

JOHN GIBB-R.I.P.

John, who taught at Clapham College from 1949 to 1975, died suddenly from a massive heart attack on August 20th. He was in his early 80s.

John was born in Glasgow, the son of a ship-yard worker, was educated in Glasgow and came to London after completing his war service. He joined the staff of Clapham College, as an assistant English master, in 1949, became Head of the Department in the following year and was appointed Deputy Headmaster in 1970, retiring from teaching on the reorganisation of the school in 1975.

This bare statement of facts hides, of course, the tremendous qualities he had as a teacher and the great contribution he made to the life of the school.

He possessed a natural, quiet and unforced authority which won him the respect of all his students, whether in the first or Sixth forms. He was an effective classroom teacher, arousing interest and enthusiasm in his subject and achieving high standards of performance. I cannot recall ever hearing him raise his voice or lose his temper in all the years that I worked with him.

His contributions to the life of the school were manifold. I recall, with particular pleasure our cooperation in producing the school plays, preparing readings for the Carol Service and organising the Summer Fetes. Above all, I remember what a steadfast colleague he was as Deputy Headmaster from 1970 to 75. Totally reliable and unflappable I knew that, if I was away from school for some reason, I could leave him in charge with total confidence.

On his retirement in 1975 he moved to South Wales to be near his daughter Janice. His wife, Babs, was suffering from progressive Multiple Sclerosis and, although he looked after her himself with tender, loving care, his daughter's proximity provided him with extra support during a very difficult time for him. On Babs's death he moved into his daughter's home where, I know, he proved himself a shamelessly indulgent grandfather. For business reasons the family moved to Hedon, in Yorkshire, where he died.

I saw him last three years ago. He was completely unchanged, physically and mentally, and clearly the many happy hours he spent on the golf course had kept him very fit.

His whole life was a living witness to the Faith in which he believed, quietly and unostentatiously, but with total commitment. His death, thank God, was sudden and without suffering. He is now gloriously alive and reunited with his beloved wife.

PTO.

We thank God for his life and his example.

Cecil Poseock.

Brian,

I hope this will do - I'm afraid it's a bit of
a rush job!

