

Days Out with David

I met David at Haileybury school, where we had both been sentenced to four years "education". Neither of us wanted to be there. Both early candidates for expulsion I just lasted the course and I think David may have exited in late 68. It is interesting that both of us returned home when our education finished. Almost as if to recapture the lost years at Haileybury.

David was a kind man. In 1969 we went to the big Isle of Wight festival . David wandered around the site talking to all and sundry. In particular he would talk down anyone who had taken too much dope, Ketamin, or Shepherd and Neame.

The Beast was a 1953 VW micro bus shared between myself, David and Harold. The beast had bald tyres, a bed , mini kitchen and a mysterious Gear stick with a bamboo extension and a matching hook on the dashboard. David and I competed to see how quickly we could get rid of hitch hikers by exercising the bald tyres in some spectacular cornering. Very few got hitch hikers further than 5 miles.

In 1969, the plan was that the three of us take the Beast for a tour of Eastern Europe - all the communist bloc countries. It wasn't long before I got the usual worry with a David plan "Is this Wise"?. It didn't happen - I reckon a group of parents knocked the suspension to pieces one dark night.

October 1968 David and I go on the Anti Vietnam demonstration. We started marching with an anarchist brigade. Then David goes freelance. He starts to pogo up and down through the massed ranks of Ho Chi Min supporters shouting "Ho Ho Ho Chi Min. Him him big cretin". I was glad to get out in one piece!

Its 1972 at Sussex University. David was really good at entrances. He knew how to make an impact. I was sitting listening to a lecture at Sussex Unversity , with 70 other students in the large lecture theatre. Suddenly, I heard a commotion and turned round. At the upper door was a tall gentleman in a flowing cream and

pink robe, a round hat and big beard. He spied me and lifting a 3 foot hunting horn to his lips he blew me a loud greeting.

1983 found David and I in Zagora a small town on the edge of the Sahara. David tall, wearing a jalaba and round hat, with a flowing hair and beard, became a 'person of interest' to the locals especially as he examined their animals. Two young Moroccans approached us and offered to sell us some Ancient Berber silver at astoundingly cheap prices. After a short discussion we walked with them across the main square, down a side road, and then down a very minor side road and into a low house. Again I felt that "Is this wise?" feeling. Mint tea and small roast birds were served. The table was covered with ancient berber silver and we bought rather too much. David was quite at ease and chattered away with the silver sellers. After 20 mins point more silver sellers appeared and I was getting edgy. I eventually caught Davids eye and emitting a stream of fast, totally rubbish, french we gathered our silver, shook everyone by the hand and disappeared back to our hotel.

In 1984, I met a charming, nearly homeless, young lady from Maidstone. I suggested she contacted David to see if he needed any lodgers. Within a couple of weeks Norman had moved Brenda and her friend into David's house to considerable surprise in the village. A couple of years later Brenda moved up to Suffolk but continued a long friendship with David, including a trip to Aspinall Zoo last year.