

WILLIAM WYATT BAGSHAWE (1897-99)

Date of Birth	5 March 1882
School Information	Sub Prefect. Drawing prize 1898.
Career Information	<p>He went to Sheffield Technical College and won a prize for drawing. Then he went to the Slade School in London, now UCL.</p> <p>He is listed as exhibiting at the New English Art Club in 1915 with his address given as c/o Schwabe in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. The NEAC was a radical break away group from the Royal Academy School and based on the Slade graduates.</p>
Date Of Death	1 July 1916
Cause of Death	A letter (see full transcript below) describes his death - he was in the very first wave attacking Serre, going out at 7.20am. Ten men of 'A' company left the trench early - they must have volunteered - and had to stop in front of the German wire as it had not been cut. They lay down and were picked off one by one by a sniper. At 7.30am the whistles blew and the subsequent waves walked into the dreadful machine gun fire....
Location	Somme, France
Cemetery	Thiepval Memorial, Somme, France
Rank	Private
Branch of Service	York and Lancaster Regiment

The photo below left is believed to have been taken while at the College and the one on the right in 1915, shows William 2nd from right.

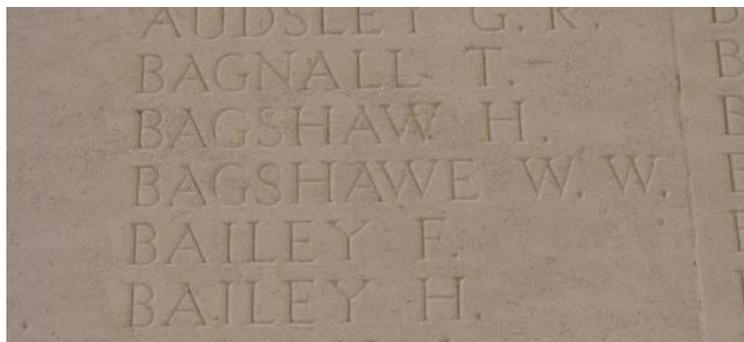


Here is the transcript by his colleague Roddis of what happened on the day he died :-

Roddis says, he was in A Platoon, A Company – Roddis had joined a fortnight before, the section had been employed on working parties all the time. Ten of A Platoon A Company went over the top at 7.30 the KOYLI (Kings Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) on the right side and East Lancaster with orders to get beyond the 5th German trench and KOYLI were to dig a trench for them. Only one of the platoon was hit before they left the trench they got up to the German barbed wire – 100 yards. The barbed wire was intact, although a party had been sent the night before to make a lane through the barbed wire with torpedoes – they did not succeed and did not return. There was a stretch of 80 yards of barbed wire at the point William’s section reached. They lay down in front of it and fired at the Germans who were running to and fro to escape our shells. Their parapet had been completely flattened. The German sniper picked the group of men off one by one – Willy was lying flat (next to Freddie) and was hit by a bullet. He got up on his hands and knees and crawled in front of Roddis who had to move to avoid hitting him. All the men called to him to lie down and he lay down but still in a firing position and did not move again. Then the Germans commenced to fire shrapnel and Roddis was struck by shrapnel on the temple which bled so profusely he had to get back as well as he could to save his life and was hit across the ribs while creeping along. The trench was taken at 2.00 that night by us – and it is probable that the Germans had no chance to take prisoners as the trenches on both sides were taken directly. The bodies of those wounded or killed were constantly being buried by soil from shell holes so that there is not much chance of the bodies being discovered yet (Query, how long were they shooting?) these 10 were ordered to do the most dangerous piece of work in the battalion – even if they had been able to carry out their directions, it would have been death.

Roddis also said everyone was annoyed at William for coming back from the ASC – thought it was foolish of him – and putting himself in danger when he might have remained behind – for the last week there he was very busy helping in working parties – carrying heavy things such as shells to the front trenches. They were only supposed to go every fourth time, but he was always ready to go out of his turn and worked tremendously – there was considerable danger in connection with this work but he managed to escape unscathed – he was so strong and vigorous that nothing seemed to trouble him.

The following photo was taken of his name on the Thiepval Memorial

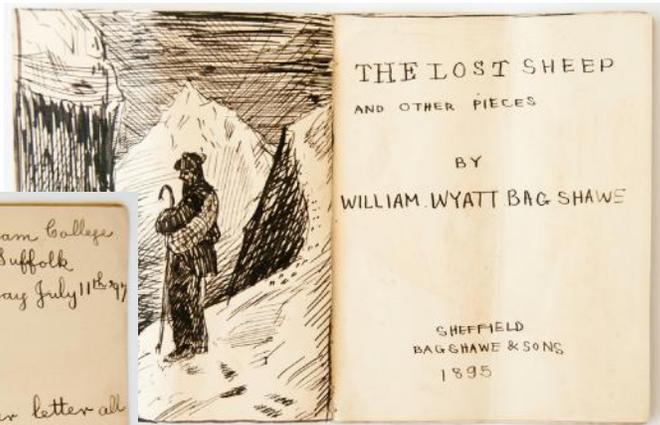
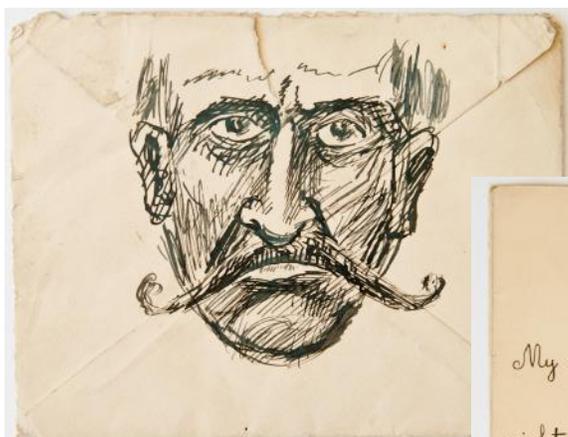


The following are a selection of watercolours painted by William



We are indebted to Peter Cattrell, his great great nephew, for some of the above information and pictures. His grandfather, Benjamin Wyatt Bagshawe, was William's older brother, but didn't attend the College.

Peter also sent us some the letters that he wrote home from the College and which include early drawings of his, some of his teachers



Framlingham College
Suffolk
Sunday July 11th 1897

My dear Father

We got your letter all night this morning. Gervie was delighted to hear you had got him a bicycle. We have talking about it together all day

Before we came here, if you remember, we always used to talk about how we would visit the Coast; however we were greatly mistaken, as we have never been there yet, though the distance is only thirteen miles: the rules prevent it.

Shall we go to Whitley this year? It will be grand if we do. Talking about this reminds me that we are going to have no increase in our Summer Holidays to commemorate the jubilee. We shall have six weeks & three days as usual

Our exams begin to-morrow and continue for three days; then we return to ordinary work

Next term is known as the "Cambridge term", and we work until 9.45 P.M. You may guess how the boys like it, as all boys who are leaving, do so this^{com.}: they would rather not wait till the end of next

Most boys at all friendly with me are leaving this term

I have been up 5 days in the sick-ward with a bad cold. This has prevented me going in for my "Leave" to swim in the deep end of the bathing pool.

I have begun drawing lessons; - I have them twice a week

 This is the drawing master. He also takes the swimming

I cannot think of anything more to say so

I remain
your loving son



may I leave off wearing singlets and pants? It is simply suffocating & I have to get permission first.

I can't think of anything more to say, so I remain

Your loving son

Willy

Munch and Joachim have now taken their place. I do not know anything about the former, but I do about Joachim. Unlike Glosier, when he first came, he can speak good English. He has spent most of his life in Java. I have tried to sketch the ~~office~~ Castle, but I think it is rather a failure.

The blackberries are quite ripe down here, and I get a good many of them when I go out a walk.

There is a very tall new chap, and, by his pronunciation of "master" I thought he must come from the North. But he only came from Boston, Lincolnshire.

Every farmer or labourer you pass by, down here says "foine d'y" to you and "are you quite well?"

I am all right, all but a little cold.

We shall have the sports on the 8th October. Entrances are compulsory, so every boy in the school has to run in something. I can't think ab



COLLEGE

SPORTS



Taking snapshots of the finish

goes jumps $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch short of the world's record



VIDALL CANT JUMP SO HIGH

MR UPCHER
"GO ON, ABBOT!"

THE POLICE FORCE THERE

Sir Auckland Colvin gives away the prizes