

“REQUIEM AETERNAM DONA EIS DOMINE”

2014 OBITUARIES

OBITUARIES

Philip German-Ribon (30)

Philip German- Ribon died on the 16th September aged 101 and at the time of his passing was our oldest OB. He was the youngest of three brothers who came to Beaumont the sons of Roberto. His Grandfather had been the Bolivian Ambassador in London and Paris and he was born in 1912 at their residence in the Cromwell road. Later he moved to Paris and enjoyed holidays at their house in Biarritz. The family were of Spanish origin and there is still a street in Seville named after them but they then moved to Columbia in the 18th century and took part in the liberation of South America with Simon Bolivar; one of Philip's ancestors was shot by the Spanish as a traitor. In Bolivia they had large mining interests and were involved politically in the administration of the country.

Philip though spent most of his childhood in England and his parents had a home near Tunbridge Wells and his father worked in London involved with specialist metals such as bismuth and tin which brought them into involvement with the Wolffs and the London Metal Market. Philip and his brothers were sent to Wagners in Queens Gate where Philip made a strong friendship with John de Laszlo, the son of Philip the society artist. It was during this period that as a young boy Philip visited 11 Downing Street where de Laszlo was painting Sir Austen Chamberlain who also happened also to be a friend of Philip's parents. It was while he was in Downing Street that he made the acquaintance of David Lloyd George and apparently they played with guinea pigs together.

Philip went to Beaumont in 1924 where he had good friends in Jack and Gus Wolff; Freddie was a little older and held in high esteem. Fr Chichester was Rector at the time with Fr Meli as Prefect of Studies and Fr Tempest as First Prefect. On Leaving Philip went up to Exeter Oxford to study law where his tutor was Dr Cheshire the father of Leonard VC. While there he was joined by John de Laszlo with whom he had lost touch while the latter was at Lancing. Other chums from Oxford days were

Sandy Glen (Sir Alexander) and Eddie Shackelton (Lord Shackelton) both explorers and the German Adam von Trott later to be executed for his part in the Stauffenberg plot against Hitler. It was also during his Oxford days that he became a friend and was greatly influenced by Monsignor Ronald Knox then the University Chaplain. Philip qualified as a solicitor and became partner in Harringtons but freely admitted that he did not enjoy the work.

With the outbreak of War, Philip joined the RAF and was first posted to the Shetland Islands where an amusing incident occurred in 1940. War Office Intelligence received information that the Germans were embarking on landing craft with the intention of invading the Shetlands. They sent a message to the Island stating that they could expect invasion within hours and would the officer receiving the message please acknowledge. Philip duly did so but could not complete his full name so there was consternation in Whitehall when they read "Pilot Officer German". Later on he was appointed Head of French Section Intelligence as a Wing Commander. In this role he was involved with the re-building of the French Air force under General de Gaulle. At the end of hostilities he was offered an OBE or the Legion d'Honneur; Philip chose the latter.

It was between VE Day and VJ day that he married Monica: he inveigled a friend in Bomber Command to fly him in a Lancaster to Paris to collect the champagne but to save on clothing coupons Monica wore a de Laszlo wedding dress. The war over Philip became Chairman of Mining and Chemical Products Ltd, a subsidiary of the Aramayo Mining Company. This happened as his Uncle had fallen ill and it was suggested that he might take over, which he did, and ran it for thirty years. He also went into business with John de Laszlo with Ribon-de Laszlo doing business mainly in South America. John had various matrimonial problems and one of his wives was Rosemary Townsend the former wife of Group Captain Peter and when John later had financial difficulties it was Philip who generously provided financial help to his children.

Philip was very fond of Beaumont and indeed in his eulogy it was mentioned that he loved to talk about his schooldays and his son Anthony followed in his father's footsteps to Old Windsor. His Requiem was celebrated at Farm Street following Philip's order of service as he had wished. The choir sang the requiem and the body of the mass was said in Latin; Philip had been a long standing member of The Latin Mass Society.

In his homily, Fr Anthony Nye SJ opened with the words "Aeterna Non Caduca". It was our motto that Philip had followed all his life though as Fr Anthony said "Philip also enjoyed the Caduca" and was a man with a wry sense of humour. Of his great age, Philip was to say "I'm wondering if God has forgotten me". Certainly his family

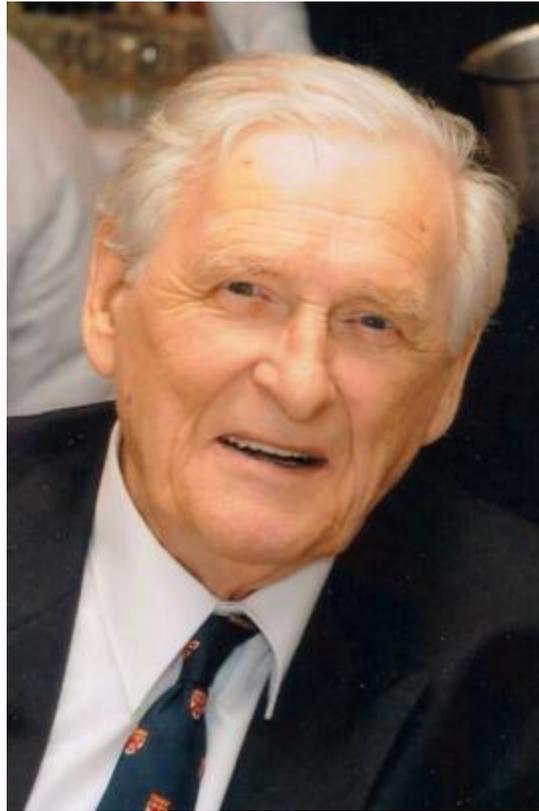
and friends will not; “Think what a good husband, father, grandfather, great grandfather and friend should be – he was that and much, much more”.

Ian Sinclair (57)

Ian died on 30th August at the age of 75 and his funeral took place at The United Reform Church West Hassocks in East Sussex. His father taught for many years at Beaumont and Ian started at St John's in 1946. He is remembered for his time at school as a fine cricketer and captained the X1 in the 1957 season. Later he went up to Hertford Oxford to study Mathematics and taught at St John's for a while. He had not been in touch with the BU for many years and I am grateful to David Flood and John Lipscomb for informing The Union of his death.

John Francis Keighley (45)





John Francis Herbert Keighley died on September 12, 2014 in Ashburn, Virginia. He was born on April 18th 1927 in Blackburn, Lancashire, England to Dr. John W. and Dr. Elizabeth Keighley.

He attended Beaumont from 1937 -45 and rowed in the VIII in his final year. He left for Medical School at Trinity College, Cambridge University, Cambridge, and the Middlesex Hospital Medical School before emigrating to the United States. As a physician and a compassionate man, Dr Keighley treated and helped many patients over the years. His important work in pulmonary disease research and treatment helped save many more lives during his long and distinguished career.

John married Anita M. Bunster, the love of his life, on December 6, 1952 in London, England. They met while he was in medical school and Anita was in nursing school. They were lovingly devoted to each other for 62 years.

John is survived by his spouse, Anita of Ashburn, Virginia; his son John D.D. Keighley of Redondo Beach, California; his daughter, Elizabeth K. Smith of Leesburg, Virginia; and his twins, son David F. Keighley of Reston, Virginia and daughter, Joanne M. Evans (Joseph E. Evans) of Leesburg, Virginia; and other relatives and friends close and far. John was preceded in death by his parents Dr. John W. and Dr. Elizabeth Keighley and his sister Betty Rees.

His Requiem mass was said at the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, 231 N. King Street, Leesburg, Virginia on Thursday, September 18.

MICHAEL TUSSAUD (62)



Michael died unexpectedly on 27th May when he was seemingly recovering from cancer.

The Tribute to “the younger Michael” was given at his funeral by Robert Wilkinson

“Hell is full of musical amateurs; music is the brandy of the damned” and for those that agree with GBS, Old Nick must have had quite a bean feast during this Easter term” so began a report in the school Review by the Music Society Secretary - one Michael Tussaud.

Michael or Binge, as he was affectionately known at school and by my wider family ever since, arrived together with the new entry including myself and my twin brother Richard at Beaumont, the one-time Roman Catholic School at Old Windsor in the Autumn of 1957.

Surprisingly, for an erudite young lad, Binge was placed in the B stream with those of us earmarked as potential; “cannon fodder” for the years to come. I put Binge’s streaming down to taking a sabbatical year at Prep school prior to the Common Entrance; he was certainly much brighter than the rest of us.

He was no physical gladiator; not for him the rugby pitch, the river or the boxing ring but he did turn out for a cricket team known as the Schismatics that played village teams with the opportunity for beer and sandwiches after the match; much more to his liking. Binge was awarded his colours; signified by the politically incorrect emblem of Robertson’s jam. He also played leisurely tennis and his name was always at the top of the list when there was a friendly against the girls of St Mary’s Ascot.

Golf was Binge’s game, and four of us would try and play at Datchett every week or so, for the prize of a cream tea as we bicycled home; Binge, it has to be said, seldom if ever had to buy the “sticky Wods”. On one occasion – a school holiday, we decided to play towards midday and would not make it back for lunch. Binge visited the kitchens and ordered a late meal for about 2.30. When we were enjoying this lunch in the Refectory, one of the masters spied us and asked what were we doing. “Having a late lunch”. “But late lunches don’t exist” said the Jesuit. Binge looked at his plate and eying the good Father replied; Well, this is indeed a happy day, as judging by what is on my plate a miracle has just occurred”. Everyone including the master dissolved into laughter.

On the subject of food, important to schoolboys. We were allowed to augment our rations with added delicacies. Our table would always do so in style, Binge even producing a battered silver Candelabra to emphasise the occasion.

One time when the Old Boys were holding a dance adjacent to our accommodation and knowing that sleep would be difficult, Binge led us on a shopping spree in London prior to the event under the guise of a visit to the Wax Museum. First to Berry Brothers, then on to Fortnums and finally Sullivan & Powell in the Burlington Arcade for Turkish cigarettes. Our party went very well till the waft of scented tobacco brought the authorities to our door; we were allowed to continue provided the cigarettes were extinguished.

Binge always had style and was impeccably turned out. I was amazed that he made it to the higher echelons of the Cadet Corps as rather like the Admiral in Pinnafore, he got there despite never attending a camp or taking an active role in Field Days but there he was with a Colour Sgts red sash and swagger cane – very much in his element. After leaving school, he joined the HAC where I think it fair to say that he was better known for activities in the anteroom than anti-Russian.

Beaumont allowed for certain eccentricities in dress for the senior boys and one morning, during Esso's successful "put a Tiger in your Tank" advertising campaign, Binge appeared with a stripped tail hanging from his backside. When approached by prefects on the matter, he assured them that it was new dress privilege. It was put a stop to by an edict "accepting that tails were indeed the privilege of a very few, but that they were in future to be worn inside the trouser".

Right at the start, I mentioned Michael's musical interests and we were indeed fortunate at Beaumont to make termly visits to Covent Garden or the Savoy for Gilbert & Sullivan. Binge took it upon himself to write critical appraisals of the stars of the day both of opera and ballet and I think his schooldays greatly enhanced this love of music. Although his main passion was for classical and particularly Wagner, he could also give a good rendition of Peter Seller's song "They are moving grandpa's grave to build a sewer".

He did get his comeuppance in that he also loved the Theatre and acting. In his review of Binge's final schoolboy performance in "The Importance of being Ernest", one critic wrote; "Tussaud will long be remembered by younger members of the audience for the speed and dexterity with which he polished off cucumber sandwiches and crumpets, and by others for the miracle he achieved by speaking clearly with his mouth full. He gave us an Algie Moncreif that Wilde intended; at once frivolous, rakish, exquisitely unscrupulous, dreadfully shallow yet somehow appealing. No doubt it was whispered by the malicious, that Tussaud had no great effort, to make in the way of acting to achieve this. He appeared to be utterly at ease in the role, but we must retort that in his case, the slick performance carried off with such ease and aplomb, could not have been given without a sound basis of stage sense. Tussaud's real achievement, and it is a splendid one, was that he succeeded in communicating the sparkle of Wilde's wit without self-consciousness; a great accolade.

School days over, Michael initially studied accountancy and I recall his having an apartment in Eaton Square; Richard and I would seek succour there at weekends away from the rigours of Sandhurst. Michael's impecunious state meant he could afford the rent, but there was little left for heating and food. We would sit huddled around the cooker for warmth and baked our staple diet of potatoes cut in half and rubbed with garlic salt: spuds Eaton Square remain even today a favourite dish.

Binge had good news, he had joined a gambling club in Mayfair that served FREE toasted sandwiches to those at the tables. The Wilkinsons joined forthwith and we noted Binge's method of following the waiter, grabbing a sandwich at the same time throwing a chip onto the baize with a cry of "a touch of manqué Croupier, s'il vous plait".

Matters did improve and once installed in his little house in Montpelier Walk, we would sup at Zia Theresa's where for a £1 you could have a bottle of Valpocella and a plate of spag bol. A few years down the line Binge asked me where I was taking my intended bride for an evening out; "To Zia's" I replied. "Rue" he said; "you are a man, who really knows how to spoil a girl".

Binge enjoyed a party with an address book full of eligible ladies. He was for several years the junior Chairman of the St Nicholas Ball held each year at the Savoy in aid of the NSPCC. He was also responsible for another party at my behest. Recovering from a car accident in Germany, I was sent to Headley Court, the Services' rehabilitation centre. Binge telephoned me, in the course of which I said I was Bored. "No problem old Chum, we will arrange a "Cripples Ball". I had it agreed by the authorities and Binge and brother Richard arrived with a coachload of women folk. We thought it a huge success, but in the morning I was literally wheeled in by chair to the Commanding Officer to explain why the fire Hydrants had come into use despite the lack of a blaze, and what was a chamber pot doing on the top of the flag pole. The Cripples Ball was deleted from any future the social calendar.

I don't think Binge especially led us astray but after a fishing and golfing holiday in Southern Ireland we arrived delayed at Fishguard and were pushed for time to get to London. There was quite a queue for customs but Binge saw a gap and we drove through evading them altogether. About fifty miles into Wales and we ran into a Police road block looking for some young men who had Jumped Ship "Officer" says Michael "do we look like Hoodlums, Illegal immigrants or even Fenians". The Officer had to agree that Binge's smart attire was hardly compatible with the description he had been given, and we escaped the sanctions of the law.

Binge was always part of our lives, he introduced Richard to his future wife Margaret and was best man at the wedding and he was there to chaperone my fiancé Annie when I was absent on a tour in Northern Ireland. He was Godfather to 2 daughters. Apart from Golf, he also enjoyed shooting "potting the odd Bird" as he described it and hunting with the Whaddon Chase or The Bicester until his back gave out. He was a familiar sight on his grey hunter found for him by my sister Cath; Binge named the horse Cromwell as he had a large wart on his nose. No House party at my parents was complete without Binge's presence and he was considered an extra son despite often sending The Colonel's croquet ball into what Binge called "the Mulligatawny".

One later Memory I will always have of him, was when staying with us in France; he appeared down the staircase on the morning of departure with a newspaper under one arm and ready for his breky. Behind him struggling with two large suitcases came Curzon.

Every Birthday, I would receive a card with the familiar italic style handwriting expressing such sentiments as “in your absence, we will raise a glass or two or more to your good health”. It would also finish with the words that I will now return to him in Farewell.

“Toodle-pip, Old Bean”

Michael moved from accountancy to the Law becoming a London solicitor and later a partner in Gordon Dadds in Brook Street. He was a familiar face in Boodle’s and played golf regularly at Royal St George’s and The Berkshire. His other interests included gardening bridge and wine (Chateau Latour was a particular favourite in his well-stocked cellar).

He married twice and his son Piers went to Winchester; Michael always said it gave him much pleasure turning down the place that Piers was offered at Eton.

Sadly he lost his Faith, and his service attended by **Bill Gammell (60)** and **Roger Darby (62)** was a Humanist one. However I never ceased to point out to him, although he had lost faith in God; God, in his love, would never lose faith in him.

Fr FRANK GIGNAC SJ

From John Lipscombe.

I append below an obituary which was published in the National Jesuit ENews (of America). This may be of interest to readers of BU News.

Frank Gignac SJ was a student at Campion Hall from 1958 to 1964 where he took his D.Phil. He became an expert in early Greek and Greek papyri.

He and I had met in Oxford where I gave him his first lessons in rowing. We later rowed together in the College 1st VIII. Although he had never rowed before coming up to Oxford, throughout his time at Oxford, he was a very active member of St Catherine's College Boat, rowing in the 1st VIII in the summers of 1959, 1960, 1961 and 1962. In 1961, he was very unlucky not to get a place in the Oxford VIII but did row in the Isis crew that year. After his return to Washington, he regularly competed in the Oxford and Cambridge Alumni crew against the Harvard and Yale Alumni crew in their annual races on the Potomac.

During his time at Oxford, he also came to Beaumont where he gave time assisting Tony Scott in the coaching of the first VIII. A number of Boat Club members of that period will probably remember him and his support for the Boat Club at the College and at Henley.

We remained closely in contact over the years meeting in either the UK or USA when the opportunity arose. We last met in May 2009 when we had coffee together at Union Station, Washington where I was changing trains. Seriously ill in 2013, he was moved to a nursing home near Chicago. In May of this year, he sent me a last email saying that despite his illness he was very happy and that he still hoped to keep in touch. His death came through yesterday in the American Jesuit Magazine published monthly on-line.

VIVIAN HUGHES (56)

Very sadly, Vivian Hughes passed away at his home The Old Vicarage, Sambrook. He had developed pulmonary fibrosis and, after two or three years, finally just ran out of the capacity to breathe. He died on Wednesday 9th July. Our sincere condolences to his wife Petrina.

Robin Baily



His friends John Cronly, Richard Fitton and Paul Podesta wrote:

Robin passed away on 1st June 2013 surrounded by his loving family after a five year battle with cancer.

At Beaumont from 55 to 59 Robin distinguished himself at Rugby He was also Joint Captain with Richard Fitton of the Schismatics cricket team. His love of rugby was maintained till he was thirty five when he hung up his boots after becoming one of Panama's best players.

After leaving Beaumont, Robin studied at Brighton Tech where he qualified as a company secretary. His work took him to the Bahamas, Luxembourg and Panama where he established one of Panama's leading trust companies.

Robin and Rosemary were married forty three years. They had two daughters, Josette and Christina and six grandchildren.

Robin was born in Malaysia in 1941, his father Captain Peter Baily was seconded to the Royal Malay Regiment. After his retirement he visited the regiment in Kuala Lumpur with his father's regimental memorabilia. He was made to feel most welcome as he brought with him much information to add to the regiment's history.

During his retirement Robin dedicated his life to assisting several Indian communities to survive and prosper in this modern age. One particular group was suffering numerous health problems as a consequence of using a lake for all their needs. Robin raised enough money to pipe water from the source of the stream that fed the lake. This achieved an immediate and dramatic improvement in the community's health.

Through his connections with the business community in Panama City, Robin was able to procure solar panels with batteries so that they had lighting and could charge the community mobile phone. In addition he was able to assist them in purchasing an outboard motor for their canoe. To provide them with a steady income he brought visitors to the community for guided tours of the numerous medicinal plants in the surrounding jungle. In addition, the visitors could purchase their handicrafts. This income helped the Indian community to become self-sufficient.

Visiting BU were guaranteed a warm welcome, great hospitality and of course a visit to his Indian friends.

In the last days the Indian Chief, his wife and daughter came to pray at Robin's bedside, a final and memorable sign of the tribe's appreciation.

The cancer was diagnosed in 2008, and he was given two years to live, however his fortitude and determination as well as the indomitable support of Rosemary enabled us to have him for another three years.

Robin will be remembered by his family and friends alike for the successes he had in life, his vibrant generous spirit, his humour and the deep love he had for his family and they had for him. In addition his friends will remember him for his enduring friendship and the special place he had for those he went to school with, despite the long passage of time.

CECIL KERNOT

Cecil Kernot, played 1st XV Rugby & and rowed in the 1st Boat and was a school captain; he died on Monday March 10 in Mersey UK.

After Beaumont, he went up to Trinity Cambridge and was a director of many companies including Slater Walker Bank. He lived for many years in Eze sur Mer where he had a house and only returned to UK in 2013.

His son John Paul went to Eton as Beaumont had closed and he had a daughter, by a later union, who lives in Oslo.

Cecil was the stepson of one of the great photographers of the 20th century –Bill Brandt best known for his images of British society, distorted nudes and landscape.

Paul Bedford wrote:

It was rumoured at Beaumont that Cecil had problems passing his Maths O Level and with lateral thinking had another boy at another school take the examination for him. Cecil often claimed to be responsible for the tackle on the future Irish International O'Reilly in the match against Belvedere. Sadly O Reilly ran rings round all of us - I was playing in the scrum - particularly poor Cecil who faced him at centre. It was Michael Barnes who performed the tackle and I won't forget O'Reilly's face when he got up to see who had caught him.

TIMOTHY ALDINGTON

Tim died at home on 20th March 2014, aged 78, after a short illness borne with typical bravery and humour. Adoring husband to Angela, loving father to Dominic, Richard, Daisy and Clare and doting grandfather of 12.

Paul Bedford wrote:

Tim Aldington was a classic Beaumont character: no academic or sportsman but always fun to be with. He excelled at damping pomposity: in our first term at Beaumont a self-important senior berated him for his lack of respect in the gallery. After some minutes of diatribe, it stopped. Tim said "Are you very important?" End of senior party! I recall when Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin were the 'big three', Tim was going to make it the 'big four', a modest ambition. I sat next to him in the refectory, he had amusing ideas and corrected the monitor for taking too much butter; with painful result. That was Beaumont then. He became a chartered accountant of some standing.

MEDDIE DAUBENY

John FitzGerald wrote:

I would like to inform the Beaumont Union of the sad death of my long-standing friend Meredith Giles Daubeny, known as Meddie, on July 6th, 2013 in Cape Town, South Africa.

He was a lifelong friend - I was an usher at his wedding to Elizabeth Fife at Scone Palace Catholic oratory in Fifeshire. The rector of Beaumont, Father Boyle, SJ, travelled from Beaumont to attend his wedding. He was best man at my wedding at Farm Street in 1974 and godfather to my elder son Sebastian. Sadly his wife predeceased him by a year and there were no children.

Meddie was an all-round sportsman and was awarded his boxing colours at school. He led the OTC band.

He joined the Blues and Royals and served in Germany.

Meddie was the greatest fun and had enormous charm. We shall miss him very much.

JOHN MATTEI (Life remembered)

Paul Bedford wrote:

John Bagshawe Mattei was very good company, always 'up' for a beer and a fag. He took me for my first pub beer, we were just 15, he confidently ordered two halves of bitter in the Lord Nelson - on the way to Datchet - the landlady served us, it cost 1/2d, we enjoyed the fag as well. How the world has changed. In group IV, we coached him and pushed him to pass the exam for Sandhurst. Success! John rose to become a lieutenant colonel in the Artillery, taking his battery to Northern Ireland. I asked him about it. He modestly answered "I took 640 gunners, we did our job and I brought all of them back." There was doubtless more but I was not to hear about it. There were many plaudits at his funeral from those who served under him.

Peter Drummond-Murray

From The Daily Telegraph:



Peter Drummond-Murray, who has died aged 84, was by profession a banker and stockbroker; his heart, however, was in the world of heraldry, in the long-lost cause of the Jacobites, and in his charitable work carried out with the Sovereign Order of Malta.

His career in banking and then stockbroking was a rewarding one, even if he was not always easy to employ. When a French firm declined to sack him because it meant paying compensation, he hung large pictures of Waterloo and Trafalgar in his office: eventually they gave in. Asked what he knew about stockbroking by the firm he decided to join, he replied “Absolutely nothing” — but got the job and ended as a senior partner.

Drummond-Murray became a Knight of Malta in 1971. Founded in 1048, the Roman Catholic religious order was expelled from its Mediterranean island base in 1798 and has since devoted itself to humanitarian activities. From 1977 to 1989 Drummond-Murray was Chancellor of the British Association, encouraging its involvement in care homes (there are now 77) and its establishment of a cancer hospice at the Hospital of St John and St Elizabeth in London.

Later, as Delegate for Scotland, he founded a volunteer service to provide transport for the housebound, meals on wheels and other help for the needy. When the sisters at one of Mother Teresa's Scottish hostels had trouble with unruly down-and-outs he made a point of sleeping in the hostel once a week, to keep order. Appointed a Knight Grand Cross in 1988, he was promoted Bailiff Grand Cross in 2013, the Order's highest rank.

William Peter Louis Drummond-Murray was born on November 24 1929. In the male line he descended from the Murrays of Mastrick in Aberdeenshire and, through his Drummond grandmother, from the Earls (Jacobite Dukes) of Perth. His half-Spanish Anglo-Irish mother, Eulalia Heaven, was named after her godmother, the Infanta Dona Eulalia of Spain, and could trace her descent from the Kings of Navarre.

Peter was proudest, however, of his Jacobite forebears, and especially of Lord Strathallan: at Culloden, as the last man left of Prince Charles Edward's cavalry, Strathallan charged the Hanoverian troops single-handed; mortally wounded, he is said to have taken Communion in the form of whisky and oatcake from his Episcopalian chaplain.

Drummond-Murray had happy memories of his Jesuit school, Beaumont, despite its severe discipline. He also enjoyed National Service as a subaltern in the King's African Rifles, taking part with gusto in operations against the Mau Mau.

Heraldry was in his blood — his mother was a gifted heraldic painter — and in 1982 the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable of Scotland, appointed Drummond-Murray his personal herald, known as Slains Pursuivant of Arms.

Drummond-Murray also served as the Order of Malta's genealogist, and for some years was chairman of the Heraldry Society of Scotland. His main genealogical work, researched and written with Sir Conrad Swan, Garter King of Arms, was *Blood of the Martyrs* (1993), a roll of the martyr ancestors of British Knights of Malta. At the time of his death he was working on a book to be called *A Roll of Banners and Standards of the Order of St John in England*, illustrated by Anthony Delarue.

A staunch Jacobite, Drummond-Murray believed that the true British sovereign was the head of the House of Stuart, the Duke of Bavaria. At the same time, he accepted that the "Good Cause" was over except as a sentiment and took the view that we are lucky to have a monarchy.

A big, grim-faced man with a dour wit, Drummond-Murray resembled some rugged Jacobite from a novel by Sir Walter Scott. He once told an elderly man who was lamenting how all their friends were dying: "Look on the bright side — all our enemies are dying too." A fund of unusual anecdotes, he was always good company.

Peter Drummond-Murray married, in 1954, Barbara Hope, daughter of the 2nd Lord Rankeillour, a former Governor of Madras. She survives him with their four sons and one daughter.

Peter Drummond-Murray, born November 24 1929, died April 13 2014

The Scotsman:

Peter Drummond-Murray of Mastrick was a distinguished Edinburgh businessman who picked his ancestors with incredible forethought, and whose eclectic breadth of interests ranged from writing and historical research to baking, brewing and bookplates. His encyclopedic knowledge of heraldry and genealogy proved him a worthy successor in these subjects to Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that Ilk.

His own colourful family tree brought in descents from the Counts of Vistafloida in Peru, kings of Navarre, dukes of St Albans and the 20th and last Earl of Oxford, and kinship from Spanish grandees to the Drummond Earls of Perth.

"St Albans and Oxford", he used to say, "bring in Stuarts and Normans." The Drummonds he self-deprecatingly dismissed with the remark: "Once you have one Perthshire ancestor, you have them all."

Peter never tired of the maxim "Remember – we are all Jock Tamson's bairns." He had equal pride in being out of crofter John Murray, born 1694, and who tenanted Miln of Ord near Skene, in Aberdeenshire.

He would also mischievously point out that his wife Barbara, descended from the ducal Sutherland who cleared the county, gave him the ambition to prove that her ancestor had evicted his own forefather.

William Edward Peter Louis Drummond-Murray of Mastrick was born the elder son of Edward Drummond-Murray of Mastrick and his wife Eulalia née Heaven (so named because she was the god-daughter of The Infanta Dona Eulalia of Spain). He was educated at the Jesuit college of Beaumont in Berkshire, and his successful business career was based on fund management; he held directorships with Tyndall Fund Managers as well as Tyndall-Legal and General Investment Company.

He had, however, originally started in stockbroking, and he told the story against himself that when interviewed for his first post, his interviewer somewhat quailed when faced with Drummond-Murray's forceful personality. "What do you know about stockbroking?" came the question.

"Absolutely nothing," came the retort, at which the interviewing stockbroker hired the young Drummond-Murray on strength of character alone.

Heraldry and chivalry were Peter's fascination, and he wrote learnedly on the former. In the latter, his strong Christian faith saw him involved over many years with the Roman Catholic Order of Malta.

A knight of the Order, he was appointed Bailiff Grand Cross two years ago in recognition of his outstanding service, making him one of the few people in the UK to receive this highest accolade. He took chivalric responsibilities to heart, directing the order in charitable work and fund-raising, and promoting the means to help youngsters in need. He also acted as genealogist for the order. He had been involved in St John Scotland, ultimately being promoted knight in 1977.

He grew up with heraldry, with his mother Eulalia being a heraldic painter of some note. An early member of the Heraldry Society of Scotland, he served as a longstanding officer, editing society publications, writing articles and papers, and ultimately becoming chairman. For his work, he was elected a Fellow of the society.

An ardent though realistic Jacobite, he gave measured rein to his views when president of Clan Murray Society, and later from 1982 when appointed Slains Pursuivant – the personal herald to Sir Merlin Hay, 24th Earl of Erroll.

A lover of ceremony, Peter, with his height and girth, proved a majestic figure when wearing the tabard bearing the arms of his chief.

His first tabard was made from cloth of silver worn by Diana, 23rd of Erroll and High Constable of Scotland, at the coronation of 1953.

There are only four private heralds in Scotland, all tied to ancient families. One of his last public occasions in full dress in his quarter-century reign as Slains Pursuivant was in the great parade at the opening of the 27th International Heraldic Congress in St Andrews in 2006.

A superbly grand gentleman, Peter's stern visage could disguise someone whose love for life yielded to no one. His thirst for research never left him, and in his final years he had been in correspondence with the Marquis de la Floresta, the Spanish king of arms (equivalent of Scotland's Lord Lyon) about an 18th-century ancestress.

He took as much delight in his ancestors as he did in his immediate and close family, and he is survived by his wife Barbara (Hon Barbara Hope, daughter of the 2nd Lord Rankeillour), four sons and a daughter and grandchildren.

Francis Phillips (Catholic Herald) wrote:

Peter Drummond-Murray: A Catholic whose actions spoke as loud as his words

Paying tribute to a man who was brave, eccentric and generous.

An obituary in the Telegraph last Thursday has confirmed my view that these essays often provide the most animated and uplifting part of the newspaper. Skipping all the sleaze and the endless political commentary I always read obituaries first – not because of a morbid curiosity (though occasionally I fear that base instinct is also satisfied) but in order to be edified by the brave, eccentric and generous lives that are here described.

Peter Drummond-Murray fulfilled all these criteria. The article includes a photo of him in the uniform of Slains Pursuivant (he had a passion for heraldry and had been appointed Slains Pursuivant of Arms by the Lord High Constable of Scotland in 1982), with the caption that “he resembled some rugged Jacobite from a novel by Sir Walter Scott” (also see above). I can sympathise with the Jacobite connection; Drummond-Murray’s ancestor, Lord Strathallan had fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden and his stance has all the doomed and dreamy romanticism that the Hanoverian succession conspicuously lacked.

Yet although he supported the historic claims of the current head of the House of Stuart, the Duke of Bavaria, he was also realistic and a monarchist after his own fashion. And if it is the case that Sir Walter Scott invented, by the force of his imagination, much of what we think of as being part of the Scottish culture today, yet for a man like Drummond-Murray, his noble Scottish ancestry would have been a genuine source of pride.

I learnt from the obituary that Drummond-Murray once worked for a French firm that was reluctant to sack him because of the compensation involved – so he “hung large pictures of Waterloo and Trafalgar in his office” until they gave in. I think this is the kind of genial patriotism that Nigel Farage should exhibit at the EU – and which should be taught in school history syllabuses.

A Catholic, educated by the Jesuits at Beaumont College, he took his faith seriously. Noblesse oblige made him become a Knight of Malta in 1971 and he helped the Order establish a cancer hospice at the Hospital of St John and St Elizabeth. As their Scottish delegate he also founded a volunteer service to provide transport for housebound people and organise meals on wheels. I also read that “when the Sisters at one of Mother Teresa’s Scottish hostels had trouble with unruly down-and-outs he made a point of sleeping in the hostel once a week” – the kind of action that speaks louder than anything else in his life.

Although the obituary does not say so, I think Peter Drummond-Murray would have faced his death with faith and equanimity. It is related that he once told an elderly man “who was lamenting how all their friends were dying: “Look on the bright side – all our enemies are dying too.” He appeared to have been a wonderful, large-hearted character; may he rest in peace.

CHRISTOPHER WILKINSON

The Editor writes:-



Chris died suddenly on 12 May. He was the second of four brothers to come to Beaumont arriving at St Johns at the age of eight in 1945. Bright for his age, he was advanced a class which did not endear him to his contemporaries and his time at the Prep School was not a happy one; he escaped on a couple of occasions. He later recalled visiting the school as a parent with two boys there and being greeted by one of his old masters now retired: "Wilkinson Minor isn't it" "Yes Father". Do you still remember your Catechism?" "I think so Father". (with painful memories) "And the 7th Commandment" "I sincerely hope so Father". "Wilkinson, I put down my long life and good health to idleness, bad company and the neglect of prayer".

Beaumont was a happier time though having only one kidney he had a constant battle with weight. This did not stop him playing for a successful 2nd XV (second row) and with his love of the outdoor was one of the first Queen Scouts in the Group.

A good horseman, he preferred sailing especially the Dragon Class and loved really rough weather. This led him to National Service in The Royal Marines completing the arduous training before joining 45 Commando "Go Commando man! Do you really want to be a big ship Marine and fight for six feet of f***ing space in which to eat sleep, shit, fight and F***." In 1955, he went to Cyprus during the EOKA campaign and had some scary moments including the Lucky Alphonse Fire when 21 soldiers were killed; Chris came out with the soles of his boots melted. The Suez Crisis followed and "45" were helicoptered in, Chris lost the marine riding shotgun on his Champ to a sniper but most of their casualties were from Fleet Air Arm friendly fire.

Back to “civvy street”, His eyesight prevented him going for a regular commission, he was advised by our father to go into the wine trade – he was good at French and Spanish and had “a good nose” proven in the Wilkinson’s cellar.

After learning the trade around the vineyards of Europe, he found gainful employment at Jarvis & Halliday of St James’s and Aylesbury. Over the years he rose to run both the Sales and Buying side of the business. Shortly after the purchase of the company by Whyte and Mackay who were interested solely in their whisky sales Chris branched out on his own as a “Fine Wine Merchant” in Thame in 1979 and I might add purveyor to several discerning members of the BU. He was particularly strong on wines from the Loire (he introduced Bouvet Ladubay to this country), The Rhone, he represented his good friend Max Chapoutier of Hermitage fame for years. Armagnac for another chum Roland Kressman and another first find was the sweet Beaumes de Venise which became quite a cult drink.

One of Chris’s best “Coups” was when he bought in several cases of a then little known Bordeaux “Ch le Pin”. He thought it so good he kept it for home consumption. By the time he had finished the last bottle of arguably the best red wine in the world Chris had consumed over £150,000 worth at today’s prices!

Chris said he always tried to be diplomatic but there were times when he was put to the test. A customer once asked for value for money and Chris recommended an excellent South African –Nederburg Baronne. The man replied that he did not approve of Apartheid and preferred Chilean reds. Chris agreed that they were good but if the man was to choose his wine politically he could obviously tell the difference between a Botha and a Pinochet; the customer left forthwith

During his time in the Wine Trade Chris received several accolades he was a Chevalier de L’Ordre des Coteaux Champagne and a Compagnon de Bordeaux. Invited in 1969 to become a Chevalier de L’Ordre des Sacavins d’Anjou, he rose



from Chancellor to be Le Grand Commandeur 1988 to 1995 famed for their diners at The Guildhall. The motto of the Sacavins:

“When my glass is full I will empty it

And when it is empty I will pity it”

A sentiment very much in the style of the Beaumont Union.

In 1987, Chris received a particularly attractive offer for his business and he decided to retire to The Isle of Man and live at Peel. Here he involved himself in Manx life, learning the dialect, a volunteer with the Manx Wildlife trust, performing in the Peel Pantaloons each Christmas (a love of theatre and the choir from his schooldays) and as an active member of the Peel Lifeboat Organisation eventually finishing as Launch Officer, only retiring a few months ago.

Chris was a great family man; he married Hilary Unwin the sister of Rodger (Podge) Unwin (49) in 1960 and was blest with five children. Although He could not be

counted as a particularly active member of the BU, he always took an interest in our affairs and was proud to have been an OB. At his Requiem, It was said that Peel and the parish had lost a kind and generous man, firm in his faith. This was confirmed by the turnout by the townsfolk to attend the funeral and the Guard of Honour provided by the Life Boat Crews.

PRINCE RUPERT zu LOEWENSTEIN



From The Daily Telegraph:

Prince Rupert zu Loewenstein, who has died aged 80, was the Bavarian aristocrat who for decades managed the financial affairs of The Rolling Stones.

Loewenstein was a key member of the Stones' entourage for almost 40 years. The subfusc banker's suits and high Roman Catholic connections which made him such an incongruous figure amid a backstage ambience of sex, drugs and rock and roll were in some ways deceptive: he had a lively sense of humour, and he observed his clients' antics with a worldly twinkle in his eye. "He's a bit of a showman, a bit

extraordinary,” one City colleague said of him. “He always lived life at a very high rate.”

It was as managing director of Leopold Joseph & Co, a small London merchant bank, that he was first introduced to Mick Jagger by a mutual friend, the art dealer Christopher Gibbs, in 1968 — though Loewenstein claimed at the time never to have heard of the band. Jagger — no slouch in financial matters himself — was increasingly angry at the handling of the Stones’ affairs by Allen Klein, the aggressive New Jersey accountant who had been the group’s manager since 1965 and whose terms included a 50 per cent slice of their recording royalties. “Half the money I’ve made has been stolen,” Jagger later told an interviewer — and his first question to Loewenstein was whether the skills of Leopold Joseph could extricate them from their contract with Klein.

“I discussed taking on the group with my partners but they were very much against any involvement, saying it would be bad for the image of the firm,” the prince recalled. “It was very hard to win them over, but I finally prevailed.”

Loewenstein later wrote that he and Jagger “clicked on a personal level. I certainly felt that [he] was a sensible, honest person. And I was equally certain that I represented a chance for him to find a way out of a difficult situation. I was intrigued. So far as the Stones’ music was concerned, however, I was not in tune with them, far from it. Rock and pop music was not something in which I was interested ... After the first two or three business meetings with Mick, I realised there was something exceptional in his make-up, that his personality was able to convert his trade as itinerant performer into something far more intriguing.”

From then on, Loewenstein was a particularly close personal adviser to Jagger, who developed a liking for rubbing shoulders with high society. Shortly after they met, Jagger helped to plan a White Ball at the Loewensteins’ home in Holland Park, which kept neighbours awake until a quarter to six in the morning. When one rang the police to complain, she was told: “We can’t do anything about it, Princess Margaret’s there.”

Loewenstein realised that a great deal more money could be made for the band from touring: “After reviewing a few of the basic documents, I realised [the money] would have gone to Klein and therefore they would have depended on what he gave them, as opposed to what the record company or the publishing company did. They were completely in his hands. What had also become apparent to me was that the band would have to abandon their UK residence. If they did not do this, they could be

paying between 83 and 98 per cent of their profits in British income tax and surtax. I selected the South of France as a suitable location for them.”

By 1972 Loewenstein had managed to reach a satisfactory contract with Allen Klein (although litigation continued for a further 18 years), allowing the Stones to record with a company of their choice. He then set himself to find a new recording contract for them to replace the existing one with Decca; during their European tour of 1970 he conducted what amounted to a trade fair on their behalf from a series of hotel bedrooms.

The prince's services extended not only to managing their money, negotiating their contracts and accompanying them on tour: he once described himself as “a combination of bank manager, psychiatrist and nanny”, while the tabloids christened him “Rupie the Groupie”. In 1978 he was called upon to provide an affidavit to a Toronto court as to the extent of Keith Richards's casual spending — \$350,000 in the previous year — as evidence that the guitarist was wealthy enough not to commit crimes in order to feed his heroin habit.

It was the prince who was most influential in persuading Jagger to go on touring through the 1980s and '90s, as relations among the group members cooled and the wear and tear of advancing age took its toll. The prince also stood as godfather to James, Jagger's son by Jerry Hall, in 1985 (the actress Anjelica Huston was godmother).

When Jagger and Hall parted, Loewenstein masterminded the financial settlement that followed — and remarked in a rare interview that “when families split up you have to make it absolutely clear whose side you are on at once”. It was due in large part to his wisdom that Jagger's fortune is today estimated at more than £200 million.

Rupert Louis Ferdinand Frederick Constantine Lofredo Leopold Herbert Maximilian Hubert John Henry zu Loewenstein-Wertheim-Freudenberg was born at Palma, Majorca, on August 24 1933.

His father, Prince Leopold, a native of Salzburg, traced descent through the royal house of Wittelsbach from the Elector Palatine Friedrich I (1425-76), whose son Ludwig — by a mistress, Clara Tott, whom the Elector married to legitimise the child — became Count of Loewenstein, near Heilbronn in what is now Baden-Wurtemberg, in 1488. Rupert's mother was a daughter of the Count of Treuberg, and

the family's connections could be traced throughout the Almanack de Gotha. Non-noble forebears included the Frankfurt financier Mayer Amschel Rothschild, founder of the famous banking dynasty.

The young Rupert was brought to England in 1940 and sent to Beaumont, the Roman Catholic public school. Later he read History at Magdalen College, Oxford — where he emerged as one of the glitterati of his generation — and began his City career as a trainee with the stockbrokers Bache & Co. He and a group of friends swiftly decided that the best way to make serious money would be to own their own merchant bank.

Together with, among others, Jonathan Guinness (now Lord Moyne), the exotic French Baron Alexis de Redé, and Anthony Berry (son of the Sunday Times proprietor Lord Kemsley and later a Conservative MP who was killed by the 1984 Brighton bomb), he arranged to buy Leopold Joseph & Co from its founding family for £600,000.

The bank had been set up in 1919 by a German-Jewish immigrant who first came to London as a reporter for the Frankfurter Zeitung; three Joseph brothers remained in the business, which had been operating on a very modest scale.

Under Loewenstein's leadership, it rapidly made a new name for itself in lucrative corporate finance work and investment advice for very wealthy private clients. His success with the Rolling Stones' account brought him a number of other showbusiness clients, including Pink Floyd and (before his conversion to Islam) Cat Stevens.

In 1981 the prince left Leopold Joseph to set up his own business, Rupert Loewenstein Ltd, based in St James's. He took his best clients with him, and once explained why he enjoyed working for people who had only recently made their fortunes. New money, he said, was "much more interesting than old. People with old money are nearly always having to be adjusted downwards."

Loewenstein's own money, both old and new, enabled him to live in grand style in later years in a former grace-and-favour mansion, Petersham Lodge — not far from the Jagger ménage on Richmond Hill — which he bought in 1987 for around £2 million.

But in parallel with a life of money and parties, there was also a spiritual side to him. He petitioned for the preservation of the Tridentine Mass — writing to The Daily Telegraph in 1975 about its numinous beauty — and held high office in ancient Catholic orders of chivalry: he was Grand Inquisitor of the Constantinian Military Order of St George and president of the British association of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta.

Loewenstein's association with The Rolling Stones ended amicably in 2007 — although his publication six years later of a memoir, *A Prince Among Stones*, was said to have upset Jagger.

In the book, the prince wrote of his relationship with the band: “All the time I worked with the Stones I never changed my habits, my clothes or my attitudes. I was never tempted by the rock 'n' roll lifestyle. Although I enjoyed a good vintage wine, I was never a heavy drinker, nor a drug-taker. I always aimed to maintain a strict discipline backstage, for security reasons, and tried to see that the band and the entourage did not get drunk or disorderly.

“To many outsiders it must seem extraordinary that I was never a fan of the Stones' music, or indeed of rock 'n' roll in general. Yet I feel that precisely because I was not a fan, desperate to hang out in the studio and share in the secret alchemy of their creative processes (something I never did since I couldn't take the noise levels), I was able to view the band and what they produced calmly, dispassionately, maybe even clinically — though never without affection.”

Prince Rupert married, in 1957 at the London Oratory, Josephine Lowry-Corry, a barrister's daughter who had trained as a ballet dancer at Sadler's Wells until she grew too tall, then retrained as an opera singer. The honeymoon included a visit to the Wagner festival at Bayreuth.

The Loewensteins had two sons, Princes Rudolf and Konrad, both of whom became priests, and a daughter, Princess Maria-Theodora (Dora), who married an Italian count, Manfredi della Gherardesca, and became a director of her father's business.

Prince Rupert zu Loewenstein, born August 24 1933, died May 20 2014

Max Harvey Borthwick



His son Hugh wrote:-

I am sorry to inform you and the Beaumont Union that he sadly passed away on Tuesday 21st January 2014 at 2130 in the evening at Vale Lodge in Plymouth Devon. His health had been declining recently but his mind was as sharp as ever and his grace forever winning.

He was comfortable and at peace and was surrounded by myself and Martin (another of his sons) as he drifted away. His wife Pamela and children were all there too; near and far. He knew that and heard it.

Born on October 4th 1920 in Edinburgh. He attended St John's Prep and Beaumont College (from 1931-38. His great friend at the school was Brian Ritchie.

A loving brother to Patricia, an perfect Uncle to many nephews and nieces, a wonderful friend to so many people namely Dr Jack Coughlan, Dr Bob Ryan, Don Clark, Bill O'Connell, Noel Bell, so many to mention.

He was a fine Rower for the school (Captain of Boats) and a great winger for the Rugby team at Runnymede even scoring 5 tries against Eton and he used to fondly remind us all on many occasion. His other sporting achievements were in athletics and boxing! He won numerous silver cups at Beaumont for running which he kindly gave as prizes to his children. As a family we would proudly hear his tales of the school and follow via the Union and website as well.

He went on to study medicine at Trinity College, Cambridge (even having Lord Bryon's room for one year) and continued to row for Trinity and then on to St Thomas's Hospital, London to finish his Medical training. Even under the guidance of Sir Harold Ridley.

He was a celebrated Doctor in Plymouth, Devon (including work at Parklands, St John's Ambulance and Devonport Boxing Club) where he settled. He produced with his loving wife Pamela; a beautiful family of 7 children.

Which then made him a wonderful Grandfather to 12 grandchildren who loved 'Grandpa' very dearly.

He loved Ireland so much and would visit with his wife Pamela (from Cork, Ireland) nearly every year. She was his rock and true companion. They were exquisite together. He loved travelling and visited many countries with his wife and family.

He was loved and admired by everyone he ever came across whether in his professional or social life.

A devout Catholic who followed his Novena , a fine scholar who loved reading history, a fan of Westerns, a lover of chocolate and cheese and biscuits. A brilliant maker of Punch for New Year's parties, a unique driving instructor in Ford Fiesta cars, even a great potato peeler!

Most of all an elegant true gentle man, a loving husband and darling father, adorable brother, loved Uncle and gorgeous Grandpa and embraced friend who was an inspiration to everyone.

His smile and charm was genuine and touched everyone. His twinkle in his eye was priceless.

I am so glad that you both connected with me last year concerning my Dad, the Union and the book. Thank you.

Please say a prayer for him. And please pray for his wife Pamela and the family at this difficult time.

He shall be buried with his son John Gerard. The remaining family survive to celebrate his truly wonderful life.

Lt Colonel JOHN BAGSHAW MATTEI (52) (The 4th Marchese Mattei)

William Henry (52) wrote:-

John Bagshawe Mattei 1935-2014

John Mattei's father (Francis but known as Cic) had Maltese origins whilst his mother was Welsh.

Cic was an Engineer and was away in the Army during the war. As a result his family was shunted around the country and son John went to 10 schools before the age of 10. He ended up in St. John's and was at Beaumont 1948-52.

John was a keen photographer at school also very "Military" in the CCF – very dapper and smart on parade! A great Actor, at Beaumont, he was The Cardinal in "The Cardinal" and had major parts in "St. Joan", "School for Scandal" and "The Merchant of Venice"

After Beaumont, John was soon in the Army and at Sandhurst. He saw service in Hong Kong and on returning to the U.K. met the "light of his life" and future wife, Cressida.

Soon, he was off to Germany, then Cyprus followed by Northern Ireland at the height of "The Troubles". As Major Mattei, he was proud of taking 600 men there and bringing 600 men back, after taking care of The Harland & Woolf Dockyard and its environs. A spell in the U.S.A. came next and then Benbecula in the Outer Hebrides where he started a Theatre and introduced the children of the Island to pantomime for their first time.

John moved to Tunbridge Wells when he was 57 and retired as a Lt. Colonel. A great character in the town, he obtained a B.A. in French Literature at 62. Fr Borret in Grammar II would be proud) and was Chairman of the T. W. Branch of the British Legion.

Paul Bohane and I spent 4 years at Beaumont with John and together with David and John Flood joined family and friends in a packed St. Augustine's R.C. Church for his funeral. The Legion were there and the Last Post was played immaculately.

Our sympathy is extended to Cressida, Jess, Lisa and Joe.

As a Foot note, John wrote to John Flood a little while ago with the following:-

"AMDG

Mr Clayton (for whom God be thanked), after an audition in the choir loft, forbade me to ever open my mouth in chapel. Sadly, I have obeyed him (my wife tells me he was right) but please put me down for a CD.

Yours aye, John Mattei

LDS”

JOHN WILLIAMS (57)

Died suddenly in Ireland on the 29th January when visiting his sister; he had just popped out for a walk. His cousin **Guy (65)** gave this eulogy at his funeral:-

We are gathered here today to celebrate the life of my cousin John Williams, a man of whom I never heard a bad word spoken.

Perhaps the odd expression of exasperation, even downright incredulity.

But never a bad word. Of how many can that be said?

Racehorse trainers talk of ‘lucky’ owners, valuing them far more than wealthy owners. Well, ideally they should be both.

John Williams was not born under a lucky star. Youngest of three – six years younger than Ann, three years younger than Peter – John had the misfortune to lose his mother when still a child.

Packed off to boarding school, first to St Gerard’s and then to Beaumont, as his father and uncles had been before him, John inevitably fell into that limbo defined by WB Yeats as ‘Native in an alien land; alien in his native land.’

John earned his place on the Beaumont 1st XV – only to suffer a badly broken leg in his very first match. He was sent home to Tullamore – to Dew Park – to convalesce on wooden crutches. One of my earliest memories of John, as it happens.

Tullamore in the 1950s was a very different place. John Collins Bossidy's lines about Boston serve as a parallel.

And this is good old Boston,

The home of the bean and the cod,

Where the Lowells talk only to the Cabots,

And the Cabots talk only to God.

Substitute Egans – John's mother was an Egan – for Lowells and Williams for Cabot and you have Tullamore, dominated by two merchant families, far and away the biggest employers in the town, effectively bankers to the grain growers of Offaly. The Feudal Fifties, you could call it.

Ann made her escape, to work in Aspreys in London. Peter graduated from Trinity as an engineer and promptly followed suit. The family business and life in Tullamore were not for Peter. But Vincent, John's father, was Chairman of DE Williams Ltd. John would follow in his footsteps. And duly did, living all the while in Dew Park., with its butler, its cook and uniformed housemaids.

Having learned the wine business in Bordeaux with the Cruse family, John went on the road, a natural salesman, capable of getting on with everybody. Occasionally seconded to my father in Irish Mist, John was dressed up for promotional gigs as an Irish Hussar in the Austrian Army. He became a human Irish Mist figurine. Well, John had the height, the presence, the good humour and his ability to laugh at himself to carry that one off.

Fortunately John developed a social life safely distant from Tullamore. Just how lively that other life could be became clear one Monday morning when John's silver Ford Capri – IIR 113 - appeared in Williams' yard, with what was unmistakably a bullet hole perilously close to the petrol tank.

John married Dara and they duly had Gareth and forsook Tullamore for London, where John and Dara found life and work infinitely more to their liking. John was still in harness, looking forward to returning to work last week.

John returned to Ireland for holidays, sometimes to the house on the island in a lake Connemara that his father and mine had bought in when Renvyle House Hotel was sold by the Gogarty family in the early Fifties. Gareth tells me that some of his happiest memories are of times spent with his Dad on that island in Connemara.

In Dara's absence, covering polo tournaments all over the world, John often came home to stay with his sister Ann in Cloghan. Always a great walker, John went down the village of Cloghan to buy the paper. And never came back.

That island house had been built by my Gogarty grandparents following the burning of Renvyle House during the Civil War. They are buried in nearby Ballynakill. Their tombstone carries an Oliver St John Gogarty verse that seems ever more appropriate as we bid John a fond farewell – for now.

Our friends go with us as we go

Down the long path where Beauty wends.

Where all we love foregathers, so

Why should we fear to join our friends.

ROBIN BAILY (59)



John Cronly sent on the following Email that he had received;-

Dearest friends,

It is a very sad day today at the Baily residence. Surrounded by his family members, Robin took his last breath today.

He had been in some pain in the last few days and of course fighting cancer for over 5 years.

It gives us peace knowing that he is pain free and surrounded by happiness in its purest form.

We are so grateful that we were all able to be next to him and tell him how much he was loved.

Thank you to each and every one of you for the friendship of love and support that you gave him.

He had so much love in his heart for his friends.

With warmest regards,

Rosemary, Josette and Cristina

Ed: Robin, the son of Lt Col R P Bailey came to the school from Sussex House in 1955. He played in the XV and was a useful No 8 and in the summer he turned out for the Schismatics and was awarded his "Gollywog". He left in 1959 and in recent years lived with his family in Panama.

NEIL HOLMAN (67)



John Farr (67) wrote:-

Sadly, I received a telephone call on Friday morning from Jill Holman, Neil's wife, to tell me that Neil passed away the previous evening, 12th December. He was at peace, with the family with him. She said that he was being cremated the following day in Dublin, where they lived, and that they would be scattering his ashes in Connemara, some time next year.

Neil was diagnosed with cancer (colon with lung secondaries) in April. He had been receiving chemotherapy since May. He was back in hospital on 18th November with breathing problems, a side effect caused by rogue blood clots. One was blocking an artery and upsetting his oxygen supply and he had a mild infection which was compounding the problem. Ultimately, he could fight it no more.

Neil Holman was educated at Beaumont and Trinity College Dublin. He was an accountant by profession and worked in project finance since the 1980's. Neil held a number of public appointments in Ireland including Chairman and Chief Executive of the National Board for Science and Technology, a board member of the National Software Centre, the Higher Education Authority and Irish Life Assurance plc. He was founder Director of **BNRG Renewables** an international Renewable Energy development company. Based in Dublin, the company has projects under development in seven countries.

PETER BAILEY (53)

Peter died in April last year. He was born in Essex one of six children in 1934. He began his schooling in Hornchurch before moving to St Ignatius Stamford Hill and arriving at Beaumont in 1949. He was a useful oar and was in the VIII the year he left in 1953 for St Edmund Hall to study medicine. However he changed courses and graduated with a BA (Hon) in modern history and then progressed to an MA. He loved sport both rugby and rowing and was in the college VIII – he was remembered for spending much of his Oxford days on the river. Later in life, when not so active he was a great supporter of Sussex cricket at both Hove and Horsham.

For his National Service Peter was commissioned in the RAF and his professional career was in the gas industry specializing in personnel management. In 1961, he married Valerie and settled in East Grinstead with their four children and was an active member of the parish of Our Lady & St Peter's Church. He was the founder President of the local SVP in 1977 and later became the Diocesan President for Arundel & Brighton. Peter was also a founder member of the East Grinstead Catenians which were inaugurated in 1979, a Governor of St Wilfrid's School and a consultant for the Citizens Advice Bureau.

A staunch Catholic, Peter lived his life with the firm commitment to the causes he believed in and with a pint of ale in one hand, he could always draw from a lovely sense of humour with a short dry comment.

In failing health in recent years and following the death of his wife he had become resident of a local care home. His Requiem was celebrated at Worth Abbey.

Beric (Aubrey) Raymond-Barker (1945 – 1949)

His Brother Paul wrote:-

Beric died peacefully at his home in Cornwall in May 2013 with his family at his side.

He arrived at Beaumont in 1945 having previously spent 2 years in hospital with TB. This did not stop him from taking part in all games, boxing, rugger and rowing.

He became Vice-Captain of Boats and was a member of the unbeaten 1st XV of 1948. Some will recall the memorable scenes when the victorious team returned from their last match at Downside. (Actually played at Monkton Combe due to a waterlogged Downside pitch). Everyone lined the lower line gallery as Archie Moore and Beric carried the captain, Tom Russell, shoulder high up to the clock. In his last year he was a Captain and was drum-major.

Beric did his National Service with his County Regiment, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. Once commissioned he was stationed in Cyprus, where they were the only regiment on the Island. This was before the troubles and life proved very agreeable.

He taught at St. Louis, Banbury, his father's prep school, before moving to Cornwall where he was headmaster of a primary school and spent the rest of his life teaching, which was something he much enjoyed. Teaching dyslexic children in Cornwall was an important part of his life.

In 1958 he married Joanna Wailes and they had six children. They lived in a delightful old house with a bit of land keeping cows, geese, hens, pigs and bees. It was a busy life.

His church work in Bodmin was as secretary of the SVP and liaising with St. Petroc's, The Cornish organisation for the homeless which had 2 houses in Bodmin.

He was an ideal elder brother. In my early days at Beaumont and later in the army he kept an eye on me without any fuss.

JOHN RAYMOND REES (39)

Raymond, the son of a doctor, came to the school from Ireland in 1932 and made a name for himself as a member of The VIII in his final year just before the outbreak of the War. He moved to TCD to study medicine and once qualified with a BA in both Medicine and Surgery joined the army in 1944 with a commission in the RAMC. Back in civilian life he went into general practice in Co Dublin and became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians for Ireland in 1961. Raymond was Secretary of the Irish Paediatric Society. It was in his work for children and their health that he made his name. He was Paediatrician to the three most important hospitals in Dublin including the National Children's Hospital and was a member of The Study Group into Children's Services in 1972. He was also a Lecturer at his old University.

Raymond was a Vice President of the Dublin University Boat Club and had been a member of the Senior Championship winning Eight in both 1941 and '42.

He was married to Miriam O'Reilly.