

“REQUIEM AETERNAM DONA EIS DOMINE”

2015 OBITUARIES



John Christopher Dake

12 August 1942 to 19th June 2015

John Cronly put this tribute together with Chris's widow Nikki:-

Chris was born in Liverpool in 1942; his father was away fighting and Chris and his mother lived with his grandparents. He spent much of his early life abroad , being schooled in places as far apart as Singapore, Trieste and Germany. He then attended Beaumont College from 1955-60, Windsor and, while there distinguished himself in the Schismatics cricket team, numerous school plays, rugby and a variety extra-curricular activities. Thereafter he went to Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth where he passed out before joining the navy proper on the 1st Jan 1960.

He commanded small ships in UK and also, early on, alongside the Ghurkas in Borneo as a midshipman. Chris was made Officer in Charge of Naval Small Boat Operations in Sematan, a remote part of Sarawak, where he was a very important part of the British Army's assistance to Malaysia in the defence against the Indonesian "Konfrontasi". Following this he was posted to Kuching as assistant to Commander Naval Forces Borneo.

As a Sub Lieutenant he served as a Pilot under Training at Linton-on-Ouse from January to May of 1965. He passed out of the Naval Air A/S School (122 A.S.O.F.T) in June 1966. He married Tina in 1967 and had two sons, Kevin & Paul.

Chris transferred to the Army as a pilot and, among other postings, was part of BAOR stationed in Detmold flying Sioux helicopters. While there his duties included flying the Catholic chaplain to various chapels to say Mass. Many remember his very original entrepreneurial activities, carried out as a side line and out of Army view, with fond amusement.

Following this tour of duty he joined BAE in England selling Rapier missiles, later transferring to Racal Electronics. It was during this period that he met Nikki who, unable to curb his swashbuckling ambitions, joined him in taking up every new challenge. Chris' Far East experience drew him back to Singapore working with Vosper where his small boat knowledge was invaluable, selling fast patrol boats to various countries in the region. Here he met up with Colin Cripps, another former Beaumont student.

After 15 years in Asia, the Dakes returned to UK to look after elderly parents. There, among other things, they took over a healthfood business (Chris' ability to sell was amazing: imagine moving from warships to vitamins!). After nine years in UK, the couple retired to Cyprus where they continued to enjoy a full and useful life in both the British and local communities.

On the island his interest in small boats was reawakened and he regularly took groups sailing in the Greek and Turkish islands. The Paphos International Sailing Club (PISC) was enlivened by his presence and leadership.

Chris and Nikki were most hospitable and their home became a regular port of call for his many friends from around the world. There was always a specially warm welcome for the BU; Chris never ceased to wonder that despite not having seen some BU friends since school he was able to reengage with them as if they had never been apart.

In the last few years life caught up with Chris and he became increasingly poorly from 2011. He was indeed blessed to have Nikki to continue taking him to the many social events where he was much sought after, as well helping him to keep his spirits up all the time. To the last he enjoyed a glass of wine and company.

It is no exaggeration to say Chris had a very very full, eventful and happy life with no regrets, one which was the envy of many.

Chris's sister sent this further tribute to Paul Podesta:-

Chris was born during the war, possibly during an air raid, if my Mother was to be believed! She was on her own, a not unusual situation then, as my Father was serving in India. A telegram was sent announcing the baby's arrival and back came the congratulatory reply concluding 'baptise him Laurence John Gerald'!

'Too late' responded my mother 'he's already baptised, John Christopher Laurence, to be known as Chris'.

Father and son didn't meet for another three years.

So – Big Brother – 4 years older and, as he frequently told me, considerably wiser. Chris taught me many things – smoking, gambling and of course - the facts of life.

My earliest memory is, late one Christmas Eve, being encouraged by Chris to raid the presents from under the enormous Christmas tree, his voice whispering ‘no one will see you...’ Oh, really? Then there was the much envied train set and the ‘don’t touch that’ Meccano. An excellent elder brother – great fun and more important - always there.

On to Singapore, by ship - the MS Asturius – did his lifelong love of sailing and the sea start then?

We lived on Blankang Mati island, at the top end where three huge guns stood, (the ones that faced the wrong way) still and silent, relics from the war. Well, still until we arrived – it’s amazing what fun and games can be had by two young children with surplus Army hardware!

Our parents joined the Singapore swimming club and we spent each afternoon after school there, relishing the freedom, and the opportunity to use the slot machines – until Chris won the jackpot and we were forever banned.

We returned to the chilly climes of England in Autumn 1955, and Chris was off to St John’s Prep School. Colchester was our next posting where we lived in a hiring tucked away in a tiny village. An ancient horse chestnut tree with a high treehouse stood in the garden - the only entrance via a knotted rope – splendidly inaccessible to grown-ups! New bikes and miles of unexplored countryside where we roamed to our heart’s content. Halcyon days together.

On to Beaumont College for Chris where, amid school work, he managed to fit in various roles in the school plays alongside Alec Guinness’s son Matthew; cram in as much sport as possible and correspond with a drinks company - complaining about the quality of their Whisky. This resulted in a visit by one of their agents to the school! Despite always being short of cash he would find enough to send me sixpenny pieces stuck to a piece of card – a generous and thoughtful brother.

Then came Dartmouth, Britannia Royal Naval College, and the fulfilment of his seafaring wish.

A trip down the river Dart during one visit culminated in my shoes being unceremoniously hurled overboard as 'they were in the way'! (They actually belonged to my Mother). My streetcred at school was much improved by his arrival on Sports Day - a good looking young Naval Officer. Once commissioned he served on a variety of ships including minesweepers, and on HMS Hermes. He trained as a Naval helicopter pilot, and was posted to Culdrose in Cornwall. My Mother and I spent two or three very pleasant summer holidays viewing the delights of Cornwall with him. He had a terrific sense of humour and frequently impersonated Spike Milligan, and we had Peter Cook and Dudley Moore dialogues down to a T.

1966 and he and Tina were married, and in due course Kevin was born, followed two years later by Paul.

Chris was directly involved in two of the two major events of my life – the first when aged 17, determined to go to Drama School and into the Theatre (my parent's wished for a more conventional career in teaching), but there was Chris, ever supportive – "give it a go, you'll never know unless you try". And, secondly and more important, when I visited them in Detmold in the Summer of 1970, Chris introduced me to various friends, including Rory. A year later we married, and found ourselves living virtually next door to Family Dake! Their wedding gift to us, which arrived on day two - a puppy! I said he had a sense of humour!

Here I pass his story on but before I finish I have to say that having Chris as a brother was, despite the inevitable sadnesses and disappointments of life, a great joy. May he be blessed with the well-deserved gift of peace and light.

NIGEL KENNEDY (67)

Nigel died last January. The son of a doctor he entered St John's in 1956. At Beaumont he excelled at cricket and was an excellent bat and was awarded his colours in his last year. He followed his father into medicine and became a well-respected and admired GP in Aylesbury.

Nigel Payne (62)

Nigel died at his home in the Var region of France in June. He came to Beaumont in 1959 and left after three years to study medicine. His father Herbert was at the school leaving in 1922 as were two uncles. His grandfather Cyril (81) a wine merchant was the Secretary of the BU from 1889 till his death in 1913.

Francis Milward (60)

Keith Forbes writes:

With much regret I write to inform you of the death on 1 October 2014 in Mortimer, Berks, of Beaumont OB (1956-1060) Francis (Frank) Milward. I once knew him well and he was my friend and a fellow keen amateur photographer at Beaumont. I last saw him in 1969. He was an antique coin dealer with a shop in Reading, Berks. His younger brother was also at Beaumont. In 2010 a Reading newspaper and WWW article ran a story about how he as a pensioner was attacked and robbed but hit his assailants with a gin bottle and caused them to be arrested. May he rest in peace.

Desmond William Ronald Ashby (31)

b.4 Aug 1915 d.4 Aug 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. He was educated at Downside and 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 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.

Tim Aspinall (52)

Writer and producer of original drama and landmark series for television

Graham Benson

Tim Aspinall, who has died aged 65, was a television writer, director, producer and a true original. In the 1960s he wrote and produced *Coronation Street*. He scripted series ranging from *Love Story* for ATV, to *Villains and Bullman* for Granada and a BBC Horizon drama documentary on Brunel.

In 1972 he produced a landmark *Thirty Minute Theatre* production of Samuel Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* for BBC television. It featured Patrick Magee, the writer's finest interpreter, in the name role. Later in that decade at Thames Television, working with his close friend Verity Lambert, Tim produced *Hazell*, *Born And Bred*, *Jemima Shore Investigates* - for which he also wrote - and other popular, well-crafted series. He directed drama and documentaries - including Channel 4's *Wine Programme* and *What It's Worth* - and, at TVS, in the late 1980s, helped me to develop and encourage many young writers, directors and producers.

I first met him towards the end of 1968 when he arrived at BBC Television Centre to script-edit and, soon afterwards, produce BBC2's *Thirty Minute Theatre*. Tim regaled us with tales of Fleet Street and Granadaland, and charmed us with his witty, sometimes racy, west London anecdotes. And, with a laidback and assured style, he delivered an extraordinary run of original television drama, week after week.

Tim wrote many fine, often quirky scripts himself - with dialogue often close to poetry - and produced startlingly electric drama; no more so than with Rhys Adrian. At the BBC, in the early 1970s, Rhys and Tim - and I, and others - delivered television plays that included *The Gardeners Of My Youth*, *Buffet* and the brilliant *Thrills Galore*.

Tim was born in Hampstead, London. His father, an army officer, was killed in Burma during the Second World War, while his mother was a Spanish aristocrat of Basque origin. He was educated at Beaumont and in his late teens joined the *Eastbourne Gazette*. A holiday relief stint at the *Daily Mail* turned into a job and he later worked at the *Mirror* and *Express*. In 1964 he went to Granada in Manchester as a script-editor, and took a director's course with the company.

In the 1970s, post-BBC, he remained a freelance, but joined me at TVS in 1987 and never left my side during the five years I was controller of drama. He produced the first series of *Perfect Scoundrels*, several single plays, a strand of student films and videos, *Take One*, where his talent as a teacher augmented his producing brilliance.

Tim loved life, and celebrating activities that he could share with others - cricket, jazz, soccer, classical music, the arts, wine, and eating and cooking good food - his bread-making talents were legendary and he never arrived anywhere without a warm loaf from his oven.

Tim married first Judy, with whom he spent his 20s and very early 30s, together with James, Penny and Matty. Early in his BBC life he married his perfect foil, Mary, and they adopted Ruby and Charlie.

Richard Harris writes:

I first met Tim Aspinall when we were young writers on an anthology of television plays produced by the inspiring Stella Richman. He wrote like a dream; his stuff didn't always work and sometimes it was so far off the wall it was out of the building, but it was always full of ideas, full of imagination. Tim had style in the way he was with people - and a kind of subversion about him.

The second time we worked together it was with him as director, the third time as producer. Working with him was always a pleasure. It wasn't the be-all and end-all for him, but if the work could somehow lead to the real stuff of life, so much the better. But the work always got done and always to his high standards - and with that little bit extra on the budget.

We fell out about five years ago, but I really missed working with him. And then, about a couple of years ago, I was taken seriously ill. One afternoon there was Tim, parking his bike in the front garden. He had brought me some home-made soup and we were off and running again. I am not saying he saved my life, but he was one of those who made bloody sure I hung on to it.

But as I was getting stronger and stronger, he, unaccountably, seemed to be less himself. What they found was tumours in his stomach and his liver and suddenly, like some terrible sort of twist, it was him asking the questions and me trying to give the answers. Two days after his first operation I went to see him and he was dancing with a nurse, trailing his tubes behind him.

He was sent home to build up strength for his second operation: he still gave me cooking lessons, and we still went to the pictures in the afternoon. But this time it was him walking slowly and me catching his arm as we crossed the road. At last they said it was time for him to go in and have the tumour cut away from his liver. Complications set in. He died 10 days later. He was a very special man, a one-off.

Timothy Edward Aspinall, writer and television producer, born January 6 1935; died August 21 2000

JOHN EDWARD SCHULTE (52)



His brother Robert writes:-

The year has started sadly for us, with the very sudden, unexpected death of my brother John on 2nd January. He had celebrated his 80th anniversary some six weeks before, and appeared

reasonably fit, when, on the eve of the 31st, dressing up to celebrate the New Year with Evelyne, his wife, and a few friends, he was suddenly struck by a severe cerebral hemorrhage. He quickly lost consciousness, which he never really recovered before his quiet departure two days later, surrounded by Evelyne and their five children.

At the funeral, held in Braine l'Alleud (very close to Waterloo - "la Morne Plaine"), I saw Eric van Damme, a contemporary at Beaumont, who for many years has been a neighbour of John's.

John was my elder by 15 months. As such he went to Beaumont a year earlier than I, in 1948. He was a great friend of a bunch of "tough guys" including Tony Matthews, Ted Winfield, Brian Arthur, Yates, Lou Chmelar and others, not to forget André Dembinski (whose father, a Polish General, had bravely fought the Nazi invader in 39, with little means against overwhelming odds) and Baudouin de Vleeschauwer (whose father was an important Belgian Government Minister during and after the War), both becoming great friends of the whole family. Baudouin sadly died very prematurely a few years after leaving Beaumont.

A very impressive array to the young brat I was when I came to Beaumont in 1949! John was known as "Dutch Schulte" - nothing to do with the Dutch branch of our family ancestry - but in "respectful memory" of one of Al Capone's henchmen, famous for expediting, somewhat prematurely, his business contacts to their final judgment!

John married Evelyne in 1960, and together they built up a splendid family over the years: five children, and now, with the addition of the necessary spouses, eleven grandchildren! When added to Agnès and my five children and fourteen grand, it is a welcome restoration of the family after the 14-18 war, when my father was the only male member of the new generation left in Belgium.

John spent many years running the air transport division of Nedlloyd in Belgium, travelling extensively all round the world, particularly in the Far East. When he retired, he enjoyed a more "civilized" pace of life, helping out in charitable organizations, seeing friends, enjoying music, concerts and opera, travelling and visiting the wide-world, and helping his children and grandchildren in their various projects.

He kept contact for many years with Father Corbishley, even after the closure of Beaumont, maintaining a close interest in the development and evolution of catholic education in our difficult and changing world. His contacts with the B.U. were sporadic, given his very busy professional life. He particularly appreciated Henry's annual lunches, which he attended for a number of years, and enabled him to see Hugh Dinwiddy, other famous Beaumont characters and Jesuits, Father Sass, my Boxing Captain, Campbell-Johnston and a good number of his old friends.

All told, John left us far too early, in full capacity to contribute and participate in the life of his family and friends. But he left quietly, rapidly, avoiding the burden on his family that a long, painful and difficult illness could have inflicted, which was one of his fears."

VASS ANDERSON (48)



Vass, the son of Brigadier H S Anderson late Royal Engineers came to Beaumont in 1945 from Cork leaving in 1948 and opted for the acting profession.

Vass Anderson was a film and television actor for over 40 years and worked in many notable productions in that time. He is quoted as saying “I usually get the part of the doctor, priest or clerk, the little schemer or villain in the cast.

Some of the films he appeared in include ' Where Angels Fear to Tread ', ' Quartet ' directed by Dustin Hoffman, ' Highway to Hell (Eldorado) ' with an all-star cast , ' Superman I and II ' starring Christopher Reeve and a film that has endured as one of the most popular movies of all time ' Star Wars - A New Hope ' where Vass portrayed a Rebel Technician (war room) .

Here also are a few of the many TV shows Vass appeared in : 'Tales of the Unexpected ' 1979 , ' Shine on Harvey Moon ' 1982 , ' The Professionals ' 1983 ' The Tripods ' 1984 , ' Casualty ' 1987 , ' Inspector Morse ' 1988 , ' Agatha Christie: Poirot ' 1989 , ' Father Ted ' 1996 , ' The Bill ' 1998 , ' A Touch of Frost ' 2001 , ' New Tricks ' 2013.

Vass also taught drama for 25 years at adult and children's schools and also advised newcomers as to how to break into the business: he always said that retirement was a “no-no”.

GERALD de TRAFFORD (46)



Gerald de Trafford (*46) died peacefully in Malta, aged 85, on 12th April 2015. He commenced his education with the Augustians at Ramsgate but returned to Malta in 1939 with the declaration of war. There he went to St Edward's, the school founded by his step-grandmother, Lady Strickland, on the lines of an English Public School. It gave him the benefit of learning Maltese, and with his gift for languages, later became fluent in French, Italian and Spanish. He hated German but attempted Russian.

After the battle of Alamein, he and his brother Anthony were evacuated to England, a precarious journey in the bomb bay of a Liberator. He continued his somewhat disrupted schooling at Beaumont, an experience he looked back on with pleasure. Fortunately a Maltese boy, **Tony Camileri**, gave him an immediate welcome, and of course, stayed a life-long friend. Tony was one of the post-war Scholars funded by the British Government, who sent a Maltese boy to each of the major Catholic Public Schools. Gerald left in 1946 and went to Le Rosey in Switzerland, which gave him an enduring passion for skiing and perfected his French. He followed this with 3 years at McGill in Montreal for his BA, and which included a year at The University of British Columbia in Vancouver. He bought 125cc BSA Bantam motorbike there, and drove across Canada back to Montreal. Gerald would always prefer to sleep rough rather than indulge the expense of a hotel, thus spending nights on beaches by lakes or wherever as he traversed the continent. Back in Europe, he drove the bike back to Malta by way of Spain and Portugal, and along the North African coast to Tripoli.

After McGill, he went up to Oxford and enrolled at St. Catherine's. He intended to continue his studies of International Law at The Hague but this plan did not materialise.

Gerald inherited the family home, Villa Bologna, from his grandfather, Lord Strickland, in 1940, and after taking possession when Lady Strickland died in 1950, he devoted the rest of his life to the property, which also included a pottery started by his mother.

In 1971, he married Charlotte Hallo, the daughter of a former Dutch Ambassador who had come to live in Malta. They had two children, Aloisia and Jasper, and four grandchildren who gave him much pleasure towards the end of his life.

His passions were boating and swimming. He owned a *luzzu*, the traditional Maltese fishing boat, much to the consternation of the fishermen where he kept it. He was always reluctant to take it out of the water into safety before the weather broke at the end of the summer, and sometimes too late. He enjoyed long swims and completed the Malta-Gozo crossing along with the rest of the family on two occasions.

He was a Knight of Honour and Devotion of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, and took an active part in their activities for 60 years or so. He went several times to Lourdes to join other Knights in helping pilgrims there.

Gerald had a lot of charm and a dry sense of humour. When he was about 80, his brother, visiting him in hospital, pointed out how lucky he had been, never having been hospitalised before. Next day, having thought about it, he said, "Oh yes, I stayed in the hospital in Gibraltar on our way to England in 1942. I also spent a night at the London Clinic when Charlotte was ill". Never having been a proper patient may explain why, when the time came for increasingly further visits, he was not exactly a model patient, asserting his independent spirit that had been his hallmark throughout his life.



Alan Fraser(41)

Alan came to St John's from Wimbledon in 1935 before entry into the College. He will best be remembered as both Captain of Boats and Boxing in the 1941 season. On leaving he joined the Royal Navy for wartime service and was torpedoed on HMS Transylvania; he retired from the service in 1952. He then trained in work study with ICI before becoming Head of Work Study for the Robinson Group of companies. In 1947 he married Margaret Whitaker and he remained throughout his life a firm supporter of the BU.

Colin Wells

Colin Wells was born on November 15, 1933, in Nottingham, England. He graduated from Nottingham High School and went up to Oriel College, Oxford. He then passed his military service in Egypt. He returned to Oxford to finish a degree with an interest in philosophy. While still an undergraduate he converted to Catholicism at 21 and began his teaching career at Beaumont. He then taught at the University of Ottawa for two years, but after marriage to Kate Hughes in 1960 and the birth of a son, he returned to Oxford, where in 1966 he completed a D.Phil. with a dissertation on the frontiers of the Roman Empire under Augustus. Back at Ottawa, he chaired the Classics department, established a new classical civilization course, edited *Classical News & Views / Echos du monde classique*, and served as Vice Dean. All this while, he maintained an active scholarly record, producing *The German Policy of Augustus* in 1972. Beginning in 1976 he and Edith Wightman led the dig at Carthage. His book on the Roman Empire appeared in 1984 and has remained a popular basic account. In 1987 he moved from Ottawa to San Antoni where he had been appointed Distinguished Professor of Classics at Trinity University. He retired in 2003 and returned first to Oxford, then to a comfortable house in Normandy. He died surrounded by his family in Bangor, North Wales, on March 11, 2010.