

Obituaries

Mayo-Wells In January 2005 in Washington DC, Wilfrid James Mayo-Wells (b, 1922-1926). After Radley Jimmy Mayo-Wells passed 6th into R.A.F. College, Cranwell and went on to the Faraday House Engineering College in 1927. From 1929 to 1932 he completed his engineering studies in America at the George Washington University, College of Engineering and Science. He became a director of Cable Research Laboratories, Callender Cable Co. and was then with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. from 1935 to 1940 where he was involved in setting up radar stations and research into air-borne radar and radio navigation aids. He joined the Ministry of Aircraft Production as Senior Engineer in 1940 and was a Hon. Flt.Lt. in the R.A.F.V.R. He was a Member of the Air Ministry Commission for Aircraft Safety to U.S.A. in 1943 and 1944 and Member of the British Air Commission in Washington DC in 1944 and 1945.

He resigned from British Government employment in 1945 and became Senior Engineer in the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University from 1945 and later Senior Engineer of the Vitro Corporation in 1951, during which time he lectured French, Italian, Japanese and Dutch engineers of their respective navies on guided missiles systems. From 1952 to 1970 he was a Consultant on Telemetering and other Electronic systems from 1952 to 1970, writing several books and many papers. He was also Design Chief of Wolman Systems. His brothers J.H.G. and C.E.C.Wells were at Radley.

Turner On 10.5.2006 George Charles Turner, MBE (f, 1925-1929). He served with the Ox. & Bucks Light Infantry and King's African Rifles from 1939 to 1945. He was promoted to Captain and was wounded. After the war he became a General Commissioner of Income Tax. In 2001 he was awarded an MBE for his services to meteorology in Berkshire. He composed music for his local church. His brother H.F.L. Turner was at Radley.

Neale On 22.7.2005 (Archibald) Graham Neale, TD (b, 1926-1931). At Radley he was a Prefect, a member of the Cricket XIs of 1930 and 1931 and the 1st XV of 1930. He went on the Empire Tour to South Africa in 1931. He joined the Territorial Army in 1934 and during war service he was wounded and mentioned in despatches. He was awarded the TD in 1948. He became a Director of Mellersh & Neale, Ltd. in 1938 and returned

after war service. He became General Manager of Meux's Brewery Co. Ltd. in 1946 and Managing Director in 1954. Following the merger with Friary Holroyd & Healy Ltd. he became Joint Managing Director of Friary Meux Ltd. in 1957 and Managing Director in 1961 retiring in 1969. He became a member of The Worshipful Company of Brewers in 1958 and was Master in 1967-68. He was a Governor of Dame Alice Owen School from 1964 to 1988 (Chairman 1975-1981) and of Aldenham School from 1967 to 1976. On retirement he moved to Burwash in Sussex where he was active in many local organisations and continued his lifelong interest in cricket and rugby. His son, Tim, was at Radley.

Crichton On 16.11.2005 Ronald Henry Crichton (d, 1927-1931).

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In Ronald Crichton, who died last Wednesday at his home near Barcelona at the age of 91, the Financial Times had a music critic who contributed enormously to the reputation of its arts page in the 1960s and 1970s. A man of broad culture and wide horizons, Crichton wrote with belle-lettriste style and elegance, which led some to assume he had an old-fashioned mind. Not so: he was decidedly modern in outlook, following the new music scene with unquenchable curiosity and showing an early appreciation of avant-garde productions. Crichton would often see the less obvious side of a performance, in a way envied by other critics. He was not a spectacular writer: you had to live with his writing before realising what an interesting, enjoyable and illuminating critic he was.

Crichton's professional decorum was impeccable: he could be firm and occasionally devastating, especially about English stage manners, but he was never destructive. He was a generous supporter of younger critics, who couldn't help being impressed by his knowledge of French and German literature, enthused by his love of food, travel and conversation, and charmed by the way he filtered his vast experience through his writing.

Born into a military family in Scarborough, Yorkshire, on December 28 1913, Crichton was educated at Radley College and Christ Church, Oxford. It was at university that his passion for French opera took wing. By the late 1930s he was helping to organise visits to the UK of French theatre companies and musicians. After wartime

army service in the UK and Greece he joined the British Council, serving in a variety of posts for 21 years while building a freelance career as a critic.

He began writing for the FT in 1962 and joined the staff full-time in 1967. After retiring in 1978 he continued to contribute occasional reviews until 1994. His interests extended to dance: it was he who suggested the scenario and music for Andrée Howard's 1940 ballet *La fête étrange*, which received its latest Covent Garden revival just three weeks ago. He wrote books on Manuel de Falla and Ethel Smyth. A stroke cut short his grand projet, a history of French opera, but did not rob him of a contented old age, nursed by his partner Juan Soriano.

Brown On 21.4.2006 Ian Spencer Houghton Brown (f, 1927-1931). After Radley he went to the City and Guilds Engineering College before joining Standard Telephones & Cables, Ltd. He went to Woolwich in 1935 and then to the Royal Aircraft Establishment as a Technical Officer in 1939. He joined the National Physical Laboratory as Senior Scientific Officer in 1970 and retired in 1972.

Le Blanc Smith On 20.10.2005 Graham Le Blanc Smith (f, 1927-1931). Graham was born in Maidenhead on 2nd August 1913 into a devout Anglican family. He never knew his mother who died giving birth to him. After being educated at Radley where he won the Wharton Prize, he passed first into the Bank of England and worked there from 1932 until 1936. He became a Catholic and shortly afterwards began his studies for the priesthood, first in Mount Melleray and then in Rome. However he returned home when the 2nd World War broke out and entered Mount Saint Bernard Abbey on 30th May 1940 and was known in the Community as Father Thomas.

In 1949 he was made choirmaster, an office he held until 1962. He was choirmaster again in 1983 until 1986. He was involved in the music of the choir all the days of his life.

He taught Philosophy and Theology to the students who were preparing for the priesthood. Having been an Anglican he was most enthusiastic about the ecumenical movement and took a very active part in it. In recognition of work done to improve relations between the Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy of Leicestershire, he was made an Honorary Member of the Launde Abbey Brotherhood, the only person to have been so honoured.

He spent many years counselling and giving spiritual help to those who came to

the Abbey for help. He was a greatly loved monk and was carefully looked after in the last seven years of his life when he was confined to a wheelchair. He died peacefully on 20th October 2005 in the early hours of the morning.

Graham gave a number of sermons at Radley. His grandfather, father, twin brother, and his twin brother's sons and grandsons were at Radley.

Morison In March/April 2004, William Graham Morison (e, 1929-1933). He went up to Hertford College, Oxford, where he read Geography before joining the Administrative Service of H.H. The Rajah of Sarawak (Borneo). He was a civilian prisoner of war of the Japanese and interned in Sarawak for three and a half years before being released by the 9th Australian Division. He returned to England at the end of the war. With the hand-over of Sarawak to the British Government after the war, he joined the Colonial Service and returned to Sarawak, serving as a District Officer in various parts of the country. Later he joined the newly formed Co-operative Development Department and ended his career in Sarawak as Registrar of Co-operative Societies and Commissioner for Co-operative Development. He retired in 1962.

Palmer On 9.8.2006 John Philip Carrington Palmer, MC (b, 1929-1934). After Radley he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. He rowed in the Trinity Head of the River crew at Cambridge in 1936 and, the same year, won the Ladies' Plate at Henley. He won the Magdalene Pairs and the Lowe Double Sculls in 1937 and rowed in the Cambridge Trial VIIIs. In 1938 he rowed for Goldie, winning the Putney Head of River.

He served in the R.A. from 1939 to 1946, becoming a Major. He was awarded the M.C. He became a solicitor in 1948 and a partner in Cooper, Son & Caldecott, Henley-on-Thames. He retired in 1975.

He was Master of the Mercers' Company in 1969/70. He was a Governor of Dauntsey's School from 1972 to 1993 and a Governor of St. Paul's Schools from 1965 to 1994. He was President of the Berks, Bucks & Oxon Law Society in 1957/8.

Robinson On 13.2.2006 Gordon Bernard Robinson (d, 1930-1934). He went up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge and became a trainee with J. Rank, Ltd. in 1937. He served with the R.A. from 1939 to 1945, becoming a Captain. After the war he farmed and was involved with the Devon N.F.U. and C.L.A. and also with his local

church and countryside conservation. In 2004 he wrote to Radley about his recently-published book, *The Sinews of Falconry*: "I am an ancient OR who was deposited with Mr. Stevenson for the summer term of 1930, and to whom I am indebted, not only for coaching in mathematics to ensure an entrance to Cambridge, but also for sparking the interest in falconry which has remained with me through a long life. ... perhaps my volume will fill a gap as a record of one small boy's happy school days from a different age." His brother, M.C. Robinson, and his two nephews were at Radley.

Rowntree On 25.2.2006 Thomas Whitworth Rowntree (f, 1930-1933). He went to Rome University in 1934 followed by St. John's College, Cambridge from 1934 to 1937. He was at St. Bartholomew's Hospital from 1938 to 1944 where he won the Matthews Duncan Prize. After gaining numerous medical qualifications in Cambridge and London he became a F.R.C.S. in 1942. He served with the Queen's Westminsters (T) from 1937 to 1939 and the R.A.M.C. (T) from 1944 to 1947 as a Surgical Specialist. He was a Registrar at the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in 1949 and became Resident Surgical Officer at St. Mark's Hospital in the same year. He became Senior Registrar at Great Ormond Street Hospital and the Royal Cancer Hospital (Marsden) before becoming Consultant Surgeon at the Southampton Group of Hospitals from 1951 to 1981. He was Honorary Consulting Surgeon, Southampton from 1981. His brother, W.H. Rowntree, was at Radley.

Allen On 14.2.2006 Lt. Col. Michael Rhys Harvey Allen, MC, TD (h, 1931-1933).

The address at his funeral by Lieutenant General Sir Norman Arthur KCB, JP:

I want to start by saying that it is truly a privilege and an honour for me to be speaking this eulogy on the life of Michael Allen, because he was a friend, whom I liked and much admired, because Carol, his wife, was, and Anthea and Jonathan are, also our friends and, especially, because his life held much to which I would pay tribute and which I would have liked to emulate myself. I have to say that I was a latecomer on Michael's scene and there will be much of significance about his life which I do not know.

First, though, to tell you some of the parameters of his long life. Born in Ceylon, now Sri Lanka, in 1917, he was the son of a tea-planter and grandson of a distinguished colonial administrator in that island.

His parents went on to work in other far-flung places and Michael came home and was put in the care of an aunt, Lady Wilson, who lived in Stirlingshire. This was a not unusual, though sometimes unhappy, circumstance in the lives of children during our country's imperial past. I believe that Michael was happy in his aunt's care, however, and went on to Radley College in Oxfordshire, a very good boarding school still going strong today. He was bound for a career as a country land agent and surveyor so, rather than university, he went to Cirencester Agricultural College. He would have left there in the late 1930s and, with the dark clouds of Nazism imminently threatening Europe, he became a Territorial Soldier, commissioned into the 4th/5th (Dundee & Angus) Battalion of The Black Watch.

For the moment I will bypass the military aspects of Michael's life and tell you that he married Carol Glynne-Percy, from Perthshire, in June 1942, became father to Anthea during the war and to Jonathan soon after war's end. He was able to resume his planned career and pursued it, first in Edinburgh, and then with a firm of land agents in Devonshire where he and his good, close family of four lived and farmed for over 30 years. A tall and erect figure, he was also blessed with a powerful voice, no doubt honed by his Army years, and was nicknamed in his firm "the Devon Boomer", because he would come to the door of his office and bellow, to bring his subordinates running!

Before I met Michael I would see him about here sometimes and detected a certain sternness of visage and a hint of impatience about him which commanded respect.

On getting to know him, though, this proved to be a thin veneer which hid a great companionability, an enjoyment of laughter and the good story, a most generous hospitality and the good sense which comes from wide experience.

On retirement from his land agent career, Michael brought Carol back to Scotland and to Loch House, a mile or so from here, where they lived a happy country life together, looking after their small estate with their friends, and their dogs, about them. Both Anthea and Jonathan were, of course, away from home by then and leading their own lives, Jonathan not long retired from his own Army service. I had the great pleasure, as the Queen's emissary of taking to Michael and Carol the Royal card of congratulation on their Diamond Wedding anniversary on the 9th June 2002.

Tessa and I were not allowed to depart from that pleasant duty without enjoying some “fizzy” hospitality and the rightful satisfaction of them both. Michael and Carol, were quite private people, though, and Michael’s reaction when warned of Her Majesty’s interest was to huff and puff a bit and pretend that it was all a quite unnecessary fuss!

Let me come back to wartime days, however, and I warn you that there is plenty of strong colour to this story. I must preface it by saying that none of it came from Michael’s own lips, nor ever would have done, but came from records and from the family, probably gleaned with difficulty over the years.

I don’t know about you, but when I read all those magnificent obituaries of wartime servicemen and women in *The Times* and *Telegraph*, I marvel that these should be the same people who have lived among us, sharing our lives as normal, peaceful citizens and friends, especially in today’s cotton-wool protected society. Circumstance makes the man, I suppose, but the deeds of which we read show us men, debonair, inspired, going, seemingly almost gaily into desperate combat. Can they truly be the people we have known “in the village”?

There was a strong vein of the warrior in Michael too and I will illustrate it now. At the time Michael joined his TA Battalion a call went out for volunteers to form the new Army commando force. Commandos were, usually, quite small units, trained in raiding, sabotage, coup de main and, often, operations behind the enemy lines. Michael responded at once and, indeed, until his death last week, was one of only a tiny handful of the original founders of the Army commandos, still alive. Their training was hard and arduous, dangerous in itself. Strong leaders were needed to lead all sorts of men. Some of the men came from our prison population, from Barlinnie, Saughton and the like, the terms being pardon if they served well. Michael’s finest explosives expert in No 9 Commando had cracked many a safe in his day and his batman, a certain Sidney Green, his personal soldier servant, who also helped out Carol in the house before the unit went to war, turned out to have murdered his wife; but he was, on the whole, a very nice man; so Michael told Carol!

Michael suffered his first war wound during training when, practising with the bayonet over enthusiastically, he pinned his own foot to the ground!

A hazard of Special Forces is that they may be warned off for operations, which up

to the last moment, can be cancelled: thus their keenly-honed readiness is followed by anti climax and a sunken spirit. So it was for Michael and it was not until 1943 that his commando finally sailed to and actually reached North Africa, thence sailed to Bari on the Italian east coast and marched across Italy to Naples. Thereafter it was continuous action. Two operations behind German lines; wounded there with a bullet in the head, which remained in his head to his dying day.

Michael then saw commando action in a series of major battles of the Italian campaign; the crossing of the River Garigliano, the assault on Monte Cassino, and at Monte Faito, where most of the commando’s officers were killed or wounded and Michael himself took command and was awarded an immediate Military Cross. In the citation, words like “great powers of leadership, exemplary courage, magnificent example” were used. Don’t forget he was still only 27! He told of one of his most frightening moments. Returning stealthily from a night operation in the German lines, Michael was suddenly aware of a figure pressed up against him, a knife at his throat and the feel of a foot being gently rubbed over his boots; then, a whispered “OK Tommy” and he was alone again. It was a Gurkha Sentry with his kukri. The Germans tied their boot-laces differently to our people and Michael’s laces won him his reprieve!

Michael’s war continued actively, into the Greek islands, capturing the Isle of Kathira, then a frightening seaborne assault on Salonika, which his commando captured. Later his unit was the first into Athens. Michael took the surrender of Salonika from the German Admiral commanding, whom, low be it said, he surprised in bed, with a Greek prostitute. You’ve seen pictures of those war-time commandos of ours – woollen cap, jersey and battle dress, sleeveless leather jerkin, blackened face, weapon at the ready, fiercely swift into action. Can you imagine the lean 6ft 2in Michael thus, your courteous, peacetime friend, but with the light of battle in his eye? I can! The admiral’s sword hangs on the wall at Loch House today. Then it was through a very troubled Greece up to the Bulgarian border, where his unit met the advancing Soviet Army and Michael’s colourful war came to its close.

After Carol’s death in 2002 Michael tended to stand back from a social life. While he stayed fit he worked outside his house and in his workshop. His hospitality and Anthea’s continued, but more quietly. You could still visit, share conversation and laughter, and with a gin and tonic, of course,

berate politics, politicians and political correctness, bemoan poor health and being “no blooming use to anyone”, but still always finding a laugh at the end.

Anthea has been wonderful, devoting every minute to his care, as she did before for Carol. Jonathan has hastened up from London whenever the call has been made. (He, incidentally, like father like son, won an MBE for gallantry as a Scots Guards officer in Northern Ireland). Wilf Campbell has lent a constant helping hand to the Allen household, as have Jimmy Wotherspoon and Lindsay and I know that they have the warm thanks of the family.

Now, we have lost at the good age of 88, an upright, peace loving Christian gentleman, an open minded but understated believer, sure of his standards, whether they were in fashion or not, but in whose veins that strong warrior ran, an instinct quick to answer and to meet the call but as quick, when the nation’s danger passed, to “hang the trumpet on the wall”.

Post Script:

The night before Michael died, he was heard to say to the older of their dogs – “Well, old chap, we’ve had our day”. So let’s not mourn; just thank God for Michael’s life among us, and for his swift and peaceful parting to the better life.

PPS: He returned to Italy in 1945, after his Greek campaign, and was involved in the battles at Argenta Gap and Lake Commachio, prior to the war’s end.

Kentish On 21.3.2006 James (Jim) Francis Kentish (f, 1931-1934). He went to the Faraday House Engineering College and later served with the R.A.S.C. from 1940 to 1946. After the war he became Agricultural Engineer and then a director of a marine engineering company. He was a Partner and Director of Danforth Jackson Ltd from 1961 to 1970.

He became involved in motorcycling at an early age. In 1937 Jim bought an early Series A Rapide and one summer’s Saturday he took the afternoon off and rode from the West London theatre, which he managed, to Brooklands. A Gold Star was awarded to anyone who lapped Brooklands at 100mph or over. Jim not only won a Gold for his lap at 106.65 mph but was offered Dunlop sponsorship on the spot. Machines that obtained this coveted trophy were usually highly tuned track machines but Jim’s Rapide was a road-equipped, standard, non-race-tuned sport-tourer with a top speed of about 107mph – Jim was circulating almost



Jim Kentish at the 1950 Junior Isle of Man TT

flat out. Then he rode the Rap back for his evening stint at the theatre.

Jim rode extensively in races on the Isle of Man and mainland with notable success. After the 1950 Junior TT he wrote: I have noticed that from time to time riders from “down under” make good use of the grass verges when in a hurry to get round corners. It must be an acquired art due to racing on dirt roads and I, brought up in the South of England, have not had the opportunity of learning the knack.

The 1950 Junior TT was going nicely for me, the 7R was in fine fettle and after a satisfactory first lap time my pit told me-at the end of the second lap-that I was well inside Silver Replica time-so I pressed on, full of joy and regardless.

As Braddan approached I thought to myself “a little faster this time, perhaps?”. I tried it-and the result was my first experience of using the grass verge when in a hurry. Of course I would have to pick the only piece of grass in the Island which boasted a large iron notice requesting all and sundry to keep off it! It was, in fact, the neatly mown lawn at the foot of the War Memorial.

I didn't see the notice-but my footrest found it and decided to stay behind and settle the argument, so I had to complete the race minus the footrest-170 miles of it!

Have you ever ridden a motorcycle fast over bumpy roads without a footrest or any projection capable of being used as a substitute? It's exciting, rather like riding a horse bareback and when it comes to

applying the foot brake for (let's say) Creg-ny-Baa without anything to support the weight of the leg over the bumps, the bike behaves in the way a wild horse might if his tail were touched by a red hot poker.

And so to the pit stop at the end of the fourth round. Would those prying scrutineers spot the deficiency and stop me? I felt sure they would, for surely someone had reported the madman who had descended Bray Hill on the previous lap with one leg trailing and a loose boot-sole clouting the road. But thank goodness they let me go! A normal run and bump start, and the engine fired-but then came a problem! I had forgotten that in order to fling the right leg astride the machine there must be a hook to place the left foot upon-and so, right in front of the grandstand, I had to stop, get astride, and make a shameful clutch start.

The final two laps produced several near shaves, and I was forced to the conclusion that a bronze in the hand was better than a bed in Noble's. Aching leg muscles and six inches of trailing boot sole flapping alternately against the road and the revolving clutch combined to produce an unorthodox version of “What's My Line?” on each corner.

I began by enjoying every minute of the race but ended by hating it all. The Bronze Replica I received that evening I now treasure as the hardest award I have ever won and it stands on the sideboard as a reminder to “Keep off the Grass!”.

In his retirement he travelled the world, touring on his motorcycle, leading groups to the Czech Republic and other parts of the world, trekking, scuba diving and small ship cruising. When he gave up motorcycling in 2003 at the age of 84, he kept travelling. In the last three years of his life he visited Namibia, went island-hopping in the Bering Sea between Alaska and Japan, travelled to Italy where he served in the war, to visit Monte Casino and the British War Cemetery for an act of remembrance and went to the Ukraine for a trip between Kiev and the Black Sea.

Willan On 12.2.2006 Edward Gervase Willan, CMG (h, 1931-1935). At Radley he was a Junior Scholar, Heathcote Scholar and College Science Scholar. He won an exhibition to Pembroke College, Cambridge and then passed into the Indian Civil Service in 1939. He served in the Central Provinces from 1940 until India's independence in 1947 but he stayed on in Delhi in the High Commission until 1949. He started a second career in the Diplomatic Service serving in the Foreign Office from 1949 to 1952, as First Secretary in The Hague from 1952 to 1955, First Secretary in Bucharest from 1956 to 1958, Head of the Communications Department at the Foreign Office from 1958 to 1962, Political Adviser in Hong Kong from 1962 to 1965, Head of the Scientific Relations Department at the Foreign Office from 1965 to 1968, as a Minister in Lagos from 1968 to 1970, as Ambassador in Rangoon from 1970 to 1974 and as Ambassador in Prague from 1974 to 1977 when he retired.

Chippindall-Higgin On 21.12.2005 Crowther William Chippindall-Higgin (h, 1932-1936). “Chips” Higgin was in the 1st XV in 1935 and after Radley became a Stockbroker. He served with the R.H.A. but suffered from T.B. and spent some time in hospital. After the war he became Managing Director of Export Enterprises Ltd.

Collis On 4.6.2006 Robert Windham O'Neale Collis (a, 1932-1936). At Radley “Robin” Collis was in the 1st XI Hockey teams of 1934 and 1935 and the 1st XV of 1935. He joined the Royal Marines and played hockey for the Royal Navy in 1938. He became a Major and was mentioned in despatches. He was mentioned in despatches again when serving in Cyprus in 1956. He attended the Joint Services Staff College in 1957. He became a Colonel in 1965 and retired from the services in 1968. He was Head of Support Services in the

Industrial Society from 1968 to 1977 and Export Services Manager, the Proprietary Association of Great Britain (Pharmaceutical Industry) from 1977 to 1986.

Richards On 19.6.2005 Owen Henry Wilson Richards (e, 1932-1936). He went up to Worcester College, Oxford and then became a solicitor with Taylor, Kirkman and Mainprice in Manchester 1939. He served with the R.N.V.R. from 1940 to 1946 before returning to his career in the law. He was Senior Partner with Bawker & Richards in Winchester from 1952. His brother, J.R.W. Richards, was at Radley.

Butler Smith On 23.2.2006 Kenneth Butler Smith (d, 1933-1938). At Radley he was a School Prefect and played in the 1st XV's of 1936 and 1937. He shared a study for a number of years with Duggie Birks. He played for the Yorkshire Schools XV's of 1936 and 1937. He went up to University College, Oxford and served with the R.A. from 1939 to 1946, fighting in the Burma campaign and becoming a Captain. After the war he became Chairman of The West Yorkshire Printing Company.

Clough On 31.3.2006 Richard Arthur Butler Clough (b, 1933-1937). He went up to Jesus College, Cambridge where he won the Freshmen's and Seniors' Cross-country race in 1937; The same year he ran for the Cambridge Freshmen in the 3 miles against Oxford. He finished second in the Cambridge University Cross-country of

1938 and represented Cambridge in 1938 and 1939 setting the 3 miles undergraduate record in 1938. In 1939 he won the 3-miles for Oxford and Cambridge against Harvard and Yale. He served with the R.A. from 1940 to 1946. After the war he joined Shell Petroleum Company and became Managing Director of Brunei Shell Petroleum and Brunei Liquefied Natural Gas. His grandfather, G.F. Clough, was at Radley from 1863 to 1867.

Constantine Smith On 23.2.2005 Michael Constantine Smith (b, 1933-1937). At Radley he was in the Fives Team of 1935 and the Cricket XI of 1937. He joined the cotton business with Joshua Smith, Ltd. He served with the 65th (T) A.A. Brigade, R.A. He became a Director of Parmiter, Hope & Sugden Ltd., Electrical Manufacturers in Manchester. He was awarded the T.D.

Rooke On 10.5.2006 Anthony Basil Rooke (e, 1933-1936). After Radley he was involved in the motor trade before joining the Dorset Regiment in 1939. He was discharged through ill health and started medical training in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1943 he joined British Thermostats. After the war he became an agricultural engineer in Kenya from 1948 to 1958 and then in Carlisle from 1958 to 1978 when he retired to Dorset.

Bodkin On 27.4.2006 Stuart Kearsley Bodkin (h, 1935-1938). After Radley he went to the Northampton Engineering



Wedding of Michael Antony Demetriadi and Nancy Anna Rodocanachi in Darsham Suffolk, 1948. Jim Rickards was Best Man.

College in London and then served with the Royal Engineers from 1941- to 1946 and was mentioned in despatches. In 1947 he became a Civil Engineer with Sandford, Fawcett & Partners, with the West Hertfordshire Main Drainage Authority from 1949 and Wilton & Bell (later Sandford Fawcett, Wilton & Bell) from 1956 to 1974. He was Senior Engineer with Sir William Halcrow & Partners from 1974 to 1983 when he retired. His brother, D.M. Bodkin, and his cousin, P.R. Le Cras, were at Radley.

Carson On 2005 John Edward Joseph Carson (g, 1935-1939). At Radley he was in the 1st XV's of 1937 and 1938. He served with the Gurkha Rifles from 1940 to 1945 and then became an Insurance Broker at Lloyd's. He emigrated to Australia in 1950 and conducted and owned insurance broking business in Melbourne from 1955 to 1975. Afterwards he acted as a consultant to brokers. His brothers, W.A. and M. Carson, were at Radley.

Demetriadi On 10.2.2006 Colonel Michael Anthony Demetriadi, OBE, TD, KStJ, (a, 1935-1939). At Radley he as a School Prefect, was Captain of Fencing in 1938 and 1939 and rowed in the 2nd VIII. He won the Silver Bugle and was the inaugural winner of the Challenge Swords. He served with the Royal Fusiliers (T) from 1939 to 1941 and then the Royal Welch Fusiliers from 1941 to 1946, becoming a Major, wounded and twice mentioned in despatches. He edited the 1947 edition of the Radley Register and was Assistant Hon. Secretary of the Radleian Society in 1946 and 1947. In 1947



David Warren, Peter Stuart, Duggie Birks, Ken Butler Smith, Peter Cantlay, David Rae Smith (with Tony Money and Sue Van Oss hiding in the background) after a pub lunch reunion in 1999

he joined J. & P. Coats, Ltd., Glasgow and became a Raw Cotton Expert in 1951 and an Administrator in 1956. He became a Brevet Colonel of the Royal Welch Fusiliers (T.A.) in 1967 and Colonel in 1968; He was ADC to H.M. The Queen in 1974 and 1975. He was awarded the T.D. He was a J.P. and member of the Secretary of State for Scotland's Advisory Committee on the appointment of JPs in Dunbartonshire from 1973 to 1976. He was Deputy Secretary of the Diocese of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich from 1979 to 1986. He was a Commissioner for St. John Ambulance Suffolk from 1979, Director from 1986-90 and Commander from 1984 to 1992. He was made a Knight of Justice of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in 1988. He was awarded the O.B.E. in 1993. His son and two grandsons were at Radley.

Lupton On 23.5.2006 Francis Geoffrey Hugh Lupton, OBE (h, 1935-1940). He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge to read Natural Sciences. He served with the R.A. from 1942 to 1946 and was wounded. He became a wheat breeder at the Plant Breeding Institute, Cambridge in 1948 and was Deputy Director from 1980 to 1983. Somehow he managed to slip in a PhD in Plant Genetics at Cambridge in 1960. His two sons, Hugh and Thomas, were at Radley.

Pryce On 17.8.2006 Richard Anthony Seyssyllt Mostyn Pryce (f, 1935-1939). After Radley he joined the Royal Tank Regiment and then the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. After the war he transferred to 12 Frontier Force Regiment of the Indian Army, becoming a Major.

Temple-Carrington On 3.1.2006 Antony George Temple-Carrington, OBE (c, 1935-1940). After Radley where he was a School Prefect he went up to Trinity College, Oxford but only for two terms before joining the Royal Navy. He was granted a Regular Commission in 1946 becoming a Commander in 1956. His brother, T.C. Temple-Carrington, was at Radley.

Williams On 1.6.2006 John Raymond (Jack) Williams (a, 1935-1939)

Marjory Williams writes:
The Williams family story in South America opened with Jack's grandfather setting up his shipping firm in Montevideo. His ship sailed to England with chilled meat consigned by the Vestey family as part of their cargo. This business did not interest Jack's father so he and his cousin rode through Argentina

seeking suitable land to farm.

Cordoba was the answer for Jack's father and he bought and called his Estancia "Monte Raio". Here he kept and bred 700 or so cattle and some horses and played polo at the weekends. He met and married Evelyn Gardom and they had three children, two boys and a girl – Annette, Jack and Paul. Evelyn came to England in 1922 and gave birth to Jack in London. As soon as she had recovered she returned to the Argentine with her baby and her life on the Estancia. Jack spent his early years learning to ride almost before he could walk and enjoyed the free, country life. At eight years old he was brought to England by his mother to go to Prep School and from there to Radley, where he played cricket and rugby and became Captain of Athletics. In his last year he went to the private school, Pomfret, in America as an English scholar. He was called "Gus", he rowed in the boat and helped win a lot of races and also learnt to ski as the Connecticut snow in winter demanded this.

He then returned to the Argentine and to the Estancia to help his father. However the onset of the 2nd World War meant that his brother, Paul, who was 21, joined the Air Force as a pilot and was later killed. Jack also applied to join but the rowing had resulted in an enlarged heart. Thanks to the skill of a famous visiting osteopath, Martin Sherwood, his heart returned to normal and he was able to resume a full and active life. He joined the British Embassy in Buenos Aires as Third Secretary and lived in the city with his sister, Annette, until he met and married his first wife.

At the end of the war he returned to the Estancia and took over the reins as his father was not too well and also managed the Estancias of some of their neighbours. He and Sylvia had two children whom he adored – Nicholas and Fairlie. With the rather hostile activity of Peron and Eva, Jack decided that the children should be educated in England, a decision made more necessary as a 7 year drought in Cordoba meant that cattle ranching had become very difficult – the place was turned into a dust bowl. In 1959 they came to England together with some polo ponies and made the Ham Polo Club their base, co-operating with Billy Walsh. Jack played and then sold the horses, using the money to help pay for the children's education. Jack returned to the Argentine, sold the Estancia and moved to Gloucestershire in 1964 where he attended the Agricultural College as a mature student, stabled his horses on the Bathurst Estate and played polo at the Cirencester Polo Club.

He was then asked to become Hon. Manager of the Club and this he did for nine years and in that time developed it and initiated one of its most important fixtures, The County Cup. His real and intense interest was in his horses and their training and his equine knowledge was extensive and deep. He also had the gift of selecting the right horse for an individual player. He returned to the Argentine at the end of every polo season to find more horses and to train them on a smaller property called "Los Sauces" which he owned and shared with a great friend, Roland Dashwood. He continued this ritual for some years but eventually sold the property and spent six months in California reviving the once famous polo club in Santa Barbara. The sponsors for this project ran into financial trouble and Jack and Marjory left and went to Jamaica where Jack played and taught at all the polo clubs there.

Returning from Jamaica he and Marjory went to Ireland to hold the fort at Whitfield Court whilst Hugh Dawnay developed his business in the USA, then to Scotland to spend a season with their horses at Delvine with David Gemmell, then back to England to Beechanger. A telephone call from Sir Dennis White, the Agent for the Sultan of Brunei, started the amazing development of polo in Brunei, co-operating with Major Christopher Hanbury, the Sultan's A.D.C. Apart from teaching the Sultan and his brothers, members of the Army and the Police, he went to the Argentine and chose 'plane loads' of horses, coopting the help of Hector Barrantes and Eddy Moore, both top polo players. Once in Brunei Jack flew over the terrain and, with Christopher, evolved a plan to make first one polo ground and then another, to build stables for the horses, to engage an architect in London to build the houses for the staff and the fantastic stands, to engage trainers in the Argentine to teach the grooms in Brunei and to engage a blacksmith in Cirencester to teach blacksmithing in Brunei. The Sultan became very enthusiastic and once a good team standard was reached Jack revived the South Eastern Asian Circuit, inviting teams from Manilla, Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang and the first tournament was run. Jack's contract finished after five years and he went to Spain at the request of the Sotogrande Polo Club who asked him to do a similar project for the Spanish Club.

This he did, taking 14 of his own ponies to Sotogrande and in 1984 he was asked by the Spanish Federation to run their annual tournament in August which involved some 300 polo ponies and numerous teams. He

travelled back to England, bought new stock at Ascot and he and Marjory stayed in a small cottage of a friend at Kirtlington. Whilst at Kirtlington Jack helped the Club and the Oxford team and, one fatal day in 1994, after returning from Spain, he started schooling his ponies. Riding a very difficult young mare who always reared badly when touched on her side, he was thrown off twice and suffered a brain injury which landed him in the John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford and from there to the Abingdon Rehabilitation Centre to learn to talk, walk and try to regain his balance. After three months he was able to recognise Marjory again and to leave but his interesting and fascinating polo career was finished as his balance never returned and he was told he could not ride again.

Using his wheelchair as a walking aid he was finally able to abandon it and to walk with a long thumb-stick.

He was also tremendously interested in the development of Pony Club polo which is run especially for young budding players from 9 years up to 21. He and Squadron Leader Roberts who played in his own Club at Henley-on-Thames, co-operated closely in this project and included their own children all of whom are still involved. Well-known players today from this early group are Howard and Julian Hipwood, Lavinia and Charles Roberts, J.P. Smail and Nicky Williams.

Jack also had a very creative and enterprising side and brought various enterprises to England such as horse walkers, rubber mats for horse boxes and stables, hydroponic grass and goose-neck trailers, all of which he passed over to his son Nick.

During his career he had helped many people, made many friends and bought and trained many horses as well as playing many polo games all over the world. His charm and good sense of humour as well as his ability endeared him to all who met him and he was not only modest about any achievement but also absolutely honest in his dealings with people and with horses and, as a consequence, built up a very good reputation.

Marjory and Jack married in 1967 so would have spent 39 years together in September this year having worked and travelled in various countries wherever events took them in the polo world. After Jack left the Rehabilitation Centre they bought a small cottage at Upper Hyde and, after fifteen years, moved to Hampton Green near Minchinhampton and up to a year ago managed their lives together but then his

health deteriorated and he ended in hospital and finally died peacefully on 1st June. For my part, as his wife, I always felt loved and protected and found him a wonderful companion and friend.

Let us hope that he is up there now with Hector Barrantes, Eddy Moore, Paul Clarkin, Robert Addie, Mike St. Aubyn, all his friends, and that they are having a great game.

Hay On 6.2.2006 Alastair Beckford Hay (g, 1936-1940). At Radley he rowed in the 1st VIII of 1940 before serving in the R.A. from 1940 to 1946. After the war he was with South Devon Garages, Torquay until 1958 and then Ware's Motors Ltd., Bath until 1967. He left the motor trade to become Managing Director, John Brunt Ltd., Wine Merchants, Exmouth from 1967 to 1974. His brothers K.S. and J.M. Hay and his nephew, A.S. Hay, were at Radley.

Stutchbury On 3.4.2006 David Wycliffe Stutchbury (e, 1936-1941). He joined the Royal Air Force straight from school, trained in Canada and flew photo reconnaissance missions in Mosquitos in 140 Squadron and then Spitfires in 16 Squadron. After the war he joined Revertex Ltd as the post boy and retired in 1979 as Managing Director and Chief Executive. His brothers, T.M., O.P., and W.W. Stutchbury, were at Radley.

Francis On 1.7.2006 James (Hamish) Lloyd Francis (g, 1938-1941). At Radley Hamish was a Junior Scholar and he won an Exhibition to Queen's College, Oxford where he obtained a degree in French and Spanish. He served with the R.N.V.R. from 1943 to 1946, where his language skills were put to good use in the surrender of the Japanese in the Far East. He married a Wren and returned to Oxford to do a Diploma in Agricultural Economics. He became a Farm Manager and Consultant, based in Henley and then Hungerford, and was a Fellow of the Institute of Agricultural Management. He leaves three daughters and a son, R.L. Francis, who was at Radley (g, 1971-74).

Peterson On 5.4.2006 Michael Deedes Peterson (g, 1938-1941). After Radley he went up to Christ Church, Oxford to study Music. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists and became Assistant Organist, Wells Cathedral in 1946. He was Organist at St. Peter's, Bournemouth in 1953 and Organist and Master of the Choristers at Tewkesbury Abbey from 1966 to 1985. He was Director of Music at The Abbey School from 1973 to 1985.

McKnight On 3.12.2005 Ian Malcolm McKnight (f, 1939-1943). He went up to Queens' College, Cambridge and then served in the Royal Navy in the Pacific Fleet from 1945 to 1947. From 1947 to 1960 he was Development Engineer with Wiggins, Teape & Company Ltd. then Chief Engineer of the Inveresk Paper Company Ltd., Musselburgh until 1962. He was Senior Sales and Systems Engineer, Pulp and Paper (International) with Foxboro-Yoxall, then Babcock Bailey Meters until 1974. He was Chief Engineer, Culter Paper Mills Ltd. From 1974 to 1976 and then became offshore installation supervisor for Shell Exploration and Production in the Brent Oil Field. He retired in 1985.

Meade-King On 16.3.2006 Richard Oliver Meade-King (f, 1940-1943). He was a School Prefect and played in the 1st XV of 1943. His son, C.O.B. Meade-King, his son-in-law, A.T. Mackenzie, and two grandsons, S.A. Mackenzie and O.L. Meade-King, were at Radley. When he was at Radley, H social was vacated for Eastbourne College and he was in the Octagon in F with a number of refugees from H. While at Radley during the war most of his stories relate to travel from Cornwall (where he lived most of his life). He once cycled back to Cornwall from Radley. He attended at least the last six Gaudy days and came to watch a rugby match each season and was at the Wellington fixture last winter to watch Oliver playing.

Extracts from Charles Meade-King's address: My father was in many ways a conventional man, but as many of you will know he could also be totally unconventional. Anyone who has partnered him at bridge will be aware of his disregard for the normal convention to have sufficient points to make a bid. While this approach made the game, to say the least, exciting for his partner, if the opposition were unfamiliar with him they were in for an unrewarding time.

He had a great love for the West Country and Cornwall, and in particular this headland and so it may be a surprise to learn that he was born in Devon and went to school at Durlston Court in Dorset and Radley College in Oxfordshire, but his roots were always here and he was brought up and spent his formative years in Porthpean.

His education was disrupted by the war and he left Radley at the earliest opportunity to sign up and was in training with the Fleet Air Arm when peace was declared. He then spent a number of years guarding important places like oil deposits in Trinidad and

Tobago, where he and my mother, Hilary, returned for a much enjoyed holiday quite recently.

After his military service, he then went up to Jesus College, Cambridge where, after an academic career that he always described as, “previously completely without any distinction”, ... achieved a double first.

While at Cambridge he made many lifelong friendships and also met and fell in love with Hilary whom he married in 1952, and they were married for exactly 50 years and provided Tessa and I with a marvellous childhood and upbringing to which I will return.

After Cambridge he trained as a civil engineer and joined the engineering firm of Binnie, Deacon and Gourley and from stories he told I know he was the engineer for the Binnian Tunnel through the mountains of Mourne, and was inordinately proud of his adventures being the engineer responsible for the water supply and drainage in Lusaka in what was northern Rhodesia. (anyone who could report on the state of the drainage in Lusaka was always keenly listened to – they are few and far between).

When Tessa and I were born he was on an engineering project in Bedford and it was shortly after this that he returned to Cornwall and joined English China Clays, having turned down the offer of a partnership with Binneys.

I do not believe I am overstating the case to say he had a notable 30 year career with ECC which he enjoyed tremendously and found fulfilling. At first he was still plying his engineering expertise and is responsible for a number of structures, bridges and eyesores in this part of the world.

It was when he became the director responsible for overseas exploration and development that he found his metier. When travel was nothing like as easy nor as swift as it is now, he travelled the world from here. I recall one potential venture included a hazardous trip by canoe up the Amazon.

He described his role to us as: when good quality clay was discovered by the geologists which might compare with Cornish clay or was of a different but desirable type or in a part of the world where there was demand, then without, of course, looking over-interested he would go out and negotiate the purchase or a joint venture. This negotiation was his forte and he revelled in it. He would readily acknowledge that his skill was that of a poker player. Underneath that often self-deprecating, modest exterior of an English gentleman was a very competitive person (anyone who has played tennis, squash or

even croquet with him will attest to this) and I believe his employers and the shareholders were the beneficiaries of his efforts. ECC became a global company before it was fashionable.

One of his colleagues described him as a “groundbreaker”. He would have been happy with this reputation.

He struck up many friendships as a consequence of his travels and I am particularly thinking of Charlie Smith in Georgia, the Couthinos in Portugal and we would hear tales of the Plowmans in Australia, Patrique and Jerome in France and Kurt Eggar in Germany.

When he retired in the mid 80’s after such a peripatetic career he was able to spend more time in his beloved Cornwall to where he had always returned with relief and pleasure throughout his life. My parents enjoyed 15 years of his retirement together and many of you will know of his enthusiasm for gardening and his enjoyment in and of the garden at Penellick. He relished the outdoor life and physical exercise and could spend all day in the garden. I speak from experience that he could exhaust the rest of us and still be ready for tennis and then cards in the evening. His engineering, designing and creating never stopped; as children Tessa and I looked after chickens who had a run of such a construction that parts of it were connected by a tunnel. Before we moved to Penellick the sea was not visible from the house and he built the bathroom on stilts and the tennis court. It continued in his retirement, he built: a large summer house, dug and designed ponds on the highest point of this headland (to the accompaniment of much head shaking); he planted hundreds of trees and for the last few years was engaged on a project to restore the stables. When my mother went to help Tessa when their fourth grandchild, Rosie, was born he promptly exposed the drawing room to the elements and rebuilt and enlarged the bay window. He was also with my mother a principal mover in the original restoration and then upkeep of this chapel. He wrote literally hundreds and hundreds of letters and arranged countless events to raise funds for its repair and upkeep. As with many things in his life there was nothing overt about his faith but he was a regular church-goer and derived great spiritual comfort from this chapel. He was also actively involved with the Tywardreath Parish Council.

He was a staunch conservative, supporting the party through thick and thin and has been an office holder with the local party for many years.

His results at Cambridge and his business career were consistent with a recurring theme of his life: when he turned his hand to something he was invariably very successful: gardening, painting, tennis, golf, squash, croquet, many other sports and latterly since my mother’s death, entertaining and cooking. Tessa and I had experienced his very occasional cooking in our childhoods and its blossoming over the last few years has been something to behold. It was a process which started with a hot line for assistance to Tessa but..., albeit with a degree of self interest, he embarked upon a pursuit of the perfect chocolate mousse and it was extraordinary the number of ostensibly sophisticated recipes in which he managed to include some hogs pudding.

I would add to his list of achievements being a father and grandfather. He was loving, kind and generous and I know proud of the success and progress of his grandchildren. He was planning to visit Alistair at St Andrews, he was interested in Katie and Rosie’s academic success and last December attended Rosie’s Carol Service at Prior’s Field where she is Head Girl, he enjoyed Alistair and Oliver’s success at Radley, where they were both Head of their House and School Prefects and he always came to watch Oliver play rugby each season. One of the last celebrations before my mother died was after Alistair’s confirmation with three generations of Radley boys on site.

Modesty and the dictates of time mean I cannot detain you with all the things for which he was proud of his children.

Did he have any weaknesses? Well there was chocolate and honey, but the most glaring was his spelling. he always needed a secretary who could interpret his handwriting and correct his spelling. I am not sure he ever spelt Lucy’s name correctly or in the same way twice and as a schoolboy not only was it interesting to receive postcards from all over the world, but also to discover words which cannot be found in any dictionary.

Returning to his character and the contrast of convention and non conformity, he was a free thinker and never accepted the status quo. He was fascinated by renewable energy and enjoyed wrestling with intractable problems. He had an original mind and he never viewed anything as being impossible.

He had a lighter side: he loved tennis and was playing only a few weeks ago. He has always enjoyed organising tennis tournaments and throughout our childhoods they were great fun and even the winners

would be in doubt till the end, such was the often complicated but entirely logical scoring system; I have great memories of winkle and shrimp teas prepared on camp fires on many beaches. A feature of the last few years has been a summer evening trip up the Fowey river by boat with all the grandchildren. This was preceded by an entire day in the kitchen with his son in law preparing a potion that was held out as Bloody Mary, but went through several iterations during the day and was triumphantly borne to the boats for the evening picnic. Please feel welcome to come back to Penellick after this service but I should warn you Andrew has been in the kitchen this morning.

He was always interested in painting and one of his stories from university was about an exhibition of paintings of his and some friends which were held out as being by "the followers of Minsky". His own contribution was a huge self-proclaimed masterpiece, entitled "The Embodiment", which my mother eventually managed to hide behind a mirror in a spare room. The exhibition attracted much press coverage in the avant-garde art world and, of course, there was no such person as Minsky.

You could always identify the timeline of when someone knew him depending on whether he was Dick, Dicky or Richard. I mention this, as I must share the following story with you which, should you doubt its veracity, comes from Rear Admiral Bob Baylis, and I believe is familiar to some of you:

We first met, I think in 1944, at the naval air station, St Merryn, where your father was an observer in a type of aircraft called the Barracuda. (in the navy the observer is the navigator and captain on the plane). Barracudas were awful machines, the observer sat in a sort of glass bubble underneath the fuselage, thus ensuring his unlikely survival in a crash. Your father had many hair-raising episodes and it is a miracle he survived.

I remember him very well-dressed in the scruffiest uniform known to man, he had a delightful, dry sense of humour accompanied by a quizzical look, he was always much too polite to tell anyone that they were talking rubbish. He had a particularly noisy, smelly fast 500cc motorbike on which he tore around the Cornish lanes, eventually selling it to me. Subsequently, after he left the navy, we used to meet up occasionally in Cornwall and then renewed our friendship when we were together at Cambridge.

By that time I had become engaged to Joyce whose close friend at Newnham College was a girl named Hilary. Hilary

plus boy friend, Joyce and I were going to the Newnham Ball but her boyfriend fell sick at the last moment. I was directed to produce a substitute. I then ran in to Dicky but was reluctant to ask him because at that time his appearance suggested that he was in the final and irreversible stage of a hunger strike and I knew his dinner jacket had a hole in it. On reflection, that was not the main reason: your father's dry sense of humour had been forming for some time and I rather feared that the way it was developing would not suit Hilary. When the evening came we waited with some apprehension for Dicky to arrive. (I had hinted to Hilary that he could be a "bit odd"). Knowing him well, as you do, you have probably worked out the sort of thing he would do. Sure enough, he did – he arrived, emaciated, ashen faced... on crutches. The sight on Hilary's face when she saw who was to be her dancing companion was unforgettable.

Returning to the present: I have a suspicion he knew he did not have an opening bid when he set off for France, what is only a month ago.

In the great scheme of things, although his departure from this life was relatively abrupt, his release from cancer was mercifully quick. His determination to get to France and to continue to live his life to the full was consistent with the way he had approached the previous 80 years.

I believe he was the sort of person anyone would be delighted to have as a father, brother, friend or colleague: calm, devoted, terrific fun, warm, generous and friendly to all comers. We will miss him.

Acock In 2004 Philip Acock (g, 1941-1945). He was an Exhibitioner at Radley, served in the R.N.V.R. from 1945 to 1948 and then went to Wye College. He worked with Dunn's Farm Seeds Ltd., Salisbury, from 1952 becoming Departmental Sales Manager in 1955, Seed Production Manager in 1957, Sales Director in 1961, Deputy Managing Director in 1965 and General Manager from 1966 to 1968 when he became Principal, ASR Business Services until he retired.

Cheshire On 16.2.2006 Christopher Scott Cheshire (d, 1941-1946). At Radley Scottie Cheshire was a School Prefect and played in the Cricket XIs from 1943 to 1946.

The address given at Repton by Barry Downing, the Second Master at Repton for many years:

What a warm and gregarious friend we

have all lost. But, surely, the last thing he would have wanted, now that we are all gathered here today, would be a sad and gloomy occasion: my memory of him – as I am sure will be yours – is of that large, smiling face with a joke on his lips and a leg-pull lurking.

After Radley, National Service and Trinity College, Oxford, Scottie went to Repton in 1953. He had forsaken the oval ball and won a Blue for Soccer as a goalkeeper and he was Captain of the University 2nd Cricket XI, the Authentics. He was, therefore, a leading light in the sporting fraternity of the early fifties at a time when sportsmanship really counted. Scottie liked winning as much as anybody but the Blues Captain was heard to remark: "The one thing I like about Scottie – he doesn't mind how many he lets through" The shrewd Headmaster of the day, T.L. Thomas, immediately saw Scottie's qualities and potential and, after two years, installed him as House Tutor – effectively House Master, although the Headmaster remained nominally in charge – of over 100 boys in The Hall.

Simultaneously, between 1956 and 1967, he ran the Soccer and, at times, amazingly, the Cricket as well. And he was successful in all these areas because he was so knowledgeable and so unstinting in his commitment to the House and to his teams: indeed, he was so involved with School Soccer Matches that he could be seen on the far side of the half-way line on the Square, smoking furiously – the only time he did so. A wholly committed man himself, Scottie could not abide slackers and he loved to quote a comment by Harry Storer, a past manager of Derby County: "There are two sorts of player – them as have got the heart of a cabbage and them as have got the heart of a peanut." In all sorts of contexts Scottie might turn and just say "Cabbage" or "Peanut"; we knew what he meant. Boys are quick to copy attitudes and they responded to Scottie by doing their very best, so that The Hall, and later Brook House, and the School First XIs were really successful and morale was high.

At this point I would like to include a personal tribute to Scottie's generosity of spirit and express my gratitude for the welcome he extended to me – a former day grammar-school boy – when I was attached to The Hall in 1961. He taught me the ropes, introduced me to the great virtues and ethos of Repton to the extent that I changed my original plan to stay for only a couple of years and eventually left in 1996 – not, perhaps, good news for Repton but very good news for me and my family.



1946 1st XI Cricket
*P. Mills, CRT Fletcher, GP Wadham, RH Soames, AJR Raynes, DRW Lawrence
 AEF Cornwell, PDR Gardiner, CS Cheshire, MJD Bower, JD Hudson*

Scottie is thought of as the great games man but it should not be forgotten that he was also a meticulous and conscientious classroom teacher and a highly efficient administrator and it was no surprise that he should be recalled to Repton long after retirement to fill in when the Head of the Geography Department had a six-month sabbatical. He set high standards in everything: he was always immaculately dressed and, combining this virtue with a love of tradition, for years he used to turn out to referee wearing his smart Oxford Blue blazer.

Of course, Scottie's primary interest was in Games, with Football and Cricket taking precedence, depending on the season. It is worth making the point, however that although the name Zola would always suggest the first name Gianfranco to Scottie rather than the French novelist Emile, he was never restrictive in his encouragement of boys with dramatic, literary or artistic talents or even those with no apparent talent for anything in particular. (He even turned out once on the Repton stage as a member of the jury in Roy French's production of *Trial by Jury* in 1970 – admittedly wearing an authentic Chelsea shirt). His gift for running an inclusive House, comprising lame ducks, the talented, the ordinary, was again evident after his move to Brook House in 1963 where he remained until retirement

in 1974, helped greatly in the second half of his time there by Jose, after he had made the best attacking move of his life by persuading her to marry him. This personal interest extended long after both the boys and Scottie had left Repton. He kept in touch with many and was a faithful supporter of the Old Reptonian Football Club and the Repton Pilgrims Cricketers.

Nor was he restrictive in the friends he made in Repton School and village. He was a friend as well as an employer to the cleaners and chefs in The Hall and Brook House, to the groundsmen as well as to the legendary, feisty Dora, who kept the Red Lion with her dog Nipper and who did not approve of "toffee-nosed buggers"; she very much approved of Scottie. She was a whole-hearted soul who made the best of things – an attitude Scottie admired as much as he disapproved of whingers. This is, perhaps, best illustrated by a story about an exasperating parent who announced: "I shall lay a complaint against you with the Headmaster, the Chairman of Governors and the Archbishop of Canterbury" To which Scottie replied "And while you are about it, I should try the Archangel Gabriel as well." A brilliant riposte.

Escape from the pressures of housemastering in the early days was achieved in a variety of ways: by Monday club in the Red Lion at noon for a

– nearly alcohol-free hour, Friday club, also in the Red Lion for a noisy and very alcoholic session on Friday evenings and on Wednesday evenings to mid-week football. Here various conventions had to be observed: talk had to be of Filbert Street, rather than Leicester City, of Gresty Road rather than Crewe Alexandra etc etc and there had to be excitement expressed at the first sighting of The Nests i.e. floodlighting clusters. There was also the compulsory consumption of Boardroom Pie. (Whether this changed in later years at Chelsea to Caviar and Vodka, I do not know). He also managed to visit every Football League ground in the country.

Escape came, too, in elaborate leg-pulling and practical jokes, involving, amongst others John Eggar, Housemaster of Brook House, which Scottie was later to take over, and Dick Sale, Housemaster of The Priory, who were friends but bitter rivals who ribbed each other unmercifully. We can be pretty sure that the three of them will be at it now in the next life, in the company of other colleagues who have "joined the majority", as Scottie used to put it. Scottie, as a Brook House man, will be getting fearful hammer from Sale for the fact that the eulogy at this service is being given by a Priory Housemaster. But Scottie will be well able to cope and always enjoyed a joke against himself. One such involved a rather strait-laced Head Boy of The Hall, who one day came to him with what the boy described as a disgusting, pornographic poem which he had confiscated. When shown it, Scottie burst out laughing, saying "Oh! It's only Eskimo Nell." He had some difficulty in explaining his response.

Scottie was also responsible for the invention of two mythical cups awarded each term: the Kunzer and the Confusio – the former for the best example of laziness on the staff and the latter for the member of staff responsible for the greatest administrative chaos.

Until now I have concentrated on Scottie's 21 years at Repton but, of course, he had a happy, active and fulfilling life afterwards. Central to this was his happy marriage of 38 years to Jose and the pleasure he took in the four boys and later their wives and children. Transferring his energies and administrative skills to this area he became a churchwarden here; the son of the Rector of Holy Trinity, Chelsea, he was a committed Christian. He continued to teach at Staffordshire Polytechnic and at Stafford Prison, he was a magistrate for 20 years, eventually becoming Chairman of the Bench and he was a Deputy Lieutenant for Staffordshire.

In addition to all this, his passion for Football and Cricket remained undiminished.

He held membership of Surrey County Cricket Club, continuing a family link going back to 1888 and, latterly, a 50 Year membership of the M.C.C. which allowed him to meet his cronies at Lord's for reminiscence and more leg-pulling. And football took its share of his time again, with Chelsea paramount – he was born in Chelsea and went to his first match there, aged 3, in 1931. He wrote books on the club, including “The Legends of Chelsea” and “Chelsea : an Illustrated History” How proud he was of the club's recent success and how grateful the club was to him was shown in a whole-page tribute in the programme at the first home game after his death.

So, how to sum up this warm-hearted friend with a great sense of joie-de-vivre? Scottie was a sportsman in every sense of the word and I will conclude with a valedictory remark used by an old Hall boy on learning of the death of one of Scottie's contemporaries in December, which seems wholly appropriate for Scottie too “Anyone can be born a gentleman but to die one is a real achievement”

Courage On 11.6.2006 Edward Michael Courage (d, 1941-1944). After Radley he joined the Royal Inniskillen Fusiliers. His brother, P.E. Courage, was at Radley.

Hart On 27.6.2006 Kenneth Geoffrey Ian Hart (c, 1942-1947). After Radley he went to R.M.A.Sandhurst and was commissioned into the 7th Queen's Own Hussars. He was mentioned in despatches (Korea). He left the Army in 1959 and became Marketing Manager, Centrum Electronics Ltd. and later Managing Director and owner of Accadair Ltd., a company manufacturing specialist air-handling equipment.

Parsons At the end of May 2005 Nigel Edward Parsons (f, 1942-1946). After Radley he went to R.M.A.Sandhurst and was commissioned into the R.A. 1948. He was Assistant Military Attaché (Tech.) in Warsaw from 1961 to 1963. He was with Defence Contractors GEC-Marconi, the Royal Ordnance and the MOD from 1968 to 1987 when he retired. He was Director and Company Secretary and later Company Treasurer of Phasemore Property Management Ltd.

Blofeld On 9.2.2006 Michael Roger Elwin Blofeld (d, 1943-1947). He was a photographic manager from 1959 and then owner of a photographic retail company dealing in visual aids until 1978 when he semi-retired. He was the son of Violet Blofeld, who taught music at Radley for 50 years.

Medlicott On 22.11.2005 John Probart Medlicott (b, 1943-1947). At Radley he was an Exhibitioner, a School Prefect and rowed in the 1st VIII of 1947.

‘Reminiscences’ by Michael Kirk
Everyone in church today to honour John Medlicott – and many who cannot be here but are holding John and Rosemarie and the family in their thoughts this morning – knew him as a lawyer of consummate skill and ability, and as a lawyer and a man of total integrity.

You will know that there were many other aspects to his life, but it was as a lawyer that he made his outstanding reputation and it was through his work as a lawyer that he came into contact not only with his clients and professional colleagues, but with people of all walks of life and with the organisations and institutions that asked him for the advice, guidance and help that was invariably given.

So it is fitting that for a few moments we reflect upon his professional career.

John's father, George Medlicott was himself a very highly regarded lawyer who practised successfully in Folkestone, became the Senior Partner in the firm of Frederic Hall & Co. (then in Bouverie Road East) and was elected President of the Kent Law Society. As John did in his turn, he played a full part in the public life of the area.

John was educated at Radley College where he distinguished himself academically becoming a fine Latin scholar and as an oarsman, representing his school at Henley Regatta in the Princess Elizabeth Cup. He then went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took his Degree in Law. He rowed for his college, was elected to the May Ball Committee, and having by now met Rosemarie, he proposed marriage to her in a punt on the Cam. They were married in January 1954 by which time John was with the prestigious firm of Frere Cholmely in Lincoln's Inn Fields, serving his Articles. Many of the friendships formed at school and Cambridge were maintained for the rest of his life.

He was awarded a prize by the Law Society in his Final Examinations and in December 1955 he joined Frederic Hall & Co. in Folkestone, his father by now having become a Consultant. At this time the Senior Partner was Kenneth Lawson, and when he retired in 1968, John became the Senior Partner and so remained until he retired from the Partnership twenty-two years later in 1990; so for a quarter of

a century the firm developed and prospered under his direction.

He was instructed by both private and corporate clients. He was a first-rate conveyancer and just as skilled a Probate and Trust Lawyer. At one stage he had a substantial licensing practice and, as you will all be able to imagine, he was a natural advocate. For a time he appeared almost daily before the Magistrates and County Courts or at Courts Martial or other Tribunals. Because he was certain of his law, the Courts trusted him, and although he would put his clients' case in a persuasive fashion, there was a lightness of touch that appealed to the Bench; he was politely inviting them to see the case from his or his client's point of view and, as I recall, they almost invariably did. As a lawyer, he was initially a true ‘all rounder’ concentrating only in the last decade or so of his career exclusively on the law of Probate and Trusts, in which he excelled and in which he was acknowledged as an expert.

He saw Solicitors as members of a learned and honourable profession: perhaps a rather strange phrase to some modern ears. He felt that a man owed his profession a duty to be of sound learning and to conduct himself honourably and that was, of course, how at all times he practised his profession himself. He was an astute business man but he concentrated on his client's affairs believing that, if they were properly attended to, other benefits would follow. He felt that good relations with all other members of the profession and, indeed, with all with whom one came into contact, were essential. He was a firm but entirely fair employer and a generous and considerate Partner. He knew our shortcomings (and would point them out if necessary) but did not dwell on them. He saw the best in people and they wanted to give of their best in return. He gave us opportunities, encouragement, his time and advice and his example.

He had many appointments and responsibilities outside the office. For forty years he was a Director of the Folkestone Race Course, maintaining that the Course at Westenhamer should be retained for racing as an amenity for this area. In July 1979 he was elected a life member.

For fifteen years he was a Governor of the Mundella Primary School in Folkestone and took a leading role in establishing the School's library. He was also a Governor of the Folkestone Grammar School for Girls, a Trustee of the St. Saviours Medical Charity, The Hospital of St. Bartholomew & St. John in Hythe, The E. B. Hutchinson Trust (which

makes awards for medical research) and the Ward and Mitchell Charity in Folkestone.

In 1973 he was elected President of the Kent Law Society, the Society's youngest ever President. He served thereafter on the General Purposes Committee of the Society for many years and continued throughout to attend the Past Presidents Dinners. He advised and helped members of the legal profession who, in one way or another, had run into difficulties.

He never fully retired from practice, remaining involved as a Trustee of several Trusts until the summer of this year: his services remained as invaluable to his clients and co-Trustees as ever. He brought to all these posts and responsibilities his knowledge of affairs, his broad experience of life, his profound wisdom and his deep humanity, which all of us have experienced at first hand.

He played a full and active part in the life of this Parish in Saltwood, where he gave and received friendship and where he found continual refreshment of the Christian faith that underpinned his life of service to others.

Of the many other aspects to John's full life, we recall that as a younger man he had served as an Officer in the Territorial Army and was awarded the Territorial Decoration. He had a considerable interest in sport: racing at Folkestone, and each year the Cheltenham Meeting in March, the Henley Regatta and Canterbury Cricket Week where, on each such occasion, he and Rosemarie joyfully renewed longstanding friendships. One thinks of John's love of the countryside, of his walks with friends and dogs, days of good fellowship and lunch on the way.

He was, as we all know, a wonderful raconteur, possessed of a prodigious memory of past events, of eccentric people and their even more eccentric utterances. He had a wonderful facility with words and that, allied to his acute yet benevolent observations of our human nature, its quirks and foibles, gave rise to much fun and happiness over the years. He was just as ready to enjoy the humour of others and we all remember his very distinctive laugh – that went off like a gun-shot. Rosemarie told me recently that she and John were at the theatre in Cambridge some years ago. During the interval they bumped into an old friend who said to John, "I couldn't see you but I knew that you were somewhere in the theatre – because I heard your laugh".

Our hearts go out to those who feel his loss most keenly: to Rosemarie, who loved him, cared for him and sustained him through sickness and through health.

To Charles and William, Judy and Debbie and to his grandchildren, Catharine, Hannah, Tom and Alex who all brought joy to his life and in whose achievements and successes he rejoiced.

We mourn the passing of this great and good man whose life was full of responsibilities but who had time every day for quiet acts of generosity and kindness. We give thanks for the many ways in which he touched our lives. We are left with warm and rich memories of him and his example to us.

Andrews On 19.10.2005 John Fred Andrews (a, 1944-1948). After Radley he became a Management Trainee at Mills & Allen, an outdoor advertising agency. He then joined Walter Hill & Company, a media buying agency, as an Account Executive, becoming Managing Director in 1961. In 1966 the company was sold to Outdoor Publicity where he served as Chief Executive until 1976 when he joined More O'Ferrall as a Director. In 1981 he formed his own company Advanced Holographics, and at the same time was a Director of Allam Outdoor Advertising, until retirement in 1991. He remained on Allam's Board as a Non-Executive for several years. His sons, G.E.C. and C.J.F. Andrews, were at Radley.

Hadfield On 17.5.2006 James Irvine Havelock Hadfield (c, 1944-1947). After Radley he went up to read medicine at BNC, Oxford. He won the Oxford University Double Sculls in 1949, 1950 and 1951, the Phoenix Sculls in 1952 and rowed in the Isis VIII of 1952; He went on to St. Thomas's Hospital, London from 1952 to 1955 where he won the Clutton Medal and the Beaney Prize for Surgery. He had a long and distinguished medical career that included being a Surgical Tutor at Oxford University, Consultant Surgeon/Urologist at Bedford Hospital, Medical Director of the Bedford Hospital NHS Trust and Visiting Professor of Surgery at Yale, Harvard, Duke, South Carolina, Tulane and the University of West Indies. He was a Trustee of the Bedford Charity and Governor of the Harper Trust from 1970 to 1985. He was a Director (Vice Chairman) of Seltzer plc from 1975 to 1985. He was a Freeman of the City of London. He was an Examiner for the following qualifications: M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., M.B. Chir. (Cambridge), FRCS (Ed). He coached various BNC Eights, the Oriel crew which was Head of the River in 1982, and the St Thomas' Hospital Four which won the Wyfolds at Henley in 1972. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine, the Association of Surgeons of Great Britain

and Ireland and the Association of Clinical Anatomists.

Gladstone On 16.6.2005 David Charles Gladstone (a, 1944-1948). After Radley he went to the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester and later became Estate Manager at Vaynol Estate, Bangor, Gwynedd. His nephews, A.C. and G.R. Stevens, were at Radley.

Morris On 24.2.2006 Martin Hulke Morris (e, 1944-1949). After Radley where he won the Senior Sculls and rowed in the 1st VIII of 1949, he became a trainee with Wiltshire United Dairies and then worked with Ambrosia Ltd. from 1952 to 1978, becoming a Director from 1959. He retired from dairy industry in 1978 and ran "Mobility" – specialised driving instruction for people with disabilities. He was a prominent competitor in historic motor racing. His brother, R.O. Morris, and two cousins, G.F. and J.P. Metcalf, were at Radley.

Cocks On 29.1.2006 Michael George Cocks (f, 1945-1950). After Radley where he was a School Prefect and played in the Cricket XI of 1950, he became an Insurance Broker in London, Cape Town and then Zimbabwe from 1955 to 1994 where he was Managing Director of C.T. Bowring. When Insurance Brokers ceased trading in Zimbabwe he became Executive Director of an Employers' Association. His uncle T.E.E. Cocks, was a Don and Social Tutor at Radley.

Cooper In April 2006 Michael Sargent Cooper (h, 1946-1950).

His brother, Paul Cooper, writes After Radley Michael did National Service in the 7th Queen's Own Hussars in Germany, failed entry to Worcester College, Oxford and had a short stint at Grenoble University. In 1953 he worked for the Cunard Steamship Company and in 1954 joined Bland Welch, reinsurance brokers in London. In 1956 he emigrated to Toronto, Canada to join Guy Carpenter & Co., also reinsurance brokers, then onwards to New York; after a few years he was posted to San Francisco to open their first West Coast branch. This was a great success and he became a leading operator in the field of world-wide reinsurance.

He died after a long and disabling illness in San Francisco leaving a widow and two children.

Durlacher On 26.10.2005 Richard Frederick Durlacher (e, 1947-1951). After Radley he became a Stockbroker.

A financial website commented: I would like to mark the sad passing of one of the last “great beasts” of the London stock market. Richard Durlacher was a market giant before Big Bang in 1986 as senior partner at the leading jobber Wedd Durlacher and afterwards in the newly created financial leviathan of BZW. He was one of the few gentlemen (a word I use most precisely here) who had the vision to see how London’s market must reform and change. In a market soured often by greed, opportunism and selfishness, Richard stood head and shoulders above the crowd as a beacon for others to follow as a standard for fair and honest behaviour and showing us how good investment businesses should be conducted. ...His talent, style, ethics and incredible knowledge were a model for us all. I fear we shall not see his like again.

Hemeon In August 2005 Patrick Lynn Hemeon (a, 1947-1952). He went up to Pembroke College, Cambridge and worked in Banking from 1957 to 1987 and then became a Charity Fundraising Consultant.

Huntington-Whiteley On 20.10.2005 Philip Cecil Huntington-Whiteley (e, 1947-1951). He became a Company Secretary and Accountant with companies involved in Manufacturing and Management Consultancy. His brother, N.C.Huntington-Whiteley, was at Radley.

Pearce On 5.2.2006 Anthony Charles Norton Pearce (g, 1947-1951). He served with Royal Greenjackets in Kenya and Malaya from 1953 to 1956, then was a farmer until 1966. After a year with J. Bibby & Sons he worked with BP Chemicals/ Nutrition Ltd. until 1980 when he set up his own business as a grower and landscaper.

Walton On 2.2.2006 Arthur Christopher Walton (f, 1947-1952). At Radley he was a Prefect, an Exhibitioner and a member of the Cricket XIs from 1949 to 1952. He was a member of the 1st XV’s of 1950 and 1951. He was awarded his Rackets Vest in 1951 and 1952. He played for the Public Schools XI in 1952.

He won an Exhibition to Lincoln College, Oxford and played for the Oxford University Cricket XI from 1955 to 1957 when he was Captain. He scored the fastest century of the season in 1956. He played for Middlesex from 1957 to 1959.

He held various positions with Philips Communications Systems and TR Services Pty Ltd. (Australia) and Telephone Rentals Ltd., U.K. Later he became, Founding



1952 1st XI
*JB Gleave, L Cooper, SM Scott, MWG Duff
 RR Davies, ER Dexter, AC Walton (Capt.), CEBL Carr, JS Waddilove
 ECH Huddy, TI Perkins
 Played 15, Won 8. Drew 7, Lost 0*

Director, Trade Wind Group Pty Ltd., Australia (dealing room and financial market communications specialists).

Michael Martin’s eulogy, read at the service by Christopher Walton’s son and Michael Martin’s godson, Mark: Christo and I were almost exact contemporaries at Radley and in the same house. He was a superb athlete and a scholar which I was not! However we were friendly and when Christo had completed a distinguished career at Lincoln College Oxford and had completed his National Service in the Navy we met again in London and he shared my flat in Upper Wimpole Street, and the little house I had in Randolph Mews, nicknamed Randy Mews!

It was there that our friendship took real root – we were constantly on the look out for nubile and willing young ladies – we both had perhaps a rather extreme sense of humour, We enjoyed heated literary quotation matches, the only area where I could compete with Christo’s scholarship.

We saw quite a bit of each other when we had both married and I became son Mark’s Godfather – not a very good one I am afraid.

What is truly extraordinary is the fact that for nearly half a century Christo lived on the far side of the world but his gift

for friendship never faltered, and on the occasional visits he made to England, and one or two telephone calls each year, our amity was always fresh and strong. When we met it was as if we had never parted, and as with many other contemporaries our affection for each other survived and grew in strength over the years.

His beloved Jenny looked after him wonderfully in his distress. His passing after a hideous year of pain and misery, borne with robust courage and good humour, robs us all of a very great friend and diminishes every one of us. William Cory’s lines, which I assume Christo, as a classical scholar knew, come to mind:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,

They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.

I wept as I remember’d how often you and I had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

*And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
 a handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.*

Gilbert On 14.2.2006 James Campion Gilbert (f, 1948-1953). From a note in his file:

“ I loathed my time at your school and certainly don't wish to be reminded of it. Please lose my name and address, wherever you got it from.”

From The Times with permission:

James Gilbert, aviator and journalist, was born on April 28, 1935. He died of cancer on February 14, 2006, aged 70.

James Gilbert was a towering figure in aviation journalism, a rebel who campaigned against the bureaucrats he saw strangling the freedom of the skies. A daring stunt pilot, performing in films and air shows, he flew well over 100 types of aircraft and wrote about each.

As editor and publisher of the monthly Pilot magazine, which he bought as a nearly defunct publication in 1972 and turned into the market leader, he encouraged a generation of writers to convey the thrill of flying. He was never daunted by articles of 6,000 or 7,000 words about flying the latest supersonic military jet or a humble vintage biplane. He combined a passion for aviation with a shrewd commercial judgment that made Pilot a lucrative property before he sold it five years ago.

As editor he pursued several campaigns to redress unfair prosecutions of pilots by the Civil Aviation Authority and to resist what he saw as the erosion of individual freedom to fly light aircraft by the ever-encroaching health and safety mindset of officialdom. In a celebrated case, he challenged the official findings of the inquiry into the crash of an RAF Chinook helicopter on the Mull of Kintyre in 1994, which blamed the dead pilots for “negligence”, a very serious charge which the evidence laid before the investigators did not, he felt, bear out beyond reasonable doubt. He forever after believed it to be a cover-up by the MoD.

James Campion Gilbert was born in Croydon in 1935, not far from what was then London's principal airport. His father was a prosperous insurance broker at Lloyds. He hated his time at Radley, although rowing was a consolation. One day when the river burst its banks he ignored the school's evacuation plan, borrowed a scull and rowed away across the flooded fields.

During National Service in the RAF he was turned down for pilot training because of poor eyesight, despite having learnt to fly on a Tiger Moth at the age of 17 on an RAF scholarship. He nevertheless went on



James Gilbert

to become Britain's runner-up national aerobatic champion in 1964, as well as an airdisplay pilot and stunt pilot in such films as the First World War flying drama Aces High (1976) and the Second World War action movie The Eagle Has Landed (1976).

As a flyer he rejoiced in a particularly audacious manoeuvre in his Bucker Jungmeister, a prewar German biplane trainer complete with swastikas, in which he would touch down on the hard side, bounce off his springy undercarriage and flick the plane a full 360 degrees before setting it down again gently on the runway. To complete the performance, in which there was no room for error, he would give a Nazi salute as he taxied past the crowd.

He learnt his trade as a publisher in New York in the 1960s on the editorial

staff of Flying Magazine. There he started to “test fly” dozens of old planes, catching the enthusiasm of their owners and admirers and leading to his first bestseller, The Great Planes (1970). He followed this with The World's Worst Aircraft (1975), a hilarious account of aerial catastrophe and engineering folly, which became a cult classic.

A quiet family man with an impish sense of humour and a sharp intellect, Gilbert embodied old-fashioned British values. A free-thinking spirit within a conservative mould, he bristled at any sign of bureaucratic meddling or pomposity.

He eschewed personal honours but delighted in seeing his contributors in Pilot win distinctions at the annual award celebrations during his long, enlightened editorship.

He is survived by his wife, Gena, and two sons and two daughters, the elder son and daughter from a previous marriage.

Lewis Benjamin writes:

James Gilbert was not only a towering figure in aviation journalism, but he was also an adventurer.

Bored one lunchtime, he flew the Tiger Club's Piper SuperCub up to 21,000ft over Redhill and a, presumably, bemused Gatwick. Shirtsleeved, no radio, no oxygen and 45 degrees below zero outside, only the onset of anoxia encouraged descent.

James was also enterprising. He flew a tiny single-seat Rollason Turbulent 700 miles to Thurso. Curious to see Orkney, he popped over to Stroma and decided to land – probably to see if it was possible: it wasn't. The aircraft turned over.

James, unhurt, righted the aeroplane to find, incredibly, only a tip missing from the propeller. The lone lighthouse keeper found a hacksaw and James cut off the equivalent amount at the other end. With heart in mouth he staggered off, and flew the interminable 700 miles home with the engine screaming protest. He explained: "If my VW car engine can over-rev forever so can this thing." It did.

For the record he was also a superb photographer.

Hedges On 1.10.2005 Andrew Philip Hedges (b, 1948-1953).

From The Times with permission:

Andrew Hedges, racing driver, was born on September 16, 1935. He died on October 2, 2005, aged 70. In an amateur career in speed sports which included, pre-eminently, motor racing and rallying but also touched Olympic bobsleigh and power-boat racing, Andrew Hedges became one of the most successful postwar MG works drivers.

Undoubtedly his finest achievement was to win the awesome Marathon de la Route of 1966. In this punishing 84-hour race, run over the old Nurburgring circuit in the wooded Eifel Mountains of Germany, but starting and finishing at Liege, Hedges, co-driving with the Belgian Julien Vernaev, brought the 1,798 cc MGB home first. The clear favourite in the field had been the 3,258cc Ferrari 275GTB entered by the Ecurie Nationale Belge. But with the Ferrari skidding off the circuit during a cloudburst, Hedges was left to fight a duel in the final laps with the Ford Lotus Cortina of Jacky



The last real MG to compete at Le Mans (before their return in 2001 with a MG badged Lola) – the 1965 MGB driven by Paddy Hopkirk and Andrew Hedges which finished second in its class and 11th place overall.

Ickx and Gilbert Stapelaere. In the event he brought the MGB home almost 70km ahead of Ickx, having covered 8,876km (5,547 miles). The BMW of Nicolas Koob and Dino Pizzinato drove into third place another 200km behind Ickx. On the way to the chequered flag, the MGB had suffered smashed headlights, crumpled bodywork and a ruptured fuel tank. Vernaev drove it off the road on the opening lap, and Hedges had been off the track himself at night, ploughing through a hedge and ending up in a field. He managed to drive himself back on to the circuit. MGB, who had at best thought they might win their class, were delighted with their car's overall victory in the face of such powerful opposition.

In 1968 Hedges raced the GTS, a special-bodied lightweight competition MG, with Paddy Hopkirk at Sebring where it came third in the prototype class. He had previously driven the MGA with Jack Sears at Sebring.

Hedges, whose family farmed and owned a chain of butcher's shops in West London, was educated at Radley and Cambridge, after which he raced his own Austin Healey Sprite both at Montlhery and Nurburgring in 1,000km and 500km races.

His interest in winter sports sprang from a two-year work placement, for which his father sent him to Basle. There he raced for the Basle Bobsleigh Club and became involved in the British Bobsleigh Association. With Bill McCowen he was a member of the British Olympic two-man bob team for the Innsbruck games of 1964, in which the gold medal was won by Captain Robin Dixon and Tony Nash.

His powerboat experience included starts in the Cowes-Torquay race and a run in the Miami-Nassau with Lord Lucan in 1966, where their boat Migrant was the first single-engined craft to finish.

His brother, J.R.Hedges, was at Radley.



John J. "Tiger" Thouron

Thouron On 18.1.2006 John Julius Thouron, OBE (g. 1948-1950).

From the Palm Beach Daily News:

John J. "Tiger" Thouron of Palm Beach, Philadelphia and Scotland died after a long illness Wednesday, Jan. 18, 2006.

Born in Scotland, Mr. Thouron was devoted to the natural environment in Scotland and in his adopted home in Chester County, Pa. Early in life, he demonstrated an understanding of animals and became, at the age of 17, the youngest sheep judge in the United Kingdom, with an expertise and love of the hardy Clun Forest breed. Later in life, his sporting interests shifted to birds and fish. He worked to preserve the habitats of the creatures, operating a bird preserve in Pennsylvania and working on the Deveron River, Bogie, Isla Trust in Scotland to ensure the health of rivers and streams, particularly his beloved Deveron. He had a throng of dogs, mostly spaniels.

A graduate of Radley College, he promoted academic exchange between the U.S. and U.K. through the Thouron Award, established in 1960 by his father, Sir John R. H. Thouron, K.B.E., and the late Lady Thouron. The award supports study in the U.K. for graduates of the University of Pennsylvania and study at Penn for graduates of British universities.

He spent hours over the course of 30 years working for the award and enjoyed the achievements of more than 700 Thouron Scholars. In recognition of his dedication to Anglo-American friendship, he received the Order of the British Empire in 2003. He was known for his wit and mastery of puns, stories and accents.

Warden On 12.8.2006 Robin William Warden (g. 1950-1955). After Radley he qualified as a surveyor and later became a Director of a Property company in Perth.

Whitfeld On 1.3.2006 David Whitfeld (b. 1950-1953). After Radley he went to Hatfield Technical College and then worked with the de Havilland Aircraft Company, Hawker-Siddeley Aviation, British Aircraft Corporation, Rolls-Royce, B.E.D., M.L. Aviation and British Aerospace. He worked in the Design Office on the Trident (airliner) H.S. 125, Nimrod, Jaguar, Tornado, Concorde, RB 401, Olympus 593, JP 233 dispenser and the A320, A330/A 340 Airbuses. Later he was consultant aerospace designer at Aerostructures Hamble Ltd. His father, E.H. Whitfeld, his brother, M. Whitfeld, and his two nephews, N.J. and M.D. Whitfeld, were at Radley.

Brown On 20.8.2006 Stephen Creighton Brown (b. 1951-1956).

From www.historicracing.com: Creighton Brown, a well known racing entrepreneur and a man who helped Ron Dennis win control of McLaren, has died of cancer.

Educated at Radley College, Abingdon, he started work as a management trainee for UK food group Ranks Hovis McDougall, while at the same time playing as a jazz musician out of hours. He then joined the army for two years' National Service, gaining a commission and serving as a

2nd Lieutenant in the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment. He spent over a year in the security forces in volatile British Somaliland in East Africa prior to the country's independence being granted.

Subsequently he returned to Rank Hovis McDougall, and was then seconded to an American industrial management consultancy company for a year, before returning to manage one of Ranks' large wholesale grocery distribution centres on the south coast. At the age of 28, he then decided that it made more sense to work for himself and set up several of his own businesses over the next few years. These encompassed farming in the UK and Brazil, property development and professional motor racing. He was awarded a Nuffield Farming Scholarship in 1975 to study mechanisation and automation in the American Mid-West.

He built his first sports car at the age of 21, and in 1972 turned his hobby into a business and started to race semi-professionally with commercial sponsorship, building several very successful Supersports cars over the next few years.

In 1974 he formed Ardmore Racing and, while still racing in the UK himself, commenced running professional drivers in the European Formula 2 Championship. The team gained sponsorship from Imperial



McLaren F1 Road Cars – Creighton Brown helped to produce the world's most advanced sports car

Chemical Industries and Newsweek. He himself retired from serious driving in 1985, having personally won three national championships. His Ardmore team won a combined total of seven championships and over 100 races in ten years.

At the end of 1978 Creighton Brown joined forces with Ron Dennis's Project Four Racing, and was then involved with Ron and designer John Barnard in the take-over of the McLaren Formula 1 team in 1980. During his time as one of the directors of the team between 1980-1992, McLaren won no less than 7 constructor's and 8 driver's World Championships.

In 1990 Creighton was asked to set up McLaren Cars Ltd., together with McLaren's then Formula 1 Technical Director Gordon Murray, with the simple brief to produce the world's most advanced and desirable sports car. The result was the revolutionary carbon fibre, 240 m.p.h. McLaren F1 – the fastest production road car on Earth. This hand-built car, using contemporary Grand Prix technology has been universally acclaimed as an all-time classic and an engineering masterpiece. A special 'GTR' racing version won the Le Mans 24 hours race at the first attempt in 1995, and totally dominated the World Sports Car Championships in 1995 and 1996.

Creighton Brown was a director of M.R.S. Management Ltd, which specializes in the management of young professional race drivers. He was also a director of Leisurebox PLC, a UK leisure group, and continued to farm and own various development properties in Berkshire and Rio Grande do Sul, South Brazil.

He had also established South American Sports Cars, in Santa Catarina, South Brazil, together with a second, highly confidential, project, which, in association with a global motor manufacturer was involved in the design and development of a revolutionary limited production sports car.

Cadogan On 18.5.2006 Alexander John Cadogan (g, 1951-1955). He became Sales Director of J.R.Burrows Ltd., of Batley in Yorkshire. He had an abiding interest in gardening, old houses and Scotch Whisky, and a blossoming interest in accumulating grandchildren. His brother, O.R. Cadogan and son, C.A.E. Cadogan, were at Radley.

Knight On 15.1.2006 Patrick Vernon Knight (f, 1951-1955). After a Short Service Commission with the Royal Hampshire Regiment he went to Harper Adams Agricultural College and was involved in farming from 1959 to 1990 before joining

British Telecom in Gloucester. He was Chairman of the local Royal British Legion branch and Chairman of the Forest of Dean Male Voice Choir.

His son, James Knight (who was at Monmouth) writes:
My father died on Sunday 15th January from a sudden heart attack. He was a keen rower for Radley, for the Army and for Harper Adams. He met my mother at Hereford Regatta whilst rowing for Harper Adams and so it was rowing in a way that brought him to the Wye Valley. Although an Old Radleian, he was an eager supporter of local rowing always cheering for Ross, Hereford or Monmouth. I once lost a bet to him at Hereford Schools Regatta. The bet was that my 1st VIII crew would beat the Radley 1st VIII crew... who would pay for my choccy blazer rested on the outcome... I'm sorry to say we lost and true to the bet I had to buy my own blazer. He was there to see my first single win at Mumbles Regatta in 1987 for Ross, carrying the boat on his car. He took me and the boat through the tortuous one way system in Shrewsbury to attend Pengwern Regatta. He followed the fortunes of our first boat avidly and was a great fan of the beer and the welcome down at Llandaff. He even made it up to Strathclyde to watch the National Championships when we won silver in 1989. He continued supporting my rowing when I restarted with Maidstone Invicta and was very proud when his son was elected to be Captain.

Gibson On 20.10.2005 Robert Primrose Gibson (f, 1953-1958).

From Peter Goodchild's address at the service:

I am sure that I am not alone in feeling such a deep sense of shock that I'm here this morning at Robert's funeral. The cruel pace of his final illness has a great deal to do with this, and, of course, his relative youth, but it's not just that. It is that Robert was a fixed point in so many of our lives.

He was a rock, a considerable person, conservative in the best sense, perhaps even someone born out of his time. But Robert had something almost unfashionable today, a clear idea of what he thought was right and what he thought was wrong.

I've known him since we were both six, both starting at the same prep school on the same day in September 1946. I knew both his parents and have little difficulty in relating his sterling character to the way he was brought up. Janie and John Gibson, his parents, were both Scottish, both

Presbyterian and they had been trying for a family for 20 years when Robert was born – 66 years ago today. Janie was 44, John was 46. They were old parents, even by today's standards, and theirs were Edwardian and Scottish values.

Then, from the age of nine, until he left Radley 10 years later, he was sent away to school. At such a young age it was truly traumatic. He remembered trying to cover up the tears when his parents left him. But his natural abilities meant that at least he fitted in easily. I remember him when we first met, as the youngest boy in school, literally glowing with promise – good at games, academically extremely bright, the Victor Ludorum at the school sports.

He was captain of football at his prep school, and at Radley where he was a wet bob, and rowed, he was to become a member of the first eight and to row at Henley. I remember watching him race and then meeting him on the towpath, dressed in white braided blazer, white flannels, a school cap – and carrying an umbrella. He looked the epitome of the public school. His home background along with what was then an almost Victorian education had shaped him creating a role-model, which may seem archaic today but which made him the remarkable person he was.

I saw a great deal of him over the four or five years after leaving school and I saw the characteristics I thought typified him to the end. He was absolutely honest, he was straight, he was dependable, he was loyal. His father died when he was 19 and while I question whether, by modern standards, he was particularly close to his mother, he was absolutely loyal to her, an ideal son.

Largely because of his father's death, he gave up his chemistry course at Imperial College and joined Bitumen Industries, the family business. During this time we were sharing our bachelor years together. We shared the slings and arrows of our sexual fortunes in long and great detail. We went on hopefully predatory holidays down to the West Country and across the Continent. I remember how organised he was even then, with passports in one envelope, green insurance documents in another, ferry tickets in another and so on. I remember, too, how on the last of these holidays, to Italy in 1962, he lacked any enthusiasm whatever for the chase – he was a thorough wet blanket, because just before we left, he had been to a party in London where, in truly chivalrous style, he had rescued a young nurse from the

boorish attentions of someone else. The nurse was Elspeth and by the time we were on holiday, he was obsessed with her. They were married a year later, in October 1963. I was Robert's best man. And so began a 42 year partnership, a devoted partnership which has produced children, Andrew and Helen, and grandchildren, Theo and Sam, of whom he was just so proud.

As to his career, by the late Sixties the family business had been sold and Robert had moved into the clothing industry. For some years he was a director of Huntsman, the Saville Row tailors, not the happiest of times, but from there he moved on to the Clothing Industry's Training Board, where he worked to introduce better financial management into the industry. In 1989, at 50, he retired – for just six months. Having rebuilt the patio and a water feature at Kierston, he found himself bored – and so began what was a second career, as bursar to the nursing college attached to the newly formed University of Luton – or the Looniversity of Luton as he called it. While he enjoyed the job in hand he never came to terms with the politically correct politics of the campus.

Both Robert's parents were Tory borough councillors. Janie was three times mayor of Slough, and Robert remained a lifelong Tory – even though in 1997, when in his view the Party was stupid enough not to elect Kenneth Clarke as leader, he resigned his membership. But he continued to hate Blair with a healthy hate and always enjoyed a political scrap. His non-political correctness could sometimes be breathtaking, if not illegal, but it had its roots in good common sense and was always delivered with a knowing look. It was difficult ever to feel angry with Robert.

That, I think, had much to do with his sense of humour. Always there was humour. It's quite difficult to give a flavour in a sentence or two of his love, particularly of irony, but Helen reminded me that his favourite radio programme – after the Archers – was "I'm Sorry I Haven't A Clue", chaired by Humphrey Littleton. The programme had produced a reference book – the Uxbridge English Dictionary, with alternative meanings for different words and he and Helen chortled over it for hours. For example:

"minuscule" was redefined as – a toddlers playgroup in Liverpool.

The word "fiasco" was redefined as – an unsuccessful wall painting.

And another Scouse one. The word "Merseyside" was redefined as – the killing of Scousers".

It was a sense of humour, along with his gregariousness his genuine pleasure in the company of his friends, his love of good food and wine, his treasured malts, which complemented his precise, organised mind to produce a truly special person. Along with this was something else which could seem so dull in some people, but with Robert was just appropriate – his sense of duty. He was a regular churchgoer, and deeply involved in the Church's Stewardship Scheme. He supported the local Alzheimer's Association in Beaconsfield and he also was part of the reading team which produced tapes of the local papers for the Blind. His personal acts of kindness to individuals he thought he could help we innumerable

As to his pastimes, he was a sun worshipper. Elspeth and he retired regularly to the Mediterranean to disport themselves in various stages of undress. He had loved the recent trips they had made to Australia and particularly New Zealand, made with typical thoroughness, before he was 65, when he wouldn't be allowed to hire a camper van.

He was a keen walker. In recent years, along with John and Janet Milward, he and Elspeth had walked the Ridge Way, the Pilgrim's Way, the Cotswold Way, in fact nearly all the major walks in the South.

At one point a few years ago, he became fed up with the way "the girls" as he called them, were always popping off lunching with one another, so he was instrumental in setting up a "boys" luncheon club, which is thriving – though in danger of becoming too garrulous for the local gastro pubs around Beaconsfield.

He flew kites too and was, as with everything else, an immaculate and precise D. I. Yer. He also had a notorious Christmas Card filing system. Cards received after 25th December and you were marked "back slider". If you had not returned a card within three years, you were struck off.

But there was a deeper side to Robert, hidden, almost repressed by his gregarious outgoing self and perhaps by his background. He was first class at crosswords, tackling the hardest with relative ease. I remember playing "Trivial Pursuit" with him and being truly impressed by the breadth of his general knowledge. Having, for years, hated ballet, for instance because it was, in his words, "men in tights", he came to love classical music. He was a considerable intellect, but he chose not to wear it on his sleeve.

There have been many letters of condolence that have come to Elspeth during the past week. They are united,

not only in their sense of loss but also in so many of the comments they make about Robert. People have referred, time and again, to his humour, his kindness – nothing was too much trouble, his presence. Often he is described as "a lovely man", and "a true Gentleman".

I concur heartily with all these comments. His life was a rich life, well lived. He was someone very special and now he has gone, our own lives will be so very much the poorer without him.

Folman On 15.2.2006 John Merritt Folman (b, 1957-1962). He became an Accountant and later Managing Director of Markfield Services Ltd in Nottingham. He was Director of The Renewal Trust Ltd and The Community Development Trust. He was a Local Authority Governor of St Steven's School.

Morland Page On 11.5.2006 Nigel Warwick Morland Page (g, 1955-1958). He was involved in many business ventures which failed. According to his brother, Nigel disliked authority, loathed Radley and left after three years. However there are letters in the Radleian Society files which show he visited Radley after he left and stayed in the OR Rooms.

Bond On 7.6.2006 Anthony Hugh Bond (b, 1965-1969).

From the address by John Best: I expect like me you have all been to your fair share of Funerals and Thanksgiving Services, during which an address such as this has been given. Sometimes this is basically no more than a diatribe of the person's dates, career and lifetime achievements, but I think Anthony deserves more than this from me. Much more. What I want to give you all is an essence of the man I knew, and why I shall miss him so much.

I suppose it was inevitable that our paths would cross sooner or later, because both our fathers were career soldiers with a family seat in the country behind them; geographically we were living only about 30 miles apart, myself at Wynford and Anthony here at Burford, but as I only moved down to Wynford in 1960 when my father left the Army, we were not exactly on pram-shaking terms. But that was to change in our early teens when quite by chance we came together in the same house (Fisher's) at Radley College. Anthony joined a year after me, in the Spring term of 1965. We were thus thrust

together into that strange anachronism called the Public School system, and were expected to either sink or swim. I always suspected that Anthony was rather better equipped than me to swim rather than sink, but we both seemed to muddle through and survive the experience.

Whilst I was not a particularly bright student, studying the “easy” Arts subjects like English and History, Anthony was homing in on the much more cerebrally-challenging numbers subjects like Maths and the Sciences. Yes, Anthony had a head for figures, and I was just petrified of them, so we rarely met in the classroom, although I do remember sharing carpentry lessons with him ; whilst my “*pièce de resistance*” was a collapsible table which did indeed collapse but not necessarily when I wanted it to, Anthony contrived to produce a beautifully constructed cabinet of which Thomas Chippendale would have been proud. But this contrast in styles and abilities changed radically out on the playing fields. Sport generally, particularly Athletics, were my *forté* whilst Anthony was a gifted ball player with good style, but where we were very similar was that neither of us were particular team players, preferring to strut our stuff on a very much more lonely stage. Anthony especially enjoyed tennis and squash, with a bit of cricket and hockey thrown in for good measure, whereas my particular strengths lay in rackets and squash. And my goodness, Anthony did love his “whites”, whether they were his long white cricket trousers and sweater, or his increasingly skimpy tennis shorts. I sometimes wondered how he could possibly serve in them, they were so tight, but hesitated to make any comment since he was usually trouncing me anyway.

And so we both survived the Radley Experience, and since he was cleverer than me, we contrived to leave the school at the same time in 1969, despite the fact that he had joined a whole year after me. His father James must have been delighted, from the school fees point of view I mean!

I think we both took a gap year before contemplating University, and he settled on Birmingham to read Chemical Engineering, but I remember going down to stay with him during our first year, from Keele where I was studying, and finding him quite unhappy with the content of his course, so it was no surprise when he told me that he was abandoning his degree to begin an apprenticeship, if I can call it that, with the accountancy firm of Moore Stephens in London.

I remember that it was a beautiful Spring weekend in 1974 when I received a very breathless – not to say slightly incoherent – telephone call from Anthony asking if he could come and see me on a very important matter. I was at Wynford with only my parents there, so that was fine, but it was when he mentioned that he would be bringing Caroline along as well that the penny began to drop. I had of course met Caroline before, so this was not a shock, not to my system anyway. They both duly arrived, Anthony said that Caroline had accepted his proposal of marriage, wasn't it great, and would I like to be his Best Man? My turn had arrived to become slightly incoherent, but I accepted before he could retract his offer, and when, a few years later in 1977 Jonathan arrived and Anthony asked me to be a godparent – my first godchild – my perception of Anthony as a Total Absolute Hero was complete.

I remember spending an idyllic weekend with him and Caroline at their cottage in Albury during the summer of 1976, during which he invited me to listen to Al Stewart's fourth LP, called “Modern Times”. I was hooked and dashed out to buy the record, and I am now the proud owner of eleven of Al Stewart's catalogue. I still regularly put “Modern Times” on in the evening, possibly to the annoyance of my dear wife Fenella, but it never fails to remind me of Anthony, who put it on for us all those years ago.

The next few years featured Anthony cementing his position in the accountancy world of Peat Marwick, and as this firm was to eventually become the accountancy conglomerate KPMG, one could say that Anthony's career and timing were proving to be exemplary. In 1982 he and Caroline took their family out for a stint in Bahrain, ostensibly to help with their children's school fees, although we used to joke that Anthony just wanted to get a tan and some sand between his toes. Sadly this venture was brought to an early conclusion in 1984 by Anthony's sad double loss of both his father James and brother Rodney.

I believe it was around 1985 that Anthony started to feel the first onset of MS, and the discovery of his illness was devastating for him, his family, wider family and friends. In the late 1980's and early 1990's our Visitors Book at home shows him coming to stay with us several times for a night to give Caroline some space and both of them a break, and he used to enjoy coming to us because our ground floor is basically all on one

level. But you can tell from our Visitor's Book that his illness was progressing, just from the quality of his handwriting. He continued through all this to work for KPMG in Milton Keynes, a wheelchair-friendly New Town, and I know he was eternally grateful to KPMG for allowing him not only the chance to continue pursuing a professional career, but also life assurance policies and pension rights which other less caring firms would not have provided. I thank them wholeheartedly on both Anthony's and Caroline's behalf.

As Anthony's illness progressed there were many unfortunate side-effects, including arguably the worst of all, the deterioration of his eyesight. But it was incredible how he always seemed to be looking forward, planning the next project, like his wine bar, named Bestcellars, in Milton Keynes which he set up in 1990 as part of a Private Enterprise Scheme. There was also an executive car hire service which attracted his attention and spare capital Anthony still fighting and planning the future...

And so in 2002 I was hit by a stroke, and who should insist on coming to see me in hospital, with son Rupert driving, but dear Anthony. He was that sort of man. Needless to say, the nurses were hugely impressed.

As I bring this to a close I want to tell you about my telephone call arrangement with Anthony over the last few years. Since my stroke I have found my laptop an invaluable communicator, and I began to send Anthony long emails which he could take his time assimilating and reply to at his leisure. Unfortunately his eyesight was deteriorating to such an extent that we reverted to regular telephone calls ; about once a month to six weeks, always on Sunday mornings, and usually between 10 and 11 o'clock. These calls were fantastic for both of us, usually lasting at least an hour, and in some instances over one and a half hours. There were never any awkward silences, no hesitations or deviations, and perhaps only a little repetition. What was I doing, what was he doing, the political situation, the Economy, the subjects for discussion were very wide-ranging, and showed his indefatigable interest in everything around him, despite his own severe problems.

The last of these telephone calls occurred appropriately on the Sunday before he died. We hadn't spoken for some time, and I asked Fenella to make her own urgent telephone call short so that I could

put my call through to him. Our telephone promptly rang, and it was Anthony, and we both fell about laughing. Perhaps we were telepathic that day. Anyway, he spoke to Fenella first for about fifteen minutes before she handed him over to me, and an hour later we were still gossiping like schoolboys. He told me that he had this wonderful secretary named Michelle who seemed to be able to find any piece of information in his office in seconds, and that he was giving her a pay rise in recognition of her expertise and value to him. His imminent projects included asking the local Audi sales manager to pay him a call on Friday 9th June to discuss buying a specially adapted A6 Avant at a knock-down price; how on 15th June he hoped to meet his local Tory agent about getting questions asked in Parliament concerning Gordon Brown's tax treatment of the severely handicapped, and those who need almost constant care at home, like Anthony himself. Unbelievable...

I really don't know how to finish this, how to sum up Anthony. There is no doubt that he received a very raw deal in life, but it was what he managed to do with what was left him, and the fact that he never let his standards drop, that marks him out as a huge man in my estimation.

All I am going to say is this – it has often crossed my mind that he would have made the very best of brothers for someone like me, who never had one.

His father J.H. Bond and his two sons, Jonathan and Rupert were at Radley plus an uncle, a cousin and a nephew.

Castle On 18.7.2006 Christopher Howard James Castle (e, 1965-1970). After Radley Howard Castle studied Business Law at Lanchester and qualified as a Solicitor in 1978. Later he became Deputy Legal Director in the U.K. for Thales SA.

Rutland In August 2005 Hugo James Stanley Rutland (b, 1974-1978).

From some of the tributes to Hugo: Hugo was an eternal youth, a dashing man of action, a brilliant success and the perfect husband and father – perfect probably in a way that only someone who never completely grew up could be.

He was hugely clever but without any of the smugness that you half expect of clever people. He was stylish without a hint of vanity. And he was loving without a hint of sentimentality. And he was so so alive.

Hugo's is a voice we can still hear in our

heads. The cheer in his voice gave you a lift whenever you met him. You couldn't feel down or depressed in his presence. Spending time with Hugo was like being allowed briefly inside his whirl of a life. The wringing of his hands, that clenched teeth, shiver of excitement he gave as he anticipated the next page he was about to turn – the next party, the next story, the next game with the children, the next song on the juke box, the next slope in the Alps... the next adventure. He invited you in and it was all such fun.

The idea of not having fun, or of life not being one huge adventure, was completely alien to him.

And for most of us he was, above all, very very funny. Not a teller of jokes but one of the best exponents of observational humour you could meet. He characterised people brilliantly but instead of simply impersonating them he would evolve these wonderful, hugely inflated caricatures – usually involving very high pitched voices and exaggerated accents larger than life.

For all of us who can hear his voice now it seems inconceivable that he has been so prematurely and tragically taken from us.

I'd love to read you just a few comments from the many hundreds of letters Claire has received:

"Hugo was simply the nicest young man I knew and from observation one of the best fathers ever"

"Whenever one ran into him he was always the same person"

"He was the sort of guy that made you feel better about yourself and life in general"

"Extraordinary, vibrant, kind, rare and lovely

and..."I know that men aren't supposed to love men, but I loved Hugo"

Hugo was born in 1961, the only child of David and Flikie, but someone who made all his friends as close as brothers and sisters throughout his life.

Flikie tells me that he was one of those ever bouncing smiling babies so maybe that zest for life was there all along. Innate.

For Hugo the realisation that life was simply an opportunity for fun and adventure came at the age of 8 when he joined the Dragon School. He often described those days as the happiest of his life – Prep school was the perfect microcosm of life for someone like Hugo and he lived the adage: "you get out of it what you put into it". He put everything into it and out of it came the Hugo we

know. The real confidence, the humour, the brains, the sense of adventure. They were all honed at that very early age.

Among those letters to Claire another simple observation:

"My image of Hugo is of a prep school boy not quite grown up"

While you would never think of Hugo as one for pre-meditated acts, one does crop up from the Dragon years: "During a visit to the school Flikie saw him posting a letter. On asking him what it was he said "It's a thank you letter. For the Frasers. I'm going to see them on Sunday" Apparently the pre-written thank you letter was a Hugo speciality.

After The Dragon was Radley during the golden years under Dennis Silk. Here he further indulged his passions including hockey, rugby and cricket. He was an extremely good 1st XI hockey goalkeeper and developed a particularly cunning and effective way of taking out opposition forwards. Of course years later he was to become an extreme sportsman, competing in both the London and New York Marathons.

And it was at Radley that he made so many lifelong friends. At school he was exactly the loveable rogue you would expect him to be – escaping for smoking rendezvous with a friend or illicit trips to the cinema – Clint Eastward westerns being his favourite. Archie will be following in at least some of Hugo's footsteps at Radley in just a few days time.

And somewhere around this time, aged 17, Hugo first met Claire. No romance at that stage but Claire tells me that phone numbers were exchanged and there was just the odd encounter over the next few years.

There is no doubt that Hugo was naturally very bright, but he was also completely uncompromising. Failure concerned everything below Cambridge and wasn't worth considering. Do it properly or not at all. Some mentoring from his stepfather, Sir John Davis, led to a brief flirtation with accountancy – 'a good back door into business' he was told. But in Hugo's eyes the back door into anything was a very dull way in.

His City career began in 1980 when he joined Pinch & Denny as a trainee stockjobber. But this got off to the most inauspicious start imaginable. He failed to turn up on his first day having been wooed by the opportunity of appearing as an extra in a James Bond film which was being shot in Greece. He and his Radley friend Roger Pritchard had enough

money to get them out there but not back. Despite attempts to win his passage home by playing backgammon against Roger Moore & Cubby Broccoli he had to wait weeks for his meagre salary to buy him a flight home. But there were some early signs of some business acumen even then: he discovered that extras on Bond films got \$20 a day, but \$40 a day if you had a dinner jacket or a suit. Having only shorts & flip-flops he hatched a plan: he went to a tailor and got fitted for a suit on the pretext that it was a gift for a similar sized relative in Athens. Weeks later he returned the crumpled suit, told the tailor that his relation had mysteriously changed shape and got a full refund!

His much delayed first day in the City comprised a firm dressing down from a puce faced new boss, telling him how serious City life was and how gallivanting with film stars was not the way to begin a career. During the reprimand the phone rang. The shade of the boss turned from puce to deep purple: "It's for you" said the man. On the end of the phone was one of the Radley boys arranging a meeting in the pub after work.

But the City career was underway and it was as a money broker and latterly a fund manager at GNI that he really started to show his promise.

But something else very important also happened during the GNI years. He began his courtship with Claire, firstly in London and memorably on a skiing trip to Verbier. Claire was being chased by a couple of young suitors at the time but with typical dynamism Hugo literally descended on an otherwise tranquil social scene. Claire was attracted by Hugo's erratic, but brave skiing, his wild behaviour and apparently his ability to see off her other suitors over a bottle of whiskey at the Farm Club! He was impossible to ignore. Claire recalls that every time he spoke to her he made her laugh. In the end Hugo won the day and they were married in 1990. They made a beautiful couple and were matched in so many ways.

While Hugo always loved his time with the lads and was a typical 'man's man', he and Claire had very similar passions and interests – passions that ironically drew them even closer together in recent months: On the abolition of hunting he said: "Well, if they're going to abolish it, I'm going to take it up". There followed some hair-raising exploits involving impossibly high fences, and horses under partial control that few could bear to watch.



Henry, Claire, Eliza, Hugo and Archie Rutland

Hugo and Claire also shared intuitive good taste. Their houses always had the Claire touch that Hugo would never meddle with. But he too had great personal style – that real gift to look right on every occasion without the suggestion that any thought has gone into it.

A family member commented to Claire: "You had a wonderfully lively marriage with each of you knowing that you were the one who really called the shots and ruled the roost".

And of course that beautiful couple turned into a beautiful family with the birth of Archie, then Eliza and Henry. I don't think I have ever met 5 such good-looking people in one family.

And it is as a father that Hugo leaves his greatest legacy. He is surely a model for fatherhood. A model not because he had some strategy for good parenting but because he did exactly what came naturally: he loved being with the children and playing just as hard as they did.

When he was at GNI and used to arrive home late, being with the children was not just about story time but about revving them up with hilarious laughing, bouncing games. I think Claire must have sometimes despaired that all her efforts to get the children into bed mode were utterly destroyed when Hugo arrived home. But with Hugo it was the only way he could possibly operate.

When he played with the children he was instantly a child himself. Whatever they do now: skiing, fishing, shooting, riding or building the train set as they have been doing this week Archie, Eliza and Henry will think of him, with them, one of them.

And even when he wasn't there he was thrilled by their achievements such as Archie's recent polo victory at Cowdray Park.

He left the same indelible mark on those he worked with: The chief executive of GNI said in a letter to Claire "His contribution to our success was invaluable and his enthusiasm, energy and irreverence helped mould the GNI personality". Actually imprinting your personality on that of an organisation is something for the rare few.

Here is someone who didn't lead in an obvious way. It wasn't about actively dominating other people but about winning people's confidence through his own convictions...

Hugo was incredibly informal in the way he lived but probably very traditional even 'old school' in his values. He was a great club man – a member of the MCC and White's. Following the long election process he only recently had his first lunch at White's with his father, David and his other sponsors. He was fascinated by people young and old – always eager to hear their stories. He loved hearing tales of his famous great grandfather, Lord Ashfield, who was

President of the Board of Trade and founded the London Underground.

Hugo's love of music matched the tone and pace of his life – it was loud and frantic and impossible to ignore. He even made a brief living as a disc jockey before his career took off.

Hugo was a friend to us all and will be a cherished memory for us all. I know that for my wife Tessa he came as close to a real brother as a stepbrother ever could.

He did more in his 44 years than most of us would dream of in a lifetime. He left his mark and his energy in all of us. He was a cavalier and a swashbuckler of the old school. The type they don't seem to make any more. He was also sensitive, loyal and full of love.

"Mourn not that he has gone but give thanks that he was"

For information on making contributions to the Hugo Rutland Memorial Fund, please contact Sarah Hart in the Foundation Office on 01235 543171 or email sarah.hart@radley.org.uk

Ashton-Johnson On 4.11.2005 as the result of an accident, Philip John Ashton-Johnson (g. 1977-1981)

From the address by Michael Hughes: Philip came to me one day – we were in our early 20's and recently joined the TA – he was concerned that someone had thought him opinionated and overconfident.

"What did I think?" he asked. I hesitated and muttered that "Well its ah, um possible...". AJ interjected "What does he know – bloody regular".

Yes Philip was never short of opinions, but he was also charming, elegant, amusing, generous, capable, deliciously politically incorrect.

He was my friend and it was my greatest privilege to know him.

I have been asked me to speak of P's Army life, and I feel honoured to do so. Some years ago I had the honour to be his best man – and now as then, I feel my role is to celebrate this extraordinary life.

However before I start, I need to explain something.

We joined the RY / TA as Troopers in early '80s. Some you will be aware that Officers are collectively referred to as Ruperts by the other ranks. It has to be said, I don't believe this term is necessarily used with a great deal of deference or warmth. However P loved the idea of becoming a 'Wupert' having been a 'Twooper', and he decided on the day that he and I were commissioned that I should call him Rupert



1981 1st VIII: back row Jock Mullard, Paul Harris, Philip Ashton-Johnson, Geoff Porter, Ronnie Howard; seated: Piers Temple, Iain Saker, Gerry Hughes, Tom Arkell, Tim Marvin; front: Beetle Maddan

from that day forth, and he me ...and so for over 20 years I have known him as Rupert.

I needed to explain this lest I slip unthinkingly into saying 'Rupert' and you'll wonder what on earth I am talking about.

It is our first day at Sandhurst. tens of keen, eager-to-please Officer Cadets are seated in the main auditorium. Rupert and I are in different platoons, and we are not seated together. We are being addressed by the Camp Commandant – he is an extremely important man. As I sat on the edge of my chair – trying to look interested and intelligent, I heard the Commandant say with incredulity "RSM – that Officer Cadet in the ninth row – he is asleep!"

Philip could sleep anywhere – and frequently did. Dinner Parties, Wedding Receptions – it was never for very long, and certainly not in any way a reflection on the occasion. Although this fact may have been wasted on the Commandant.

Most of us would feel disconcerted to wake suddenly in strange surroundings only to find people looking at us. But Philip never found it odd that people would wish to look at him. It was the natural order of things.

Fast forward a few years. AJ now believes it is his personal responsibility to annoy and antagonise Training Majors and Adjutants ("It does them good, Rupert – I commend it to you").

We are on eve of battle – as a reconnaissance regiment, we sit with our armoured troops on the border of enemy

territory – waiting for the advance to contact; actually it is the borders of Scotland. It is only an exercise, but it is a Brigade exercise – senior regiments are involved, and tensions are high.

Radio Silence prevails – this means not a sound, nor an unnecessary whisper is to be broadcast over the airways. The TM is unsure if he is in communication with Philip's troop – and requests a radio check. Philip's answer should have been a short, clipped & succinct "OK out". Instead, and heard right across the high ground and the valleys of Scotland, Philips unmistakable voice rings out across the airways....

"I'm wired up, fired up, tanked up, topped up, juiced up, spruced up, and raring to go".

It is outrageous – his head should roll. But not for the first or last time, Rupert's charm and style cuts through the fog – and the world is a far better place for his being in it.

Again years later, by some extraordinary quirk of fate – I find myself in a three day regatta sailing off the Isle of Wight. We are representing the Regiment. Unfortunately the crew's nautical qualifications are questionable. I appear to have been selected because my Grandfather had been in the Navy. I believe Major Charles Bennie is a crew member as he had recently bought an expensive waterproof coat. Our third crew member is PayMaster – a comfortable, pipe-smoking jolly man called John Prince. I am not sure why he is there – he has never, to my knowledge ventured outside the pay office

before. Perhaps he has been selected due to the pipe.

Our skipper is none other than Cap'n. Long-John "Ashton-bligh-Johnson. Poor Philip – the son of a naval commander and a very capable helmsman in his own right, lumbered with a crew straight out of the Beano.

Out in the bay, we wait for the cannon at the club-house to fire – this will indicate the start of the race. As we wait for the cannon. A is clearly tense – considering the crew, I don't blame him. With our limited knowledge of boats, we feel it makes sense to supplement this and we start to make up notional sayings that we feel have a nautical flavour: "Octopus on the Poop Deck"; Charles cries from the galley. "Seagull in the mizzen", I reply with authority.

The canon fires. Philip takes control. "Right, you lot, I am going out to put up the spinnaker" (a huge billowing sail that would give us good speed). "Rupert, you pull on that halyard when I say". He barks at Charles "keep her pointing windward".

I think it was just before Philip was completely and utterly enveloped in this spinnaker, that Charles asked which way exactly was windward? Clearly which ever way it was, we were not pointing it. We end up going round a buoy the wrong way – it's chaos – Philip bless him is barking orders left right and centre. John Prince shouts helpfully "Aye, Aye Cap'n – permission to Keel haul the Marmalade". In spite of everything, we are laughing – in fact we are laughing so much, we are crying with laughter. Philip included.

What is incredible – over the next three days Philip turns us somehow into a crew and we come a respectable 3rd or 4th place. Under the stylish bravado lay a real leader and someone who cared greatly that if something was worth doing, it was worth doing well...only always with flair and élan.

And so it was that my friend and part-time soldier, was to start dipping into the world of the "bloody regular".

A serious tour of Cyprus – border control, coupled with the perfect opportunity to have a green velvet smoking jacket made cheaply by a local tailor, followed by a return back to the UK and back into the TA.

The years roll by – the arrival on the scene of Claire's & Philip's beautiful son Edward. Edward – adored and loved unconditionally. Philip's life finally has more meaning and purpose.

Consequently the Army features more

in his life – first Bosnia and then a six month tour of Iraq.

Finally he is a full-time committed, professional officer; and I feel he was at peace with himself through his regular army work in Netheravon. I have spoken recently with a number of his colleagues – and clearly P had the same effect on them. One comment was "he was the kindest, nicest bloke – laid back mind". The younger officers apparently called him Daddy – an affectionate dig at his age which he enjoyed. Philip could always laugh at himself. He had established a Bridge Club in the mess, and which had gathered a loyal following – and his proudest moment was to have two tables of bridge playing concurrently only a few weeks ago.

The years have rumbled by, and these last few days I have looked back on strange cards and messages from him that invariably begin "My Dear Rupert". And of course countless ones that I can't recall & have not been kept. On the Trafalgar celebrations recently, I happened to call & left a message on his mobile. A text came back: Rupert - can't take call. HRH and I "Reviewing the Fleet" Yours R.

And now we come to the appalling tragedy of two weeks ago.

It is worth remembering that prior to those final moments before the accident – there had been a fabulous social evening – brother Officers, past and present from the RY, dining as friends in the company of the Royal Honorary Colonel, at the Cavalry and Guards Club in Piccadilly, Central London.

Rupert in his green smoking jacket and Gucci loafers – tall, good-looking, charming everyone. How very Philip.

I am deeply saddened to say that I was not there that night. I would so dearly have loved to have shared his last evening, but it was not to be.

He was not always a straightforward man, but I know he was a good one. Over these last few days, and in my most selfish and greedy moments, I have railed at the injustice of it all – why can't I enjoy another 10, 20 or 40 years of his company. I have screamed in silence that it is simply not fair.

Then as I reflect on the fun and laughter his life has given me, I realise I should thank the heavens for creating such a fellow in the first place. Not only that such a wonderful and special person existed at all, but for letting him blaze his unique trail for the last 42 years across this ancient land of ours – one that he loved so dearly.

Cheyne On 25.7.2006 Piers William Watson Cheyne (d, 1978-1983). A full obituary will appear in next year's magazine

Evans On 5.4.2006 Jonathan Owen Douglas Evans (b, 1982-1986). His father, Owen Evans (1951) and brothers T.D.D (1977) and R.S.D. Evans (1979) were at Radley.

Jo was born in Saundersfoot, Pembrokeshire on 21st April 1968. The family moved to Rio de Janeiro, Brasil from 1969 to 1973 and swimming became Jo's first sport. The family then returned to Yorkshire, which was to become a central love of his life.

Jo came to Radley from Aysgarth School, 1976-1981, where he had made many friends and was a keen team player in 1st XI Cricket, 1st XI football, 1st XV Rugby and representing Aysgarth at Fives, with Tim Chapman (1981). Sport featured again at Radley, 1981-1986, being in the 1st XI Cricket for 2 years, 1985 and 1986, competing again in the Fives 1st pair, again with Tim. Golf also joined the list as a spare time occupation.

On leaving Radley he took BTEC and Business Studies at Northumbria University, Newcastle from 1987 to 1989, where he was noted as a 'long-haired rocker', before buying a suit and cutting his hair upon moving to London as Assistant to the Tax Partner in Witham Weld, Solicitors; he subsequently joined Merrill Lynch Investment Managers and rose to achieve the position of Assistant Vice President, Private Investors.

Jo met his future Wife, Joanne-Marie Jay ('Lady Jo'), at Merrill Lynch. She was his number one supporter throughout his last two years and they moved out of London to her home county of Essex in September 2005 where they set up home in Noak Bridge. Their wedding on the 4th March this year at Bocking, Essex, was a moment of excellence in their lives, which will be long remembered by their friends and family. His Father in Law, Dave Jay, took over as Jo's sporting partner in 2005 when competition on the golf course continued up to Jo's last Christmas.

Tim Chapman writes, "I had a huge amount of fun over the years with Jo and will remember him as a good friend, an outstanding fives partner and highly entertaining company. Jo and I were at Aysgarth ('76-'81) and Radley (both in B Social) together. Over those 10 years we did a lot together, in particular cricket



Jo Evans

and fives. Jo and I typically played in the same cricket teams throughout school: for the Aysgarth XI right up to the senior teams at Radley. I remember him as a good upper order batsman, a dependable wicket keeper and when not wicket keeping he was a dramatic fielder. We also played some Radley Rangers cricket together in the mid-90s.

At rugby fives we could not be separated as doubles partners and we were friendly rivals at singles. Jo and I played together as the 1st pair and with Jerry Greaves and George Power in the first four as well. We had a huge amount of fun over a very successful season and competed together in the schools national championships at St Paul's.

We also studied Geology together under Dave Fielding and I recall several good times in particular on field trips such as the Isles of Arran and Wight with Jo.

Jo was such a good person to be with and leaves us having made a wonderfully positive impact."

After Radley sport continued in London and Sebastian Speight (A Social 1981) recalls, "In London he joined the Tappers Cricket Club, (with fellow Old Radleians Sebastian Speight and Bobby Brittain). He was unsuppressable in his commitment despite his back, and frequently defied doctor's orders in going for the pull shot. His competitive spirit was at its highest when playing for the

club's Englishmen against its Australians in the yearly Ashes fixture.

He was loved by all at the club, being a regular on the field (touring as far as Menorca) and off the field at club dinners and dances.

Sadly cancer was diagnosed in 2003 and a section of spine removed. This was followed by three years of thyroid cancer treatment. It is now that he became an inspiration to others as his sporting instincts and determination enabled him to surprise the many specialists with the way that he repeatedly returned to a high level of fitness between the numerous operations and treatments, and always returning to work at Merrill Lynch.

Throughout his three-year fight he enjoyed real friendship and support from all his friends, including those at Merrill Lynch and many of his clients.

Aysgarth and Newcastle friend, James Hill Walker, speaking at Jo's memorial service in Essex recalled that, "It somehow doesn't seem to be enough to say that he was warm, friendly, loyal, dependable, easy-going, fun, patient and generous, although he was all these things and more and it took me a while to realise that what made Jo so extra special was the fact that he was ALWAYS these things. In 30 years I can't remember a single occasion that Jo didn't make me feel wanted and welcome. Whatever might have been going on in his own life he could always raise a smile and would always find time and make any effort for his friends with warmth, sympathy or whatever it was that one asked of him. He was always a rock for his friends whenever they needed him.

And another Aysgarth friend and Jo's Best Man at his wedding, Nick Hutton, recalled at the funeral in Yorkshire, "Jo had that very special ability to let you know that you had 100% of his undivided attention. That he truly cared, regardless of his own personal circumstances, for how you were feeling. In whatever were our endeavours we knew we could always call upon Jo for support and dare I say it his love.

He was fiercely loyal to his friends. He never let us down and would be quick to encourage us to be there for each other. His patience with us all and his enthusiasm at our achievements and joys was always a pleasant surprise.

His lust for activities and his playful competitiveness in these kept us all on

our toes, and he was not one to shirk any responsibility that he might have had.

His courage in facing his own personal battles was exemplary, and gave us all so much hope and encouragement to be more in our own lives.

In memory of Jo, his family nominated the University College London (UCL) Hospitals Charitable Foundation, Ambulatory Cancer Centre Appeal, and if any one wishes to contribute they should make their cheque out to "University College London (UCL) Hospitals Charitable Foundation", and send it to Mrs Helen Sandwell, Fundraising Manager, UCL Hospitals, Charitable Foundation, 2nd Floor West, 250 Euston Road, London, NW1 2PG, marking the gift as 'In Memory of Jo Evans'. The current total is well over £3000.

Hon. Members

Baker On 28.7.2005 Major General Ian Baker. Although he was not a Radleian, his two sons Edward and Robert were at Radley. He donated the Edward Baker prize in memory of his son.

Hine On 10.10.2005 after a heart attack, Walter Hine, Master at Radley from 1968 to 1979. After Radley he spent a term at Sedbergh before going to teach in Australia at Canberra Grammar School.

From the address by Tim Harrison: Walter Hine might have been an atheist but he was a Canberra Grammar School atheist! It is not a new idea (nor my own) but it is important. The school is a strong community and in so many areas its ethos has been formed in part by the influence of Walter. So it is appropriate that we meet in this symbol of the school's foundation.

Walter was essentially a private man, comfortable with his own company – the perfect bachelor. It just so happened that he gave numerous hours to his work at the school.

Walter was involved in so many aspects of Canberra Grammar School and he took all of the roles seriously:

As a teacher of French, with his great love of linguistics, words, the evolution of words, the fine points of grammar, the subjunctive, gerunds and gerundives. The boys learned much about language: their own as well as another.

As a tutor, new Year 7 boys experienced a calm introduction with simple good advice to their new school. More clear direction would be forthcoming if they missed the signals from their sometimes Sphinx-like tutor.

As a coach, his natural athleticism was evident, as was his profound belief that sportsmanship was the whole point of schoolboy sport.

As a member of his department, the modern languages department. He saw it as natural to support his colleagues and could give wise council without condescension.

As a member of Common Room, Walter was a rock that so many of us relied upon.

In his position as deliverer of extra work, the covering of classes for missing staff, he could not be faulted on his fairness, on his refusal to reciprocate the bad grace with which that extra might be received. He of course covered more of those classes than anyone else. His extraordinary efforts to make examination invigilation fair may have gone unnoticed.

As mentor to so many; boys, parents, colleagues and as advisor to those in senior positions in the school, Walter was invaluable.

While he spent more than half his adult life here, he spent more than half of his whole life in England. He lived at times both in the South and the North, understanding the difference and at home in both. He was captain of his school, playing more than one sport at our equivalent of state or national level. Having achieved entry to Magdalen College, Oxford, it sounds as if he played a lot of hockey but clearly some study was done. Having graduated and gaining Diploma of Education, he started his teaching career, spending many happy years at Radley College.

It is accurate and appropriate to praise his work and to list his achievements but these things do not quite capture the man.

Part of a poem by Allan Gould describes a wake and he notes of the deceased that his "absence is absurd". It is absurd that Walter is not here and there will be so many occasions yet to come where that absurdity is obvious. He should be sitting, immobile, as he so often was in the back corner here, carefully studying his Hymnbook. In the mornings he should be leaning on the railing of the common room balcony with

tea in his mug – that mug known as the purple peril to celebrate its outstanding ugliness. How can we have a sporting carnival without him as starter calling "To your marks"; with the minimum of facial expression revealing the maximum of dissatisfaction with any urchin who might grin at him, having enjoyed a false start. In the next report-writing season, we will miss his near-manic refusal to refer to anyone by his given name. We will miss his handwriting. We will not again see new reports like this: "The train is in the station and the engine is building up steam; we should pull away from the platform soon"; "We have put coins in the vending machine but no chocolates have come out yet" and of a small and alert year 7 boy, "Like all good little stars, he is twinkling brightly".

And that is the point really: we might well remember Walter in a series of images like short video clips. He would be appalled, given his attitude to most modern motion pictures except Wallace & Grommet.

Here are some of my video clips.

1974, hair rather darker but already the silver evident, sitting but not complaining in his less than sparsely furnished study in Jones House. So he was known as "Wally the whingeing Pom" or on occasions as "Albert" to differentiate him from "Clint" the American. Malcolm and I as usual thought that this was screaming funny, Walter managed to look more stony.

Seeing Walter in his rooms at Radley College, demonstrating an incomprehensible batting stroke.

Strolling down the street completely at home in Kirkby Lonsdale, on the way to the pub.

The gentle satisfaction that he that he derived from moving into his own home in Canberra. The expression of his skills in decorating and furnishing that house in ways that satisfied him.

Skiing with Walter, my working hard to keep up with his cracking pace and not matching his elegant style. His red ski jacket with a high collar, no hat, grey hair fluttering just a little and a vapour trail from the pipe, which was pointed firmly and directly down the fall line.

Walter the story teller: recollections told with deliberation and cadence about camping at the coast with cousins, about Baxter and Hamish, the ancient Briton, bro, little sister and more. The battle with the Department of the Capital Territory that called him T W Nine until he send



Walter Hine (centre) with Baxter and Edith Holly

a cheque made out to the Department of the Crepuscular Titteries.

Walter cooking a barbeque on the mighty deck. Good steak treated with respect, the Maglieerie de-corked with appropriate observances.

Sitting on the balcony in Queensland having reverently constructed a perfect gin & tonic (his skill was in not making it too strong) the lime carved just atoms thick, discussing the misuse of words. "Hopefully" to mean "I hope" had him gritting his teeth. How many esses in focussed? None, it's not a verb. "Less" and "fewer".

Walter standing apart, still and silent on the side of a hockey pitch, the opposition coach bellowing his lungs out as both teams took equal notice of either of them. A boy might look over and be able to interpret a particularly flinty look as a reminder to get in the right position. If all was lost, a close player might be hailed by a discreet "Psst" and be pointed in the right direction.

Walter's stubbornness, almost exhausting stubbornness about ... well about lots of things really ... his refusal to sit in the Common Room: that vendetta lasted at least 20 years.

Favourite sayings: another mug of tea and the crossword, faffing about, lose that for a game of soldiers, not grey – academic silver, milk from the old brown cow (whisky).

Guthega: Walter standing at the bottom of the stairs, feet crossed, hands behind his back, rucksack on, shorts and gaiters, patiently waiting for everyone else. The ceremony of the Champagne cocktail: orange zest, sugar and cognac melding in the freezer, the ritual of the addition of the wine and then the presentation to the hushed but soon to be rather noisy participants. The question of the addition

of bitters will remain a battle that rages. Mince pie in one hand and syringe in the other: 5 cc of brandy, stat.

The Canberra fires that so nearly burnt his house down, his battle to save it and his work to repair the damage. That all knocked him much more than he showed.

And of course the last for many of us: Friday at the end of term 3, Walter giving his raffle and ramble, dishing out prizes to us for doing our jobs and providing great fun at the end of a busy term. With a metaphor gently but very firmly strained; this time housing blocks, in the past, motor cars and warships.

Forgive my trying to be a bit poetic but now the figure in the red ski jacket has pulled far ahead and the face is turned further away but it doesn't matter, we shall all catch up soon enough. I might be able to see the still man in the back pew lift his head, catch my eye and nod as if to say, "that's enough, dear boy, sit down now". So I will. Goodbye, old friend.

Morgan On 1.5.2006 Sheila Anne Morgan, widow of C.Y. (Clem) Morgan, Social Tutor and Sub Warden of Radley.

From the address by her son, Simon Morgan:

First of all, Liz and I would like to welcome all of you who have made the effort to join us today to remember our mother, Sheila.

What a truly, truly formidable woman! Almost every formidable woman one can think of, whether an acquaintance or in literature, is seen by some as something of a dragon. Almost, but not Mummy.

Calm, wise, conciliatory, she was always magisterially firm. Above all, she was loving. As a family, we could not possibly have had more love during our respective childhoods. That surely is a memory to treasure above all others.

If she had one salient fault, it was probably her tendency to pitch communication with strangers at an intellectual level, rather than at the level of commonplace. She would not have understood this criticism – not for one moment! – and she did not tolerate fools gladly! I remember one such exchange with a Minister of State, as we were chauffeured along after a civic function. "What are your interests?" she asked him. "Racing and women" he replied. "No, no, no, I meant your intellectual interests" she laughed, at which point there was a long silence, and the subject was unaccountably changed.



Clement & Sheila Morgan, Simon, Caroline, Elizabeth & Benjamin 1953 shortly after their arrival in South Africa

Another memory from long ago was of Mummy's compendious knowledge and her extensive books of reference. I had been asked to speak at the university Philosophical Society debate on the subject of Racism. Beforehand, she sat me down, deciding, quite rightly! that I probably knew very little, if anything, and gave me the benefit of everything she knew on the subject. So I arrived at the debate enormously better equipped than I would have been had I prepared it myself, and saved myself from being seen to be completely ignorant!

She was perceived as a woman ahead of her time, a woman of great foresight. In her farewell speech to Alexandra College, having overseen the removal of the school to the Milltown site, she closed with the following words by Kahlil Gibran:

"Time stands not still, nor tarries with yesterday".

From the address by her daughter, Liz Evans:

Sheila to friends and colleagues; Peter to her sister Kathleen, whom I welcome here today, Granny to five grandchildren, and

Mummy to Simon and to me ... Well – she was no ordinary ‘mother’.

The sudden and unexpected death in 1960 of our father Clem, formerly Sub-Warden of Radley College, and then Headmaster of Michaelhouse, South Africa, left her with little money and with four children to support. She rose to this challenge and changed her life’s path, applying for, and securing, the post of Lady Principal of Alexandra College and School, Dublin, the leading independent Girls School in Dublin at that time, and then moving our household to Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin in the bitter winter of 1960/1. What a contrast! But she buoyed us along, found schools for us all and settled us in to our new and changed world with great courage and determination.

For 12 years she led that institution from strength to strength, joined the College and School to become one establishment, and was the driving force in securing its relocation from the very-limiting twelve linked Victorian terraced houses in Earlsfort Terrace, to the super campus in Milltown where it is today. She was full of new and original ideas, at the time a breath of fresh air, wanting to try out different approaches and procedures, which inspired and invigorated the staff and pupils alike. She was very highly regarded and respected, and when she left in 1972 after 12 years she felt she had given what she could, and left it in good hands.

Then in 1972 back to South Africa to be headmistress of St Anne’s Diocesan College, in Natal, followed by leading a literacy program in Soweto for underprivileged Africans, before retiring to a suburb of Johannesburg, where she rediscovered her love of watercolour painting, at which she was exceptionally talented.

Her encyclopaedic knowledge was astounding – on a multitude of subjects. She was so well-read and well-informed – if there was any opportunity to join a Quiz or Brains Trust panel, where there might be a prize involved, well, she’d be there! ... because she nearly always won – she had a string of prizes to show for it – even a VW Golf car once!. She referred to her books as ‘her friends’, and they accompanied her every house move, more than once proving quite a challenge to accommodate.

When talking to her grandchildren, she felt that she had so much knowledge to pass on to them (if they would only

listen!), and referred to herself as ‘The Walking Page of History’. We laughed at that! But, I suppose she was, having grown up near Dundee, lived through the two World Wars, been at Oxford in the 30’s, experienced colonial life in South Africa in the 50s, and then seen the huge changes in life-style and education in the Dublin of the 60s. The years since she went back to South Africa made less of an impression on her, though she marvelled at the wonderful changes in the Constitution giving voting rights to the Africans, and the joy of all South Africans, black and white alike, at that time.

Since she came back here to live near us four years ago, she became properly acquainted with all of her grandchildren, of whom she was very proud, though she never allowed them to think it! She came from a generation that expected much from the young, and her sights were set high! – all five of them did their best to see her, and keep her in touch with their lives and interests, though I think their modern way of speaking often left her very perplexed and... er - like - er ...bewildered!

I cannot end without mentioning the death of our younger brother Ben in 1999, followed by the loss of our beloved sister Caro last year. Mummy found her overwhelming sadness very hard to bear, and grieved for them both deeply. There were too many sadnesses latterly, which were not outweighed by the pleasures, and she was finding life a great struggle. We all miss her, but feel that she had a long and fulfilled life.

Perrott In 2005, Rosemary Leslie Perrott

From Hamish Aird’s address at Rosemary’s Thanksgiving Service: I first met Rosemary when I came to Radley in 1966. She had already been at the school for four years and was very much a respected and established member of the community.

Officially she was the Bursar’s secretary, but in fact this involved all sorts of jobs to do with the general administration of the school: from organising buses to operating the reduplicating machine and dealing with maintenance requests from all on site. I remember her in her office in the old wooden Bursary building which was situated between the two drives up to the College – a cross between a potting shed and a hill-station bungalow – complete

with verandah. I can see Rosemary there at her desk, brisk, friendly, ready for fun, though certainly not to be trifled with. A warm welcome and then a skirl of laughter at the most recent absurdity that had come her way.

It was a time when the school was not exactly in a healthy state financially and there was still something of the wartime ‘all pulling together’ spirit in the Bursary. She was not over-protective of her Bursar, but almost invariably she herself could and would deal with any problem you took to her. Behind the desk and in front of the old gasfire her Jack Russell, Roly, or in later years Piglet, would be curled up eyeing the world judiciously.

All those who knew Rosemary in those days speak of her with warmth. Nowadays secretaries at places like Radley come in at 9.00 and leave at 5.00 but Rosemary and June Williams (now June Hart-Davis) and Jane Earle lived in the College and were as much part of the community as any of the teaching staff. Rosemary wrote in a CV that she was preparing: ‘anything that was not connected with the academic came my way in the Bursary.’ June has told me how her dedication to her job was total, and she would be up till the small hours in the office if something had to be done for the next day.

Living in the cottage opposite the church Rosemary loved to entertain and loved parties. Years after she had left Radley and was happily involved in Cothill I would never have dreamt of leaving her off a guest-list. Or dared to. I knew she would both enjoy the party herself and also cheer others up too. Cheering others up was important: she was assiduous about remembering birthdays and June remembers when she was staying with them up in Yorkshire she appeared one morning with a pile of 40 postcards that she had written to friends and relatives.

I can remember a few years back going out to the Chequers pub at Clifton Hampden with Sue Brown, John Evans, Tony Money and Rosemary. It was early May and (great!) there was asparagus on the menu and we all went for it. I will never forget her great peal of laughter when the plates arrived with just three spears of asparagus each per plate. She loved the absurdity of it. And those were lovely parties that she gave at Jill Draycott’s on Peachcroft Farm just a couple of years ago: I remember a beautifully warm day, laughter, delicious food and wine – surrounded by plants and flowers.



Rosemary Perrott

Flowers: Rosemary knew her flowers, loved them and had a natural talent for growing them and, of course, for arranging flowers and creating gardens. She had the greenest of green fingers. Through plants she had a real affinity with Mile the eccentric Yugoslav gardener at Radley. Mile, who had been a policeman back in his home country, arrived at Radley in 1948 with no English and it was said that when he died in 1995 he had even less. But he and Rosemary communicated through plants, and years later in my garden overlooking the College pond she pointed at some Peonies and said “Those came from Mile, didn’t they?” And they had. I know a colleague at Radley who for his retirement bought a wine-cellar that happened to have a house attached to it. Rosemary was like that with gardens. Of course her garden at Sherwood Avenue was small. But what a garden – and when she had alterations done to the house it was to provide proper access to the garden. Peter and Elizabeth Way, at Radley throughout Rosemary’s time there, told me how she had not only told them what plants to put in their garden at Eynsham but came and did the planting herself. And her house too was a welcoming place with

those splendid pictures by Ken Messer which she herself had commissioned.

And music. Concerts, Gilbert and Sullivan. David Goldsmith remembers the day in 1966 when they went to The Pirates of Penzance in Oxford on the day of the football World Cup semi-finals, the day England won their place in the final. Rosemary enjoyed concerts at Radley and in Oxford and music was important to her.

Rosemary made life-long friends at Radley. It has been touching and rather heart-warming while writing this to make contact with a number of her old friends from Radley days. For she kept up her friendships over the years, visiting the Crowsons in Mull, looking after the house, horses and pets of the Rickards in Cumnor when they were away and always in touch with Gordon and Jan Hill and Bob and Bridget Stoughton-Harris. We rejoiced with her in the good times and we enjoyed the warmth of her friendship. We were saddened by her depressions but we took great comfort to see her happy and fulfilled all those years at Cothill. For, as is often the case with those who love gardens and music, she was a life-affirming person, and fun to be with. We miss her so much but we are grateful to have known her.

Sandy On 30.7.2006, Susan Sandy

From Hamish Aird’s address at Sue’s Thanksgiving Service:

Though I have been writing end of term reports all my working life, writing one for Sue, Susie, Susan, makes special demands. It must be open and honest. It must have a healthy respect for tradition. It must have no time for the sham or the pretentious. It must be aware that though you may have to go south to earn your living, the north is the only really serious part of England. (It must also have the right sort of attitude to Ireland). It must show that the most important qualities in life are kindness, unselfishness, loyalty, a willingness to look after people, whether in family, friends or career. And it must pay due regard to courage, an indomitable spirit, and great resilience in the face of life’s hard knocks. Perhaps hardest of all it must have real style.

Sue, Susan, Susie, Mrs Sandy, even SS – which is how she used to sign herself on notices in the house at Radley College. As she introduced herself to me as Sue back in 1978, that’s how I will refer to her in this address, but she has of course always been Susie to the family. Sue was born in Lancaster Royal Infirmary in 1935. Her sense of style was soon apparent. As a five-year old she insisted that she had been born in Lancaster Castle. She arrived a year after Olivia, and in due course the two girls were sent to Miss Brown’s School in Bolton-le-Sands. Their father was an officer in the Kings Own Royal Regiment and the family lived at Halton Green. When Sue was nine and Olivia ten their father, Hugh, had gone to the war and their mother, Dorothy, had moved to Farnborough in Hampshire with the girls. They were sent to Farnborough Hill School, once the home of Empress Eugenie of France and still today a thriving Roman Catholic School. Though I don’t know whether the girls there still curtsy to the Reverend Mother every time they pass her. Education as much as birth needs a bit of style about it and Olivia and Sue had been sent off to Farnborough just in time. They had recently come home from Miss Brown’s talking about ‘joomping oop and bootter’.

At Farnborough they wore striped blazers and red berets. This may have been where Sue got her taste for knitted round hats. The colder it was or the more annoyed she was, the further down the hat was pulled. After a bad morning at Radley with the boys untidy, the dailies away sick,

and the works department refusing to mend leaking taps it could be pulled so far down, when she took Willow out for a walk, that the two sides almost met under her chin. A sort of prototype hoody.

Sue's entry into the world had not been easy. She was a breach baby and had been born with her head on one side, which meant that at the age of four she had to have a major operation to remedy this. She was operated on by Sir Reginald Watson-Jones at Liverpool Royal Infirmary, and for six weeks she was encased in plaster of Paris down to her middle with her arms sticking out horizontally and suffered the indignity of being wheeled round like this in a pram. I can just hear her saying 'Well, really' in her inimitable way at my recounting this. Luckily the operation was a complete success.

From Farnborough Hill Sue went out to Switzerland to Lausanne to learn French with the family of a heart specialist there and to look after the children, two girls and a boy. All her life Sue was totally at home with children and young people. She liked them and she didn't talk down to them: one of the reasons, incidentally, why she was such a wonderful matron at Radley.

After Switzerland Sue took a job with BEA working as a Ground Hostess. One of her roles was to look after unaccompanied minors before and after their flights. She loved to tell the story of one of her charges, a self-contained little chap whose guardian failed to turn up at the appointed meeting-place. "What does he look like?" asked Sue and the reply came back in measured tones: 'Middle-aged and rather plump, y'know'.

It was while she was working for BEA that Sue met Aidan. Photos show how happy she was at this time. Aidan came from Staffordshire, where his family owned a textile firm Louis Sandy and Co that made nuns' habits. After Aidan and Sue married they lived in London for some time and then moved to Ardmulchan Lodge, Navan in County Meath. Sue helped out in the family shop in Dublin, but there was time too for racing which remained one of her great interests. After one visit to the races their first whippet, Scobie, was purchased, the result of a good win on a horse that Scobie Breasley was riding. The only time boys were not allowed to disturb her at Radley was when she was firmly settled behind a closed door watching



Sue Sandy

the racing on television, from Ascot, Uttoxeter or wherever. It was in her blood as Sue and Olivia's grandfather, Mr Lowry, owned a stud outside Navan.

It was a hard time for the textile industry in Ireland with the arrival of nylon and rayon and synthetic fibres. Aidan was much older than Sue and suffered from the strain and stress of trying to keep the family finances and the business going. When Sue was only 35 and they had been married just 8 years he died suddenly of a heart attack.

After this shattering blow Sue returned to London. She had lost her husband and had to earn her living. But she was never a person to give in, and with that indomitable courage of hers returned to London to look after Dr and Mrs Thursby and their family. Nor did she now want to live in the city, and she answered an advert in Horse and Hounds and went to work for the Baxter family in Bampton in Oxfordshire. Here she was completely at home. She threw herself into the job of looking after Nicholas and Lucy and being what in those days was called a 'Girl Friday' but in fact she was far, far more than that for the Baxters, and she recovered her equilibrium and was able to face the future.

Ann Manley, a painter of water-

colours and a friend she had made in Bampton, introduced her to another painter, Charlie Mussett, an American from Chatanooga who was the Art master at Radley. Charlie was one of my assistants in my house and knew that I was looking for a matron. With Nicholas and Lucy Hewins now growing up Sue was ready for a change of job.

At her very informal interview for the job we discovered that we both knew the Hargreave and the Everett families up here. (In fact I had the feeling that I was the one being interviewed). Sue happened to mention that she had no medical knowledge (which I said didn't matter) and in January 1978 she started in E Social (at Radley the boys' boarding-houses are called socials.)

Within a fortnight 40 boys in E Social were in bed sick with flu in the dormitories. It was a baptism by fire, and Sue was splendid, a sort of Florence Nightingale in the Scutari of E Social, flying on errands of mercy from end to end of the Social and her bustling efficiency, kindness, no truck with malingerers and real concern for those who were ill quickly made her into a corner-stone of E Social life.

Many of her ex-charges wrote during her illness and after her death, and I will just read a few sentences:

From Mark: "My recollection is of her no-nonsense down to earth approach, yet incredibly sensitive and kind, always making time to listen, never complaining about her own preoccupations and troubles in life, selflessly always putting her boys and her Social first and performing her 'duties' with an air of ease and without fuss or commotion. Somehow everything just got done."

Another boy referred to her as 'a feminine figure in a sea of masculinity. Immensely reassuring and approachable. Her flat was a cosy echo of home with the chintzy curtains and sofas and the subtle aromas of perfume, hairspray, cigarette smoke, sherry and dog. All unusual smells in the boarding school environment yet so typical of home and strangely comforting.'

Simon wrote quite simply: "I remember her very fondly for her warmth and her no-nonsense approach. She was central to the personality of the social".

These comments show why Sue was so exceptional. Firstly she liked the boys in her care. She was kind and firm at the same time. She loved all aspects of

school life, turning out in all weathers to watch the boys playing rugby or cricket. She was extremely efficient on day-to-day things like laundry which really mattered to the boys. She joined in the fun and was very pleased when the boys in E Social won the House Singing Competition with: *When Irish Eyes are Smiling*. She stood no nonsense, but she put herself out for those who needed help. Cakes were baked (as they continued to be baked in large numbers at Lower Westhouse). Boys were given lifts to the station. Parents were reassured. Messages were taken on the phone from girl-friends (Well, Really) though any girl-friend posing as a cousin or an aunt got short shrift. Crisp notes on paper printed with IMPORTANT in bold red letters at the top would go up on the Social notice-board: David Cash, ring your mother AT ONCE. The 'at once' underlined three times. Laundry now. 'NOW' underlined three times. All signed boldly: SS.

On one famous occasion I was ill for 24 hours and a notice went up:

Mr Aird is ill. Do not disturb him. I am in charge. Signed SS.

And underneath one of the boys had written in pencil: So what's new then?

Over her time at Radley Sue continued to have more than her fair share of sadness, including the deaths of both of her parents, but instead of being worn down by the various crises and losses she seemed to gain strength and never let things get her down. From her experience came a real sympathy and understanding for those in trouble – not just the boys, but the whole community and besides Radley her family and friends and the community in the north.

In 1990 Sue decided to return north. I had just given up as housemaster and she saw my successor in. We knew what we were going to miss, we didn't realise then how much we would miss her. We would miss her style: not least the wonderful season-focused outfits. In autumn the vivid green stockings, the plus fours and the famous amorphous woollen headgear. In winter the green wellies and the thick woollen poncho. In spring tweed skirts and sensible woollen

jumpers. In summer brightly coloured cotton outfits, quite loose-fitting unless it was very warm – when a strange flowing Arabian jellabah-style loose gown would appear.

And always her hair (even in the strongest westerlies) – immaculate.

We all missed Willow: a very special whippet. My two Egyptian Mau cats who hated all dogs made an exception with Willow and were prepared to be in the same room as her. I think they regarded Willow as some sort of extension invisibly attached to Sue who, incidentally, they liked very much. Of all the whippets (and I say this with due apologies to Bumble) Willow was her special favourite.

We missed Sue in Chapel (she always attended Sunday morning service); at parties in the garden; at barbecues; out on the games-field and especially in her flat right in the middle of the social where so many boys were made so welcome. We missed her strong support for the Royal Family, her forthright opinions and her sheer vitality.

When Sue finally piled everything into the Polo and Willow was perched on top, she left Radley for the last time and set off for Lower Westhouse. "It's what I call a proper part of the country. Do you know what I mean?" as she might have said. We knew that we would not be losing touch and in fact she made two regular visits south each year, one in spring (dentist, shopping in London and, I think, Badminton,) and one in autumn (dentist, Christmas shopping in Peter Jones and some coursing with Elspeth Stott). She stayed in the Oxford area and visited her old dailies, taking them little presents, and having her hair done at the hairdresser she had used while at Radley. A quick supper with Mary Hutchinson, the Warden's secretary, and a visit to Kenis Barker, the sister in the Infirmary. She was the most loyal of friends.

And so it was a new start at Lower Westhouse though in many ways it was really a return home. With Hugh and

Olivia just down the road and Sarah and Miranda visiting regularly. And of course Aunt Betty with all her animals to visit and look after when she was ailing. Sue was always busy, either with Bumble and Lily to be walked in the hills, or cakes to be baked to help the church, or her work for the Elizabeth Finn Trust. There were visits to Ireland each year, not forgetting Badminton, and coursing. And there was more time to keep in touch with her step-son Rupert, out in Tasmania. She was so pleased that he and Fay and the family had been able to come over in June and see her. It was a full and active life and one based not on herself but other people. She seemed happy and at ease with herself, and never more so than at her 70th Birthday celebration at Tunstall where she was surrounded by family and friends – an occasion of great warmth and affection. We could never then have imagined that her life would be so cruelly cut short, just when she could begin to think about herself.

Sue faced the most brutal and painful of cancers with courage and dignity. Throughout this period Olivia was there to look after her and to keep up her morale. Taking her on hospital appointments, visiting her in hospital and the hospice, looking after Bumble and the house and doing everything possible to make things easier for her. When I saw Sue two days before she died, though terribly weak, she particularly mentioned how good to her the staff were at the Hospice, still thinking about other people, and she was also still interested in news of old friends, and could raise a smile at a shared memory of some school absurdity.

When a school report is written it is never easy to find the right words to sum up someone's efforts. For Sue's life there is no need to look far: she was a good person. She loved her family and friends, her whippets and her little house, her church and the community around her. She was rewarded with the love and respect of those who knew her, and in turn we were greatly enriched by her affection and love.