Hilary Watson: So sorry to hear about Ben, he was a lovely man and on our daughter Melanie's birthday he bought her a little fur-covered doll which she called Clementine after him. She had the doll for years and wore away the fur from hugging it! Bless him, may he rest in peace. Hilary x

Emma Hart: Oh no, that's really sad..... my very best wishes to his family. I remember him fondly: along with all the dog lads! A lovely bunch of blokes all round.

Bruce Millington: That's such sad news. When I started on the dog desk Benny was one of the great characters there. He was such a nice, warm guy who loved a laugh and loved Spurs. I will always remember his relentless renditions of the Teddy Sheringham chant. And of course who can forget his appearance on TV's Britain's Got Talent a few years ago? A top bloke.

Jeremy Chapman: Sorry to hear this. Dear Benny was our best tennis player, a level above Dan Garrett who was no mug, and a fearless poker player. He wasn't afraid to take on the high rollers. I watched him play at the Sportsman in Tottenham Court Road and it was an education. We played a lot of table tennis together at St Bride's and he had a lot of ability at that too. A real character who was too clever to play me for money at TT! Always fun company.

Mick Connaughton: Very sad news: another of the 'old firm' gone. Condolences to his family.

Geoff Duffield: How sad. Ben was a lovely bloke with his own subtle sense of humour and wry smile. Ben was a gifted footballer who often starred for The Sporting Life team. With his low sense of gravity, he was very hard to knock off the ball. A Spurs fan through and through, he was also a very astute card player whose eyes never gave anything away.The Life has lost another valued member. Rest in peace, dear Benny. Sincere condolences to Maureen and family.

Caro Cluskey: Our band of Lifers has sadly dwindled once more. I'm very sorry to hear that Benny has died, especially at such a young age. He was a real character, and a kind, caring and quite sentimental person underneath all that persistent bonhomie. He'll be missed. I hope Spurs win the Premiership for him.

Jim Sollis: I think that photo sums up Benny to a T. Another Lifer leaves us.

Paul Duffett: A kind and generous soul, Ben excelled at most things he did despite not appearing to be the type. We worked together both on the dog desk and in 'the forest' for many years, and will remember him for his wit, spidery handwriting, and willingness to help if you were in trouble. We last met at Wally Watkins's funeral in August where he looked in rude health so it was a real shock to learn of his sudden passing.
I remember our chance meeting in the Luxor casino in Las Vegas where I spotted him playing craps watched by an audience. Ben and Maureen were guests of the casino, and he was there to

play-up other people's money, he'd told me.
Ben was bright and talented at such a variety of thing,s and his poker brain was a perfect example of that. You wouldn't pit yourself against him in any gambling scenario and he had the perfect poker face.
When he was among a fine group of men made redundant from the Life, Ben was the one we feared for. He had worked there all his life and had no outside earners to fall back on.
But he opened Prof's Kalooki Club in Romford using his redundancy money – an astute move. 'Prof' was how he was known in poker circles, not without reason, and the club enabled him to combine his passion and aptitude to make a good living as well as creating an outlet for many local players. Our fears were unfounded.
if you had to write the perfect ending for Ben, with his beloved Spurs on top, and quietly passing away at home enjoying snooker on Eurosport would be pretty close. My condolences to Maureen and the family on your great loss. RIP old friend.

Chris Gundry: When I heard Brian Clements had left us, I could see the headline in lights across the gaming casinos: 'Benny the Wad' has played his last hand. Everyone at the Life knew who Benny was, just as we all referred to L Piggott as plain Lester.
Many have sat at the same table as The Wad thinking they had his measure whilst holding a pair of aces. But they soon feared the worst when Benny reached down and peeled a twenty from his "wad" of money, which was always hidden in a deep pocket. History told them they faced the inevitable so they duly stacked, never knowing, of course, whether or not Brian was bluffing.
We had the beers on the table when the likes of Bob Hearn, Alan Watkins, John Benbow and myself did battle throughout the night before we visited London Zoo in the morning and then returned to the work office.
But Benny really came into his own against the more professional players on the green baize at casinos and eventually he opened his own club (poacher turned gamekeeper, I thought!).
Brian and I were not only work colleagues for so many years. He came to our parties and was never off the dance floor with all the ladies, my wife Denise top of his list.
Benny and I both adored Tottenham Hotspur, we played football in the same Sporting Life team but I suppose we were never closer, sporting-wise, than on a tennis court, where Benny was not just a better player but on a different planet.
Benny was coached at a young age and was county level. I was a mere park player, and when he served you heard this fizzing sound through the air and the ball hit your racket, provided you reached the ball, like a clod of wet mud. No way was it going back.
I asked Brian if he could teach me how to serve like that. He smiled and said: "You can learn a lot if you go and watch videos of John Newcombe."
Back to our parties. Benny was a real exhibitionist on the dance floor. Not sure Sister Sledge had Benny in mind when they named their song "He's The Greatest Dancer", but he was a mover.
Benny the Wad, never to be forgotten. And when I told Denise that this lovely fella had died, she said: "Oh no, I loved him. He was my favourite dancing partner."

Rest in peace, Wad, and commiserations to his wife Maureen and family.
John Curle: What terrible news. I never called Brian anything other than 'Wad' .. ever. In fact, I think I had been working at the Life for a few years before I even knew his name was Brian. I thought it was Ben! The dog desk in the 70s and 80s was a mad, crazy place to work. Many of us have said that we would have willingly worked for nothing because it was such a great laugh. Characters everywhere, not least The Wad. He was once challenged to a mile foot race by Alan Smith. Smithy was a bit of an athlete and The Wad was strong but not as quick. The race was run at Victoria Park one Sunday afternoon after work with Smithy winning, running the last 100 yards backwards! The Wad, as ever, took it in his stride and laughed along with the rest of us. There was not a bad bone in his body.
My overarching memory was when I used to do dog nights with The Wad. When we finished the day job at 5 o'clock I scuttled off to pick up my beloved Ford Capri from the underground car park at Smithfield Market and would take the short drive back to the Mirror building in Holborn to pick up The Wad. We would then head for the Sportsman Club in Tottenham Court Road. Wad was a member there. I would pull up outside, we would get out and leave the car running. A Sportsman Club staff member would then take away the car and park it. Wad would sign me in as a guest. It was like entering another world - a beautiful bar area ("Two gin and tonics, please"), blackjack and roulette tables, poker rooms. Very plush and expensive. This was Wad's world. He was never happier than being in a casino.
He taught me how to play blackjack, or, at least, play it well enough so I would never do any real damage. He was a brilliant card player and, on many occasions, I sat behind him in the poker room watching him strut his stuff. I always look back fondly on those times. It was great to be around the maestro, doing what he did best.
If my grandchildren ever ask what I got up to in my youth, I'll tell them I was taught to play cards by a man who had the best nickname I've ever heard - The Wad. RIP Wad.

Mark Jeffries: That's really sad to hear. He was a lovely bloke and another fellow Spurs nut. I too was at the game on Monday night. Would have been lovely to have bumped into him but sadly it was not to be. Safe journey through the cosmos Benny. RIP.

James Murphy: So sad to hear about Benny. My first job at the Life was on the Sporting Life Guide under Benny's guidance. He was a great guy and as well as a fine footballer for the Lifem he was also an excellent runner. He once gave me a half-lap start and still beat me, much to my surprise. One of many loved characters who have sadly passed away.

Fred Parsons: Sad to hear Benny has passed – yet another fine team member gone. He was a real colourful character, and I guess he'll also be missed down the Lane! Rest in Peace, Benny, and condolences to the family.

Paul Fry: Quite horrible toll this year. And what characters! Benny was always there with a quick

one-liner to lift tough days. Star.

Mick Malone: It was a real shock to hear that we had lost Benny. When I met him at Wally's funeral about ten weeks ago, he was in good spirits and looked well. I first met Benny in 1964 when he was working in the Sporting Life Guide. As a young naive teenager, I couldn't believe the gambling culture that existed throughout the editorial. If you fancied a bet but didn't have the cash available, you could open an account with Len Bailey and Norman Waters, win or lose, you would settle at the end of the week. Card schools were a regular feature. Every Thursday, Caro would go around the editorial and hand out brown envelopes containing our wages – in cash. After work the usual suspects would assemble in the canteen to play cards. Benny was a very shrewd player, but some would lose virtually the lot. This was an education for me – it frightened the life out of me and I never really got involved in card games after that. Dave Cox was an admirer of Benny's skill as a poker player. He would regularly bankroll The Wad, and many an evening I would see Coxie and Benny leave for the Sportsman in Tottenham Court Road. Rest in peace Benny. Deepest condolences to Maureen and the family.

Geoff Lester: So sorry to hear about another ex-Lifer lost. Brian Clements was always 'Benny the Wad' in my world, and I was not surprised that he proved to be North London's answer to The Cincinnati Kid because his face at the poker table was as impossible to read as War And Peace. Apart from his all-too-brief appearance on TV's Britain's Got Talent, the most speechless he left me was on a Sporting Life annual outing to Newbury's May meeting in the mid to late 60's.
It was my first time at Newbury, and we arrived in plenty of time for a few liveners before the opening two-year-old maiden. There were 20 runners, 19 of whom were unraced, but Ben sought me out beforehand and asked: "What chance do you give Ember Grill?"
"Forget it, Ben," pointing out that all the top trainers were involved with well-bred debutants. Ben stood firm. "The way I look at it is Ember Grill is the only one in the race with previous experience – that has to be an advantage."
Suffice to say that all us supposed smart-arses were put back in our boxes a couple of minutes later when Ember Grill sailed home amidst stoney silence from the Life contingent, apart from 'The Wad', who almost lost his voice screaming through that final furlong.
"Well done, Ben," I said, still in shock but congratulating him on backing a 33-1 winner. "No, I got 50's off a bookie at the back of the line," he replied beaming from ear to ear. Maybe Ben should have joined us on the Man on the Spot team.
Ben was normally a quiet, unassuming guy who loved a bet and worshipped Tottenham, and no doubt there will be plenty off vocal support from up above if Spurs do get back in Europe next season. My sympathies go to Maureen and family.