

ICM tribute

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen.

On behalf of the family, thank you all very much for attending. I know some of you have travelled great distances.

What a sad day this is as we gather to say farewell to Ian Cameron Menzies.

It is my great privilege to say a few words about Ian, to capture something of the essence of a man who lived life to the full.

Though today we mourn his death so should we celebrate a life well lived.

A celebration is certainly what Ian would want.

In delivering this tribute I am acutely aware of two things.

First, that there are many here who knew Ian far better than I and for far longer so we are very grateful not just for the kind words, but also the fond reminiscences and anecdotes which have filtered through in recent weeks.

Secondly, knowing Ian as I did, I am absolutely certain that he is watching from above, drumming his fingers impatiently, saying “come on Dalgleish, don’t get between this lot and the bar at the golf club!”

Far be it from me to ignore such an instruction so, without undue haste, I invite you to walk with me as I journey through Ian’s life in a way that I hope will lift your spirits on this sad day, and allow us to arrive in good time at the golf club bar where we can lift some other spirits, exactly as Ming wanted.

We all knew Ian in different ways and naturally interacted with him from different perspectives – he was daddy, G’Pa, Uncle Ian, a golf partner, a companion and a true friend. Many different perspectives but I am certain that we all share a common view of his character and personality. You knew where you stood with ‘Ming’.

For me, when I think of Ian, I think of him as the **consummate gentleman**. Ever the genial host. He was Hail fellow well met, never happier than with a glass in hand being hospitable, always an entertaining companion whatever the social setting. He was a humorous man always with a twinkle in his eye. He held and expressed forthright views. He always observed the correct formalities, whatever the occasion might be. Things had to be done properly. At the pub, he preferred his beer in a dimple jug. Grandchildren were admonished gently for not setting out the fish knives when needed. He was what you would call clubbable. He was a generous man. A man one knew would have one’s back in a tight spot. If I judge his business career and his post-retirement jobs correctly, and his skill organising golf outings and competitions, I would say that he was clearly viewed as ‘a safe pair of hands’. Ming got things done properly.

When I think of Ian, **pride** comes to mind. Ian was a proud man. Incredibly proud of his Scottish heritage, equally proud to be British, a Royalist through and through, proud of his international career at HSBC, his sporting achievements and most of all proud of his family.

I would say that at times he could be too proud. He absolutely did not like being laid low by illness but equally did not want any fuss whatsoever. He resolutely refused to share details. Friends would call to ask after him. The robust reply was always 'I'm fine, old boy, still above ground!' The problem came when it was the doctor doing the asking 'Fine' he would say. With Karen in the background frantically indicating 'NOT FINE'. A proud man indeed.

When I think of Ian I think of his **determination**, another strong feature of his character. When advised by the doctor initially about his illness, Ian was told firmly that he should not under any circumstances drive a car such was the risk of a seizure. Ian calmly absorbed this instruction then completely and utterly ignored it. At a follow-up appointment a month later the doctor asked 'now, you're not driving are you, Ian?' 'Oh no, no', replied Ian, 'well...just to the golf club and Sainsburys'...

Needlesstosay the driving licence was fast tracked to the DVLA.

The story did not quite end there. At an appointment the following month, the same doctor – wise enough not to ask about motoring – instead asked 'And you're still playing golf I understand?' 'Oh yes,' replied Ian 'it's much easier now I get to drive a buggy.'

The doctor wisely said no more.

His indomitable spirit meant that he was frustrated that the doctors couldn't fix him and the mobility issues which led to him eventually giving up golf.

But he was determined to keep going as long as he could, not just playing twice a week at Liphook but also the gatherings farther afield.

He attended the VIPs annual gathering in 2024 at a course near Silverstone. His mobility was such that whilst he could play golf, he found getting in and out of a bath quite tricky so after becoming enticed by the facilities at the hotel he promptly, with a splish and a splash, became stuck in the bath. Try as he might he just couldn't get out, no telephone to call for help, well and truly stuck but ever practical in a crisis he emptied and refilled the bath several times so that he wouldn't get cold. Meanwhile in the bar downstairs his absence was noted, concerns were expressed until eventually a rescue party was dispatched led by the intrepid Mr Tibbits. Filled with trepidation they banged on his door to be met with a shout from within, "I'm stuck in the blankety blank bath!!" Ian was duly rescued and installed in the bar for a calming restorative. This became known in the

family as 'The RNLI Incident' and was later immortalised in one of Chris Rowe's wonderful cartoons. Indomitable indeed.

When I think of Ian I think of **sports in general and golf in particular**. The collection of tankards and trophies at Chiltley Way are ample testament to his skills and sportsmanship.

Ian played rugby for Hong Kong when it was a colony, a reliable full back at hockey and a steady middle order batsman. An avid fan of Chelsea Football Club, he would happily watch very nearly any sport on a Saturday afternoon: cricket, snooker, horse racing, rugby union, but above all...golf.

When we think of Ian boy oh boy do we think of **golf!** Do we ever. To say that golf was central to Ian's life is something of an understatement.

It all began at Surbiton Golf Club as a youngster.

Over the years he was a VIP, a Squire, a Bandit, one of the Johns, a stalwart member of the China Golfing Society, a Fanlingerer, keen member at Liphook Golf Club, he was very proud to have designed the flag and tie for the Jimmy's Kitchen golf society (you'll see the flag flying later) and a long-standing member of the Royal & Ancient. Golf clubs, dare I say it here, were his church.

Ian became a member of the R & A in 1988. He is listed as a member with the initials 'SP' after his name which denotes that he is a medal winner of the Royal Sydney Plate in 1996 alongside his dear friend Hugh Staunton, playing off a handicap of 6

Golf was Ian's opportunity to play his favourite sport, to win or lose a pound or two with friends, to play with business associates, apparently sometimes to conduct 'property inspections'. And to join in with, as he put it, 'the screaming and shouting' in the club house bar after a round.

I found in Ian's papers a box containing score cards which he collected as souvenirs from every golf course he'd played – there were over 450 of them. Name a course and he likely had played it. Hardly any wonder that he would watch a major golf championship on television and be able to say 'I've played there' and to make a knowledgeable remark about the course.

He proudly displayed golf prizes at home – winner of that, runner up of this, holes in one. As he put it, at his 'immodest best' in 1971 as a Wayfoong golfer for HSBC he was the proud holder of the Barlow Cup and the Morse Cup in the same year thus joining a select band who "got their golf and banking in the right priority order".

Ian chose to live in Liphook specifically to be within a short car journey of Liphook Golf Club. Quite what Shirley thought of that strategy is lost in the mists of time.

On his departure from the HSBC Taiwan Branch his various departments wished him luck for the future with the Treasury Department asking 'do you still want us to print out the latest golf scores from Reuters?'.

When I think of Ian I also think of **HSBC**

Ian joined HSBC in 1956. This came after National Service – in the Tank Regiment - 'they didn't let me near a tank' he once told me. Ian's career at HSBC spanned over 34 years, of which 30 were spent overseas, home base being Hong Kong – he had postings to Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, Taiwan, Germany (at lunch when we said 'bon appetit' he would always reply with the German equivalent 'mahlzeit'), to Edinburgh where he opened the bank branch (on a family holiday he marched up to a somewhat nonplussed security guard in Dundas Street requesting a meeting with the branch manager (declined!)), he also opened the branches in New York City and Birmingham.

He told me the story of being blown up by Indonesian terrorists in Singapore when posted there in the 1960s.

Ian was not the target, I hasten to add, he liked Nasi Goreng far too much to have upset an Indonesian restaurateur. The terrorist's target was the Australian consulate located in the same building as the HSBC branch in Orchard Road. Death and mayhem ensued from the explosion. There is a picture somewhere of Ian emerging from the building covered in blood. Ian was so proud – there it is again - that the bank staff were able to re-open the bank for business the following day, albeit minus its windows.

Always accompanied by Shirley on his postings, they made lasting friendships welcoming and guiding new colleagues and 'bank wives' in many foreign parts. In due time daughter Karen arrived, born in Kuching, Sarawak and later daughter Tracy born in I always thought a province of China – Wo King – but actually that turned out to be a town just off the M25.

Ian retired from the bank in 1990 and took up a post-retirement job with Ned Bank in South Africa before returning once again to Hong Kong.

I first met Ian when he had taken on the role of Chief Executive of the Matilda Hospital in Hong Kong. For those who don't know, the Matilda is best described as a private hospital crossed with a 5-star hotel. Think major surgery with fine dining and a turn down service. This was a prestigious high-profile job where there had been some issues so he was the safe pair of hands to ensure the hospital ran smoothly. Somewhat predictably his circle of friends instantly nicknamed him 'matron'.

When Shirley became ill the decision was made to return to the UK. Ian oversaw the packing of household effects and what became apparent was another of his character traits - he had used his **immense powers of delegation** to great effect, with a cheery 'pack the lot!' he had clearly left the packing team to it and departed in the general

direction of the golf course. The result of this was that Karen, helping her mother with unpacking in Liphook in due course, found a carefully wrapped cactus plant from the kitchen, a delicately wrapped golf ball and the entire set of curtains belonging to the Matilda Hospital's Chief Executive's apartment.

Settling in this country, Ian was not quite ready for retirement and took on another job, running Birchgrove, Harold McMillan's old estate. To the envy of many, Birchgrove had a private golf course, making it the sort of outrageous retirement job most of us can only dream of. The safe pair of hands in action again.

When he finally retired, Liphook Golf Club and his various golf societies became the focus, golf two or three times a week, annual trips away on tour, or sometimes a day trip up to London to play liar dice in a pub with ex-Taiwan colleagues, he lived a quiet but content life surrounded by a wonderful group of friends locally and farther afield.

Over the last 18 months, Ian enjoyed, for the most part, a busy household, which we referred to as 'happy chaos' with grandchildren and visitors coming and going, three dogs, sometimes five dogs (thank you Tracy), with a cheery welcome and refreshments always available.

Time today is marching on, I sense that Ian's fingers are well and truly drumming an impatient beat and I for one have built up quite a thirst so allow me to bring the journey to a close with this observation:

For all our grand plans, life, in the end, is simply a series of experiences.

Isn't it wonderful that Ian enjoyed so many experiences?

And aren't we blessed to have known Ian and to have shared with him some of those experiences.

My hope is that you'll continue to think of him fondly in years to come.

As the Menzies Clan motto says: 'Vil God I zal' 'God Willing, I shall'.

Thank you.