

TRIBUTE TO DAVID our kind hearted, sensitive, quirky brother who loved his cows, dogs Dfor and Ralphie, The Beano, jazz, IT and electronics

David was brought up at Yew Tree Farm and lived in Wormshill most of his life.

He loved making kites and aeroplanes in the cellar. He'd fly them in the Chicken Field and on the Yorkshire moors on family holidays to Whitby. During family holidays at Whitby with Daddy he would make a volcano whilst his sisters created a surrounding moat and collected driftwood and kindling to light a small fire inside. The paper bag that had held the sticky buns and sandwich brown paper was burnt giving the impression that volcano was erupting. He was also fond of archery which he aimed over the house.

As a youngster he was experimental. He was found lighting matches in the dutch barn with Gerald and was sent to his room as punishment to understand the seriousness of this action.

In April 1956 David went to the Convent in Sittingbourne for 7 terms with Sarah and then leaving to go to Milsted school to accompany his twin sisters whilst Sarah went to Moira house. David found Milsted school a bit tricky and decided one day to lock himself in the bathroom so as to miss the school bus. Joan got Ruth to take him to Milsted on a tractor much to his annoyance!

David found some textures unpalatable such as yoghurt, marrow, queen of puddings and tapioca. The head teacher Mrs Meacher had a strict rule for all food on the plate had to be eaten no matter how long it took. The dinner lady very kindly used to remove the tapioca so that he could go out to play. A similar incident happened when he was ten at his grandmothers in Whitby where he went on hunger strike for 3 days after refusing to eat boiled marrow. His granny sent him to his bedroom where he stayed for the duration but Joan snuck food up to him so he didn't go hungry and granny finally relented.

Aged 8 David was sent to board at the lower school of Haileybury where in 1964 he did his common entrance and moved to the main school. In the late 60's there was a lot of unrest with protests against capitalism, consumerism, American imperialism and traditional institutions. At the age of 14 he joined the 'Harlow Anarchist Federation'. In October 1968 he went with his friend Mike to an anti-Vietnam war demonstration as part of a large contingent of anarchists which ended up getting him chucked out of Haileybury. He then spent a lot of time going to Speakers Corner listening and taking part in debates. He needed to sit Oxbridge entrance exam so attended Maidstone Boys grammar school. Bored with school he left and did a stint at Marley Tiles. One day his sisters were baking rock cakes when he returned home early from Marley Tiles arriving through the back door

stinking of turpentine . Somehow or other he had fallen into the vat and those buns took on a nasty smell and were thrown.

When he went to Cambridge there was an established protest 'Campaign against Assessment'. It was a protest against the existing system of examinations and degrees as a way of judging someone, of deciding into which slot in society he or she should be put. Students felt their identities were threatened by the traditions, the rules, the 'external categorisations' which the university was imposing on them. Examinations fulfilled little or no academic function, they did not teach anyone anything. They were designed to force the student to study what the government, industry and media wanted. This of course was the revolting 60's and 70's. So David went into the examination room signed his name on the exam paper and walked out giving him no ranking or grade for each year. Cambridge however gave him his BA in Electrical Science Tripos and a year later offered him a MA if he paid £10.00. Result!

In February 1970 he joined a crowd of several hundred protesters – mostly Cambridge University students organised by socialist groups which became known as 'The Garden House riot'. This was the only serious disturbance at the University of Cambridge in the period around the widespread 1968 student protests. The University proctors provided the police with the names of approximately 60 people they had spotted in the crowd one of which was David but he was never charged.

His mother got worried when there was mail for him addressed to Gabriel at Yew Tree. It did not help that he liked to walk through the village wearing a purple long dress with his flowing beard. She wondered if he thought he was the archangel Gabriel but in fact it turned out to be Walter Gabriel from the Archers. Various Cambridge friends only knew his name as Gabriel.

At Cambridge he wore a sheriff's badge and as he was at the same college Trinity Hall as our current king he would invite Charles to tea and crumpet but Charles always returned a typed letter thanking him but saying that he was otherwise engaged. American tourists would take pictures of David as being the classic image of a Cambridge student.

Back to the land and self sufficiency became the current mode in the early 1970s - going forward to a new and better sort of life, a life which meant more than the over-specialised round of office or factory, a life that brings challenge and the use of daily initiative back to work. With this as an option David returned to Wormshill to start working on his mother's farm. He went to Hadlow for one year to get training in agriculture, farm records and accounts. And this is where he found his happiness working with dairy cows. Here he worked with Peter, Mitch and Norman who were the stalwarts for more than 30 years and various others who came and went.

In 1970 David went with Mike to the Isle of Wight festival. He liked all sorts of music Frank Zappa, Pink Floyd, Joe Cocker, Captain Beefheart, BB King, Bob Marley, The Doors, Big Bill Broonzy, John Lee Hooker, Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Charles Lloyd Quartet, Van Morrison, Tina Turner, Freddie and the Dreamers

David moved to Barnfield house and Andy Passey moved in with him for many years. They had lots of fancy dress parties and for one of them they built a dalek. The parties were brilliant. There was one guy who worked with the cows who was a DJ and he used to get singles from Holland and try them out on the cows. Once a week David cooked really good curries attended by Roger, Lindsay, Andy and anyone else.

Throughout his life David wore all sorts of hats which together with his sheriff badge and clogs became part of his identity.

In the mid 70's David drove Andy and his sisters to the North Sea Jazz Festival at the Hague. There were six stages, thirty hours of music, and 300 performances over the 3 days. We camped in school playgrounds. It was the first time having mayonnaise on chips that came out of a machine! He then used to meet up at Greenwich theatre basement which hosted live jazz every Sunday and it was the time of jumbo beer cans.

David's interests were in The Beano, The Marx Brothers, Spike Milligan, Monty Python, Peter Cook & Dudley Moore, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, film maker Kurosawa, Vic Reeves

He was excellent at choosing Christmas toys for his nephews and nieces all shopped on Christmas Eve. And though he grumbled about Christmas meal with the family he really enjoyed being with all the children and family. Izzy would not go anywhere without MONKEY her favourite toy which David gave her when she was one.

In his free time he worked on computers creating the farm record system and getting operating systems on different computers to communicate with each other. He enjoyed the challenges and at one point took a month off work to see if he may change from farming to IT. He disliked sitting for hours on end at a machine and spent time going out to deal with the cows which someone else was meant to do. He also liked to put rude messages with his favourite word starting with 'Bo..ocks' up if an operator of his software did something stupid which would not have been acceptable in a formal company.

Peter found a terrier tied up and abandoned. He put him in one of the stables, fed him and got him back to health. This dog was then named by David as Dfor (d for dog). Although Dfor then lived at

Yew Tree David would take Dfor out everywhere often times with Charlie and he became very fond of him.

In 2006 he sold the farm and moved to Suffolk and retired early from farming. Louise then started to work at Yew Tree farm with a herd of Jersey heifers so the farm changed from a dairy farm to a nursery farm as once the heifers had a calf the mother would be moved to Dover for milking. David said 'Well I give her a week' but quickly changed his mind as he was so impressed by her. Elif and Louise then became very important to him.

He decided then to do an honours degree in 'Computing and Mathematical Sciences' with the Open University to prove to himself that he could get an honours degree the normal way which he did in 2009 and also went for a Web masters cert but disliked this aspect of IT. Meanwhile on IT forums it became very apparent that he missed the cows at Wormshill so much as he would enter the number of hours and days that he had last seen the cows who were now in Dover on messages where he would answer an IT question but then spend a paragraph on the statistic of last seen cows. People responded asking what he was talking about as had no idea how it related to their query.

And Suffolk is where he got Ralphie his Lakeland /Patterdale terrier who he adopted. His main happiness came with Ralphie and cows. He found Suffolk lacking in its agriculture where cows were not present and in February 2011 David returned back to Wormshill with Ralphie to 2 Barnfield Cottage - back in the midst of Yew Tree Farm.

Having retired from farming he immersed himself in helping graduates in electronics and coding. They will miss his constant interaction on 2 main forums where he wasn't exactly polite to them but they knew he would show them the way to go.

He spent hours every day trying out and creating different controllers, creating elegant code and figuring out complex algorithms. He once saw that his sister Jenny had a text book Knuth on Sorting and Searching algorithms and wanted a copy which she bought him for his birthday. He then read it from page 1 to 800 every night like a bed time story and liked it immensely.

He started biking a lot and he recorded the time every day it took to do a particular circuit on his bike. He had always liked biking – in Cambridge he had a tandem he rode and he did go on a biking holiday in Poland. And of course he walked Wormshill with Ralphie until Ralphie became too old. Ralphie was forever going down rabbit holes or wandering off and one time David got a call that Ralphie was in Tonbridge as some kind person saw this black dog in the night time on the road and took him home. Ralphie was chipped so David was so relieved but cross that he had to go all the way to Tonbridge to retrieve him and wondered if he should pay for his dog's bed and breakfast.

David's latest interests this year consisted of Kew gardens next door; his decision to get a patterdale puppy; Rebecca moving back to Bedminton; Louise and Elif returning back locally to Torry Hill and the drains at Yew Tree farm.

Kew gardens relates to Ian next door. Phone calls would come through with the conversation starting about Kew gardens is getting bigger and how it must surely win the garden show. There was the possibility of a patterdale puppy being born locally and he had decided that because this was the type of dog he wanted then he would get one. Rebecca, Louise and Elif would be people to visit and the drains seem to loom high in his mind for many years.

The music he last requested was anarchy so he kept his interest in politics to the end.

Simply David was a lovely man: the best brother, son, uncle and friend to many

Andy Passey Memories

At one party David built a dalek. He sat inside the dalek – it had wheels attached to it and for the whole of the fancy dress party he stayed in character. If you called him a dalek he would say 'No I am Davros – I'm the inventor of the dalek'.

I first met David back in 1972 just as he finished Cambridge. As Norman said last week David never had a bad word to say about anybody. Some thought David was a little bit eccentric but having Norman in the village !! David encouraged Norman to stand for parliament for the Monster Raving Loony party. I think David funded it and his mother to stand.

And there was another person you might remember Howard Sedge who would ride a penny farthing which he would ride at the back side of the hedge of the road wearing a white nightshirt and all you could see was this ghostly apparition at the top of the hedge. So he was in good company back in Wormshill.

After a couple of years of talking to David we were in the Blacksmiths, we were in there one night I said 'Do you get lonely living in that great big house up the road' and he said 'Yer - what I need is a lodger'. So two days later I was taken in as the lodger. I asked about rent and David said 'mum pays for the house so I don't see why I should charge you rent. She pays for the bills, take me washing home for me mum. We shared the food bills obviously. David was an excellent cook and at that time he was normally a vegetarian until one day Roger Tonge and myself went on holiday down to Cornwall. We had a couple of tents in a field and in the morning Roger came out – Roger was the local butcher at Harrietsham by the way – was cooking the bacon and egg in the pan and David emerged from his tent. David said 'Oh what's that!' and from then was a vegetarian except for bacon.

‘Um. David loved growing his own vegetables. He had spinach, beetroot, onions and contrary to what was said earlier on, he loved growing marrows. And at the weekend he would get two huge load speakers out in the garden much to the Mitchell’s annoyance next door probably and we would tend our garden. One day he said ‘It’s the Wormshill flower show coming up. I think we should enter some produce.’ So we prepared it as well as we could and went down there later in the day and there they were – two pairs of marrows – 2nd prize and he was so proud of that.

One day he went into his larder and saw that some chillies had been eaten. He had a half-eaten loaf which when picked up we saw this field mouse laid dying looking up. David thought that was hilarious.

We will just go back to the parties - one of the parties had a full troupe of Morris dancers dancing up and down the back garden and as David loved electronics at the queen’s Silver Jubilee David constructed this device on a wire where the queen would go backwards and forwards waving to everybody. This was resurrected a couple of years later at one of our parties where there was Charles and Di at either side of the garden would come together kiss in the middle and go back out again. So apart from being an anarchist he was also a Royalist.

As we heard early David had this little office with electronic equipment so one day he said I am going to invent these automatic cluster removers for milking the cows as upto then you had to wait to see if the cow had finished milking and then you would remove the clusters. So David was in his office soldering away for a couple of days using a special resin. This meant the clusters would automatically fall off when the cow had finished milking. This was his main invention.

As we have heard he loved Dostoevsky and Turgenev and Russian authors and taught me how to appreciate them but then again he loved the Beano. In fact Denis the Menace was his actual hero and he got a red and black stripey jumper.

I am going to give you a little taste of David that you might not know. We went on a trip to Amsterdam together and we stayed in a little hostel and after the Rijksmuseum to see the Rembrandts and the night watch at the end, the Van Gogh museum, for some reason David had the idea that the only food I liked was chips. So we went to the chip shop round the corner and we stood there with the chips with the mayonnaise. Opposite the chip shop was a venue called the ‘Paradiso’ which was a music venue and on that particular day the Clash were playing which David thought was great but we hadn’t got tickets. In the chip shop there were a few skinheads looking a bit morose and what came in was a little group of what I would call ‘weekend punks’ and they stood there and the skinheads started a bit of aggravation on these punks David and I were standing there and David said ‘I’m not having this’ and went in-between them and broke them up. He said ‘What are you doing they’ve done nothing to you. Leave them alone’. I’m not sure they understood what David was saying but much to our surprise they broke up and went out of the chip shop. He didn’t like injustice.

One final little one. Back in the 1970’s there was a certain record that came out called ‘the streak’ and one day we thought we would have a nice afternoon walking down the banks of the Medway so the ducks floating along the river and boats passing by. It was a nice sunny

day. All of a sudden we turned round and said 'Where's David'. And there was David naked as the day he was born streaking along the banks of the river Medway.

David rest in peace.