

**2016 Obituaries**  
**MAJOR MICHAEL COURT WILKINSON Late 9/12 ROYAL LANCERS**  
**(POW) OB 53**



The Editor writes:

Mike, the eldest of the four Wilkinson brothers was brought up at the family home Pipes Place at Shorne in Kent except for a short sojourn in Devon during the Battle of Britain. He followed various uncles starting his Beaumont experience at St John's in 1944. Moving up to the College, it was quite evident that Mike was happier in the great outdoors than in the classroom: he stoically made his way up the "C" stream. In the tradition of past generations he managed to place a chamber pot on top of the flag pole on the Community Wing: Tom Kelly was called upon to remove it with a single shot from a 303. Not to be out done Mike replaced it a few days later with another: Tom summoned again took another shot but "ping" – it was metal. Having been captain of rugby at St John's he made appearances for all the various rugby teams to the top of the school. In his final year he was full back in a side described by Hugh Dinwiddy as "a grand set of triers they have been, and with what holy fire they have attacked in the open against Dulwich and KCS. They could have done with more Cromwellian spirit in the loose "Obadiah"-bind –their – Kings – chains- and – their – nobles – with links of iron" sort of thing". Mike needed that on leaving with only a couple of O levels to his name and set off to Oswestry for National Service Basic Training. Fr Boyle would probably agree having been told by Wilkinson to "Bigger off" from below the bed clothes on his penultimate day for which Mike was soundly beaten. In the Army, Mike found his natural element and

passed “WOSBy” and started basic training once more at Mons OCS. However what he really wanted was a regular commission and he was finally selected on the day of the pass out parade. So for the third time he started basic training at Sandhurst: at least he did not have to worry about the standard of Kit – his boots by this time were the best of any cadet. Two years later in 1956 he was commissioned into the Gunners and started regimental life in Germany. After various postings he was appointed to be ADC to General Sir Roderick McLeod in 1962 and during this tour met and married Eve Birch-Reynardson, the daughter of a retired cavalry colonel. Back in Germany he found himself on the staff in support of the 9/12 Lancers then commanded by Mike Woodhead the brother-in-law of Michael de Burgh (41) and he was asked to transfer which he did in 1968. The following year he commanded the independent armoured squadron in Berlin for the next two years. His final tour of regimental duty was at Detmold in the mid- seventies when he soldiered alongside his younger brothers Richard, Blues & Royals and Robert, Royal Hussars. Mike finished his active military career at the Armoured Corps Headquarters at Bovington, Dorset where he was able to convert his post into that of a retired officer in 1988. Once that was over, like his father he was greatly involved with the services’ charity SSAFA.

Mike had for many years a house close by at Wareham. Although brought up with horses and enjoying his fox hunting, it was the hare he loved to chase with the local Beagle pack where he was secretary. For the summer, it was sailing and his wife having inherited a property in Jersey he was able to indulge in messing about in boats both there and on the south coast. Over the years Mike drifted from the faith and had little to do with the BU: both his children went to Sherborne. Following septicaemia a few years ago, he started a downhill spiral that finally resulted in his death peacefully at home on 7 September. A memorial service was held at the local parish church at Winterbourne Zeltston. His “Stirrup Cup” was served at the door and he was “Blown away” by the huntsman as the finale.

Hugh Dinwiddy, again on the 1952 XV wrote that “the Laughter of Wilkinson was to be membered with gratitude”; it is also how his youngest brother will remember him.

### **Baron Philippe de Schoutheete de Tervarent (47)**



One of the finest diplomats of Belgium and of Europe, Philippe de Schoutheete of Tervarent, died Thursday 27 September in Brussels at the age of 84. He had just published at the Royal Academy of Belgium an educational book on the euro, of which he was one of the architect traders for Belgium in the Maastricht Treaty.

This treaty entered into force in 1993 would open the way for economic and monetary union. Philip Schoutheete was then the Permanent Representative of Belgium to the EU, a key position he held between 1987 and 1997. He was also a very influential Dean of the Committee of Ambassadors to the EU.

Germany, summer 1945

Born in Berlin in 1932, a diplomat father and a French mother very close to General De Gaulle, Philippe Schoutheete was marked by war. He was of a generation which saw European integration as a vital necessity to repair the errors of European society. He was to say: "I crossed Germany by car in the summer of 1945", this is obviously not something you forget." He was sent to Beaumont in 1942 leaving in 1947: he had a good friend in the future Fr Michael Campbell Johnstone SJ.

Philippe became a diplomat in 1959, and was sent to Cairo to restore broken relations with Egypt following the death of the Congolese leader Lumumba. Important interests were at stake since Egypt had seized many Belgian goods, including Tramways Cairo, the power grid of the city, two major hotels and oil fields. The young diplomat discreetly negotiated with a friend of Nasser to circumvent the wrath of the Arab States. He was then spokesman for Paul-Henri Spaak a founding father of the European Union and Prime Minister Pierre Harmel. From that time dates his great friendship with Etienne Davignon the former Vice President of the European Commission. He wrote the Tindemans report on the European Union in 1975. He was twice posted in Spain, a country

he loved and where he co-founded the Carlos De Amberes Foundation for cultural and charitable pursuits of Belgian-Hispanic interest. He also spent time as Chief of Staff to Charles-Ferdinand Nothomb the Belgian Foreign Minister, but the highlight of his career was his influence on multilateral diplomacy

A multilateral goldsmith

Gentleman aristocrat, Philippe had a great sense of humour, which could be brittle if something displeased him. As a diplomat, he had no equal in finding the middle way and compromise. There he excelled in defending the interests of Europe. In a contribution he wrote for “La Libre Belgique” during the Iraq crisis 2003 he explained the main principles that should guide one such as speaking clearly on principles and admitting to disagreements “ in no situation condemn or rail against those that make them, nothing does as much damage as the unexpected”. He concluded his article with the prophetic sentence in view of Iraq and Syria “the world of post Saddam Hussein will need a great deal of diplomacy”.

Very active retirement

In retirement, Philip Schoutheete remained very active. He was adviser to Commissioner Michel Barnier (now in charge of negotiating the Brexit on behalf of the EU executive), Representative of the Order of Malta to the European Commission, Professor at UCL and the College of Europe and member of the Royal Academy. Honorary President of The Belgian European Movement. King Albert II raised him from Chevalier to Baron in 1993. He held the highest orders of Knighthood in Belgium, Holland, France and Spain.

Married and father of two sons.

**DR Basil Clifford Morson CBE (39)**



Basil died peacefully at his home in Pulborough 13 October at the age of 94. The second of three brothers to come to Beaumont, they were the sons of Sir Clifford Morson a pioneer of radiology for cancer. On leaving school Basil studied medicine at Wadham Oxford and the Middlesex before the War intervened. His father had been one of the founders of the London Division of the RNVR and Basil followed his example and continued his service into peacetime rising to Surgeon Lt-Commander and the award of the VRD. However it is in the field of medicine and pathology that Basil would make his name particularly at St Mark's Hospital where he became the Director of the Research Department. Basil was the author of various books and papers and Morson & Dawson's Gastrointestinal Pathology is the standard text book on the subject. Basil also lectured around the world particularly on the prevention and treatment of bowel cancer. In 2005, the British Division of the International Academy of Pathology made the following announcement:-

"The Presidents medal is a new award which has been introduced to honour a member of the Division who has made an outstanding contribution to pathology education. The inaugural recipient is Dr Basil Morson CBE, President of the BDIAP from 1979-1980. Basil has left an indelible mark in gastro-intestinal education in both pathology and clinical circles, the latter exemplified by the fact that he was the first pathologist to be elected as President of the British Society of Gastroenterology (BSG). He followed an illustrious predecessor, Dr Cuthbert Dukes, as Head of Pathology at St Marks Hospital, London in 1956 and when he retired in 1985 the department had acquired a unique international reputation for its teaching and research. Very many

pathologists have cause to be grateful to Basil for the wisdom and common sense contained in his numerous original publications and, of course, his flagship textbook ' Morson and Dawson's Gastrointestinal Pathology. Even though he retired officially some 20 years ago he continues to be active in gastro-intestinal pathology education and is a regular attendee at BSG meetings at which there is an annual Basil Morson Lecture, given in his honour by eminent gastro-intestinal pathologists from the UK and abroad. We are proud of his membership of the BDIAP”.

In his personal life Basil married Pamela Gilbert in 1950. Following her death he remarried Sylvia the former Matron of The London Clinic but she also predeceased him in 2014. He is survived by his children Christopher, Caroline and Clare. His Requiem took place at Our Lady of England, Storrington.

### **FR HUGH KAVANAGH ROSS SJ (37)**



Hugh Ross was the younger son of Colonel Conrad born in 1920 and the brother of Michael who many of us remember as a Master at the College in the fifties and Sixties.

Hugh came to Beaumont from St Richard's Little Malvern in 1932 and left in '37 having been a member of the Rugby XV. He then followed his brother to the English Province. He read mathematics at Campion Hall and taught at Beaumont as a scholastic from 1949 -50. It was appropriate that he was ordained in the school Chapel on 12 July 1954, he then departed for southern Africa where he spent all but the final

years of his ministry. Hugh started teaching at St George's College in the then Salisbury Rhodesia in 1955 when it was still part of the English Province. Over the next fifty years he was a stalwart Maths Master. Hugh nicknamed Flossy also taught cricket and later swimming. The current Zimbabwe-Mozambique Province described him as a very good teacher and coach who gave all his attention and efforts to the college: a Jesuit example of faithful service.



He was well-known and admired by generations of Old Georgians and only left the College in 2007 to return to Preston. At the time of his death on 11 August he was 96 and the oldest member of the Zimbabwe-Mozambique province. Hugh (Flossy) Ross's funeral was held in Preston celebrated by Fr. Dermot Preston, SJ, the Jesuit Provincial and 10 other concelebrating priests. Fr. Paul Edwards gave the homily. A wreath of white flowers was placed on the coffin and in their midst was a few Flame Lillies, national symbol of Rhodesia/Zimbabwe. As the coffin was placed in the Hearse the few Old Georgians sang the school hymn;

Tell of the leaders great in fame and fight,  
Tell of new worlds to win, and wrongs to right;  
Show but the road, the dragon and the dawn,  
We'll follow true, St. George's warriors sworn.  
Men in work and men in play,  
We shall not flinch nor fail,  
For Hartmann Hill breeds brave hearts more and more;  
Come the monster in his might,  
Our faith is lance and mail;

We flee no foe and fear no ill;  
Saint George's yet rides before.  
Sons of the great, we glory in our past.

### **Lt – Colonel Patrick Lawrence Gargrave Covernton (62)**

#### **Late 2nd King Edward VII's Own Goorkhas (The Sirmoor Rifles)**



Patrick was born at the end of WW2 at Abbotabad a hill station in the Khyber Region of what is now Pakistan, the second son of Major Lawrence Covernton of the 1/6th Punjabis. Patrick followed in the footsteps of his elder brother Kevin (56) firstly to Penryn and then to Beaumont arriving in 1959. Academia would take him on the “entrepreneurial route” to the dizzy heights of Upper Syntax. Greater success was to be found on the Rugby pitch with two seasons in the first XV and two on the river with the First V11 though his time in the latter was cut short when the Masters in their wisdom “invited” him to leave early. Patrick was addicted to escapades and the motor car was in his final couple of years his Nemesis. A raid on St Mary's Ascot, to which he would later send his daughters, with Nigel Courtney (61) may have remained undiscovered but when a policeman stopped a young man driving erratically the Covernton Motor Club came to the notice of the School Hierarchy. Patrick telephoned his father and offered him a choice between the Bad and Good news. The Bad was his expulsion (but a



mitigating saving in school fees), the good was that he had “taken the Queen’s shilling”.

Patrick entered Sandhurst in the company of **Philip Stevens** and **Johnny Cargin** in January 1964 and was duly awarded his commission into The Sirmoor Rifles and posted to the 1st Bn in Singapore. His first Company commander was the future CGS Field Marshal Sir John Chapple. Patrick was thrown into the thick of it with the confrontation with Indonesia and it was in these early years of regimental soldiering that Patrick gained his reputation for inventiveness – a new expression entered the Goorkhas vocabulary “**Pulling a Beaumont**” - Patrick’s ability for turning a situation of perfect tranquillity into chaos and mayhem much to the amusement of his men and brother officers.

Patrick came back on his first long leave in 1969 bearing a gift for the girlfriend of an officer in the 10th Ghurkhas. Delivering it to a young Sarah Cave-Brown they were smitten with each other (the unfortunate 10th Officer forgotten) they were wedded in Chelsea and Patrick returned to the Battalion a married man. His career followed the pattern of serving with the Regiment, commanding a company at Sandhurst, staff with an Armoured Division in Germany, Northern Ireland. Eventually he was promoted to Lt-Colonel in 1993 and posted to Gibraltar where he was welcomed by the Governor – his friend and mentor Sir John Chapple.

Retirement from the Army proved difficult for Patrick and with a shortage of suitable and capable officers he accepted a post for 6 months in Bosnia during the height of the War. Eventually forced into a quieter life he set about transforming the family home Postgrove Farmhouse near Andover into a comfortable gentleman’s residence.

Patrick will be remembered for many things: A man with a big heart who was never lost for a word, his love of both water and snow accompanied by the inevitable cigarette. It is said that no man could have done more for the profits of Anglo-American Tobacco that was to lead to his early demise. Patrick held strong opinions and drifted from the Faith to a more traditional form of Anglicanism but still sent his daughters to St Mary’s Ascot an establishment that he had raided in his youth in the company of **Nigel Courtney**. (A seemingly Beaumont tradition)

His was a slow inevitable decline over the last couple of years of his life. He had three great loves: Beaumont (despite his turbulent time), His

Goorkhas and his family. His friends in the Beaumont Union have lost a great friend and supporter who did much to enrich our lives.

### **Laurence Dowley (OB 43)**

Laurence (or Larry as he was known by his family, somewhat to his irritation) was born in Kotagiri, near Ootacamund, the colonial hill station in the Nilgiri Hills, south India. This was while his father, Francis, was Chief Engineer of the Presidency of Madras and was overseeing the construction of the Mettur Cauvery Dam, 150 miles south of Bangalore. When it was completed in 1934 it was briefly the largest dam in the world. His maternal grandfather owned The Tetrach which has been regarded as the best British-trained two-year-old of the 20th century.

Laurence was the third of five children all of whom were sent back to school in England. He arrived at St. John's prep school in Old Winsor aged 5 and proceeded to Beaumont in 1938. He excelled at games at school, partly perhaps because he was 6' 3" at the age of 13. He completed his time at Beaumont as Captain of the School, Prefect of the Sodality and Captain of Rugby, Boats and Boxing. He won a place at New College, Oxford (mainly, he claimed, because whilst he had applied to read Chemistry the priests at Beaumont completed the application form incorrectly and he found himself sitting the wrong papers in the entrance exam.) At interview the tutors, feeling sorry for him, offered him a place to read history. He never took up the place because the war intervened and by the time it was over he did not want to burden his retired and relatively impoverished civil servant father with the fees. He was pleased when one of his sons took up the place at New College 35 years later.



*Lawrence aged 16*

He volunteered in 1943 and was commissioned into the 3rd Battalion, Irish Guards. After training he found himself in North West Europe alongside a number of his school friends, including Bobby O'Grady (OB 43). He remembered a briefing to some young officers (mostly 19 and 20 year olds), nervously prodding their breakfast before what was expected to be a rough day. The liaison officer sauntered in, smoking languidly and wearing a cricket sweater, and told them to get their kit ready to leave in 10 minutes. As he left the shed, he turned and said over his shoulder. "I should bring plenty of bullets with you today". Lawrence was wounded in 1945 in the fierce fighting around Hommersum (on the Dutch/German border) in which his Sargent was killed beside him ("the chap who looked after me all day and without whom I knew nothing"). Lawrence was not a practical man; he covered his failing through his later marriage to Virginia, a complimentary, but un-Sargent like bride. He found himself in hospital in bed next to his close friend, Basil Berkeley (OB43), with whom he had started at both St. John's and Beaumont and who was later to be godfather to William. After recovering, he was chosen to carry the Colours in the Victory Parade in London and spent a year or two with the regiment in Hamburg where he enjoyed going to the opera which was quickly revived after the war.

After demobilisation, he qualified as an accountant with Thomson McLintock in London in 1952, He moved to Leicestershire in 1954 to join the British United Shoe Machinery, the world leader in in the

manufacture of shoe making machines and the largest employer at the time in Leicester. His motivation for the move was that the annual salary was £100 more than his pay in London. He became finance director of the British United and finance director and treasurer of the successor entities which emerged from various take overs. Shortly after he retired in 1984, he was asked by his old colleagues to chair a management buyout of the Leicester business from the US conglomerate, Emhart, at the time the largest MBO completed in the UK. In his retirement he enjoyed shooting and playing golf, particularly with his family at Brancaster, seeing his 15 grandchildren and trading the foreign exchange markets on his own account.

Lawrence married Virginia Jorgensen in 1954. She was born in London in 1933. Her father, Ralph, was the son of a Norwegian immigrant, a forester's son who had arrived in London aged 18 in 1884. He set up business with a fellow Norwegian as Johnsen and Jorgensen in the London Docks, importing Scandinavian products including wood pulp, fish oil and polar bear skins to England, The business prospered and diversified into making glass bottles and the plastic closures for the medical, pharmaceutical and food industries in Charlton. It was floated on the stock exchange on its 100th birthday in 1984 and subsequently sold to the packaging company, John Waddington. The two boys had married English sisters and the Norwegian extended family and heritage, and the family business were all important parts of Virginia's psyche. (Not all of her four children and fifteen grandchildren were fans of the soured or pickled herring and toffee tasting goat's cheese which were sometimes served up as Norwegian treats).



*Lawrence & Virginia on their wedding day January 23rd, 1954*

Virginia had been sent to boarding school at Moira House in Eastbourne where she was very happy. She worked briefly for a publisher in London before meeting Larry at a tennis party, marrying in January 1954 and moving immediately to Leicestershire where Larry had a new Job. Virginia was lonely at first, a 20 year old bride living in a new place in what in the 1950's felt a long way from home. But she quickly made new local friends, particularly with families with children of the same ages – the Faires, the Brooks, the Ellingworths, the Burgesses, the Greville Heygates and the Palmers – all remaining friends for the rest of their lives, She had particularly close relationships with Pauline Morton, whom she and Larry had effectively adopted aged 16 from an orphanage in Nottingham to come and look after the children and who remained a friend for the rest of their lives even though she had moved with her family some 45 years ago to live in Yorkshire; and with Stan and Madge Spikings who had been evicted from their tied cottage in Hallaton and for whom Larry and Virginia created a flat in Nether Green Lodge, Great Bowden to which they moved in 1958., Stan working in the garden, Madge becoming almost a second mother to the children.

When the children got older and started going off to boarding school, Virginia was appointed to the bench in Market Harborough and served as a JP for some 25 years, particularly enjoying chairing the Juvenile Court. She was a founding governor of Brooks Weston Academy in Corby and was very proud of its achievements. She was one of the

founding members of the Ampleforth Parents Association, an early attempt by the monks to bring some feminine influence into their running of the school. She had a particular love of North Norfolk where she and Larry had bought a family holiday house in 1970 and where all her children and grandchildren still do “cousinage” each year. She spent her later years indulging her love of travel often with her brother Derek and his wife Margaret. She also liked going back to the Alps, finding Wagner operas to go to and enthusiastically following the lives of her grandchildren. She made a particular point, for example, of visiting each of them at their universities.

### **Laurence & Virginia with grandchildren 1999**



**Back Row:** Lawrence & Virginia. **Middle Row:** India, Myles, Sam, Leonora with Joshua, Clementine, Laura, Allegra. **Front Row:** Jacob, Joe, Finn, Tom, Florrie, Seth, Tatiana

**Family gathering at memorial service for Lawrence & Virginia**



**Back Row:** Dominic, Emma, Justin, Derek (Virginia's brother), Monica, Emma, William & Penny. **Middle Row:** Claire, India, Myles, Sam, Leonora, Josh, Clementine, laura, Allegra. **Front Row:** Jacob, Joe, Finn, Tom, Florrie, Seth & Tatiana.

Virginia died in December 2015 while Laurence died three weeks later in January 2016.

### **Michael Blount (OB 46)**

Michael Edward John Blount died in Reading on November 23rd 2012. He had attended the Oratory Preparatory School in the 1930s and then went on to St. John's, Beaumont, leaving the main school in 1946. He qualified as a Chartered Surveyor and then worked for Esso Petroleum for over 30 years. For much of his adult life, Michael lived in Henley and was a founder member of Henley Wine Circle and he spent much time on the River Thames. He was also an enthusiastic filmmaker. A devoted family man, Mike is survived by his wife of many years, Pat, and his four children and numerous grand- and great-grand-children.

### **NICK O'BRIEN (56)**



His brother **Jim** writes:-

Nick O'Brien died less than a month ago on March 6th. A long time pipe smoker cancer got him in the end. He remained at home until his painful last 24 hours when he was moved to a hospice facility near his house outside Cork City.

After he left Beaumont, where he played on the first fifteen, he went on to play rugby for Trinity College Dublin. In fact he was the vice captain and scrum leader of one of the best teams TCD ever had, as his team won the Leinster Cup, the most prestigious and competitive rugby cup in Ireland for the first time in over 20 years. An extra couple of stone and he would almost certainly have got an Irish cap. He remained interested in rugby to the end and sat up to see all the internationals this year.

His wife pre-deceased him. His five large sons (two now living in Australia, and one in Italy) were all there and more or less nursed him until he was moved to the hospice during his last 24 hours.

He was an engineer by profession.

### **ANDREW MACQUEEN (53)**

His Widow Rose Writes:-

I regret to inform you that my husband Andrew died on 5th April. I think he left Beaumont either in 1953 or 1954. The funeral took place on 15th April at the Catholic Church in Sidmouth. Among those present was Richard Barnes, whom we knew in Worcester and who generally attends the BU lunches and before that the dinners. You have probably met him. Andrew was 80 years old and is buried in Sidmouth cemetery. He was held in great regard by very many people and I have received over 90



sympathy cards, Mass offerings and letters of condolence, which are greatly comforting.

Thank you for forwarding the BU newsletter over the years. I shall not be requiring it again. Andrew appreciated receiving it until his latter years when reading it became too difficult for him. I have his Beaumont school tie, which he treasured, and will keep it in his memory.

**MICHAEL ALEXANDER BRUCE**  
**OB 63-66, OS 66-68**

His brother **Robert** Writes:-

Mike Bruce died unexpectedly in Singapore in February aged 66. He was the second son of Dick Bruce (OB 32-37) and brother to Robert (OB 59-64), Richard (OS 70-75), Paul (OS 76-81), Angus (OS 77-80) and Joe (OS 84-89).

Mike was educated at Penryn (now Winterfold House) and at that early age, he was already developing into quite a character and his Headmaster (Hugh Arbuthnott) reported that he had 'a certain low cunning which would stand him in good stead in the business world' - what an accurate prophesy that turned out to be! He went to Beaumont in 1963 where he did his O Levels, rowed and played rugby for the Colts, and also played tenor drum in the CCF Corps of Drums.

With the closure of Beaumont imminent, he transferred to Stonyhurst for his A Levels in 1966. He was the first ex-Beaumont boy to serve on the Committee, he played hooker for the First XV and was also in the Third XI cricket team. His sense of mischief was evident on the cricket field where he would walk onto the pitch carrying his bat left handed and take guard from the umpire as a left hander, with all the attendant players of the whole fielding side and umpires changing position. At the last minute when the bowler was on his run up, he would calmly adopt a right handed batting position and proceed to whack the ball where the fielders were not!

After Stonyhurst, he went to London where he trained as an accountant and played rugby for London House and for London Scottish. At an early stage after qualifying, he moved to Bermuda where he became involved in the oil exploration business and also got a taste for the expat life. He was a founder member of the Bermuda Mariners Rugby Club, which is still going strong today. During his time in Bermuda, he was visited by John Flood and Ian Bangham on holiday and all sorts of hi-jinks took place, all too embarrassing to recall now!

Thereafter, most of his career was spent abroad in the Far East, with some time spent in Canada and Australia and a brief spell back in UK. While finance was always his background, his career was both enterprising and wide ranging, and he became a Chief Finance Officer and then Company Director in oil exploration and production, cosmetics manufacturing and even domestic cleaning. His special expertise was in the oil contract business and he was regarded as THE expert in South East Asia in the highly technical business of oil and gas Production Sharing Contracts. The glowing remarks by his many ex-pat colleagues show just how highly regarded he was for his business acumen, straight talking and honest approach.

Mike was married to Tishy Johnson and had four children, Natasha, Alex, David and Diana who were brought up mainly in Jakarta and Australia; they now live in Australia, Mexico and the UK. He later divorced.

Rugby remained his passion throughout his life. He was a formidable hooker in his day, deeply versed in the skulduggery of the front row but quite unorthodox describing himself as the 'fourth member of the back row'! After hanging up his boots, or as he described it 'becoming a non-combatant', he became an aficionado of the game and was revered throughout family and friends, and especially among the Singapore ex-pat community, for his in-depth knowledge and stats tables. You didn't start a conversation with Mike on rugby unless you had time to spare!

Mike was one life's great characters, full of ideas, thinking outside the box and never frightened to try something different. He did everything with a twinkle in his eye and a great sense of fun.

### **Rory Brian Mario Nicholas -1938-2008**

A Life Remembered From (Winbury Prep School ):-



It was with great sadness that we heard of the death of Rory Nicholas, in Hong Kong on 16th December 2008. A Requiem Mass was held for him on 14th January 2009 at St Anne's Church, Stanley and was attended by many of his friends from the China Oxford Scholarship Fund, The Hong Kong Sea School, the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hong Kong, the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club and from "his village", Stanley.

Rory played a big part in the setting up in 1992 of the Hong Kong Oxford Scholarship Fund, becoming one of the establishing Trustees. This subsequently became the China Oxford Scholarship Fund COSF. The other two Trustees were Peter Edwards and Sir David Akers-Jones, (BNC 1940), who particularly remembers his bubbling enthusiasm and his desire to do the right thing. Rory continued to play a role in the Fund, as a Trustee and firm supporter right up to his tragic early death, attending events both in Hong Kong and the Scholars' Summer Lunch at Hailey.

Rory was involved in the first interviews and selection and the first Scholar, Kin Y Tarn, now Dr Tarn, remembers the selection interview back in 1992 with Rory and Sir David, and says how grateful he was to the Fund which enabled him to study at Oxford from 1993 to 1996. What he wrote, below, will be what the Fund has enabled now more than 100 scholars to enjoy.

"Oxford provided me with a stimulating research environment, and a chance to work under the direction of an internationally recognized professor. I have learnt a lot of useful knowledge in my discipline. Moreover, the training at Oxford taught me the correct attitude to tackle a project/problem, and through the research process to generate new findings/knowledge. These are the skills which influence me deeply over the years"

After school at Beaumont, Rory attended Brasenose College, reading PPE, from 1960 to 1963. He was a popular and active member of College, becoming President of the JCR and Captain of Boats. He was a member of Oxford's oldest dining club, the Phoenix Common Room, founded in Brasenose

possibly in 1782. On the University front he was a member of the Oxford University Boat Club Committee and a member of Vincents, another club owing its origins to Brasenose men.

Rory moved to Hong Kong in 1964 with P&O Shipping Lines and continued his interests in rowing through the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, where he was the Rowing Captain between 1965 and 1967. He competed in many regattas, including the Princess Beatrix Cup, the Far Eastern Amateur Rowing Association Championships, the British Week International Regatta and the Hong Kong Festival of Sport between 1965 and 1971. For many years he was a keen participant and supporter of the Oxford boat in the races against Cambridge at the O&C Soc of HK Boat Race Regatta. In England he had been elected to the Leander Club in Henley and regularly attended and entertained friends during the Henley Regatta weeks.

His business interests included banking and metal trading but he will be remembered mostly for his presence and connections with Stanley, where he ran several popular restaurants. He was a leading light at the Hong Kong Sea School where he was on the Board of Management from 1990 and had been Deputy Chairman since 2005. He was a keen supporter of the Oxford and Cambridge Society of Hong Kong, being President 1988/89. He was also an enthusiastic amateur racing driver and classic car collector. Many friends, particularly those visiting from overseas, will have happy memories of going out with him on his shared junk, the distinctive black "Cam Hong", and of him leading the refrain, "Are we happy? Yes we are".

He will be greatly missed by his sister, Diana, in England, as well as by his many friends in Hong Kong and around the world. Peter Sunderland, with him at Brasenose, in Hong Kong, and in COSF.

## **JONATHAN MARTIN (64)**

### **Francis Beckett writes:**

It's with great sadness that I have to report the death of Jonathan Martin, of leukaemia, aged 70.

When he had the diagnosis, Jonathan typically took the brave and interesting decision not to have any of the painful and invasive treatments he was offered, and to let nature take its course. "I can't be bothered with any of that stuff" he told me airily. The decision enabled him to die with dignity and relatively painlessly, with his daughter by his side, in a hospice in Berlin, where he has lived for the past few years.

Jonathan went to Beaumont in 1958, the same year that his horrified parents discovered he had epilepsy, which dogged him all his life.

He was dreadfully unhappy there, and had a far more miserable five years than I or any of his friends realised at the time. I suppose he was unusual, being even then highly intellectual and with intellectual

interests, not much interested in rugby, with a clear view of right and wrong, prone to fits, and with a loud noise and laugh which may have drawn unwanted attention in a small community of 250 teenage boys. I have to record that he put down some of his later emotional frailty to his unhappiness at Beaumont.

He had even then an enormous intellect and a wide and eclectic range of intellectual interests, and academically he shone, winning a place at Cambridge.

Cambridge started out well for him, but he had some sort of breakdown and got a poorer degree than had been predicted. After Cambridge his restless intellect took him for a while to the extreme left of the political spectrum; he helped the squatters movement, was involved in some radical magazines, and knew several of the most radical figures of the time, including Piers Corbyn, Jeremy's rather more left wing brother.

Jonathan eventually made a serious attempt to be middle aged and settle down – cutting his shoulder length hair, getting married to Helen, with whom he had a daughter, Clare, and training to be an accountant. When Clare was fifteen, Jonathan and Helen split up, and Jonathan went to live abroad: first in Lille, when he made a living by teaching English to business people, and eventually to Berlin, where he did the same.

Along the way his intellectual interests grew both broader and deeper, and he studied all sorts of unrelated subjects in extraordinary detail, at one stage planning to go back and become an academic (a life for which he would have been well suited.) Among many other things, he had a learned and well developed theory about G.E. Moore and Ludwig Wittgenstein which, though he expounded it to me more than once, I have to confess I never quite understood. The thesis he planned would no doubt have made it clear, but alas that will now never be written.

Clare took a first class degree in Mathematics at University College London and now works as a mathematician, and Jonathan was always fiercely proud of her. Clare and her husband Ray spent a good deal of time in Berlin during Jonathan's final weeks in the hospice. In an odd way they were very happy weeks for him. I visited briefly, and to my surprise, enjoyed it. His courage in the face of death was inspiring, and he made the effort to come outside and enjoy himself. There was no self-pity about him at all, and we had a pleasant time in the chilled sunshine and in a couple of local cafes.

Jonathan did not have the easiest life, but he has always been very much alive, as well as entertaining, passionate, thoughtful, intellectual, noisy and – especially in these last few weeks – brave. He was always his own man, caring little or nothing for what conventional opinion thought he ought to be.

### **JOHN DAVIDSON PARKER (45)**

John spent the war years at Beaumont before leaving to study medicine at Sidney Sussex, Cambridge. He Qualified and worked for many years at the Middlesex Hospital. He was married to Hannah, lived in Wimbledon and had one daughter who later lived in Kenya. John was a keen bridge player and a member of the Hurlingham set. He was also an amateur poet inspired by his cousin Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton and at Beaumont by Fr Moffat SJ. Perhaps that should be his epitaph:-

#### The Big Sleep

How much like death in sleep the aged are

Their youth deserted in a distant star

The spirit lingers in its warm abode

So soon to journey on the lonely road

The pleasures of the flesh have little scope

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste – but never hope.

John died in August 2015

### **RONALD KEARNEY (52)**

Ronald's family lived in Cork and he came to Beaumont from Belvedere. On leaving school he went into the International hotel business. His widow Mary wrote belatedly that Ronald died on 24th June, 2014. He had many health problems over the last few years and had a triple bypass operation on his heart which was successful but he died a short time afterwards due to a lung infection.

### **NIGEL PAYNE (62)**

Lizzi Payne writes:

My late husband and I always looked forward to receiving it and reading the news of old friends. Sadly Nigel passed away in June last year in South Africa which is where we made our home after retirement. Nigel never truly retired as he worked on a consultancy basis up to the end.

I think he went to Beaumont in 1957 and I believe his grandfather was the first head boy there. He also told me that he was there when the Queen visited. He worked most of his life with the Commonwealth Development Corporation which took us to many interesting places but mainly we lived in Africa. We went to Zambia, Malawi, Tanzania, Uganda, Swaziland and finally South Africa, Umhlanga Rocks. His original qualification was as a Chartered Accountant but he mainly worked in Finance and Management. He was a truly wonderful, loving and caring man with a wonderful sense of humour, necessary in our "bush postings"! Everyone who knew him said that the one thing they remembered about Nigel was his interest in all you had to say. In a room full of a hundred people, you were the only one.

He was diagnosed with bladder cancer in 2014 and had just been given the all clear when he suffered massive seizures, when a brain tumour was diagnosed and he died of pneumonia three months later. We just managed out 50th wedding anniversary, albeit in hospital. He left a devastated wife (me), two wonderful sons, and three gorgeous grandchildren.

I will be holding a Memorial Service for him at St Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street, London SW3 at 2.00pm on Friday 8th July. All are very welcome.

I remember soon after we were engaged, (age 17!) Beaumont were playing cricket at Lord's and he took me along with him. I think most of the J's there were pretty horrified!