

**Balding** On 11.3.2009 Theodore Edmund Montague Balding, (a, 1923-1928).

Charles Balding writes: My father's younger brother, Theo, passed away quietly at his home on Vancouver Island on 11 March, just a month short of his 99th birthday. Being the younger brother of "Tom" (whose real name was Ross) he was, quite naturally, also known as Tom. This meant that a clear head was needed before inter-family communications! He was in the VIII and 1st XV, both at Radley and also at Reading University. [He played rigger for Berkshire in 1931]. He emigrated to Canada in the 1950s, and followed a number of different career paths. My knowledge of his life is sketchy because he had already retired when I visited in 1971 but he always had a mischievous twinkle in his eye and an amazingly laid-back attitude which tended to earn his elder brother's disapproving glances! All his family lived close to him, including two grandsons who are themselves grandfathers. For many years, right up until the last few weeks, his three sons would drag him away from computer games on a Friday and take him to the pub. With the coming of the internet, he taught himself to use email until failing eyesight forced him to abandon that about three years ago. A great family man, who'll be sadly missed.

**Fletcher-Campbell** On 27.11.2008 The Revd. Walter John (Jock) Fletcher-Campbell (d, 1925-1930). He went up to Magdalen College, Oxford and took Holy Orders in 1938. He was Curate of St. Mary's, Portsmouth then Vicar of Sarisbury in Hampshire in 1945. He was Vicar of St. James, Portsmouth from 1947 to 1960 and Rural Dean of Portsmouth from 1955 to 1960. He was Metropolitan Secretary, S.P.G. in 1960 and Deputy Home Secretary from 1967 to 1970. He was Vicar of Stanton Harcourt with Northmoor from 1970 to 1975 and Priest-in-Charge of Bampton, Clanfield, Lew, Aston, Shifford from 1975 to 1976. He was Rural Dean of Witney from 1971 to 1976 and Rural Dean of Abingdon from 1980 to 1987. In 1977 he took charge of the Radley Parish for almost a year while the vicar, Dan Pope, was ill. Jock's son, Christopher, taught at Radley from 1972 to 1980 and there was at least a term when he was joined in Common Room by his father who came to teach Divinity.

**Lindsell** On 23.6.2009 Brigadier Robert Anthony Lindsell, MC (d, 1928-1933). At Radley he was a School Prefect, winner of the Adam Fox Essay Prize in 1932 and



*The Revd. Jock Fletcher-Campbell at Torpids in Oxford in 2008 to witness Magdalen rowing as Head of the River, the first time Magdalen had been Head since 1934 when Jock Fletcher-Campbell was in the crew.*

1933 and a member of the Radley Eight of 1933. He went to Woolwich and was commissioned in to the Royal Engineers in 1935 and then went up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge to read Mechanical Sciences. He was awarded the Military Cross in 1944. He became a Brigadier and was A.D.C. to H.M. The Queen from 1969 to 1972 when he retired from the Army. His brother, T.C. Lindsell was at Radley.

**Duggan** On 26.6.2009 Thomas George Duggan, (a, 1929-1933). He went up to Merton College, Oxford and became a schoolmaster for three years. During the War he worked for the Admiralty in the Mine Design Department and served in the Home Guard. He was awarded the Defence Medal. In 1946 he joined the Royal Naval Scientific Service, retiring as Principal

Scientific Officer in 1977. He was Chairman, Admiralty Group Institution of Professional Civil Servants and Treasurer of various local charities in Chichester.

**Fullbrook** On 19.8.2008 Lieutenant Colonel Cary William Fullbrook, MBE, KSS (g, 1930-1935). At Radley he was a School Prefect, a member of the Hockey XI and Athletics teams of 1934 and 1935, and a member of the 1935 Cricket XI. He played hockey for Devon in 1937 and 1938. In 1939 he joined the ranks of the Royal Devon Yeomanry R.A. (TA) and was commissioned in 1940. He passed Staff College in 1948 and was awarded an M.B.E. in 1952. He served in Cyprus and was mentioned in despatches in 1957. When he retired from the Army as a Lt. Col. in 1965, he joined Hooker Craigmyle & Co. and worked as

Fundraising Director from 1966 to 1980. He was appointed a Knight of St. Sylvester (Papal) in 1977. He was a Director and later Vice President of St. Nicholas' Hospice, Bury St. Edmunds and Chairman of the Bury St. Edmunds Art Gallery Trust. He remained a fundraising consultant until 1997.

**Reid** On 29.3.2009 Alan Morris Reid, MC (e, 1930-1934). He was a member of the 1934 1st XV. After Radley he joined Fleming, Reid & Company Ltd., Hosiers, of Greenock. He served with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders during the 1939-45 War, was awarded a M.C. and became a Captain. After the War he was a Director of Fleming, Reid & Company Ltd.



*Roger Curteis*

**Curteis** On 5.3.2009 Roger Buckley Curteis, (g, 1932-1937). At Radley he was a School Prefect. He went up to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge and was with the Admiralty, Scientific Research and Experiment Department from 1940 to 1945, in Bombay and Calcutta. In 1946 he joined F. Perkins Ltd of Peterborough. From 1950 to 1974 he was a dairy farmer and in the mid 1970s he founded, with his sons, Curteis Ltd., making jewellery. The business started in the attics of his house but grew to become one of the largest jewellery manufacturers in the country. His two sons, Henry and Hugh, were at Radley.

**Raikes** On 7.5.2009 (Robert) Martin Raikes, DSC (b, 1932-1937). He rowed in the Radley Eight of 1936 and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. He served with the R.N.V.R. from 1939 to 1946, becoming a Lieutenant Commander. He was awarded

the D.S.C. He became an Associate Member of the British Institute of Radio Engineers in 1946. He was with Fuller's Earth Union, Ltd., Redhill, from 1946 becoming a Director in 1954 and Managing Director from 1957.

**Robb** On 2.5.2009 George Ian Robb, (e, 1932-1937).

From the address by his son-in-law, Paddy Hehir:

Ian, or Poppa as the family fondly knew him, was born on the 25th June 1918 in Fairview Road, Oxtou, to George and Maud Robb. He was the third generation of Robbs to manage the eponymous Birkenhead department store founded by the brothers George and Thomas in 1872.

He was younger brother to Joan, ten years his senior. Joan was an accomplished artist who lived on the Wirral all her life but never married.

Ian initially went to Birkenhead Prep School but suffered from diphtheria and was sent to Mostyn House in Parkgate for the bracing sea air. He loved his time there and had a great respect for the Headmaster, Mr Grenfell, the grandfather of the current incumbent. His memories of his time there were as clear as if it were yesterday, hardly surprising as it did sound like a holiday camp. Daily dips in the largest saltwater pool in England behind what is now the Boathouse Inn, sand yachting on Parkgate's golden sands (and we have photographs to prove it)! Cycle trips into North Wales, sailing on the Dee and horse riding on the beach. He also made a mark in the school's amateur dramatic productions - often playing the female lead!

Presumably he managed to squeeze in a bit of academic work because at the age of 13 he moved to Radley College, Abingdon. Again Ian thoroughly enjoyed his time at Radley, excelling at rowing where he made the 1st eight and was Captain of Boats. He also played rugby, golf on the school's 9 hole course and was the top marksman in the school. In his last year he was made Second Prefect. Ian was greatly influenced by many of the teachers here too, particularly his housemaster, Hopey, who became Secretary of the Friends of Exeter and then Treasurer of the Restoration Fund of Exeter Cathedral. His best friend was Bear Shaw who had moved with him from Mostyn House but who sadly, like so many of his contemporaries, died in the Second World War.

In 1937, Ian went up to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge to read economics.

He was taught by the famous economist John Maynard Keynes, of whom he said, "very bright chap, very poor teacher!" By all accounts Cambridge pre-war was a very lively place, with studies punctuated by much wine, women and song. He was in the Cambridge trial eight and coached the college 1st eight at the Henley Regatta in the late 30's. He became a lifelong member of the renowned Leander Club. He also took part in the trials for the GB rowing team for the never-held 1940 Olympics in Lisbon. Just 12 months ago, Di, myself and Ian's two granddaughters were privileged to spend a very special weekend in Cambridge with him escorting us on a personal tour round his old haunts and his lovely old college.

Like so many others, the outbreak of war changed Ian's likely career path. He got his MA at Sidney Sussex but in 1940, aged 22, he started Officer Training with the Royal Artillery in Otterburn in Northumbria ( a part of the country he always loved), and Aldershot. He was desperate to get into the RAF but never succeeded, and in 1942 was shipped out to India.

Ian was fortunate not to see a great deal of combat but saw a lot of the North West Frontier as the British Army prepared for the Japanese advance. He grew to love India and had a great deal of respect for the Indian troops under his command. It was while he was on leave in Bombay that he first met his future wife Doreen, who was serving with the Queen Alexandra Nursing Corps. In 1945 Ian was selected for V Force in Burma. V Force being the reconnaissance and intelligence-gathering guerrilla organisation established by the British to sabotage the Japanese advance into India and harass their lines of communication. By 1945, the Japanese were in retreat and V force operated immediately ahead of the regular army gathering short range intelligence. Ian fortunately survived unscathed and returned to Blighty at the end of the war in the Far East.

Ian's father was not well by this time and he was asked to step into run the family business, Robb Bros Dept store - and it was a real family business. He knew all of the staff personally and was known to his employees as Mr. Ian and inspired great loyalty amongst them. He was just as happy unblocking the drains or driving the delivery vans as being MD. He managed the business for the next 36 years. During the sixties and seventies, the store's trading suffered with the demise of Birkenhead and it was at this time that Ian joined forces with Fred Freeman, a fellow Burma veteran and local retailer and the two worked closely



Ian and Doreen Robb

together through to Robb's eventual closure in 1982 after its 110th anniversary. Ian's friendship with Fred and the Freeman family endured to the end.

Ian and Doreen's wartime romance blossomed on their return from the Far East and they were married in 1949 in Belfast. They moved to Uplands in Oldfield Road, Heswall – just 2 doors down from where Di and I now live. Andrew was born in 1950 and Diana four years later. They both have happy memories of working in a whole range of jobs in the store – although Di once suffered the embarrassment of being frogmarched into her father's office by an overzealous store detective who wrongly thought she was shoplifting!

Ian joined the Territorial Army in 1947, as a Major in the 102 Transport Column based in the former American Military Hospital at Clatterbridge – just about where the Oncology Department is today and where ironically, he was to return all those years later for his cancer treatment. According to fellow TA soldier and friend of the past 60 years, Laurence(Harry) Ross – wherever Ian was – laughter was never far away. He memorably finished off Harry's initiation ceremony, a recitation of a Kipling

poem, by emptying a tankard of best bitter over his head! Harry also said of him that he managed to combine popularity and respect among his subordinates – something often aspired to, but seldom achieved. Ian became godfather to Harry's son Graham – and in Harry's words – “no godson ever had a better godfather”.

After the war, Ian rekindled his love of rowing by joining the Royal Chester Rowing Club and returned to Henley on many occasions. He was also a member of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club sailing the Mylne class – a keelboat originally brought down from the Clyde by Stuart McLachlan and now unique to the Mersey.

Ian was always very active in Birkenhead's business community. During the 60's he gave a lot of his time to the formation of the Viking Boys Club which is still today carrying out good works amongst the disadvantaged youth of Birkenhead. He was a member of Round Table, and then Rotary and in latter years he was made an Honorary Member.

He was particularly proud of sharing this status with Frank Field the Birkenhead MP – one politician he did admire! Last year he achieved the significant milestone

of 50 years membership and much enjoyed his 90th birthday party at the club. He was also President of the Birkenhead Operatic Society and was asked to become Chair of Birkenhead Chamber of Commerce, which he unfortunately had to decline due to Doreen's ill health.

Throughout their married life Doreen suffered from poor health but Ian was unflinching in his support of her, turning down several other official roles to be by her side.

In their retirement they travelled widely in this country and also had marvellous trips to South Africa and New Zealand. He particularly loved boating holidays on the Norfolk Broads and many barge holidays with his granddaughters Abi and Boo. He loved all animals, particularly his dogs and walked every day from their lovely house on Montgomery Hill, which backed onto Thurstaston Common. Doreen and he spent 45 happy years there and put on a splendid wedding reception for my wedding to Diana on a gorgeous July day in 1987. The adjoining paddock and stables were also the venue for the annual bonfire parties on Abi's birthday, every 5th of November. Ian took the building of the bonfire very seriously – and the search for wood ranged far and wide over the Common for many weeks. He loved his bonfires, and the search for clothes for the Guy was never a problem, although he was sometimes reluctant to sacrifice his threadbare gardening clothes!

Ian thoroughly enjoyed his last few years living in my parents' bungalow at Beach Walk West Kirby – and waking every morning to those fantastic views of the Dee Estuary and the Welsh Hills. It was here during the 6 Nations rugby season that Ian and I spent many happy hours with a glass of beer – often watching three matches back to back! He became a second father to me and I enjoyed his company, his sense of fun and love of political incorrectness. We shared the same schoolboy humour.

Over the past week there has been a common thread to the tributes paid to Ian. Friends, associates and virtually everyone he met described him as “a true gentleman”. Kind, humble and generous to a fault, he always put the well-being of others first – with no thought for himself. No front or flashiness with Ian – what you saw is what you got. He was the least materialistic man I have known, and eschewed the trappings of 21st Century life.

He didn't suffer fools gladly yet he was a loving and supportive husband and father and a doting grandfather, who took so much pleasure in the exploits and achievements

of beloved granddaughters, Abi and Boo – being both interested and encouraging in their schooling and sporting exploits. Ian loved people – of all ages – young and old. Yet he never seemed to age in all the years I knew him. He put everyone at ease and loved to pass the time of day in conversation – commenting on the events of the day, reminiscing about times gone by and regaling everyone with interesting stories. Ian always supported the underdog in all walks of life. He had a fantastic memory, which he retained to the end even when his body was failing. During his illness, he remained remarkably upbeat and positive – he was not going to be beaten by it. In doing so he never lost his dignity and I never heard him complain about his lot.

He enjoyed a long, full and rewarding life, spanning two centuries, ten decades and two world wars and witnessed many momentous changes. The world he left was very different from the one he entered over ninety years ago – we shall all miss Ian but never forget him – one of a wonderful but dwindling generation of men and women now reaching towards the sunset.

His son, Andrew, was at Radley.

**Tyler** On 9.2.2009 John Benson Tyler, (h, 1932-1935). At Radley he was a Junior Scholar. He went up to The Queen's College, Oxford. He served with the Irish Guards from 1939 to 1946 becoming a Captain but was released for work in Foreign Office from 1942 to 1944. After the War he worked for the Miles Martin Pen Company and later Pilkington Brothers Ltd., in Lancashire from 1959. He retired as Company Secretary in 1981.

**Hole** On 25.4.2009 Major Robert Stephen Hole, (g, 1936-1940).

Address by Tom Poole at Stephen's Memorial Service on 19th May 2009 in The Church of St. Peter & St. Paul, South Petherton:

Stephen was born in July 1922 in Colombo, Ceylon, the son of a Royal Naval father who was invalided out of the Great War, but re-employed as Harbour Master of Colombo. He was married to Hilda Marion Fisher, Stephen's mother, but the marriage was not a success. Stephen's father was promoted and made Harbour Master of Hong Kong until he was chased out by the Japanese, when he retired to Australia. Stephen and his mother lived in Guernsey before he was packed off to prep school near Folkestone. He was bitterly homesick for



Major Stephen Hole

some time, holidaying at times either with his aunt in Guernsey or with school friends.

His mother had married Oscar Mount who was a solicitor in Colombo and a super step-father. He was 7 when sent to Beachborough Park and at 13 he moved on to Radley College. He left Radley as Senior Prefect – ‘you will never again have so much power’, said his housemaster/tutor, and he was right. Denied flying (which was all he ever wanted to do) by his colour sight, he passed into the army on the special entry exam in 1941. After the usual square and gun bashing for 3 months, he, with others, was sent to Edinburgh University for 6 months. He never really knew why, but at that time it was thought to be the gayest city in Europe which he enjoyed to the full. Back to the army, he was sent to an Officer Cadet Training Unit for the winter of 1940/41. (‘It was so cold that we never went round the lake, we always marched across it’). He was commissioned in April 1942 and sent to the ‘star’ regiment of 13 Royal Horse Artillery. He was as green as grass! A year later he and three other officers were packed off at 24 hours notice to be the regimental advance party in Africa. This turned out to be a flop as the Division never followed. Instead they were sent up to reform 155 Battery which had been wiped out by a German Panzer attack. Later, when that campaign was over, the regiment went into Italy at Salerno - not enjoyable. After that came Egypt, Palestine, more Italy, Greece, more Italy, and Austria. Then he was hustled back to the U.K. to

be trained as an Instructor of Gunnery at ‘The School’, Larkhill. Gazetted as the youngest ever I.G. at 24, he was sent to the School of Artillery in Germany. After two wonderful years there – work, work, work, dancing, shooting, polo – he was sent to the War Office for two years, dealing with the development of guns, ammunition, gunner vehicles, signals etc. In 1949 he had married Ann Wheadon from Guernsey with whom he had a son and daughter, but the marriage was not a success and was dissolved in 1962. When in Germany he came home for some small reason, contracted a huge ulcer where none should be and all but died. In 1960 he was given command of 16 Battery (Sandhams Company – Battle Honour awarded at Waterloo). Five days before the Regiment was due off he attended a drinks party at Hawkinge, the training establishment for Officers and Cadets of the Womens' Royal Air Force. At prep school he had spent much time staring up at the Hawker Furies and Hawker Harts that had flown over him from that air station nearby. He was passed ‘up the chain’ from Cadet to Junior Officer, and finally, at the party, was introduced to the Commanding Officer. He then went to Malaya with the Regiment for nearly two years. He came back – by now you may have guessed the identity of the C.O. to who he had been introduced – it had of course been Elizabeth – and on his return they were married. In his words, the first great miracle in his life. After that he was given a number of footling jobs which made him decide to take early retirement in 1973, the year in which he and Elizabeth came to live at South Petherton. After a perfectly legal year on the dole, during which he set about doing the house and garden, he settled down to being the village handyman for ten years. The second miracle in his life had been the house and garden which had been left to Elizabeth by her aunt. For the first time in his life he actually had a home.

He described himself as the village handyman for the first ten years of his retirement - some handyman I would say! He joined forces with a retired Colonel Brian Hazelton, and a diplomat Mike Counsell, and they acquired a very good reputation for their work. My wife and I have personal experience of this. About 35 years ago Stephen on his own wallpapered and decorated our fairly large dining room. Vertically striped flock wallpaper is testing stuff and it is very easy to make a horlicks of it, but not for Stephen. Totally focussed on the job (Elizabeth says he could never do two things at once), the result was, and still is today, perfect. A punctual person, totally

reliable, competent and of course modest about his achievements.

He played his part in South Petherton as Treasurer of the Blake Hall Committee, and Treasurer of the League of Friends of South Petherton Hospital.

He had plenty of hobbies – shooting, gardening, woodwork, bridge and photography among them.

He was no stranger to sport – cricket, rugby, rowing, golf, polo (in Germany most post-war), hockey and tennis.

As you can see, a clear picture of an all-rounder is starting to emerge, and I am trying to close in on his character. What you saw was what you got. Stephen was quite able to call a spade a spade, though had he tripped over one at night he might have called it something rather fruitier.

He was a generous host and he and Elizabeth gave many splendid parties at Palmers Close. Guests were properly introduced, there were no wallflowers, and no glass was empty for more than a moment. An adage that was close to Stephen's heart was 'Remember, if you give a party, give a good one'.

He was an approachable man and I know of people who have benefited from his advice. He could have quite a wicked twinkle in his eye but any advice was offered with kindness and understanding. He was an ever-present help in the troubles of others.

There are those in life who make you feel better for having met them, and I think most of us would put Stephen into that category. His wit, humour, kindness and generosity of spirit cheered us all up, and we shall miss him.

When his health began to fail, nobody could have stood by him, helped him, and loved him over the last 5 years or so more than Elizabeth. She was absolutely steadfast in every way and a wonderful example to those around her. She gathered a band of friends, helpers, carers, nurses and others, all of whom walked the extra mile to help, and who deserve and will have received many thanks. Stephen and Elizabeth were a great pair and never more so than at this time.

I am going to read a sentence from one of many cards and letters which Elizabeth has received, because I think they are expressed so well and so genuinely. The author is probably with us today and I hope she will forgive me for reading some of her words.

*Dear Mrs. Hole,  
I cannot pretend to comprehend how devastated you must feel at this moment. Yourself and Major Hole were a true pigeon*

*pair who had done the test of time yet still appeared to be teenagers in love. I shall be for ever indebted to Major Hole when I was unsure about marrying the second time round (after being terrifically hurt in the first), it was he who took me to one side and after sincere words of advice with his usual wicked glint in his eye said 'it is so much better the second time round'. Little did he know how that sentence gave me the courage to grab the true happiness I have today. I have so admired the courage, dedication, and devotion you have shown in the last few troublesome years. I do so hope the path ahead, although different and single track will bring its own contentment. With the greatest respect.  
Love, Karen.*

How could anyone put it better? My father never used to say that anyone had died, rather he would always say they 'had joined the majority', an expression I believe can bring a crumb of comfort to those who mourn, especially if they have the Christian belief in some form of afterlife.

So, Stephen, you have joined the majority, but those of us who are left down here will not forget you – and Elizabeth and Chris and the family, we will not forget you either.

Peter Way writes:

I knew my contemporary, Stephen Hole, well when he was Senior Prefect in the autumn of 1940. He desperately wanted to become a fighter pilot but frustratingly failed the eyesight test through colour-blindness and had to settle for second best, the Royal Artillery. Quite by chance we met again after Radley briefly in November 1944 outside Faenza in Northern Italy when he was coming down from O.P. duty in the hills above and I was going to occupy a house with my platoon in the town's outskirts. He soldiered on after the war and was a charming and delightful person to the end.

**Randolph** On 18.10.2008 The Revd. Richard Herbert Randolph (d, 1930-1933). He went up to Caius College, Cambridge and served with the R.A.S.C. from 1939 to 1946. He was mentioned in despatches and left the Army as a Major.

Martin Blake (g and h, 1942-46) writes:

With the passing of Dick Randolph on October 18th 2008 the last of a notable series of Radleians who converted to the Catholic Church between the wars and were

ordained priests comes to an end. Several were contemporaries of my eldest brother David (Smales 1930-32) who sadly died of meningitis in the Acland Home in June 1932, in whose memory my parents gave the processional crucifix that is in Chapel. A considerable influence in their religious development seems to have been a young don called Paul Foster (1929-33), who joined Common Room a year after Charles Wrinch and Clem Morgan, and later became a Dominican friar. One layman still living who remained close to Fr Paul for the rest of his life was Hugh Dunwiddy, Senior Prefect and captain of cricket and football in the early thirties, who after Cambridge taught at Ampleforth and coached the rugby XV when the future Cardinal Hume was captain.

Among other ORs who were ordained Catholic priests was Dom William Price OSB who joined the Ampleforth community in 1933 and became Headmaster of the school from 1954 to 64. Roscoe Beddoes was ordained in 1939 and became parish priest of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, and wrote a memoir of 'Kitty' Wharton. Two ORs became priests of the London Oratory, one of whom Fr Sir Hugh Barrett-Lennard Bt. died in 2007. Dom Thomas (Graham) Le Blanc Smith spent most of his life as a Cistercian monk of Mount St Bernard Abbey, and also died in 2007. Finally mention might be made of Christopher Maude, a notable scholar, who became Headmaster of the Oratory Prep School. It was my privilege to meet four of these men.

In his funeral oration for Dick Randolph in Oxford, Fr Gerard Hughes SJ hardly mentioned Radley as an influence, or Paul Foster. It seems that Dick was received into the Catholic Church by Fr Gilby the Chaplain at Cambridge at the age of 19. There he read biology and zoology, followed by agriculture, so his chief interests were on the land. When World War II broke out he joined the army, and was involved from Dunkirk to the Western Desert, Sicily, and Normandy on the supply and transport side, and was demobbed with the rank of major. Within a few years he had decided that he had the vocation to be a Jesuit priest, and he joined the order (with Fr Hughes) in 1951. Having survived the long formation, he was sent to what was then Southern Rhodesia where the Jesuits had an English-speaking mission. The political situation became increasingly complex, first with Ian Smith who proclaimed 'Unilateral Declaration of Independence', followed by a civil war and eventually the regime of Robert Mugabe. Dick was always highly regarded during his time in Africa.

Coming home to Britain, he was appointed to the parish of Tisbury in Wiltshire, which included Wardour Castle built in the 18th Century by the Arundell family, of which the beautiful baroque chapel was served for two hundred years by the Jesuits. After ten years at Tisbury, where he made a host of friends, he retired to Campion Hall in Oxford, and there he died aged 92. His funeral was well attended by many friends and relations, some of whom had come a long distance, together with fellow Jesuits. Requiescat in pace.

**Melhuish** On 28.09.2008 Dr Robert John (Bobby) Melhuish (d, 1931-1935). He was the great-great-nephew of G.E. Melhuish, the first boy to enter Radley. After Radley he went to the London Hospital where he qualified as a doctor and became a G.P. He retired from General Practice in 1988 to spend more time on his hobby – sailing from Dover.

**Winn** On 20.10.2008 Geoffrey Mark Victor Winn (f, 1932-1935). He went up to Downing College, Cambridge and served with the Royal Engineers during the 1939-45 War, becoming a Captain. After the War he became a Chartered Surveyor in general practice, managing farms and estates.

**Lang** On 15.4.2009 Raymond Collie Lang, (d, 1933-1938). After Radley he went to the Faraday House Engineering College. He served as a Lieutenant with the R.N.V.R. from 1940 to 1946 and received a commendation. After the War he was a student electrical engineer with Messrs. A. Reyrolle, Hebburn-on-Tyne and in 1949 became a development engineer with Rotax Ltd. From 1952 he worked for the Civil Service with the Admiralty as a production inspector at the Compass Observatory, Ditton Park, Slough. He retired in 1979. He was the twin brother of F.G. Lang.

**Leitch** On 28.1.2006 John Leitch, (c, 1933-1937). He served as a Sergeant with the South Stafford Regiment from 1939 to 1945 and was wounded. He moved to Australia in the 1950s and worked as a steel tube manufacturer. He became an engineer and later a director of an investment company. His brother, James, was at Radley.

**Carter** At Easter 2009 James Austin Carter, (e, 1934-1938). In 1939 he joined the 6th Battalion Loyal Regiment and served with the Recce Corps from 1939 to 1946 becoming a Captain. After the War he was



*Vyvyan Hope coaching the 1938 1st VIII which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley. Christopher Gray was the last surviving member of the crew.*

a Chartered Accountant with a practice in the U.K. from 1949 to 1955 then in Kenya until 1965. He worked with Unilever from 1966 to 1985 when he retired. He was awarded the T.D. in 1952. His brothers, P.L. and J.D.O. Carter, were at Radley.

**Gray** In 2007 Christopher Horner Gray (f, 1934-1938). At Radley he rowed in the Radley Eight which won the Ladies' Plate at Henley in 1938. He went to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Royal Tank Regiment. He became a Captain and was wounded in action. He remained in the Army after the War and was promoted to Major in 1954. He retired from the Army in 1975 and then did ten years as a "Retired Officer Grade 3", finally retiring in 1985. He told us he had a "son and a daughter and four red-headed grandchildren". His grandfather, J.D. Gray, was at Radley.

**Lever** On 8.4.2009 John (sometimes called Jo and sometimes Oliver) Oliver Lever, (d, 1934-1938). He went up to Christ's College, Cambridge. He joined the 5th Battalion, The Loyal Regiment and served with the R.A.F.V.R. from 1939 to 1944 as a Flying Officer. After the War he became a Chartered Surveyor and was Country Land Agent of Nottinghamshire from 1949 to 1974. His brothers, P. Lever and J.B. Lever, were at Radley.

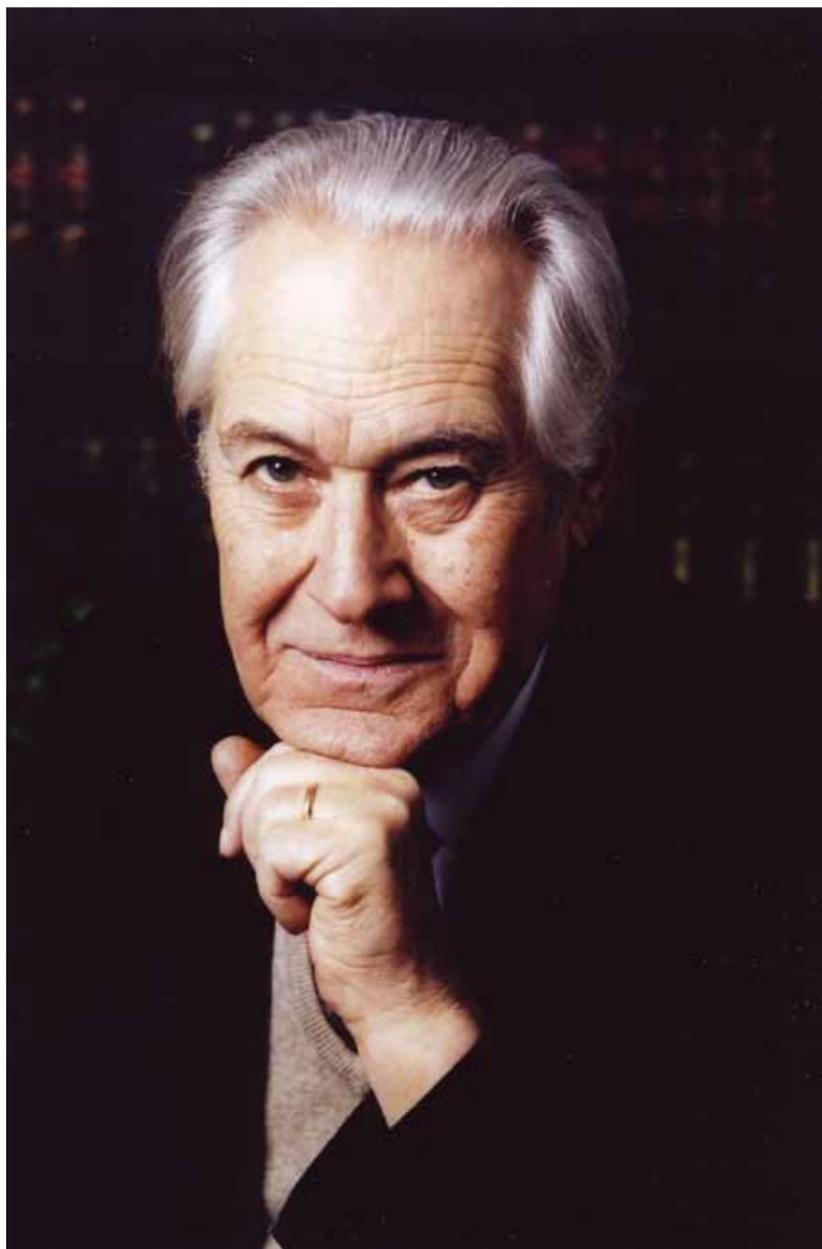
**Moore** On 1.1.2009 Dr Ian Robert Moore, (d, 1934-1938). He went up to Trinity

College, Dublin where he studied medicine and represented the university at Squash from 1941 to 1944 and golf from 1942 to 1944. He became a House Physician at the Lister Emergency Hospital, Hitchin in 1944 and a Resident Medical Officer at Kingston County Hospital in 1945. He returned to Dublin in 1946 to become Medical Officer at the Guinness's Brewery. He was Chief Medical Officer for Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Dublin) from 1972 to 1985. Principal Medical Officer, Commissioners of Irish Lights (the general lighthouse authority for Ireland) and Medical Advisor for Gilbeys of Ireland from 1985. He was a member of the Committee of Management, Salmon Research Trust from 1967 to 1992.

**Squire** On 3.2.2009 Dr Peter Stansfeld Squire, (d, 1934-1938). Prefect.

The obituary by Dr Piers Brendon:

Peter Squire, who served as an intelligence officer in the British Military Mission to the Soviet Union during the war and in 1959 became a founding fellow of Churchill College, Cambridge, was said to be the fastest simultaneous interpreter of Russian in this country. He was also an accomplished historian, making a vital contribution to the Cambridge Slavonic Department's identity as a centre of Russian historical research. But it was as a linguist that he excelled. Good judges reckoned that he was the best non-native Russian speaker of his generation.



Dr. Peter Squire

Peter was born in Leicester in 1920, the eldest child of Barbara née Stansfeld and Alfred Morgan Squire, who retired early from his family retail business and moved to Hampshire. Peter went to Seaford prep school in Bexhill, where he was subjected to a reign of terror which haunted him for the rest of his life. Radley was better, since he adored music and did well at classics; but he was glad to go up to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1939 to read Modern Languages.

When war intervened Squire was commissioned into the Intelligence Corps

and sent by the dangerous sea route to Archangel. He arrived by rope ladder, climbing down the side of the ship and tramping across a wilderness of ice. Although his early work consisted of helping in the disembarkation of munitions for the Red Army, its officers treated him with sustained suspicion and hostility. But Squire charmed ordinary people into talking to him despite the climate of fear, which he detested. And, rejoicing in the language of Pushkin, he was admired for his command of the argot of the streets.

More spied upon than spying, Squire

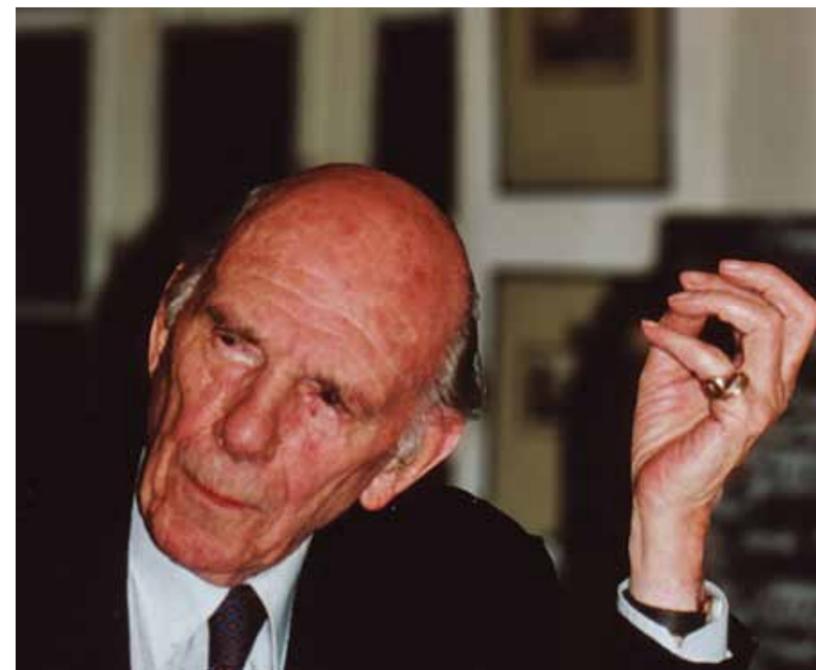
took elaborate precautions to evade surveillance especially after moving to Moscow in 1944. Hugh Lunghi, Churchill's interpreter, recalls how, while assessing the latest military intelligence, they would tap hard on their desks with pencils in an attempt to drown the hidden microphones. Squire once found himself in attendance at Churchill's dacha, where he overheard one worried secretary say to another: "The Prime Minister doesn't want any dinner. He wants a large whisky and soda – quickly." He got it.

After the war Squire returned to Cambridge where he gained a double first in Russian. Although acting briefly as a government interpreter, he turned down offers of posts in the Foreign Office in favour of an academic career. But his PhD, a study of the secret police under Nicholas I, stemmed directly from his horror of totalitarian society and it was pursued with all the rigour of a former intelligence officer. When published (*The Third Department* [CUP, 1968]) its contemporary significance was emphasised by the blue binding, the colour of the KGB.

Squire's impeccable translation of *The Memoirs of Ivanov-Razumnik* (OUP, 1965), a sociologist who fell foul of Stalin and suffered repeated imprisonments and interrogations, was a direct assault on the Communist colossus. But as a Fellow of Churchill, Squire focussed more on his wide cultural interests and his onerous teaching duties, though he found time to travel, sing, taste fine wines and polish off *The Times* crossword. He directed studies in modern and medieval languages for 26 years until his retirement in 1987 and was moral tutor for postgraduate students for almost as long, a labour of love. As a supervisor, he inspired his pupils with a fervent desire to learn.

Immaculately dressed, he would quiz them with the unblinking green eyes of a handsome cat. His red pen would dart across Russian-language essays, issuing corrections, synonyms and comments in tiny cuneiform writing. He would make dramatic gestures with his pipe. In the words of an ex-student, "His bold eyebrows were so mobile that they produced a kind of semaphore. It was pure Feydeau, but one language supervision of Peter's was equivalent to about four of some other lecturers."

In 1954 Squire married Nathalie (Natasha) Naoumova. Of White Russian descent, she was brought up in Paris and also taught languages at Cambridge. They shared liberal attitudes, literary enthusiasms and Francophilia, talking French at home. On his deathbed he said that Natasha was



Sir Edward Wheler

the greatest blessing of his life. She survives him; they had no children.

**Wheler** In June 2008 Sir Edward Woodford Wheler, Bt (b, 1934-1937). He served with the Royal Sussex Regiment then the 15th Punjab Regiment during the 1939-45 War. From 1945 to 1947 he was a Captain with the British Army of the Rhine and then with the Overseas Audit Service from 1948 to 1958. He became the Foreign Touring Manager for the Automobile Association in Nairobi, Kenya until 1972, when he came home to England with his family. From 1972 to 1980 he was Company Secretary for Gallahers and then with Robert Lewis, also in London. He was made a Freeman of the City of London in 1980. He retired to Cornwall in 1990.

**Tankard** On 12.1.2009 William Herbert (Toby) Tankard, (g, 1935-1940).

Tribute to William Herbert "Toby" Tankard by Nick Harris:

If you went looking for a man of character in Crowborough, you need have looked no further than Toby. He lived here all his life – although he was in fact born in Hampstead, in 1922, where his maternal grandparents lived.

Toby's parents lived in Hurtis Hill and from there he went to school.

He travelled a fair amount with his

parents as early pictures of him show visits to relations as well as holidays in the UK and abroad. They also show him growing up at Dalvern where there was a large garden and he played a fair amount of tennis and other sports with his father and mother.

He went to Prep School at St Peter's, Seaford, then on to Radley and to Clare College, Cambridge where, until his studies were interrupted by the war, he read Modern Languages.

He joined the army and rose to become a Captain in the Kings Royal Rifle Corps (Royal Green Jackets) earning the Africa Star, Italy Star and the Greek Campaign Medal.

With the 9th Battalion he saw service in South Africa, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, and with the 11th Battalion served in Italy, and in Greece during the communist uprising in 1944.

He was the Battalion Supply Officer in Piraeus, with a reputation for collecting lobsters and organising duck shooting while in Greece.

He continued his service in the Home Guard until the 1950s, and became an honorary member of the Kings Royal Rifle Brigade.

Home from the war, he met Beth and they were married – here in this church – exactly 60 years ago next Thursday – and it snowed then too!

Toby and Beth set up home at Ramleh in Mill Drive, where Charles and Sally were born and grew up.

Toby became a city man – working at Lloyd's after being de-mobbed, becoming the marine underwriter for the Kiln Marine Syndicate managed by Holmwoods, Back and Manson, until it ceased – with a profit – in 1973. He remained at Lloyd's, working with Mark Loveday and others until 1990. He enjoyed his time at Lloyd's and it much suited his good memory and his mathematical and analytical brain – at a time when computers were not part of the Lloyd's way of doing things! He was a Lloyd's name or underwriting member from 1949 until 1990.

In the city too, he was a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Wax Chandlers and became Master of the Company in 1987/88. He and Beth enjoyed the year hosting functions at the Wax Chandlers Hall as well as attending many other city and livery functions.

The enormous number of friends he made during his working life stands as testament to his great reputation and personality – people were regularly asking after him long after his retirement, and even now, after so much time has passed, and business life has changed so much with technology.

As I began preparing these remarks about Toby, I had to chuckle a little as I opened the shortcut icon I had placed on the desktop of my laptop. The icon was sitting in a part of my desktop wallpaper which contained blue sky among white clouds. And as the document opened on the screen I suddenly thought... Toby would not have had the first idea of what I was talking about! "Stupid boy" I can hear him say!

This reminder of his working life takes us immediately into many of his great loves, and golf comes straight to the fore – he had good golfing friends at Lloyd's – Martin Phelps, Arthur Browne and Keith Rust – and they used to play quarterly at each others' clubs every year, at Rye, West Sussex and Wildernesse as well as - of course – Crowborough Beacon.

His parents became members in 1921, and Toby was a member of Crowborough Beacon Golf Club since 1935. He was Captain in 1982, an Honorary Life Member, and Vice President for 8 years from 1997, and played into his 70s.

Playing off 8 in his heyday he achieved 3 holes in 1 and the balls were kept in his treasures!

He won his fair share of competitions, and, according to his records, he played 125 different courses, and his best round



Toby Tankard

at Crowborough was 76 shots which almost undoubtedly he would have regaled the family with shot by shot.

He and Charles regularly won the two generations trophy.

The Tankard Trophy is competed for each October, so he will certainly not be forgotten – and probably neither will his swing, known to have been identified from the air!

He played for the Wax Chandlers in the Prince Arthur Cup for livery companies, and for many years for the Old Radleian Golfing Society of whom he was captain in 1967/8.

Remarkably in that year not only were both Oxford and Cambridge golf

Captains Radleians from the same Social, but extraordinarily it was being run at the time by that year's Captain of the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Society. Toby commemorated this in the best way he knew – and held a dinner at Wax Chandlers Hall for the ORGS to celebrate the fact.

Away from the golf course he was Patron, and Honorary Fellow of the British Institute of Homeopathy. This is because he was directly related to Samuel Hahnemann (1755-1843) who founded and formalised modern homeopathy. He helped to promote the Institute when visiting Pakistan and the United States and Canada with Beth. They also undertook a visit to Meissen

and surrounding area which was Samuel Hahnemann's birthplace.

Locally here his charitable work was focused on the RNLI, at various times being Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer of the Crowborough branch.

But it was probably among his family that many of the best memories exist – generous, loving and memorable for so many reasons – many hysterically funny; and a fair number that are unrepeatable!

And of course at home and on holiday he relaxed and let his hair down, playing bridge, going horse racing – he loved Plumpton and Lingfield Park – and who can forget the wonderful picnics lovingly prepared by Beth which he joyfully consumed, and even the winners he sometimes picked – without ever breaking the Tote!

They were sociable times, full of bonhomie and punctuated by splendid parties at Ramleh – for adults and children alike. He was a terrific host with Beth, even stretching to organised cricket matches for the young, which for one reason or another none of us will ever forget! And likewise few will forget the cocktail parties for the adults – if they ever remembered them at the time!

He was at his happiest at home with Beth running the house with her deft touches – it allowed them both to enjoy bringing up their family and welcome their own and family friends who always seemed to enjoy visiting Ramleh over the years. It was always a happy place.

And Glyndebourne. Beth's love and knowledge of music extended to Toby and many happy evenings were spent under the Downs in Glyndebourne's lovely gardens listening to the best of opera and eating another of Beth's superb picnics with his own choice of wine and champagne.

In his garden, of which he was hugely fond, the greatest threat to perfection and his beloved roses – especially the ones he wore daily (when in season) to the city – were the antics of his son and friends.

Consistently destroying Toby's carefully cut lawn, Charles and his mates used to terrorise the garden – and the gardeners – and the neighbours – hiding from Toby until the always dramatic storm died down.

But Toby summoned vast stocks of patience and rewarded both boys and gardeners with evening trips to Brighton in a beaten up old Austin A30 to watch the Albion in their evening games in League Division Three South.

Skiing trips to Wengen, and summer holidaying with Beth, Charles and Sally in Cornwall every year gave him a complete

break – and contained all the elements of life he loved: good food, sun, sea, sand... and golf. But the children still managed to wind him up!! How lovely he was to permit it.

Latterly he had the pleasure of seeing Charles and Bronwyn bring up his grandsons David, John and Michael, and only just missed a first great grandchild, expected by Claire in march.

His grandchildren were very fond of going next door to see "Sir Tobias" and the "Cat" as Beth is known, and often found more tranquil waters at Ramleh when the game was up at home!

Strangely they too often rewarded Toby's generosity by ruining parts of his garden by playing copious football in the wet on his bottom lawn! Funny how that habit got passed down to his grandchildren.

Over the past few years he had not enjoyed the best of health and Beth looked after him devotedly and made sure that he could enjoy his wish of being at home. His wish was fulfilled by her and some additional assistance from carers.

He died on his 87th birthday and children, grandchildren and friends, but mostly Beth, will miss him enormously for the bright shining light he brought to us all. Thank you Toby.

His father, W.P. Tankard, his son, C.W.J. Tankard and his grandsons, D.W.M., J.A. and M.C. Tankard, were at Radley.

**Gape** On 15.5.2009 Major David Francis Bennett Gape, MBE JP DL (h, 1936-1940).

From the address given by his son-in-law, Revd. Nigel Pearson:

David Francis Bennett Gape was born on the 31st May 1922 in Romeland House St. Albans, a place of great beauty overlooking the Abbey there; he was the only son of Gordon and Betty Mitford Bennett, grand daughter of James Gape of St. Michael's Manor in St. Albans, and it was in Romeland that David lived for the first few years of his life with his grandmother, Francis Mary Glossop. He went out to New Zealand with his parents for a short time, and then returned to live between St. Albans and his beloved Cornwall for the rest of his childhood.

He went to Elstree and on to Radley, won a scholarship to Trinity College Cambridge which he didn't take up and went for Special Army training to Glasgow University, after which he was commissioned into the Royal Artillery, 52nd Anti-Tank Regiment, Middle East.

He had an uncanny knack of seeing humour in the ridiculous. His first commission was no exception, and taking on the responsibility as junior officer for transporting his General as pillion on the back of his motorcycle, because there were not any 4 wheeled vehicles available for love or money, appealed enormously to his sense of humour.

His first major posting was between '42 and '43 to the then Persia, Iraq, and North Africa.

He then joined the 56th Anti-Tank regiment of the 5th Indian Division, and was involved in the Arakan campaigns in Afghanistan, and perhaps more significantly, the five month, difficult and costly, but hugely successful Imphal campaign which stopped the Japanese advance from Burma into India and was the turning point of the Burma Campaign; typically he rarely mentioned it again, other than in entirely objective, militarily historical or humorous terms – and it was probably there that he coined his oft repeated phrase that any fool can be uncomfortable.

After the war, in 1947, he married Diana Seton Burnell, Judy and Mary's mother.

David had decided on a soldier's career, and following a spell of reconnaissance work with the RAF, which he enjoyed enormously, was responsible for the Army section of the central fighter Establishment of the RAF at West Rainham; and after also being adjutant to some wonderfully eccentric officers, he won a competitive place at the Army staff college at Camberley, not an easy step for anyone just after the war, passed out high, and went on to be the senior Branch Officer GS02 Singapore District between 1955 and 1957, a difficult time there, responsible for intelligence and the formation of the Singapore Military forces.

He was appointed MBE in 1957, but resigned his commission in 1958 in spite of a promising military career to – as he said – to maintain the Gapes' 500 year link with St. Albans and 300 year link with Caxton. This next step was certainly not without its problems, with death duties and other issues taking much of the estate; so for the next five years, as you have heard, David started two businesses, a poultry farm and an advertising agency, and in 1963 he closed these down and started the farming operation here.

He was clearly hugely respected by all those farming contacts I've come across since he retired. It is difficult to imagine the world as it was then, over 50 years ago, but one corn merchant said in a delightful way that he respected him enormously, but

always felt he should polish his shoes before coming to see him.

David had a strong sense of duty. The 24 as he called them "outside activities" included at a local level being Chairman of the Caxton bench and churchwarden of this church for some 32 years – but interestingly it was a list he put together specifically in the hope it might deter others from, as he said, making the same mistake, and spreading themselves too thin instead of focussing on fewer things – and I can almost hear him saying it in his own words – and a lot of good that piece of advice did to the next generation.

Three years after Diana's tragic death in a car accident, David married Val in 1982, who has been such a wonderful support to him and the family over these past 27 years.

When 'The Major', as he was affectionately known, retired from farming, he gave me a one year weekly evening course on arable farming on heavy clay land, answering my hundreds of questions clearly and concisely. In his usual decisive way, in spite of living in the village, he never once interfered with the farming operations. He just made encouraging noises, and was only prepared to give his opinion when asked.

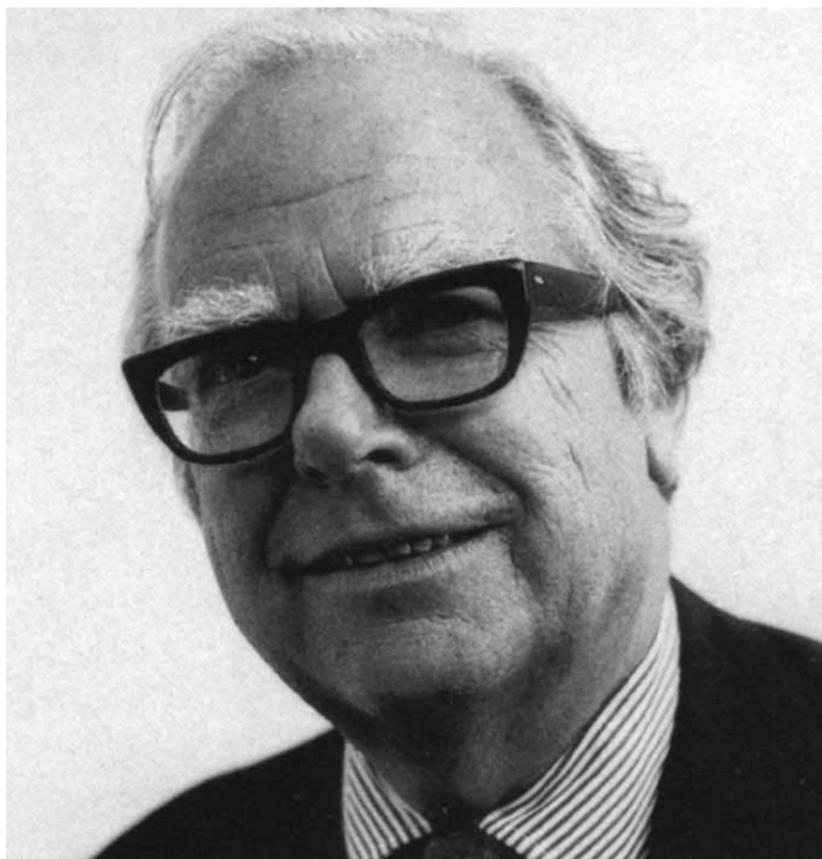
But in addition to the comments of Judy and Mary, I would just like to say, what a very special father-in-law (and step father to Guy and Jane) he has been. Those with whom we live often leave us with a little or a lot of themselves, and in David's case for me it has been a lot – his clarity of thinking, determination, his care and attention to detail, his cautiousness in business activities, his patience, his courtesy and his delightful sense of humour – they have all had their influence.

**Jackson** On 18.1.2009 Patrick Huth Jackson, (a, 1936-1940). He served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps during the 1939-45 War becoming a Captain. He worked with the Shell International Petroleum Company Ltd. and spent much of his life abroad in India and Brazil.

**Loxdale** In November 2008 Dr Hector Alasdair Robert Loxdale (f, 1936-1940).

Peter Way writes:

Alasdair Loxdale and I came to Radley in September 1936 (Hedgecock's/Southam's) and shared a study for three years until he left in 1940 to train at Guy's Hospital. He was a young doctor on a troopship after the war, and then practised in Bristol before entering hospital management in South Wales until retirement. Two sons, Peter and Patrick, were at Radley.



Christopher Hibbert

**Wall** On 18.12.2008 Frederick Brooks Wall (f, 1936-1937). He came to Radley for a year after leaving St. George's School, Newport, U.S.A. He went to Princeton University and, after serving in the Army, joined the family firm of A.T. Wall & Co., metal fabricators. He was an avid golfer. When he retired he began a successful second career as an artist. He returned to Radley in July 1998 to look round.

**Dewing** On 9.4.2009 John Robert Nelson Dewing, (f, 1937-1942).

In a letter to Hamish Aird, written a few weeks before his death, John Dewing wrote:

*I left Radley a bit early and joined the Army, got a commission in the Royal Artillery aged 18 and was sent on a troopship to India. With three friends I volunteered for Indian Mountain Artillery and in due course, after learning basic Urdu, animal management etc., we all ended up in Assam and Burma on active service. It was all very exciting and we grew up pretty quickly.*

*After the War I decided to stay on in the Army and did a total of 30 years service*

*which I thoroughly enjoyed. It was both varied and interesting with lots of sport, lots of travel and lots of very good friends.*

*I have recently been suffering from heart failure so don't get about much but I have a wonderful family. I'm a lucky man.*

John Dewing became a Captain during the War and was mentioned in despatches. He captained the Rhine Army Rugby XV in 1953. He retired as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1972 and spent the next 18 years renovating old houses.

**Hibbert** On 21.12.2008 Christopher Arthur Raymond Hibbert, MC (g, 1937-1941).

**From The Daily Telegraph with permission**

Prolific popular historian who brought style and narrative pace to a wealth of subjects from Agincourt to Disraeli

Christopher Hibbert, who died on December 21 aged 84, was a prolific popular historian, praised by readers and reviewers alike for his meticulous scholarship and flowing prose.

Following in the tradition of such figures as Philip Guedalla and Sir Arthur Bryant, Hibbert strove to bridge the gap between popular history and academic scholarship.

In a writing career that spanned half a century he wrote more than 40 books on subjects ranging from the Indian Mutiny and the House of Medici to the cities of Florence and Venice; from battles such as Agincourt and Arnhem to biographies of Dickens and Mussolini.

His breakthrough came with his fourth book, *The Destruction of Lord Raglan* (1961), a history of the Crimean War for which he won the Heinemann Award for Literature.

Once described as the "pearl of biographers", Hibbert covered some of the most august figures in British history, including Charles I (1968), Samuel Johnson (1971), Elizabeth I (1990), Nelson (1994), Wellington (1997), George III (1998), Queen Victoria (2000) and Disraeli (2004).

He was the first person to use the papers of George IV, when he produced his two-volume biography (1972-73). Often called "personal histories", his biographies were human portraits which eschewed deep analysis in favour of using anecdote and narrative to reveal the character of the subject.

Hibbert equated popular history with the narrative style. His intention was to describe rather than explain, leaving the reader to his or her own reflections. He noted: "The main aim is to entertain and tell a good, accurate story without attempting to make historical discoveries or change historical opinion in any way. You've got to make the reader want to know what's going to happen next, even if you're writing about something, the outcome of which is well known. You have to build up an atmosphere, almost like writing a novel or detective story. The popular historian's books are almost invariably narrative – which in many academic quarters is considered not the way to write history." While academics wanted analysis, Hibbert was adamant that he did not do that: "My readers wouldn't want me to."

Although his style was sometimes criticised for failing to break new ground or to tackle subjects in enough depth, Hibbert was sure of his methodology and his audience. He described himself as writing for those who were interested in history but who did not have the time or inclination to read an abundance of academic scholarship. He strove to make his writing accessible, and as a consequence his books were written with great style and a brisk narrative pace.

They were rich in anecdote and filled with choice quotations.

Christopher Hibbert was born on March 5 1924 in Leicestershire, the second son of Canon HV Hibbert. He was educated at Radley and Oriel College, Oxford, where his studies were interrupted by war service, but not before he had won a half Blue for boxing. He served as an infantry officer with the London Irish Rifles and fought in Italy from 1944 to 1945, and was awarded a Military Cross.

During an advance along the bank of the Senio river in February 1945, Hibbert's platoon encountered a minefield. One member had his foot blown off in an explosion that brought down enemy fire, causing the others to withdraw. With complete disregard for his own safety Hibbert rescued the wounded man from the minefield while under fire.

Shortly after this Hibbert had his spectacles blown from his face when he was nearly hit by a mortar bomb. Despite his reduced vision he reorganised his platoon and went on to assault enemy machine-gun posts. His determined action meant that his platoon was able to occupy positions along the river, which ensured the safety of the rest of the advancing company.

On another occasion, while in a farmhouse being used as an observation post during an attack on the German lines, he found himself confronted by the farmer's wife. She was in a state of advanced labour, and when asked later how he had coped he replied: "I asked for plenty of hot water, remembering that was the standard request in films, but fortunately the farmer's wife seemed to know what to do!"

After the war, Hibbert returned to Oxford to complete his History degree before settling in Henley-on-Thames and embarking on a career as an estate agent. His literary career began when a friend invited him to become a television critic – a novelty at the time – for the magazine *Truth*.

After publishing short stories he was encouraged by JR Ackerley, literary editor of *The Listener*, to attempt a novel. His tale of the highwayman Jack Sheppard was turned, at the suggestion of a publisher, into a historical work and appeared as *The Road to Tyburn* in 1957. After *King Mob* (1958) and *Wolfe at Quebec* (1959), the success of *The Destruction of Lord Raglan* led him to take up writing full time.

From then on Hibbert never looked back, completing books at the rate of roughly one a year and enjoying popular success. Not only were his works widely read in Britain and America, they were also translated into



Timothy Sessions scoring a try against Eastbourne in 1940

many languages. His book *The Grand Tour* was turned into an ITV series in 1987.

Described as possessing "the sprightly, genial air of a cheerful curate", Hibbert was a sociable man with friends who delighted in his company. He enjoyed gardening, cooking and travel.

He also loved walking, though at times his choice of footwear was a little unorthodox. He once arrived on the summit of Great Gable, in the Lake District, wearing wellington boots, producing incredulous stares from a group of experienced climbers who had come up the hard side.

He served as president of the Johnson Society in 1980, and was awarded an honorary DLitt by Leicester University in 1996. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Christopher Hibbert married, in 1948, Susan Piggford, a fellow undergraduate at Oxford. They had two sons and a daughter.

His obituary in *The Guardian* contained the following story:

In a field hospital in Italy, he met the actor Terence Alexander – most famous for playing Charlie Hungerford in the TV series *Bergerac*. Hibbert was in the next bed to a German soldier. At least one nurse neglected to dress the German's bandages. Hibbert and Alexander tenderly did so, on the grounds that the war was hardly this individual's fault, any more than it was theirs.

Peter Way writes:

Christopher Hibbert, a good friend for many

years, was the most readable of historians and delightful company. There was no one more suited to write the history of Radley, *No Ordinary Place*, in its 150th year, 1997, following A.K. Boyd's magisterial history written to celebrate the centenary in 1847. In addition to some fifty histories he edited two encyclopaedias, one of London with Ben Weinreb (1983) still in print, and one of Oxford (1988) with his brother Edward, no longer in print, to which I contributed entries on many churches, schools and university prizes. This entailed weeks of enjoyable legwork and research.

His brother, E.V. Hibbert, was at Radley.

**Motion** On 1.12.2008 Kenneth Robert Motion (g, 1937-1941). At Radley he played Fives for the College for three years. He served with the King's Royal Rifle Corps from 1941 to 1946. He was a Captain and wounded in action. After the War he became an agricultural student and farmed from 1947.

Peter Way writes:

He and I were exact contemporaries and joined the KRRC together in July 1941, but were thereafter in different battalions.

**Sessions** On 1.4.2009 Timothy Martin Blair Sessions, (h, 1937-1941). At Radley he was an Exhibitioner. He was in the 1st Cricket XI in 1940 and 1941 and the 1st Rugby XV in 1940. He served as a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F.V.R. from 1942 to 1946. After the War he went up to Manchester University



Shakespeare Birthplace Trust

James Thomson-Bree in *The Winter's Tale*, 1960, directed by Peter Wood. From left to right: Old Shepherd (James Bree), Autolycus (Jack MacGowran) and Young Shepherd (Ian Holm)

to study Mechanical Engineering and later worked for Birmingham University. His father, H.C.B. Sessions and his brothers, C.M.B. and P.H.B. Sessions were at Radley.

**Thomson-Bree** On 1.12.2008 James Rutherford Worsfold Thomson-Bree (a, 1937-1942). After Radley he went up to Worcester College, Oxford and served with the R.A.F.V.R. from 1942 to 1945.

Peter Way writes:

He was a delightful Mrs Bennett in Charles Wrinch's production for the RCADS of *Pride and Prejudice* in 1941. I remember his sewing onstage getting special plaudits. Later (c.1968) I saw him as Window Twanky

in pantomime at the Yvonne Arnaud in Guildford.

He trained at The Central School of Speech and Drama where he won the Fogarty prize. His first job as an actor (James Bree) in the West End was as Peter Ustinov's understudy in *The Love of Four Colonels*. He was one of the first long-term contract artists under Peter Hall at the RSC.

His film credits include: *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* and *Satan's Slave*.

In addition to his work on the stage, for over 40 years he was in great demand as a character actor for television plays and series. His credits include: *Z Cars*, *The Avengers*, *The Prisoner*, *Doctor Who*, *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*, *Upstairs*,

*Downstairs*, *The Persuaders*, *I, Claudius*, *The Duchess of Duke Street*, *Rising Damp*, *The Sweeney*, *The Prisoner*, *The Professionals*, *Rumpole of the Bailey*, *The Jewel in the Crown*, *All Creatures Great and Small*, *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* and *Silent Witness*.

He had a stroke in 2001 and then lived in a nursing home.

**Tindall** On 9.7.2008 Joseph Angus Guy Tindall (a, 1937-1941). He went up to Jesus College, Cambridge and served with the Gordon Highlanders during the 1939-45 War. He was granted a Regular Commission, attended the Staff College, Camberley and retired from the Army as a Major in 1971. He became a member of the British Institute of Management and was Secretary, Development Trust and Press and Public Relations Officer, University of Newcastle upon Tyne from 1971 to 1983.

**Wood-Hill** On 28.4.2008 Eric (Tim) George Wood-Hill, (a, 1937-1940). After leaving Radley he was commissioned into the Royal Horse Guards, serving for five years in the Middle East, Italy and France. He worked in Lloyds until 1970 and then moved to Spain to work in the property and tourism market. In 1980 he returned to work for ten years as a hotelier in the Cotswolds.

**McCance** On 22.1.2008 (Reginald) Finlay McCance, (a, 1938-1942). He went up to The Queen's College, Oxford but left after a year to join the Army. He went out to India and was commissioned in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers on permanent attachment to the Baluch Regiment, Indian Army. He left the Army in July 1947 and joined The Bleachers Association in Ireland as a manager. He served in the TA from 1948 to 1962 with the Royal Ulster Rifles, becoming ADC to the Governor of Northern Ireland and leaving with rank of Major. After a spell of illness with depression, he joined the Ulster Weaving Company. After he had retired, when he and his wife were going to visit friends, they were caught in the middle of an IRA ambush of the RUC in which his wife and two RUC officers were badly wounded. He wrote that he had happy memories of his time at Radley.

**Roberts** On 7.3.2009 Clive Finch Roberts, (c, 1938-1942). He served as an Able Seaman with the R.N.V.R. from 1943 to 1946. Later he became a rose-grower and farmer and was a Director of Frank Cant & Co., Ltd., of Stanway, Essex. His brothers, K.F. and D.M.F. Roberts, were at Radley.

**Watson** On 15.1.2009 Dr Christopher Neville Watson, (c, 1938-1943). He went up to University College, Oxford and continued his medical studies at Guy's Hospital. He became a Thoracic Surgeon and was a Surgeon Lieutenant in the Royal Navy for five years. His medical career continued in and around Leeds. He was Referee for Australian Immigration, West Yorkshire. His brother, P.G.A. Watson, and his son, P.G.W. Watson, were at Radley.

**Gardiner** On 2.3.2009 Richard Barry Gardiner, (f, 1939-1943).

Simon Robinson, his godson (F, 1969), writes:

Small-bore shooting was one of Barry's passions; to describe him merely as a teacher would be missing the target. He was something much more, a member of that rare and disappearing breed, a "life-long and committed prep school master".

Born 16th March 1925, the son of a Brigadier in the Royal Engineers he grew up largely at his maternal grandparents at Sutton Valence in Kent. Educated at Ashdown House prep school, and then at Radley, where according to his brother Peter (OR) he was supremely happy and developed "an intense and characteristic loyalty to both". He was commissioned in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders during the War and saw action in Italy and Palestine, where he was mentioned in despatches. Later followed postings in Egypt, Hong Kong, British Guyana, and Berlin, finishing with two years in Nigeria as Acting Major. It was here that a colleague commented that whilst addressing his men on the parade ground, the pitch of his voice was such that his commands could be heard all the way over in Uganda! After 16 years in the Army, April 1960 saw the commencement of his career at Aldro School. He taught English (which included poems by Spike Milligan), Geography and Biology. This included sex education, and when the headmaster asked him once how far he had got, Barry replied, "Page 23"! Shooting was of course another subject, and the Aldro teams of both current and Old Boys had great competitive success.

Barry was a bachelor, in the very best old-fashioned sense of the word, and in every facet of his life he was professional to the core. With no home of his own, family for him was first the school (Aldro), then his astonishingly wide circle of loyal friends, along with his old pupils whose careers he tracked and recalled with encyclopaedic detail.



Barry Gardiner

A man of formidably wide and deep interests from aeroplanes to fossil hunting, he was an accomplished photographer, and of course had a love of good English pubs (he must have been one of the Good Pub Guide's most regular contributors).

Without doubt, there was a magical aura about Barry. He was quirky and exuded a magnetism that a few, a very few, weren't drawn to. His integrity, his leadership, and how could you ever forget his wit! Youngster and adult alike engaged with his brilliant ability to communicate, and for that you should read "teach". He was the master of the one-liners, which resonate so clearly. Some were hysterically funny, and wouldn't pass the bar in current PC obsessed times. Whether he was on a geology trip, recounting an army experience, or giving instructions on the shooting range, to ensure the assembled were with him and still concentrating, he would end his presentation raising his voice with the challenge, "Get it, got it, good"! It was brilliant as you reflected and remembered his discourse, knowing exactly where you stood with the task ahead.

In many ways Barry was of another age. He had a refreshing disregard for a raft of matters such as business, politics and money. For him debt was an unthinkable concept, but money was to be spent and enjoyed, which when available he did.

In this ruthless age, how would you score "Barry the man". Integrity, professionalism, generosity, fun, depth, measure, loyalty – no

doubt on all fronts, 10/10. Weaknesses, I don't know; he wasn't a spiritual man and certainly wouldn't want to be remembered as a saint, but for those that knew him, he was a rarity, a one-off. How strange it is only after someone dies that you are able to say what the person was. Barry was a living legend; for the thousands that knew him and whose lives he has influenced so profoundly, long may the memory of his legacy endure.

Barry never missed the opportunity of an invitation to go back to Radley, and was terribly disappointed when the September OR fixture for Radley Day was dropped. If it was Gaudy (his last being July 2008), he would arrive early and be found mid-morning at Shop surrounded by a posse of Radley boys, all Old Aldronians of course. Typical Barry; I can't think of a finer testament to a finer man.

Barry was the nephew of Lieutenant General Sir William Oliver, GBE, KCB, KCMG, DL (e, 1915-1919), who was President of the Radleian Society from 1957 to 1960 and Chairman of the Radley Council for seven years.

Barry's brother, Peter, was at Radley.

**Sawtell** On 18.11.2008 Ian David Woolley Sawtell (f, 1939-1943). He was a School Prefect and played for the Cricket XIs and Rugby XV's of 1942 and 1943, being Captain of both Cricket and Rugby in 1943. He served as a Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. from 1944 to 1946. He was an accountant with Price, Waterhouse & Co. from 1947 to 1956 and then with an engineering company from 1956 to 1958 and 1959 to 1961. He was with Matton Partners Ltd. from 1961 to 1969 and the Plastelec Finance Company Ltd. from 1963 to 1969. From 1969 to 1990 when he retired, he was General Manager and Secretary to the Trustees of the Marquess of Salisbury's Estates. In his retirement he was a Director of the New Zealand Golf Club. In 2003 he told us he was registered as blind but fortunately could still see a golf ball to hit, even if he could not see where it went. His brother, J.P.W. Sawtell, and his grandsons, Alastair and James Francis, were at Radley.

**Kerr** On 17.4.2008 John Anthony Kerr, (d, 1940-1943). After Radley he became a farmer. His brother, A.P. Kerr, was at Radley.

**Cooke** In 2009 Richard Anthony Cooke, (a, 1941-1945). He went up to Magdalen College, Oxford where he was awarded the Judge Randolph Exhibition. He gained a First in Jurisprudence and became a solicitor and partner in Cooke & Sons, Luton.

**Gould** On 15.10.2008 Robert Charles Gould (f, 1941-1944). After Radley he served with the R.A.F.V.R. in India and Singapore as a member of the 684 P.R. Squadron (Mosquito Squadron Photographing South East Asia) until 1948. He became a farmer and cattle judge.

**Wolton** On 7.4.2009 John Cordy Wolton, (a, 1941-1946). John Wolton died after a short illness on 7th April 2009 in the full assurance of faith, at Bury St Edmunds, the town of his birth. He arrived at Radley in spring 1941. He played in the first XIs for cricket and hockey and in the rugby XV and in Christopher Hibbert's History of Radley, John's energy and exuberance and love of the school was referred to as follows:

*At this time, the boys had a much more positive attitude towards their work: ten scholarships and exhibitions were won in a single post-war year, one of them by J C Wolton, a boy with "the most charm of all those charmers", who occupied the office of Senior Prefect.*

He attended St Catharine's College, Cambridge after National Service in the Marine Commandos in Palestine and read Estate Management. After graduation he practised as a Chartered Surveyor in Bury, and also served on many local committees. He had a deep interest in Suffolk heritage and in particular the work of the Suffolk Historic Churches Trust where he chaired the Grants Committee for many years. He married Mary Seton in 1954 and they had two sons and a daughter. Their sons Peter (1970) and Michael (1978) both attended Radley. John's last visit to Radley was in March of this year to attend his grandson Hugh's (2007) Confirmation in the College chapel.

**Henderson** On 20.9.2008 Julian David Marr Henderson, (c, 1942-1946). At Radley he was a School Prefect and winner of the History Essay Prize. He went up to Clare College, Cambridge and then to Paris University. He worked for the United Nations throughout his career and spent 23 years with the Food and Agriculture Organisation in Rome. He had many different appointments but finally was Director of Conference Services. He retired in 1984.

**Jefferis** On 25.10.2008 Lieutenant Commander William (Bill) Barwell Jefferis (h, 1942-1946). At Radley he was an Exhibitioner and was Huntsman of the Beagles from 1945 to 1946. He worked for the Royal Navy (Executive Branch) from 1946 to 1963 and then for Hawker-Siddeley Dynamics in Coventry and Hatfield from



Mary and John Wolton with their grandson, Hugh (2007), and son Peter (1970) at Radley in 2008

1963 to 1973. He was Secretary General of the British Show Jumping Association from 1973 to 1988 and Director and Company Secretary of Snowcard Insurance. He became partially paralysed in all four limbs from a broken neck which he sustained in a riding accident.

An extract from the biography he wrote for his grandchildren:

*In Summer 1942, aged 13, I left my prep school and went off to public school, Radley College, in what was then Berkshire (the county boundaries have been changed and the College is now in Oxfordshire). I was very happy there. I was never much good at games, but Radley is a rowing school and I enjoyed sculling and rowing without distinction. I was able to go fishing in the Thames and in College Pond, but my real joy was the Radley College Beagles - I whipped in for two seasons and hunted hounds in my final season, 1945/1946.*

**Taylor** On 25.2.2009 The Revd. Canon Ronald Enfield Bisset Taylor, (d, 1942-1945). After Radley he went to Sandhurst and then up to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge to study Theology. He went on to Cuddesdon Theological College and took Holy Orders in 1956. He became Curate of St. Paul's, Rondesbosch, Capetown from 1956 to 1959, Chaplain of St. Paul's Theological College, Grahamstown from 1960 to 1962. He served in Nelspruit, Walmer, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town and Edenvale and retired in 1994. He was Archdeacon of Port Elizabeth from 1979 to 1980, a member of the Church of the Province of South Africa Liturgical Committee from 1970 to 1992 and Additional Canon of the Diocese of South Eastern Transvaal in 1994.

**Anderson** On 5.12.2008 Major John Bruncker Anderson, (e, 1943-1948). He was Captain of Boxing in 1947 and 1948. He went to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the 16th/5th Lancers, retiring as a

Major in 1969. He was an official of the British Horse Society, employed as a Technical Adviser and course builder for B.H.S. Horse Trials (eventing) from 1970 to 1995. His brother, R.B. Anderson, and his son, N.L.J. Anderson, were at Radley.

**Briggs** On 19.2.2008 John Dennis Briggs, (h, 1944-1948). He went up to Christ Church, Oxford and then worked for the Trinidad Oil Company from 1954 to 1957. He was an Associate Director of Humphreys & Glasgow Ltd., Chemical Engineers from 1957 to 1971, a Director of Matthew Hall Engineering Ltd. from 1972 to 1978 and then a Director of Tarriff International. Later he was Managing Director of Lewis Briggs & Partners (management consultants). His sons, David and Jonathan, were at Radley. He died following a six-months fight with cancer. He had retired from a successful business career and had been enjoying time spent in a house which, for many years, he and his wife had in France.

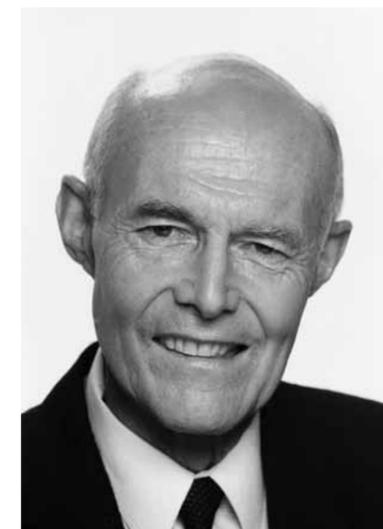
**Carslake** On 8.5.2009 Henry Bampfield Carslake, (d, 1945-1950). He went up to Pembroke College, Cambridge and was an expert in refrigeration engineering.

**Harris** On 11.11.2008, as a result of an accident, Roland Milton Harris, (b, 1944-1948). After Radley he went to Cirencester and became a farmer. His sons Charles, Paul and Simon were at Radley.

**Huntington-Whiteley** On 16.7.2008 Nigel Charles Huntington-Whiteley (e, 1945-1949). He became a Lloyds Broker. His brother, P.C. Huntington-Whiteley, was at Radley.

**Jacob** On 26.7.2009 John Henry Jacob, (d, 1945-1949) after several months' illness. He was Assistant Accountant with Eastern Bank Ltd., in Bombay, Aden and Mukalla from 1953 to 1957 and then moved to Stockbroking in London with William Mortimer & Son. In 1966 he became a Partner and in 1970 the firm joined Hoare Govett 1970. He left in 1988 to work as a Regional Director with Capel-Cure Myers in Salisbury. He always followed Radley College news and was reading the latest copy of Lusimus in the week of his death. He was a founder member of the Guild of Stewards of Salisbury Cathedral when it was formed in 1966. His family had lived at No 68, The Close for almost two hundred years.

**Orton** On 18.9.2008 Flight Lieutenant Peter Derek Orton (formerly Organ)



Peter Orton

(f, 1946-1950). Born to leading Cable & Wireless Engineer Lesley Organ, and Girl Guide Commissioner Grace Organ (nee Hemming), Peter's life began in Surrey, England September 4th 1932, in dangerous and uncertain times.

His earliest memories included watching the barrage balloons coming down over London from his bedroom window. He often talked about the one he watched crash. World War Two had arrived and his father and mother made the decision to evacuate both Peter (7 years) and Shirley (5 years) via a vessel named *The Duchess of Athol*. His stories about his dangerous escape to Canada were retold over and over.

Dad was fortunate that he was able to attend Lower Canada College in Montreal and Rothesay Collegiate School in New Brunswick - graduating with distinctions in Mathematics and credits for Latin. Like most local "Newfies", Dad could speak fluent French, played the piano, enjoyed skating and regularly skied with friends. He missed his father who was stationed at various secret communications locations across the Atlantic.

After six years abroad, Peter returned to England and commenced his further education at Radley College and became a keen rower. He enjoyed rugby, athletics, chapel, music singing and gliding. During these early secondary years, he often thought about his childhood dream to fly planes as his cousin Derek had done before him. Peter was delighted to enlist in the RAF cadets in his senior years. In his final year of school, Peter rowed in the 3rd VIII and proudly played at number 10 (inside centre) when his rugby team toured to France. His fond

memories of Radley left a distinct impression on him and the time here prepared him for his next adventure at Cranwell.

He was accepted into RAF College Cranwell, and during his time here he enjoyed a variety of sporting and cultural activities including amateur theatre productions, gliding, sailing and mountain climbing. A keen baritone and base singer, his musical talents were captured, when he was asked to record his organ music on the BBC. Peter became the 100 yards champion in the Cranwell Athletics team competing at Sandhurst.

Peter's family now take great delight in reading the log book of the 'Goldammer' 31 July to 10 August 1952 - a sailing adventure from Hamble to Le Havre. His logbook documents how Peter and a few other cadets from the Air Force Yacht Club ran aground, and hit submerged rocks off Foreland. While moored at Cowes, the skipper announced he had come down with the mumps and in the end the yacht had to be towed back to the Club.

On July 27 1953, Peter achieved his childhood dream. He graduated from Cranwell and received his wings. He immediately began active duty in the Coastal Command, doing submarine surveillance and "Search and Rescue" and was stationed at St Mawgan, Cornwall; Kinloss, Scotland; and Aldergrove, Northern Ireland.

Peter also enjoyed the glamorous side of serving in the RAF by attending functions, including numerous military parades. One of his proudest moments was when he was an official guard at the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Peter was promoted to Flight Lieutenant, 120 Coastal Command, RAF at 25 years of age.

After 9 years of flying single and multi-engine aircraft, and serving the Royal Air Force at the peak of the Cold War, Peter retired from his duties on the 30th December 1959, and migrated to Australia to start the next leg of his journey.

He started working for the Australian Tax Office in March 1960 but after two years he decided to try his hand at Theological College so he could learn more about his faith. He trained for two years but then decided to return to his love of flying. He moved to the country town of Toowoomba (Queensland), to fill the position of flying instructor at the Darling Downs Aero Club. Peter promptly fell in love with local businesswoman and accountant Jennifer Leavy and they were married in December 1965. Jenny describes Peter as the perfect gentleman and a raconteur who swept her off her feet with his outrageous stories. She will

always remember being twirled around the dance floor to the story of "how the outdoor loo burnt down last week"!

Peter was promoted to Chief Flying Instructor at the Aero club in Rockhampton (North Queensland) where he was well respected for his thorough training and good sense of fun. Not long after their eldest daughter Mary was born in 1967, they decided to move back to Toowoomba. Four more children followed – Simon, Leonie, David, and Andrew. After their beautiful son David was diagnosed as being severely handicapped, Peter retired from full time employment to be David's carer. The family moved to the beach (Sunshine Coast) in 1977 due to David's failing health, and Peter was delighted to find the sea air, made an improvement to his condition.

Peter's hobbies of fishing, strawberry growing, and multi-level marketing, made life full. Peter taught himself to play the guitar at 50 and at 60 he decided to learn to play the trumpet, much to the delight of his grandchildren. His love of flying went on and he joined the local Caloundra Aero Club, where he could continue flying recreationally on a monthly basis, right up until he was seventy-six years of age. Such was his passion, he competed in the Aero Club competition just four days before he died.

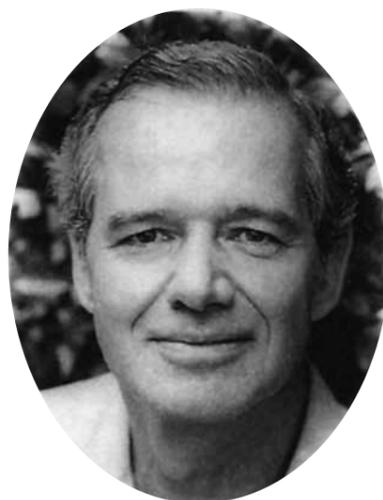
In 2007, Peter and Jenny visited England and stayed a memorable twenty-four hours at Radley. This was a treat for Peter, and he was delighted to attend chapel with the students, and try out the pipe organ in its new position. Much to his excitement, he dined with the students and felt honoured to meet so many wonderful young leaders.

Most people would be surprised at the extent to Peter's passion and love for life. He was a humble man who did not brag about his achievements or how fortunate his life was. Rather, he focused on those around him, and encouraged them instead.

Peter has left an amazing heritage in his children and grandchildren. His grandchildren are keen rowers, rugby players and budding musicians. His sons Simon and Andrew showcased the high educational standard Peter encouraged, by performing a guitar duet and singing at the funeral before an audience of three hundred.

Above all that we remember, was how he loved, and was loved.

Dearly loved husband of Jenny, father of Mary, Simon, Leonie, David, Andrew, and eight grandchildren James, Luke, Matthew, Isabella, Lachlan, Grace, Cooper and Charlise. Brother to Shirley Millership, and her husband Brian, Uncle to Tim, Richard, Jackie, Jess & Lexie.



David Turner

**Turner** On 11.9.2008 David Franklyn Lewis Turner (h, 1946-1950).

The eulogy given by David Jaques:

I am sure you will agree with me that no man's life can be encompassed in one telling – there is no way to give each year its allotted weight – no way to include each event – nor to mention each person who helped to shape David's life.

What I will try to do, is be faithful in spirit to David, and give you a picture of a man who was much liked by all of us.

So let me tell you something about David as he was known to his family, and to me – a very loving husband, a devoted father and brother, and a very good friend of mine for more than 50 years.

David Franklyn Lewis Turner was born in Shanghai on the 9th November 1931. He was born in the British Hospital in the International Settlement.

David was the second child of his parents, Gwen and Jack Turner. He had one elder sister, Daphne, of whom he was extremely fond, and she is here today. David's mother was half Welsh/half American and his father English.

David's father worked for the Chinese Maritime Customs, a unique organisation in that nearly all its senior management were foreigners, mainly British. To join the Chinese Maritime Customs it was a pre-requisite that you could read and write Chinese. His father must have been a very ambitious and determined man to have done that. These are certainly qualities which David inherited.

The family spent a number of years in Shanghai, with one short spell in Hong Kong. Then sadly David's parents divorced. His mother subsequently married a Mr George Fisher, an executive in the Asiatic Petroleum Company, a subsidiary of Shell.

In 1941 David's stepfather was posted to India, and the family moved to Calcutta. They remained in India for the rest of the War.

David's early schooling was in India, notably the Shri Raj Military Prep School in Poona, and then on to the Hallett War School in Naina Tal, in the foothills of the Himalayas.

At the end of the war David's parents left India for a new assignment in Puerto Rico. The children were sent to school in England, David going to Radley.

At Radley he was very active in the sporting life of the school – he rowed and played rugby. He was also very keen on archery and founded the Toxophily Society. He was a school prefect.

David sent his two sons to Radley which tells you how much he enjoyed his time there.

David left Radley in 1950 and joined the Army to do his National Service. He was commissioned into the Royal East Kent Regiment (3rd Foot), better known as The Buffs. He saw service with the regiment in Dover, London and the Suez Canal Zone.

He told me once that he particularly enjoyed a short spell of guard duty in London. Duty at Buckingham Palace and Wellington Barracks – knowing David as I did, I suspect that what he really enjoyed was being stationed at St James's Palace – as we used to say in those days "not a bad posting, old boy".

Toward the end of 1951 David's regiment was sent to the Canal Zone. Egypt had for some time been pressing for the withdrawal of British troops from the area – riots broke out and there were clashes on the borders of the Canal Zone. Troop reinforcements were needed and they were taken out by aircraft carrier and landed at Port Said. David's regiment carried out various guard duties, and in the first few weeks suffered a number of casualties.

And then in January 1952 whilst guarding a major water filtration plant which supplied water to the troops in the area, David was shot by a terrorist. The bullet passed through both thighs. He was severely wounded, particularly in the left leg. He was evacuated from the area in a Brengun Carrier whilst still under fire,

and taken to the British Military Hospital in Suez. David would most probably have suffered an amputation if it had not been for the skill of an Army surgeon who operated on him that night.

Later, gas gangrene set in and David was in hospital for two months – he was then flown back to the UK in an air ambulance – he spent another 2 months in the Military Hospital in Aldershot.

This injury sadly had a major effect on David's life. He was left with a permanent limp and partial paralysis. He handled the whole thing in his usual stoic way; he rarely discussed his misfortune. He received a 30% disability pension from the Army. He left the army in 1952.

And now I turn to David's career with The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation – HSBC as it is now called – where I, and many of you here today, first met him. He joined the Bank in October 1952, and following a period of training in the London Office he went out to Hong Kong in December 1953 as an International Officer.

He had a very successful and varied career with the Bank. He worked in our offices in Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia, Australia, India and Saudi Arabia.

He held several very senior positions – Chief Accountant in Hong Kong Main Office, Chief Executive Officer India, Managing Director of the Saudi-British Bank, and finally in 1985 he was appointed a Group General Manager in Head Office, Hong Kong.

As I say David had a varied and challenging career – for example, in 1983 a local bank in Hong Kong got into difficulties and was taken over by the Hong Kong Government. David was seconded to that bank – in a matter of months the fortunes of the bank were turned round.

A similar situation arose in 1985, this time with the Overseas Trust Bank. Again, the Hong Kong Government asked HSBC to provide senior management, and David was appointed Deputy Chairman and Chief Executive of that bank.

In 1986 David retired from HSBC. He was then employed on a full-time basis by the Hong Kong Government – David continued to run the Overseas Trust Bank until 1994, living and working in Hong Kong.

By that time confidence had been restored in the Bank and it was subsequently sold by the Hong Kong Government to the Dao Heng Bank at a considerable profit. David and Priscilla then returned to the U.K.

You will, I am sure, appreciate that to restructure these banks and make them profitable again involved an enormous amount of work and determination. David was particularly good at instilling confidence in the staff and kept redundancies to a minimum. He did an excellent job.

I now go back a little in time. It was in 1954 that I first met David. We became very good friends – we rowed together in a Bank Four and participated in inter Hong regattas.

David was a man of honour, wit and charm. David was also an extremely generous man – at the drop of a hat he would celebrate some occasion, producing wine in great quantities – we suffered countless headaches.

He was an usher at my wedding in 1955, and I was his Best Man when he married Priscilla in 1974 – again after a wonderful reception in the Hong Club we had dinner in Gaddy's – need I say more.

David and Priscilla first met at a party in Hong Kong in 1966 given by her sister, Alex. Shortly after they met, David was posted to Sydney and they did not meet again until 1973.

Theirs was a loving and devoted marriage – they had two sons, Philip in 1976 and Mark in 1977. Priscilla, I will if I may tell one story about Philip's birth.

Priscilla was giving birth to their first child, Philip, and David was in attendance – things got rather difficult for Priscilla and David tried to calm her down by saying in a typically male way "Now come on, this is not as bad as being shot in the leg". I have no record of Priscilla's response.

In retirement David was as active as ever. He was for a short period Managing Director of, and adviser to the London branch of the Dao Heng Bank.

He also took on the Executive Directorships of the China, Hong Kong and Japan Associations, the China Community Fund, as well as the Hong Kong Society. As a member of the Hong Kong Society I can vouch for the fact that his enthusiasm and interest benefitted that Society enormously. I also served with him on the Executive Council of the Universities China Committee in London, where he did sterling work.

This is a Service of Thanksgiving for David's life and I know that he and his family would wish me to take this opportunity to thank the doctors, district nurses and his carers for all their wonderful support and assistance throughout his illness.

I also want to add a final word about David's immediate family. Their two sons, Philip and Mark, could not have been more supportive of their parents. I have seen them with their father when he was ill – they were superb with him. They are two very fine young men and I am very privileged to be the godfather to one of them, Mark.

I now turn to David's wife, Priscilla – she was the pivotal figure in his life and I know he would wish me today to pay a tribute to his very much loved wife.

Priscilla is the epitome of the devoted and loving wife. David was not ill for just a few weeks, he suffered this dreadful condition for several years, it was a condition that required enormous patience, understanding and attention on her part – Priscilla showed David all those qualities in abundance.

I have never heard her say she was tired, and there must have been times when she was exhausted – she never complained. She was always most loving and gentle with him. She never sought hospitalisation for David, he died in his own home – she did everything to make him as comfortable as was humanely possible. Priscilla, all of us respect you and greatly admire you.



John Wilson

**Wilson** On 30.6.2009 John Brian Osborne Wilson, (d, 1946-1950) after a long illness. After Radley he went to the Scottish Woollen College, Galashiels. From 1958 he was a Director of the family business manufacturing carpets and woollen cloth. He had great creative abilities with design and colour and will be greatly missed. He was married with three sons and five grandchildren. His brothers, W.O. and E.B. Wilson, and his nephew, J.E.B. Wilson were at Radley.

**Harding** On 2.11.2008 Timothy Alfred Harding (c. 1947-1951). After Radley he went to work for Hall Harding Ltd, the family paper company. He retired to France where he reported he was happily gardening. His brother, D.J. Harding, was at Radley.

**Hyde-Smith** On 16.12.2008 John Jeremy Hyde-Smith, (g, 1947-1952).

John was born in March 1934 in Southsea, Hampshire into a Naval family. He attended Radley College and after National Service in the Royal Signals, he went up to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge to read Combined Science.

During two long vacations, he worked at Ullingswick on Neston Cappa's Farm. There, he developed a love of Herefordshire which stayed with him all his life.

When it was suggested that Bertram Bulmer had an opening in the Pectin Division at HP Bulmer for a Chemist, it seemed a natural progression. John remained at Bulmers all his working life, developing the use of Pectin as a Technical Manager – travelling widely at home and abroad. John took early retirement when the Pectin Division had a Management Buyout and for the last 15 years, enjoyed a full and varied retirement.

As a bachelor, John had lived at Swainshill, where he was active on the Hereford Road Safety Committee, and an enthusiastic member of the Hereford Motor Club.

In 1969, he married Anne and settled at Ridgehill, where his two children Laura and Richard were born. He attended St. Peter's Church, Bullinghope, where he was Treasurer and later Church Warden. He also served as Deanery Treasurer for Hereford Rural Deanery.

In 1975, the family moved to Llanwame, and made their home there, enjoying being part of the community. John had many varied interests. He was passionate about cricket and was a member of the MCC all his adult life. He also was a member of the Herefordshire Long Bow Meeting Society and a great lover of classical music.

In his retirement, he and Anne were able to travel and he greatly enjoyed trips to New Zealand, Chile, and Canada, among other places.

Locally, he was Treasurer of the Hereford Branch of the Motor Neurone Disease Association, for 12 years and Treasurer and Church Warden of Christ Church, Llanwame for many years until his death.



*Anne and John Hyde-Smith*

**Eve** On 18.2.2009 Anthony Richard Wynniatt Eve, (h, 1948-1952). At Radley he was a Junior Scholar. He became a Chartered Accountant and a Partner of Coopers & Lybrand from 1964 to 1992. He was Treasurer and a Member of the Council of Clifton College from 1977 to 1994.

**Teale** On 4.3.2009 Michael Benjamin Canning Teale, MBE (h, 1948-1952). He worked with British American Tobacco for 27 years overseas, retiring in 1980. Subsequently he was involved in politics at constituency and Euro levels. He was awarded an M.B.E. for political services in the Queen's Birthday Honours 1995. He died suddenly but peacefully on 4th March 2009 aged 74. He leaves his wife of 50 years, Doreen, their 3 children, Fiona, Wendy and Gavin and 6 grandchildren.

**Gee** On 24.7.2008 William John Maclean Gee (f, 1949-1954). He went up to Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge to read Rural Estate Management. He became a Chartered Surveyor and Land Agent and later farmed in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. He retired in 2002.

**Pearce-Smith** On 27.6.2009 Nigel Roger Pearce-Smith, (d, 1949-1953). At Radley he was an Exhibitioner, winner of the St. John Roscoe Prize and Captain of Chess. He went up to Trinity College, Oxford and then became Agent and Secretary for various plantation companies and then Shipping Agency Manager for Harrisons & Crosfield, Malaysia. From 1974 he was

Lloyds Agency Manager in Saudi Arabia and from 1983 he operated his own marketing business in Winchester.

His brother, Tony Pearce-Smith, writes:

Despite the gentleness, almost timidity of his character, Nigel was possessed of a remarkable charisma. This was evidenced in his profound concern that the spoken and written word should at all times be delivered correctly; and any son, daughter, younger brother or even occasional acquaintance who slipped up would be in for a gruff, schoolmasterly correction.

At Tormore Prep School he developed a deep and abiding interest in Natural History. He became a great expert and enthusiast for the study and, in the case of butterflies (of which he knew all the Latin names), collection of species. He even managed as an eager teenager to persuade the late great bird song recorder Ludwig Koch to stay at his parents' house in Lymington to record the mating calls of the extremely rare (in the 1950s) Little Ringed Plover, which he had found nesting locally.

Nigel developed a great love for English poetry and would occasionally entertain his friends and family with thunderous renderings of Wordsworth, Gray and Betjeman. He was a master of the limerick and no family holiday was complete without a sheaf of topical limericks, Nigel subtly editing the scansion before the offering was read out.

Nigel had an exceptional if under used intellect. He was rarely if ever defeated at chess. In his working life abroad he became

fluent in the local language unlike the majority of his compatriots.

Nigel and his wife Mei H'sia were determined that their four children would become accomplished musicians and this objective was triumphantly achieved. He himself became an accomplished self taught guitarist and it was a rare pleasure to hear him accompany himself in a Trenet like rendering of "La Mer". An abiding memory of a gentle man who will be deeply missed.

**Phillips** On 28.1.2009 John Grosvenor Phillips, (d, 1949-1953). At Radley he won the Gunn Cup. He became a Solicitor and, when he retired, he and his wife enjoyed the inland waterways on their narrowboat.

**Dobson** On 27.10.2008 Christopher Brian Spencer Dobson (h, 1950-1954).

His son, Nicholas Dobson, writes:

My father, Christopher Brian Spencer Dobson, seemed to have an answer to everything. I once asked him what he would do to solve the Northern Ireland problem. "Easy," he replied. "Put 200 of the most fanatical, extreme Protestants on a boat with 200 of the most fanatical, extreme Catholics, all from Northern Ireland, send the boat out to sea for 5 days, and then sink the boat."

His sense of intellectual curiosity, together with his varied career and most importantly his huge talent for delivering both jokes and historical fact alike, allowed him the capacity to speak knowledgeably on any subject, and to fascinate any audience. While at Cambridge, he and six friends, together with the tutor of Corpus Christi, invited six people to a drinks party where the idea was to have a competition to see who could first cover all 6 chosen subjects in general conversation amongst the six guests. The topics of conversation ranged from the sex life of the mung bean and its practical uses, racing black bears across Lake Louise in canoes, and a thesis on teaching Cardinal Wolsey's newts how to navigate through his indoor aquarium. One guest interrupted my father half way through one of his topics to say, "How fascinating! I just had a very similar conversation on how to use the saxe bugle to clear fog from runways during World War II with that fellow over there!"

His mastery of both jokes and facts alike allowed him the claim to have produced material for both the comedian Ronnie Barker and the Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath. Indeed, Chris was a man of many talents, working as writer, teacher, lawyer, comedian and politician. His multiple



*Don't Look Now – screenplay by Chris Dobson (Chris Bryant) and Allan Shiach*

jobs did cause some controversy in Canada in the early 1960s when it came to light that the private secretary to the Canadian Minister of Justice was moonlighting as a stand-up comedian. Around that time, on one show he was hosting, the producers had run out of money, and it was their last production in a television series in Canada. He and his partner, Allan, drove onto the set in the MG Chris owned at the time, a car he was particularly proud of, with nothing on the set except the two of them, the MG and a beautiful woman in a bikini in the back of the car. Chris understood that if you want to

improve the chance of making an audience laugh when you have nothing else to rely on but your jokes, a fancy sports car and a beautiful woman can only help.

Christopher Brian Spencer Dobson was born on June 7 1936 in Bolton, Lancashire, where his great-grandfather, Sir Benjamin Dobson, had made a fortune making textile machinery. Educated at Radley, he was a keen boater, and kept his own canoe at school. This one-of-a-kind canoe was custom-made by original Native American Indians. When they heard that he was taking the canoe back to England across the ocean

to keep at Radley, they assumed he was rowing three thousand miles, and made it three inches wider. On his last day at Radley, he and various friends took apart the headmaster's car and reassembled it on the top table in the dining hall under cover of night. At breakfast the next day, the teachers had their eggs and bacon underneath the engine of the headmaster's car. It was said their eggs were particularly greasy that morning.

Christopher graduated in Law at Corpus Christi, Cambridge, where he occupied the former rooms of Christopher Marlowe. In 1957 he emigrated to Canada and received his Master of Civil Law at McGill University. He was awarded a cum laude with his Master's, and when he quietly said thank you as he received it, one of his examiners remarked, "You should be; yours is only the 2nd we have given out in over a hundred years." While studying for his Master's he managed to find the time to write the songs and script for *Wry and Ginger*, a McGill college show that went on to great commercial success. A little later, he became the first teaching fellow at McGill Law School, and lectured on constitutional affairs.

Chris soon abandoned the law for show business. With Allan Shiach, whom he had met at McGill, he started trying out some of his material at parties and got so many laughs they started performing regularly. Chris adopted the stage name Chris Bryant, Shiach adopted the name Scott. Between 1961 and 1963 they co-wrote *A Late Evening* with Scott and Bryant for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network, and then *Nightcap* – generally regarded as the forerunner to NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. For two years from 1963 the pair toured the United States, Canada, Britain and Australia with their comedy act, and appeared in various television and radio shows. Such was the extensiveness of his talents, Chris afterwards returned to Canada, where he was hired to edit the Royal Commission on Taxation.

A little later, returning to show business, he and Allan Shiach ran a radio programme in the UK on what was happening in the entertainment world, and it soon became the Beatles' favourite show. The Beatles would often come along to the studio and record bits of it for themselves just for laughs. Scott and Bryant also wrote a number of shows around young entertainers such as Cliff Richard and Adam Faith. While still writing and performing, and as if he hadn't tried enough careers, he then decided to run for the Houses of Parliament in the constituency

of Bolton West – a constituency that had never gone Conservative. His desire to stress his local Conservative background was understandable – a big statue of Sir Benjamin Dobson, his aforementioned great-grandfather, looks down from a stone base in one of Bolton's main streets.

Chris and Allan graduated to the big screen with *The Man Who Had Power Over Women* (1970). *Don't Look Now* remains their finest achievement, a tightly plotted and claustrophobic thriller, fleshed out from a Daphne du Maurier short story. Directed by Nicolas Roeg, it stands comparison with the best of Hitchcock. Their other credits include *The Girl From Petrovka* (1975), starring Goldie Hawn and Anthony Hopkins; *Joseph Andrews* (1977), directed by Tony Richardson and starring Ann-Margret, John Gielgud and Michael Hordern; *The Awakening* (1980), based on a Bram Stoker novel and starring Charlton Heston; and *Martin's Day* (1984), with Richard Harris and James Coburn. After the dissolution of his writing partnership with Shiach, Chris worked largely in television and wrote several international period dramas including *Young Catherine* (1991), with Julia Ormond and Vanessa Redgrave, *The Sword of Gideon*, with Michael York and Steven Bauer, and *Foreign Affairs* with Joanne Woodward and Brian Dennehy among many other TV movies.

Chris adopted the name Chris Bryant as his professional showbiz name, although when he was unhappy with the way directors treated his work he would use a third name, Bradley T. Winter, an anagram of "Badly Rewritten". Once, while writing with Shiach, Chris commented, when hearing that the Oxfordshire water supply had been infused with female hormones to encourage fertility (and being a local of the area), "Goodness gracious – soon we'll have to tell the water how nice it looks before we drink it!"

Dobson exemplified the peculiarly Canadian talent (pointed out by the actor Christopher Plummer) for taking the best from both British and American culture, and being a consummate wit. Once, when a friend came back from the laundry and asked him if he had ever used the new coin-operated laundry, he replied, "No, but I have been in many a loin-operated quandary." On another occasion, after rowing up from Oxford to London, he asked left-luggage services how much it would be to leave an item for the weekend. Having been given a price, he returned shortly thereafter with the slightly-wider-than-normal canoe on his shoulders. The attendant burst out laughing

and told him they would store it for free over the weekend.

A talented singer, keen motorist and narrow boat enthusiast, Chris also enjoyed golf, history and literature. As a father, he was the funniest man I have ever met, and the most interesting. Even after hearing him tell jokes for over thirty years, he would still produce jokes I had never heard time and time again. He was loved by everyone who got to know him, was best man to many people, and was modest, gentle and humble to boot. Christopher Dobson, who died on October 27, married, in 1969, Penelope Riley, a Canadian double first cousin of Conrad Black; she survives Christopher with their two sons and a daughter. He was a devoted husband, an incredible father and an inspiration on how to live life both to the full for his own enrichment, and to dramatically enrich the lives of others. He will be missed very, very deeply, but never forgotten – he was an inspiration to us all.

His brothers, B.G.P. and A.C.H. Dobson, and his sons, N.C.A. and J.M.S. Dobson, were at Radley.

**Redmayne** On 18.10.2008 The Hon. Sir Nicholas John Redmayne, Bt. (d. 1951-1956). At Radley he was a School Prefect and was a member of the Fives team in 1955 and 1956 and the 1st Rugby XV's from 1954 to 1956.

**From The Daily Telegraph with permission**

Stockbroker who helped to reposition Kleinwort Benson as a leading investment bank in the 1980s

Sir Nicholas Redmayne, 2nd Bt, who died on October 18 aged 70, was a stockbroker who played a key role in developing Kleinwort Benson as one of London's leading home-grown investment banks of the "Big Bang" era.

Redmayne made his name as a partner of Grieveson Grant, a City firm which dated from 1869 and became one of the City's top gilt-edged brokers, with a growing business in the early 1980s selling gilts to Japanese investors.

That made it an attractive proposition in anticipation of the 1986 reforms known as the Big Bang, which made it possible for banks to buy brokers and jobbers to form American-style investment banks. Having initially asked Kleinwort Benson to advise them on possible mergers, the Grieveson partnership decided that Kleinwort was itself the most promising of numerous suitors.

Grieveson duly became the core of Kleinwort Benson Securities, with Redmayne as its head of sales. In a period of frenzied jockeying for City position, Redmayne was then instrumental in a coup which brought to Kleinwort a powerful team, led by Charles Hue-Williams, from the jobbing firm of Wedd Durlacher, which was about to sell itself to Barclays. This gave Kleinwort the "dual capacity" – or ability to make markets in shares as well as sell them – which was the aspiration of would-be rivals to the Wall Street giants.

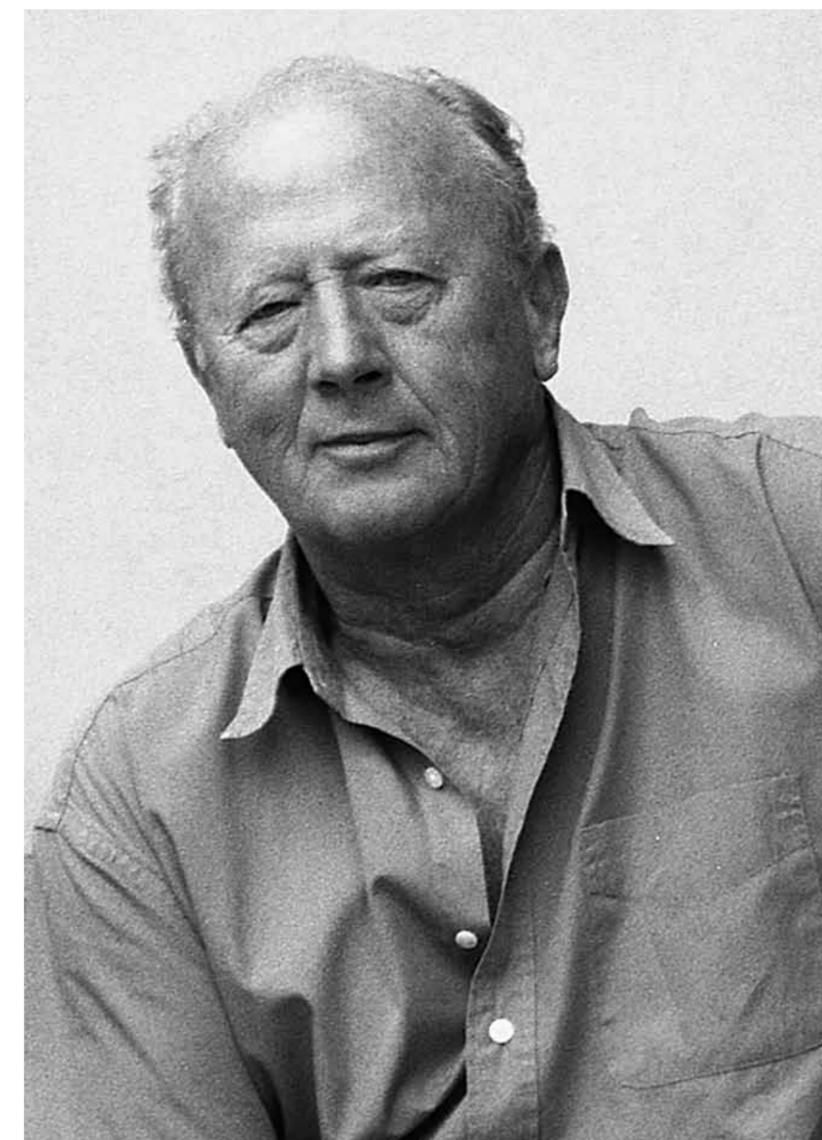
Nevertheless, it was hard for relatively undercapitalised London firms to compete on a global scale, and although Kleinwort's corporate finance business prospered, its securities side struggled. In a restructuring in 1994, Redmayne was promoted to head of securities and joint head (with David Clementi) of investment banking.

A year later, after the fall of Barings and the sale of Warburgs to Swiss Bank, Kleinwort's ability to sustain itself as an independent player began to look uncertain. Redmayne again played a part in secret negotiations, this time with Dresdner Bank of Germany, which was codenamed "Diamond", while Kleinwort was codenamed "Carat". The outcome, in August 1995, was a takeover by Dresdner which, at least initially, allowed Kleinwort to retain a high degree of autonomy. Redmayne remained as a vice-chairman of Kleinwort Benson until his retirement the following year.

Nicholas John Redmayne was born at Nottingham on February 1 1938. He was the son of Martin Redmayne, who ran a sports outfitters in the city before the Second World War but rose to command an infantry brigade during its later stages and went on to a distinguished political career. He entered parliament as Conservative member for the Rushcliffe division of Nottingham in 1950, serving from 1959 as chief whip first to Harold Macmillan and subsequently to Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Martin Redmayne was created a baronet in 1964 (his son succeeded him in 1983) and a life peer in 1966.

Nicholas was educated at Radley. Having won the Sword of Honour at Sandhurst, his service in the Grenadier Guards from 1957 to 1962 included a posting to Cameroon.

He then joined Grieveson Grant where, as an up-and-coming institutional broker, he was given charge of some of the firm's most important clients (including the retail tycoon Sir Hugh Fraser, Bt) and in due



*The Hon. Sir Nicholas Redmayne, Bt*

course joined the partnership. An urbane manner and a lively sense of humour tended to conceal the steely mind beneath; when his grip was engaged, Redmayne was a highly effective City professional.

For relaxation, he enjoyed shooting, skiing and driving fast Italian sports cars; in later years he was a passionate gardener at his home in Leicestershire.

Sir Nicholas Redmayne married first, in 1963, Ann Saunders, with whom he had a son and a daughter. The marriage was dissolved and he married secondly, in 1978, Christine Hewitt. His son Giles, born in 1968, succeeds in the baronetcy.

**Walker** On 10.4.2009 Raymond Augustus Walker, QC (a, 1957-1961). He was a

School Prefect, winner of the OR French Prize and Editor of *The Radleian*. He played in the 1st Rugby XV and Hockey XI's of 1960 and was Captain of both teams in 1961. He read Law at Trinity Hall, Cambridge and became a Barrister. He was appointed a Q.C. in 1988 and a Recorder on the South Eastern Circuit in 1993. His son, James, was at Radley.

**Barneby** On 10.1.2009 Major William Henry Barneby, (a, 1959-1963). He was in the Army from 1963 to 1983, a smallholder from 1983 to 1990 and a Computer Manager with Mainwaring Dean Associates from 1990 to 2005 when he retired. His father, H.H. Barneby, and his brothers, J.H. and R.H.H. Barneby were at Radley.



David Bastyan

**Bastyan** On 24.4.2009 David Ion Gordon Bastyan, (d, 1959-1963).

From the eulogy given by Ann Hopkins at his service:

Two or three years ago, David asked me if I would officiate at his funeral when the occasion arose. My reaction to that was one of surprise, but, in agreeing, I demanded that he should provide me with information about his life that went beyond the period of our friendship.

Imagine my amazement when a month or so later he presented me with eight hand written pages which really constituted the whole celebration of David's life – complete with quotations from Shakespeare, Keats and Goethe and detailing the music we would hear.

As what I am to read to you was written some time ago, you may find a reference he makes to the world economy is not as applicable in 2009. David's wishes are being faithfully followed – even though it means that I am the one who has to deliver it to you.

Hard-working English father, brilliant in military logistics, a Major General at 41. Beautiful and artistic mother, Scottish and French parentage, born in Baltic Provinces of Russia, fluent in six languages, worked in British Intelligence and the Resistance in the War. They met in Cairo (Allied Headquarters), married in Rome, honeymooned in paradise on the Amalfi Coast after the Italian surrender.

Against this exotic background, David was born in Bournemouth in July, between

the German and Japanese surrenders. Having witnessed the Japanese surrender at Singapore, his father eventually returned to England, took one look at his son and – wise man – promptly left for Germany, to start rebuilding that shattered country.

With constant Army moves, David went to about eight schools, including Hong Kong and Adelaide, but still managed to pass into Radley, and then the University of Adelaide, where he read modern languages, which he kept up all his life.

On graduating, he returned in early 1968 to England, via a dozen places in Asia, including fascinating Afghanistan, trained for overseas management with EMI, and then worked for them in Holland and Germany, and back to Sydney, where they parted company. It seemed a disaster at the time, as EMI was ideal – a British multinational dealing with music. Unemployed he fled to his parents now in Hobart.

After five months, the manager of Burroughs kindly employed him as a salesman. Unfortunately, David cared little for computers, nor for American business ethics (or lack of them!) But, the real work began! He had rented many times, and knew where the profits were; his talented parents held exalted positions but had never owned a brick, and never had any money! Admittedly, compensation for 15 years was to live in two Government Houses and the superb Flagstaff House in Hong Kong.

Now at 26, with total savings of \$3000, the help of the bank, and security of employment, David bought his first rental house in Queen Street. It was an

instant success. In 25 months, he (or the bank!) owned four houses, including his waterfront home at Mitah Crescent, Sandy Bay. The business lasted 29 years, reaching a peak of 17 tenancies with some to 60 tenants. Finally, with increasing government greed, and a few awful tenants, he had had enough. He missed most of the eventual capital increases, but collected the stock-market surge instead.

We have touched on his working life of business and investment. For the latter, he mostly made his own decisions, based on reading widely in finance and politics, and world affairs, all of which fascinated him. Perhaps partly because of his failure, sadly, to marry, and partly because of living in England, Hong Kong, Holland, Germany and Australia, he had very many interests. From the age of 11, he travelled constantly, mostly alone. Since 1975, he returned every second year to Europe, and elsewhere for 10 week trips. He travelled in every West European country, but mostly France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland. The great culture and civilization of England and the Continent remained the centre of his being. Europe also made him work at his languages! He believed passionately in some form of 'united Europe', from the Atlantic to the Urals, as a counterweight to the U.S, and the growing danger of China.

History, especially military history, was another fascination. To bore people silly, he could recite the dates of all the kings and queens of England, starting with the great English defeat in ten-sixty-something-or-other! History also reminded him of how lucky we are, never to have experienced major wars or depression in over 60 years.

From his water front home in Sandy Bay, he could study the stars in that dark expanse of Southern and Eastern sky. Distances are astonishing! For example, the light we see today from Rigel, in Orion, left that star at the time of that same battle of Hastings (whenever that was!)

He loved to laugh, with his mother, with Pattie, with Ann. He loved a dry sense of humor: the dismemberment of politicians in 'Yes Minister', the chaos of poor Basil Fawly; the antics of Ronnie Barker. Like many English, he often laughed at himself, something not always understood by others. He admired intellect and courage, but accompanied by modesty, not self-aggrandisement. A study of astronomy, or history shows just how insignificant we are. Shakespeare, as usual, puts it best in Macbeth, Act V.

*'Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing'*

Perhaps also 'signifying nothing', David served on a committee of the National Trust and for many years on the ABC Hobart Orchestral Association, until both bodies were disbanded in typical back stabbing manner!

He played many sports – master of none – but most of all enjoyed skiing and skating, not much use in Australia. Thanks to Rod, Marcus, Anthony and others of his chess group he also took up golf, which David really enjoyed for the first time in his life. But greatest exhilaration – and exhaustion – was climbing, starting at the ripe old age of 43! He climbed dozens of Tasmania's major peaks, mostly solo, and in one day, except for a couple of overnight climbs, thanks to Frank. Most special was Barn Bluff, the state's third highest, climbed a few days before the death of his dear mother. Heart disease stopped David's climbs and, in hindsight, explained his glacial progress and physical discomfort on slight ascents. The theory of gravity also became clear to him: collapsing onto pointed rocks or thorny bushes was bliss, because gravity came from down that-a-way. Greatest achievement was the Sonnenspitze, on the Austrian-German border, south of Munich, which his parents had climbed in 1948, with a guide who was later killed on that peak. Praise at that time was due to David's father, who feared heights. Perhaps the general was impressing his courageous and demanding wife!

Having worked in multinational companies, and created and run his own business, David believed strongly in the importance of private enterprise as the economic backbone of a society. He also believed in honesty and ethics in business, and was infuriated by the incompetence and dishonesty of the Alan Bonds and Rodney Adlers of this world.

He believed in moderation and tolerance in all things. A life-long conservative, he nevertheless was opposed to the neo-conservatives and the Second Iraq War.

He loved the peace of a church, yet disliked the dogma of religion, and believed that religion has no place in secular government, where it does intrude in the US, and increasingly in Australia. The new, very real danger of our age is religious intolerance and fundamentalism, whether

Moslem, Jewish, or Christian. US and Israeli treatment of Palestinians has been appalling.

Unrelated to David's success in business and investment, was the private and romantic world of a highly sensitive and emotional person. His motto might have been the words of Keats:

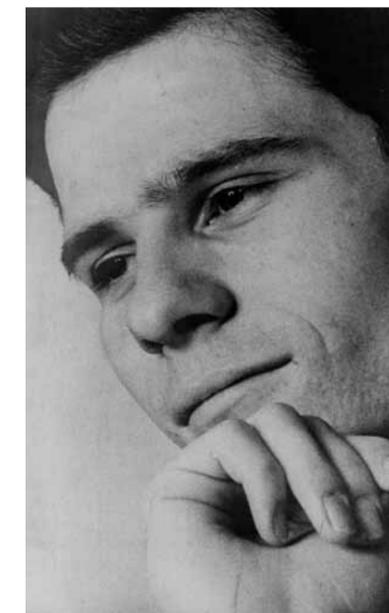
*'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,  
Its loveliness increases'*

David saw beauty everywhere – in the works of nature and in the works of man. Above all he loved mountains; The Swiss Alps or the Dolomites, the grandeur of Yosemite and Zion; where land meets water; in the heavenly Mediterranean at Dubrovnik, or Capri and Amalfi; the New Zealand Fjords and the Italian lakes; the gentle hills of his beloved England. He loved the sound of water and of the wind; the scent of flowers; the trees, the birds, and – of course – pussycats, big and small. Where to end? With volcanoes he went completely potty: Yellowstone is the location of the cataclysmic explosion of a volcano, whose base – the caldera – is 30 miles across! Most awe-inspiring of all was Mt. St. Helens, whose explosion caused the biggest landslide in recorded history, exactly 10 years before David's first visit. One is in the presence of shattering power! And the most majestic and beautiful sight of his life was high above Zermatt, his video-camera running hot with the towering Matterhorn, the majestic Dom (the Cathedral), and in the distance, Mont Blanc.

The arts of 'Old Europe' – so called by that American twerp, Rumsfeld – had a major place in David's life. He travelled far to visit beautiful architecture, especially churches and the Gothic cathedrals of France; for him, the finest building in the world was Notre Dame, in the loveliest city, Paris. And then there was St. Petersburg, and Prague, and Vienna, and so on...

He grew to love landscape and seascape paintings, especially the 17th century Dutch, who invented the genre – later followed by Australian Colonial artists, like Piguinit and Buvelot. The priceless sights from his waterfront home were typical subjects: the moon shining through broken clouds onto turbulent water, or the changing sky of sunset and dawn (although he did not often see the latter!).

Most important of all was music, the centre of his life for 40 years, until he could no longer hear it. His heart disease might be a killer, but real death came from his deafness. Fortunately, thousands of hours of listening had helped him absorb

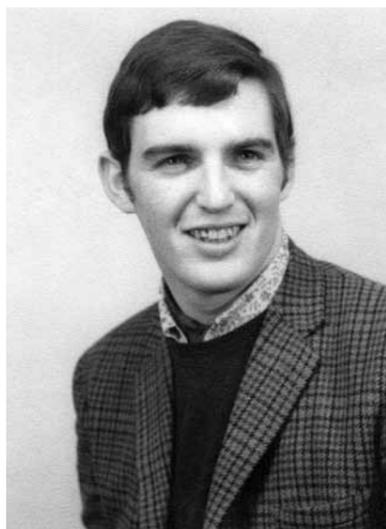


David Bastyan

large sections of orchestral music, which he could replay in his mind. He could identify many works within seconds. He revered a great many composers: Verdi, for opera; Tchaikovsky, for ballet; Schubert and Mendelssohn and Dvorak, and so on... Their works could not be performed without the great orchestras, and the great conductors – Karajan and Abbado, and many others. Conducting, for him, was the ultimate profession, with the immense responsibility of translating all those black notes into sound.

His god was Beethoven. This is not the time or place for analysis. Suffice to say, that for him, many of Beethoven's compositions are at the apex of music: the 'Eroica' and the 'Fifth', the 'Emperor' concerto, 'Coriolanus' and Leonore III, the 'Appassionata' and 'Pathétique'. This service began with the second movement of the 'Eroica', co-incidentally a Funeral March, but arguably the most important movement of the greatest and most influential symphony ever composed. To walk in the footsteps of Beethoven, at Heiligenstadt, at dusk, was a very special moment.

In 1996 when his hearing was failing badly, Margaret and Patrick talked him into joining Friends Singers, under the stern but dedicated direction of Rod. Thanks to him, David sang in over 30 concerts with four choirs: great works of Handel, Vivaldi, Bach, and many others, but greatest of all, the enormous privilege and joy of performing the Mozart Requiem, twice. Lack of hearing was an increasing problem, but his fellow



Jonnie Fenwicke-Clenell

basses helped him so much, especially Graham, Adrian, Chris and Gerry. (Of course not hearing his own voice was a great benefit to David – ha, ha!)

Thank you all, again, for coming to this service, and thank you, and his friends in Europe, in Adelaide, and here, for your friendship to David. We have followed his working life, and touched on his love of beauty. He gave us a few laughs, and was a devoted slave of many little animals.

He was often saddened that, in spite of so much beauty in the world, Man could be so destructive at times. He felt that the greatest single tragedy of his life time was the extinction (that means, forever) of so many major animal species.

His greatest joy came from Music, and from Nature, and so, in death, his quite considerable 'ill-gotten gains' mostly go to his old school in England, for a music scholarship, and to three charities in Adelaide and England for the welfare of animals, and the conservation of endangered species.

Do not regret his passing – he had no desire for the seventh age: 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.' He felt he was 'falling apart' quite sufficiently, thank you very much! Think of him as having 'conked out', or 'fallen off his perch.'

For much of his life, he sought peace of mind, now he has found it.

We conclude this service with the greatest German writer, Goethe. In 1568, Count Egmont was executed in the Market Place in Brussels, by one of the vilest rulers in Europe, the religious fanatic, Philip II of Spain. 'Egmont' is Goethe's greatest play. These are the hero's final words, on the eve

of his death, translated by David, from the beautiful German:

*Sweet sleep, you come like the purest happiness, unbidden, unsought, most willingly. You loosen the knots of serious thought, mingling all images of joy and of sorrow; unhindered, the circle of inner harmonies flows on, and wrapped in pleasant delirium, we sink, and cease, to be.*

Although David worked in Australia, he was proud to remain a British citizen.

**Fenwicke-Clenell** On 9.5.2009 Jonathan Edward (Jonnie) Fenwicke-Clenell, (b, 1961-1966). He was in the 1st Rugby XV of 1965 and Hon. Sec. of the Athletics Club for 1965-1966. He went to Cirencester where he was Captain of the College XV. He went into livestock farming and later became Clerk of Course at Carlisle, Hamilton Park and Kelso Racecourses.

**From the Carlisle News & Star:**

One of Carlisle Racecourse's most famous faces died suddenly at the weekend.

Jonnie Fenwicke-Clenell, of Raughton Head, served as clerk of the course for 16 years and was well-known across racing circles nationally.

The 61-year-old left his post a year ago following a restructure at the Durdar course.

He continued in his role at Hexham, where he was also clerk to the course, until he suffered a stroke in February. He was recovering well until a relapse at Easter and died peacefully at the Cumberland Infirmary on Saturday [9th May].

BBC racing correspondent Cornelius Lysaght had been a good friend for 20 years, since they met at Stratford Races.

"I remember it well. He was a big supporter of a horse called Blue Ravine, which was running. It was trained in Northumberland, where he was originally from, and it went on to win," he said. "That summed him up really. He had nothing against flat racing but he was massive enthusiast of jump racing.

"We often say someone is larger than life but he really was. He was the life and soul of every party. All the racing journalists knew and loved him and he was invited to their awards lunch every year. The last time I went out with him was at that party in December and he was in the best form. He was such a robust character and used to roar with laughter. It seems absolutely inconceivable that five months later he's gone."



Richard Gilchrist

Mr Fenwicke-Clenell lived at Raughton Head with his second wife Amanda.

He had three children from his previous marriage to Janet – daughter Christian and two sons Ed and Tom. He also had three grandchildren, Georgia, Olivia and new grandson Jamie.

Ed followed in his father's footsteps to become groundsman at Catterick.

His mother Veronica still lives in Northumberland.

Mr Fenwicke-Clenell had also been involved with courses at Hamilton, Ayr, Kelso and Cartmel, as well as working as an official for the Grand National at Aintree.

As a result he was well known in racing circles throughout the country and was respected by trainers, jockeys and the media, so much so that when his job at Carlisle was under threat, champion jockey Tony Dobbin led a campaign to save it. But the course's parent company, Jockey Club Racecourses, continued with the restructure and Mr Fenwicke-Clenell's post was axed. Carlisle racecourse's managing director John Baker said despite his exit, his hard work would never be forgotten.

"I worked with him for about five years and he was just a great character, almost larger than life," he said. "He was very helpful to me when I first came to Carlisle. He did a good job here for us and worked really hard.

"But aside from his work, he was a great guy just to sit down and have a beer with. This is terribly sad news and he will be missed by everyone."

**Gilchrist** On 24.1.2009 Richard Anthony Gilchrist, (g, 1964-1969). He went up to Christ's College, Cambridge and became

a Director and then Deputy Chairman of Burtonwood Brewery and a Director of Hook Norton Brewery.

**From the Chester Chronicle:**

It is thought brewery chairman Richard Gilchrist, 57, of Broxton, a married father of two, broke his neck after his horse tripped jumping a hedge in Hetherson Green, Malpas, on Saturday.

Cheshire Hunt Secretary, Simon Ashworth, a family friend, said: "Ricky's life revolved around hunting, his whole family hunted as a group. He will be missed by everyone".

Richard Gilchrist was married to Catherine and had two young daughters Lucy and Annabel. He was chairman of Warrington based Burtonwood Brewery and Oxfordshire's Hook Norton Brewery.

Pauline Barlow, chairwoman of the Cheshire Hunt, said: "In his many seasons hunting he acted as a hunt committee member, treasurer of the Point to Point, chairman of the Horse Club, founder trustee of the Jorrocks Club and member of the Tarporley Hunt Club."

**Rollo** On 26.3.2009 Major General (Norman) Hamish Rollo, CBE (c, 1968-1972).

**Duke of Lancaster's Regiment:**

It is with profound regret that the Regiment announces the death of the Major General Rollo, the Colonel of the Duke of Lancaster's Regiment. He died in his sleep at home in the early hours of Thursday 26th March.

**From the Order of Service:**

An extract from a letter Hamish recently received from General Sir Richard Dannatt GCB CBE MC ADC Gen:

"There have been many high points during your service, which I hope you will remember and enjoy in your retirement. No doubt your tours of regimental duty with the Corps of Royal Engineers, from Subaltern, Officer Commanding 3 Field Squadron and Commanding Officer, 22 Engineer Regiment, will hold especially fond memories. More recently, your Regimental and other connections culminated in your appointments as Colonel Commandant Corps of Royal Engineers, Honorary Colonel Engineer and Logistic Staff Corp Royal Engineers (Volunteers), and as Colonel The Duke of Lancaster's Regiment. There will have been other memorable times,



Major General Hamish Rollo, CBE

ranging from your time in academia at Shrivenham and the Staff Colleges, to your varied appointments on the Staff – at Grade 2 in G3 (Operational Requirements) Headquarters UK Land Forces and as the Engineer Instructor in the Combined Arms Tactics Division, at Grade 1 in the Directorate of Land Warfare, then as my Chief of Staff at Headquarters 3rd (UK) Division and also your time in Multi National Division (South West) – Bosnia.

Then came your senior appointments, as Commander 19 Mechanised Brigade and Multi National Brigade (Centre) – Kosovo, as Assistant Chief of Staff J5 Permanent Joint Headquarters (UK) encompassing operations ranging from the Balkans to Sierra Leone, Iraq and Afghanistan, and as

Assistant Commandant (Land) at the Joint Services Command and Staff College.

All this breadth and depth of experience stood you in good stead for your time as General Officer Commanding Theatre Troops – an extended command if ever there was one.

Throughout your career, you have used your intellect and deep understanding of our profession, combined with natural leadership, soundness of judgment and dedication to great effect in every arena in which you operated. Your calmness under pressure, integrity, forthrightness and determination to get things done have been an example to all those with whom you have served. Your ability to detect where change is needed and to take it forward has been



Cpl Rupert Friere RLC/Crown Copyright

Lieutenant Colonel Rupert Thorneloe

of tremendous benefit to the Army and will be the legacy which you leave behind. There are many soldiers and officers, and their families, who will have benefited from your care. Your many friends will miss you and wish you well'

Hamish Rollo was the first Colonel of The Duke of Lancaster's Regiment, an amalgamation of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, The King's Regiment and The Queen's Lancashire Regiment. These former Regiments had recognised that the new Regiment would be brought together best under the guiding hand of a Colonel without allegiance to any of the antecedents, someone who would have only the best interests of the new Regiment at heart. The choice of Colonel was natural. Hamish had fortuitously commanded the Regular battalions of all three former Regiments during his time as Commander 19 Mechanized Brigade and he had left a lasting impression on us all. He had already developed a clear understanding of the dynamics and character of each, and he willingly accepted the overtures of the new

Regiment to become its Colonel. Hamish tackled his new responsibilities with vigour and characteristic aplomb. A frequent visitor to the North West and the battalions, he had the vision required to define and shape the character of the new Regiment, steering it through its early growing pains, but ever conscious of the sensitivities associated with the trauma of amalgamation. He took great care to nurture the whole Regimental family including, importantly, the old comrades, cadets and the local communities. The former quickly came to view him as 'their' Colonel, a tribute to his undoubted powers of diplomacy and patience. At its launch. The Duke of Lancaster's Regiment was therefore well prepared to take its place in the order of battle. Hamish subsequently continued to shape the Regiment's destiny, working tirelessly to promote it to a wide audience. He undoubtedly loved his Regiment, revelling in the warmth and character of its soldiers and in its many successes. It is no exaggeration to say that the Regiment is what it is today primarily because of his inspirational leadership. He was indeed the Father of The Duke of Lancaster's Regiment.

**Lieutenant Colonel Thorneloe** On 1.7.2009 Rupert Stuart Michael Thorneloe, (c, 1983-1987). He won a Thompson Award to Radley.

**From The Times with permission**

Rupert Thorneloe was a man of sharp analytical mind and yet of much heart. Everyone knows individuals with one or the other of these characteristics but they are seldom combined in the level of quality Thorneloe personified. Killed travelling in a tracked Viking vehicle vulnerable to Taliban improvised explosive devices (IEDs), questions inevitably arise as to why. The answer is that it was part of a resupply convoy available to take him forward to see his Welsh Guardsmen closely involved in operations. It was a risk of the kind that commanding officers take on active operations almost every day. Soldiering is a risky profession.

Thorneloe and Trooper Joshua Hammond, of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, were killed by the same explosion on July 1, 2009, some five miles north of Lashkar Gah in Helmand province,

Afghanistan. The Welsh Guards battlegroup under Thorneloe's command was in the opening stages of Operation Panchai Palang (Panther's Claw), designed to extend security force control — including that of the Afghan Army and police — in the north of the region in advance of the Afghan presidential elections in August. Concurrently, a large formation of United States Marines began a complementary action in the south, to where the Taliban had returned after the withdrawal of US forces from that area three years ago.

The preponderance of firepower, including aircraft and unmanned drones, unquestionably lies with the Nato and Afghan forces deployed, yet the terrain and the hold that a ruthless terrorist faction can exert over a largely pastoral local population weighs heavily in the balance. Ground may be dominated and villages cleared but unless continuous protection is provided the Taliban will return to exact vengeance. Consequently, it is not so much a matter of winning the hearts and minds of a notoriously xenophobic population, but rather to provide both security and material advantage to an extent that the Taliban will eschew violence and seek to share in the benefits. This is the longer-term objective in which Thorneloe firmly believed.

He went to Afghanistan thoroughly prepared militarily and politically alert for what lay ahead. Before taking over command of 1st Welsh Guards last October, he was the military assistant to the two successive defence secretaries, Des Browne and John Hutton. These assignments brought him into close contact with intelligence on the situation in Afghanistan and the measures planned and forecast to deal with it.

Rupert Stuart Michael Thorneloe was born in 1969, the son of Major John and Mrs Veronica Thorneloe of Kirtlington, Oxfordshire. He was educated at Radley and the University of Reading, where he studied sociology. Commissioned into the Welsh Guards in 1992, he served as a platoon commander and company second in command in Northern Ireland before being appointed Adjutant of the 1st Battalion in London. He also spent a year as intelligence liaison officer with the Royal Ulster Constabulary in South Armagh and another as an intelligence analyst at the UK's Permanent Joint Headquarters at Northwood, before qualifying at the Joint Service Command and Staff College, Shrivenham, in 2002.

For the next two years he commanded a company with the 1st Welsh Guards

before becoming Operations Officer of the 1st (UK) Armoured Division in Germany. In late 2005 he went ahead to Basra to prepare the division's deployment to take over Multinational Command South East in Iraq. This was the beginning of the phased handover of responsibility for security in the region to the Iraqi Army and police. Lieutenant General John Cooper, then commanding the division, looked on Thorneloe as his right-hand man in analysing and presenting the options in this process of handing over a significant degree of responsibility to the Iraqis by July 2006. Subsequently, Thorneloe was charged with planning Command South East's programme for training the Iraqi 10th Division for operations to counter the subversive activities of al-Mahdi Army in and around Basra. He was appointed MBE in 2006 for his service in Iraq.

On return to England in August 2006, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel to take up the MoD appointment of military assistant to the assistant chief of defence staff (policy), Major-General Andrew Stewart. This was a demanding and sensitive post at the centre of ministerial policymaking and consequently a sound apprenticeship for the similar post to the secretary of state. His selection for that and his performance in support of two ministers of significantly different experience and personality indicated his intellectual ability, charm of manner and complete reliability. The post called for sensitive antennae for anything the minister should know and tact in advising who might be heeded and who better ignored. Browne, more respected in the MoD than is generally understood, said it had been a privilege to know Thorneloe; Hutton thought him one of the most exceptional officers of his generation.

Brigadier Tim Radford, commander of Task Force Helmand, said on hearing of his death: "He died as he had lived his life, leading from the front. I valued his leadership, his honesty and his enormous moral and physical courage. He was destined for greatness in the Army."

Although a tall and commanding figure, Thorneloe appeared to be of a more gentle and thoughtful nature than the hard-talking American and British officers customarily seen on television screens speaking from one of the battle zones. He dismissed suggestions that British Forces in Afghanistan are underresourced, saying, "The training and kit are outstanding." His recent work in the MoD had given him a proper understanding of the Nato force aims in Afghanistan and of the operation just beginning and still

continuing. He was clearly determinedly committed to the war, believing it to be both just and winnable. "The mission is one that people do believe in," he told The Times.

He was an enthusiastic polo player until his late twenties but then switched his allegiance to sailing, only disposing of his boat to spend more time with his young family.

He is survived by his wife, Sally, and their two small daughters.

Lieutenant Colonel R. S. M. Thorneloe, MBE, Commanding Officer 1st Welsh Guards, was born on October 17, 1969. He was killed on July 1, 2009, aged 39

**From The Telegraph with permission**

Lieutenant Colonel Rupert Thorneloe, who was killed in Afghanistan on July 1 aged 39, was commanding officer of the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards and the most senior Army officer to be killed in action since the Falklands war in 1982.

Thorneloe was considered one of his generation's highest fliers, earning the respect of his military and political masters alike.

One of only eight Army officers since 1948 to have been killed on operations while in command of their units, Thorneloe was the first since Lieutenant Colonel "H" Jones, VC, who was killed leading an attack at Goose Green in the Falklands in May 1982.

A tall, charismatic figure with a formidable intellect, Thorneloe was also considered friendly and informal; he belonged to a modern school of thoughtful soldiery.

The 1,000 men under his command were deployed in Helmand province, where they were responsible for improving security in and around the provincial capital, Lashkar Gah, an area that is home to about half the province's population.

In February, a month before the 1st Battalion was deployed to Helmand, Thorneloe gave an interview about his regiment's prospects. "We are pretty well-prepared," he declared, "but it will be a challenging tour, and the biggest challenge will be to win the hearts and minds of the Afghan people."

Once in Afghanistan he was deeply affected by the cruelty of the Taliban, and was convinced of the justice of the British military presence in the country. "After 9/11 this war has real resonance, and it is the top end of soldiering, a real test," he told a journalist, adding: "We are conscious in the Welsh Guards that we are writing regimental history here."



Cpl Rupert Freer RLC/Crown Copyright

Lieutenant Colonel Rupert Thorneloe

Rupert Stuart Michael Thorneloe was born on October 17 1969 and educated at Radley and Reading University. After attending Sandhurst, he was commissioned into the Welsh Guards in 1991.

As a young officer he had experience of soldiering in Northern Ireland and, in addition to regimental duties, he spent a year as an intelligence liaison officer with the Royal Ulster Constabulary Special Branch in South Armagh.

In 1999, after an appointment as adjutant, he moved to Permanent Joint Headquarters, Northwood, as an intelligence analyst. He was posted to Bosnia in 2002 as a company commander and, in 2004, he became G3 at HQ 1 (UK) Armoured Division. He was appointed MBE in 2006 for service on operations in Iraq.

Thorneloe moved to the MoD in 2006 as military assistant to the Assistant Chief of Defence Staff before becoming military assistant to the then Defence Secretary, Des

Browne. He left for Afghanistan last year, having taken command of the 1st Battalion.

One company commander spoke of “Colonel Rupert’s” enviable capacity for work. Thorneloe’s reputation among the highest echelons of the Army and the government, after his spell with the Defence Secretary, was undisputed. He was recognised as an outstanding officer destined for the very top.

Among many moving tributes was one from the Chief of the General Staff, General Sir Richard Dannatt, who described Thorneloe as an officer “at the leading edge of his generation”.

Meanwhile, his operations officer, Captain Ed Launders, said: “He combined an astute military brain with real compassion for the men under his command and a unique ability to spot opportunities where others would not.”

Thorneloe was killed alongside the Shamalan Canal, near Lashgar Gah. He had left his HQ in a Viking armoured vehicle to visit his men. He and Trooper Josh Hammond, aged 18, died when a roadside bomb was detonated.

Across all services, the last British commanding officer to be killed on operations was Wing Commander Thomas Nigel Elsdon, of 27 Squadron RAF (Tornado GR1), in January 1991 during the first Gulf War.

As a young man Thorneloe had been a skilful polo player, and he had later taken up sailing and game shooting. Although yachting remained a passion, he had latterly sold his boat to devote more time to his young family.

Rupert Thorneloe is survived by his wife, Sally, whom he married in 2004, and their two daughters.

**From The Times with permission**

3 July 2009

Colonel Rupert Thorneloe: an optimist convinced of a ‘just mission’

Tom Coglan

Colonel Rupert Thorneloe, 39, was a tall and commanding figure but seemed one of a breed of gentler, more thoughtful warriors that the British Army produces.

I spent three days in his company last week and interviewed him six days before he was killed. I found him sitting next to his camp bed in the spartan surroundings of his headquarters in Forward Operating Base Argyll last Thursday evening.

Like the rest of his men, his only cover from the elements was a poncho sheet stretched overhead. He was reading a yachting magazine by the light of a red-tinted head torch, with his feet stretched out in front of him.

Yachting was a passion of his, he said, smiling and putting the magazine aside, but since his marriage, the costs of a young family had caused him to sell his boat.

He was informal and friendly, keen to help me to get to where things would be interesting, and determinedly committed to the war — one he believed to be just and winnable. “The mission itself is one that people do believe in,” he said.

He gave me a detailed brief of the operational situation facing the British in Nad-e-Ali. The enemy were light and quick on their feet, he acknowledged, but they were having trouble with their logistics and that would make life progressively harder for them. Ultimately, the Taliban’s only option was to outlast their opponents, he reasoned. “Their campaign is a delaying operation. Their military professionalism is a myth. They make mistakes.”

It was clear that he was an optimist, who believed that the Afghan people were latent supporters of a sound Afghan Government and of the British presence in their midst. He was appalled by the cruelty he saw in the Taliban. “I had an eight-year-old girl tell one of my soldiers that her father, a teacher, was hanged, drawn and quartered while the family were forced to watch.” He found no difficulty in fighting against an organisation capable of such cruelty.

Like many soldiers, he seemed to relish the challenge of the Afghan war. “After 9/11 this war has real resonance and it is the top end of soldiering, a real test.” He added: “We are conscious in the Welsh Guards that we are writing regimental history here.”

At evening conference calls he held with the officers under his command in far-flung checkposts — sometimes with the sound of munitions landing in the distance — he was quietly authoritative and polite, and usually finished by congratulating them on some piece of excellence he believed the battalion to have performed that day.

He dismissed suggestions that the British were underresourced. “The training and kit are outstanding,” he said. However, at the mention of the human cost of the war, he was subdued.

Three of his men had been killed, he said. Lance-Sergeant Tobie Fasfous died in

April; Lieutenant Mark Evison was killed in May; on June 16 Colonel Thorneloe lost one of his company commanders, Major Sean Birchall.

He spoke sadly of the last occasion he saw Major Birchall: a night operation when they had both sat and marvelled at the clarity of the stars in Afghanistan. “I went to sleep listening to Pachelbel’s Canon on my iPod, looking at those stars. It is a special memory,” he said.

“We are a one-battalion regiment. Everyone knows everyone. It is a big hit to lose someone, but there is an absolute understanding that the mission is vital, and that those we’ve lost wouldn’t have wanted to be elsewhere — and they would want us to see it through.”

**From The Times with permission**

July 9, 2009

Open letter to a hero’s daughters, from the daughter of a murdered officer

Alexandra Blair

Dear Hannah and Sophie,

I was busy sorting out the washing and unpacking after a holiday in Greece when I heard of the death of your father, Lieutenant Colonel Rupert Thorneloe, aged 39. Whenever casualties in Iraq or Helmand are mentioned, my antennae are primed. Fears of hearing a familiar name are rarely justified but this time, they were.

We met your parents at a party some months ago. Your father was heading to Afghanistan soon afterwards and, like every professional soldier, was clearly looking forward to taking his troops of the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards on operation.

It is every soldier’s goal to lead his men into battle and the men at the party, some of whom had served in the Army but seen nothing to compare with the action faced in Afghanistan, talked to him animatedly about what he might expect. A little envious, perhaps. Above all, he said that he was concerned to bring his troops back safely, and at the same time was anxious about leaving you and your mother at home, aware of the risks.

It did not seem fair to question your mother about whether she was frightened of what might happen or whether she had considered that he might not return. Instead, she and I discussed you and your sleeping habits and whether our toddler upstairs was screaming because she was afraid of the dark

or of being in a strange house with lots of noise. Mundane maternal worries.

I was nervous, though, because 30 years ago my father, David Blair, was killed in action in Northern Ireland by the IRA. Like your father, he was proudly commanding his regiment, the 1st Battalion Queen’s Own Highlanders. He was on a short tour of Ulster before being posted to Hong Kong.

He died, along with Lance Corporal Victor Macleod and 16 other soldiers from 2 Para, at Warrenpoint on August 27, 1979. Soldiers had been killed by a roadside bomb and he had gone to investigate. Nineteen minutes after the first blast, a second bomb was detonated, killing my father and several others. He had just turned 40 and is still the most senior British Army officer to have died in Northern Ireland.

Both tall, good-looking men in their prime, our fathers seem to share a lot in common. Virtually the same age, old boys of the same school, Radley College, and now two of just eight commanding officers to have died on operations in command of their units since 1948.

Of course, they also shared a family. You are younger than my brother and me, who were then aged 8 and 10, but our loss is the same. Your father was also clearly deeply loved, admired and respected by his men and by all around him, from his guardsmen to General Sir Richard Dannatt, the Chief of the General Staff.

Many brave men and women are dying in Iraq and Afghanistan today. But few are picked out, like our fathers, for such scrutiny. In part it is their bravery, in part it is because, as leaders of men, they have paid the ultimate price. And they are young. They have become heroes overnight, even if that description is one which, in life, they would almost certainly have denied. All those who knew your father say that he had a brilliant career ahead of him, that he would have reached the top, and that, in the words of Bob Ainsworth, the Defence Secretary, he led his men with “energy, care and pride”.

In your grief, none of these tributes will carry any meaning at the moment. You will probably barely understand that your father, whom you love more than any man in the world, is never going to come home and sweep you into his arms again. That he will never be sharing family holidays or walks with you. That he will not be there to turn to for advice when you are a teenager and want to know what A levels or university to choose. That you will never be able to send Father’s Day cards to him.

Your mother will be desperate to hold you to her, not wanting to let you out of her

sight — not even at bedtime — in a way that will continue long after the immediate pain has passed and even after you have left school and are well into adulthood. But your mere presence will support her in her struggle to carry on.

In years to come, you will be proud to know that your father died leading his men, and that they loved him. Talk of whether Viking armoured vehicles, like the one that was carrying him, offer adequate protection against roadside bombs will likely be irrelevant, because nothing will bring your father back.

Like those men who killed my father, your father’s killers are unlikely ever to be caught. But I hope that you may also come to realise that not all Afghans are the Taleban and that many of them appreciate British efforts, including those of your father and his troops, to restore their country to the safer place it is trying to become.

In some ways, we are luckier than most. The regiment is still an extended but close-knit family. For 30 years it has protected and cared for our family and I am certain that the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards will do exactly the same for you and your mother.

Having died so young, at the height of his career, Rupert Thorneloe will always be remembered. For decades to come, old soldiers will want to meet you and regale you with tales from when they and your father were on operations together, and tell you how much they loved him.

One day, you will take comfort from this and from the knowledge that, wherever he is, he is looking out for you. And will do always.

Yours, Alex

**Honorary Members**

**Brookfield** On 25 or 26.11.2008 Sydney Joshua Brookfield

From *The Radleian* 1982:

Radley without Sydney Brookfield seems hardly imaginable. Sydney has made a hobby of retirement in recent years and this will be his fourth since 1971. But from each of his previous retirements love of the classroom has brought him back to mathematics teaching “just to help out for a little while” or “just for a few more periods this year”.

Sydney was brought up at Boston in Lincolnshire but shook off the clunch at an early age when he came up to Jesus

College, Oxford. Since then he has been a committed Oxonian in every sense, devoted to both the City and the University, and to the Radley Common Room he has been generous in introducing his friends from Oxford. Sydney started teaching in 1934 at Southfield School where (apart from his wartime service as a Naval Scientific Officer) he remained for over thirty years. In the nineteen-sixties Southfield amalgamated with the City of Oxford High School and became Oxford School. The bureaucrats for once were wise enough to retain some of the qualities of the original schools and Sydney stayed on as Joint Head of Maths. But the atmosphere was less congenial and so he took a slightly early retirement in April 1971. And in September of that year began, to Radley's inestimable gain, Sydney's second career. A Maths post fell suddenly vacant in August and a phone call from the Warden's secretary brought Sydney in from his garden. It was Cincinnatus all over again, and when the following year Nick Eyres retired to Cumberland the Warden was pleased and thankful to be able to offer the Headship of Department to Sydney. These were Augustan years. Firm but benign, Sydney could lead from the top because of his own outstanding qualities as a teacher: patient, meticulous and painstaking, never satisfied with less than the best, but above all spreading and inspiring love and enthusiasm for the subject. In 1977 he retired from the senior post but stayed on to teach a half timetable. He was an object lesson in the art of elder statesmanship in the help and support he gave his successor. 1979 saw the Department one short and Sydney gallantly shouldered a full load again; for the last two years we have been back at full strength and our two youngest colleagues united in tribute to the help and advice he would never force on them but always be ready to give. Giving is so much a part of Sydney – giving his warmth, his knowledge and his service to his pupils, his colleagues, and their children.

Now Sydney retires for the fourth time to his home in North Oxford and his private pupils. That so many of these are now the sons and daughters (daughters especially for there is no keener eye for the lovelies than Sydney's) of his former charges is probably the truest acknowledgement of the love he inspires in his friends and the greatest recognition of his qualities as a teacher.

**Langrish** On 20.9.2008 Jacky Langrish nee Viner, wife of Hugo Langrish. Jacky was In-College Matron of C, E and F Socials before she married Hugo in 1961. Jacky



*Sydney Brookfield*

was always on hand to help with costumes for the plays. Hugo and Jacky retired from Radley in 1987.

**Scott** On 22.12.2008 Jackie Scott, Pastoral Housemistress of C Social from 2003 to 2007.

**Skipper** In April 2009, David J Skipper. David was a member of the Radley Common Room from 1957 to 1963.

From *The Radleian* 1963:

Shortly before he left for Rugby, someone asked David what he had regarded as the happiest part of his work here. He replied instantly, "Teaching Chemistry", and anyone who knew him well could see that he loved his subject and loved teaching it. Both inside and outside the classroom, his manner was friendly and patient. He would think nothing of spending unlimited time on a single boy or a single problem and if anyone – boy or colleague – was in trouble, David's helpful reaction was as generous as it was automatic.

When one catalogues David's activities at Radley, the list is a long one. For three years he coached the 1st XV and organised the School's Rugby, and it was a cardinal point of his policy that the game should be played as openly as possible. Some memorable matches resulted, as for instance, the St. Edward's game of 1960. He was extremely sensitive to the fortunes of the XV and they were always grateful to him for the pains that he took on their behalf and pleased for his sake when they won a victory.

David commanded the R.A.F. Section with great distinction and, encouraged by him, they learnt to glide, to fly themselves,

and in many cases succeeded in winning Flying Scholarships. The College sprinters were always eager to borrow some of his electric speed, and one should certainly remember David's link as Sub-Tutor of Crowson's Social, where he delighted in working with his former teacher, P.S.C., and where he had the chance to meet and to help so many boys.

Brenda and David attached tremendous importance to their work in Radley Village; here Brenda taught the Sunday School and was Chairman of the Young Wives, while David turned his energies to creating the Radley Playing Fields. In a wider context, too, David found time to do a good deal of valuable work in Oxford Prison.

David's translation to Rugby, though exciting for him, robs us of a sympathetic teacher, who will be much missed. Fortunately, he and Brenda will not be too far away to visit us often.

After Radley he taught chemistry at Rugby. He became Headmaster of Ellesmere College from 1969 to 1981 and then Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, Northwood from 1982 to 1991. After Merchant Taylors' he ran a distance learning PGCE course for independent school teachers in conjunction with South Bank University until about 1998 when he retired and moved back to Shropshire.

**Treglown** On 26.8.2008 Geoff Lionel Treglown.

From *The Radleian* 2000:

"Well maestro?" GLT's quietly understated words as he suggests a wiser course of action to a less experienced student or colleague. And "maestro" GLT has been during his 37 years of service to Radley. How miraculous it was that he successfully recovered from serious illness in 1993, and how surprising that a mere three appointments have been made to replace him.

His talents and responsibilities have been boundless: G social Sub-Tutor; expedition leader; CCF Colonel; backstage drama supremo; 2nd XI cricket coach; keeper of the college vehicles; chemistry don; Co-ordinator of Science and most recently Head of Information Technology.

Geoff read Natural Sciences at Cambridge and was appointed to Radley in 1963 since when he has served under Wardens Milligan, Silk and Morgan. "Trag", as he was affectionately nicknamed, was headhunted as a living in Sub-Tutor by Raymond King, G social tutor. His bachelor



*Geoff Treglown in his element in Greenland*

flat soon became the planning centre for many expeditions to remote locations. Those who were fortunate enough to join a GLT trip to Norway, Iceland or Greenland will remember his amazing capacity to plan every small detail. Land Rovers, boats, outboard motors, Arctic Guinea tents, primus cookers, compo rations, climbing ropes and ice axes all materialised without fuss. A whole new camp vocabulary developed: can spanners (tin openers); winders (spoons); weevils (ships biscuits, dry, gas-packed); an Icelandic mile (a long, long way).

Nothing phased the "maestro". GLT's medical kit even included emergency dental operating equipment. Countless Radleian expeditionaries survived to tell the tale despite their best efforts to incinerate themselves in boiling hot springs, fall into crevasses, or drown in raging glacial meltwater streams in an era when regulations allowed a more adventurous approach to outdoor activity. Pre-expedition training was often organised at Mountain Rescue centres. On one such trip GLT's career was very nearly terminated when, as a volunteer stretcher "casualty", he unwisely put his trust in a young recruit who proceeded to bump him unceremoniously down a vertical cliff in the Brecon Beacons. A rare GLT error of judgement...

GLT's tool kit was equally impressive and it came as no surprise that not only did it contain the necessary spare gaskets and half-shafts to sustain elderly and much loved Land Rovers or primus cookers but that GLT had the mechanical skills to undertake the inevitable repairs, whether

it be welding a subframe in the Radley workshops or reassembling a mangled rear-differential with pliers and spanner, three days from civilisation in deepest Iceland. He also administered the running of the college vehicles for many years and earned the respect of both Common Room and a succession of Bursars.

The CCF prospered under GLT's leadership (he had been a member of the Cambridge University OTC). The CCF stores mysteriously multiplied as deals were done. Spare tyres bartered for frame tents and Land Rovers upgraded to 3-ton lorries. GLT was also well ahead of his time in his determination to get Common Room trained as HGV drivers or qualified as Mountain Leaders. It was a fitting tribute that Geoff was awarded the prestigious Queen's Jubilee Medal in 1977 for his services to the CCF and finally retired in 1984 at the rank of Lt. Colonel.

GLT was a member of the formidable Chemistry team of Mike Lewis, Dick Usherwood and Guy Waller. Scientists, both young and old, will remember his infrequent and potentially lethal demonstrations of the thermit reaction. An anxious crowd would develop around the packed crucible. A hush descended as the countdown progressed to its spectacular finale when an incandescent roar of white flame preceded the meltdown which usually included the surrounding tarmac. GLT's practical approach to chemistry will live on, imprinted as it is on various sections of the Radley grounds and laboratory ceilings. GLT was then appointed Coordinator of Science achieving the difficult job of welding not only the sciences

but also developing links to the worlds of computing and technology.

Geoff was the ideal candidate to take on the challenging role of Coordinator of Information and Communication Technology (ICT) in 1992. Under his wise offices, ICT at Radley has become a model to which other schools aspire. The 1990s saw a massive expansion of the campus-wide computer network, exponential growth in the college provision of work stations, laptops and a bewildering variety of peripherals and multi-media devices. By a mixture of painstaking research, formidable scientific brain and command of detail, Geoff always seemed to make the right decisions when faced with the latest technological leap of faith. His wisdom and financial acumen meant that he was able to win over the Bursar at a time when many schools blanched at the seemingly infinite demands of the ICT budgetary monster. He also broadened the base of those contributing to Radley technology. The creation of a Network Committee led to such innovations as the electronic reporting system and Greybook, a campus-wide email system and a Radley website and intranet.

No description of GLT would be complete without recording his enormous contribution to Radley drama during 30 years. More than four hundred School, Social and Dons' plays were produced under GLT's expert backstage guidance and support. He and his team of young helpers showed a mastery of scenery, props, lighting and effects which was the envy of many professional theatres. Countless extra hours were spent in the weeks preceding a production in central hours, afternoons and evenings. Geoff's car was invariably first to arrive on campus in the morning and last to leave at night.

It was a cruel and unexpected shock when Geoff was struck by transverse myelitis in 1993. Two long months followed when all except GLT seemed to accept the inevitability that he would never walk again and that his teaching career and activities had come to an end. It was a humbling and uplifting experience to visit him as he lay motionless but alert and always with a positive view of how the future would unfold. The old Radcliffe Infirmary was crowded by his many visitors and a Common Room booking system was established (as per college vehicles) to regulate the tidal flow. Under an intensive regime of care and physiotherapy, slowly, imperceptibly, slight feeling returned. Soon visitors were allowed to wheelchair GLT around Oxford, a rare opportunity

for others to take the driving seat. Geoff's determination and complete lack of self-pity drove him to take the first halting, supported steps and then the long march back to mobility. Soon he was insisting on afternoon visits back to Radley to direct stage preparations from his wheelchair. Teams of boys scurried around at his command and woe betide anyone who imagined that standards would be allowed to slip, simply because GLT was not on top of a ladder supervising the attachment of a rope or the manhandling of a crucial piece of scenery.

Geoff finally left hospital, via a 3-month period of rehabilitation at the Rivermead Centre: home, coping, driving, walking (with occasional stick assistance) and back in the classroom. No fuss. No compromise. There followed 7 intensive years during which time Geoff again committed himself energetically and selflessly to the service of Radley and his life beyond.

And so the next scene unfolds. The M6 and GLT have become well acquainted over the last 10 years and it was therefore no surprise to learn that he will be retiring to Kendal near to his beloved Lake District. Happily his passion for expeditions and outdoor pursuits will continue through long and strong links with the nearby Brathay Exploration Group. How lucky they will be to draw on his wisdom and experience. Geoff, we wish you a long, active and richly-deserved retirement. The chasm left by your departure will hit us hard. A warm Radley welcome awaits you, whenever the trusty Volvo is southward bound. "Well maestro – how are things?" we will both say.

*John Harris*

A tribute by Jim Hare, Director of Drama, 1981-1994:

***A LINGERING GAZE AT GEOFF TREGLOWN AND A FINAL GLANCE AT THE OLD GYM***

If you stand between the Old Gym and Clock Tower, and look skyward in an easterly direction, you cannot fail to notice that a few of the diamond shaped window panes are coloured: that, of course, is because you are looking at a construction that was originally designed to serve as a church.

Doubtless eager to fulfil its intended purpose in that capacity, it is thought its first resting place may have been as a sort of flat pack – leaning against a damp wall at Bristol Docks, patiently awaiting its imminent transportation to Australia.

Such a future was thwarted, however, in 1860, by Sewell who promptly purchased it and proudly erected it in its current prominent position on the Radley campus – which must have given Clock Tower much to ponder, I imagine. The rumour that the said time machine stopped chiming for some years: a silent protest, perhaps, at the perceived challenge to its authority cannot be true as the clock was not added to the tower until 1864.

Anyway, Sewell ensured that his impulsive acquisition would for ever stand dignified in its unintended subsequent roles – first, as a place of exercise, later, as a place of theatre. Over the ensuing century, it must have witnessed many auspicious meetings – and fascinating conversations – of the like-minded under its graceful, rusting, corrugated iron roof.

If only walls could talk, eh?

As for Geoff Treglown – the Chemistry Teacher – well, I fancifully like to think of the building as his spiritual home. Of his subject I know next to nothing, but I feel confident that all Radleians will forgive – as no doubt he would have done – my clumsy reliance on the Oxford English Dictionary to see me through my rambling reflections. Back-stage, Geoff really did seem in his element, 'an environment that is satisfying, and cannot be split by chemical means'. A welcome break from his laboratory, perhaps.

My diary confirms that I first met Geoff on the afternoon of September 3rd., 1982. We bumped into one another, literally, in the doorway to Common Room, at about 4 p.m.: he, a seasoned expert fresh from his sabbatical, and I, a relatively new English don of only one year's experience. Tea, cheese-and-chutney sandwiches, scones with raspberry jam and cream, were always in abundance – quite the rage in those heady, early days, thanks to the ever dependable Catering Department.

All the above I mention, because over the years that followed, our paths so often randomly crossed in that location at roughly that time – we just both habitually surfaced there and then for a breath of fresh air whilst the rest of College did Sport – and we exchanged urgent views, swapped possible solutions to the endless set-backs, and occasionally fell out: we each fought our corners, but one of us had to give way, and an uneasy compromise was generally agreed over coffee and biscuits (he had three, I had one, in case that is of interest to anybody) at Short break the next morning. Looking back, I would estimate the overall score as near to 50/50 as you could reasonably get.

There was never any resentment, though.

What was obvious from the start, however, was an instinctive, mutual, tacit agreement: when it came to Drama, he would do the back bit, and I would do the front. I was happy with that: in one stroke Geoff had suddenly halved my future work-load in the Old Gym. As the years progressed, on a Saturday night for example, when the final curtain came down and the JCR beckoned, GLT would alone sort out the mess left behind by the rapidly departing senior actors and crew who wished to join me for a celebration drink in the Mansion cellars.

You could argue, with some justification, that the deal went even further. As the recently appointed new Director of Drama, it naturally fell to me to plan and organize the year's Drama Calendar: room had to be made for the Haddon Cup, eight Social Plays, the College Play, unexpected Lectures, an occasional Gilbert and Sullivan or Dons Play, visiting Professional Companies, last-minute extra productions by dons or boys – they all had to be cunningly and skilfully squeezed into a seemingly impossibly tight schedule. Also, and most important of all, it was essential to check that these bookings did not coincide with and disrupt other College events which might – and often ought to – take precedence.

These daunting, confusing, thorny conundrums, however, I spectacularly resolved, by optimistically crossing my fingers and popping my head back into the clouds – hoping that the problems would stop bothering me if I ignored them. They did. Geoff was always diligent in routinely reminding me of what was due to happen next, however, and in my hearing at least, he never complained of such a thankless and onerous task.

As the Sub Warden of that era, whose inner-eye always monitored and observed these things, mildly – but shrewdly remarked, "Jim did the plays, Geoff made them happen". Hamish Aird could have added, I suppose, that whilst I didn't do all the plays, no play ever took place without the great maestro Geoff: such an idea was unthinkable and simply never occurred.

At first, I thought of us as opposites: he, the unflappable army sort (CCF etc.); me, the volatile arty type (JCR etc.). Yet, needless to say, he was reliably present in the darkened auditorium, with his mini-torch, pen and note-pad, at every Technical and Dress rehearsal during my time at Radley. I don't think he ever discarded his jeans to put on a suit and watch a performance, though: after all that work, and having witnessed the action more than

a dozen times from the wings, why should he – by then he must have seen quite enough.

On the Technical side, the risks we took were daring and potentially disastrous. A huge number of fuses blew in 13 years, and many a shocked but privileged boy was ordered to sprint down to the Science Block, and very respectfully – breathlessly – request Mr. Treglown to abandon his marking and instantly beam himself back to the back-stage area to sort it all out. If it's not too much trouble, sir. He always did.

Fine: a fuse needed to be mended or replaced. Was it Lighting? Sound? Director? One of them, two of them or all of them? He had to quickly distinguish between the lot, and on many occasions, use his diplomatic skills to fix the egos of all three before anyone could retire to bed. If the set had so much as wobbled – which it never did – Geoff would have personally leant on it all night long if necessary to stop it from falling. As all his admiring colleagues were aware, it was only once he had sent his loyal boys back to their Socials, with instructions to sleep well, that he would finally lock the Old Gym doors and drive himself back to his home on the Peachcroft estate.

I used to wonder whether he regarded there as his refuge from College, but I somehow doubted it: at dawn, the following morning, he parked his silver car in the space that was indisputably his – adjacent to the same last door that he had locked at midnight the night before. Geoff was very security conscious, thank goodness. He would re-open the premises, so that those who needed to gain access could easily do so, carefully check the area – and only then descend to his classroom to do his day's timetabled teaching of his subject.

CHEMISTRY: 'The scientific study of substances and their elements and how they react when combined or in contact with one another'. Apply his passion for that subject, and unite it with his perception of his pupils, and you immediately understand the man. What a truly great schoolmaster he was.

Looking back, I sometimes think of the plays we did together as a sort of series of ongoing experiments: in my left hand I held a test-tube full of toxic chemicals, and in my right, a Bunsen burner; the Old Gym might have regularly blown-up had Geoff not repeatedly raced to my rescue with a flashing blue light, leading his devoted boys, each bearing a bright red fire-extinguisher, all eager to merrily squirt foam. Lives could have been lost. Under his command? I think not.

Subconsciously, I suppose I must hold a thousand memories of Geoff. For some reason, *Dead Poets Society* tickles my mind. As regards the issue of smoking on stage, the play's thrust perhaps demanding that the action makes no sense without it, Warden Silk always trusted me by leaving it to my discretion. But after the last night of that particular play – the party over, the set dismantled, the boys sent to bed – Geoff approached me with his broom and calmly informed me that he had just swept-up more fag-butts in half-an-hour than he had ever previously been required to do in his entire career as a teacher.

It somehow follows that matters of Health and Safety in the Old Gym must have prevented him from ever having a good night's sleep throughout the 1980s. Sorry pal – my fault.

True friendship is forged, never forced. I will always remember Geoff with tremendous affection – maybe because once we had both left Radley, between us, we had no unfinished business to regret. We left the boards that the boys trod in the Old Gym, having made sure that they were sanded-down, polished, and shiny, ready for what the next generation might bring. Once a term, or thereabouts, he would catch my eye in Common Room and wink: a very private signal, perhaps, confirming what we both always knew – our plays were the result of a unique and intense partnership.

Where is he now, I wonder. Perhaps, with typical modesty and avoiding all fuss, he just vapourised into the ether, as only a brilliant chemist would know how to do, I imagine. Oh well, that is just part of life – or death – I suppose: some readers will agree, others will not. What I think all Radleians would agree on, however, is that the word Service is under-estimated and under-valued in our language and in our society.

Service is what the Old Gym has given to Radley: service is what Geoff Treglown gave to Radley. In my view, their respective careers were equally illustrious.

Geoff – on behalf of your colleagues, and the many team of boys that you inspired, I salute you Sir – and so do they.

Ben Lambert writes:

... he gave so much to Radleians in quite an understated way. He was very much respected by all of us who spent time around the Old Gym and the fact that I went on to work in the entertainment industry is predominantly down to him, as I know is the case with a few other ORs. There is a rare talent that a few teachers possess of

trusting boys enough to let them get on with things and make their own mistakes, yet always being there in the background to guide and advise should it be needed; Geoff was one of those, and I learned more because of it – you could say it's an old school thing that modern teaching practices can't accommodate in these days of Health and Safety etc., but I personally gained so much more by this approach. I think Geoff was one of those teachers that really helped the less 'orthodox' boys at Radley and I will always be indebted to him.

**Usherwood** On 9.10.2008 Richard (Dick) Crichton Usherwood. Magdalen College, Cambridge.

From *The Radleian* 1997:

The dictionary makes the distinction between a teacher – "a person whose occupation is teaching" and a schoolmaster "a man who teaches and cares for his pupils". There is no doubt as to which definition applies to Dick Usherwood. His pupils and his involvement with them has been his life and no man could have cared more for his charges. Some might associate the slightly passe term of schoolmaster with amateurism, but nothing could be further from the truth in Dick's case. In the Social, in the classroom, on the sports field or in committee he was always the shrewd, perceptive and thoughtful professional. As a colleague he could always be relied on to give sensible and often original advice because he has a knack of taking an unusual view of what the rest of us take for granted.

Dick joined the Radley Common Room in 1960 as a bachelor, but in 1961 married Christine. In the summer of 1962 they went to what was then called Southern Rhodesia on exchange, where as the best kind of Cambridge Natural Scientist, Dick had no difficulty in running the Physics Department. On his return to Radley he became Head of Chemistry for the first time and began to instil in that department a tradition for mathematical precision which was to be one of the hallmarks of his academic teaching career. Later, much later, he was to return for an unprecedented second term as Head of Department after his years in H Social. Whether as Head of Department or merely as one of its members, he continued to teach generations of Radleians with a rigour and a sensitivity that was extraordinary. He would not suffer fools gladly, but as long as he felt that a boy was giving of his best, he would help and support and explain. He would always



Dick and Christine Usherwood on the dodgems at the 1997 Ball

try to extend the ability of the bright ones while bringing the chemical strugglers along as well. He insisted on careful learning of the basic facts and boys who forgot the formula of sulphuric acid or the symbol for sodium found themselves doing press-ups in the middle of lessons. His classes were always a model of control and well planned progress interspersed with examples drawn from the garden or greengrocer. How many colours can you get using red cabbage as an indicator? What is the voltage of a battery made from an orange, a nail and a piece of copper wire? His practical lessons were noisy but constructive even if the mop came into use more often than not. Year after year, his sets gained a clean sweep of top A level grades and in the times of Oxbridge entry exams, awards and places at the two great universities.

In 1974 the Usherwoods moved into H Social. Even though their son Jim was only a few months old Christine agreed, perhaps somewhat reluctantly, to become Social Matron, a job she fulfilled for fifteen years. So the Social became very much a family commitment with their own children growing up amid their extended family of 75 boys. Their recipe of concern, patience and real sensitivity tempered by good old fashioned common sense had remarkable results. Their own children flourished in local schools and all became scientists, Meg at Birmingham, Tom with a D Phil at Oxford and Jim also at Oxford and now doing research for his Ph D at Cambridge. The boys in the Social blossomed as well in what some misguided colleagues thought was a regime of benign neglect. Dick's

response to this, as an inveterate gardener, was to point out that he did not dig up his plants to see how they were growing. Boys in H Social learnt self-sufficiency and self-respect. They acquired responsibility and developed maturity, but they knew that calm, considered advice backed by total authority was always on tap when needed. The guidance they received was always practical and in their own best interests.

In 1989 they left the Social after fifteen years. Dick set about cultivating another corner of the Radley estate, steering his tandem to even more remote parts of the county and beyond and involving himself even more in the academic life of the school, while also giving time to the local church. He took over the Chemistry Department and coordinated the Science Department. He sat on the Academic Committee at one of the most turbulent times in Radley's evolution. In any of these positions he would always have something thought-provoking to say as long as there was a good supply of tea! Christine with only three children to think about, threw herself into the life of Radley village and the broader community with vigour and enthusiasm. She has been Secretary and twice President of the Women's Institute and finally on the County Executive Committee. As Church Warden she was involved in the appointment of the new vicar and she handled the local protest of women's ordination with great tact and sensitivity. She has been a governor of Radley Village Church of England Primary School and Fitzharrys School in Abingdon. She has just taken over as local coordinator of the RNLI collection. So since 1989 the

village has been fortunate to benefit from the energy and commitment of this very active pair of Christians.

One only has to look at Dick Usherwood to realise that here is a keen sportsman and one who relishes vigorous exercise. Tall, slim and wiry, without the trace of a middle-age spread, he looks far too young to be retiring. As a boy, he arrived at Brighton College with the extraordinary distinction of having bowled out an entire opposition side singlehanded during a prep school match for no runs. With, as he says, nothing more to prove in bowling, he then took up wicket keeping. He was in the first cricket side four years, which he considers a mistake on behalf of his own teachers. After the first two years what more was there for him to aim for? Between school and Cambridge he played rugby for Richmond and is proud to have played against both Oxford and Cambridge, but a bad case of concussion meant that he had to stop playing actively. His loss has been the gain of generations of boys small and large as he has transmitted his enthusiasm for sport conducted with the highest possible standards: in other words, games played as games should be played, not necessarily to win, but in friendly and companionable combat. Even now his cricket team, Midgets something very low, is immaculately turned out. Black socks mean runs deducted from your score in friendly games. A dropped catch means that you have to collect and return the stumps and bails (how many other teams leave them out?). This same team defeats most of its opposition with fun and enjoyment. But it is as a rugby referee that Dick Usherwood has made a special mark. Not only does he have an authoritative and encyclopaedic knowledge of the rules, many have that, but he has an instinctive feel for the level of the boys' understanding of the rules and a sensitivity that allows the game to flow and be enjoyed. Coaches ask for him to referee their teams, socials hope that he is in charge of their inter-social matches. For his own pleasure, he plays squash with a canny dedication that has younger, more agile opponents floundering around the court. While never unduly competitive when coaching his teams, he is a fierce competitor on his own account, although afterwards only a slightly ruddier tinge to his youthful complexion marks a close game won or lost. He has even come to terms with the fact that his son Jim, an Oxford squash Blue, will always defeat him however canny he is!

The Usherwoods will leave a large gap in the Radley communal fabric and they will

be sorely missed even though they are living only a few hundred yards away in the village. Will Dick be able to resist the calls to whistle or the pleas to cover for ailing chemists? What will happen to those two gardens so lovingly tilled over the years? (The third is under the new academic building) Who will make the tea in the chemistry staff room? These should not be questions to trouble Dick and Christine as they tackle a new chapter in their lives. They will be enjoying a well earned rest, but only for as long as it takes to plan novel routes for the latest tandem so that they can ride off into the sunset – downwind and down hill of course, because Dick never leaves anything to chance. May their punctures be few and their views over the hedges magnificent for years to come. They will be carrying all our fondest wishes with them.

Mike Lewis

**Pettifar** On 3.8.2009 Jim Pettifar, MBE after a battle with cancer over recent years. He was RSM at Radley for thirty years and was awarded an MBE for his services to the CCF.

From *The Radleian* 1999:

"Build up!" – these two words booming across the parade ground have had generations of Radleians straightening their backs and hurriedly rubbing boots on the backs of trousers to ensure they passed the RSM's inspection. Boys needed to be smart to avoid a show parade at 07.45 the next morning and Jim Pettifar expected high standards from the cadets. He would not suffer fools gladly, expected promptness, politeness and honesty – woe betide the cadet who tried to fabricate an excuse for missing a parade or kit issue time. Jim would invariably get to the truth and the cadet would be left in no doubt that it would have been far, far better to be honest in the first place... For thirty years he ensured that the Radley Corps was well turned out and disciplined.

This was through a period when many school CCFs became voluntary and the idea of discipline and smartness associated with a compulsory period of time in the Corps was unfashionable. None of this would cut much ice with Jim; he was very much in favour of boys being coerced into a number of experiences and achieving something in areas not covered by other school activities. His good rapport with the cadet NCOs was certainly instrumental in directing a steady trickle of strong candidates towards a career in the Armed Forces.

The idea of service and discipline was

built on a lifetime's association with the army. Jim started his military career as an Army Cadet at the age of 12 and then served with the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers from 1952-1969. He did tours of duty in many areas of the world, including Hong Kong, Korea, Sudan, Kenya and the Middle East. He then brought his extensive military experience to Radley CCF. He liked to maintain the traditional army order and, while other colleagues were referred to by Christian names, CCF Officers were invariably referred to as Mr and called Sir, although, as with all Army Warrant Officers, the word "Sir" could be used with very different emphasis depending on the circumstances.

Over the 30 years, Jim would have handed out and checked in over 4000 sets of mess tins, checked and folded 10,000 often smelly sleeping bags and dealt with countless items of kit following ninety field weekends and sixty camps. This very unglamorous, unseen side of the job was carried out with great conscientiousness and, as with everything else, he maintained a very high standard in the stores. His interest in weapons and shooting meant that we were one of the few Contingents to have an excellently maintained miniature range and a full complement of working weapons; he would spend many hours checking, cleaning and repairing the rifles. He was very practical and would regularly turn out useful gadgets or repair items from the myriad of bits and pieces squirrelled away in the stores.

The regard with which he was held by the senior NCOs was reflected by the number of ORs who attended his farewell dinner last term. One of the highlights was the RSM being flown by helicopter, piloted by Capt. Ed Butterworth AAC, to land very impressively on the lawns in front of Mansion, delivering him before the guests waiting on the Mansion steps. Guests that night included Field Marshall Lord Bramall who spoke at dinner and there can be few RSMs who have been honoured in this way.

Jim was very well respected, with a wry sense of humour and a wealth of common sense advice that was invaluable to an inexperienced Commanding Officer. He carved out a very special niche within College and will be greatly missed by all, not least by the College dogs that regularly beat a path to the armoury door for a never ending supply of "compo biscuits. Jim was a great animal lover and enjoyed riding. He was even to be seen leading a group of boys pony trekking on one summer camp in the Black Mountains – the first Radley CCF cavalry section! It is to this same area



Jim Pettifar

of Wales that he and Ann have retired. It is an area that they both love very much, and we wish them all the very best for the years ahead.

Richard Pollard

**Robinson** On 31.7.2009 Bert Robinson.

An appreciation by Richard Morgan, based on the address given at Bert's service at the Church of St James, Radley.

Bert was part of the youth of every Radley cricketer for six decades. For the boy in his first season, struggling to the far end of the pitches, there was Bert; the V11th former in the XI playing on Bigside, there was Bert; the OR coming back to play to play for the Rangers, perhaps wondering how many he would know in the side that day, there was Bert. He was the constant figure by the pavilion, who never seemed to change. If ever there was a man fulfilled, surely it was Bert Robinson. While the chariot wheels of life spun so many of his players into the world of hustle and pressure, Bert lived within walking distance of his work, did his job superbly well, was part of a team that cared for each other, had time for everyone and was a friend to all.

What were the qualities that he possessed? The first has to be his steadfast loyalty – above all, loyalty to Doris in a wonderful marriage of sixty-six years. In youth and old age, in war and peace, in good days and not so good days, Bert and Doris were together. Whatever happened over the years, there was Doris to come home to at the end of each day. Doris was the rock of Bert's life.



*Bert Robinson and Andy Wagner*

Then there was loyalty to Northamptonshire and the Royal Air Force. I can imagine Bert in 1939 with the war almost over the horizon saying to Doris, "You know, Doris, that Hitler. It won't do." Bert and his generation knew full well the meaning of war. His father had been an ambulance driver in the First World War, he must have been taught at Wyggeston Grammar School by masters who had survived the trenches. What was so galling for Bert was that he was in his prime, playing first-class cricket for Northamptonshire as a very sharp opening bowler, with his best figures of 5 for 37 against Yorkshire and as James Wesson has said, 5 wickets against Yorkshire before the War were worth 8 wickets against any other county. [And the same figures that Stuart Broad recorded in the winning of the Ashes at the Oval.] Bert knew that the War was most probably the end of his first class playing days and so it was.

But that led to his loyalty to Radley for sixty years – sixty years during which he gave his body and soul to the College. In 1949 Clement Attlee was Prime Minister,

Vaughan Wilkes was Warden and Ivor Gilliat, Master in Charge of Cricket, and it was he who appointed Bert to be the cricket professional and join the Smithsons, the Old Man and Malcolm, on the ground staff. Together they created as true, fast pitches as any in the country and therefore helped to produce some remarkable cricketers.

The second quality he possessed was the fact that he was not just the best but the very best of cricket professionals. Of course, he had some luck. When Bert arrived at Radley, he inherited three legendary players, Christopher Walton, Clive Carr and Ted Dexter, the latter described by Christopher as "virtually a team on his own." In the early fifties they were not only the best side that Radley has ever had or likely to have but surely the best school side in the country. And 40 years later, Bert had another wonderful era with Andy Wagner, under the inspirational leadership of James Wesson, as Master in charge. Robin Martin Jenkins, Andrew Strauss, Ben Hutton, Charlie Van der Gucht and Jamie Dalrymple swept the opposition aside for seven successive years. These first-class players were never ruffled

or fussed by Bert, he encouraged them to play their natural game and enjoy the rewards. But all cricketers and all Common Room coaches received the same wisdom and help: congratulations when times were good, commiserations and advice when things had gone wrong. And things often do go wrong in cricket. Bert never indulged the boys, he never spoilt them, he set the highest standards himself and such was the respect in which he was held, they followed his lead.

I have tried to calculate how many balls Bert must have bowled on the square, in the nets, and with the machine. A billion, a trillion? Even more than the number of pounds printed by this Government. What patience, what energy, what dedication. He deserved to be the only School cricket professional to produce two Captains of England – Ted Dexter and Andrew Strauss.

Perhaps he had one chink in his bowling action. Bert loved life, not least horse racing with Mr Langdale and Mr Goldsmith, greyhound racing with Mr Goldsmith and Mr Langdale, and he loved parties – until the band struck up. As soon as there was a question of dancing, this fit, active man became instantly afflicted by what can only be described as Flintoff knee, a condition which could only be ameliorated by the support of leaning against the bar, preferably with the counter balance of a pint of beer in his hand. Thus poor Doris was thrown into the arms of Common Room, to their delight and her alarm, especially if the arms should belong to the late Major Money, M.C.

What was the key to Bert, what was central to his being? I believe that in the wholeness of Bert there was an innate decency, a sense of fair play, an understanding of what was right and wrong. His hallmark was in his giving, his generosity, his sensitivity to any situation, though I doubt if he would have put it that way. I always remember Dennis Silk saying that Bert had the ability to call him "Warden, Sir and Dennis" within a ten minute conversation. And somehow, every time he chose exactly the right word. That wholeness is why we not only hold him in such respect but also in such deep affection.

*As the run stealers flicker to and fro,  
To and fro,  
Remember Bert, the most loyal of men,  
a great cricket professional and a friend to all.*

**Webb** On 25.10.2008 Julie Anne Webb. Julie worked at Radley, first as a nanny to the Hudsons and then in Shop for over 30 years.