

William Stanley Nicholls, always known as Stan. Stan is a husband, father, grandfather and friend to many. He passed away at the Royal Star and Garter Home after suffering two strokes, one of which left him unable to enjoy life to the full, aged 87 years. Although into his 80's Stan always said he was surrounded by "old People"

Firstly, I would like to thank Sarah, Josephine, Claire and Mark for spending time with me so that I can pass over to you the life story that is Stan. *I say is*, because he is very much part of us today. For he who creates a memory lives on in the minds of others.

Stan was born in 1915, into a world which we can only begin to imagine, it was the very start of the First World War, a world completely alien to those of us today. We pick up Stan's life in the late 1930s, when he joined the Metropolitan police force., he remained here until the start of the war. At the start of World War II, Stan married Marion, Marion unfortunately passed away in 2009, she had not had the best health during her life. One of Stan's favourite quips was that in 1939 two wars started, World War II and his marriage to Marion. **That being said**, they did celebrate 60 years of marriage together an accolade by anyone's stretch of the imagination.

At the start of World War II. Stan joined the Navy, to fight for King and country, later transferring to the Fleet Air Arm where his skills were as a pilot flying Swordfish aeroplanes, these plane were like Bi planes. They would take off and land from aircraft carriers. You had to have nerves of steel for this, and clearly Stan did.

What we can say that Stan must have been extremely successful as a Pilot, as during my research I found that in 1945 Stan had been awarded a Sub-Lieutenant rank. (The only William Stanley Nicholls listed during WWII) We can only assume that he left the army with this rank.

After the war and on being demobbed, Stan returned to the Metropolitan police to continue his career, where he steadily rose through the ranks until retiring in the mid-1960s, having reached, the dizzy heights of Chief Superintendent at Deptford Police station. After leaving the Police Force. Stan went to work as head of security at Millwall football club and New Cross dog track. At times taking Mark with him, for a small lad to have the run of these places must have been magical.

When talking to Mark and his family, I asked them what they remembered about the father as they were growing up. The overriding factor which highlighted Stan's personality was as a sociable & honourable man. Mark stated that his dad was always interested in other people. He loved to be in people's company.

Stan loved the sea and would often visit the coast, Mark being the baby of the family said that he has lots of memories of his father taking him in his motorbike and sidecar to the coast where they would enjoy days out with fish and chips, just talking, he said that his dad would reminisce a lot. Mark as a young chap, would love to listen, the stories he must have heard.

Mark also stated that his dad was a fantastic and prolific visitor, he would often turn up at a house unannounced to see if there was a brandy on the go or a bottle of wine, which he would happy drink, then be on his way. He loved to be surrounded by people & was in his element when in a crowd, I took it from Mark, that Stan knew how to enjoy himself to the full. This was a comment that the family made when they told me that "dad love life to the full". And knew how to live it.

At some point during his life. Stan joined Freemasonry, the ancient and honourable fraternity of men. Stan joined Stanhope Lodge, in London, of which after about ten years, he became Master of the Lodge. Rising through the ranks within Freemasonry to receiving London Grand Rank, which puts him amongst a few within Masonry who could ever wish to obtain to such status.

Obtaining this rank is no mean feat, and to do so, you must give up a lot of time and energy within the charitable circle that is Freemasonry. Therefore, not only was Stan a **protector of society, a friend, a husband, father and a grandfather, but he was also a very charitable man.**

On meeting with Mark and his family. I asked them if they have any funny stories that they can remember when they were children that they could relate to me so that I can relate to you. Stan as a protector of society, upholding the law to the highest standard. Mark told me about time when Stan took him and some friends to visit Windsor Castle. Stan had obviously, been there before. Taking him and his friends up to the ramparts.

Just prior to this Stan had purchased some peanuts for Mark and his friends, and boys being boys did what we all do from time to time. They threw the peanuts at the crowds below. Stan, having witnessed this went mad. One would assume that this was because the boys were being raucous throwing peanuts onto the members of the public, **but no.** Stan was more concerned with the fact that he had just spent 5 bob buying these nuts, the boys ran off to live another day as they say.

I understand there was another time when one of the girls got themselves in a little bit of bother. Of course, were going back to the 1960s, when the flower power was at its height, and of course there were marches all over London for one cause or another. As Stan turned up for work one day in full splendour of his position within the Station. Where he was duly informed that his daughter had been arrested for spraying graffiti onto a wall. But unlike most fathers who in that position who would throw an absolute fit. Stan was a very human man; he supported his daughter and he supported the underdog. I am told that he will be most remembered for being reliable, solid, a good friend, a good man. One who stood by his convictions and would always stand up for the oppressed.

In later life. Stan became a grandfather; he absolutely adored his grandchildren spending many happy hours with them and they with him and I'm sure that the stories that he told entertained and enthralled. like those of you here today who knew him as a father and a friend you all have those cherished memories that are yours and yours alone.

I am also reminded of the time that when Stan was resident at the Royal Star and Garter, where he had a little mobility scooter, he would love to explore possibly visiting old friends again to such a degree that he would forget all about time, that is until his battery ran out, when he would have to phone somebody to collect him or tow him home.

So, for those of you here today who your special memories of the Stan, as the person I have described to you. May you remember him driving off into the sunset to be with those family and friends who have gone before, socialising, forgetting all about time, seeking out that glass of Brandy. And to take his place among the great architect of the universe. Where brandy and wine be plentiful.

Safe Passage on the next level of your journey, and we thank you for your service.