SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE COIN BUSINESS I JOINED AND OF SOME MEMBERS PAST

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The Coin Business I Joined

I started in the family firm of A.H. Baldwin & Sons Ltd., then at 3 Robert Street, adjacent to their present premises, in August 1949, seven weeks before my sixteenth birthday (hence a half-price season ticket!). London comprised three main dealers, Spink’s, Seaby’s and Baldwin’s, and three main auctioneers, Glendining’s, Sotheby’s and Christie’s. Spink had always been the ‘leading’ firm, but Seaby was the larger with nearly fifty on the staff, many on the publications side.

One has to remember that the War had finished only four years earlier, and ‘times were still hard’. There were so many major collections coming onto the market that prices were actually falling and, to the dealers, liquidity must have been a problem. I think particularly of Cokayne, Carter and Lingford (with Lingford, two major auction sales were but the tip of the iceberg). At the Adelphi they really wondered, or perhaps worried, what was going to happen to the market when the series of Lockett sales started in 1955. In the event, such a major offering stimulated the market, helped by the family offering museums a 28% rebate of the estate duty to which they would not be liable. In the event it was a very smart move, as curators fell over themselves to raise funds.

The family firm I joined in 1949 was not long out of the 19th century, but then (Great) Uncle Fred was Edwardian to the core. I don’t think he really came to terms with the post-War era. His was a world of a few wealthy clients, of the likes of Lockett, Clarke-Thornhill, Cokayne and Lingford. He certainly knew how to handle them. He knew rarity, for he saw the coins, and so could tell you that of two coins of which you might have seen one specimen, that one was x times rarer than the other, but he could not understand why you could not give him a value off the top of your head in a market of ever-changing prices. He took one look at the Lawrence collection – the cabinets had been upset, so nothing was on tickets – and passed it to nephew Albert. Not so daft. On the other hand he did Lockett, a 20th century collection catalogued by a 19th century numismatist, as I tend to think of it. Herbert Schneider’s letter to Albert on receipt of the Lockett English II catalogue which starts with Edward III began ‘Really, the Old Boy had too much gin in him when he started this one’. Uncle Fred never did get to grips with Edward III.

Fred’s younger brother Roy (Royle) was brought out of virtual retirement in 1941 as staff had gone off to the War. He had gone, c.1930, to South Africa for health reasons, allegedly T.B. He handled the ancient Greek coins. Someone more unlike his brother Fred one could not imagine, a hypochondriac, teetotal, etc., etc., or as his brother put it, ‘a bloody good drink would do you good’. (As office boy, every month I would load a standing order into F.B.’s car – 8 doz. Booth’s, drunk 50/50 with water, 1 doz. Johnnie Walker Black Label and 1 doz. Tio Pepe. And he enjoyed his wine!)

My father, David Dewar, but known as Douglas, was brought up in his grandfather’s home, and so came into the family coin business. Something of an eccentric, he would seem to have been more interested in plants. I always think of him knowing the series for which there were no

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1 As the title suggests, this paper represents the personal reminiscences of the author. The views expressed are not necessarily shared by the Editors or Council of the Society.
2 Auction sales are listed by Manville in his decennial summaries on pp. 267 and 283; private sales are listed in his Appendix, pp. 375–9.
3 Lockett had died in 1950.
standard works, certainly not in his younger days. When someone in the office was stuck for an answer, one would often hear the cry, ‘Ask Duggie’.

Albert, my father’s cousin, soon became the linchpin of the firm after the War and someone for whom I have the greatest respect. He had an all-but photographic memory, so much so that on occasion he must have thought me very thick, and an incredible capacity for work, in spite of suffering from acute diabetes, which I would not wish on anyone. On finishing the Lawrence catalogue, complimented in Humphrey Sutherland’s 1951 presidential address to the RNS, he went to see his doctor who promptly slapped him straight into the London Clinic. In his younger days he played hockey for the Blackheath H.C. Wednesday side, and I believe on one occasion he reached the semi-finals of the mixed doubles of the Beckenham Tournament.

Robert Edward Atkinson (‘R.E.A.’ or ‘Ted’) handled the war medals. Something of a character, he served in the Essex Regiment in India before World War I, after which he joined Baldwin’s. 4

David Spink I hardly knew, and the first time we met was hardly auspicious. I had gone to Christie’s to liaise with Albert, who was attending the sale of gold coins and medals of Grand Duke George Michailovitch. On the way into Christie’s I met D.F.S. coming out and gave him a respectful ‘Good morning, Mr Spink,’ but I was totally ignored for he was none too pleased with the morning’s activity. Baldwin had bought 104 lots of the coins out of 280 and no less than 161 lots of medals out of 197, and he was not used to being so heavily, perhaps embarrassingly, outgunned. I never had much to do with him as his forte was as a PR man for the company and his speciality decorations and war medals.

Before the War Douglas Liddell had been a history teacher. He met David Spink during the War and after it joined Spink’s. Inasmuch as Uncle Fred hardly recognised Seaby’s existence, one got the feeling that a similar situation existed between Spink’s and Baldwin’s. Douglas and Albert Baldwin immediately set to work to rid the marketplace of such (ludicrous) animosity. After Albert died very suddenly in 1967, one of the first things Douglas said to me was ‘We stick together’. Douglas is now 82 years old and has not enjoyed good health for some years.

Howard Linecar was the man in charge of books. Colonial coins and editor of the Circular. He was always helpful to me and on one visit to King Street he gave me a mint state copy of volume VI of Forrer’s Dictionary, ‘as it was being reprinted’. He was a little ahead of his time for the idea was scrapped, only to be taken up by Baldwin’s many years later. He was very much a Spink man, but one got the impression of a chip on his shoulder in that, as a pre-War member of staff, he had been ‘overtaken’ by a post-War introduction, Douglas Liddell.

Mr Forrer senior (‘Old Man Forrer’) one knew if only from his formidable reputation. I saw him once or twice, and then only from afar.

H.A. Seaby, always known as Bert, appeared to me as a rather severe figure, who didn’t waste words. I remember Albert complaining he hadn’t supported the Ryan sale, only to get the reply ‘I crub auction sales, Baldwin’. The firm were not big buyers, attenders even, in the auction room, and were rarely, if ever, selling agents of a collection, for they preferred to buy and retail through the Bulletin. An office boy doing the errands, I was often on the West End run calling at Spink’s, next door to Christie’s, and Glendining’s, passing Sotheby’s on the way, but it was many years before I went to Great Portland Street.

As so many since, ‘H.A.’ started at Spink’s, and was set up in business on his own account by Valentine Ryan. For the first 20 years it must have been a struggle and he must have worked extremely hard. An exaggeration, of course, but I have heard it said that ‘he had forgotten more than his staff ever learnt’. I well remember Charles Hersh telling Uncle Fred that there was only one man in London who knew the Roman Republican series. An expectant F.B. awaited the compliment, only to hear, ‘And that’s Bert Seaby!’ The comment was more barbed than one might think, as F.B. only ever referred to (upstairs) Seaby’s as ‘That firm’. But then it would seem that neither did Spink forgive Baldwin for starting up in business either.

4 See below under WINSTANLEY.
5 3-4 July 1950.
Bert’s son Peter was a totally different kettle of fish. Softly spoken, almost diffident, he was perhaps more academic than commercial, as his ground-breaking paper, ‘The Sequence of Anglo-Saxon Coin Types, 1030–50’ will illustrate. It was only in 1970 that I really got to know him when, with his accountant Peter Milne, we prepared, albeit late, for the introduction of VAT, out of which was born the BNTA. It was at this time I realised he seemed to totally lack a sense of humour, certainly my perversive variety, and for him to understand what I was on about I had to remember this fact.

Great Portland Street not being on the West End run, I never met Mrs Emmy Cahn (widow of Julius, aunt of Herbert), the two Polish members of staff, Lt. Cols. Protassowicki and Kozolubski, Gilbert Askew and Major Porter, beneficiary of the Ryan interest in the firm. (Only now I wonder how, or why, Baldwin’s handled the Ryan collection. No wonder Bert ‘crabbed’ the Ryan sale, it must have been one he expected to win.) In later life I met other members of the staff, and several became personal friends (a buddy of Alan Rayner’s in Harpenden, Professor Trevor Lewis, is uncle of my godson, Dr Paul Sice, a fact learnt at his grandfather’s funeral. It’s a small world).

In those early days there were several small dealers, mostly ‘hip-pocket’ without premises. No particular names come to mind, certainly none of the calibre of Dawson and Format of later years.

The three major auctioneers, Glendining’s, Sotheby’s and Christie’s, reigned supreme, together with Wallis & Wallis (mostly militaria – you can see Roy Butler on the present-day Antiques Road Show). Spink and Baldwin used Glendining’s for auctions, and Baldwin’s catalogued properties offered to Sotheby’s, where a retired Eton housemaster, Cyril Butterwick, was responsible for coins. This arrangement was terminated by Sotheby’s on 1 February 1968, by a letter received that very morning, the work being passed to D.J. Crowther Ltd. As Uncle Fred wrote to Peter Wilson, ‘What has gone wrong? I have been cataloguing for Sotheby’s since Mr Hodge’s day’. F.B. rarely wrote letters, but he struck oil with this one, in that Peter Wilson was not even born in Mr Hodge’s day (1905). We also catalogued for Christie’s, where Arthur Grimwade, later to become Prime Warden of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, was in charge, the arrangement lasting, eventually minimally, until Christie’s takeover of Spink’s.

As the person responsible for taking delivery of these various properties, I would like to think that a Sotheby property never turned up in a Christie’s sale.

Of Some Members Past

By starting in 1949, one could say that I wished I had started my numismatic career earlier, in that I missed seeing the likes of Dr E.C. Carter, Helen Farquhar, Dr L.A. Lawrence, R.C. Lockett, H.A. Parsons, V.J.E. Ryan and W.C. Wells, owners of major collections dispersed in the early 1950s.

The following list is alphabetical and could have included others, but one has to stop somewhere. Obituaries are in numismatic publications, usually our Journal or Spink’s Numismatic Circular. Some not given will have been in the national press, e.g. Sir Francis Hill.

DEREK ALLEN (1910–75) was a none too frequent visitor to the Adelphi, a respected student, especially of Ancient British coins, perhaps best remembered for his British Museum Catalogue of the ‘Tealby’ issue, published in 1951, long after he left the Department of Coins and Medals. I well remember him saying that he took it as part of his duties in the Department to publish something every month. Happy days! With three boys at Rugby, he could not afford to return to the British Museum after the War: his subsequent career was with the Ministry of Transport. In retirement for far too short a time, he was secretary of the British Academy until his untimely death.

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6 BNJ 28 (1955).
7 Manville, p. 283.
8 See below under FRENCH.
As a dealer who sought advice from the expert in the Celtic series, I have to say his Achilles heel was spotting forgeries, as his publication of the Haslemere hoard illustrates all too well.\footnote{BNJ 31 (1962), 1–8; BNJ 35 (1966), 189–90.}

A.E. BAGNALL (1877–1966) was a painting and decorating contractor, of Shipley, Hereford and Teddington (just along the High Street from my first marital home over a sweet shop). In the days when there were many more exhibits at a Society meeting, he would produce a wonderful selection of Anglo-Saxon pennies, very often jumbled up and not on their tickets. He was a Spink customer through and through. On one rare visit he was offered a James I coinage crown, mm ‘seeded’ rose,\footnote{Obituary in BNJ 46 (1976), 88–91.} an extreme rarity, at £140. He turned it down, but it wasn’t long before Douglas Liddell was on the phone to buy it, and I subsequently learnt that he paid Spink’s £250 for it.\footnote{BNJ 39 (1970), 154–5.}

Another Spink customer (certainly initially), was N.C. BALLINGAL (1924–85), known as Peter, a trader of Djakarta and Salisbury (now Harare), before returning to London when we saw much more of him. He specialised in the Civil War issues of Stephen and Charles I, as did Sir John Hanham and (not so obviously), V.J.E. Ryan. We were on the point of arranging lunch when he died very suddenly, aged 60. Attending a concert recently at Dorking Halls, I noticed his widow Kathleen listed in the programme as a sponsor.

A.E. BARNES (elected 1946, \textsuperscript{1}1967), of Beaconsfield, was a chair designer for Parker Knowle and he, too, knew a good coin when he saw one. His halfcrowns were sold at Glendining’s in 1954.\footnote{24 November 1954, lots 205–56 (not noted by Manville).}

CHRISTOPHER BLUNT (1904–87) was an awe-inspiring figure to a young office boy. He would call at around 8.30 am on his way from Albany to the City. I will always remember one morning in the great freeze-up of 1962–3, thawing out in Robert Street, in Richmond Hockey Club jumper, green Harris tweed suit trousers and wellies off, warming my feet in front of the meagre gas fire, when Christopher arrived with a friend. ‘Oh, Peter, meet my friend Dick.’ Later I learnt the friend was Commander (later Sir) Richard Colville, the Queen’s Press Secretary. On a much later visit he announced himself at the counter, ‘Blunt, to see Sharp.’

Soon after his wife Elizabeth died, I was returning from the West Country along the M4 and was due to reach the Feltham area (pre-M25) in the rush hour, so I rang Christopher. Yes, he would put the kettle on. . . (and later) would I have time for a glass of sherry? . . . I wonder whether we could share my cold supper? (needless to say with a good bottle of wine). . . there’s some rather good port in the pantry. . . I left Rambsbury at midnight, drove on full headlights round the lanes of Wiltshire, stopping at a village to take stock of where I was and how I was going to get home. I was still in Rambsbury! It was the first of many visits and one soon realised that the awe-inspiring City gent was a rather shy person. The last visit, with Michael Sharp, was only weeks before he died, and Michael was dragged off home after supper, before the port.

My son Alexander’s father-in-law, Revd Bob Hyatt, was vicar of Ramsbury from 1991 until his retirement in 2000.\footnote{Obituary in BNJ 57 (1987), 157–61.}

GEORGE BOON (1927–94) finished his career as curator of the main branch of the National Museum of Wales at Cathays Park. It was John Casey, then working in Cardiff, who advised us that George Boon’s bark was worse than his bite, a view shared by Marion Archibald who, in her obituary of him, said he ‘appeared formidable to many meeting him for the first time’. So true, but we soon got to know and understand him very well. He became an important buyer, and one only
has to look at his important monograph, *Coins and the Anarchy*, to realise that not only are they excellent photographs, but of some wonderful coins, many being pedigree pieces from the collection of Sir John Hanham.

One day I was seated by the door at a meeting of the Royal Numismatic Society when George left early. On the way out he asked me whether I would act for him for the Harlech Torque, to be offered at Christie’s, at 5% commission. I replied ‘No’, and he had gone. Oh dear, what on earth might he think? What I was going to add was that I would work for an agreed fee, so in the event 5% of £36,000 became £200. The Museum director (D.W.D., no less), will doubtless confirm.

Patrick Finn and I drove down to his retirement party at Caerleon, and found ourselves top of the list of people he acknowledged, ‘those two scholar-dealers, Patrick Finn and Peter Mitchell’. In such illustrious company, we were very pleased to be at the back of the room. Thank you, George.15

JOHN BRAND (1931–90), a chartered accountant, was, with Peter Woodhead and Ian Stewart, one of the younger members of the ‘Saturday Club’, the gathering of friends at the Adelphi of a Saturday morning, when the unwritten rule was not to spend money (but then F.E.J. rarely did, anyway!). His speciality was the short cross coinage, and latterly Kentish tokens. Over the years he and Michael Dolley were at loggerheads over the issues of Æthelred II, which generated ‘more heat than light’. I always understood that he suffered from ‘general debility’ and aged at an abnormal rate, passing away after years of ill-health at the early age of 59.16

ROBERT PATRICK VERNON BRETTELL (1907–98), known as Pat, was a policeman (to F.E.J., the ‘Country Copper’), for some years the inspector at Tavistock, with ‘The Moor’ on his manor. A Spink customer in his early days, he sold his English coins to concentrate on the Devon mints, including those of the Civil War. I had perhaps only seen him once when, in 1958, I found myself being driven by an old friend over Dartmoor. It was a Sunday, lunch-time, and pouring with rain, and who knew where the next pub might be. Colin enquired what we might be doing for lunch, so I told him to stop at the next telephone box, and I rang the Brettell’s. I heard Pat call ‘Put some more spuds on, Molly’. We spent the next two or three nights on the front room floor (there were four daughters). Molly is now a very lively 88 year old.17

DR BURSTAL (1879–1967), a general practitioner of Bournemouth, was the father figure of the Wessex Numismatic Society, though I tend to think of him as ‘the Bodkin Adams of Bournemouth’, as he practised well into his eighties. On one visit he showed Albert Baldwin a William I Sword type penny (*BMC* vi), which had been offered to him by a schoolboy. Albert suggested a figure of £6, which the elderly doctor thought far too much to give to a boy. Years later, cataloguing the Burstal collection in 1968, it amused me no end to see the cost on the ticket of £1, and the name of the schoolboy as Paul Munro Walker! Some would say it couldn’t have happened to a nicer fellow, though I could never work out why (or by whom) Munro Walker was blackballed some years later.

In about 1964 a psychiatrist colleague of Burstal’s, Dr Andrews, came in with his 16-year-old daughter to buy her a coin. I did not know it at the time, and only realised it, albeit slowly, at the 1976 BANS Congress in Canterbury, that the occasion was my first meeting with ‘Rosie’; later, as Mrs Crowley, typist of more than half of volume 51 of the Journal.18

There was something to be learnt from the Burstal estate. He had two daughters, Jean (Mrs Philip Edmondson) and a nun, and a son deceased, whose children’s education he was paying for. By ringing the estate agent and cancelling the lease on her father’s flat as anyone might have done,
Jean was seen to do so in her capacity of executrix and so could not withdraw, and thus could not buy her father’s collection.\textsuperscript{19}

F.R. COOPER (1902–85), known as ‘Mini Cooper’, was a chartered accountant (Gold Medal, 1925) with ICI. He had retired early with a very slow pulse rate and had been fitted with a pacemaker. He is best known for his detailed studies of hammered crowns. In Shalbourne he lived just down the road from the Bretells before they moved to Middleton Cheney. In his younger days he had captured the 3rd XI of Wimbledon Hockey Club, as had Rodney Smith (Lord Smith of Marlow) and, in my time with Teddington Hockey Club, the Wimbledon 6th XI was captained by the nephew of C.T. Trechman; both collections were ultimately bought by Spink, c.1985 and c.1960 respectively.

JIMMIE DAVIDSON (1896–1985) was a forensic scientist and at one time director of the Metropolitan Police laboratory at Hendon. He assembled a formidable collection of Scottish coins, which had been started by his father. It was obvious to me that in his younger days he and Uncle Fred Baldwin painted the town red. More than once I called on him and his housekeeper Margaret, a character if ever there was one, at West Linton, Peebles-shire.

MICHAEL DOLLEY (1925–83) came to the British Museum from the National Maritime Museum, where he was working on Byzantine maritime history, as reference to his early writings will show.\textsuperscript{20} Some of these early articles were published in the Mariners’ Mirror, with which his twin brother Christopher was associated.

We all knew Michael and his foibles, and if I ever wanted to bring him down to earth I would recall two events. First, the very first coin I saw identified by him at the British Museum was a Scottish plack identified as a Lusignan gros (or was it vice-versa?). Secondly, having struggled to keep up with his researches on the Transitional Crux type of Æthelred II,\textsuperscript{21} one was incensed to read in a subsequent article in the next volume ‘that in my 1955 article two of the columns were inadvertently transposed – though fortunately the error should have been self-evident to an attentive reader’. To this young attentive reader R.H.M.D. was infallible, hence his confusion, further exacerbated by the illustration of the wrong coin,\textsuperscript{22} in his paper in Commentationes I.

He was a numismatic genius to whom we owe much, but someone of whom Albert Baldwin was heard to say more than once ‘that he would be surprised were we to finish up the right side of him’. On many an occasion I would not be too sure of what Michael was talking about or, more likely, who he was getting at (other than the ghost of H. Alexander Parsons or poor Tony Thompson), so I used to ‘grunt’ (positive/negative), hoping he would take it the right way. On one visit he tried to suggest to Albert what the Ulster Museum should pay for the 450 Irish coins selected from the Brussels Hoard. Nobody, just nobody, told Albert Baldwin what to do. In the event, after Albert’s death, they were donated to the Museum, as I’m sure was intended from the start. Wrong move, Michael: you won’t get cheaper than that!

As a postscript, I should mention that some years ago his twin brother Christopher telephoned me out of the blue and told me that Ruby Stacy had died. I had not heard from him for perhaps 20 years and was completely miffed by this information, although I knew of her, but only by name and reputation. To cut a long story short she, although Jewish, I believe, attended Mass in Tunbridge Wells at the same church as Christopher and over post-Mass breakfast a numismatic connection was made – her old flame Uncle Fred was the greatest coin dealer that ever lived, as was his twin brother Michael the greatest academic. Q.E.D. Yet again, it’s a small world.\textsuperscript{23}

\textsuperscript{19} Confirmed by counsel’s opinion. Obituary in \textit{NClee} January 1968.
\textsuperscript{20} Anglo-Saxon Monetary History, p. 316
\textsuperscript{21} BNJ 28, 75–87.
\textsuperscript{22} Figure 6 on p. 184.
\textsuperscript{23} Obituary in \textit{BNJ} 52 (1982), 265–71.
My first memory of GORDON DOUBLEDAY (1914–93) was attending the first Coin Day in 1950 at Bedford College, when he read a paper entitled ‘Angels Without Tears’. At the time I don’t think I knew what an angel was! He soon became a personal friend of Albert, and also secretary of the Society, which was to have an immediate and unexpected result, in that the beneficiary of a collection of coins wrote to Gordon for advice and he, not unnaturally, recommended his friend. The collection was that of Dr Ernest Carter – so now you know why I am such a regular attender at meetings. As a ‘thank you’ Albert passed him the George noble from the collection: in his 1961 sale to raise funds, it certainly did – £1,900, an incredible price on the day.

Soon after moving from the Old Rectory, he attended a meeting and I asked him his new ‘phone number. I had always known the old one as at Easter 1950 I had come in from my Saturday game of soccer to be told (horrors!) that Uncle Fred had been on the ‘phone wanting to know where Albert was. He was at the Doubledays, at Maldon 473. The panic was because Lingford had committed suicide. The new ‘phone number was Wickham Bishops 329, some coincidence because Lingford’s number in our records was 329; we addressed him as ‘Dear 329’ and he signed ‘329’.

At one time Gordon used to appear in a dark green corduroy suit, surely too ‘arty’ for a fruit farmer. But then his younger son, John, became the sculptor we all know, of Charlie Chaplin fame. Gordon stopped buying coins in 1960, having suffered crop failures, and sold some at Glendining’s on 20 November 1961. When things got better, he bought Japanese netsuke, which he had started to acquire when at Charterhouse, together with Edo prints. Some years after his death an exhibition of his Japanese material was held at the Horniman Museum, Forest Hill.24 Formidable.25

What more can one say about F. ELMORE-JONES (1898–1982), known as Dick or ‘424’? Invalided home from Gallipoli, advised not to join the family firm of City solicitors but to get an open-air job for his health (hence the Chartered Surveyors’ Gold Medal, 1922), together with a substantial disability pension paid, I believe, until the day he died. ‘Paid for many a Tealby’, he used to say, as did the gold medal, but his Sanford Saltus medal survives. A pillar of the Saturday Club at the Adelphi, with an incredible memory for a die, the afternoon being spent at Lord’s or in the Department with Michael Dolley.

In the summer of 1968 we rented a cottage at Swanage and on the first Monday a letter was delivered in F.E.J.’s unmistakable hand. ‘Can’t they leave me alone?’, I doubtless thought. It bore the news that his coins (all but 52) had been recovered from the safe of a murdered fence, one Tony Maffia. Two weeks later we returned home and I drove over to Twickenham, picking up a bottle of Cointreau at Henekey’s on the way, and left when the bottle was all but empty, having learnt all the news.26

CHARLIE FIRTH (1903–60) was the plumber from Barnsley (actually Hoyland). He died at an early age but had already acquired some wonderful pieces, many of which were sold some years after his death.27

LEONARD FORRER (1895–1968), also known as Col. Forrer or Young Forrer, was an employee of Spink’s before the War, specialising in foreign coins. Of Swiss extraction, he was multi-lingual, a charmer in any language, hence multi-married. After the War he launched out on his own at 175 Piccadilly, an address which seemed to attract coin dealers, Geoffrey Hearn and Joe Corbett (who died on 22 December 2002) to mention but two. At this period he ran the foreign exchange account in London (in his diary?), ran into financial difficulties and in 1955 went to Schulman’s in...
Amsterdam. The Adelphi thought this was a bad move for Jacques, and wrote and warned him of Leonard’s record in London, but Leonard turned over a new leaf in Amsterdam, for how were Baldwin’s supposed to know he was having an affair with Jacques’ wife Leni?²⁸

W.C. FRENCH (1919–86) of Glendining’s, was the doyen of London auctioneers; I once heard him referred to as such by a partner at Sotheby’s. Spink’s and ourselves did an enormous amount of business through Glendining’s, so much so that discussions of a takeover or amalgamation were progressing (for there was no successor to Mr French) when Andrew Weir bought Spink, and they started their own auctions. I cannot remember putting anything in writing to Mr French (as I always knew him), nor a disagreement of any kind. A major auction sale, with many complicated instructions to execute, was almost made easy by the rapport one had with him on the rostrum.²⁹

SIR JOHN HANHAM, Bt (1898–1955), of Dean’s Court, Wimborne, landowner and barrister, was much the local squire, who died whilst out with his dog shooting snipe. A charming man, who served in the Grenadier Guards in both Wars, he was also ADC to the Governor-General of New Zealand, his uncle Viscount Bledisloe, from 1930–2. Amongst his coins of the Civil Wars of Stephen and Charles I, and his beloved Dorset 17th century tokens, was found, surprise, surprise, a proof-like set of the first coins of New Zealand, dated 1933.

Nearly twenty years after his death I collected the coins from his sister Maud at Dean’s Court. Nothing had changed. John’s study had been left as it was the day he died. A memorable quote from cub-mistress Maud Hanham: ‘I taught them all to swim – chuck them off the bridge.’³⁰

SIR FRANCIS HILL (1899–1980), ‘Mr Lincoln’, who earned his knighthood for services to his native city. I visited him several times at his home, The Priory, adjacent to, or maybe within, the precincts of the Cathedral. A man of exceptionally few words, one got the impression from an incoming ‘phone call that more was done in less time; ‘Hill . . . Yes . . . No . . . Yes . . . Goodbye.’

He was a little irritated by Henry Mossop publishing *The Lincoln Mint* as he had written major works on the city, but one wonders whether, as a very busy man, he would ever have got round to working on the coins. They were donated to Lincoln Museum.³¹ I would love to know where the Stamford, William II, type IV, moneyer Herman³² was during the thirty-odd years it was missing, and how it got off Baldwin’s premises. Having got it back to Lincoln, the coin is now thought to be Steyning. You can’t win.

The portrait medal illustrated in the *Sylloge*, by Loewenthal, who lived in Lincoln, must be a considerable rarity.

Hill was a solicitor, senior partner of Andrew, Race, Midgeley and Hill, later Andrew & Co. At his funeral, you only had to hear his colleague Mr Race to know he was the brother of the more widely known Steve Race.

ALDERMAN HORACE HIRD (1899–1973), of Bradford, nominally a steeplejack, although it must have been on some scale or allied to other demolition or construction work. He certainly had an eye for a quality coin. In 1961 he sold 100 hammered gold coins,³³ with two similar auctions scheduled. In the event, in early 1962, Spink’s suffered a major robbery which, very embarrassing, included 33 pieces belonging to Herbert Schneider,³⁴ and Douglas Liddell was only too keen to replenish stocks, so negotiated a private purchase.

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²⁸ Obituary in *NCirc* November 1968.
²⁹ Obituary in *NCirc* May 1986.
³⁰ Obituary in *BNJ* 27 (1952–4), 365.
³¹ See *SCBI* 27.
³² *SCBI* 27, 1511; see *NCirc* December 1983 and September 1995.
³³ Glendining’s, 30 May 1961.
During his lifetime Hird gave a major parcel of Scottish gold and silver coins to the Ashmolean Museum, though by no means all he possessed, earning himself an Hon. MA from Humphrey Sutherland, once referred to by Michael Dolley as ‘the country’s finest beggar’. Some compliment to the keeper of a major collection, not that Dolley meant it as such, quite the reverse. He also gave many coins and tokens to the University of Leeds and I have heard it said that if the authorities had had the wit to offer him an honorary doctorate they would have got much more, and might have ‘copped the lot’.

KEN JACOB (1910–95) was the tailor of Cambridge with an excess of adrenalin. He was a man of many interests, including stamps and music. Nothing could be sent by registered post, as he would be walking the dog when the postman called. In later life, as a widower with no children, he moved to sheltered accommodation in Elmbridge village, near Cranleigh, and it was there, while giving fellow residents a talk on a musical subject, that he collapsed and died. Not very encouraging to a geriatric audience, to say the least.

ANGUS JOHNSTONE (1901–71) was a general practitioner in Stockport. In his youth he was a considerable athlete and speed skater over the mile and half-mile. His estate included 67 prize medals: his youngest daughter Adèle was in the Great Britain ski team and his son-in-law Robin Barlow was a top squash umpire who had refereed my next-door neighbour David Jude, for many years the Welsh champion.

In my youth I used to send Johnstone parcels of English coppers from the Dean Rogers collection, but I was alerted to the fact that he also collected silver coins as he was acknowledged by F.R. Cooper in his paper on James I crowns. In fact Johnstone had a comprehensive collection of English coins, hammered and milled, silver and copper, which I only found out when visiting his widow. I had only learnt of his death when, unusually for me, I was checking the prices of guineas in Spink’s Circular and saw his obituary notice of six months earlier. Yes, it certainly pays to read the Circular.

ARTHUR LAINCHBURY (1903–78), of Kingham, Oxfordshire, was a manufacturer of specialist farm equipment. With a mutual interest in Tealbies, he was a friend of F.E.J. and is often given as a provenance in BMC. He had a small collection of the coins of Oxford, among which was a Shrewsbury/Aberystwyth halfcrown. When we asked the Aberystwyth specialist Arthur Chater, whose coins are now in the National Museum of Wales, why he was not interested in the piece, he explained that he already had a specimen, bought off Seaby’s Bulletin as an Aberystwyth, but nearly returned because on opening the packet the first side of the coin he saw was Shrewsbury!

H.M. LINGFORD (1891–1950), of Lancelands, Cotherstone, near Barnard Castle, was a baking powder manufacturer, ‘329’, as he was known, saw just about every coin which went through Baldwin’s hands which might have interested him. My recollection is that you didn’t leave the office until a parcel had gone to Lingford. Doubtless an exaggeration, but think of his catalogues of crowns, James I, and no less than 136 coins of Henry VII that the Ashmolean Museum were able to select from the Lingford trays over 20 years after the purchase of the collection.

Soon after Albert Baldwin joined the firm in 1936, from Sun Life of Canada, on his grandfather’s death, he replied to a letter from Lingford, promising to send him some coins. Lingford
had written to say that unless he received a reply, he would take his business elsewhere. And this is a man who, a little while later, sent the firm a cheque for £3.700 ‘in the hope you can send me some coins’. In 1938!! In my day he was known only by his number; Albert would write ‘Dear 329’ and he would sign himself ‘329’. Nine months after I started at Baldwin’s, at Easter 1950, he committed suicide.43

In the days when ladies denim trouser suits were in fashion, an attractive woman so attired, with grey hair and little or no make-up, came to the counter, wistfully looked around, and said she hadn’t been to Baldwins for many, many years. Thinks – take off 25 years or more, she would have been 20–25 years old. Why should she come back? She must have been of some importance. Takes a flyer – ‘You must be Christine Greenwood’. I was right. When she got over the surprise she confirmed that yes, she was Lingford’s (only) daughter. And I had never seen her before!

LEANDER McCORMICK-GOODHART (1884–1965), a retired RNVR Commander, OBE, VRD (and OE), resident in America, having served many years in Washington, was the author of a monograph on Admiral Vernon medals. I remember him as the donor to the Society of a nicely-bound four-volume work on the coins of Saxony by Tentzel. I borrowed the two volumes of the Albertine line when working on the O’Byrne collection,44 and in helping a sozzled F.E.J. out of a taxi at Manzi’s restaurant inadvertently left them behind. At that time taxis had their own Lost Property office. Although the book was published between 1705 and 1710, with dual columns of Latin and Gothic German, they never turned up. When I tried to confirm which two volumes (Albertine or Ernestine line) I had lost, librarian Tony Holmes told me that he had never seen any volumes in the library, so they must be among the seventy or so ‘missing’.

I recently came across his name when in Phoenix, Arizona, reading an autobiography of Lee Iacocca, at one time boss of Ford, and later Chrysler. On leaving Lehigh University in 1945 Iacocca made an appointment with the recruiter at Ford, ‘with the unforgettable name of Leander Hamilton McCormick-Goodhart’!45

COMMANDER MACK (1901–74) was primarily a Spink customer who I tried hard to woo. In the days when Douglas Liddell was often out of the office on business, often abroad. I made sure I was available – he would send me a card to warn me he was coming in, even if only for a cup of tea and a chat. In a lot of junk at Sotheby’s in 1969 I bought a Henry I, BMC type x, of Pembroke, which I sold to Mack,46 one of several carrots that were offered to him. To no avail, but I later learnt from Patrick that handling the Mack estate was not the easiest of deals.

I took F.E.J. to Droxford (our surveyor did not drive!) and we were rather early when we reached Petersfield in fog, but not too early for F.E.J. to want a drink. We entered the hotel on the crossroads, persuaded the man on the Hoover that Irish coffee would not be breaking any law, left after several, rather late and in brilliant sunshine.47

DIMI MANGAKIS (1914–99) was a not-so-regular member of the Saturday Club who had the infuriating habit of turning up just as we were closing and repairing to the pub. An old boy of Westminster School, he married late and moved to Greece, where he was Yardley’s Balkan representative, having handled their account when he was with advertising agents Colman, Prentis and Varley.

HENRY MOSSOP (1919–88), referred to as ‘The Flying Farmer’ in one obituary notice, was a farmer from Marshchapel, near Grimsby. Not the easiest place to find in the dark without an OS map, especially when tired (via Pickering), though the names on the signposts were all too

43 See above under DOUBLEDAY.
44 Part VI, Christie’s, 15 November 1966.
45 Obituary in BNJ 35 (1966), 231 (Presidential Address).
46 SCBI 20, 1536.
47 Obituary in BNJ 44 (1974), 89.
familiar: South Kyme, Tealby, Tetney, you name it. A champion fly fisherman and first-class shot (and not a bad host), supper was often home-killed, salmon followed by pheasant. You never left without a sack of potatoes in the boot and a tank full of petrol.

He joined the RAFVR in 1938, and after service as a mid-upper gunner in Lancaster bombers, volunteered in 1943 for perilous ‘Pathfinder’ missions. On his third such mission he was shot down and spent a year as a prisoner in Stalag Luft III, which severely affected his health. Hardly compensation but certainly recognition, he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his bravery.

Having published The Lincoln Mint he sold his coins of Lincoln to Baldwin’s, the lure, apart from being Sir Francis Hill’s agent, being a Caractacus, then only five or six specimens known, which we had purchased in a miscellaneous lot of coins at Glendining’s many years before. Having switched to Ancient British coins in the early days of the metal detector, no-one was keener to acquire local finds than Henry. In those days he was doubtless the bane of the authorities, a worthy successor to E.J.W. Hildyard, some of whose coins were sold at Christie’s, others being in Malton Museum. It was on the way to Henry’s that I had called at Pickering to see Hildyard’s widow, re-married to an old client, would you believe.

Colonel J.K.R. MURRAY (1917–86), known as Jock. I seem to remember him buying crowns in his early days, but I was recently surprised to see that his 1952 sale was of English gold coins. Was I mistaken all these years? At that time his address was Swakeleys, Ickenham, which I believe was a convalescent home or some such. What I do know is that it was the former home of T. Bryan Clarke-Thornhill, no less.

When Jock started buying Scottish coins, most of his business went to Spink, as did Ian Stewart’s (now Lord Stewartby) to Baldwin’s, and never the twain shall meet. He had an interest in the Baltic states and Russia, not surprising really for a Russian specialist at Cheltenham GCHQ.

MRS NORWEB (1895–1984), of Cleveland, Ohio (though membership was in her husband Henry’s name), met the Baldwins, Fred and Albert, at the sale of King Farouk’s collection in Cairo in 1954. Needless to say, the British ambassador had at one time served at the same time and place with Ambassador Norweb, Q.E.D. His family had emigrated from Nottingham when he was very young, his father starting up in business as the Akron Lace Company. At a Harvard graduation dance he met Emery (yes, her father wanted a boy so she was given a boy’s name) May Holden. She was eighteen and her father Bert, who joined the Society in 1908, doubtless to encourage his then thirteen year-old daughter, had just died of cancer. Her mother and elder sister were dead, she was the family’s sole beneficiary and extremely wealthy, he was a penniless immigrant, ‘lower than the dust under the wheels of my car when I married him’, she once so tactfully referred to her husband, who was later to become America’s youngest ambassador. I could go on and on, but would suggest to those interested a splendid reference for further reading.

In 1975 I was out of the office for a few days when Henry rang up to give us instructions to buy a unique piece in the sale of Heaton mint products to be offered in a Long Beach auction, ‘at our discretion’. It was not that what we did was wrong but how we did it, tactless to say the least. You don’t pitch a bill for $15,000 plus out of the blue to an octogenerian client, however much money he has, because of the ‘shock’ effect. So that December I went out to the NYINC to explain, and ‘pour oil on the waters’. She was a formidable business person and I had all my arguments mapped out like a game of chess, so as to match every move or argument she made. It turned out I
was a 'reincarnation' of my Uncle Fred, and before I had downed my first pre-lunch gin-and-tonic in the East River Club, she 'blew ma' mind' by telling me the names of my bachelor great-uncle's five children and the nationalities of their mothers. Out went the game of chess.

OWEN PARSONS (1911–86) was the local electrical contractor in Gloucester. He was head boy of the King's School before he was 16 years old, but family financial problems prevented him from going to university. He was something of the local antiquary, and was a personal friend of Arthur Negus. (I picked up the 'phone one day to hear 'Mr Mitchell, I wonder whether you can help me. I've heard such a lot about you,' Commitment being the name of the game, I asked who was speaking. 'It's Arthur Negus here.' 'With respect, I've heard rather more about you!' A most relaxed day was had by all at Badminton House. I can still see His Grace in the Raglan Room, using the top of the TV on which to pour drinks, pouring tonic into the top of the set!)

Owen had a very good eye, as reference to his sale catalogue will illustrate, in spite of the fact that fifty of his best pieces (25 coins and 25 medals), together with a 'miniature' collection (items under 11 mm) were bequeathed to the Ashmolean Museum. The latter was housed in a miniature walnut cabinet, 73 mm high, 62 mm wide and 63 mm deep, with fourteen trays, lock and key, contained in a fitted box and beautifully made, for Owen was very clever with his hands.

He is perhaps best known for his discovery of the Archbishop Sharp collection at Hardwicke Court, doubtless while his fitters were working there. He introduced me to the owner of part of the Bossall/Flaxton hoard, a direct descendant of Samuel Birchall of Leeds, the dies for whose tokens were paperweights on his desk.

On one visit to Boundary Cottage I was amazed to see in his trays a superb quarter-écu, or 15-sols, of Louis XIV, 1670, an extremely rare issue for Canada. He explained that Olave Lloyd-Baker had told him to help himself to a few pieces from the Sharp collection in lieu of all his help, and he had selected the piece 'as a good example of Roettier's work'. Little did he know! The Garrett specimen realised US $29,000 in 1980 (but only £15,000 in 1996).

C.W. PECK (1901–68) was chief pharmacist at St Thomas' Hospital, just over the river, so was a frequent visitor. His magnum opus was his British Museum Catalogue of English Copper Coins (actually a corpus), although Albert Baldwin always maintained it would never be published as he was such a stickler for detail. Used to dealing in micro-grains, I suppose. The enlargements in the plates are photographs of enlarged images, so that detail is not lost! I have always understood his collection had no tickets, 'as he knew what the coins were'. Try that for George III!

He retired early to allow a new man to take over in the new hospital by Westminster Bridge, but did not survive very long.

FRED PRIDMORE (1914–80) was a career soldier who finished up as a major in the Royal Army Pay Corps, having been retired on health grounds just before he completed 40 years' service. Early in his career, in the 5th Dragoon Guards, he was transferred to the band due to sub-standard eyesight. This is a man who later identified over 1,500 die varieties of Singapore tokens, from a 'vast quantity' (estimated at 3 to 4 million) collected by the Japanese for their war effort. Mind boggling.

On a visit to Taunton, often with fellow enthusiast Dick Ford, one would be greeted at the door by Fred, usually in windcheater, old cavalry twills and slippers, to be taken straight into the front room for 'coins', chat, problems, theories, gossip, you name it. Australian Mark Freehill (elected 1964) has slept many a night on the front room floor of 48 Priory Bridge Road.

Unlike some people I know, Fred was quite happy to admit he was wrong, e.g. a Jamaica token, Pr. 154, is in fact a communion token of Urquhart, near Elgin.
The Very Revd EDGAR ROGERS (1873–1961; resigned 1933), Dean of Bocking, near Braintree, was a not infrequent visitor who chain-smoked over any coins he was looking at. His own collection of coppers were often marked by hot ash having dropped on them. In spite of due acknowledgement made by Peck in BMC, he seemed to think it was his right to produce the standard work on the series. I visited him in retirement in Bishop’s Cleeve, near Painswick, and retrieved a surprising number of Society library books he had forgotten all about and never returned. But then, I suppose the librarian at the time was no less to blame.

M.S. ROLFE (1905–92), of Southend, I never met. I believe he collected coins of the Colchester mint. His name appears in BMC Tealby as the owner of a false die, now in the British Museum. However, when cataloguing Ralph Gordon’s collection of West Indian coins, I learnt that Rolfe was the source of lot 113, a St Vincent IX bit, which Bob Lyall and I judged false; a little embarrassing as a similar piece in David Spink’s property (his wife hailed from the island) realised £5,500. Rolfe had acquired his from a neighbour, a Mr Wells. Q.E.D! – but I didn’t know that towards the end of his life W.C. Wells lived in Southend.

I got to know HERBERT SCHNEIDER (1914–89) very well after Albert Baldwin died on 14 November 1967. They had lunched together the day before (a business lunch was a rare event for A.B., for he was an acute diabetic), and when Herbert called in the next day, I had to tell him that his friend Albert had died in the night.

Until he was 16 years old Herbert had been to school in Brunswick, when the family moved to Zurich, so he spoke German like a native. He enlisted in the British army and was engaged in several undercover operations, some with the S.O.E. According to one source he was known to have walked through the streets of Antwerp in an SS uniform, at one time was arrested, but escaped to the UK.

Herbert was a formidable correspondent and very stimulating, in that you had to know your coins or learn fast to keep up with him. Apparently he slept little, and much was done at night. I learnt this in 1975 at Kapellenbos after a good dinner, preceded by son John’s Manhattans and followed by far too much un-named malt whisky, known as ‘Doom of the Campbells’. Noticing me dozing off at 2.30 am, he suggested I might like to go to bed as he ‘didn’t sleep very much’. I only wish he had told me earlier.

In later years the collection was vested in a Luxembourg company. Herbert was a follower of Sherlock Holmes, so the owner of this ‘obscure Luxembourg collection’ became Professor Moriarty (later Moriarty-Mabuse), a ghastly man no-one ever seemed to have seen, but his curator was this impossible man Schneider you could never get hold of. I have kept all his correspondence since 1948, but without the benefit of current gossip, deals, etc., most is totally unintelligible, and some is even in back-slang (at one time in the War his batman was a Cockney). He had nicknames for many: ‘Spaldwinks’ is obvious, ‘The Royal Barbers’ (a long story) Seaby’s, D.G.L.’s assistant Judith Speir ‘Billy’ (Speir = Shakespeare = William = Billy), and so on. At the time of the Blunt affair, I suggested that this curator fellow Schneider could well be the ‘fifth man’ in the case. I received an immediate, short, sharp answer by way of denial, for the inference was all too obvious!

As with correspondence, his capacity for alcohol was formidable. His favourite watering hole was Gordon’s Wine Bar, just below the Adelphi, the more so before it was enlarged. No food then, and waiter service. Unfortunately he was also a heavy smoker, though he had been no mean athlete in his youth, certainly at tennis and ice hockey, and he eventually succumbed to emphysema.61

58 p. xlx.
59 Baldwins Auctions no. 8.
60 Spink Coin Auctions 50, lot 209.
Postscript: On Sunday morning, 29 November 1998, Herbert’s younger son John was tragically killed in a hit-and-run accident in Antwerp. At the time I penned a personal note which no-one saw fit to publish, but the President has agreed that it be included here:

Whitsun 1968, on the way home from the I.A.P.N. Congress at Scheveningen, I visited Herbert Schneider in Antwerp. I looked at coins – and what coins! – all day, and after a lightning tour of Antwerp was dined in the city and stayed overnight in the house in rue Alfred Cools. Over breakfast I met the family: John would have been about 15 years old at the time.

Easter 1975, on the way to compete in the Zandvoort Hockey Festival, I again called on Herbert, now at the new house in Kapellenbos. He picked me up at Deurne airport and promptly announced, ‘John is at home for Easter. He knows your robbers.’ The previous September Baldwin’s had suffered an armed robbery: John was then studying agronomy at Westminster Technical College. It appeared that he used to frequent a restaurant in Bayswater, The Hungry Viking, and that some fellow customers were not all what they appeared to be. On one occasion he introduced his father to some such folk, one of whom was imprisoned for ‘handling the proceeds’ of our robbery. I was only too pleased when John moved to the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester, for these were dangerous folk, the initial police interview relating to the murder of a young Australian nurse, rather than our robbery, and I would not have wished the numismatic connection to have been made. It was at Cirencester that John met his wife, Mary Carey Wilson, from Withington, Gloucester. As a keen student of the Tudor period, it amused Herbert to think that his son was marrying a Mary Carey, elder sister of Anne Boleyn, and mistress of Henry VIII, until expelled from court on her secret marriage to William Stafford.

I saw John a few years ago when he burst into my office and blurted out ‘Guess who I’ve just seen!’ Outside the coin world we had no mutual friends for he farmed in Argentina, so I named our robber. ‘You’re right. I nearly ran him down in Sloane Square’, he replied. ‘Why didn’t you?’ I asked, and added ‘Does crime pay?’ He replied to the effect that the blonde on his arm was younger than ever and the fur coat thicker!

I never had the opportunity to get to know John too well for he was a much more frequent visitor to King Street, through whom he made major acquisitions to his late father’s collection, but a more likeable character one could not wish to meet.

HANS SCHULMAN (1913–90) was a New York coin dealer, cousin of Jacques Schulman of Amsterdam. His claim to fame was that he was King Farouk’s agent and at the time of the sale, in February 1954, he was owed £120,000 by Farouk. He managed to negotiate credit at the sale, so it didn’t matter how much he paid for he would retrieve something. Prices were very high, pushed up by Hans (the nine-day sale realised £221,000), though they seem extraordinarily low today.

While at the sale Hans became engaged to a Turkish lady, the announcement appearing in the Cairo Times. Hans returned to New York, some while later passing through Egypt on his way to see Haile Selassie. Returning through Cairo, doubtless carrying gold wares, the jilted lady put the finger on him, and he found himself under hotel arrest. Whilst Bank Leu in Zurich arranged to bail him out, in order to avoid high Spanish taxes on his car, he asked Geoffrey Hearne to fly to Barcelona and drive his car and his (third) wife Antoinette to London. By the time Hans got back to New York, Geoffrey and Antoinette were living together, but in the end the Turkish lady got her man and became the fourth Mrs Hans Schulman. In my view Zeta, as was her name, was the best thing that ever happened to Hans.62

HUGH SHORTT (1912–75) was the curator of Salisbury Museum, best know for his participation in ‘Animal, Vegetable or Mineral’ on radio and TV. With Kenneth Jenkins and David Bivar, he authenticated the coins of NW India in the sale of General H.L. Haughton.63 The sale was a disaster, for 61 lots made only £1 each, and Charles Hersh before the sale had laid first claim on any lots bought for stock. Some years later Shortt returned as false the most expensive coin in the sale (£290), which he had authenticated. What a nerve! This dealer, cursing all academics, gave him his money back, only to be asked for interest! Words might have failed me.64

63 Sotheby’s, 30 April 1958.
64 Obituary in NCirc November 1975.
ROBERT STEVENSON (1913–92) was keeper of the National Museum of Antiquities of Scotland, a charming, softly-spoken man with whom it was all too easy to do business. From my early days, long, long before a committee was set up to value treasure trove, he would send down hoards for us to give him a figure for the pieces he wanted, and if we were interested in the balance he would pass our name to the finder or owner. Wouldn’t do now. Much too simple – or should I say corrupt? But then, mutual trust makes life very easy.65

Some years before he died I called on H.G. STRIDE (1894–1988), former chief clerk at the Royal Mint (he only lived down the road in Tolworth). I arrived after supper, he seemed to have all (five?) generations of his family in hospital, and all I wanted to do was to keep him talking. I left after midnight, much the wiser and with all sorts of loose ends to tie up. Some years later, a client took me to the house of a friend of his, and whilst they were talking, the recently-married second wife ingratiated herself with me about her husband’s coins and her own family numismatic connections. Before I left I told her her maiden name, which mystified her to say the least. All down to keeping Stride talking.66

GEORGE TATLER (1931–98) was a collector of Edward pence, along with F.E.J., Peter Woodhead and the like, and ran a driving school, doubtless inherited from his father. We became friends, he taught me to drive, and took me to a memorable HAC dinner. At 31 years old he tired of the driving school and decided to take up medicine. He got the impression that all was well as soon as the Dean at Bart’s hospital learnt he played rugby for the HAC! In later years we saw little of him. At his funeral one learnt that one’s dinner host, a lance-bombardier, HAC, had been promoted to colonel, OBE, RAMC (TA) no less.67

PHILIP WHITTING (1903–88) was appointed senior history master at St Paul’s School in 1929 at the incredibly early age of 26, and served as such until his retirement in 1963. As he put it, ‘it must have been a mistake’, but if so, how very fortuitous for the school. He sent over 300 of his History VIII up to Oxbridge: as one former pupil wrote, ‘he gave each pupil the illusion at least that he was working with the Master on the architrave of history, building with blocks fresh quarryed that day’. His career was interrupted only by war service, first in the Civil Defence earning a George Medal for dealing with unexploded bombs, finishing up as a squadron-leader working with the resistance in Greece and Yugoslavia.

His major interest was Byzantine coins, but he wrote on the tokens of the East Riding of Yorkshire and the much-read Coins in the Classroom. As secretary of the Historical Association he visited every branch, as he did every society when president of the BANS. He was a very regular attendant of the Saturday Club, with fellow enthusiast Peter Donald, and in the days when hoards of Byzantine coins regularly came to London, one got the impression that he and A.B. taught each other. It was he who, in 1968, instigated the move by Simon Bendall to the Adelphi.

He gave his collection to the Barber Institute in Birmingham, for which he earned an Hon. D.Litt. With the best of intentions Helen addressed the next letter to Dr P.D. Whitting, GM, and was told very firmly ‘never to do that again. I have always been Mr Whitting, and Mr Whitting I shall remain’.

Soon after he entered a residential home near Taplow, Philip Grierson wrote and asked me to go and see P.D.W. to find out more about him, as a never-ending stream of competent undergraduates arrived at Cambridge from St Paul’s, who worshipped the ground he walked on. It would have been a most interesting exercise, but unfortunately we were just too late in that his mind was failing and his doctors forbade such an interview as it would upset him too much. I remember Philip with affection and think of him as one of the salts of the earth. That many others did too

67 Obituary in BNJ 69 (1999), 259–60 (presidential address).
was very evident when the ‘forgotten’ schoolmaster enjoyed glowing obituaries in all four broadsheet newspapers.68

EDGAR WINSTANLEY (1892–1977) was a Hampstead dentist who collected medieval gold and silver coins, including a very comprehensive series of Edward pennies, and Peninsula War medals. He is best remembered for his paper, with W.J.W. Potter, on Henry VII.69 His coins of the reign were purchased by Herbert Schneider for the Ashmolean Museum.70

He was a true servant of the Society, serving as director, librarian, editor, secretary and president, subsequent to which he was elected a vice-president in 1955, and an honorary member in 1976.

In 1951 our war medal expert Mr Atkinson (‘R.E.A.’ or ‘Ted’) was coming back from the Outpatients department of Charing Cross Hospital where he was being treated for sinus trouble, complaining of ‘gip.’ A.B. knew his man and decided something must be amiss and sent him to Winstanley for X-rays. In a trice R.E.A. was under radiologist Dr Allchin at Westminster Hospital, resulting in a malignant growth being removed from his cheekbone, which was also removed. So much for sinus trouble. I went to see him a few days after the operation on 16 January 1952, the day before going on National Service. ‘Ted’ died 26 years later, at the ripe old age of 87.71

When Elmore-Jones had cataract problems, he saw an ophthalmic surgeon at St Thomas’ Hospital, and enquired whether there were any coins in the family. ‘Yes, Uncle Edgar’, was the reply! John Winstanley was the leading light in a six-programme series on the Burma campaign as a young officer in the Royal West Kents. They were at Kohima, as were the Dorsets, to whom I was attached in Hong Kong. He told me his uncle was disappointed no-one went to see him in retirement in Deal. For myself, I only wish I had made the effort.72

68 Obituary in NCir May 1989.
69 BNJ 30–2.
70 SCBI 23, p. vii.
71 Obituary in NCir June 1975.
72 Obituary in BNJ 47 (1977), 161 (Presidential Address).