

Obituaries of Brasenose men who died in the First World War (mostly reprinted from the *Oxford Magazine*)

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## Obituaries

THE death of K. T. Frost, Lieutenant in the Cheshire Regiment, Lecturer in Ancient History and Archaeology and in Historical Geography at the University of Belfast, will have been a great shock to his friends at Brasenose and elsewhere. His interests were many, and whatever he put his hand to, whether it were the College rowing, or archaeological exploration, or military training, he did with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Those who knew him will remember him as one of the keenest and most public-spirited men whom they have known, and they may well believe that his death in the service of his country is such as he himself would have desired. (From the *Oxford Magazine*, Oct. 16.)

He died heroically. Cut off, surrounded, with several wounds, called on to surrender, he refused, and fought to the bitter end. The Germans did one good act: they buried him with full military honours because of his bravery. (From a letter printed in the *Oxford Magazine*, Oct. 23.)



Major William Henry Abell (killed in action) was born on Sept. 20, 1873, and from the Militia was transferred to the Middlesex Regiment on Dec. 9, 1896. He was gazetted Lieutenant on Oct. 9, 1899, Captain on Dec. 15, 1900, and Major on Sept. 28, 1912. He was Adjutant in the Volunteers and afterwards in the Territorial Force between Sept. 1907 and March 1910. Major Abell received the Queen's Medal for services in the South African War.

The above brief obituary notice appeared in the *Morning Post* of Oct. 5. Major Abell had been previously reported wounded and missing after the battle of Mons. Many will mourn the loss of a kind and chivalrous friend,

and all will feel that he died as best became his brave spirit. Harry Abell entered Rugby School and B.N.C. in the same years as the writer, viz. 1887 and 1892. As a boy, his passion for adventure and his absolute fearlessness led him into many a tight place, from which his cool courage and amazing rapidity of calculated decision always managed to extricate him. Endowed with considerable mental capacity, his determination enabled him to achieve without much effort the goals for which he aimed. He was essentially a sportsman in its true and best sense, not great at games, but imbued with a love of nature and the open field. A keen soldier, a good shot, a finer fisherman, and a staunch friend.

Who can doubt that the earth will lie lightly upon one, of whom, as boy and man, it could, in very truth, be said that he feared 'no foe in shining armour clad'?

C. ELEY.

