

"REQUIEM AETERNAM DONA EIS DOMINE"

OBITUARIES 2023

Fr Michael Campbell-Johnston SJ(49)



From The Times:

Michael Campbell-Johnston SJ was known for his humour and kindness

More political than pious, Michael Campbell-Johnston committed his life as a Jesuit priest to the promotion of social justice. The six years in which he served as provincial of his order in Britain were to him the least sought after and significant. It was the practical work that he did among underprivileged communities that he valued. He helped to found and establish the Jesuit Refugee Service. He fought for the rights of the poor and oppressed. He ran camps for displaced people during El Salvador's civil war.

As a young man, he recalled, he had been struck by an article in a newspaper. It had been illustrated with two photographs. One showed an archbishop being raised to the rank of a military general by a president. The other showed a priest, dressed in ordinary clothes, saying Mass for striking workers as the police closed in. "Which Church do you belong to?" asked the headline.

Father CJ (as he was known by his friends) was quite sure which church he wanted to serve. Ardently left-wing in his convictions — he once addressed a Conservative Party conference in Brighton on the topic “Can a Conservative be a Christian?” — he was one of a new generation of radicals after the Second Vatican council who, flying in the face of old-fashioned Catholicism, set out to reshape the role of the Jesuit for modern times. He was the only cleric whom Harold Pinter would countenance at his marriage to Antonia Fraser, a Catholic. The playwright, as Fraser put it, “would not accept anything, except the laws of cricket, without question”. Exactly the same could have been said of the priest.

Michael Andrew Ninian Campbell-Johnston was born in London in 1931, the elder of two brothers, brought up in a world of material if not emotional privilege. His brother’s daughter Rachel would become Chief art critic of The Times for 20 years.



Campbell-Johnston, left, with his parents and brother. He had already decided to become a priest by the time this picture was taken.

The humour that was such a marked part of his character was evident from youth when he would flick porridge from high nursery windows at passers-by or teach a great aunt's pet parrot to say: "F*** off." From then on, whenever his aunt was entertaining, the butler was required to remove the bird from the room. Right to the end, Campbell-Johnston would burst into laughter at the memory.

A more serious side to his character, however, also emerged early. Sent away at the age of eight to be educated by the Jesuits — first to a prep school and then to Beaumont College in Berkshire — he found his vocation. The pledge that he wrote on the back of a prayer card at the age of 14 ("I promise you that I will never marry . . . please may I be a priest?") was kept. When he announced his intention to join the priesthood to his glamorous mother, she did her best to dissuade him by inviting every London debutante round. But in 1949, just before his 18th birthday, Campbell-Johnston entered the novitiate to begin the ten years of training required of a Jesuit.



As a young Jesuit scholastic

Sent to Chantilly in 1952 to study philosophy, his political convictions began to take shape. The French Jesuits had, at that time, a radical intellectual tradition and he was exposed to the existentialists and to Marx. He returned to England to read economics at the London School of Economics (a highly unusual request), followed by a degree in theology for which (again by special request) he studied in Mexico. He wanted to get hands-on experience of life in the developing world. He was ordained in Mexico in 1964. His tertianship (the third and last period of his rigorous preparation) was done in Brazil. Travelling through rural areas, on foot, mule or bus, he worked with the social institutes set up by the forward-looking Pedro Arrupe, the recently appointed father general of his order. Many had to operate under the radar of governments which they criticised.



Campbell-Johnston with Pedro Arrupe

Campbell-Johnston suggested that Guyana should come to the fore of the Jesuit focus. "Since you suggested it, you go out and do it," Arrupe told him. So Campbell-Johnston did. A tall, dark idealist with horn-rimmed glasses, huge feet and a chain-smoking habit, he travelled upriver in dugouts, dossed down in hammocks, argued for the rights of indigenous dwellers and, on one occasion, wielding a shovel, worked

with his community to lay miles of new road. On another occasion he found himself blessing a Georgetown rum shop. He owed his Guyanese passport, he believed, to this drink because when the president, angered by criticism, decided to expel him, Campbell-Johnston convinced him to change his mind in the course of a meeting in which each consumed more than a bottle of rum. Father CJ would down rum and coke by the tumbler-full all his life.

He would have liked to have remained for ever in Latin America but in the Eighties he was ordered to Rome. There, taking the role of a key adviser to Arrupe, Campbell-Johnston's plans to act on behalf of the displaced came powerfully to the fore. In 1980, the Jesuit Refugee Service was founded. Campbell-Johnston's contribution was, as always, as much practical as theoretical. He became particularly involved with Italy's Eritrean immigrants and, in his bid to get others involved, might regularly be seen weaving his way through the streets of Rome on a Vespa with some African bishop in full regalia or a besuited World Bank representative perched precariously on the back.

In 1984, in the aftermath of the murder of Oscar Romero — the conservative-turned-radical archbishop of San Salvador who was assassinated by government gunmen, after he delivered a now famous sermon in the cathedral: "I implore you, I beg you, I order you in the name of God: stop the repression" — Campbell-Johnston was sent to El Salvador.

The country was in the grips of a civil war where flyers were passed around with the slogan: "Be a patriot: kill a priest." In 1989, six Jesuits, along with their housekeeper and her teenage daughter, were slaughtered by gunmen. When Campbell-Johnston arrived in San Salvador, he moved into a small complex of buildings, walls pockmarked with bullet holes, in a rough neighbourhood. From there he ran a

programme to care for displaced communities across Central America. He encouraged his impoverished parishioners to think about liberation theology: a controversial (not least with the Pope) philosophy that encouraged the underprivileged to engage with politics to improve their lot. “The basic aim is to try to help the poorest people realise they themselves can be masters of their destiny,” Campbell-Johnston explained.

He worked in conflict zones, providing shelter for those in danger of arrest and torture. Travelling to see them was risky. Driving his battered green pickup, he would have to pass through numerous military checkpoints. It was fine in the early morning, he remembered, but not so safe later on when the guards were drunk. Once, his office door was bashed in by a troop of machinegun-wielding soldiers. They made him lie on the floor while they looked through his files. They were hoping to discover an excuse to dispatch him, he believed.



With Pope John Paul II

Campbell-Johnston exerted a Pied Piper-like pull over the young. Having had several of his teeth extracted and replaced with false ones, he would shoot out his plate at crowds of astonished gawkers. He would pull faces and play tricks. And, at

the sight of his truck pulling up at a refugee camp gate, the cry of “Padre Miguel” would ascend. Children would emerge from their huts in dozens, climbing onto the bonnet and balancing on the bumpers while he made slow horn-beeping progress through the camp. At weekends, trips to the sea would be arranged. Crowds of youngsters, packed into a flat-bed, would squeal with excitement as they saw the ocean for the first time.

Campbell-Johnston’s six-year period as the British provincial did not come to him as wholly welcome. He had unfitted himself for smart Mayfair life and could often be found dodging his grander Farm Street parishioners. He preferred striding London streets in his bright tropical shirts, wearing open-toed sandals on his enormous bare feet. His dress sense was as eccentric as it was economical — when a 17th-century Jesuit martyr from Scotland was canonised in Rome, he pitched up in a kilt he had borrowed from his brother. He was proud of his Scottish roots.



He strode the streets of London in bright tropical shirts

Campbell-Johnston's last posting was to Barbados in 2002. He lived in a cottage overlooking the Caribbean Sea, in which he swam daily, serving as a parish priest to a congregation which in high season grew to include anyone from Irish racing trainers to Tony Blair.

He reckoned he had visited around half the world's countries in his lifetime. He loved statistics — the only thing he loved more was gadgets — and his annual letter, dispatched to family and friends, read a bit like an airport departures board. He particularly liked to record mileages covered by motorbike. He spoke six languages fluently and could get by in a couple more.

His last years were passed peacefully in a home for retired Jesuits on the outskirts of Bournemouth where, when he wasn't occupied writing books and articles, he relaxed by listening to cricket on the radio (holding it up to the ear in which he was not completely deaf), devouring popular detective novels and playing bridge with that same unswerving commitment to winning that once made him so ferocious an opponent on the tennis court.

Surrounded by photographs taken from across his life, he would gaze out of the window and wonder how many leaves were on the tree outside. He was reconciled to his end. "How can I be afraid of my death?" he wrote on a scrap of paper. "It marks the last amen of my life and the first alleluia of my eternity."

Michael Campbell-Johnston SJ was born on September 27, 1931. He died on September 13, 2023, aged 91

MICHAEL de BURGH (41)



Michael de Burgh, who has died aged 100, was believed to be the last surviving member of any antecedent regiment of the Royal Lancers who saw active service in the Second World War.

De Burgh joined A Squadron 9th Queen's Royal Lancers (9L) in July 1943 and served throughout the last nine months of the Italian campaign in command of a troop of tanks; he saw heavy fighting in September 1944 at San Savino in the attack on the German Gothic Line. That winter, his regiment fought as infantry because the tanks could not operate effectively in mountainous terrain intersected with gullies and ravines, and in the treacherous conditions.



In April 1945, during the great offensive from the River Santerno, through the Argenta Gap and the advance to the River Po, the Regiment was back in “tank country”, and together with units of the 4th Hussars, the London Irish Rifles and the Royal Horse Artillery, they acted as the exploitation force for 78 Division.

Despite constant harassment by snipers, bazookas and Spandau fire, the squadrons were picking up so many prisoners that groups of 50 were left with a single rifleman to guard them. In the advance to Francolino and Borgo on the River Po under a full moon, the 9L tanks were silhouetted against the burning farmhouses and any movement brought a hail of armour-piercing shells.

By the morning, the regiment had reached Ferrara and the area was littered with German tanks – elements of 26 Panzer Division were so demoralised that

they made their own tanks unserviceable. Not since the Battle of El Alamein had 9L inflicted such a devastating reverse on German armour.

Michael Graham de Burgh, the son of Colonel HG de Burgh, OBE, MC, was born in Norwich on June 11 1923. His father, a gunner officer, was awarded an MC at Ypres in the First World War. In the Second World War he was captured and, after the Italian Armistice, as Senior British Officer, on 10 minutes' notice, he marched out the POWs as a battalion from the camp at Fontanellato where they had been held, taking more than 600 men with him. Young Michael was educated at Beaumont College, Old Windsor, before being commissioned and joining 9L. Towards the end of the war, he and Michael Moule, a fellow troop leader, halted at a derelict farm building. Their orders were to decide between them which troop, comprising three tanks, should advance across a large stretch of open ground overlooked by the Germans and which should give covering fire.

They drew straws. De Burgh drew the short one. He said afterwards that his heart sank. He was convinced that it was virtually a suicide mission. He led his troop at full speed across the open space while Moule laid on such a weight of brilliant and accurate shooting that the enemy was driven from its positions and he was able to get his troop into cover without loss.

Every Christmas after that, he sent Michael Moule a card, enclosing two straws as a reminder of that adventure and to say "thank you" for saving the lives of him and his men.

On another occasion, early one morning, he had to answer a call of nature and, equipped only with a spade, he walked into a wood. Two German soldiers, armed with Tommy guns, emerged from the undergrowth. They could have shot him quite easily but he threatened them with the spade in such a ferocious way that they dropped their weapons and put up their hands. He escorted them back to his men who had never seen armed German soldiers captured like that and were delighted.

On April 24 1945 he was in his tank when he saw a German self-propelled gun on the bank of the River Po taking aim at him. The first shell missed but he was unable to manoeuvre his tank out of the way quickly enough and his tank took a direct hit from the next one.

He was severely wounded, and Lance-Corporal Coombes, one of his crew, was killed, becoming the regiment's last fatality of the war. De Burgh was pulled from the wreckage by his troop sergeant and taken to a field hospital, where he remained until after hostilities ended on May 8.



*Michael with fellow Lancer **John Berry (42)** in Venice June 1945. Also with the Regiment was **Pat Dudding (38)** and the Commanding Officer was **Ronald McDonnell (16)** KIA. Michael's Uncle.*

After the war, De Burgh worked for Arbuthnot Latham, the merchant bank, before moving to Tanganyika (now the United Republic of Tanzania) in 1950 to grow sisal. He subsequently returned to London and worked for Guinness for 20 years before retiring in 1985.

In retirement in Sussex he ran a trout farm and devoted much of his time to working with the sick and disabled, becoming a Hospitaller de Notre Dame de Lourdes.



On June 8 this year, the day that Queen Camilla became Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Lancers, he was awarded an honorary Buchan Medal by her at Clarence House. The Medal commemorates Lieutenant Patrick (Paddy) Buchan, an exact contemporary of De Burgh who was killed in action in Italy on September 10 1944.

Michael de Burgh married, in 1950, Penelope Fairlie, the daughter of Joan Fairlie and Lieutenant-Colonel Gerard Fairlie, who continued the Bulldog Drummond series of books after the death of HC McNeile ("Sapper"). She predeceased Michael and he is survived by a daughter and two sons. Another son predeceased him.

Michael de Burgh, born June 11 1923, died July 21 2023

QUENTIN, COMTE de la BEDOYERE (52)



Quentin was born in 1934 the son of Michael Comte de la Bedoyere, Editor of the Catholic Herald and his wife Mary Thorold a granddaughter of the Anglican Bishop of Winchester.

Despite his French surname, de la Bédoyère's ancestry was mostly English, Anglo-Irish and Scottish, with a large part belonging to the ancient Lincolnshire family of Thorold baronets as well as the Dukes of Manchester and the Earls of Salisbury. One of his male-line ancestors was the cousin of Charles de la Bedoyere Napoleon's aide-de-camp at Waterloo in 1815.

Quentin was one of four brothers at Beaumont and entered St John's in the war year of 1942. He left the school in 1952 having been in most of the plays and the Shooting Eight. It is not surprising that Quentin continued his acting "career" with the BU and also as Director/ Producer.

Always one to speak his mind Quentin would regale an audience at Speakers Corner as well as writing for his father's Paper eventually becoming the Science Editor. In recent years his "*second sightblog*" was "A SHARED EXPLORATION OF THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SCIENCE AND FAITH". He was an accomplished author writing over a dozen books and a writer of poetry. An artist of note, he had his portrait of the late Queen accepted by HM. When not writing or painting, he was Managing Director of Sun life of Canada Unit Trusts. He spent most of his life living in London and married Irene Gough who pre-deceased him. They had two sons - Guy who is an Historian, an expert on Roman Britain and has appeared regularly on Channel 4. Raoul, a media executive and married to Sally who was CEO of the Blue Cross and awarded the CBE for Animal Welfare". Quentin loved cats.

JOHN FARR (67)



Jerry Hawthorne writes:

John Farr's father, a lieutenant colonel in the army, was married to a Dutch lady.

When I first met them at home with John, they lived in a delightful house in Kingswood Way Selsdon. The house had been called "The Retreat" but Lt. Colonel Farr for obvious reasons, changed the address to 21, Kingswood Way.

At Beaumont, John excelled at sports, being in the First VIII for rowing, and the First XV for rugby. He rowed at Henley for Beaumont in the School's final year, and the rugby team followed the School's tradition of winning at Eton.

The announcement of the closure of Beaumont wreaked havoc with Vith formers' 'A' Levels including John's. He left Beaumont at 18 to attend law lectures at what was then called Holborn College of Law Languages and Commerce, with a view to obtaining a London University (external) law degree. In the event, 95% of the students at Holborn failed their courses, which may explain why Holborn College soon became Regent Street Polytechnic and is now part of Westminster University. John had purchased a motorcycle by then for travelling around London and Surrey. During the long student holidays, he did much travelling. Quite amusingly on the steam train to Istanbul John was almost arrested by Turkish police, being in the lavatory during their vigorous passport checking. Later because of an outbreak of smallpox in Turkey, after being compulsorily vaccinated with others, he was evacuated to Cyprus. Lt. Colonel Farr arranged for accommodation on a British army base on Cyprus to which his London University degree results were signalled. John secured a creditable 2:1 Law degree. From Cyprus a boat to Port Alexandria Egypt; a few days in Cairo thence in a train full of chained prisoners, to Luxor. The recent war with Israel, the blowing up of three jumbo jets in the desert and the poverty in the country, meant that Egypt was almost devoid of foreigners. None the less John was

confident and popular with locals and was put up on the roofs of people's houses in Luxor. After taking a dhow across the Nile, a young Swiss archaeologist girl stranded nearby, happily provided entrance for John to many old sites and tombs including that of Tutankhamun.

Following a number of subsequent adventures, John was offered what were then known as articles of clerkship, at a very well regarded City firm of solicitors, at the time simply called Herbert Smith though the firm has since merged. There he was popular and successful eventually becoming the firm's principal employment law partner. He stayed at Herbert Smith for all his working life and even after retirement was involved there with staff and partner social events.

In his private life, he married Caroline and later Katherine. Katherine was some 15 years his junior but tragically died very prematurely.

John had five wonderful children. During the Covid-19 pandemic and probably in breach of government regulations, John invited me to accompany him to nearby Kew Gardens, after which his youngest daughter Emily, who was at the time required to live at home away from her university, kindly made us lunch together.

A wonderful father, friend, and solicitor.

May he rest in peace.

Michael Edward Ohly (62)



Michael was born in 1944 and came to Beaumont in 1958 where he was prominent in the Scouts and the Schismatics. He left in 1962 to join the family firm of Hotchkiss that had started as an engineering company in Eastbourne in the 1880's. In the 60s, With the increasing demand for the expertise of its structural steelwork, balustrading and ductwork engineers, the company continued to expand, leading to the formation of a subsidiary company, Hotchkiss Ductwork, in 1965. Thanks to its ability to meet the ever-growing demand for air conditioning, Hotchkiss Ductwork developed a reputation as a trustworthy and reliable ventilation contractor. However, the mid-1960s brought about a decline in structural steelwork and a huge upsurge in the use of pre-stressed and reinforced concrete for construction. While this side of the business began to suffer, the demand of our ventilation and ductwork engineers continued to grow alongside the expansion of the airconditioning market. In 1972, Michael as eldest son of the chairman and recently appointed financial director of Hotchkiss, reluctantly decided to close the structural steelwork side of the business. It was then that Hotchkiss focused more intently on its role as a ventilation contractor, specialising in the manufacture and installation of ductwork and ventilation systems.

After investing in new technology and leading the introduction of both CAM and CAD systems facilities in factories, on sites and in drawing offices, the company's technical and contracting expertise and reputation began to soar. Michael became Owner and Chairman of the Group whose projects included Bloomberg European Headquarters, working alongside Sir Robert McAlpine, London Heathrow Terminal 5, working alongside British Airports Authority (BAA), ExCel Phase 2, working alongside Sir Robert McAlpine, HSBC Canary Wharf, working alongside Canary Wharf Contractors

A charming and charismatic industry leader, Michael was instrumental in shaping the ductwork industry during his 18 years as part of the ADCAS (The Association of Ductwork Contactors and Allied Services) executive committee.

He was appointed as the first president of ADCAS in 1997 and helped the association to establish itself as the voice of the ductwork industry and enabled members to forge closer links with the wider construction sector.

Michael was married to Derrice and they had a son and two daughters. He lived all his life in Sussex

Michael remained a member of the BU (though not active).

Maurice Cronly 1957-1962

After a successful education at Beaumont, Maurice went to New College, Oxford, where he read PPE.

Following this, he worked with one of Unilever's many subsidiaries in marketing, but it was not long before he realised that he would rather be a large cog in a small wheel than a small cog in a big wheel. In 1979 he set up and ran Disposition, a large manufacturing business making whiteboards, which were very new at the time. The factory was moved to France in 1992.

The war in Croatia, which began in 1991, changed his life for ever. His many travels in the former Yugoslavia with his brother John and others, had led to a great friendship with a Croatian doctor. Maurice, volunteering with the charity BritAid,

drove an ambulance full of medical supplies from London to his hospital in Zadar. By this time he spoke the language well enough to be able to provide valuable support to British plastic surgeons, whom he accompanied to hospitals in several war zones.

Maurice was concerned by some of the bad practice he saw with respect to the distribution of financial aid. He approached the Charities Aid Foundation, who appointed him as their Regional Development Director for Central & Eastern Europe and he spent time working in Bulgaria. Then between 1999 and 2007 Maurice and his wife lived and worked in Zagreb, Croatia, and then in Ankara, Turkey, where he led projects for USAID, Ramboll, the British Council and the Icon Institute, focusing on civil society development. He retired in 2012.

He was a LibDem Councillor in Lambeth in the 1990s and latterly he continued to involve himself in local planning issues, dedicated to preserving the conservation area status of Stockwell, south London, the area he and his wife had lived in for over 50 years. They had a son and a daughter and six grandchildren, to whom he was devoted.

Unfortunately, ill health crept up on him over these last few years and he died at home in November 2022, surrounded by his family.

His was certainly a life worth lived and appreciated by many both here and abroad.

Anthony Miles 1947-1956



Anthony was born in Funchal Madeira in 1937 where his family had been for generations. His father Cecil gave the Statue of Our Lady of Fatima that was in The White House. Anthony was sent initially to St Johns before Beaumont where he proved a good rugby player, a Colour and Vice-captain : he was also Vice captain of the School.. He then did further studies at the Sorbonne before Peterhouse Cambridge for Anthropology. He did not return to Madeira till the 1960s to join the family firm founded in 1814 and famed for their wines and particularly Madeira. Anthony expanded the business adding Coral Beer and the Brisa Maracuja brand.

He was a successful businessman, who stood out for his public participation as president of the Funchal Commercial and Industrial Association from 1997 to 2003. He remained a British Citizen by choice. He died on Christmas Day 2020.

Guy Wallace (58)



From the Daily Telegraph:

Guy Wallace, buccaneer of the hunting world, gundog trainer and old Africa hand who lived 'off-grid' in an old caravan.

Despite stabs at conformity, Wallace was, in the words of his favourite poet Robert Service, one of 'The Men That Don't Fit In'.

Guy Wallace, who has died aged 81, was a colourful character in the hunting world, a kennel-man, gundog trainer, big game hunter, mercenary and author. In 2017 he

became the subject of a documentary, *The End of the Game*, in which the film-maker David Graham Scott accompanied Wallace to South Africa, where, aged 73 and lame, he hunted down an aged but still dangerous Cape buffalo. Graham Scott, a committed vegan, called his documentary a "poetic study of a relic from the colonial period".

A throwback to the age of Empire, Wallace could have walked out of a novel by G A Henty or H Rider Haggard. He usually sported a big moustache and whiskers (which, he was clear, were "buggers' grips" rather than sideburns, a pipe and a blue and white spotted neckerchief. In spite of his stabs at conformity he was, in the words of his favourite poet, Robert Service, one of "The Men That Don't Fit In."

Between 2002 and 2017 he lived off-grid in a caravan and a fallen-down , two-room "but and ben" cottage on the Thrubster estate, just south of Wick in the far north of Scotland. He stalked deer for the pot and for company, kept several pointers and a parrot called Jambo, with whom he conversed in Swahili learnt from his days in Africa. The parrot could also speak English, "Guy Wallace speaking" being his most fluent sentence (mimicking his master on his mobile phone).

Ian Guy Hamilton Wallace was born at Epsom on September 8 1941, the second of five children in a Catholic military family. His father John had a dental practice off Sloane Square and was on the hunt committee of the Chiddingfold Farmers in Sussex: all the children were encouraged, and brought up, to hunt. Their mother Maureen, a nurse, was matron at Pony Club camps.

Wallace attended the Catholic Beaumont College in Old Windsor and rowed and played rugby to a decent standard. He kept hawks as a boy and in later life trained and flew a red-tailed buzzard.



In 1961 he entered the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, where he was the cadet huntsman of the Sandhurst beagles, mentored by the legendary huntsman Roy Clinkard, who hunted the Aldershot beagles nearby. He played polo at Sandhurst and, later, in Rhodesia (as it then was) and Argentina. "They paid me to hunt all winter and play polo all summer," he once said of his Army days.

Commissioned into the Gordon Highlanders as a second lieutenant, Wallace was seconded to 2 Para. While stationed at Fort George, near Inverness, he hunted for two seasons with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. He then saw service in Kenya and Borneo.

As a contract officer, he joined the Sultan of Oman's Armed Forces as a captain, then the Abu Dhabi Defence Force. The adjutant, however, arranged for him to leave speedily when he started firing his pistol into his soldiers' tents to get them out of bed.

Wallace's attention rarely stood still. Ignoring Robert Service's advice about those who "chop and change, and each fresh move/is only a fresh mistake", he spent two years farming 40,000 head of cattle in Rhodesia, where he perfected his skills as a tracker, shooting buffalo that threatened the herd, and once even a leopard. He then headed to South America, where he broke in horses in Paraguay.

In the early 1970s he returned to England and set up a farming practice with an old army chum near Bodmin Moor and hunted with the East Cornwall foxhounds. Before this partnership failed, he flew sparrow hawks to catch magpies and met his future wife Marian, whom he married on the Glorious Twelfth in 1975.

For the next five seasons, Wallace's peripatetic journey saw him as kennel man to three packs of foxhounds: the Croome and West Warwickshire(1975-77), the Flint and Denbigh(1977-79) and the South Hereford(1979-80). The role-looking after the hounds and running the fallen stock collection service-was an unusual one for a privately educated army officer. He occasionally whipped in and hunted the hounds when the professional huntsman was indisposed.

Wallace next turned his hand to becoming a shoot keeper and training gun dogs. He was the author of several books, including *The Versatile Gundog*(1995), *Training Dogs for Woodland Deer Stalking*(1998) and *The Specialist Gundog*(2000).

Wallace and his wife Marian set up the Warren Gundog Centre in Llandefalle, Brecon, which they ran for 15 years. At the same time Wallace ran a shoot at Aramstone in Herefordshire for John Williams, father of the National Hunt trainer Venetia Williams.

On the move again, in 2002 Wallace moved alone into his caravan on the Thrubster estate, half an hour's drive from John O'Groats, where he farmed and culled deer. (By the end of his life, he estimated he had shot more than 1000 deer). He and Marian were divorced in 2007.

It was at Thrubster that David Graham Scott first encountered Wallace. *The End of the Game*, punctuated with occasional expletives and sympathetic wisdoms from Wallace, throws the odd couple together on a game reserve in South Africa for 10 days. "He was certainly not politically correct" Graham Scott said. On the first night, after too much brandy, Wallace lost his false teeth.

By the end of filming, however, Graham Scott felt his own views on hunting soften: "He is hunting and stalking an animal that's lived a life in the wild and doesn't know what's going on until a bullet obliterates it. That is better than some poor hen living in a battery cage or a pig in those horrible pens."

The hunter, meanwhile, had a chance to articulate his misunderstood code of conduct: "The whole thing is about getting as close as you can to the quarry for a humane kill....For me, that's the ethics of it, which seem to be going out of every bloody thing these days. Or perhaps I'm just an old fuddy-duddy".

He would not shoot within 500 yards of his vehicle, or anywhere near a waterhole. "The animals need their water...so to ambush them at a waterhole absolutely stinks."

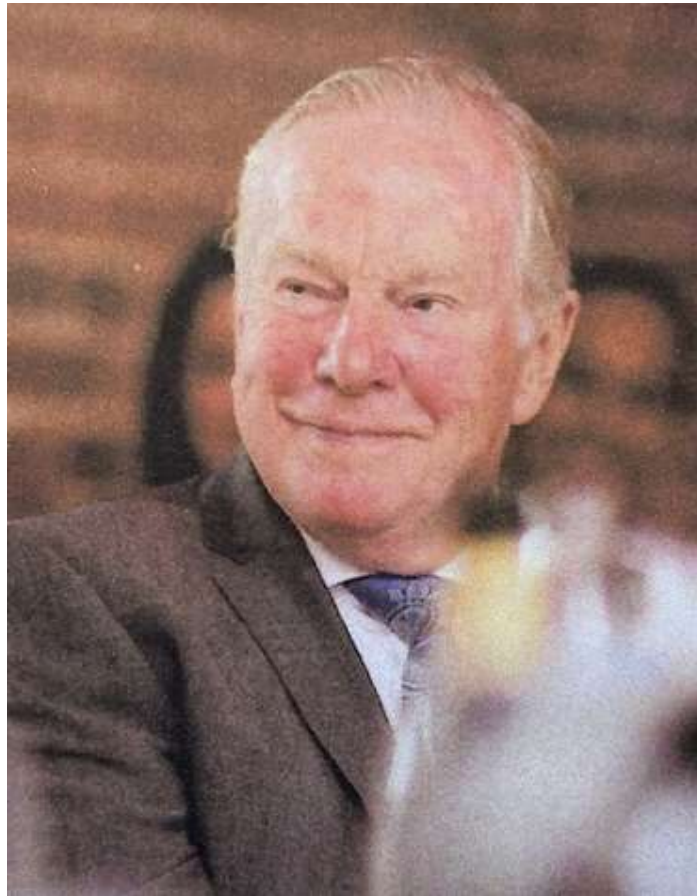
For his 70th birthday Wallace was given a camouflaged Zimmer frame by his army friends, complete with a tray to hold a bottle of Scotch. Despite insisting that he would be happy to die in the "Eden of Africa", his last residence , after a sojourn in Spain, was in the Shropshire countryside.

In the words of Robert Service, which Wallace quotes at the close of *The End of the Game*: "He is one of the legion lost. He was never meant to win. He's a rolling stone, and it's bred in the bone, He's a man who won't fit in."

Guy Wallace is survived by a son and daughter.

Guy Wallace 8/9/1941 to 18/3/2023.

Robert Cameron McIntosh (56)



Robert Cameron McIntosh, was born on the 30 May, 1938 – second child to Margaret and Duncan, and brother to Ann.

He grew up in Acton, in the family home, which was also his father's surgery, so children were seen but not heard. At 13, he moved to Beaumont where he met a

life- long friend in Peter Collins. Peter later became a serious rival on the squash court for many, many years.

Leaving school in 1956, he joined the Army to fulfil his National Service. He was posted to Scotland to join the Black Watch in 1957, serving in North Africa and Cyprus and 'achieving the highest military grading for conduct.

He took up a role as a Shipping trading assistant and worked for three years in Singapore.

In 1965 he returned to London working for Goodyear tyres until his journey with The Metropolitan Police began in September, 1968. He married his wife Sylvia in October 1974 and celebrated their honeymoon in The Bahamas. They then set up home in Stanmore.

After several years as a uniform officer, Special Branch was his calling. Years of undercover work, in political and terrorism operations led to a life of the unknown to his children and wife. His line of duty, discretion, and professionalism was nothing short of 'exemplary'; the lasting phrase the Met Police used upon his retirement.

A keen sportsman, showcasing great talent on the tennis and squash court, a keen cricketer (losing his two front teeth in his early days to a cricket ball), a dedicated rugby fan of both Scotland and England. His face, whenever we beat the French was one of utter joy and always remembered. Another love was his whisky - Hardly surprising when his ancestors founded the Glenmorangie distillery in Scotland, although Glenfiddich was his preferred choice!

In 2005 He and his wife moved to their "perfect home" in Meavy, West Devon. Here he soon became involved in running the Village Hall and playing Bridge. He even took part in the Village Panto.

Robert invested much of his life to God and the Church and this guided his life: a family man with four children, high standards and a strong work ethic. He was also a true wordsmith and documented his life through letters: his ability to set the scene , convey a message and tell a story were said to be remarkable. Robert (Bob) died in March at the age of 84.

Professor Peter Richard Pouncey



Peter was a British-American author, classicist, and former president of Amherst College. He was known for his wit, his erudition, and his sophisticated works of both academic analysis and fiction.

The son of a British father and an Anglo/French mother, he was born in Tsingtao , China At the end of WW2 after several dislocations and separations, his family reassembled in England Pouncey was educated there at Beaumont following his brother **Michael (51)** and Oxford For a time, he studied for the Jesuit priesthood but ultimately experienced a loss of faith.

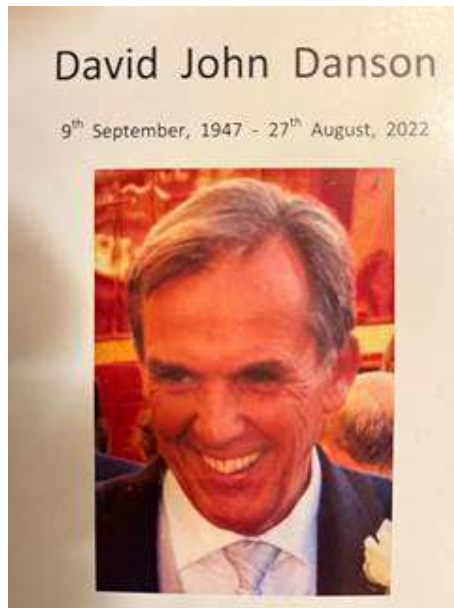
Shortly after obtaining a Ph.D. from Columbia in 1969, he was appointed assistant professor of Greek and Latin in the Classics Department. In 1972, he became Dean of Columbia College. As Dean, he was a forceful advocate of coeducation, going so far as to hold a faculty vote without the knowledge of the university's president, William McGill. McGill rejected the proposal so In 1976, Pouncey resigned as Dean. As a member of the Classics Department, he produced a number of notable works of scholarship, including the book *The Necessities of War: A Study of Thucydides' Pessimism*, which won the university's Lionel Trilling Award.

In 1984, he became President of Amherst Upon his retirement in 1994, he returned to Columbia. His novel *Rules for Old Men Waiting* won the McKitterick and was nominated for Commonwealth Writers Prize in 2006.

For many years, Pouncey divided his time between New York and northern Connecticut.

Pouncey had two biological children and one step-child. He was married and divorced three times. His second wife, Susan Rieger, author of *The Divorce Papers* and *The Heirs*, is a former administrator at Yale and Columbia Universities. Their daughter, Maggie Pouncey, is the author of the novel *Perfect Reader*. His third wife, Katherine Dalsimer, is a Clinical Professor of Psychology at Weill Medical College of Cornell University, and an author.

DAVID DANSON (65)



David was born in Chelsea in 1947 and spent his early years in Ingatestone in Essex, attending St John's Beaumont and Beaumont College in Windsor. After leaving school, he worked for a year for the Marconi company before going up to Trinity college Oxford to study Engineering, a college that his father and cousins had attended before him. On leaving the university he went to work for Posford, Pavry and Partners Consulting Engineers. Little did he know that years later his son Edward would by chance meet and marry the Granddaughter of one of the senior partners.

His engineering career provided him with many and varied opportunities. He spent one Christmas period for example on a dhow in the Persian Gulf undertaking port surveys.

Shortly after he returned from this, he met our mother Tricia and they married four months later. Immediately after the wedding, they went for his work to Sydney, Australia for three years, followed by a 6 months overland trip to England using local transport the whole way. Various adventures on this trip included pneumonia in Kabul, a pick pocket in an Indian night market, a curfew in another town with armoured vehicles going past, and a two-and-a-half-week self-organised trek in Nepal.

David did a masters in Southampton University on his return and then worked for a firm using computational methods to study phenomena governed by the principles of mechanics.

It was at this time that Edward was born and two years later the family went to Boston, Massachusetts for his work and to live for a year. In spare time they did lots

of exploring and travelling within the States and came into contact with some Canadian relatives. Unfortunately, as Edward was so young, he didn't appreciate the fact that he visited so many places and was really happy wherever he went.

After returning to the UK David took another job in offshore engineering, specifically the foundations for windfarms, which he worked in and found very interesting for the rest of his career.

Alex was born some time after his return and Claire some three years later. After Alex was born, the family moved to Odiham and lived here for 35 years. Over the period he joined various clubs and societies and his claim to fame was that he wound the church clock at the top of the bell tower every weekend for 25 years. He took us to the very top of the tower on several occasions, with incredible views over the whole of Odiham, which one probably couldn't do nowadays.

Daughter Alex (Gold Medal Olympian- Hockey):-

Dad was always very encouraging of our activities enjoying Edward's music, Alex's hockey playing and Claire's triathlon. He was always willing to have a go at things whether it be rock climbing, paddle boarding or surfing and enjoyed holidays and outings with us all.

In his retirement we continued to enjoy our family holidays down to our favourite spots in Cornwall. Without a shadow of a doubt these holidays are the reason we all have a love of the outdoors.

Dad was the kindest and gentlest of souls. He was a true gentleman, and I have so many memories of him that I will always cherish, - our trips to Alton Hockey club when I was younger, our holidays in Cornwall when even in the pouring rain Dad and Mum would head into the sea, the endless hockey games he would watch and him walking me down the aisle when I got married.

I admired Dad's intelligence so much, although I have to admit, unlike Claire and Ed, I could never entertain many of his in-depth conversations about quantum mechanics. So much of our time together was spent at hockey, where Dad supported me unwaveringly. But not just me, he was always the first to congratulate others on a good game and he still supported the team after I retired. His loyalty to all things, including this, never faltered.

In recent years Dad and I would walk in the New Forest, Odiham and head down to Leap beach. I loved chatting to Dad but we were also so happy in 'companionable silence', as Mum calls it. We didn't always have to talk, company was always enough. It is perhaps some of these times that I will miss the most, but I am so grateful that I have them to remember so fondly.

So much of who I have become comes from Dad, all that he taught me, all I saw in him and the experiences we shared.

Daughter Claire (European Para=Triathlon Champion)

I count myself incredibly lucky to have inherited Dad's love of Maths and Science; to the extent that I now work as a Maths and Science tutor. Dad wasn't one for idle chat, but I used to love how passionate he would be when we talked about Science. Anything from windfarms, to space, to his own engineering exploits. In truth, sometimes Dad was too intelligent for me. I think he was too intelligent for most people. But he never realised just how clever he was, and that was Dad; incredibly modest, extremely hard working and always willing to pass on his knowledge.

I will miss showing him the latest GCSE questions I am teaching my students and miss his genuine enthusiasm as he would take the harder ones off to do himself; always fascinated to see the type of Maths being taught in Schools these days. And whenever I write a new question or research a new topic, I will think so fondly of all the times we had together and all the many interesting things he taught me.

Dad was the very best of fathers, a wonderful grandfather and of course a totally devoted husband to our mum.

LIONEL GRACEY (45)

His son John spoke at his wake at Sunningdale Golf Club:-

Today we mourn his passing, but we must also remember to celebrate a life well lived.

Our father was born in 1928 in the city state of Penang, an entity that no longer exists, in a world that few of us today would recognise. The King Emperor George V reigned over an empire at its apogee, of which Penang was a small and distant part.

Pa returned as a boy to Britain on the steamship Rawalpindi, the family eventually settling in Windsor. Cycling to school at Beaumont during WW2, he would sometimes cross paths with the young Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose walking in the Great Park. At Beaumont, he excelled at several sports - playing cricket at Lords - and it was here he discovered his passion for golf, a passion which took him to play in the Open in 1952, to win numerous trophies and play with legends such as Sir Henry Cotton and Severiano Ballesteros, and which he enjoyed well into his 70s, when old age and the dislocated shoulders he suffered as a result of joining in his children's passion for skiing brought an end to his playing career.

After Beaumont, he went up to Cambridge, where he played golf for his College and for the University, beating Oxford in the Varsity and earning a Blue. There followed

stints at Harvard and Bart's, and he embarked on his medical career, which to him was a vocation far more than a job, and which meant he never felt that work was a chore.

He established a reputation as a master surgeon, with patients including royal families from around the world, politicians, billionaires, actors and rock stars. Whatever their station in life, his patients were treated with courtesy, respect, care and patience. He continued to work for the NHS almost from its inception until his retirement, dedicating long hours to his surgery and teaching practice at the Royal Free Hospital.

Retiring from medicine at 67, he then started a second career as a specialist in religious art, gaining a third Master's degree and publishing several books.

An African proverb says 'When an old man dies, a library burns to the ground', and what a library he was! But he carried his knowledge and wisdom lightly, always thoughtful and considered, never overbearing.

With his ability to speak numerous languages and his keen interest in etymology, Pa would doubtless have spotted the errant Latin 'sub' that crept over onto the English side of the Order of Service today but he would have forgiven it, perhaps drawing a parallel with the deliberate error he reminded us was always woven into Persian carpets (another subject on which he was an expert) because only God can be perfect.

The kindness and generosity of spirit he displayed as a doctor, as a father, as a husband, a colleague and a friend were all underpinned by his incredibly strong faith. Never dogmatic, and always aware of human frailty, his pragmatism, kindness and Christian faith guided him throughout his life.

One aspect of losing someone close to you that I can only describe as bittersweet is the experience of finding out only after they've died about acts of kindness and things they did for others that you'll no longer be able to talk about with them or ever be able to thank them for.

For example:

The confidential advice, support and assistance given to a school friend at a difficult time in their life and still remembered with gratitude 30 years on;

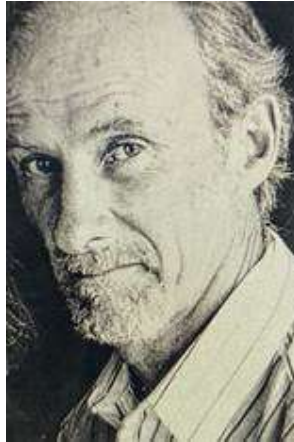
A fellow parishioner alive thanks in part to Lionel's pioneering work on transplant surgery;

And for me, one of the most touching things was finding in his bedside drawer, more precious than any baubles or trinkets given by grateful sheiks, a collection of cards

and telegrams congratulating him on his engagement to Angela, our mother, carefully looked after for 52 years. To me, this demonstrates that he felt that meeting and marrying her was the best thing to happen to him in his life, and it was the event which brought him the most happiness. We all share in our mother's sense of loss today.

I wasn't sure whether to end with a moment of silence, a prayer, or a toast. We have said our prayers, for which many thanks to Father Biggerstaff, and we had our moment of silence at the graveside, and so now, I think, the best way to celebrate his memory is to take a moment to recall and to cherish some of the wonderful memories, moments of happiness, and little acts of kindness we have all experienced, and to raise a glass to a life well lived.

Dr. James Vincent "Jim" O'BRIEN (54)



Canadian Chronical Herald:-

Athlete, environmentalist, psychiatrist, voracious reader, writer, story-teller, carpenter, windsurfer, kayaker, skier, father, grandpa, husband, friend, devotee of Leatherman multi-tools and duct tape.

Jim and his two brothers spent their childhood on the old family farm in Ireland. His adventures and observations of life in County Cork in the 1940s were the material for many of his stories. Both parents were doctors in London during the Second World War, so the boys were brought up by two aunts, a

cohort of much-admired farm workers, and a nanny who could never find them, let alone get them to put their shoes on. As a result, Jim had a lifelong aversion to socks and couldn't read until he went to boarding school at age 10. The first book he came across was Caesar's Gallic Wars. He never looked back.

At Trinity College Dublin, Jim captained the rowing team while studying medicine. He may have graduated sooner had sports and pubs not taken precedence over his anatomy exams. It was also at university that he met Heather Laskey, his future wife.

If vehicles were an indicator of immigrant success, Jim was on a downward trajectory. The couple's first move to Canada in 1965 was accompanied by their vintage Rolls Bentley which provided a stately drive across the continent to Watson Lake, Yukon where Jim worked as a general practitioner. Settling in Halifax in 1976, Jim purchased a series of vehicles, each one, as far as his children were concerned, more embarrassing than the previous (for heaven's sake, he was now a psychiatrist!). The decline culminated with the purchase of a Soviet-era Skoda in the mid-80's which for weeks included a loudly flapping piece of plastic for a window.

Jim moved his practice to Cape Breton so that he could more easily enjoy nature and outdoor pursuits like kayaking and cross-country skiing. He was a

founding member of the Bras d'Or Stewardship Society, serving as a board member for 20 years, and generously supported other environmental organizations. He was also well-known for sharing his disapproval of recreational vehicles. After vehemently voicing his annoyance about a near miss with a snowmobiler, a local humourist sign-posted the trail "O'Brien's Lament".

A sartorial trendsetter and the envy of many a man, Jim set the bar high. He wore his old Irish sweaters (more holes, patches and duct tape than wool) with panache. Nevertheless, he always looked stylish at social events, and according to CBC radio host Steve Sutherland, may have been the only person on Cape Breton Island who could pull off wearing a cravat.

As a psychiatrist Jim took pride in serving far-flung communities in Cape Breton – few winter blizzards prevented "Dr. Tune-Up" from seeing his patients. Although he extolled the advancements of anti-depressants, he did not hesitate to call out the manipulations of "Big Pharma". This was a bummer for his less scrupulous children, who pined to go on holidays to exotic locales on the company dime.

Possessing a powerful intellect and curiosity, Jim was known for his storytelling and wit. He wrote two memoirs: *Willowbrook, a Flawed Eden* and *He's Around Here Somewhere*.

A skilled carpenter, he crafted beautiful salad bowls, plates, chairs and intricate dollhouses as well as sometimes aesthetically dubious household 'improvements'. He was very proud that the Wren's Nest Pub in Dublin, Ireland (est. 1588!) still bears a sign he carved in the early 1970's.

In his mid-60's after undergoing quadruple by-pass surgery, he set himself three major goals: kayak from Halifax to his Cape Breton home, swim a mile across the Bras d'Or Lakes and cross-country ski across the Cape Breton highlands. All successfully completed.

The great sadness of Jim's life was the death of his first-born child, Harry. Like many of his generation, his grief was private though ever-present; he rarely spoke of it, a burden he kept with him to the end of his life.

Jim died surrounded by family in Cape Breton Regional Hospital. He leaves his wife Heather, who has lost her best companion; their children, Finn (Sachiko), Rebecca (Lars) and Minga (Chris); grandchildren, Olivia and Freddy; his older brother, Dick (Catherine), and many nieces, nephews, and friends. A full life: well lived, much loved. He and his stories will be missed terribly.