

## MEMOIRS

ALLAN DOUGLAS DALE

To those who—like actuaries—are professionally concerned with financial affairs choice and chance have a technical significance. The world at large, concerned with human affairs, knows them as the familiar influences that shape men's lives. To the master-mason, busy four centuries earlier about the building of Staple Inn Hall, there came no intimation of its present occupants; the boy Dale, dreaming sometimes at his Wiltshire school-desk six decades ago, could have had no thought of the profession that it was to be his life's work to serve. Chance brought us all together.

Allan Douglas Dale's life began at Chippenham, on 25 November 1900. His career may be said to have begun at the age of eleven, with a scholarship that took him to Chippenham Grammar School. He followed this first success with others: by matriculating, by winning many school prizes, by seeing his name recorded on the school's Honours Board, and by becoming its head boy. It may seem strange now to reflect that he was a keen cricketer and footballer, but it will surprise no one who knew him well to learn that, on leaving school, he became a student teacher, intending to proceed to a Teacher Training College.

Much choice, and much credit, may be seen in these events, but now chance intervened, and the sudden death of his father threw Dale's life into a new course. The projected teaching career abandoned, he spent the next few years in the employment of Harris's, of Calne. Here he characteristically took the opportunity to qualify, in 1928, as an Associate of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

It proved to be another turning point. A year later the Council of the Institute of Actuaries decided that it must seek an assistant and potential successor to Jarvis, then nearing the completion of thirty years as Assistant Secretary. This was a need that it much suited Dale to meet; choice and chance joined forces. He set to work, in his quiet way, to share the duty of looking after the various interests of rather more than a thousand Institute members, including nearly four hundred Fellows—and a large number of demanding students and examinees.

Ten years passed; ten years in which to take the measure of the administrative machine, as well as of those with whom he was later to work so closely, in readiness for the next turn of events. Once again choice and chance marched together. In 1939 Jarvis retired, leaving Dale to succeed him as Head of the Staff and Assistant Secretary to the Council. Within a few months Britain was at war.

No references to the burden and tragedy of those years need be attempted; they would seem unreal to those who remember, and unmeaning to those too young to understand. Every man fought his own war; it was Dale's task to see the Institute's administration through the changes and dangers, through the destruction of the Hall in 1944, through the eleven years of disturbance and exile, and through the rebuilding and return to Staple Inn in 1955. It could hardly have been better done. In the meantime, in 1945, he had become entitled to append the letters F.C.I.S. to his name, and in 1952, in recognition of both his services and his growing responsibilities, his title was changed from that borne by all his predecessors, namely Assistant Secretary, to Secretary.

The double duty of managing the office and its affairs, whilst at the same time serving a succession of Officers as well as a protean Council (a long line of taskmasters united as much in the diversity of their personalities as in their singleness of purpose—and

their readiness to reach for the telephone), is always a heavy one. The government of the Institute is, in effect, bicameral, nearly all its problems being considered in the first instance by Committees. If the Council is able to rule with the aid of nine meetings a year and a due measure of trust (for which they are accountable) in the Honorary Officers, it is at the cost not only of much daily consultation but also of two or three Committee meetings weekly. The Secretary attends and minutes them all, and sees to it that the decisions are implemented. It was Dale's habit to draft the minutes the same evening, as soon as he got home—the sheets of minuscule handwriting might look like fair copies, but in fact were written *currente calamo*, with little hesitation and scarcely a correction—and those to whom these drafts were so swiftly presented for approval will pay tribute to his rare precision in matters of fact, to his balanced recording of debate and conclusion, and to his skill in apprehending the true nature of decisions occasionally perceived only dimly by those who had reached them. It is not easy to imagine how he could have found time for his Church work, his gardening, and—surprisingly—his lifelong interest in campanology.

His labours, at any rate, took their toll, and in 1952 Dale had suffered a heart attack. He was soon back, however, choosing to work as hard as ever despite all efforts to persuade him to slacken the pace. Ill-chance struck in other ways; his wife, whom he had married in his home town in 1932, herself endured long years of ill-health, culminating in her death in 1963. By 1962 it had become clear to the Council that Dale's own state of health was such that he ought not to be asked to remain in office any longer, and he agreed—with considerable reluctance—to retire. Three years later, on 15 April 1965, he died. Since he first set foot in Staple Inn in 1929 the Institute's membership had more than doubled, and he left nearly three times as many Fellows as he had found.

Of course this industrious, reliable, faithful, rather reserved man had, like the rest of us, the defects of his qualities. If he was immensely dependable, he was also reluctant to delegate. If he was pleasantly diffident, he was sometimes too hesitant to offer his own opinion and advice when they would have been both valuable and valued. If he was efficient, he could also be a little stubborn about matters he considered to be his own responsibility, and his discretion could now and then look a little too like secretiveness. Above all, he found some difficulty in accepting changes in the nature of the duties of the permanent secretariat which, with the growing size and power of the profession, must come about if the load upon the Honorary Officers is to continue to be supportable. It was not, however, Dale's fault that he was trained to be the perfect executant of an administration which he respected too deeply ever to be wholly at ease in joining. But his loyalty was absolute, and he gave to the Institute and the actuarial profession everything he could. We are all very much in his debt, in ways that many can never know.

J. H. GUNLAKE

### LEONARD WARDLE COLLINGWOOD

LEONARD WARDLE COLLINGWOOD died on 26 July 1965 at the age of 66. For some years he had suffered from various circulatory disorders, and although he had undergone all the necessary treatment he had always made light of his disability. It was therefore all the more of a shock to his many friends to hear of his sudden death.

Collingwood was educated at Parmier's Foundation School and after serving in the Rifle Brigade in the 1914–18 war returned to East London College (now Queen Mary College) and obtained an Honours B.Sc. degree in Mathematics. He then joined the