

OBITUARIES 2024

SIR PATRICK SERGEANT (40)



Sir Patrick Sergeant who has died aged 100 was the stylish doyen of British financial journalism as the long-serving City Editor of the Daily Mail and founder of the Euromoney magazine empire.

Patrick Sergeant was once credited with ‘reinventing financial journalism as entertainment’ but besides being a highly amusing writer, he was also a shrewd market commentator whose opinions were essential reading for city professionals.

“Shares slumbered in the spring sunshine,’ began one of one of his market reports, but to be named as his share of the year could have a significant impact on a company’s market valuation. Not afraid to dish out stinging criticism of underperforming managements, he was no stranger to the libel courts, he once quipped ‘our sins may be scarlet, but at least we are read’.

The personality and prose style were all of a piece: once a year he would write his column from Ascot, and would have his by-line picture changed to show him wearing a ‘topper’. To one wide-eyed female trainee on the City desk he remarked, “ Private Eye has described me as an aging matinee idol. Is this good or is it not.”

He also claimed that his doctor had recommended him not to drink anything other than good champagne or the very best red wine. He would lunch at The Connaught, The Ritz or Wilton’s, and arrive back at three wreathed in cigar smoke , to strike a mixture of adulation and terror into his waiting team. Declaring himself “ a great believer in power teas”, he liked to have Earl Grey and fruit cake served in his office at four.

Many young journalists flourished though some wilted under Sergeant's mentorship. One who started as a teenage office boy was told that he had the most important task in the City desk's daily routine – sharpening the great man's pencils. “ No pencils,” Sergeant boomed at him, “ No column”.

When The Mail's proprietor the second Viscount Rothermere, complained in 1966 that the City desk looked overstaffed, Sergeant came up with a new source of advertising revenues by introducing Money Mail, a “family finance” page. And in 1969 he proposed an even bolder money- spinner in Euromoney, a subscription only magazine aimed at the practitioners of the rapidly growing international capital markets.

With Rothermere's backing, just £6200 of seed capital and Christopher Fildes (later a distinguished Daily Telegraph columnist) as its first editor, Euromoney began life in a corner of the Mail's City office.

By judicious flattery Of the leading players of the Eurobond market, by making itself a journal record for their deals and by attracting acres of ‘tombstone’ (bond issue announcement) advertising it grew into a spectacular financial success.

In due course it spawned a number of subsidiary titles and information services, as well as an international conference arm, and won two Queen's awards for export achievement.

The invention of Euromoney awards such as Finance Minister of the Year and Central Bank Governor of The Year maximised both the cachet of the title and Sergeant's reputation as a global networker par excellence. He attended no more than 34 consecutive annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund, the ultimate bankers' jamboree (or ‘boondoggle’ in the vocabulary of Fildes's columns)

When he encountered the Chinese premier unexpectedly at a Euromoney Conference in Beijing, Sergeant pumped the puzzled statesman by the hand and announced for all to hear: “I bring you fraternal greetings from Margaret Thatcher”, muttering an aside, “I hope she never finds out”.

In matters of finance, Euromoney Publications was no less sophisticated than the bankers the magazines wrote about. Sergeant's own fortune derived from his holding of ‘management shares, which entitled him to a slice of the profits as bonus , and when the company listed on the Luxembourg stock exchange in 1986 Sergeant's residual stake was valued at £5 million.

Patrick John Rushton Sergeant was born on March 17 1924, the son of a successful coal merchant who later worked for Littlewoods, and was educated at Beaumont College, the Jesuit school at Windsor. He did War service as a Lieutenant in the RNVR, an experience which he didn't greatly enjoy but which provided him with at least one famous headline for his City column, “two black balls over Cunard”. When challenged,

he explained this was the reference to the international code of nautical signals, two black balls at the masthead “ I’m proceeding in circles, out of control”.

On leaving the Navy he found a job in the City with the gilt brokers Mullens, but was soon bored. In 1948, he joined the City desk of the News Chronicle and found his niche writing diary stories – which he said, “ introduced me to the great world of newspaper expenses”, a sphere, a sphere in which he was to become a legend. He moved to the Daily Mail as Deputy City Editor, doubling his salary, as he did so on April Fool’s day 1953.

Sergeant was knighted on his retirement from the Mail in 1984 and his departure was marked by a dinner at The Ritz attended by the Chancellor of The Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England and a galaxy of business titans. After retiring as Chairman of Euromoney (later Euromoney International investor and recently rebranded as Delinian in 1992) he became its president but remained on the board thus becoming Britain’s oldest public company non- executive director.



He was also a director of Associated Newspapers and the Daily Mail & General Trust holding company of the Rothermere empire. His Euromoney bonuses made him the highest paid journalist in London: he collected the then starting figure of £112,850 in 1979 – the same year he was awarded the Wincott Award for the financial journalist of the year – rising to over £800,000 a decade later and dwarfing the salary paid to Lord Rothermere as chairman of the parent group.

He was no hypocrite on issues of executive pay, however “ the men and women who run our leading companies are not paid enough” he wrote – and as for himself “Money has made very little difference to my lifestyle”.

But his secretary once gave a glimpse of what that meant in a profile in Harpers & Queen Magazine: ‘He’ll decide he wants to travel on a certain flight – the first class of

course, and it is no good telling him I's full up with a waiting list of VIPs as long as your arm – and when you get the impossible seat or hotel room , he says “ Why hasn't it a pink bath?”

He was the author of 'Another Road to Samarkand' (1955) an account of a three month journey around The Soviet Union, and 'Money Matters' (1968), a guide to personal finance which included the advice that “ buying shares is a mug's game unless you are prepared to work hard and caring for your investments. Otherwise you will be one of the army of small investors who the professionals regard as being sent from heaven to buy the shares the big men want to get rid of”. In 1976 he also published The Inflation Fighter's Handbook.

Sergeant's home was a magnificent 17th century house in Highgate village, next to the rock star Sting. Among his life-long enthusiasms was tennis, at which his proficiency was undiminished by his enthusiasm for lunch. He was a member of The All England Club at Wimbledon and on New Year's Day 1990, aged 65, he won a four -and-a half-hour mixed doubles final at the Vanderbilt Club.

Well into his eighties, he announced proudly that he had won a needle match against Eton: when asked whether his doubles partner might have helped he revealed that it was former Wimbledon Champion Pat Cash. He also listed 'talking' as a recreation.

He married, in 1952, Gillian Wilks, who came from Cape Town: she died earlier this year. He is survived by their two daughters, the war artist and portrait painter Emma, and the writer Harriet Sergeant.

Canon Peter Medina Wilkie (47)

Peter was born 15th April 1927 in Clapham and was initially educated at The Sacred Heart Convent in Epsom and Wimbledon College before being sent to Beaumont. He played in both the 1st XV (vest) and the Cricket XI (Hon Sec) including the Lord's Match which was won. He was also Drum Major of The Corps Band and Captain of the Shooting VIII.

He undertook seminary studies at St Edmund's College Ware and was ordained to the priesthood at St Agatha's Kingston-on-Thames by Bishop King 4th June 1953.

He first served as an assistant priest at St Swithun's Southsea until 1961 and then became the Administrator at Portsmouth Cathedral. From 1967 -1978 he was Parish Priest at St Joseph's Bracknell then at The Sacred Heart, Bournemouth 1979-80, then St James's Reading till 1985. Subsequently he moved to St Edward's Chandlers Ford and his final appointment was at Our Lady and St Philip Benezi, Fordingbridge from 1993 to 1999.

He retired that year and lived at Milford on Sea until 2015 before moving to Winchester and finally back to Fordingbridge in May 2022.

Peter had a passion for the Prison Ministry and was the Chaplain at Winchester Prison from 1985 to 2005 and was presented with a Long Service Award for his years of dedication. The new Visitors' Centre at the Prison is named "The Wilkie" Centre in his honour.

Peter was a member of the Cathedral Chapter since 1989 and of the Brotherhood of The English Secular Clergy. He died on the 1st April.

Paul Anthony Burrough (62)



Paul's paternal family were strongly Anglican and it caused consternation when his father converted to Catholicism and married a 'cradle' Catholic. Paul was born in 1943 in Oxford -his father was The Administrator of The Radcliffe Infirmary. He followed his elder brother Simon "Archie" (the Oxford Boxing Blue) to Beaumont in 1957. Paul ran away within 24 hours, cycling back home as he had not been given time to say goodbye to his dog. Farewell made and a glass of sherry he returned to school which he learned to love. He was in the 'C' Stream and enjoyed it though in no way an academic but he loved

the sport. Paul Left having rowed in the bow of The V111 though not too successfully at Henley, and was Hon Sec and a Boxing Colour. With the success of the Club at the time other schools were reluctant to take us on. Paul sent an invitation to Harrow who declined on the grounds that they would be far too good for us. Finally persuaded they took a 'drubbing' 7 – 2.

Paul left Beaumont for The Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester where he enjoyed shooting , racing and other country sports, not forgetting the high jinks of student life of which he was often the instigator and to the admonishment by the Principle. He left there to go pig farming during which he wedded too young and a marriage that would soon fall apart. He also suffered an horrendous accident when the farm buildings caught fire and was wrongly advised by the Fire Brigade to remove the hay stored in one of the barns: the collapse of a beam caused severe head injuries and he was lucky to survive his injuries.

Eventually recovered he returned to Farming but then met Gilly at a party in London: they married in 1976. With little future in Pigs, they decided to go into Estate Agency and set up their first Office in Kingsclere. This was to expand to Hungerford and Marlborough and proved a hugely successful venture with many vendors and buyers becoming their firm friends. Over the years, through David Crewe-Read (62) he was introduced to Andrew Loyd-Webber and took over the running of the Shoot on his land he also managed the grazing rights on the common land at Hungerford just a short distance from his home at Inkpen.

In April of this year he was suddenly diagnosed with bone cancer and died at home on the 27th May. Paul was a staunch member of The BU and was buried in his Boxing Blazer. He seldom if ever missed Mass on Remembrance Sunday and always attended Henley. He will be remembered for his red trousers he habitually wore, his adored Black Labradors (always black) his BMW 9 never any other marque) and as a generous party host. RIP.

Peter Brian Hamilton (57)

Tony Crichton Waldeck writes:

Peter Hamilton passed away on 17th June. I have his widow, Rosalind's permission to let you know about this. Peter, with his twin brother David, attended St John's and then Beaumont in the 1940's and 50's. He left school at about 16 to become a merchant navy cadet. Following training he went to sea as a deck officer for a few years. Eventually the commercial life became more attractive. He followed a very successful career working in advertising in London .

Upon retirement he and Rosalind made their lives in Cornwall, firstly in Falmouth and later on the Lizard where they had a house built - right on the point, looking out to the Atlantic.

Sadly, about 5 years ago Peter developed loss of mental acuity. Rosalind looked after him in a magnificent way until he eventually had to go into a specialist home where, after a very short time he passed away. David and their sister June both now live in North America.

William Dempsey Gammell (61)

“Bill”



Tony Outred writes:-

Property Magnate, Master of the Feltmakers, President of the Catenians. Defender of the Faith.

This is, by any stretch of the imagination, a seriously impressive Curriculum Vitae for a mischievous teenager who aspired to a life of fast cars, tailored suits and playing the guitar. However the strict mantra from William Gammell senior of hard work, religion and faith was soon adopted by Bill who decided to disdain the family property business

and start up on his own from a small office in Paddington Street. He would soon move to 15 Clifford Street, Mayfair, where he was joined by Tony Emburey, a partnership which flourished for over thirty years despite Harold Wilson's best efforts to the contrary during the early days.

In 1973 Bill discovered country living in the form of Manor Farm, Brightling, which was to transform his life. It was a magical property where he and his beloved wife Moira could entertain their friends with whom they would so generously share their good fortune. It soon became a Friday night ritual for a group of us to throw our bags into our cars and head down to Manor Farm from where we would stroll across the fields to Jack's Place or motor up to the Swan at Woods Corner and catch up with the locals prior to a wild but stress relieving weekend. Always faithful to his happy years at Beaumont, Bill's doors were ever open to old school friends many of whom would cross the threshold and enjoy the hospitality of Bill and Moira both at Manor Farm and Swiftsden, Hurst Green to where they moved in 1978. Swiftsden with its expansive gardens, spectacular views, vineyard and sporting facilities was ideal for family life. Hence their children Philippa, Ned and Charlie quickly arrived and Swiftsden echoed to their playful sounds.

Soon there were to be annual skiing holiday at their chalet in Belle Plagne and summer holidays in Corfu where they built the Villa Daphne in a wonderfully unspoilt spot overlooking the sea.

It is to their everlasting credit that their hospitality never diminished and all their magic homes continued to be shared with their many friends, including the odd O.B discovered in remote places, such as Richard Woods up a mountain in Corfu.

Devastatingly, Moira died prematurely 12 years ago and although Bill put on a brave face his life had changed irreversibly.

True to his Jesuit education and his father's legacy Bill was uncompromising in his beliefs and fiercely intolerant of any political proposal that might challenge his Faith. He led by example and was surely instrumental in rescuing many errant souls.

After a long illness, courageously fought in the true Gammell tradition, he received extreme unction at home and died surrounded by his siblings Marion, Rosina and Russell, and his adored children Philippa, Ned and Charlie.

May God be with him.

Robert Wilkinson adds:-

Bill arrived at Beaumont nigh on 70 years ago where he was quick to make friends that would last a lifetime. He was not an academic though he loved history and advanced through the 'C' stream at his own pace to leave with few achievements on that score. Bill was not really a 'team' sportsman, he preferred athletics, squash and tennis, the latter in particular as it involved matches against the neighbouring girls' schools.

Although a good shot and a rifle marksman, Bill had little or no interest in being a soldier. He started in the Corps as a Cadet and left in the same rank. Bill is probably best remembered at school for his expedition with his chum Roger Fiennes (Cousin of Sir Ranulph) by bicycle to St Mary's Ascot where they illicitly found a way into the senior girls dormitory and were made welcome. However, news of their arrival soon spread to the Nuns and the alarm raised. Making good their escape they passed the police cars with bells ringing on their return journey. Owning up to their prank, Bill received a 'panning'; ferulas on the backside – one of an exclusive, indeed a rare achievement in his schooldays.

On Leaving Beaumont in 1961, Bill joined the family firm that was involved in property mainly in North London and set up the 'Industrial and commercial' aspect of the company which he rapidly expanded. It brought its rewards and I recall in the late '70s, he came to peruse my Family's home on the Kent/ Sussex border which was on the market. My Parents were somewhat astonished that he felt he could afford such a substantial property. In the end he and Moy bought Swiftsden House further towards the coast at Hurst Green. Built by Sir Reginald Blomfield in the neo-William and Mary Style at the end of the 19th century, they made it their family home. I should add that Blomfield apart from various Classic School Buildings, designed the 'Menin Gate' at Ypres and the 'Cross of Sacrifice' in all the British War Cemeteries. Wealth sat easy with Bill, inheriting his father's Royce he always felt it was to be chauffeur driven while he himself drove a Bentley. He enjoyed shooting and skiing and the house they had in Greece and was generous to his friends. Bill was a past President of The Catenian Association, and through Patrick Burgess (63) was introduced and proposed as a Liveryman in The Feltmakers: a Company in which he would become a Warden and then Master in 2018. Bill regularly came to Lourdes with HCPT as part of the BOFS Group and although he donned the rugby shirt of the group he preferred the hotel to launder a fresh white shirt for the evening. Another memory of a journey there, was Bill getting himself left behind at the Gare du Nord, failing to get into the taxis with everyone else and not noticing that we had all left. Tony Outred recalls Bill strongly advising him to send his two boys to Ampleforth, only to send his own boys to Sherborne where there was a Catholic House. Bill was one of those people for whom loyalty was important. He attended Beaumont Union dinners, lunches, Remembrance Sunday, battlefield tours and any other gathering if at all possible. Sadly, he lost Moy, his soulmate in 2011 to cancer – a loss from which he understandably never fully recovered. He 'rattled' around at Swiftsden, unwilling to move from a home so full of memories. In the last few years Bill has battled with ill-health but maintained his good spirits. He was visited by Tim FitzGerald-O'Connor, Tony Outred and Richard Sheehan a week before he died and although not well was the usual generous host.

With Bill gone, we have lost a friend who epitomised the best of 'the ethos and spirit of Beaumont'.

Simon Peter Outred (54)

Tony Outred writes:-

My brother, Simon, was the second eldest in our family of six children. Our father Frank and his brothers Tom and Charles all attended Beaumont in the 1920s.

In the Spring of 1952, Simon, my brother Charles and I were all packed off to boarding school at short notice due to our parents suddenly having to travel to the Gambia to sort out problems with the West African branch of the family business, Measures Bros. Our father would not countenance air travel in those days so a lengthy cruise via Ellerman Lines to Dakar, then travelling overland North to Freetown and on to Bathurst was the only solution. The bonus was the acquisition of some beautiful rattan furniture in Madeira which was loaded on board and promptly delivered to our home in St George's Hill where it graced our conservatory.

After three years at Beaumont Simon decided to follow my father into the legal profession and became an Articled Clerk with a City firm of Solicitors. Despite my parents misgivings regarding his partying as opposed to studying, he passed his finals in 1959 and duly qualified.

Whether it was the influence of the Jesuit missionary ethos or the fact that some of his friends were applying for short service commissions at Mons and then joining the Rhodesian Army as second lieutenants, he decided to join the legal side of Caltex Oil in Salisbury(now Harare). In those days Rhodesia was the breadbasket of Africa and an exciting place in which to live and work for a young man just beginning his career. The excitement was no little enhanced by an introduction at the Races to the delightful Joyce Hartley, the daughter of a local farmer. At a party later that evening he asked Joyce to dance and that was fait accompli. They were married in 1961, returned to England and had three children Susan, Jackie and Guy, all of whom have been wonderfully supportive of Joyce during these very sad months.

On his return to England, Simon joined a small legal practice but soon set up on his own in Weybridge. Initially it was tough going with only a few clients. However, his ability and personality soon won the day and expansion with a Guildford office was soon to follow. Our childhood spent in St George's Hill had been idyllic. With an expansive house, large garden and fun loving parents there were always games going on and friends joining in. Accordingly, Simon eventually acquired a fine house and adjoining cottage on the twelfth hole of the golf course. This was to be their home for many years.

When our father died suddenly in 1971, Simon and Joyce immediately took care of his affairs and gave my mother their cottage to live in. The fact that she lived comfortably for nearly thirty more years was almost entirely due to their kindness and generosity. At the

same time Simon took over as Chief Whip of the Scorpions Golf Society from my late father, brilliantly organising events both here and abroad. Those happiest of away days enhanced by his legendary and humorous auctioneering were not to be missed.

In 1986 he was granted the honour of becoming Captain of St George's Hill Golf Club where he later served on the Committee and became a Director.

Simon was a good old fashioned cradle to the grave family Solicitor with a strong knowledge of property law. He was always generous with his advice both to his family and friends many of whom would become his clients. Even during the last months of his life when he was suffering from severe pain, he was doing his best to sort out the affairs of a lifelong friend without any thought of a fee.

Simon did not talk much about his days at Beaumont, perhaps because they were so short lived. My sister, Jenny, remembers that he reluctantly played a woman in the school play which she attended. She also recalls that he sometimes cycled home from Beaumont with two school friends who were pleased to make her acquaintance.

As with my father, Simon's Catholic faith was an important part of his life. He had very high principles and would never take on work that compromised his beliefs. After a long illness, spent mostly in his beloved Cardiganshire he died in hospital in Haverfordwest where he received extreme unction from the local Catholic priest.

May he rest in peace

TERENCE CRISTHOPHER O'BRIEN (54)



Terence Christopher O'Brien (6 January 1936 – 30 December 2022) was a New Zealand diplomat. He led New Zealand in 1993 to a seat on the U N Security Council and played a strong role in helping to reshape New Zealand's perceptions of itself as a small but fiercely independent nation in the South Pacific.

Early Life.

O'Brien was born in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire on 6 January 1936. His father, Wing Commander Oliver James O'Brien, was a pilot in the RAF who was sent to New Zealand during the WW2 to train pilots who fought in the battle of Britain. In 1940, Terence moved with his mother and sister to New Zealand by boat, narrowly avoiding being torpedoed by German U-boats to follow his father who had taken up a post as Chief Air Instructor to the Royal New Zealand Air Force (RNZAF). Shortly after the end of the war, O'Brien returned from New Zealand, via ship, to the United Kingdom to be educated at Beaumont and later University College Oxford where he read history. Following graduation, he returned to New Zealand with which he had developed a great affinity in his early years and joined the then Department of External Affairs (subsequently the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade) in 1959.

O'Brien became a naturalised New Zealand citizen in 1962.

Career.

O'Brien served as a diplomat with the New Zealand Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade for over 40 years from 1959 – 2001. He held early postings in the 1960s in Bangkok, London, and Brussels. It was in Brussels that as a first secretary he helped New Zealand to negotiate a special deal with the European Community giving access for New Zealand dairy products to Europe when the United Kingdom joined the Community in 1972. O'Brien then served as High Commissioner to the Cook Islands (1975–77), and then as Ambassador to the United Nations in Geneva (1980–83), to the European Community in Brussels (1983–86) and finally to the United Nations in New York (1990–93) where he was instrumental in helping New Zealand to secure a seat on the UN Security Council. **He was President of the U N Security Council during the war in Yugoslavia.** While in New York, his leadership was a critical factor in New Zealand's securing that seat despite competition from more favoured countries such as Spain and Sweden. Given the nickname “Chardonnay” O'Brien" first by former prime minister David Lange and later by the New Zealand media for his love of a good glass of wine and a good cocktail party O'Brien was known for his global view and his articulation of the role of New Zealand as an independent and free-thinking country with its own values and way of doing things. O'Brien had always believed that small countries like New Zealand need to use and support international institutions such as the United Nations to promote common and universal values and have influence in international affairs.

He is also thought to be the only New Zealander who over the course of his long and distinguished diplomatic career occupied all three posts of New Zealand Ambassador to the UN in Geneva, New Zealand Ambassador to the EU in Brussels, and later New Zealand Ambassador to the UN in New York.

Later Years.

In 1993 O'Brien was appointed Founding Director of the New Zealand Centre for Strategic Studies. He served as Director for almost 8 years until his retirement in 2001, earning the new institution a respected reputation and high public profile.

In 2009, O'Brien published a book entitled 'Presence of Mind: New Zealand in the World'. The book is a selection of writings on the place of New Zealand in the world reflecting on the position of a small country such as New Zealand and its place on the international stage from the perspective of a small, internationally minded, modern and multicultural democracy. The book stresses the importance of New Zealand taking an independent view on international affairs, reflecting its heritage as a nation located in the south-west Pacific with both Maori and European roots. The book showed enormous foresight in future describing New Zealand's new place in the world and

represents a departure from many of the tunnel vision views of the past as expressed by some New Zealand politicians and diplomats.

In 2016, on the occasion of his 80th birthday, he established the Terence O'Brien Scholarship in International Affairs at Victoria University of Wellington in New Zealand. The scholarship aims to recognise and encourage top Honours and Master's students in International Relations and Strategic Studies who are studying some aspect of international governance, multilateral diplomacy or cooperation in the political, economic, or security areas. Every year since 2016, one student has received the scholarship award. Each student receives a copy of Terence O'Brien's book 'Presence of Mind: New Zealand in the World'.

During 2012, Terence O'Brien wrote several articles arguing against proposed reforms in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade. His argument was that becoming a diplomat requires a special type of skill and that treating the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with a purely or even a mainly business approach was short-sighted and not to the long-term benefit of New Zealand. He turned out to be right.

Right up until mid-2021 when he suffered a stroke which limited his mobility, O'Brien continued to contribute part-time as an Advisor to the Centre of Strategic Studies and he was also a regular contributor to the New Zealand media on foreign policy issues. He also spoke on multiple occasions at events organised by Diplosphere, a non-partisan and independent think tank set up and managed by his daughter-in-law, Maty Nikkhou O'Brien with support from one of his sons, Daniel O'Brien.

O'Brien died in Wellington Hospital on 30 December 2022, at the age of 86 after having been in hospital for slightly over a month.

On 22 March 2023, Diplosphere organized an event in Wellington on 'Forging an Independent Foreign Policy for New Zealand: Terence O'Brien's imprint.

Terence O'Brien's memoirs entitled "Consolations of Insignificance" were published in May 2023. The forward has been written by former New Zealand Prime Minister Jim Bolger.

FRANCIS “FRANK” AIDAN MAXWELL STAPLES (57)



Richard Sheehan wrote 31 January:

I have just received a phone call telling me that Frank Staples died over the weekend. He was a very old friend of mine, not only from Lloyd's but also from hunting and indeed I am one of his executors.

He had been amazingly fit, he'd run in 40 marathons all over the world [literally on all seven continents] including the Arctic marathon, the Antarctic marathon, the Everest marathon, the Eyres Rock marathon and numerous "ordinary" marathons like the London marathon – several times. On one occasion we talked about the pasta parties the night before a marathon and he said that the best one that he attended was the Venice marathon [believe it or not there is a 26 mile circuit around Venice's islands connected by bridges]. In the riding context apart from being a regular member of the Beaufort his Irish family were the Ryans of Scarteen fame with whom he'd hunted and of course his late wife Sarah was Mark Philips sister – I was Frank's best man, so quite a loss.



Sarah out hunting: she died unexpectedly in 2014

He'd had a fall last year when visiting Compostella but had recovered from that and was happily living on his own in Wiltshire. However, at the end of the autumn he had another fall in his garden from which he was unable to get up and he was stuck there all night and only found the next morning by the postman – by then he was unconscious. He

recovered however, spending three weeks in hospital and I went to see him in late November – unfortunately, he was still waiting to get an alarm which would allow him to leave the house to have a pub lunch. I phoned him again before I came over to Ireland suggesting lunch but he told me that he was due to go to the doctor the next day because his legs had swollen. So, I said that I'd call to see him when I returned from Ireland – but I've just got the sad news today that he's died. May he rest in peace.

Below is the eulogy given by Richard.

Frank Staples was born in January 1940 in Quetta, Baluchistan, which was then in British India, and has of course been in the newly formed Pakistan since 1947. So, from the very beginning Frank had an involvement in other places on the globe. Indeed, he became a member of the Marathon Grand Slam Club for which he qualified by running in Marathons on all seven continents. Very few people can claim that distinction.

Had Frank been born in peacetime, he would have expected to grow up in the vicinity of Lahore with his mother Marian and father Aidan Staples, until it was time for him to be sent home to school. Indeed, Frank's sister Jo, who had also been born during a posting to Quetta 11 years earlier, had been at school in England since 1936, where as it happens Aidan's sister Beatrice was a nun, and spent her holidays with her Staples cousins in Tunbridge Wells, with Aidan's brother Frank Senior's family. All three brothers, Frank senior, Edmund and Aidan spent all or part of their careers in India, as had their father Francis Patrick Staples.

However, Frank was born in wartime. In 1942 Frank's father, a British officer in the 8th Punjab Regiment of the Indian Army, was shipped with his battalion to help defend Singapore, only to find that the island had already fallen and they were all prisoners of the Japanese. Sadly, Aidan was to die a prisoner.

By 1943, in India, it was thought wise that the families of British forces return to the U.K. and so Frank and his mother began the voyage home. Marian had to keep a firm hold of him on the ship, as it sailed through submarines infested waters. Passengers were left in no doubt that it wouldn't stop for anyone who fell overboard.

Having arrived safely in England, Frank and Marian went to live in Tonbridge with Aidan's eldest brother and his family, where Frank met his sister Jo, when she was on holiday from school, and his Staples cousins Felicity, Perpetua, Justin and Brigid.

While Felicity Staples worked at Bletchley Park, all Frank's other Staples cousins were too young to join the War effort. After the war Justin was to join the diplomatic service and in the 1980s, while Ambassador to Thailand, Justin, with his wife Susan, were to be superb hosts to Frank and Jo, and Jo's husband Mark, when they travelled to Bangkok to visit Jo and Frank's father's grave at Kunchanaberi. In 1947, through the kind support of

Marian's brother, Norman Leonard, Frank and Marian moved to Wiltshire where, essentially, Frank lived ever since and where they became parishioners of this church.

After his schooldays at St John's and afterwards at Beaumont, with Norman's help he took up a career as a broker in the Lloyd's insurance market becoming a Director of Bradstocks. He divided his time between Wiltshire and London, spending most weekends with his mother who he was devoted to and initially from 1957 onwards, week nights with his sister Jo, brother-in-law Mark and their family Philippa and David,

Although I'd attended the same school as Frank he had left before my time but I got to know him when we met as brokers in Lloyd's. A significant connection arose because of a shared interest in horses.

From an early age the influence of horses was very strong in Frank's life. Firstly, he was a regular member of the Beaufort Hunt Pony Club Team. A good friend from school told me that he remembered competing against Frank in the Pony Club Championships which Frank won for the Beaufort. Indeed, at school he was allowed to ride and exercise a pony for a mutual friend at Eton who was not allowed to do so.

Frank was also a very enthusiastic teacher and by the early 60s had taught his niece and nephew and cousin Paula to ride, when they were staying with Marian in Wiltshire as frequent visitors. Philippa and his future wife Sarah, also became good friends in the 1960s through the friendship of their grandmothers and love of horses and dogs.

In 1976 before their marriage, they (Sarah Philipps and Frank) both met up in Bromont Canada with their respective families, for the equestrian events of the Montreal Olympics: Sarah being there to support her brother Mark, and Frank and his sister Jo, to see Norman's younger daughter Jenny, and her family who lived in the States.

In 1977, Frank inherited a hunter called Charlie Boy, from a friend of his from Lloyds, and kept him at Sarah's family home. From there Sarah and Frank's friendship blossomed.

Hunting was in Frank's family, which included the Ryans, the owners of the Scarteen Hunt in Ireland with whom he hunted with his wife Sarah some years later. So, growing up Frank became a regular hunting member of the Beaufort Hunt and with Sarah he was a fence judge for many years at Badminton and at Gatcombe. Frank and Sarah had a mutual love of horses and dogs and both living at Great Somerford they met through that connection and married in 1981. Indeed, I had the honour of being Frank's best man.

Sadly, Sarah died in 2014 after a very happy marriage living in Great Somerford among their many friends.

When Charlie Boy had to be retired, Frank essentially stopped riding and took up running. He said afterwards that seeing his nephew David go for a run in Dauntsey, (a

very rare event anywhere, as it happens), reminded him how much he had enjoyed cross country running at school.

When one door CLOSES another door OPENS – how true in Frank's case. During the week when he was working in Lloyd's he lived in London and in 1988 he ran there in the first of his 41 Marathons. Prior to that he took part in what I understand was the first Ride and Tie Marathon at Cirencester Park which was organised by the Arab Horse Society.

Frank took up Marathon running in a big way. Firstly, he took part in the Great North Run which is a half Marathon the distance that he'd trained for in the Ride and Tie event. After that he completed his first London Marathon.

To Frank the London Marathon became a routine Marathon because he completed it eight times. Indeed, in 2005 having completed the Antarctic Marathon while on the way back to complete in yet another London Marathon, he completed the Findel Mondo event in Tierra Del Fuego. In 2007 although he did not actually run the distance between Cape Town and the North Pole, he completed the Cape Town and the North Pole Marathons.

He became a member of the Marathon Grand Slam Club by completing Marathons on all seven continents. This included the Everest Base Camp Marathon, the Evers Rock Marathon in Australia, Marathons in Phuket, Thailand, Honolulu, Quebec, Maui, the Red Sea Marathon, the Ethiopia Marathon and many other Marathons in places like New York and Boston. Indeed, he kindly gave me a piece of the Berlin Wall having competed in the Berlin Marathon shortly after the Wall came down.

But it was not all punishing running in extreme heat or cold depending on the event. Apart from the chance to visit so many interesting places, Frank told me about the pasta parties held the night before the events. The best one he'd attended he said was the Venice Marathon where apparently, they can complete a marathon distance, using bridges between the islands. Many years later he competed in the Rome Marathon – so their pasta was probably every bit as good.

Clearly Frank was an excellent Marathon runner. When he was 52 he did his best time which was in the Vienna Marathon completing that Marathon in 3hrs 27min 29 seconds. The time for an Elite runner of that age was 3 hrs 41min 28 seconds. So, Frank completed in nearly a quarter of an hour quicker than a good Elite runner. He completed the Everest Base Camp Marathon when he was 70.

Beside Frank's interest in sport and travel Frank was a great reader. Clearly, he was interested in travel but also in military history. Regarding his Marathons, Frank conducted detailed research, carefully preparing for each Marathon. He consulted

Ranulf Fiennes on the occasion of the Arctic and the Antarctic Marathons as well as Professor Michael Stroud, an expert on human health under extreme conditions.

As a broker in the Lloyd's market to which he had a great devotion he was a hard worker and was very popular with the underwriters and other brokers. His worlds therefore were Great Somerford, which he regarded as home which he shared for so many years with his loving wife Sarah. Then he had his career in London which he greatly enjoyed. Beyond that was the World in which he visited so many interesting places. How many of us have been to all seven continents? Frank has, during a fulfilled life. May he rest in peace having now gone to join Sarah and members of the family that he loved.