

**The Payne–Gallwey Charitable Trust (Registered Charity Number
1016286)**

Below is an edited version of the address given at Sir Philip’s funeral. Some names relating to events not in the public domain have been partially obscured to respect confidentiality.

After Eton and Sandhurst you joined the 11th Hussars as a lieutenant. Between your serious duties and responsibilities in Carlisle and Malaya there was some time for fun. One occasion that I have learned of was during the 1958 Royal Meeting at Ascot. After lunch you and your fellow officers adjourned to watch the Royal Procession on TV. You were slower than others to the mess television room and found all the best seats were taken. A regroup was called for and you disappeared only to reappear in top hat and tails, your binoculars slung across your right shoulder. Storming to the front room, you declared to all that they were not properly dressed for the Royal lawn. Immediately you had a front row sofa to yourself.

Your top hat was always beautifully polished to the envy of many a fellow race goer at the Royal meeting. One year, however, your hat drew more attention to yourself than anticipated or desired. While intently concentrating on a race from Ascot Authority Stand, a lady leaned over from the row above and wrote “I love you” with her lipstick on the top of your hat. Whatever shade of red that lipstick may have been, your face was a deeper shade of purple that evening when you discovered why so many of your friends had been unusually amused in your company earlier in the day. You declared your hat was ruined and the author was threatened with a bill from Locks.

The horse was evident in your lift from early days. Not only did you join one of the bravest and greatest cavalry regiments but you also were a brave and fearless rider with success particularly in the point to point field. Naturally, a certain amount of tactics were essential perhaps none more so than when on a hot favourite, your mount lost its bit and both reins were on the right side. You engineered that you always had a horse on your outside so your mount did not run out. You went on to score by half a length, exclaiming “bloody fool” as you dismounted I believe this invective was aimed yourself.

Not being from a military family, though I did have an uncle who served under Dick Hxxx in the North Irish Horse in the desert, I did some research about the 11th Hussars on the web last week and was moved to read that on a list of nine notable members featured Sir Philip Frankland Payne–Gallwey, 6th Baronet. Your ancestor William Payne–Gallwey, the first baronet, was Governor of the Leeward Islands which includes Nevis, that Caribbean jewel you often visited for holiday, even crossing the

Atlantic by ship when your health precluded a long flight. Here today, the 11th Hussars is very much present. Not only those who served with you are here but also Denis Txxxx who is going to look after Ricky, your faithful black Labrador and Corporal Bxxx who is sounding the Reveille.

The British Bloodstock Agency beckoned in the mid-sixties and then began your intercontinental odyssey with the thoroughbred. You remained with the BBA until your retirement a decade ago. Your annual trip to Australia and New Zealand produced life long friendships. Lindxxx Park was a home away from home and much fun was had with the Hxxx family. There was the famous dash across their lawn with you clad only in moonlight. Telex lines were often jammed as you exchanged views on the cricket scores.

Your astute judgement and knowledge of the horse soon established your reputation on a worldwide scale. Sir Tristram and Nureyev are but two thoroughbred champions forever linked with you, PPG.

The story of Nureyev has been well chronicled. In a recent interview, you described him as a wonderful mover with a special way of going, so much so that you could not take your eyes off of him at the Keeneland July Yearling Sale of 1978. With Joss Collins you successfully purchased him on behalf of your new client Stavros Niarchos. The little bay colt proved to be very special and an instrumental key to the Niarchos racing and breeding successes ever since. You said how fond you were of Nureyev who carried himself so well.

Part of the Nureyev story cemented an enduring friendship with Francois Boutin who trained the majority of the Niarchos horses in Chantilly. Your trips to Normandy, Paris and Chantilly to see the horses were interspersed, on occasion, with marvellous franglais discussions such as those with Gilbert Martin on the art of distilling Calvados. At evening stables, you would gently say to Francois "it's six o'clock, the bar is open".

On October 3rd 2004 the Niarchos family won their first Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. You had purchased Bago's third dam for Mr. Niarchos as a yearling in 1983. Named Coup de Folie, stroke of folly, because of what the cost, I believe, this filly was a good racemare in the hands of Francois Boutin and Cash Asmussen, the then top American apprentice whose services you secured for the Niarchos stable. She became the dam of Machiavellian and also of Coup de Genie, stroke of genius, whose daughter Moonlight's Box produced the European champion two and three year old colt Bago, the winner of the Arc de Triomphe.

Coup De Folie was just one of several fillies selected by Francois and yourself whose descendants continue to play a leading role in the Niarchos Family's success today. In 2007, Light Shift won the Epsom

Oaks unleashing waves of emotion in the unsaddling ring. Her success was a first for the Family in an Epsom Classic. You had purchased her grandma in 1982 for Mr. Niarchos; named northern Trick, she won the Prix de Diane, the French Oaks before running second in the then elusive Arc.

Backed by his knowledge of French pedigrees, Francois encouraged you to buy Pasadoble as a yearling. She was on sale in Kentucky and came from an old French family. After a successful racing career, Pasadoble was mated with your beloved Nureyev to produce the wonderful Miesque, a champion racehorse several times on both sides of the Atlantic, a rarer achievement in those days than today. Through Miesque's legend lives your judgement for she is an everlasting influence in particular through her son Kingmambo, the sire of Light Shift.

Your zest for life knew few bounds, particularly in the field of country sports. Fishing, shooting, stalking, coursing and hunting filled your diary annually and certain dates were immovable. There might have been a horse sale or race meeting but if it clashed with an important occasion on a grouse moor, a river in Scotland the latter mostly triumphed. The advent of the mobile phone one day caused fellow members of your shooting party great concern when there was no sign of you or your gun as the birds flew towards you. Fearful of a mishap, everyone was relieved when you appeared from the butt, saying the boss rang.

The Waterloo Cup is oft described as the Derby of coursing. In 2002 Petite Glory rewarded you and a group of friends, many of whom are present today, with success in this historic event. Such was the enjoyment that the organiser had left the field long before the winners finished their celebrations.

You enjoyed success too on the racecourse with your won royal blue, old gold sleeved and hooped cap racing colours. March 15th 2000 was an exceptional day for your colours when Relaxation won the National Hunt Chase at the Cheltenham Festival. For not only were you winning at the Festival but also on your birthday. This fact had not escaped Piers Bxxxxx who orchestrated a chorus of Happy Birthday dear Philip in the winners enclosure. Puce with embarrassment, you bowed to the crowd.

Philip, there is so much unsaid in these few words as we gather here to pay our respects not you. You enjoyed guiding, teaching and helping all those who sought your wise counsel. Some years ago, you gave the following advice to a fellow racing manager, Teddy Gxxxxx, as he took up his new position "When all about you are losing their heads, duck and have another drink"

Although so many of us admire your extraordinary judgement, you remained modest often giving credit to others and adding in lady luck.

You made friends everywhere. Your kindness and thoughtfulness are legendary.

The twinkle of your eye and your marvellous humour brightened all those who were privileged to have met you. Many a difficult moment was eased with a PPGism, some of which could not be uttered in this hallowed place.

Philip, you were always on the bollock no matter how inclement the situation!

You were called the "mini bart" with affection but you were a giant.

Thank you, Philip, and God Bless you.