

Terry Dudley - by a Family friend.

Terry was always writing, whenever you went to the house if he was at home he was sat at the typewriter.

He got involved with writing some of the Dr Who series in the seventies, brought out a book called K9 which was something to do with Dr Who. I think it must be in a box in the attic, after lockdown when my son comes over I will get him to dig it out. I remember in my copy that Christmas he wrote for me, for whom irreverence is a virtue! That always made me smile.

Terry was a lovely man, a perfectionist, generous to a fault and good company.

My late father liked him enormously, although they inhabited very different worlds. I last saw Terry at the cottage in Bradford Abbas before he died.

It was a lovely cottage with a thatched roof (which was its demise) Terry enjoyed reading and writing to the very end. He had the most amazing vocabulary and use of the English language.

The parties were great, Hilde was a party animal, Terry not so much but he was an amazing host. He loved a good glass of wine and Stilton cheese. He adored Stephen (his son), he always spoke to him as an adult even at a young age, so as a result Stephen had a tremendous use of the English language even as a little boy.

Looking back they were happy times, seems like a lifetime ago now.

I remember when Survivors was being filmed as Terry was very busy and often away from home. I remember Hilde and Stephen had cameo roles in one episode, all very exciting at the time!

When the series was being filmed I remember my father had chatted with Terry about it, and at the time although the concept seemed almost too farfetched, now it is almost a reflection on today. How strange life has become!

I think my father's chats were mainly about how the military might be deployed or respond, as he was an officer in the Army at the time.

Terry was a wonderful wordsmith, an absolute perfectionist and very pedantic about research and the devil was always in the detail with him. He loved writing and TV was really his medium. I think he also wrote plays, really anything that involved writing and communicating. I seem to remember he was involved with a play "Gertie and something" from memory, I would have to ask my mother as I think she went to see it with Hilde.

They were for their time a glamorous couple. Terry the typical English gentleman and Hilde the younger blond German wife who gave him his beloved son Stephen. I can remember Hilde as a glamorous young wife driving around in her VW White sports car with Glucki her boxer dog in the passenger seat and Stephen, like a blond cherub of a boy squashed on the back seat!

Hilde was great fun, extravagant and demanding, but like Terry was hospitable, welcoming and helpful to anyone in need.

The New Years Eve Party I remember the most, I must have been under ten there were quite a few actors there that night, they had a buffet laid out in one of the downstairs rooms, fabulous spread with a big Stilton that he'd assiduously fed with port prior to the party. Someone had brought along an oriental male friend who committed the unforgivable sin of cutting into his Stilton instead of using the Stilton scoop! I can still see Terry incandescent with rage, telling my father that - the yellow peril has massacred his stilton, very "Prince Philip" but made us laugh for years! But pure Terry in a fit of anger!

As ill health dogged him in his later years, he still wrote but lived a quiet life in their beautiful cottage in Bradford Abbas. It was really lovely like something from Homes and Garden. Filled with their lovely memories and antiques. Both he and Hilde had a great appreciation for beautiful things, but never vulgar or ostentatious. It was tragic when it burned down whilst Hilde was away, everything was lost.

They were the most unlikely couple, but really great fun and as I have said, amazingly hospitable and kind. Terry was a gentleman amongst men as my father always said; he had standards, attention to detail and was generous and kind to a fault.

Education was so important to Terry hence him always working which enabled him to send Stephen to Wellington College and then onto Cambridge. He had a quiet pride in Stephens achievements. When Stephen then joined the Navy as young officer he had fulfilled his paternal achievement.