

Address - Edward Walsh

Unique, irreplaceable, the heart and soul of the school, gave his all to the College without asking in return, we will never see his like again.....legend.....words and phrases my father absolutely insisted I use about him at his memorial service. And of course that's not true....but all of them and more....much more....have been written and said to Victoria and me over the last few weeks about this incredible man I am immensely proud to call my father.

Quite why he chose me to give one of the addresses today is a mystery. On the occasion of his 70th birthday, we had invited some friends to celebrate at the College and I thought I would surprise him with a brief but well-thought out speech. Having delivered it and feeling relieved but pleased that it appeared to have gone down well my father took the mic and said " Thank you Edward – I didn't realise you knew so many words". I think we all know Terry Walsh will be a hard, if not impossible, act to follow – this only served to confirm he was also a pretty difficult one to precede.

Victoria and me have had quite a few logistical challenges over the last few weeks and the one person who would have come up with the right answer, who we could turn to for the correct course of action was sadly no longer with us. But I know he would have wanted me to thank the many people who have made the last few weeks that much easier. To the Master, Joe Spence, for all his support and for putting the College and all it's many resources at our disposal. To Trevor Llewellyn and Joanne Whaley for all their hard work and to the rest of the College team who have tirelessly helped with today's celebration. To Angela Spence and members of the Senior Common Room for providing and choosing the beautiful flowers. To Robin Turner, Tim Buckler and the rest of the Chapel staff for making this a truly wonderful occasion. And to all of you , some who have travelled far to be here, and others absent, who have sent letters, cards , emails, voicemails - all hugely appreciated by Victoria and me.

My father's 65 year career at Dulwich College is a quite staggering achievement and seems unlikely ever to be beaten representing over 16% of the College's entire 400 year history. My father had been looking forward so much to this very special year – although he did comment to me that he wondered if the Sportsmans Dinner , the Black and Blue Ball, the Bedford rugby matches and all the reunions weren't just a little too extravagant merely to celebrate his 90th birthday. BUT there was another recurring theme running through my father's life that played a huge part, namely Hampshire. Born in 1929 in Lymington to parents Eva and Joe he attended Churchers College in Petersfield. Unsurprisingly he excelled in most things, rising all the way to the top to be appointed School Captain. And of course cricket featured highly with a young TJW appearing in the First X1 for the first time at the tender age of 15 and staying there for 4 years. His total haul of 264 wickets a simply incredible achievement (the ball with which he took his 200th wicket was presented to him and now sits on its plinth at my house).

After leaving school in 1947 it was straight into two years of National Service with The Royal Hampshire Regiment. This was one of the happiest periods of

his life and he remained in close touch with the regiment, attending many reunions and dinners over the years and supporting it where he could. The regiment is represented here today by Lieutenant Colonel Colin Bulleid and my father would be extremely honoured by your presence Sir. These two years helped form the basis for a vital strand of his Dulwich career namely his service in the CCF from 1954 to 1978, commanding it for the last 14 years of that time before being gazetted as Honorary Lieutenant Colonel on his retirement. For a fair few of those years he was perhaps not at his slimline best and bore a passing resemblance to Captain Mainwaring – something he revelled in as this was his favourite television programme and indeed he departed this world at the Crematorium to the much loved theme tune to that wonderful programme.

Cricket continued to play a great part in his life, complete with that unique action of his, described by the late and much missed Gerry Thornton as follows :- “A longish charge up to the crease, then square on, a whirlwind of arms with the ball seeming to come out of his posterior at considerable velocity”. This caused such consternation to batsmen that on one occasion, whilst batting, Terry Bates actually caught the ball. In one of our discussions about today’s cricket, I asked him what was his deadliest delivery, the flipper, the wrong’un, the back of the hand – quick as a flash and very drily he replied “ my first one”.

He played a lot of cricket at his beloved Lymington Cricket club and had a hard act to follow in that his father was Captain for 10 years from 1934 - indeed according to one prominent historian of the club, my grandfather Joe would have been a clear favourite to be named Captain of any Millennium fantasy team. I thought this description of Joe was unerring in how it could equally have been applied to my father – “ as a skipper and bowler, Walsh used craft and guile to outfox the opposition and was as meticulous on the cricket field as he was off it. He possessed an innate shrewd awareness”. So a difficult act to follow , but follow he did by taking 9-14 in a memorable performance in 1950. He went on to make many appearances for the Hampshire Second XI but was hugely disappointed at the 1955 Bournemouth Cricket Festival when, whilst playing in a 2ndX1 match, he was selected to play for the full Hampshire First XI next match and duly broke a couple of fingers thus scuppering his chance to play.

I spent a wonderful few days down there with him in 2007 when we attended the 200th anniversary of the club. We drove around looking at places he had been , grounds he had played at , and, as you can imagine, all with great stories and recollections attached. On the Sunday morning we were driving down a small country lane when we came across a house that he recognised as having grown up in. After walking up and down a few times the concerned owner, a Monarch airlines pilot as it turned out, came out to confront us and on hearing that it was where my father had grown up in the early 1930’s invited us both in. He was engrossed in my father’s stories and produced a collectible clay pipe that he had found whilst renovating the kitchen recently “ Ah I wondered where that had got to” said my father. Gin and tonics were offered and duly accepted which was quite a surprise to the

chaps wife when she came downstairs at 11.00am to find a convivial party going on. The owner went on to mention that at the bottom of the long garden, each summer he held a mini festival for up and coming local rock bands and invited people to come and camp and enjoy the music – “you must come” he said to my father. “Absolutely – send me the dates” was the immediate and somewhat alarming reply from the then near octogenarian who regarded my mother’s favourite crooner, Johnny Mathis, as a degenerate punk rocker.

Although because of his devotion to the College, I sometimes felt my father was public property, I am so grateful for all his support and advice to me. He helped start my career in the City in 1982 by introducing me to Paul Bazalgette and the aforementioned Terry Bates, both OA’s and respectively senior partner and dealing partner at Philips and Drew - now part of UBS. When I first started, I worked on the trading floor of the Stock Exchange and came home one evening to tell my father that I had just met an OA called Jigger (no – me neither). With hardly a pause, he said “Ah PR Jenkins – 62-67, nice chap, centre 1st XV, strong tackler”. His encyclopaedic knowledge and memory were legendary. One might have thought that Google modelled its search engine on him – were it not for the fact that, as Calista and others will no doubt attest, the intricacies of the World Wide Web and the email system were quite beyond him.

You will hear much about my father and Dulwich College in the other addresses but I will share one story that he liked very much. As many will know, he was deeply honoured and proud to be elected President of the Alleyn Club in 2002/3, one of only a very few non OAs ever to hold that illustrious position. Drinking one evening in the Alleyns Head (and presumably after ordering his customary and indeed custom made “Terry Walsh” drink), he was asked by the lady behind the bar “Are you President of the Alleyn Club because you are the longest surviving drinker in the Alleyns Head”. “Not quite true but a lovely idea” he replied very amused.

As all here know, my father was of course the finest of orators. I recall asking him for his words of wisdom on the essence of a successful speech and he said it was really very simple - make sure you’ve stopped speaking before your audience has stopped listening. Hoping that this address has met with his approval and might warrant his distinctive tapping of fingers on the table, I will heed that advice today and so avoid the risk of any final paternal opprobrium from beyond the grave. But in so doing, may I conclude with the words from Hillaire Belloc which my father loved to use on these sorts of occasions and I make no apology for that :-

From quiet homes and first beginning
Out to the undiscovered ends
There’s nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends

With my father there was always laughter and I suggest that the love of friends is well illustrated by the gathering here today.