

## **Peter**

Thank you Magda. I am Peter of "Peter and Ann" who you mentioned in your opening address.

I first met Ian back in the mid 1960s, when we both lived in Merton Avenue, Chiswick, in West London. This was a small quiet side street and our houses stood almost opposite from each other.

That particular morning a large mobile crane arrived, and was lifting a sailing boat over the top of Ian's house. Naturally, I went across to see what was going on. We got chatting and from then on we became friends. He'd built this racing sail boat in the small back yard of his house, only a foot longer than the boat itself!

As time went by we became like one family; our children grew up together (playing on the street!) and when Ian and Magda moved out to Fleet we followed them, with our family.

Before long Ian was drawing up plans for a new sailing boat and he asked me if I would like to join in with this latest project. The boat was to be built in their garage, specially extended for the purpose. Little did I know how long the job would take and that for the next two years I would be smelling of paint, resin and itching all over from glass fibres. During tea breaks we would gather in the kitchen with Magda joining in, and run a "bar room parliament", sorting out politicians, the government and solving the world's problems. At times the discussions got heated, as we held different views. Then the noise level would rise considerably. But the debates never became as uncivilised or pointless, as those in the House of Commons.

Ian was a well-known and respected sailor and on two occasions represented Great Britain in the Olympics.

It was through Ian and Magda that I was given the opportunity to go sailing, first on QED - the aforementioned garage-built yacht and then on Melina, on which we made many trips, cruising along the south coast of Britain, to France, Scotland, and finally across the Atlantic to the West Indies.

Ian was a brilliant sailor and I never saw him flustered. Always very calm, not much was ever known to bother him. His commands were not always clear to his crew, whom he expected to know instinctively what to do. He would shout: "Pull on the green rope!" I would immediately obey, only to find that the green rope was attached to a red one half way along.

One time, when the boat was being made ready for sailing, Ian hauled me up the mast to fix a light bulb. He made the hoist line fast and then wandered off ashore to get some more bits, leaving me stuck up there for what seemed like hours. Dangling from a swinging mast I was shouting, trying to attract attention, only for the passers-by to wave back at me and wish me good luck, none of them suspecting that I was pleading for help in getting down!

Ian was always very generous, but like a typical Scotsman could have an unorthodox attitude to money. Once, when sailing in rough weather I broke a dinner plate, you would think from his reaction that I've just lost him a fortune. Yet on the same day he increased our speed, (as though we were not going fast enough!). We hoisted more canvas and fixed a whisker pole to hold out the sail. Within minutes, with ropes singing the pole got carried away. Not a word was said, although the pole must have cost hundreds!

A great friend, a great sailor. I am grateful for the day when on the spur of the moment I walked across the road to watch that crane lifting the boat over the house roof. Otherwise we might have never got to know each other.

Rest in peace my friend.