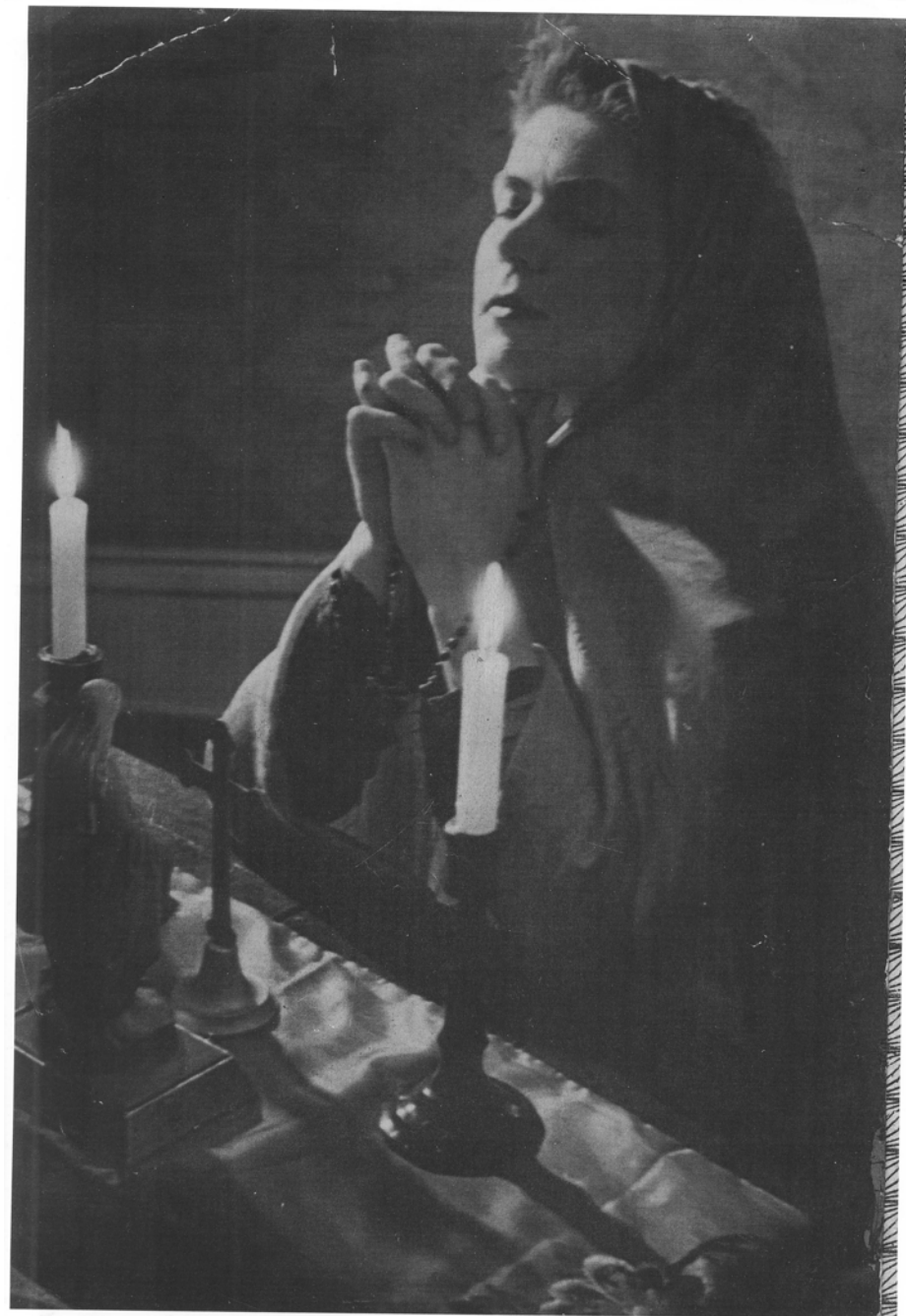


David John Webb 19th February to 1913 August 1st 2003

Poem by himself,
Eulogy written and given
By Allan Wright.



TO BE READ OUT AT MY FUNERAL.

Written by David Webb for his own funeral.

Read by his friend Charles.

WHEN I AM GONE ,PLEASE DO NOT WEEP,
REMEMBER THIS , AND ONLY THIS,
I'M SETTING OUT , A TRYST TO KEEP,
WHERE I SHALL AGAIN FIND PEACE AND BLISS.

WE'LL HAVE MUCH NEWS TO EXCHANGE,
I AND MY LOVING , GENTLE BRIDE ,
THE REST OF MY LIFE WAS TO CHANGE
WHEN SHE WAS TAKEN FROM MY SIDE.

BUT NOW THAT WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN,
OUR HANDS ENTWINED , NEVER MORE TO PART,
NO MORE THE DULL , TORTUOUS PAIN ,
THAT FILLED MY MIND AND ACHING HEART.

First of all I'd like to say what an honour it is to be asked to say a few words about Dave . A few words? "

How can I sum up Dave in a few words? I would need many words, and they would all be complimentary to sum up the Dave that we all knew and loved.

He was born on February , nineteenth, 1913. christened David John Webb, He was known as John to his family, to distinguish him from his father who was also a David. but he was known as Dave to everyone else. His father died when he was very young and his mother brought him and his sister Joan , who he nicknamed Fluff , to live in Richmond. When he was 23 Joan invited him to join her and her friends at Richmond Theatre. He immediately fell head over heels in love with one of Joan's friends, a slightly built pretty dark haired girl named Peggy. Dave was 24 and Peggy 18 when they married, later having 5 children, Anne, Valerie , Geraldine , Julia and David who then went on to present Dave and Peggy with 17 grandchildren . At the time of Dave's death he had a total of 41 grandchildren and great grandchildren of whom he was immensely proud.

But back to earlier years when war was declared. Dave applied to join the army but was turned down because of a crippling childhood injury. Undeterred he promptly joined the Air Raid Personnel as an Ambulance Driver, using all his spare time reading medical books and attending lectures on First Aid until he was far more qualified than he needed to be. He was always proud of the fact that throughout the war if he and his co-driver, Bert, pulled

anybody out of the rubble alive, they always reached hospital alive. A great many people owe their lives to his skill and dedication

At war's end Dave started his own business as a hairdresser's supplier and it was at this time. as if to defy the Army, he joined the T.A. and within months his natural skill with a rifle saw him win many Regimental competitions. In 1948 he joined Twickenham Rifle Club becoming Chief Range Officer with overall responsibility be the running of the club. He was elected Captain in 1962 and with his drive and enthusiasm they became one of the country's top clubs and throughout his captaincy won many national competitions. When I first thought about trying rifle shooting I rang up the NSRA to find out if there was a club near me. The person on the other end of the phone said that there were half a dozen. , but, he said go to Twickenham, it's the best club there is. Ask for Dave and Peggy Webb , they'll make you really welcome. So I did as he said, and he was absolutely right. Within minutes I felt I had known Dave and Peggy all my life ,and thus began a friendship that has lasted 40 years.

As well as Captain. Dave was chief coach at Twickenham, always patient and ready to help. I had never even held a rifle before joining Twickenham. but with his coaching I and many many others achieved either County or International status. Dave's proudest moment was when through his coaching Peggy was selected to shoot for the Women's County team, then she went on to win the Championship of Great Britain. He was also instrumental in getting an indoor range built, as well as an extra outdoor range that was named the Dave Webb range in his honour.

Dave was shooting at Bisley in 1988 when he suffered a stroke and never shot again. A year later in 1989 his beloved Peggy died and his world fell apart. To console himself he started writing poetry in her memory. When he was 77 he taught himself to use a word processor and the poems flowed , producing over 250 in the next few years. Although he was still writing for Peggy, his humour started to show through again because above all Dave was known for his tremendous sense of fun. His favourite comedians being Spike Milligan and Tommy Cooper and he could relate every episode of Dads Army virtually word for word. He always had a joke to tell, hut above all he was renowned for his stories, many of which have passed into Rifle Club folklore.

He and Peggy started the tradition of having a big sort of' family tea, at the Rifle Club , on a Sunday afternoon with sandwiches, cakes etc. All the rifle club members would sit around the big kitchen table, and, above all the usual chit-chat, Dave would tell a story . He always said he was accident prone, and over Sunday tea he would relate tales of his accidents, that in many cases were horrendous. Of how he broke his elbow falling off a donkey, of pouring molten metal on his right foot while working at the foundry, having 3months off work and going back and doing the same to the left foot and being off for another 3 months! And how walking through Bushy Park one day, a branch fell off a tree and fractured his cheekbone. As I said, they were horrendous stories but the way Dave told them they were hilarious! And the more he laughed the more he embellished them until we were all rolling about

crying with laughter and Dave laughing as much as the rest of us with tears running down his cheeks. Darling Peggy would say , you'd laugh to see a pudding crawl !

There are many more stories I could tell, of card schools that went on till day break, The episode of the gold paint, of bedding down his rifle with polyfilla, and of his faithful dog , Lady.

There were so many. So if I've missed out your favourite memory I can only apologise.

Dave was an exceptional man and we should all be grateful that he allowed us to be part of his life.

Rest in peace dear friend

COMPOSED AND READ BY ALLAN WRIGHT