential retreat. The date was significant as it was the eve of the patronal feast and the first event was the Pontifical First Vespers of St Edmund. (Memories were stirred as Fr. Abbot was wearing the mitre and cope from the Ward vestment set.) Involvement with the prayer life of the community turned out to be an important part of the retreat.

We then had supper in the guest refectory and this was followed by compline in the Abbey Church. The Abbot and Fr Oliver then gave a welcome talk and introduced the plans for the next couple of days.

On the Saturday we had an early start with Matins and Lauds at 6.30a.m. Our hosts were impressed by an almost 100% turn out, higher than was usual at retreats. After breakfast Fr Oliver gave a conference using both scripture and poetry on how people had encountered the Lord in both the Old and New Testaments. Many of the scriptural references were familiar but a poem on the Annunciation by Denise Leverton was of particular interest and stimulated much discussion.

Pontifical Mass of St Edmund followed. The old Douai School tradition of a ðHogö lunch had not been forgotten and we also mingled with monks from Worth and the Anglican foundation of Elmore at a reception before the meal. After a suitable period in which we allowed lunch to settle we had a period of recreation, most of us following Fr Oliver on a familiar route to Beenham. After vespers and evening meal we were treated to a showing of films illustrating changes in the Abbey and School in which many familiar faces were recognisable.

The second morning again started with early office followed by breakfast and another conference led by Fr Oliver in which we were asked to contemplate the Crucifixion as seen through the eyes of great Artists. The slides shown ranged from early Christian art to modern British works by Eric Gill, Graham Sutherland and Stanley Spencer. Mass and midday office were followed by a final lunch in the guest refectory.

The event was considered a great success as we all felt we had really ðretreatedö from our busy distracting world of work, shopping and domestic chores and had time to consider what should be important in our lives. We apparently impressed the community by our willingness to rise early for community prayer but were considerably less able to observe the traditional silence after vespers !

Michael Skivington (48-51-55)

Hugh Michael Fanning (56-57)

The sad and extraordinary story of Hugh Fanning became known shortly after last year's AGM of the Society. For anyone interested there is a mass of information on the Internet about Hugh. The following is simply a summary.

Hugh was an American Citizen who came to Douai in May, 1956. He was a lively and gregarious character, always up to pranks, popular with his contemporaries, and had a healthy disregard for authority, arising from high spirits rather than malice. He was also bright academically, passing seven O'level levels and winning the Fifth Form English and Physics prizes in 1957.

That year Hugh was expelled from the School following an escapade in which two others who were involved were also expelled. He was kindly taken in by the family of Duncan Hatcher until he was able to return home to Fort Worth and continued his education in the United States, gaining a degree at the University of Dallas, Texas.

At University he met, and later married, his wife Kathryn. They settled in Fort Worth, where Hugh worked as a teacher, and raised three children.

Very much against Kathryn's wishes Hugh enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and qualified as a Marine Pilot. He was posted to Vietnam with the U.S. First Marine Wing based at Da Nang, South Vietnam, flying the Grumman A6A Intruder, a then state-of-the-art all weather low altitude bomber attack plane, whose aircrews were classed as the most talented and courageous in the Service.

On 31st October 1967, on a support mission near Hanoi, (for which Hugh, characteristically, and his Navigator Stephen Kott, had volunteered) Hugh's plane was seen to have been shot down. It was believed that the two could have survived the crash, so both were posted as 'Missing in Action'. Several intelligence reports surfaced about the crash in later years including one, unsubstantiated, that Kott had been killed but Hugh had survived, been taken prisoner and transported to China.

In 1984, well after the war, a number of human remains were repatriated to the U.S. among which one was identified as Kott's and another as Hugh's. Both were buried with full Military Honours.

Eleven months later Kathryn discovered that there were serious flaws in Hugh's identification and obtained a Court Order for exhumation of his remains. Examination at this time concluded that the remains could not be identified as Hugh's or anyone else's. Although the Armed Services Graves Office determined that there was insufficient evidence to support the original identification the Marine Corps re-buried the remains in Arlington National Cemetery under a headstone bearing Hugh's name, but they were later removed after DNA testing had confirmed that the remains may not have been his.

Hugh's wife Kathryn bore the confusion and errors in Hugh's identification with the greatest fortitude. She has not remarried and steadfastly maintains that until positive proof can be produced of Hugh's death she must continue to entertain the possibility that he may yet be alive.

Please remember Hugh, and Kathryn and their family, in your prayers.

Marriages

Charles Nicoll (86-88-93) to Flora Daneman in March 2011

Alistair Silk (88-93) to Rachel Cash on 3 September 2011

Arthur Johnstone (89-94) to Sheree Murphy on 1 July 2011

Jocelyn Marchington (89-94) to Tessa Grobel (sister of Christian (89-94), William (91-96) and Edmund (92-95)) at Franciscan Friary, Chilworth on Saturday 4 September. Fr Dermot presided

James McGinity (87-89-94) to Áine Dempsey at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Shanagarry, Co Cork on Friday 10 September. Fr Dermot presided.

Shaun Young (90-92-97) to Clare at All Saints, Marlow; Fr Alban assisted. Chris Backwith was Best Man and Giles Carbury (89-91-96) was an usher. Shaun and Clare spent their honeymoon in Kenya.

Edmund Grobel (92-95) to Joanna Goscomb in Edenbridge on 13 August 2011; Fr Dermot assisted

Giles Murphy (93-95-99) to Ellie Bishop at Douai on 25 September 2010; Fr Oliver presided.
Benedikt Franke (97-99) to Sophia Gollwitzer on 18 September in the Church of St Sylvester, Munich on 18 September; Fr Oliver presided
Thomas Rossiter (91-95-99) to Sandra Hegewald in the Frauenkirche, Dresden on 30 July 2011; Fr Oliver assisted and numerous Old Dowegians attended
Guy Goldsworth (90-93-98) to Lisa Barnett at Douai on 29 August 2010; Fr Godric presided
Richard Tyrrell (93-98) to Jenny on 30 April 2011; Jon Kight was an usher and Ed Botcherby and Mark Bermingham were also present
Robert Goldsworth (89-92-97) to Michelle Anderson at Douai on 28 May 2011; Fr Boniface presided and numerous Old Dowegians attended
William Melia (92-95-98) to Remnique Sukhwinder Kaur Srail at Douai on 27 August 2011; Fr Godric presided, Robert Bedford (92-95-98) was Best Man and numerous Old Dowegians attended

Engagements

Daniel O'Donnell (80-85) to Rebecca McClennan
Philip Robinson (91-93-98) to Jo Weetman

Births

Mark Manwaring-White (71-73) and Rychyl - a daughter Stephanie Lynda Flores
Charles Antelme (84-89) and Margaret ó a son Leopold Xan on 17 June 2011, baptised at Douai by Fr Oliver
Joseph Conlon (91-93-98) and Lucy ó a son Alexander Raphael on 16 October 2010
Damola Igbon (92-97) & Hannah ó a daughter, Eva born on 4 November 2010, baptised at Douai by Fr Oliver
Giles Murphy (93-95-99) & Ellie - a son, Joshua George John born on 5 September 2011
Max Pickwood (93-95-99) and Naomi - a daughter Gabrielle Faith born on 16 September 2011
Edward Caldwell (82-84-89) and Holly - a daughter Octavia born in July 2011, a sister for Honor who will be 3 in October.

Deaths

John Eric Ryan(33/35)	
Peter Woollett (29/31)	06/08/1994
Desmond Ryan (34/39)	
Peter Delaney (36/40)	13/04/2011
Peter Wallis (34/38)	03/01/2011
Michael Wauchope (37/42)	07/10/2010
Peter Pryer (41/48)	
Harry Duggan (42-47)	15/10/2011
John Waller (43/46)	03/12/2010
Robin Newington (52/54)	08/12/2010
John Cubbidge (55/60/63)	01/11/2010
David Pugh (63/67)	30/03/2011
Christopher Hamilton (63/68)	04/11/2010
Treffry Thompson (62/67/72)	27/11/2010
Richard Turner (81/85)	25/01/2011
Chris O'Donovan (87/89/94)	27/11/2011

Obituaries

Peter Wallis (34-38)

His son, Christopher Wallis, gave this address at his funeral:

What a time my father and those of his generation lived through! He was born less than 5 years after the end of the Great War. It was a very different world from the one we live in today. A world

where transport and communications were developing fast but still little more than in their infancy - the telephone was only just beginning to become available to those who could afford one - by 1923 there were one million in use in Britain. The motor car was still something of a rarity and the BBC was just 4 months old!

Indeed, the world he was born into would seem to us even stranger because his place of birth was Peshawar, near the Khyber Pass, in the North West Frontier Province of what was then part of the British Raj - now, modern day Pakistan. This was where he spent his early childhood but at 7 years old, as was then the practice for children of serving officers, my father was shipped home to Britain to begin his education. Thereafter, until about 16 years old, he would only occasionally have seen his parents and his younger sister, Ursula, when they were home on furlough from India. During this time, he spent many happy holidays on Mersea Island, Essex with his grandfather and getting into scrapes with his much loved cousin Guy.

Before long, war clouds were looming and these were soon followed by the outbreak of World War II. My father volunteered for the Army and joined up - underage, according to his sister - but he was soon promoted to Lance Corporal and then recommended for a commission. He subsequently received a swift war time officers' training course at Sandhurst. On completion, he joined the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment but was immediately posted overseas to join the 71st battalion King's African Rifles, initially based in Kenya before seeing service with the 'Forgotten Army' in the Burma Campaign, where he was wounded in enemy action. Fortunately he was flown out from a jungle airstrip to a base hospital to recover. Thereafter, he was granted leave and spent a pleasant two months in New Delhi with his father who was by then serving on the Viceroy's staff.

After convalescing, he returned to Kenya but his unit had been disbanded by this time and he spent the remainder of the war in various staff jobs in Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam and Mombassa before returning to England for de-mobilisation but first did a stint as Staff Captain at General Horrocks' Western Command Headquarters at Chester where he met my mother! He would have liked to have stayed in the army but as forces were being run down after the war, he was only offered a 12 year commission, so decided to leave, which he did in 1946 to go into business.

In July 1947 he married Nona and I came along in June 1948, the first of their six children. A career in the aluminium and metals industry followed; at the same time along came a growing family which saw us living initially in the Tunbridge Wells and Tonbridge areas of Kent with Dad quietly establishing a reputation amongst us children as the family peacemaker. During this period Dad commuted up to London daily which resulted in long tiring days for him, when more than occasionally he was known to fall asleep on the train home, sometimes resulting in him being woken by the guard when the train reached its final destination - Folkestone! So much of a problem this became that eventually my mother - she being one not to argue with - soon had the entire staff at Tonbridge station trained to search through his train and dig him out before he spent another night at the end of the line!

In 1960 my father accepted a job with Alcan in Nigeria where the family spent the next 4 years, while the oldest two children attended boarding school in the UK. However, unlike his time at boarding school, we were fortunate in being able to spend every Christmas and Summer holiday with the family in West Africa. Returning home in 1964, the family finally settled in Wokingham, Berkshire where they continued to live until his retirement in 1987; Dad concluding his career as Chairman of RTZ Metal Centres South. It was then that they moved to Llantwit Major - my mother always wanting to live near the sea and Llantwit having the added attraction of my sister, Bridget, having married a Welshman, already living here!

However sometime before this, Dad had taken up golf in 1974, a sport that was to become his passion and I am sure played a large part in him being able to enjoy a long and relatively healthy

retirement, during which time he would usually play twice a week with the other members of his foursome, Geoff, Russell and Don at Southerndown. Not being a golfer, I don't know much of his golfing prowess but Geoff tells me that Dad only ever received one golfing trophy, 2nd place, playing with for the Southerndown Veterans at New Tredegar Golf Club. More typically, Geoff tells me a missed shot would usually be followed by a loud shout of "Why do I play this b****y game?!!!" Games were mostly followed by a session at the 19th hole where they would always enjoy putting the world to rights.

Geoff recently said of my father "He was a real English gentleman; quiet but wonderful company, my life was enriched by knowing him". I think there are many who would concur with that statement. My mother has described him in the past as the most patient man she ever knew "her rock, her bridge over troubled waters! On behalf of us all, I would like to say "Thank you" to him for all that he was to each of us, whether that be as a brother, husband, father or friend.

John Francis Waller (40-47)

John's brother Richard (48/51/57) provided this obituary:

Born in 1928, John died from cancer on 3rd December 2010 aged 82 peacefully at home in Vancouver in the presence of family members. He is survived by Barbara, his wife of 56 years, seven children (one adopted) and 18 grand-children.

The eldest of three brothers: **Thomas (41-48)** who died in 1994 and myself. We all attended Douai where he played hooker for the 1st XV and afterwards for his RA regiment, veterinary college and Rosslyn Park. After national service he qualified MRCVS; honing his skills included visiting Ditcham where he was kicked by one of the ponies! Having already damaged it (rugby) the kneecap was removed.

He and a fellow vet planned to go to Kenya but the Mau Mau rebellion meant that they both emigrated to British Columbia. In November 1958, John, his wife and two young daughters, boarded the Empress of England to Montreal and then by rail to Vancouver. A largely farm animal joint practice was set up in Salmon Arm and Enderby some 300 miles north of Vancouver. Shortly after, John suffered serious injury when a cow in a restricted stall knocked him over and (inadvertently) trampled him. This resulted in having two vertebrae fused (a risky operation at that time) with a warning that further damage would result in paralysis. The family therefore moved to Vancouver in 1960 where he set up a small animal practice serving Burnaby and New Westminster for 34 years. Once established he added a state of the art surgery for hire to other vets. He officially retired in 1994 but organised a clinic and grooming parlour for some of his children who employed a visiting vet.

Always a staunch catholic, he was a founder member and President of the Federation of Independent Schools Association and worked tirelessly to obtain government funding for independent (inter-faith) schools for many years. His and their efforts were successful and he was awarded the *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* medal by Paul VI.

He was a founder member of Corpus Christi College on the UBC campus and for many years served on the board of St Mary's Hospital in New Westminster. He kept in touch with Old Dowegians Peter Horn and Peter Hoogewerf, both of whom pre-deceased him.

Stemming from the injury to his spine, for the last 3 or 4 years he could only safely walk with the aid of a stick and a stair-lift which he resented but accepted with good grace.

In his prime he enjoyed golf and wine-making from Californian grapes, matured in Canadian whisky barrels. Latterly he was amused watching and devising ways of outwitting the squirrels which were stealing the bird seed! A full life - R. I. P

Pat Davies (52-56)

Patrick William Hardy Davies was born on 18th July 1938 in Sheffield. He was one of two children of Sidney and Winifred Davies - his younger sister Philippa was with him when he died. The family moved south to Beaconsfield in 1946 and Pat attended Douai School. After three years National

Service in the RAF he went to University College London graduating with an Economics degree in 1962. He then qualified as a chartered accountant and later joined the London office of the Burmah Oil Company. He became the Manager of Burmah's Planning and Control Department which involved a good deal of travel to South America, Asia and the Far East. In 1971 he moved to Australia as Finance Director and Company Secretary of Burmah Oil (Australia). It was while in Australia that Pat wrote to Cardinal Heenan offering himself as a possible candidate for the Priesthood in the diocese of Westminster. He was accepted and entered the Seminary at Allen Hall, St Edmund's College, in 1973. He was ordained to the Priesthood by Cardinal Hume at Douai Abbey on 19th November 1977.

His first appointment as a priest was to the parish of Waltham Cross where he remained until 1981. In that year he was appointed Senior Chaplain to the Catholic students at London University. On leaving the Chaplaincy in 1987 he spent a year working for the Catholic Bishops' Conference in South Africa. His time in South Africa had a profound effect on Pat confirming him in his work for justice and solidarity with the poor and downtrodden. He had already been involved with the work of the Catholic Institute for International Relations since 1979, becoming national chaplain in 1985. On returning to the diocese in 1988 he was appointed Parish Priest in East Finchley. In 1992 he was named Assistant General Secretary of the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales with responsibility for foreign affairs. During his time at Eccleston Square he lived at Notting Hill Gate parish. In 1997 he was appointed Parish Priest of Kingsbury Green where he remained until 2002. While at Kingsbury Green he was chosen by Cardinal Murphy-O'Connor to be a Canon of the Cathedral Chapter. In 2002 he was appointed as Parish Priest of Warwick Street with the accompanying task of setting up a Justice and Peace Commission in the diocese. The onset of Parkinson's disease meant that Pat had to step down from the latter work. His health problems were added to by his being diagnosed with lymphoma in early 2008. The specialists gave him only six months to live, and so for his seventieth birthday in July 2008 he decided to have a series of celebrations at Warwick Street inviting friends from all periods of his life. And there were plenty of friends - from his family, his school days at Douai, the UCL hockey team, from Burmah Oil, parishioners from his various parishes, and many priests and ministers from other churches. Pat was an expert in the art of networking! Later in 2008 when his six months were up and he found himself still very much alive, he confided that he felt a little bit guilty about having had such a big bash for his birthday and still being around. Luckily for all of us he was still around to celebrate his seventy-first birthday!

After a bout of pneumonia which saw him hospitalised once more in August 2009 he decided to retire from active ministry. He had been to see the facilities at St John's Convent, Kiln Green, and its location half-way between London and his sister Philippa's home in Streatley seemed ideal. He was allocated a bungalow of his own in the convent grounds and made it his home. Unfortunately there were further problems with his health and, having undergone surgery for cancer in his mouth, he decided not to submit to a punishing regime of treatment. He resigned himself to dying and told visitors that he was not afraid. He was able with the help of the community at Kiln Green and the local health authorities to remain at home, where he died peacefully on Shrove Tuesday. Archbishop Nichols had visited him just a few days before and they had prayed together for a happy death. Although slight in stature and, of late, painfully thin, he was in many respects a giant of a man and priest. He will be sadly missed by countless friends and admirers.

Chris O'Donovan (87-89-94)

Eulogy spoken at his father, Mike, at his funeral on 12 December 2011

I want to speak about the bravest person I've ever known: our darling boy, Chris.

For much of his life he faced physical pain, emotional distress and thwarted ambitions. But he did so with a positive outlook, never sorry for himself, always looking forward to the next thing to do. When Chris died he was re-learning biology. He had just been to a drum clinic by Nico McBrain of

Iron Maiden, a drumming hero. He was even trying to teach Sadegh, his last carer, to play drums, something he'd done so well as a young man.

All that, from someone who hadn't walked for 15 years, couldn't use arms or hands, could hardly speak, struggled to eat and was regularly laid low by infections.

But despite that, he never said "Why me?" He cursed his MS regularly, but only because it limited his life. There was so much he wanted to do, but so much he couldn't do.

It wasn't always like that.

Chris had a happy childhood and good teenage years until he was 17.

He was loving, intelligent, inquisitive, naughty, adventurous, popular boy. A gutsy kid brother to Simon and Stephen. All the things you'd want a son to be. But then, somewhere in his early teens the funny feelings arrived. I say "somewhere" because we don't quite know when things changed. Chris was at boarding school at the time. So, we didn't know about the funny feelings he was getting in his body, because at first he didn't tell us. Chris didn't want to bother us. After all, he felt OK most of the time.

He was still doing fine academically, he was an active sportsman; he was musical, he was adventurous. In 1992, aged just 16, he and some school friends went inter-railing around a swathe of Europe. The next year Chris won a place on a conservation project in Australia to track kangaroos in the outback. I'm biased, but I'd say he had the makings of a fine young man.

But things didn't go as planned. By 1994 the "funny feelings" were worse and more regular.

By now we knew all about them, but had no idea what the problem was. Then Chris saw the senior partner at our GPs. In a week MS was diagnosed. Susan and I were devastated, but not Chris. He'd feared he might have a brain tumour. Facing up to being a bit disabled wasn't that big a deal!

But it didn't turn out like that. Chris wasn't a mild case of MS. He was an awful case.

In two years he couldn't walk, then he lost the ability to go to the toilet and then he began to lose the use of his arms. But he didn't let it get him down.

For a while, Chris continued to drive cars and ride motorbikes both of which he managed to crash but he got away with it. He won a place at university twice to study his beloved Biology but had to give up both times. He'd always loved travel. In 1987 he flew around the world in one continuous journey when he was only eleven. But as the years went by travel became a burden even though he tried. But he did get to a few places among them Ireland in 1997 and America in 1998. With the help of Ben Doyle he got to Jamaica in 2001 for his cousin Sally's wedding.

Just two years ago, when his MS was now quite awful, he went to Gran Canaria to see Simon and his family, with the help of a remarkable carer, Jon Dubber.

Chris never gave up. He hoped that the cure for MS would be found in time for him.

So, he never stopped trying to live his life to the full.

Music was his abiding passion and we regularly went to rock concerts. When he died on November 27th we were just three days away from going to see Deep Purple and another of his drumming heroes, Ian Paice. Typical Chris, always looking ahead - his last words to me, from behind an oxygen mask were "What's the line up for Deep Purple?" But this time it wasn't to be. We never got there.

He died two weeks ago. His battered body couldn't fight off the latest infection and he finally succumbed. His family will miss him terribly, of course, especially my amazing wife, Susan, who gave so much of the last seventeen years to ensure Chris always had the best of care and always had tons of love.

He was never a burden to us. He was our joy. We were privileged to help him live his life to the full. Chris was never a moaner, just someone fighting to the end, for a life that got more limited by the day. Chris brought joy to his family and so many people. He smiled a lot, right to the end. He had a wicked sense of humour. He always thought of others. Most of his Christmas presents were bought even before he went into hospital, three weeks ago!

Chris had some wonderful friends who never forgot him, with Joschi Herczeg and Danny Mullens (also Old Dowegians) having a special place in his heart. We thank you all for your love.

He had many wonderful people to help care for him. We'd like to thank them all, especially Tony

and Ben who cared for him over many years, Jon Dubber, now back in Australia and Sadegh, his last carer. You'll be his friends forever.

When you leave us today I want you all to remember that you have been able to celebrate the life of an incredibly brave young man.

Someone who bore distress and decline of a severity we can hardly imagine - with the most amazing bravery.

So, when you want to put something in the "It's too difficult to do" tray – don't. Our Chris will be watching you. He'd expect you to follow his example Be brave – take on every challenge

Do everything you can to make the most of every day and every opportunity in your life.

You only have the one!

Chris, we are so, so proud of you. You'll be in our hearts forever.

* * * * *

MINUTES OF THE 137th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE DOUAI SOCIETY

held at Douai on Sunday 8th August 2010

Members attending:-

Godfrey Linnett; Michael Skivington; John Kerr; Richard Sims; Michael Lockyer; John Beresford; John Priest; Brian Quinlan; David De Freitas; Chris Cundy; Tony Burton; Aubrey Balhetchet; Neil Murphy; Paulinus Timney; John Wills; Michael Treays; Stephen Botcherby; Gabriel Leeming; John Shaw; Christopher Vaughan; Matthew McCabe; Hugh Berry; Bill Brister; Christopher Simpson; Romuald Simpson OSB; John Hoshimi; Kevin Murphy-O'Connor; Bernard Funston; Ronan Brocklesby; Christopher Vale; Oliver Holt OSB.

1. Opening and Prayers.

Hon. President Godfrey Linnett opened the Meeting. In the unavoidable absence of the Society's Chaplain, Fr Boniface, Fr Romuald led the Meeting in Prayer and Remembrance of all those Old Boys who had died since the last Meeting, including:-

Louis Gunter (29/34); Fr Augustine Stickland OSB (34/38) Maurice Smith (31/37); Michael Stokes (42/46); Paul Milner (41/45); John Page (42/48); Ronald Evans (47/50); Brian Platt (45/50); William Duckney (43/50); Joseph Gibson (46/50); John Spence (44/50); Charles Thomas (52/56); Fr Patrick Davies (52/56); Thomas Bryan (49/51/55); Tony Rawlingson-Plant (52/59); Philip Fletcher (63/67); Paul Delaney (69/73); Adrian Brister (92/94/95); Fr Leo Arkwright OSB (Hon.); Fr Robert Holmes-Walker (Hon.).

2. **Apologies for Absence** Apologies were recorded for:- Leopold Antelme; John Burke-Gaffney; Christopher Allanson; Anthony Wills; Alan Simpson; James Birstow; Chris Mauduit; Richard Dunbar and James Millsop.

3. Minutes of the 136th Annual General Meeting - Matters Arising.

The Minutes, having been circulated before the Meeting, were duly approved. There were no matters arising.

4. Hon President's Report.

Godfrey Linnett began by thanking the Abbot and Community for their welcome and hospitality in what was a closed season for visitors. This explained the reason for the August date. The Abbey is now so busy with a variety of visiting groups that its closed season offers the only time available to entertain the Old Boys.

He reported that the Council had met three times during the year largely to consider its finances and to approve for subsidy seven year or geographical reunions which had taken place of four of these for younger age groups of Old Boys. He hoped the increase of subsidy from £5 per Old Boy attending to £10 had had something to do with this.

He commended to the Meeting the efforts of Fr Oliver, our Membership Officer, in keeping the Membership informed from time to time of activities and matters of interest and for his Annual Newsletter which would be available after the Meeting. Also for his initiative in circulating lapsed members with Bankers Orders forms, which had achieved some small, but helpful, success. Referring to the list of those Old Boys who had died during the year he drew attention to the fact, apparently not known to many, that the Council tried to ensure the the Society was formally represented by an Old Boy at every funeral or memorial service of which the date was known. As this was his last opportunity to address the Meeting as Hon. President he thanked all members of the Council for their support and hard work during the last two years and singled out John Kerr, Chris Vale and Fr Oliver for particular devotion to duty. He concluded with a plea for a volunteer to take over the reins and release Denis Hopkin from his current bondage as Temporary Hon. Secretary.

5. Hon. Treasurers Report.

The Hon. Treasurer, Chris Vale, circulated copies of the Society's audited accounts for the year to 31st December 2009, which had been prepared and audited by Berringer & Co., without charge, in memory of John Berringer.

Referring to the Income and Expenditure Account he drew attention to the fact that subscription income had increased, almost certainly as a result of Fr Oliver's reminder to lapsed Members; dividend income had remained much the same; and the subsidy of the AGM Lunch had increased.

The balance sheet reflected the position as at last Christmas and the Society's net assets had, by virtue of the improving market performance of the Society's invested funds, increased from the accounts figure of £153,847 to a current figure in excess of £157,000. He also commented that the Society had during the current year agreed to support, by means of a donation of £10,000 a proposed renovation of the Cricket Pavilion which had originally been erected as a memorial for Old Boys who died in the First World War. This project was to be discussed later. The Accounts were adopted on the proposal of Godfrey Linnett, seconded by John Kerr.

6. Election of Officers.

John Kerr, currently Hon. Vice-President, had asked to have his term of Office postponed and the Council proposed that in his stead Michael Skivington be elected as Hon President and John Kerr be re-elected as Hon. Vice-President for the next two years. Each was duly elected, Michael Skivington on the proposal of Godfrey Linnett seconded by Fr Oliver and John Kerr on the proposal of Godfrey Linnett seconded by Richard Sims.

The Hon. Treasurer, being willing to continue, was elected on the Proposal of Godfrey Linnett seconded by Bill Brister.

Denis Hopkin was willing to continue for one more year as Temporary Hon. Secretary provided a victim could be found and persuaded to volunteer before next year's AGM. As 'Temporary' Hon Secretary was not provided for in the Society's Rules, no vote was needed.

7. Election of Councillors.

The Council proposed that two new Councillors should be elected to fill vacancies on the Council and had nominated David De Freitas (69/74) and John Wills (66/70) for election, each of whom was willing to stand. Both were duly elected on the proposal of Godfrey Linnett seconded by John Kerr.

8. Election of Chaplain.

Fr Boniface, who was unable to attend the Meeting, was re-elected Chaplain on the proposal of Godfrey Linnett seconded by Kevin Murphy-O'Connor.

9. Sports Secretaries' Reports.

The Hon. Cricket Secretary reported that all three of the fixtures so far arranged for the Summer had been cancelled because of lack of players to represent the Society. Finding only eight players for the Rick Byrne Memorial Trophy eight a side competition at Douai was easier, and this year's competition was won by Speen Cricket Club.

Aubrey Balhetchet reported that the Society's Golf Competition for the Reddin-Clancy Cup had been won by Chris Vaughan (67/71). Only 10 or so Old Boys could be accommodated at Royal Wimbledon Golf Club within an acceptable cost to players because of the need to have enough Members of the Club to sign in the Old Boy visitors and qualify them for a reduced Green Fee. There was also in the pipeline an informal Golf match against the Old Wimbledonians composed of Old Boys of Douai and

Wimbledon who are Members of the RWGC. The trophy played for in this match is the Thatcham Tandoori Adjusting Sauces Bowl, so named in memory of the evenings spent in that curry house after Cricket Matches during the Douai Cricket weeks, years ago.

10. Douai Park Recreation Association

The Council had received a letter from the Association, to whom the Community proposed to grant a lease of the old School playing fields bordering the Black Walk for use by the Cricket Tennis and Football Clubs of Woolhampton. Fr Oliver explained that when the lease was granted a large sum, currently estimated at around £300,000, would need to be spent to restore the sports fields tennis courts and pavilion. The Association intended to apply for Lottery and other playing field grants but were looking for someone with experience of fund raising to join their team and had enquired whether there were any Old Boys with this experience who would be able to help.

The Society had already offered a grant of £10,000 for the renovation of the pavilion and in due course there would be an appeal for funds. For the moment the Council hoped that some Old Boy with experience of raising funds from grant-aiding agencies might be able to help. Fr Oliver would mention the need in the next newsletter.

11. Overseas Members.

It was costly for many overseas Members to make regular payments of subscription from abroad and the Council proposed to introduce a form of overseas subscription to meet the problem. It was proposed that Membership for overseas Members should be offered for a subscription of £100, payable at the outset, for a ten year period of Membership. On the proposal of Fr Oliver seconded by Michael Lockyer, the proposal was adopted.

12. Any Other Business.

There was no other business to discuss and the Hon. President closed the Meeting.

STOP PRESS

Davis de Freitas (69-74), the newly elected Hon Secretary, has arranged a Douai Society lunch on Friday 20 January at midday at the Honourable Artillery Company, Armoury House, City Road, London EC1A 2BQ

The nearest underground stations are Moorgate and Old Street We will meet in the Sutling Room on the first floor. The dress code is jacket, collar and tie. There is a cash bar and you can buy a bottle of wine to take with you when we go through to lunch (circa 1pm). Lunch is taken in the Long Room and will consist of a three course buffet with coffee and will cost £15. I will reserve an appropriate number of tables depending on numbers. No money is required at this stage and payment is made after eating. I would like to know numbers, so please email daviddefreitas@aol.com with the heading 'Douai January 2012 Lunch' or write to me at 68 Burnfoot Avenue, Fulham, London SW6 5EA. Please let me know if you can attend by 16th January 2012. If this lunch proves successful, it is the intention to hold these lunches on a quarterly basis on a Friday.

We are also in the process of setting up a new Douai Society website. If you can think of anything you would like included, please let me know.

(Apologies if you receive this newsletter *after* the date of this lunch ó those with e-mail should get it in time - Ed)