

“REQUIEM AETERNAM DONA EIS DOMINE”

OBITUARIES 2020

Stefan Oliver (57)

Stefan died 5th July



Not many people can look down from above and see his County Council hold a minute's silence in his memory while the flag outside flies at half -mast. The Leader of West Suffolk Council, said: "Stefan was a remarkable man of many talents who contributed so much to the civic life of Bury St Edmunds and West Suffolk.

"I know I speak for everyone at the council who knew Stefan in saying that he will be much missed but very fondly remembered by us all, and so many others, and our thoughts are of course with his family."

Olly, as his school friends knew him, was already a somewhat larger than life person in many ways. From his arrival at St John's he entertained us with vivid stories of country pursuits in Suffolk ranging from farming to fishing to duck hunting on the marshes of East Anglia. He had developed an almost encyclopaedic knowledge of trees, birds and other wildlife which he pursued at school in the woods and in Windsor Great Park.

He was an active Scout. The Beaumont Review of February 1955 gives a graphic account of the previous summers scout camp where in two weeks it rained every day except three. The anonymous writer, probably the great Father Ezechiel, said "that the aspect of the camp that will live longest in his memory was the atmosphere of cheerfulness, not to say hilarity. Contributory causes were doubtless the simian rumbles produced by the Squirrels' Patrol Leader and the welkin ringing bellows emitted by his rival of the Owls." The simian rumbles were Olly acting like a gorilla, thumping his chest accompanied by a jungle howl that could be heard miles away, to be answered by a deafening version of 'Oh Lucky Jim.' It was a great fun camp despite, or perhaps because of, the dreadful weather.

Olly played rugby in all the year teams and eventually the First XV. He played hooker and was unusual in that he was always bigger than his two props, this writer having been one of them for some of those years. Olly was not very academic but it is likely that his artistic skills were developed under the keen eye and inspiration of Major Roddy in his very enjoyable Art and Architecture classes.

From Beaumont he went onto Agricultural College and then into farm management for 15 years. During this time he met and married Anne, his wife of 55 years. He then changed track, moved back to Bury with his young family of four sons and developed a new career as a talented glass engraver, heraldic illustrator, artist, writer and teacher



Perhaps his biggest engraving was for the country mansion at Stoke Poges, north of Slough, in which Gray wrote his famous Elegy in a Country Churchyard. How many OB's remember learning that! He designed and engraved a 12 foot by 12 foot leaded glass window halfway up the grand staircase, to replace one destroyed by fire. His son Felix recalls the hundred plus small panes involved being spread out on the dining room table for months but the end result was a masterpiece in concept and workmanship. Around the perimeter he engraved the coats of arms of all the families who had lived on that site since the Middle Ages.

His public service included being the sixth generation of his family to have been Mayor of Bury St Edmunds. He also served as Chairman of the Town Council as well as 13 years as a County Councillor. He was a governor of three local schools, Chairman of the Friends of Moyse's Hall Museum, served on the Bury in Bloom committee and was an allotment champion. He was a trustee of West Stow Country Park, Bury St Edmunds Heritage Trust, Suffolk Regiment Museum and was a feoffee of the Guildhall.

For 26 years he taught art at Moreton Hall Preparatory School.

At St Edmunds Church he sang in the choir and served Mass until in his 70's. He engraved and donated a fine glass screen around the baptistry.

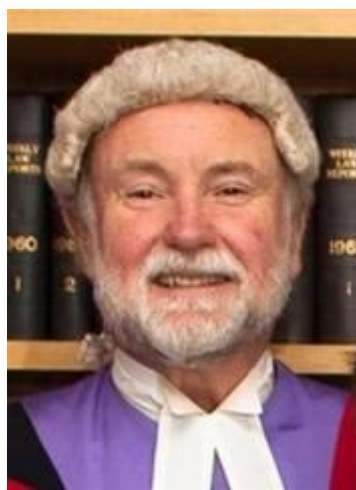
In the midst of this busy life he wrote and illustrated an excellent book on Heraldry and published a fascinating novel, 'Like Chaff to the Wind'. It was based on a true story to do with racing at Newmarket and in Europe and a dramatic escape across the continent during

the First World War. He met people directly involved towards the end of their lives. He actually self-published it via an American company who either did not do spell check or assumed that Olly's was the Queen's English. At school his spelling must have been the despair of the teaching staff but has amused all his friends and work colleagues ever since.

In a tribute, his family said Stefan was 'a loving husband, father and grandfather who inspired, through experiences, his family and all those that he came into contact with'. He died at home on July 5th after a two year battle with prostate cancer. He was a great gentleman who richly deserved the many tributes paid him by the local community, his friends and his family.

PS 'Like Chaff to the Wind' is available through Waterstones. He used the pen name Robert Morgan. It is a good read.

His Honour Judge Michael O'Sullivan (60)



From the Kent Messenger:-

One of Canterbury's most respected judges has been described as a man of "immense kindness" following his death, aged 77

Michael O'Sullivan - known for his charm and sense of humour -retired from the Bench seven years ago and was later diagnosed with Progressive Supranuclear Palsy (PSP).

He had been a judge at Canterbury Crown Court for nine years, earning a reputation as "someone respected by all".

The father-of-three, who loved rugby and was president of Folkestone Rugby Club, began his working life putting up street posters, before moving on to work in a bank and for British Leyland.

He joined the Bar in 1970, embarking on a career in law that would span 43 years.

Close friend and barrister Ian Foinette added: "Michael came a little late to the Bar and joined 5, King's Bench Walk. He had the added distinction of being the best man at the wedding of a couple of members of his Chambers - (retired judges) Andrew Patience and Adele Williams.

"Not only was he a first-class advocate, but he was the fairest of advocates, someone respected by all with whom he appeared; and there was always a bit of humour waiting to be seized upon and expressed, even in the worst of cases.

"His ability to put less experienced members of the Bar at their ease was legendary, but despite his immense kindness to all, his modesty and self-deprecation, he was no soft touch. He was one of the few people about whom no one had a bad word to say.

Barrister Don Ramble added: "He was a much-loved member of the Kent Bar Mess."

In addition to his many other interests, Judge O'Sullivan was an avid rugby player and, latterly, coach and supporter. He coached England international and Captain Catherine Spencer at Folkestone Rugby Club.

Mr Foinette said: "He always joked that she became a highly successful captain of the England Ladies team, despite his coaching."

Former Judge Adele Williams said added: "We are very sad at Michael's passing and that his period of retirement was blighted by such poor and deteriorating health. "He was great friend and a wonderful colleague at the bar and on the bench! "He was kind, compassionate and great fun. He gave his utmost to the profession both as a barrister and as a Judge.

"He gained a reputation as a fair, thorough and humane Judge."

She added: "We will always remember his laugh and his wonderful fund of stories both legal and non legal! I well remember the great headline in the Kent Messenger:

"Judge tells pervert he may dress as a woman" which Michael himself quoted at his valedictory! We will miss him."

She also remembered the barrister arriving once with the battered contents of his wig which had been ruined after he tried to clean it in a washing machine... before it was then demolished by his dog!"

Judge Williams quipped that he became known for being "accident prone" resulting in a first aid kit being placed alongside his law books on the bench.

Close friend, barrister Ian Foinette, also spoke of visits to watch rugby in Ireland – when the English born judge managed to shout for both sides! added: "First aid, accident, Michael O'Sullivan and disaster are never far apart.

He was once in Ireland with another judge and they got themselves involved in an affray along the banks of a Dublin canal... when they were attacked by flock of furious Canada geese!”

He was a great man at the Bar, a great supporter of the Bar and a loyal friend who will always be remembered for his laughter”.

His funeral was held at our Lady of Good Council Church in Hythe and he was buried at Saltwood Parish Church not to far away from the family home. It was humbling to see that the streets were lined with many people wanting to pay their respect.

Professor Philip Rousseau (57)



Philip came to Beaumont from the family home in Ceylon in 1953, leaving in 1957 to try for a vocation with the Jesuits . He studied Philosophy at Heythrop and modern history at Campion Hall. He was a Graduate Scholar at Wolfson College to study history at Oxford. After leaving the Jesuits he went out to New Zealand to become Professor of History at the University of Auckland. This was followed in 1985 Visiting Professor, University of California, Berkeley. 1990 Honorary Research and Teaching Fellow, University of Exeter and in 1996 Bye Fellow, Robinson College, Cambridge.

In 1998 Philip moved to The States to take up the post of Visiting Professor of Early Christian Studies at The Catholic University of America in Washington, DC. Eventually becoming in 2001 The Andrew W. Mellon Distinguished Professor. Apart from America he held posts in Norway and Australia and Director of Catholic's Centre or the Study of Early Christianity.

Philip was an historian of the Later Roman Empire - roughly the period between Marcus Aurelius and Muhammad (including, therefore, the earliest periods of both Byzantine and early medieval European history): the later second to the earlier seventh century (although his work has focused largely on the latter end of that spectrum). He specialized in the religious history of late Roman society, studying chiefly its Christian and specifically Patristic manifestations, but with due reference to both Jewish and pagan literature and practice. He had a particular interest in ascetic culture - again, chiefly in its Christian forms, but taking into account also its Jewish and pagan analogues. In many of his writings he examined the interplay between theological reflection and historical circumstance, attending especially to modes of dissemination and the motives behind them - in homilies and letters, for example, as well as in exegetical commentaries and more formal treatises. He assessed in greater detail how later peoples, down to modern times, have regarded this early Christian period.

Philip died 3rd September.

His publications include:

Ascetics, Authority, and the Church in the Age of Jerome and Cassian. Pachomius: The Making of a Community in Fourth-Century Egypt.

Basil of Caesarea.

The Early Christian Centuries.

John Okell OBE (52)



John came to Beaumont in 1947 from St Peter's Southbourne and left in 1952 having been Prefect of Sodality and went on to read Classics at Queen's College Oxford. In 1959, an inquiry about language courses through the Foreign Office led to his joining the School of Oriental and African Studies as a trainee lecturer in Burmese: "They were looking for someone to be taught Burmese. I applied to the program as I was interested in languages and they chose me and trained me"

Fellow Lecturer Patrick McCormick writes:

With sadness I announce the death of John Okell (b June 1934, d 3 Aug 2020) after being diagnosed with a brain tumour at the end of June. He died peacefully and painlessly surrounded by his family. His illness took everyone unaware, initially manifesting as drowsiness.

John was Lecturer and then Senior Lecturer in Burmese at SOAS from 1959 until his retirement in 1999, after which he started running annual short Burmese courses in Chiang Mai and then from 2009 in Yangon. John also taught at the Southeast Asian Summer Studies Institute (SEASSI) held in the US for several summers during the 1980s and 1990s.

In 1969, John wrote an extensive two volume A Reference Grammar of Colloquial Burmese, the first of its kind in its comprehensiveness, and later with his SOAS colleague Anna Allott, co-authored Burmese/Myanmar Dictionary of Grammatical Forms in 2001. In between, he developed a four-volume course for learning Burmese with sound recordings, and also the concise Burmese by Ear. John researched several Burmese dialects (Rakhaing, Intha, Tavoyan and Yaw), which culminated in a major publication in 1995. Through his work, John encouraged the study of one of Southeast Asia's less taught languages, one for which relatively few resources had existed.

Anyone who worked with John or had him as a student will remember him for his patience and gentle humour, and his great skill as a teacher. He brought a great depth of knowledge and enthusiasm to the classroom, which his students appreciated. John always seemed interested in helping students learn, whatever their aptitudes or abilities. After retirement, John stayed immersed in Burmese, listening to broadcasts and reading widely. In the digital age, he picked up on new expressions on social media.



John leaves behind his wife Sue, their two children Tom and Lucy, and five grandchildren. He will be missed by a huge number of colleagues, students and friends. John was buried in the Chiltern Hills not far from their home in North Barnett in northern London.

In 2014 ,he was awarded the OBE for UK / Burmese relations. John was the creator of the *Avalaser* Burmese computer font and the Chairman of the Britain – Burma Society.

John was a life- long member of the Beaumont Union.

Baron Ludo de Vleeshauer (43)



Ludo was the second of three sons of Baron Albert, Belgian Catholic politician, Monarchist and at the outbreak of War Minister for the Colonies. He managed to get his family to Portugal from where he flew to London to offer “the entire production of all raw materials at the disposition of Great Britain in the war against Nazi Germany” Churchill asked him to return to the continent and convince the other members of the Cabinet to join him in London which they did. His wife and Children followed and the eldest boys Pieter and Ludo arrived at Beaumont in 1940 (Baudouin came in 1945 leaving in '51). We have little information on Ludo’s time at school as there were no REVIEWS published during the war years. However, he did row in The VIII in a year when they lost the Eton race but beat a Cambridge University Crew at Reading Regatta.

On leaving in 1943, Ludo joined the Belgian section of The Royal Navy which provided the crews for a couple of warships and he took part in the D Day landings and convoy duties. Ludo was President of various Veteran Organisations Including the Belgian Navy, The Officers Association and the Wounded Veterans. He represented Belgium each year at the Remembrance Sunday Service and Parade at the Cenotaph in London.



He was also the representative for the Veterans at the “D” Day 75th Commemorations at Portsmouth and in Normandy in 2019 .

After the War Ludo studied at Trinity Cambridge and Louvain University.

His many decorations were Commander of the Order of Leopold 11, Officer of the Order of Leopold, Officer of the order of The Crown, The Belgian Military Medal for Bravery. A loyal supporter of The Beaumont Union.

MICHAEL MARSHALL (62)



His niece Sarah Chapman writes:-

MICHAEL WAS THE ELDEST OF 5 SIBLINGS. LIKE HIS BROTHERS HE WAS SENT TO BEAUMONT. ALTHOUGH HE WAS EXTREMELY WELL READ, HE WAS NOT ACADEMIC. HE WAS REMEMBERED BY HIS FELLOW PUPILS AS A KEEN SPORTSMAN, WITH A REPUTATION FOR PROWESS IN THE RING AS A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL'S BOXING TEAM.

MICHAEL WAS A REBEL WHO SCORNEED CONVENTION AND CHALLENGED ACCEPTED NORMS. FIERCELY INDEPENDENT AND FREE SPIRITED, HE OPTED OUT OF A STEADY 9-5 CAREER AND PREDICTABLE SETTLED LIFE. COMMITMENT TO A LASTING RELATIONSHIP WAS NEVER ON THE AGENDA EITHER.

AFTER BEAUMONT, MICHAEL STUDIED ENGLISH AT LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY IN SUDBURY, ONTARIO. HERE HE DEVELOPED HIS CREATIVE TALENTS, PROVING TO BE BOTH GIFTED POET AND WRITER. DURING THE 1960S AND 70s, SEVERAL OF HIS POEMS WERE PUBLISHED IN THE UNIVERSITY PAPER, LAMBDA, AND IN THE DAILY AMERICAN. THEY REVEAL A KEENLY OBSERVANT AND REFLECTIVE POET WITH AN EYE FOR DETAIL AND A SKILL FOR ACHIEVING IMPACT WITH BREVITY AND ORIGINALITY. IN HIS POEM 'MONTE CRISTO', FOR EXAMPLE, A ROPE ON A BOAT "SLIPPED AND STUCK UPON THE WEIGHTY CANVAS, SEESAWING AT THE THIN MAST."

FOR MANY YEARS HE MADE HIS HOME IN ROME WHERE HE CONTRIBUTED POETRY TO *INTERNATIONAL DAILY NEWS*, AN ENGLISH LANGUAGE PAPER, AND WROTE WELL INFORMED REVIEWS OF LOCAL EXHIBITIONS, INCLUDING ONE ON THE LAST DAYS OF KEATS.

IN ROME, HE ALSO REPRESENTED KEMPS FILM DIRECTORY, SELLING ADVERTISING SPACE IN CINEMA PROGRAMMES.

TO QUOTE ALAN LOWNE, HIS MANAGER AT KEMPS PUBLISHING GROUP:

"I APPOINTED HIM AS SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR ITALY WHEN HE FIRST LIVED IN ROME. EVENTUALLY HE WAS SO SUCCESSFUL, HE SLOWLY EXPANDED INTO SALES IN GERMANY/FRANCE AND SPAIN, AS WELL AS ITALY. WE BECAME GOOD FRIENDS AND I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER MICHAEL FONDLY FOR HIS GOOD COMPANY, INTELLIGENCE AND HUMOUR, WITH ALL ROUND GREAT PERSONALITY. HE WAS ONE OF A KIND".

MICHAEL LOVED TO TRAVEL AND MEET PEOPLE OF ALL FAITHS AND DENOMINATIONS. HE WOULD ENGAGE IN ALL MANNER OF SUBJECTS, SOMETIMES TO THE BEMUSEMENT OF THOSE AROUND HIM. HE WAS NEVER HAPPIER THAN TRAVELLING AROUND THE CITIES OF EUROPE PARTICULARLY SPAIN, FRANCE AND THE WIDER CONTINENT. HE RETURNED YEAR AFTER YEAR TO THE SAME HOTELS, WHERE HE WAS WELCOMED WITH ENTHUSIASM AND TREATED LIKE A CELEBRITY. MICHAEL PERHAPS FOUND IN STRANGERS WHAT OTHERS FOUND IN FAMILY LIFE: WHAT HE CALLED "THE PACT OF FRIENDSHIP / THE MAGNITUDE OF LOVE".

HIS SISTER ROSEMARY RECALLS WORKING AS A TEMP FOR A FILM ADVERTISING AGENCY. SHE WAS BARELY NOTICED STUFFING ENVELOPES UNTIL SHE MENTIONED SHE WAS MICHAEL MARSHALL'S SISTER. HER COLLEAGUES WERE IN AWE AND SUDDENLY SHE WAS ELEVATED FROM LOW LEVEL TYPIST TO COMPANY ROYALTY.

MICHAEL HAD A FLARE FOR LANGUAGES AND WAS FLUENT IN ITALIAN AND FRENCH. LANGUAGE PROVED TO BE AN ENDURING INTEREST: MICHAEL WAS STUDYING LATIN AND READING THE NEW TESTAMENT IN GERMAN IN THE WEEKS BEFORE HE DIED.

THE COMING OF THE INTERNET CHANGED THE WAYS OF BUSINESS. OUT WENT THE PERSONAL TOUCH AND AGENTS OR MIDDLE MEN LIKE MICHAEL WERE NO LONGER NEEDED IN THE NEW WORLD.

HE DECIDED TO SETTLE IN NICE FRANCE WHERE HE SAW HIMSELF AS A *BOULEVARDIER* PROMENADING THE AVENUE DES ANGLAIS. AN ETERNAL OPTIMIST, HE WAS FOREVER GENERATING NEW BUSINESS IDEAS, MOST OF THEM AS UNREALISTIC AS THEY WERE EXCITING. IN NICE, HE FORMED AN UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE HE TRUSTED BUT WHO LET HIM DOWN. HIS TRUSTING AND GENEROUS NATURE ULTIMATELY COST HIM HIS FLAT AND LIFE SAVINGS.

DARKLY HUMOROUS EVEN IN TIMES OF MISFORTUNE, HE SAID IN HIS NEW FOUND POVERTY THAT HE WOULD LIKE HIS GRAVESTONE TO READ: "HE DIED TO SAVE MONEY. DO NOT RECUSICATE!"

HE WAS SAD TO LEAVE NICE AND CAME TO LIVE IN THE FLAT IN TAUNTON NEAR HIS BROTHERS WILFRID AND JOHN. HE MISSED THE TRAVELLING LIFE AND THE EASY GOING WAYS OF EUROPEAN CAFE SOCIETY. THERE HE FELT HE COULD ENGAGE IN EASY CONVERSATION WITH STRANGERS WITHOUT APPEARING IN ANY WAY UNUSUAL.

MICHAEL WILL BE SADLY MISSED BY HIS 3 BROTHERS MARK, JOHN AND WILFRID AND SISTER ROSY AND THOSE OF HIS SURVING FRIENDS WHO CANNOT BE HERE TODAY. HE WILL FIND REST IN KINGSTON ST MARY CHURCHYARD ALONG WITH HIS PARENTS AND GRANDMOTHER.

IT COULD BE SAID THAT IN DEATH WE ARE ALL HERMITS. NO ONE COULD BETTER CAPTURE THE COMFORTS TO BE FOUND IN THIS OUR ULTIMATE SOLITUDE THAN MICHAEL HIMSELF:

“IF INDEED WE DIE AND ALL HEART FELT

PLEASURES WARMTH AND JOYS ARE LOST,

AND WHAT IS LEFT REMAINED, IS TO BE FLED AWAY

BY LIFE’S WIND THAT FAR BENEATH THE MOON

OF SIFTING TIDES CARRIES THE SEASON

THROUGH THE BEARING TIME AND WARMING RAYS

TO NIGHT AND DARKNESS.

THEN WE MUST FIND A PLACE AND NOT BE LOST

AND GATHER HARVEST IN OUR CAVE.”

(TAKEN FROM HIS POEM, THE EREMITTE)

MICHAEL YOU WERE INDEED ONE OF A KIND.

MAY YOU REST IN PEACE.

JOHN BIDWELL (65)

John died on 15th August, aged 73. Much loved husband of Juliet, father of James and Patrick and grandfather.



Ian Bangham Very sorry to hear this. He will be in my thoughts and prayers tonight.

Tony Shannon I am deeply saddened to hear this news of John's Passing! I have many great memories of school with John and of Xmas with John and his family in Mayfield, 1964. I was fortunate to see him at our 2010 reunion meeting. He and his family will be in my prayers

Kevin & Fiona Riordan I am deeply saddened to hear this news of John's Passing! I have many great memories of school with John and of Xmas with John and his family in Mayfield, 1964. I was fortunate to see him at our 2010 reunion meeting. He and his family will be in my prayers.

Patrick Garstin. Devastated by the news of my soul mate passing away ! Privileged to have had lunch with him In February before the lock down with Juliet and my wife Christine.



Paul Kinsella I am sorry to hear the news about John. We played cricket together from junior colts to the Lord's match in '65. He was a fine opening bowler with plenty of fire. On a lighter note I remember his good humour. Once when he was handing his sweater to the umpire he was surprised when the umpire asked "When is your birthday?" John said "12th August' and the umpire replied "Remind me to buy you some whitener for your boots." John looked down, gave the umpire a wry smile and went back to his mark to start the over.

When some veterans gathered for the thirtieth anniversary of the last Lord's game, John was accompanied by his father Harold, who had distinguished himself playing the Oratory at the Oval in wartime as well as at Lord's in peacetime. John must be greatly missed by his family and I would like to offer my sincere condolences.

Romain de Cock John was a man of immense charm who will never be forgotten by any of us. He grabbed life with both hands and lived it to the full. No doubt he could have taken more care but the older I get the more I feel that there are many ways to live a life and that perhaps all this economic security, relative celebrity and sense of self-importance are not all they're cracked up to be. Before leaving the shores of England I had got in touch with him to arrange lunch together but regrettably this never happened in the busy blur of selling the house and moving our earthly possessions. Somewhat aptly, the last time I saw him was at

Beaumont for the Golden Jubilee dinner. I certainly hope to join you in 2021 to raise a glass in his honour and memory, a gesture which I know he would appreciate well.

James Halliday Such sad news about John. Yes, Paul, he was a fine cricketer as well as an excellent rugby player; centre three quarter (if memory serves me right) with a great turn of speed and a devastating body swerve, in which he took great delight!

Charlie Morris Below are some photos of John at Beaumont all those years ago. You may circulate these photos if you wish. Pride of place amongst my Lord's photos is "Lysons caught Arnoux bowled Bidwell" - the appeal led by John in full cry.



Under 14 Cricket XI 1961







Simon Potter Thanks, Floodie, for the sad news. Another of the old gang gone. I never knew Bidders very well (not being much of a cricket/rugger man) but I remember his being very perky and pleasant at that Beaumont “do” in 2010.

Patrick Garstin (again) As John Flood has mentioned I met up with John on the 19th February in his French hang out – St Foy in the Tarentaise where his son now works and lives – had a very nice lunch with him and our wives. Despite very limited mobility and other problems he remained his usual humorous and upbeat self – I can assure you he was a hell of a great and very brave person and it was a privilege to be his friend. Never heard him complain except about the Jesuits and even then only mildly!!

Mickey Parish Sad news indeed. The lights are going out one by one. I found this in my cuttings of Beaumont. John had the looks and was a great sporting talent, and from what I’ve read and heard was great company. As Paul Kinsella recalls, I will always remember him as our 1st XI fast bowler (along with Bill Orchard holding up the other end – sadly also passed away).

Chris Newling-Ward

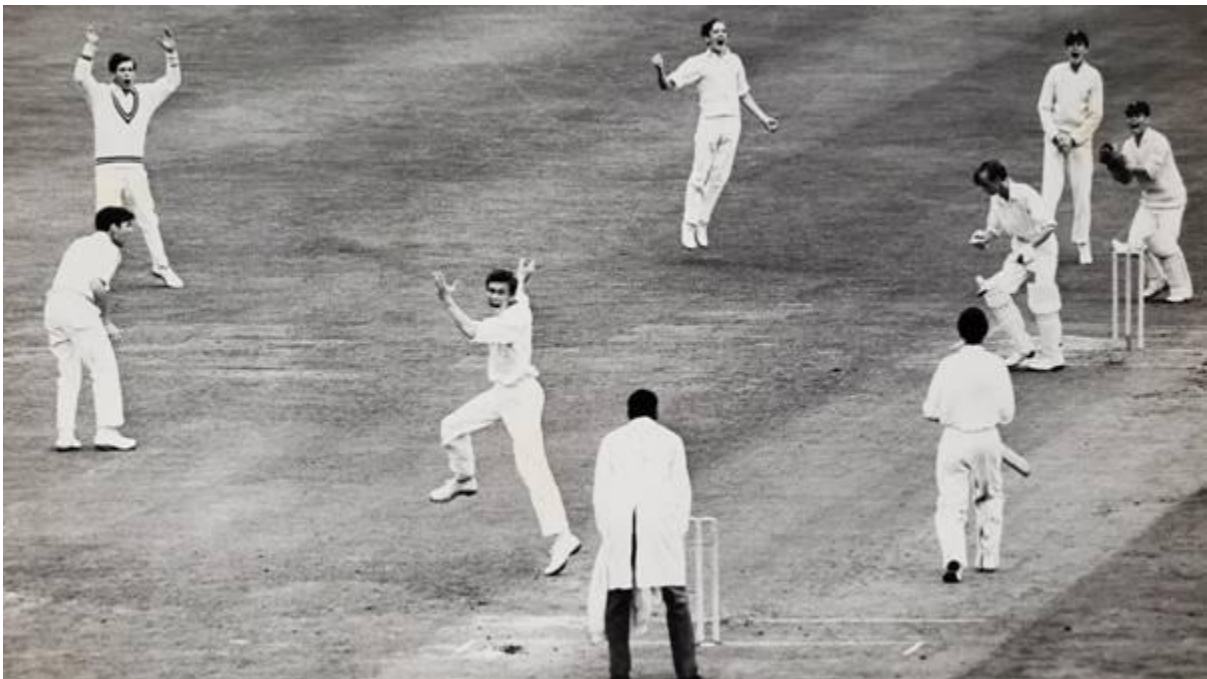


1st XV 1965

Kevin Webb John and I were good friends and used to stay with each other in the holidays
All these things happened a long time ago.

Henry Hayward Saddened to hear of John's death. I gather it had been a hard few years. Would have much enjoyed catching up with him despite not being either a cricketer or sitting in the same classroom. We sat close to each other at meals quite often and can only remember an amusing and decent guy. RIP

Tony Arnoux Sad days, I attach a couple of happier memories. Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.





Paul Evelyn Very sorry to hear the news about John. Memories of watching cricket and rugby.

Tony Shannon (again) John was a wonderful person!! He and his family took me in for Xmas 1963. They were extremely kind to a youngun from the Caribbean surviving winter. I also have great memories of a school trip to Austria with Rogers, Biddy, Sheraton and Christie. If only we had more Johns!!.

Simon Potter (again)



Syntax III – 1962 - 1963

I thought I'd send the snap to a few more of the old 1960 crowd for them to do some mug-spotting. Dear Al Wimsatt (RIP) in the middle, me, Jenkins, Farrant, Tony Shannon, Garstin & Nicholson to his right; H Goldsmith behind, and Henry Hayward, Fishy, Ramon, Paul Lake, de Kerdrel & Ellie to his left. It WAS a jolly class, wasn't it? And so small!

David Danson sorry to hear of John's demise. He wasn't a close friend but seemed a decent guy.

Michael Penruddock I was sorry to hear about John Bidwell's death and thank you for letting me know. When we left Beaumont John, Christopher Goldsmith and myself drove in an old Dormobile to Greece through, what was, Yugoslavia. We were away for six weeks and as you can imagine we had many stories to tell.

Michael Newton Sad news about John. I have hardly ever seen him since we left but I trust he is now at rest in peace, with all our prayers.

Arthur Cope I add my condolences to Juliet and the family on John's death. It was good to have been with him at the Golden Jubilee dinner at Beaumont on 25 September 2010. (I have no idea why I appear on the cricket team photo sent in by Charlie Morris. There are 13 in the photo, so maybe I was the "ball boy"?!)

Alan Mitchell I was very sad to hear that John had died. Please can you pass on my condolences to his wife Juliet and his family. I knew him well as a classmate in Grammar and Syntax and also through rugby and cricket. He excelled in both sports and particularly in cricket as a brilliant fast bowler. I was lucky enough to play in the 1st XI team with him at Lords in 1965. I have of course seen him many times since then including at Paul Kinsella's BU Lord's Match Veterans Party in 1996 as well as at many subsequent BU events. He was always good fun to be with and had an adventurous spirit. May he rest in peace.

Farewell, John, clearly a greatly valued friend to so many.

May those from the Class of 60 who went before you, have been there to greet you, with the same tremendous warmth that was one of your delightful hallmarks.

Alex Wimsatt, Brian Craig-Waller, Francis D'Almada, Jeremy de Kerdrel, Robert Farrant, Michael Sheraton, Derek Christie, Chris Goldsmith, Michael Garnaud, Bill Orchard, Johnny Rogers .

Paul Anthony Bedford (54)



His sons Mark and Luke write:-

It's not straightforward condensing the life of someone who was such a mass of contradictions:

He was a stickler for rules, but a shocking cheat in games.

He had a high standard when it came to polishing shoes, but sometimes wore two from different pairs.

Everything had to have a place, but in reality, nothing was kept in place.

He was irascible by nature, yet he could be endlessly patient.

He loved clocks and keeping time, but was a liability to get out of the door, for an event or appointment.

He loved predictability, but he was consistently unpredictable.

When it came to clothing, he had a keen eye for the perfect fit, he spent out on tailoring for both him and mum, yet he wore his trousers half-mast like a teenager and rarely did up his flies.

He was a nutty professor and a fantastic eccentric. He was known for his love of numbers. Perhaps he liked their safe predictability: they were dependable and wove perfect patterns. He loved primes and knew the squares of ridiculously, high numbers.

He appreciated the complexity of latitude and astronomy and the art of measuring; attested by his collection of instruments and gages; barometers, pendulums, compasses and even an ammeter.

He also owned measuring tools, for every type of length and depth and knew the conversions of feet, hectares, tons and beyond. He was always surprised they weren't common knowledge. He also knew most chemical formulas and the complex principles of physics which he regularly applied to daily life.

For such an unfathomable man, it's ironic that he stood at exactly one fathom high (6ft to the less initiated) so it would not have escaped him that in his current location, he forms the perfect square of 36! (I'll let you ponder on that one), a fitting sum for the man born in 1936.

He came from a lineage of structural engineers and teachers. He was the eldest of five children, sadly losing a younger sister in a fire when she was 18 months old, Francis-Mary. His two younger brothers died before him; **Johnny** in his 50s and **Mike** more recently, which he considered thoughtless and he missed them terribly. Surely, they will be drinking together now. That leaves his youngest sister Chesky, who lives in Sau Paolo, of whom he was very fond.

Dad had a faith in Jesus, and Catholicism was a strong thread in his upbringing. His mother taught him, The Creed during bath times, two of his uncles were Jesuit priests, and his education included both Latin, and how to be an altar boy at St. John's.

His overall remark about his prep school was 'Misery' starting with the trauma of leaving Waterloo, with a carriage full of crying eight-year-olds, bound for a life of early-starts and ferula-beatings. But relieved a little, by eccentric characters and sport.

Moving on to Beaumont senior school, brought him the freedom he needed, and the sports he was good at. He's remembered by Rugby team-mates, for his ability to score a conversion, from the halfway line.

Last year, we filmed his own 'Desert Island Discs'. One of his emotional memories of his teen years, was serving among his fellow Scouts at King George's funeral. He could still recall the monotonous drum beat echoing off the walls of Windsor Castle, whilst the coffin passed.

They'd been instructed, like soldiers to keep their eyes to the floor, but they were caught on camera all peeping up as the three mourning queens processed by in their carriages.

He loved his teen years, his sport and he made life-long friends. They remember him as being large – large in character, large in stature and volume, for his infectious laugh, and his shirt hanging out.

He lived and moved with that large energy and replenished himself with ample sleep. He even got matron to give him a complete day, in bed every so often. He could fall asleep anywhere, and often would during a party. We always said he could sleep on a washing line!

In 1956, a 13-year-old Carolyn Wolff (daughter of **Freddie** and brother of **John**) was off to the Beaumont Summer Fete. Her mother had put a dress in the back of the car in case, by some miracle, her tomboyish daughter might feel inspired to wear one. They collected one Paul Bedford on the way and the love-struck Carolyn changed into the dress.

Dad, being seven years older, took longer to fall for her. He was always a bit late, to catch on to good ideas!

Dad wore his achievements lightly, which was just as well because they weren't celebrated in his own home. It might have been a good moment for him, when he was delivered a letter of

acceptance from Cambridge to study engineering, whilst playing Cricket for the First Team, but the news was met with no praise from his parents, who couldn't see the merit of further education and needed persuading by one of his father's colleagues.

Luckily, they were persuaded, but before he was able to take up his place, he was served his national service papers in 1954. To his delight, he was sent out to Cyprus via Egypt to train as a radio mechanic in the signals regiment working on transmitters, which he loved. His time in Cyprus was happy. he learned to sail and enjoyed the comradery of his mates.

He then went up to Cambridge to read engineering. He loved rowing and had a life-long interest in Henley regatta, having competed there. Many years later in the 70s when the housekeeper, or Gyp, as they were called, from, Christ's college Cambridge retired, she was given a leaving dinner. She was allowed to invite two former pupils to represent her entire, working life at Cambridge. She invited dad! Testament to his kind and memorable nature...

His academic education concluded with his civil engineering exams which he approached with the same disorder as his attire. He soon noticed that other candidates had brief-cases replete with items, such as a ruler, that could be useful for the structural drawings, required in the exam. Not to be outwitted, he tipped out his pockets and using his, shall we say unusual collection of general knowledge, such as 'a ha-penny being an inch in diameter', he measured his cigarettes to create his own eight-inch ruler.

The invigilator's expression must have been interesting and similar to the one on the face of a client a few years later: when they watched dad line up salvaged champagne bottles from a site bin in order to reconcile the foundation measurements in the plan drawings. He had come ill-equipped once more, but his unique knowledge of bottle-lengths, proved accurate and he squared the maths for the building site.

Mum and Dad's friendship blossomed after their first meeting, whilst he was a Cambridge student and she a convent pupil, via the means of royal mail. He, being wise to the intercepting nuns kept his affection to badly packaged sweets, and Mum desperately ransacked her post, in vain for romantic undertones.

They married in October 1963. In those early years, they settled in a bungalow in Chorleywood, where two became 5, then to Little Chalfont where they soon became 6. there the back door flapped with the comings and goings of friends, dogs, Labrador litters, more litters, more friends and endless cousins.

It was during Mum's pregnancy with Luke, that he added water-colour painting to his pursuits. Nothing we're hoping to inherit, I might add.

He also enjoyed basic carpentry: Furniture, rope-ladders and toys emerged from his large mancave at Maplefield. They all had strapping proportions including a huge, gaudily painted tuck box he made with Mark to gird him through my St. John's years. He allowed Mark to decorate it with unlimited access to the local garage's, spray-can selection. The box lasted over 30 years!

Friends and family who have come here today, remember our family home for its warm welcome, and nobody left with an empty tummy or a thirst. And Dad's contribution was often a gin and tonic. The mixing of which was almost a ritual, and only a small few have qualified to his standard.

A large family did not prove a good place to hide your sensitivities, and Dad was convinced that part of his fatherly roll, was to toughen us up with his sharp wit, which knew no bounds. He teased us mercilessly and our friends. He mocked our school plays and heckled speech day. But just to add to his catalogue of contradictions, or perhaps to redeem our self-esteem, he'd often declare, "We're proud of you in the buildings."

I daresay, he took many of his theories either, to or from his working life which began as a trainee site-engineer and included re-building some of London after the war. He's left his mark on the London skyline, and would sometimes point out, the buildings he had been involved with.

He designed over a 100 factories in his time, and although most of his work entailed concrete and calculations, as a family, we understood his work in terms of what emerged from under the rooves he erected: Rover cars, Gallahers Tobacco, Tate and Lyle Golden syrup, Brooke Bond tea, Wallis and Steevens, Steam Rollers, Dennis Fire Engines, how fitting is our after-gathering and most notably, bank notes of every currency, which he constructed factories for across four different continents.

For all his globetrotting, he never really mastered traveling, and would be seen opening his brief case in an airport and letting all the contents fly everywhere. He was a liability on

family holidays. Along with all the travel, his working memories were far more, about the characters he met on the way and they are sentimental about him and his unorthodox style:

A great friend and client described Dad as having an ability to explain technical matters in simple terms. Not a testimony I can reconcile with the extra-curricular maths lessons, we were freely offered at home! However, he's fondly remembered by colleagues as drawing explanatory sketches in neat blue ink, on the back of cigarette packets. On a larger scale, he problem-solved his way through the Steel crisis (an essential component of factory building) and was the first choice of De La Rue, the world's leading bank note factory, for all their construction projects, including their headquarters.

He is also remembered for his elegant handwriting and perfectly punctuated letters – never a misplaced apostrophe. And he was not shy about correcting the written or spoken words of others.

Mid-crescendo of a great story or punchline was never too sacred to interject with an amending. Madeleine asked him to reduce the word count of a 1500-word article once and it was returned as four lines. But she and others would say that they learned more about how to write from his patient editing than anywhere else.

His greatest compositions were his letters of complaint. In fact, it was a good barometer of how well he was in his later years. There have been notable responses over time from recipients. From Cadburys, after he sent them a letter with a carefully packaged mouthful from his fruit and nut bar, which seemed to have a foreign body in it. Cadbury's graciously enclosed a refund, an equally erudite letter and his tooth!

But the writing we remember with fondness, was his own stories for his children and grandchildren. William The Whale deserves a mention today as one of his creative legacies.

By the time we moved to Latimer, Dad had added Marmalade and Christmas pudding making to his creative repartee, which he approached with his unsparing use of tools and trademark of leaving a trail of sticky mess, around the kitchen. Mum would annually fear the de-fruiting of the kitchen cupboards, but the marmalade itself was a great success.

But it's fair to say his creativity was being finessed and by the time they left Latimer his man-shed was producing finer items such as guitars, and other stringed instruments, and then as

grandchildren began to arrive; a beautiful crib, a rocking chair. And from Park Place, wooden toys and, to the horror of his grandchildren: life-drawings!

It was really no wonder that his recent death, though expected, came as something of a shock, because he'd made a bit of a habit of nearly dying over the years. Saying goodbye to Dad was not a one-off event and it was always marked with a customary drink. From Park Place, his frail voice called for the Bollinger as he sat next to his hospital bag. It was a favourite dying request and one to which we became accustomed.

Because of his previous false alarms at dying or by basic denial, we missed the impending clues for the real thing – his grandfather clock stopped in its tracks the week before he died, and he had strategically placed a Bollinger in the fridge door. His walk had become a shuffle and his life a little smaller, but perhaps he fooled us because his brain never lost its sharpness. But years ago, he had predicted the year of his death. he'd worked out, with the help of the Dunlop book of facts, that he would live until 2020.

Later he reconsidered his calculation, forgetting he was left-handed, which caused him to chop 6 years off his prediction, so he was a little miffed after midnight of 2013 to find himself still alive, but took it in good heart and put the Bollinger back.

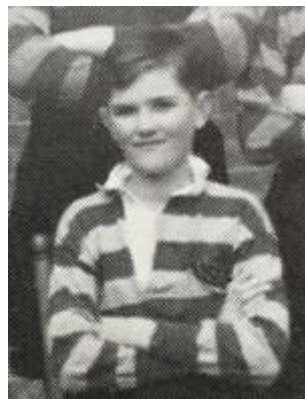
Had it been left entirely to him; we think he would have chosen the recent palindrome for his final day of exit. 02:02:20 20. But though he was a fan of predictability he never wanted to be predictable. Perhaps he avoided it to elude us all.

But his greatest criticism would have been if we'd tried to paint him as a saint. He'd hate that. In fact, some of his impatiences and criticisms stemmed from the fact that he was all too aware of his own shortcomings and perhaps at times, not aware enough of the many ways in which we valued him. We will, in time, celebrate his large presence and be grateful for the ways he's contributed to the shape of us, through his mass of contradictions, dry wit and gentle patience.

“we're proud of you in the buildings”.



John was born in Kensington in 1927 the son of Sir Theobald the longest serving Director of Public Prosecutions from 1944 – 64 and the only solicitor to hold the office. Under his auspices, wartime traitors were arraigned before the courts. Documents that have recently come into the public domain show that Sir Theobald had drawn up a plan for selected Nazis to be summarily executed rather than put on trial; a commission considered this to be the preferred option. Churchill was overruled by Roosevelt and Stalin with their demands for “Show Trials”. Today, Theobald is better remembered for authorising the prosecution of Penguin Books for obscenity concerning the publication of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*. In Old Windsor circles, Theobald was married to Phyllis Russell the eldest daughter of the Hon Cyril, the fourth son of Lord Russell of Killowen.



He was sent to St John's in 1937 where he earned his colours both at cricket and rugby which he would repeat at Beaumont when he was Captain of The School, Rugby and Cricket The Review reported that John led the XV, a good inside quarter whose attack was brilliant 8 of the eleven matches won including Dulwich, Epsom and St Paul's.

At Cricket among those matches won were Wellington, Bradfield, KCS and St Paul's. In the Oratory match he scored 52 in a match that had to be abandoned because the Heavens opened. At Bradfield he scored. His averages were 15 innings, 361 runs 2NO ,84 Highest NO ,27.8 Av.

Understandably he loved the Debating Society where he was the Member for Jesse Noodle. This was explained as John was known "Jessie" nick-named after Sonnie Hale's actress wife.

Leaving school in 1944 he did his National Service in the Royal Navy, John then abandoned a youthful ambition to become a motor trader and read for the Bar. Called by Lincoln's Inn in 1949, he obtained a pupillage at 5 Paper Buildings where Edward Cussen OB was in residence and he stayed for 50 years, eventually becoming head of chambers. John decided to practise criminal law, where impressed from the outset, and only 10 years after being called was appointed a junior prosecuting counsel to the Crown (known as Treasury Counsel), handling important cases on behalf of the DPP.

Early in his career, he unsuccessfully defended Charles Wilson, one of the Great Train Robbers, and in the same year held a watching brief on behalf of Lord Astor, owner of Cliveden, during the trial of Stephen Ward, the Mayfair osteopath at the centre of the Profumo affair. In 1965 he prosecuted the Kray twins at their Old Bailey trial on extortion charges.

When his friend and colleague Michael Corkery QC prosecuted the publishers Calder & Boyars for obscenity in 1967 following the release of the American novel Last Exit To Brooklyn, Mathew, also on the prosecution team, recalled the fun they had together planning cross-examination of the expert witnesses called by the defence to argue that the novel had artistic merit. A few eminent critics likened the author, Hubert Selby Jr, to George Eliot and Charles Dickens. Although the book was initially banned, the decision was reversed on appeal.

In 1974 he became the Senior Treasury Counsel, a post he held, prosecuting the most important cases on behalf of the Crown, usually at the Old Bailey, until he took silk in 1977.

As chief crown counsel at the Old Bailey, John also prosecuted eight self-styled “urban guerrillas” known as the Angry Brigade who had been responsible for a wave of bombings. In 1977 he prosecuted four members of a Provisional IRA gang who had murdered the author Ross McWhirter and carried out a series of bombings before taking a couple hostage in the Balcombe Street siege.

It was after he took Silk that he made his mark as a defence lawyer,

self-disciplined and always well-prepared, John had a habit, as a case proceeded, to sleep, sitting upright in a chair, for 10 minutes precisely, after lunch. This helped to ensure that his concentration never lapsed.

John’s low-key courtroom style was deceptive. “He underplays,” one fellow barrister observed of him, “but always has the issue very clearly in sight. He pursues that with all the steadiness of a tiger stalking its prey, then he goes in for the kill.”

He acted for the financier Jim Slater (accused of fraud), Mathew secured the rejection by magistrates of an attempt by the Singapore government to have the financier extradited to face fraud charges on the grounds that this was an intended political prosecution. This was followed by Sarah Tisdall (jailed for leaking British government documents to *The Guardian* in 1983), and Kenneth Noye, who was acquitted of murdering a Scotland Yard detective. Other clients included the Spectator columnist Taki and the champion jockey Lester Piggott.

Though mainly a crime man, Mathew also acted for Sir James Goldsmith in his libel actions against *Private Eye*. He represented the *Evening Standard* in the “Spycatcher” proceedings, where Mrs Thatcher’s government successfully argued that three newspapers were in contempt of court for publishing articles about the MI5 officer Peter Wright in the face of injunctions already issued to *The Guardian* and *The Observer*.

In Jeremy Thorpe’s Old Bailey trial 1979, Mathew defended the Liberal leader’s friend David Holmes. For the watching journalist Auberon Waugh, Mathew was the trial’s true star. Mathew’s most vivid memory was of the moment the defendants heard of their acquittals. While one fell flat on his back and Holmes swayed “like a drunken boxer” before being caught by guards in the dock, Thorpe began shaking hands with the court staff. Throughout the trial, Mathew recalled, “he played the consummate politician”.

Successfully defending Kenneth Noye on a charge of murdering Det Con John Fordham, who was taking part in an operation to recover gold from the £26 million Brink's-Mat robbery, Mathew argued that the undercover officer had been dressed in camouflage kit and balaclava when Noye stabbed him by torchlight in the grounds of his house. He succeeded in getting the charge reduced to manslaughter on the basis that although Noye had a knife in the fight, he had no prior intention to kill.

In connection with that £26 million Brink's-Mat bullion robbery near Heathrow in 1984. Applauding Mathew's spirited defence, The Guardian noted he may have looked like a bishop but demonstrated an altogether unepiscopalian turn of phrase: "This is typical bloody serious crime squad verballing."

Not all Mathew's defences were so effective. In 1990 he represented the fugitive Freddie Foreman when he was jailed for nine years for handling proceeds from the £6 million Security Express raid, Britain's biggest cash robbery.

In 1987 he appeared for one of the greatest jockeys of all time - Lester Piggott; John pleaded for leniency but Piggott was sent down for three years for VAT and tax evasion. The judge considered that to treat the case exceptionally would be to invite similar crime. At least Piggott did not lose his touch while inside, as on release he scored a famous victory in the Breeders Cup in America.

Nor did Mathew convince an appeal judge before whom he appeared on behalf of the playboy columnist Taki, convicted of possessing cocaine at Heathrow in 1984. As Taki recalled, "even his golden tongue was unable to sway the judge who gave me four months in the pokey."

In 1999 he retired as "The senior man at the bar": Mathew and Michael Corkery held a joint 100th birthday party attended by "everyone from lord chancellors to lavatory attendants" to celebrate their having sat alongside each other at the same desks in the same room at the same chambers for 50 years.

In the course of his prolific career, Mathew witnessed a "phenomenal" increase in the size of the legal profession, recalling his early days when there were about 50 criminal barristers in London who all knew each other. "It was so much good fun," he remembered. "We used to

go to El Vino in the evening and gossip like mad. Now, there's not that intimacy – it's not a small shop, but a huge great Westfield.”

Following the killing of Stephen Lawrence and the “Double Jeopardy” rule which allowed certain suspects to avoid justice, many felt that the law should be reviewed and the suspects charged with other offences such as conspiracy to murder, affray and assault. John made it clear that “if you kill in concert and you are found guilty of killing in concert it is murder; it is also conspiracy to murder although you have not been found guilty of that charge. There would be a very good argument for saying that if you have been acquitted of murder, you have also been acquitted of conspiracy to murder and the same can be said of assault that results in death which is intended. We should not allow ourselves to fall into a situation where the State can endlessly prosecute unpopular defendants until it gets the result it is after”.

John served on the appeals tribunal of the British Boxing Board of Control. As shown at school he was a good games player himself, skilled at cricket, tennis and golf.

With his ready, dry sense of humour, he was popular as an after-dinner speaker.

John Mathew married, in 1952, Jane Lagden, who predeceased him in 2016. Their two daughters survive him. John was life-long member of the Beaumont Union.

MICHAEL SCOTT-MONCRIEFF (59)

Euan Cameron writes:

Those who were at Beaumont in the years from 1954-59 may remember Michael who, I am sad to report, died on 10 March this year at the age of 79.

A proud Scotsman with a literary bent (his father George was a writer and critic, and his great-uncle, C.K.Scott-Moncrieff, was famous for his translation of Marcel Proust's *A la recherche du temps perdu*), Michael shone at writing English essays for Fr Hanschell and Mr O'Malley, and at Geography, in the sixth form. He also rowed for the school at the Henley Regatta in spite of his reputation for being a secret smoker.

After leaving Beaumont, Michael lived in France, Canada and the USA before returning to Edinburgh where he worked as a successful advertising copywriter. He was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in his early sixties and lived subsequently in Fort Augustus, close to the Abbey where his funeral was held. He is survived by his daughter, Suzannah.

Vaughan Brian Thursby-Pelham (47)

Vaughan was the second son of Captain Brian Thurby- Pelham and his Uncle Brigadier Charles was awarded an MC & Bar in WW1. The family are descended from the Pelham Baronets, and Earls of Chichester.

Vaughan followed his brother Marshall to Beaumont but for reasons unknown he only stayed one term in 1935. Vaughan came to the school in 1944 leaving in 1947 to study accountancy at what is now KPMG. He was then for a time Secretary to Holland, Hannen & Cubitts a building company that over the years was responsible for some of the great buildings of London.

Daddy Vaughan died on 16/03/2020 in Kingston hospital after a short illness. He died peacefully and the family were lucky to be all at his side. He leaves wife Brigeen, children Adelita, Brian , Anna , Cressetta , Fergus and 9 grandchildren. He was a life-long Catenian a society for which he had a deep devotion and commitment and a member of the Beaumont Union.

Fr Peter Kelly MAfr (50)



David Flood writes:

Although I was eleven months younger than Peter it was my privilege to have known him from a very early age . We were both privileged to make our First Holy Communions at. The Sacred Heart Convent School Tunbridge Wells when I was only five and a half.

He was the eldest child and had four younger sisters. His parents lived in a modern house overlooking a large lake set in parkland on the edge Tunbridge Wells where we also lived. Peter Father worked in the City and continued to travel up daily through- out the war. He developed a large garden much of which was devoted to vegetables during the war. My home was moved to Wimbledon when my father was called out of the Army as he was needed back as the senior Radiologist at the Cancer Hospital. Unfortunately, our new home was short of bedrooms so much of my school holidays was spent with my Grandmother in Tunbridge Wells. I was sent to Boarding School where as Peter did not leave home until he went to Beaumont. His father was a very active member of the Catholic Church and Peter was an active member of the alter staff. His decision to become a Missionary Priest was a result of his parents accommodating a visiting missionary who fired Peter with a vocation. The Jesuits were very impressed and helpful to Peter throughout his Beaumont career. He played an active part in the scout troop and moved through the ranks to become a captain. At school he was a year my senior but his parents always invited me to Tile Hatch in the holidays which was a useful break when staying with my Grandmother. Peter could swim and I could not but we punted on the lake and by cycled everywhere. Owing to his vocation Peter was allowed to join the seminary for the White Fathers after school and postponed call up. I visited him when he was studying at Broom Hall near Dorking and later neat Eindhoven in Holland when I had acquired my first car in Germany and we enjoyed a Sunday lunch together. He was ordained to the Jesuits delight at Beaumont but regrettably I was abroad. He served in some of the rougher stations of Africa and was well supported by his old parish in Tunbridge Wells who I believe helped him with his transportation one time a small jeep of which he was very proud. He explained to me that the White Fathers mission was to recruit and train locals for ordination and he spend some years teaching in their seminary in Africa until his health eventually caused him to be posted back to a fund- raising job in this country. A job he worked hard at but I missed his missionary life. In his latter years, he was recruited by the

Jesuits to work at their retreat centre at St Beunos, in north Wales. He was a great time success here and his engagement was extended, Peter loved the country and was a great Walker in the Welsh mountains very often on his own. He tried hard to keep fit but his health limited his activity in his later years. He used his breaks to keep in touch with his family and arranged holiday for his nun sister who still is a missionary in Africa. He returned to his original parish in Tunbridge Wells until his mother died and was very well looked after in his latter years by his youngest sisters' family His younger sister had hardly known him as a boy but her family were a great support to him in his later years. He supported the War Memorial Mass as a back- up Priest for many years as cover for Provincial Emeritus Micheal Campbell-Johnston SJ.

Late Entries.

Philip de Tura Clarke (40)



Philip was born 12 Feb 1922 at Scranton in Pennsylvania to George Walter Clarke and his wife Mercedes and followed his cousin Carlos Brown across the Atlantic to spend four years at Beaumont leaving in 1940. At school he was a good games player a rugby colour and Captain of Boats but not a particularly willing soldier eventually reaching the rank of L/Cpl in the Corps. Back home in New York he signed up as a private soldier when America entered the war. He fought in Europe with the 12th Armoured (Hellcat) Division. In 1945 before demob he went in search of the crash site of Carlos Brown's Lancaster bomber that had been lost south of Frankfurt but without success. He returned home to read economics at

the University of Pennsylvania and married Martha the daughter of Colonel Milo Glengarry also of New York and settled down at Homer in Courtland County.

In March 2010 the family had good news that remains of Carlos's aircraft had been discovered in dense woodland and that his remains would be coming home for burial.

Phil was very fond of his old school where he had made many friends several of whom were killed in the war and for the 150th Anniversary Garden Party he brought all his family including his three sons over the celebrations. He was particularly proud and moved that he was asked and read the Remembrance at the war Memorial. He died at home in June 2014 at the age of 92.

Ed: as so often the BU received no notification of his death and it was only by chance that I found the notification in the US Obituary Collection.

Phillipe Comte Ogier d'Ivry (42)

Gaetan Comte Ogier d'Ivry sent his son Phillipe to Beaumont arriving in 1942 for a couple of years. Phillipe then saw service in the French army before attending the Faculte de Droit in Paris after which he worked for J P Morgan both in Paris and New York where he met his wife Therese in Connecticut.

Like his forebears Count Phillipe settled into Chene-de-Coeur where he documented the long family history from the reign of King Louis XIV including their impoverished interlude in Canada.

Phillipe died at the age of 89 in March 2015. His Home snow a gite.

Jean Comte de Madre (41)

He was the son of the legendary Anglo/French polo player known for his colour matched ponies: his team The Tigers was one of the most successful of the early part of the 20th century. He was married to Betty Bobbett-Nelson of the large Irish Argentinean clan that came to Beaumont over the years.

The younger Jean was at school at the same time as his cousin Richard Bobbett (37). After the war he worked for the International Air Transport association before being appointed **Secretary General of the Atlantic Treaty Association (ATA)** this is an organization of 37 national chapters that, since 1954 has been conducting analyses, training, education, and information activities on foreign affairs and security issues relevant to the Atlantic Alliance. ATA draws together political leaders, diplomats, civilian and military officers, academics, economic actors as well as young professionals and students in an effort to further the values set forth in the North Atlantic Treaty.

Jean died 27 August 2018. He is survived by his wife Countess née Anneli d'Ursel and his children Elisabeth, Patrick and Brenda.

Pierre Sigmund Brull (52)

He died On 21 March 2011, Pierre Sigmund Marie Bernard Brull of New York. Pierre came to St Catharine's Cambridge from Beaumont, and read Law. He was an oarsman and won the Junior Sculls in 1953. According

to past College Magazines, in 1959 he took a Master's in Business Administration at Columbia University and then worked for the Standard Oil Company as a financial analyst. He also served six months on active duty in the US Army and became a member of the Reserves. Later he became Vice President for Investor Relations at the Bank of New York and then ran his own company PB Holdings.

Peter Andreas Einar Bull (61)

Peter, much loved husband to wife Pauline, passed away aged 61 after bravely battling his illness for over a year. He died in Princess Grace Hospital in Monaco on 16th September, 2005 his Funeral was held at the St Paul's Church in Monte-Carlo on 26th September of that year.

The Editor writes “Back in 1972 we had been racing at Cowes week and brought our boat back to moor on the Hamble. We came alongside a rather large Gin Palace and the skipper lent over the side to make certain a ham-fisted crew was not going to damage the shiny new paintwork: it was Peter Bull. He invited us aboard for a drink and the opportunity to peruse his acquisition. No expense spared and a master bedroom which was entirely mirrored for the benefit of his expected celebrity clientele. Peter was about to sail for the Med and was making his life in the luxury charter business. From my memories of him at school Peter was one of those who “sailed close to the wind”.

Desmond William Ronald Ashby (31)

b.4 August 1915 d.4 August 2005

MB BS Lond(1939) MRCS LRCP(1939) MRCP(1941) MD(1948) FRCP(1964)

Desmond William Ronald Ashby was a consultant physician in Gateshead. He was born in Aylesbury, the son of William Joseph Ashby, a general practitioner, and Hilda née Sayer. Ashby was an Irish rugby union international who was part of the first official British Isles team that toured South Africa in 1910. Although he played for the Lions, he was never selected to play for Ireland.

Desmond was educated at Downside before moving to Beaumont, and then went on to study medicine at the National University of Wales at Cardiff. His clinical studies were carried out at Westminster Hospital Medical School.

From 1939 to 1941, he held house posts at Westminster Hospital in the Emergency Medical Service. He then joined the RAF in May 1941, serving with squadrons in the United Kingdom and large flying training units in Canada. He subsequently worked directly under Air Vice Marshall Sir J J Coneybeare and Air Vice Marshall Sir Alan Rook [*Munk's Roll*, Vol.V, p.358] at RAF Central Medical Establishment, and then as a squadron leader and medical specialist at RAF General Hospital, Ely, Cambridgeshire.

In 1946 he was demobilised, and became a registrar and then a senior registrar in medicine at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham. In 1950 he was appointed as a consultant physician to Gateshead hospital group. He became a clinical teacher in medicine at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne in 1963. He also examined for the University of Durham.

He wrote on a wide variety of subjects, including Friedreich's ataxia, carbon monoxide poisoning, attempted suicide, pernicious anaemia and peptic ulcer haemorrhage.

Outside medicine, he was interested in debating and gardening. In his younger days he rowed and sailed. In 1940 he married Yvette Lennox Percy, the daughter of a grain merchant. They had six children.

John Ignatius Hanrahan (55)



John was Captain of Boats and played in the 1st XV

Sue Hanrahan writes,

After leaving Beaumont in 1955 John spent two years in the Royal Ulster Rifles serving in Germany and Cyprus. He was then accepted onto a Unilever Management Trainee Programme and worked for Thomson Newspapers, Cock Russell Vintners, Seagrams, the Corporate Responsibility Centre. He also worked for Dibb Lupton Alsop on their legal conference programmes. His final job was with Leonard Cheshire. In the sixties he wanted to become a Conservative MP and fought two by-elections in West Houghton. He was unsuccessful which was probably a good thing.

He loved Rugby and played for the London Welsh and Wasps well into his 30s. He enjoyed amateur dramatics, music especially played really loud, good food and of course lots of wine. His faith was a large part of his life and he was grateful to the Jesuits for the grounding they gave him.

He died peacefully in hospital after a battle with dementia and cancer of the liver.

He didn't get married until he was 41 and leaves a widow, three children and two grandchildren.

Anthony Hussey writes:-

At school a live wire. And not just in the classroom and on stage. In the scrum where shoved like a JCB and in the Eight where his efforts were mightier than all the Scandinavian Warships put together.

I was Thurifer to his Sacristan at St John's and he was entirely (un)responsible for filling the whole of the thurible to the brim with charcoal so rather than a whiff of holy smoke we got a volcano of fumes which caused small boys in the front rows to turn green and white, and Jose Dias who was one of the two acolytes to faint just after he had rung the bell at the Consecration five times. Father Dunphy was not amused.

I fought the two elections with him in West Houghton, a very suburb of Wigan which had been a Labour held seat then for over 40 years. John took it very seriously but we still had a lot of fun. I had the loudspeaker car so you can imagine the effect that an RP accent had in that part of the world. I got home with every panel of the car dented! Despite my worst/best efforts John succeeded in keeping the swing to Labour and Harold Wilson down to .9% whereas it was 9% nationally. Huge fun and many hilarious memories.

He was a very warm person with a very direct, humorous, questioning approach which is why he did so well. No “side” to him at all. In his opinions on politicians, personalities he was a perambulating Private Eye. Perceptive, witty and edgy. Wonderful, stimulating company.

Finally, 48 years ago John introduced me to Lorna who was then sharing a flat with his then girlfriend.

Any positive clichés thought of are appropriate.

John Joseph Bracey- Gibbon (51)



Jonathan Bracey-Gibbon writes:

John died of Alzheimers from which he'd suffered for nine years. Although he had a good quality of life through that time, no provisions were made to deal with any of the huge amount of filed information on family, business, finances, artefacts etc. You might recall, his

father was MD of Agfa and there are 1000s of pictures many over 100 years old which need archiving etc - including a few of his huge Buick!

John pursued a successful career in security printing, travelling the world winning orders for bank notes from central banks in far-flung places. He was still winning orders from former USSR states as recently as 2000. He retired to Norfolk in 2006

I myself attended Stonyhurst - as Beaumont had closed by then. John is being buried at St Mary's, Bedwyn an Anglican Church, in the same cemetery as our mother, herself an Anglican who was devoted to this particular church when they lived locally to it. As she originally agreed to marry him in a Catholic Church it seemed fair he should return the favour, so to speak.

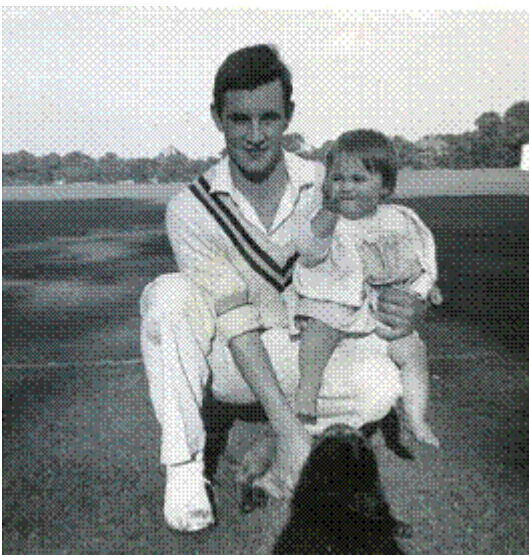
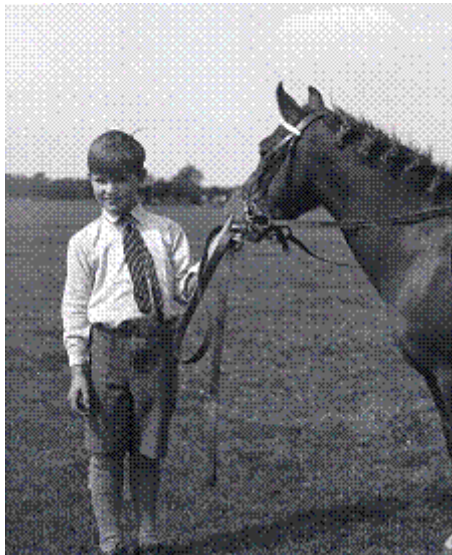
But although the church is Anglican, it appears the vicar had originally been ordained as a Jesuit at Stonyhurst when I was there in the mid 70s! However he crossed the house, so to speak, and has been with the other side for the past 20 years. That said, he has been only too happy to include the use of a thurible and incense as part of the service...

I have his Beaumont tie which I'll be wearing tomorrow.

HENRY CHARLES AUVERNY STEVENS (58)



Eulogy given by Henry's son **Julian** at Henry's Requiem



Ladies and Gentlemen, friends and family; on behalf of Carol, my mother Jeannette, Gaby, and myself, thank you all very much for being here today. Especially to those who have travelled from far and wide – I note here cousin Rob, who has flown in from Australia.

I have once heard it said of man, that the idea is to die young, as late as possible – this was certainly true of my father. I remember attending a family lunch a couple of years ago, to be greeted by Dad with both arms in plaster. He had been bucked off a young horse, aged 77 I believe. Whilst this sheer lunacy frustrated me at the time, I can only look back with admiration at his indomitable sense of adventure. His only words were ‘You should have seen the other guy!’

Dad was born December 1st, 1939 in Salisbury, Rhodesia, son of Colonel John Stevens OBE and Pauline, nee Ingleby. With their father fighting in Burma, the Stevens family moved to Nakuru, Kenya – the home of White Mischief – before Dad, his brother Ant and sister Pinny moved back to England after the war.

Educated at St Johns and then Beaumont – the Catholic Eton – Dad excelled in sporting arena whilst giving academia a cursory glance. He got his triple colours in rugby, cricket and boxing. However, as the archetypal naughty schoolboy, he also regularly ended up on the receiving end of the ferrel. If you do not know what that is, see me afterwards. At Beaumont, Dad made lifelong friendships and it is fantastic to see many of that contingent here today.



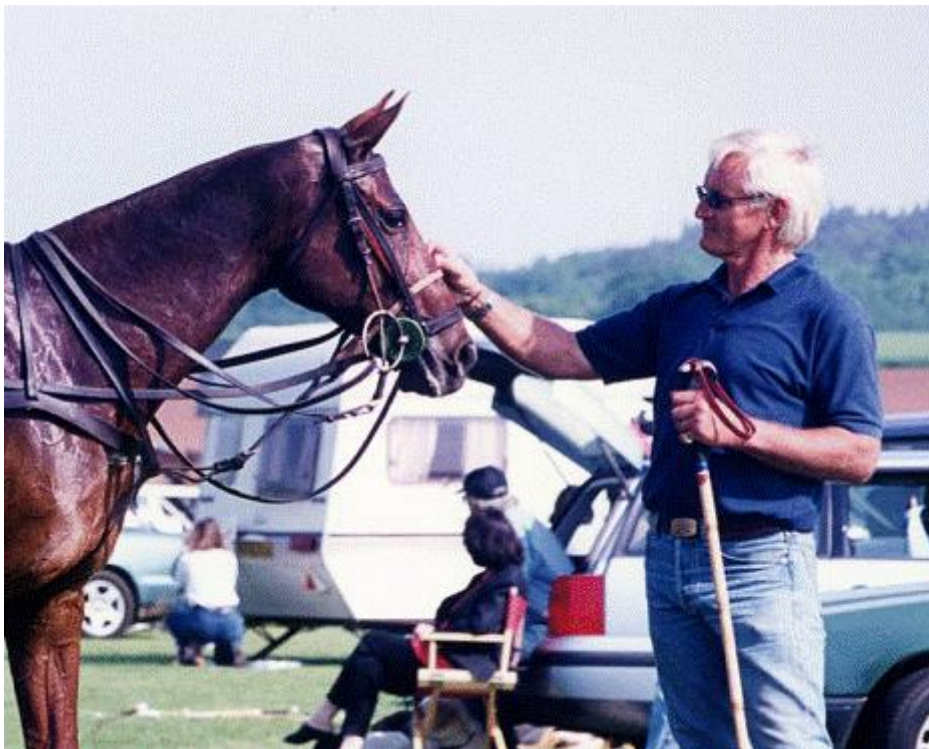
During the next chapter of his life, Dad pursued his passion for rugby. Via Australia, this culminated in the golden years of the late 60s and early 70s, playing in the centres for London Irish – captained by the British and Irish Lions skipper Ken Kennedy, and playing against many of the greats of the era.

In the late 1970s, Dad co-founded and ran, alongside my Godfather, Geoff Goff, “The Good Knight Country Club” in Haslemere. The club was a unique combination of restaurant, bar and discotheque – Haslemere’s answer to Annabels. Dad needed no invitation to regale tales of fun, frolics and keeping the local law enforcement on side, during these halcyon years. It soon became clear, however, the demands of Saturday afternoon and Saturday night could not be 100% reconciled, and Dad moved on to rugby pastures new at Guildford & Godalming rugby club, where he played for countless seasons and made a second group of lifelong friends.

These years though were not without heartbreak. Dad's first daughter Nicky died tragically in Hong Kong on October 1st, 1972. She was only 8 years old and is buried in Midhurst cemetery, where Dad will also be laid to rest. It should give us great solace, that they are now finally re-united and looking down peacefully on us today.

In a twist of good fortune, Dad met my mother Jeannette during this time. They met on a beach in Spain. I imagine Dad was waltzing up the shore line admiring himself, he stopped to greet a young Dutch lady – and asked her where the loo was. Great line Dad. They married in 1972, teamed up to run the nightclub and moved into Ingleby House. My sister Gaby and I entered the world at this stage, and the two of us were raised down the end of a long lane in countryside heaven, surrounded by dogs and horses and loved nothing more than a long hack in the hills with the old man.

One of the hallmarks of Dad's legacy for me, is the ability to work through adversity with determination, humour and display strength of character. He showed these qualities in abundance after Mum's accident, which saw them both need to rebuild and rehabilitate their lives. They showed immense bravery and courage in doing this successfully and taught both Gabs and I valuable lessons.



It was one evening in Good Knight Club, Dad and a certain regular patron, found themselves at the bottom of a bottle of something expensive. Dad woke up the following day, with a hangover and two polo ponies. From that day forth, a new passion was born at age 40 that was to remain with Dad for the rest of his years.

The sport of polo took centre stage for the second half of Dad's life. This was a natural progression given his love of horses, ball sports, competitiveness and all that accompanies polo life. His eye for a young thoroughbred set him apart, as he transitioned them from the race-track and on to the polo field. Nothing made Dad more proud than seeing one of his young equine proteges play good polo - in particular the aptly named 'H' or 'Hache', who ultimately won best playing pony at the Argentine Open.

Initially the

Initially the Cowdray Cowboy, then the Silver Fox, and ultimately the White Wolf! – 'H' was immersed in all things polo at Cowdray Park, and across the globe, from training and renting ponies, liveries, coaching and latterly umpiring. He was a constant source of humour and passion and could get on famously with both Princes and Professionals alike; whilst never failing to work hard alongside his long-suffering grooms at the end of a long day's polo. He became an integral part of life at Cowdray and his presence, knowledge and joie de vie will be deeply missed, as well as his classic White Beamer!



Dad enriched the lives of those around him with his zest for life, humour and his vast experience. He once said to me ***'I have made every mistake in the book, so you don't have to!'*** I am sure I have repeated a few of these mistakes, but what more can you ask of a father!? He proved to be a trusted father-figure, friend and inspiration to many who were making their way in life, right until the end. With his back-book of vivid experience, even if not directly, many lived vicariously through him.

During the 1990s, Dad met Carol whilst on polo tour in California. They developed an unbelievable partnership over 25 years, that saw them move to Florida in the winters, whilst spending the summers in the UK. Very sensible. Their lives followed the sun, the polo season, and Carol's latest sun-glass related ventures. Their relationship was a rock for Dad over the years – it brought him back down to earth when he needed grounding and lifted him off the floor when he needed raising. One cannot underestimate the tireless love and commitment Carol gave Dad during the last few years of ups and downs.

Henry defied age without even trying, both in looks and in physicality - and occasionally in behaviour! - right until the end. He would have been 80 years young last Sunday. He without doubt had that twinkle in his eye that everyone loved and wanted to be around. One of my friends described his 'unfailing outrageousness' which seems to capture many moments at the bar or on the rugby or polo field. Several have remarked he was seemingly 'Indestructible'.

This is never the case in the end, but he remained a fighter, and an inspiration, and an example to us all of how to live life with courage and to its fullest.

I will leave you with a couple of tributes that capture the essence of Dad well for me. There are countless of course, so thank you all.

“I have fond memory of him when we first met... I was sitting in the corner of the playroom on my first day (at St John’s) a bit miserable not knowing anybody, and getting slightly irritated with the St Johns boys who all knew each other, when I was hit in the face by a pea shooter. I looked up and saw Henry sitting on a billiard table with a big grin on his face. He came over and introduced himself. He was the only St Johns boy who took the trouble to say hello. It was a kind gesture which I never forgot, and typical of Henry.”

Here’s another:

“A true throw-back to a better-time, a bon-viveur, generous to a fault, great company and a proper sportsman... he was already ready with a joke and a beer.. he will be greatly missed”.

Ultimately, Dad was so many things to so many people, and he had a special relationship with each of you. I will try and encapsulate some of his many qualities.

He was old-time rock and roll,

He was the party’s life and soul,

He was a class act, both on and off the pitch,

He was conservative and a Catholic,

but outrageous and a maverick.

He was audacious and ageless,

He inspired those around him,

He was empathetic, loyal and generous to a tee,

He was no Saint, he had an ego, and told you bluntly how it was,

but he had the kindest eye to match.

He was a devoted grandfather to Milo, Tilly, Lucas and Poppy,

He was a protective and loving father,

He was a husband, a partner, a brother,

A school-mate, a team-mate, and your best friend,

We all loved him, and he is now in heav'n.

OWEN JEREMY ADRIAN GILMORE (60)



From The Times (Unedited)

Jerry Gilmore gave his name in 1980 to Gilmore's groin, a syndrome that he discovered in professional footballers. "The first patient referred to me was a midfield player from Tottenham Hotspur, the second was a midfield player from Aberdeen," he told the Physio Room website. "Both had not played football in over three months because of pain in the inguinal region made worse by sprinting, twisting, turning and kicking."

Neither player had an orthopaedic problem, leading Gilmore to believe that the problem lay in the inguinal canal, where men usually develop a hernia. "On exploration neither had a hernia, but both had evidence of trauma to the tissues," he recalled. "I therefore carried out repair of these tissues. Following surgery, both were back in training within four weeks and playing within six."

The many hundreds of patients who underwent the "Gilmore's Groin" procedure included Premier League football stars, rugby internationals and track athletes. It proved to be a career-saving operation, and the specialist clinic he set up in Harley Street is still operating.

In 1991 Paul Gascoigne, in his first game back after a Gilmore's Groin procedure, scored a stunning goal for Tottenham against Arsenal in the 1991 FA cup semi-final. Gilmore, an Arsenal fan who was at the match with some of his children, was pleased with his handiwork but dismayed by the result. A newspaper cartoon the following day referenced Terry Venables, the Spurs manager, with one Tottenham fan turning to another and saying: "I hear Terry is sending the rest of the team for a quick groin operation."

From the world of rugby Johnny Wilkinson and Jeremy Guscott benefitted from the treatment, while Jason Gardener, the British sprinter who is now president of British Athletics, recalled what happened after he tore his groin having just won the 60 metres at the 2004 World Indoor Championship: "I went from the fastest man in the world to the slowest and was advised it would be impossible to make the Olympics that year. Then someone told me I needed to go and see Jerry Gilmore. He operated on me with his magic hands and I was training again in just six weeks." Three months later Gardener won gold in the Olympics 4 x 100 m race.

Yet Gilmore was not restricted to dealing with men's groins. He also treated people with breast cancer, who invariably found him to be a reassuring presence and an excellent communicator. Wendy Richard, the EastEnders actress, told the press that Jerry Gilmore "saved my life" after he successfully treated her for breast cancer and later dedicated her autobiography to him.

Owen Jeremy Adrian Gilmore was born in Corsham, Wiltshire in 1941, the son of Owen Gilmore, a GP, and Carmel Cantwell, a magistrate. He grew up in Highworth near Swindon, where his father had a practice. Young Jeremy was sent to be educated by Jesuits at Beaumont College in Berkshire.

A keen sportsman, he played tennis for his county, rowed at Henley and was a keen rugby player, playing for his school and university. He liked to tell of how, after taking his A levels, he was visiting Rome during the Olympic Games in 1960, where he saw the boxer Cassius Clay, later Muhammad Ali, win Olympic gold. While there he received a telegram from his father that drily noted: "Congratulations, You passed biology." There was no mention of the rest.

At his entrance interview for St Bartholomew's Hospital, Gilmore was questioned by the dean, a pillar for the Christian Union, who noted that he had cheekily listed one of his hobbies as architecture and inquired about which particular aspects interested him most. Having spent his childhood accompanying his father on tours of European cathedrals, Gilmore replied without hesitation: "Ecclesiastical, sir." He was offered a place.



While a medical student he continued to play rugby as prop forward. The lively rugby club dinners he organised, always reserved under the guise of the “St Thomas’s Hospital Choral Society”, were fabled occasions. He always loved a good party and was known for his irreverent wit. Later in his career, when sending out invitations to his lectures, he would say: “Afterwards you are invited to have a glass of the oldest antiseptic in the world.”

Gilmore’s love of rugby was a constant through his life. He became president of both Bart’s and United Hospital’s rugby teams. He was often found at international matches, where his hospitality was fabled, and travelled to South Africa and New Zealand for two British Lions tours.

Qualifying in 1966, he was awarded the Royal College of Surgeon’s Begley prize for obtaining top marks in surgery finals. In 1970, aged only 28, he obtained his fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was a master of surgery six years later. Along the way he accumulated many awards including the Hamilton Bailey Prize from the International College of Surgeons in 1975 and the prestigious Hunterian professorship in 1976.

Gilmore’s early research focused on wound infection and sepsis and led to the development and use of dry power povidone iodine spray in the prevention of post-operative wound infection. This spray was also launched on the consumer market and became widely used by the public, a product his family knew as “yellow magic” spray. Later his research crystallised into a specific and fundamental interest in soft tissue injury and repair, something that would later define his career.

In the 1970s Gilmore was part of the junior doctors’ executive committee that confronted Barbara Castle, the health secretary, about yet another NHS reorganisation. A vote among junior doctors led to strike action and Gilmore was tasked with informing not only Castle but, more dauntingly, the Bart’s consultants medical committee. His contemporaries warned that

he would never work in London again, but within a year he was appointed consultant surgeon at Bart's.

Having started out as a general surgeon, Gilmore then specialised in breast cancer treatment and groin surgery. He led the breast unit at Bart's when the team introduced the first aromatase inhibitor for breast cancer, the most significant new therapy for breast cancer for 25 years. He was dedicated to his patients and each year took his young family, bearing an assortment of musical instruments, into Barts on Christmas Day to sing and play carols to his patients.

Nevertheless, he grew increasingly frustrated and concerned about the negative impacts of the NHS cutbacks, particularly on his cancer patients. He was known to call hospital managers at home during his 7am ward rounds to ask them to come in and explain to his patients why their operations had been cancelled.

In the 1980s Gilmore left the NHS to establish a practice at 108 Harley Street, equipping his centre with a radiology department and operating theatre. At the time NHS patients could wait many weeks for their various tests to come back and treatment to be planned. Under Gilmore's "one-stop" system a centre of excellence was born and continues to this day. This practice has since become the norm for breast cancer treatment.



Gilmore applied the same intensity and vision to his home life and his private life. In 1966 he married Hilary McCrudden, a nurse he had met at Bart's. They had six children, who were named in alphabetical order: Anna, who is a professor of public health; Emma, a therapist who owns the School of Bodywork; Inigo, a journalist; Laura, the director of a yoga school; Natasha, a dancer and choreographer; and Rod, a music promoter and DJ. The marriage was dissolved and with his subsequent partner, Jane Gant, also a nurse, he had three children: Georgia, who works for an environmental charity; Octavia, an actor; and Chiara a forester. Jane and his nine children survive him, as do eight grandchildren.

More than 9,000 patients have been seen and treated at the Groin Clinic and more than 4,000 operations performed while some 2,500 professional sportsmen and women including 450 internationals have passed through its doors. Thanks to his attention to detail, 97 per cent of professional footballers returned to playing. His work at 108 Harley Street continues, led by his successor, Simon Marsh.

Gilmore remained proud of his reputation and the high profile of his clients. His skills as a surgeon were recognised by Martin Bell, the BBC war correspondent, who was hit with mortar shrapnel in the groin in Sarajevo in 1992. Bell later referenced Gilmore in his biography, *Harm's Way: Bosnia, A War Reporter's Story* (2012), writing: "I was grateful for the exceptional skill and good humour of the surgeon, Mr Gilmore."

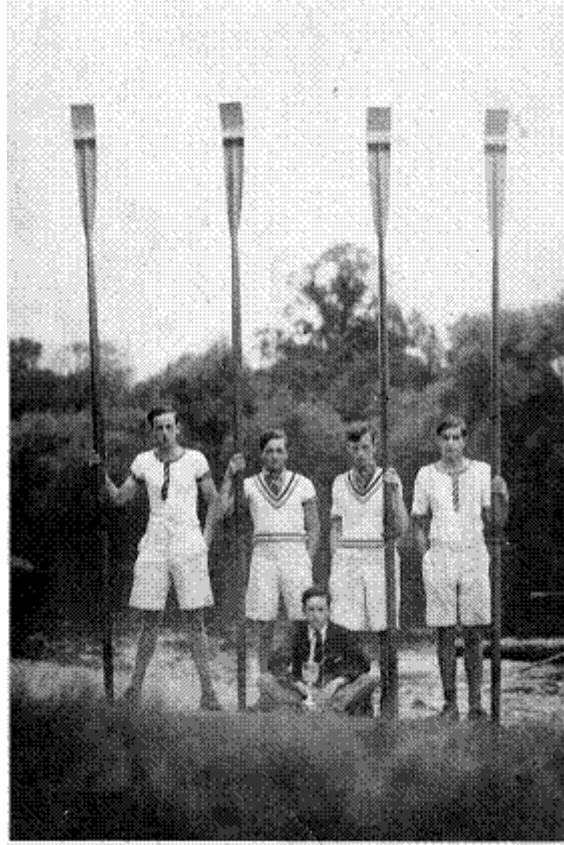
Jerry Gilmore, surgeon, was born on December 27, 1941. He died from heart and renal failure following treatment for bowel cancer, on November 13, 2019, aged 78 .

Brigadier Michael Perrett-Young MBE (44)



Michael was the son of Colonel J G C Perrett-Young and came to Beaumont in 1940 from Gibbs in Sloane Street. He was to pass the war years Old Windsor with all its accompanying deprivations.

“The walls shook and dust fell from the ceiling of Our Lady's Chapel in the 'White House' where all of us New Boys were gathered for a „briefing“ on that September 1940 evening. No warning in terms of the usual uneven throb of Luftwaffe engines or other nearby explosions. No panic either as we were directed in to the cellars. The bomb that had fallen on Brothers' Walk was a novel opening to four War years at Beaumont, and needless to say, we were there the next day inspecting the crater. It must have been back to Dormitory routine soon afterwards as with others, I watched the flashes of AA fire and searchlights towards London after 'lights out' for which I got in to trouble ! Soon afterwards I moved to sleeping on the floor in the 'White House' entrance hall where from time to time, a very kind Lay Brother left snacks for me from the Js' Dining Room. In general though, despite rationing we never went hungry. Later perhaps in '42 or '43, a number us slept on our own camp beds in the Library. Classroom routine continued without interruption although with Cardinal Vaughan's School from London, part-sharing the facilities, there must have been some rejigging of teaching schedules. I recall two Rectors, Fr Lilley followed by Fr Hailsham, and Fr J D Boyle Director of Studies. We were much in awe of the latter, but from my later personal experience, he was a most understanding man. And I could never forget Fr Henry Day, WW1 Army Chaplain very crippled and mainly confined to his room in the „white house“. It was a popular evening gathering place where he presided over relaxed conversations, and where his Military Cross, and Order of the White Eagle of Serbia were much in evidence. Cricket and Rugby flourished as did rowing.



I was in the 1st V111 and we competed against Eton 2 and UCS amongst others, and also won the 1943 Egham Regatta. On the fitness side, runs to the Copper Horse and Paripan Works (at the Egham end of Runnymede) were regular, only limited by the occasional bomb/landmine falling on and closing the Great Park. The JTC was commanded by Viscount Fitzalan.. He was very lame; wound or arthritis I'm not sure. We wore/were equipped with WW1 style khaki uniform ie peaked cap, tunic, 'breeches', puttees, boots, black leather belt with 'S'clip. SMLE rifle, and long 'sword' bayonet. At a Field Day I attended in the Great Park, there was no shortage of „thunderflashes“ but MG fire was simulated with rattles. We supported the Home Guard and on one exercise guarded the Albert Bridge at Datchet . In July 1943 the JTC participated in a 'Wings for Victory' fund raising event ; we assembled at Combermere Barracks in Windsor and with other Service and civilian contingents, marched past HM the King & Queen , Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose and King Haakon of Norway in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle, Later on I decided my future would be with the RAF, and so I joined the ATC, cycling to regular evening 'drills' in Windsor. While returning

to Beaumont from one of them, AA shrapnel tingled on the road, and I pedalled that bit faster ! In the same year a USAAF Flying Fortress crash landed on Runnymede (head on to just where there's a kink in the road). The whole School must have been down the next morning for a look ! Again in 1943, we were very surprised at lunch, to see a variety of strangers including some attractive ladies, joining the Js at the top table. Arthur Askey, Ann Shelton, Jean Kent etc . They were making the film 'Bees in Paradise' (yes, truly), and Beaumont had lent/hired them the Runnymede playing fields. The School's own dramatic efforts flourished too and I remember a very professional and scary production of 'The Monkey's Paw'. In July 1944 a V1 Flying Bomb hit the Bells of Ousley, killing two people and injuring a number of others. Fr Tempest and a few of us rushed down to see if we could help, but the Rescue Services were soon on the scene. The West side had taken the blast and was a pile of rubble with twisted V1 metal/components lying here and there. . Michael left Beaumont in 1944 and went to Cambridge under RAF sponsorship, where —I was fortunate to be welcomed and supported by the outstanding Chaplain of the time, Father later Mgr Alfred Gilbey . Other OBs there included a good friend Tim McElhaw. I then enlisted as a Private in the Queen's Royal Regiment in July 1945 then with service in the UK (including JARIC – Joint Air Reconnaissance intelligence Centre and the Royal Naval War College at Greenwich), BAOR, Malaya, Berlin, and Belgium. —I had the singular good fortune to become Director Intelligence Corps from 1979 to 81, after which I retired. I live in Yorkshire in Kirkbymoorside about twenty minutes run from Ampleforth , which although I'm a 'southerner' , this is due to my Yorkshire wife, whom I met while she was working in the St John & Red Cross Welfare at BMH Alexandra, Singapore. She was in to horses both in BAOR cross-country, trials, etc in the 1950s before we met, and then later up here running the local Agricultural Show for 22 years.

Michel played a small part in the history of Cyprus when the winter crisis of 1963 resulted in the division of the island between Greeks and Turks. At the emergency Conference *Duncan Sandys, Major General Peter Young (Commander Land Forces) and Air Chief Marshal Sir Denis Barnett (Commander in Chief Near East Air Force and Commander British Forces Cyprus) discussed the problem with the British High Commissioner, the Ambassadors of Greece and Turkey, delegations from both Greek and Turkish Cypriots, the Commanding Officers of the Greek and Turkish National Contingents.*

"it was during the Conference break that, at his (*General Young's*) request, I produced chinagraphs for him from the variety of colours I had brought up from Episkopi in my map case. The 'green' was no random selection. Bearing in mind factional sensitivities, my choice was quite deliberate. Blue and red, apart from the latter's association with the 'enemy', and with their Greek and Turkish connotations respectively, were hardly suitable. 'Green' usually used for marking emplacements/fortifications and minefields, seemed the least controversial". The Green line came into existence and is still there today.

Michael Alfonso de Bertodano Marquis Del Moral (54)



His father was the 8th Marquis de Moral a Spanish title, he had firstly married Lady Ida Dalzell daughter of the Earl of Carnwath and after her death he married Gytha Stourton. Gytha ancestry included the Mowbray, Southwell, Throckmorton and Mostyn families all Catholic titled families and with sons at Beaumont at various times. Michael was Gytha's son, he had a half -Brother Andrew who married Lady Mary Savile daughter of the Earl of Mexborough and his half-sister Mary married Malcolm Stewart son of Sir Percy Stewart Bart.

Michael married Carolina Garcia de la Riva in 1968 and settled in Madrid: they had four sons and a daughter. He was a member of The Beaumont Union.

Pyers Anthony Joseph Southwell, 7th Viscount Southwell of Castle Mattress. (48)



Piers Anthony Joseph **Southwell**, 7th Viscount Southwell of Castle Mattress was born on 14 September 1930. He was the son of the Hon Francis Southwell and Agnes Clifford. His Grandfather was the 5th Viscount and a great grandfather Lord Waleran, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster between 1902 and 1905. On his mother's side Fr Sir Lewis was his uncle and he was a cousin of the Sir Roger (54): he was also related to the Mostyns and the Lovat Frasers.

Piers or Anthony as he was usually called went to St John's in 1939 and the College in 1944. He was awarded his cricket Cap and was our most successful batsman at the Oratory match with a score of 47: we won by 77 runs. "Southwell is a player strong on the leg side. Over a century ago the famous Notts player George Parr known as "the lion of the north" was renowned for his leg hitting. It is a definite style of play, strokes not by accident but by design and of this school of batsmanship Southwell showed himself an extremely adept pupil". He took the Civil service Exam and having passed RCB he went on to Sandhurst. (At Beaumont he had made Sgt in the JTC and had been awarded the Silver Drum,)

Anthony was commissioned into the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, his Uncle George's old Regiment and quite often referred to at the time as "Beaumont's Own" from the number of OBs that served. He stayed with the Regiment reaching the rank of Captain but left when he wedded Barbara Raynes. He became an international marketing and management consultant and a Director of Tobenoil. He succeeded as the *7th Viscount Southwell of Castle Mattress, co. Limerick*, as the *10th Baronet Southwell, of Castle Mattress, co. Limerick* and as the *9th Baron Southwell of Castle Mattress, co. Limerick* on 18 November 1960. On retirement in 2003 he moved to Paphos, Cyprus where he died on 23 September at the age of 89.

He and his wife had two sons both educated at Ampleforth and the elder Richard succeeds to the Titles.

Pyers Anthony was a member of The BU up until his death.

DAVID OFFLEY CREWE-READ (62)



David was the son of Colonel John Crewe-Read OBE and the Hon Diana Wroughton Robins and a grandson of the first and last Lord Robins of Rhodesia and Chelsea. He came to Beaumont from Uplands Hall in 1958 but left in 1962 a year before his contemporaries ending his days in Upper Syntax. At school, David enjoyed rowing and scouting and was a member of Sodality. Initially he joined the wine firm of Hedges & Butler (ED: purveyors of fine wine to certain members of Higher Line). However, David gave this up for the antiques trade.

Lyricist Sir Time Rice wrote “David and his wife lived in the flat above the Lloyd-Webbers at Gledhow Gardens and they became good friends. David ran a shop called the Pine Mine and apart from selling furniture dabbled in the Art World where Andrew’s interest was formidable. David was a very funny fellow, tall and slim, who soon became the court-jester to Andrew’s entourage and Art Adviser particularly on Pre-Raphaelites to a man who became one of the country’s leading and most important collectors. David affected a wonderfully disreputable and degenerate attitude to life at the time and Andrew, very innocent in the ways of the world, enjoyed the thought of living dangerously through David acting the archetypal

cad. In the early nineties the pair had a disagreement over the purchase of a Leighton sculpture leading to a split between the two: I took no sides”.

David’s colourful life would lead him into two marriages. He married Elizabeth Dyer not long after leaving school and their eldest son Caspian was born in 1967. Two other children followed, including Gabriella who married the late Toby Grafftey- Smith lead singer of Pop Band “Jamiroquai” (his electric E-Type Jag is now owned by Prince Harry and was used at his wedding). Following the collapse of his marriage David married Emma Garton a cousin of **Juan Garton (63)** and they had three further children.

David was a regular at the BU dinner but after business problems he moved to Malta for a time, thereafter he would turn-up out of the blue as he did for the Lunch a couple of years ago. David will be remembered with affection by his friends in the BU – he was **Mark Marshall’s** Best Man and a Godfather to **Brian Bourke’s** son Henry; as fellow Dealer **Tony Outred** said “He was the lovable rogue”.

David died in the Chelsea and Westminster on 31st January from Kidney failure. A private Requiem was held at the Church of the Holy Redeemer Chelsea and a Memorial Service 13th March.