The man that the great Hugh McIlvanney described in The Sunday Times as "the Tiger Woods of golf tipsters" worked on The Sporting Life for 27 years, working his way up to deputy editor, and then wrote columns for the Racing Post and Racing & Football Outlook among many others. He had survived throat cancer, diagnosed in 2009, but the consequences of treatment made speech difficult for him, and for around the last nine years he had been completely nil-by-mouth. The affection and respect his friends and colleagues held for him is reflected in the many tributes that follow.

Mike Cattermole: A life lived to the full, though plagued by awful health in his last years but not a word of complaint. Tough as teak. Just a thoroughly good bloke and I was pleased to know him.

John Cobb: That's very sad news. Jeremy couldn't have been braver in bearing his illness.
He was absolutely a one off and, in my experience, a kind and generous man with an emotional streak. I remember standing next to him at Epsom when Cirrus Des Aigles won the 2014 Coronation Cup and he was in floods of tears because of the magnificence of the horse and the performance. Please pass on my condolences to Christa and his daughters.

Caro Cluskey: Such sad news about Jeremy, which awaited my return from the funeral of another great friend. I think we all have a special affection for Jeremy as a man, and great admiration too, for Jeremy the journalist, who was professional to his fingertips. I'm so glad I featured him big time in last autumn's Mirror Pensioner – he deserved every column inch. He loved life and made absolutely the best of everything following his initial illness. Yet another piece of the Life's story has slipped away with his passing. RIP Jeremy.

Tony Paley: Sad news. Jeremy was a one-off and I learned plenty from him in my early days at Farringdon Road. Condolences to all.

Geoff Duffield: God bless you Jeremy, a true gentleman.

Sharon Powell: Thank you for the sad news of Jeremy. A shame, especially as he had overcome throat cancer so many years back. I really didn't know about the awful impact his treatment had had on him, albeit I know generally how fierce and awful it can be on the immune system. May he rest in peace.

Clive Weight: More sad news, but after his diagnosis in 2009, Jeremy stuck it out well despite all the difficulties. He often looked out for me in my early years, and kindly invited me on trips to France with himself, Christa and Sarah, seeing the sights of Paris and attending the races at Longchamp. My condolences to the family. RIP Jeremy.

Geoff Lester: We all feared that the news was imminent, but Jeremy has defied the doctors expectations so many times since being struck down by cancer 17 years ago that the inevitable still hits you for six. I owe Jeremy so much. I was never going to be the next Hugh McIlvanney as a racing journalist. He joined the Life soon after me (I started as an office boy in 1964), and we got on great. Maybe it was because he could always guarantee he'd win a few quid by backing me for the wooden spoon at the Life's annual golf day in Esher.
Seriously, though, Jeremy was a massive help as I gradually climbed the ladder and was allowed outside to write features and do big-race reports. My first test was being sent to Paris for the 1972 Arc. The French released only a couple of telephones to the Brits, and, having been made well aware that copy deadlines were really tight for my first assignment outside Britain, I was in no doubt I would be up against the clock. However, I checked and Jeremy was in the office, so I knew if the rookie was in dire trouble, JC (he was always proud that he had the same initials as Jesus Christ) was primed for a rescue operation.
It wasn't the easiest Arc to kick-start my big-race reporting career – the winner was French, San San, owned by Countess Batthyany and trained by Argentinian Angel Penna. But I legged it down

to the winner's enclosure, managed to get a few quotes off winning jockey Freddie Head and rushed back to grab a phone in the press room before the masses returned.
In all honesty, the story I sent was moderate at best, ok, you are right it was crap, but Jeremy was brilliant and finessed my copy as only he could, and produced a magical headline. I barely recognised the finished article – my English teacher would have looked at the original and written three words: "Can do better" – but Jeremy had ensured it would get the thumbs up from the editor of the day.
Despite his long illness, Jeremy would always make an extra effort to attend the frequent get-togethers us ex-Lifers have in London, but the writing was on the wall when he could not make our Christmas shindig tlast year. Even before Jeremy "walked up the 18th", I could see how frustrated he had become, as just trying to start a conversation took an eternity. However, we were all just delighted that he would move heaven and earth to join us, and when the vastly reduced team which remains meets up in May to celebrate the 28th anniversary of the closing of the late Queen Elizabeth's favourite newspaper, rest assured we will raise a glass to our much-missed friend, who doubtless is already sinking a few birdies on the golf course up above. We'll also be thinking of Christa, Jeremy's devoted wife of 57 years, and his daughters, Sarah and Stephanie. RIP, JC.

Hilary Watson: My late husband John spoke a lot about Jeremy and thought highly of him. My sympathy to the family.

Jim Sollis: So so sad, he was a man that transcended traditional editorial beliefs that we in the ad department were taking their space away. He knew how important it was to carry adverts and embraced the idea that we worked as one for the betterment of our title. A lovely man who regularly took the p**s out of me, but in a Jeremy way. Good memories.

Bryan Pugh: Desperately sorry to hear Jeremy's long, brave fight against ill health is over. He was a wonderful colleague and friend, and his resilience and good humour throughout his later years was inspirational and always evident on the numerous occasions he and Christa attended our Life reunions, usually on their way to a theatre for a show which Jeremy would often review. He always won the best-turned-out award, mainly due to his marvellous wife, who he rightly praised at every opportunity. He knew he was blessed with the support of a wonderful family which made his life so much better. He was delighted with the remarkable two-page Racing Post feature on him last year – "They did me proud" – and was most grateful to Fitzdares for his Windsor retirement race.
I fondly remember exciting days with Jeremy at a couple of Ryder Cups at The Belfry, where he was in his element, although I only managed to make his legendary Maundy Thursday Sporting Life golf day at Claygate on one occasion. The result was not a great advertisement for Jeremy's handicap skills as the competition was won easily by John McCririck using just two clubs!
Jeremy was a true professional at work and always offered help and guidance. His layouts were innovative and I have his excellent Shergar front page framed at home as a constant reminder. Jeremy was meticulous about his craft and his incessant tweaking and correcting on the stone irritated the hot-metal printers who just wanted to put the paper to bed and get down the pub. They even put a large mocked-up Wild West poster on the wall with Jeremy's face on it, and the words "WANTED: FOR TYPOGRAPHICAL INTRANSIGENCE". I can't recall the reward but it was just the printers' way of grudgingly admitting they admired his professionalism. RIP mate.

Paul Duffett: The things that stand out most when I think of Jeremy are his courage, his fierce determination and his thoughtfulness. In conversation he would always ask about my late wife Sue, though I believe he'd met her only twice. He put us on to some excellent shows, too. Those Life golf days were great occasions, so many wonderful memories, all put together by Jeremy, with the handicap rigged to give editor Ossie Fletcher the win (he never did), and I will never forget how exhausted Jeremy was after completing all 18 holes of the last Life gold day in 2022, with Christa at his side, before he performed the prize-giving with his usual style.
We will all miss him at future reunions, though I hope Christa and the girls are able to join us,

Christa has been his rock, they will be most welcome. A lovely man, I hope he's enjoying a well-earned round of golf now, wherever he is.

Emma Hart: Ah, no, not Jeremy. What a brave man he was in these past few years. I have very fond memories from my first day at the Life in Orbit House, right through to long after we all left – Jeremy always kept in touch. He was a true gent, a font of knowledge on many subjects, and I reckon he would've been great to caddy for!! My thoughts go to Christa and his girls; who he was always so very proud of. Such extremely sad news.

James Lambie: Poor Jeremy. I can't imagine how hard his life must have been since his cancer set in – only he could have dismissed it as "a distraction". He battled on so courageously with the support of Christa and his daughters, even making the tiresome journey to regularly attend the annual Sporting Life reunions.
He was a man of many talents as was highlighted in Chris Cook's excellent article that followed his retirement from the golf circuit last year. His love of life was matched only by his love of the Life, a newspaper from which he launched his golf-tipping career; a paper he fought so hard to hold together during its final dark and rudderless days.
He was a guest at my table for the Racing Book of the Year awards in 2011, and when my tome, The Story of Your Life, was announced as the winner, Jeremy burst out in floods of tears. Sir Mark Prescott, also a guest, remarked: "That's what the paper meant to him".
It was by chance rather than design that I occasionally met up with Jeremy and Christa in Paris during Arc weekends. We frequented a decidedly iffy watering hole in the Gare de l'Est area, and one night, long after they had retired to their hotel I had the bright idea of phoning him up to entice him out for one or two more drinks. Being woken up in the middle of the night by the call traumatised Jeremy, and no doubt Christa, as they thought it must be some emergency involving their daughters. I don't think he ever forgave me for that as he always reminded me of it whenever we met or had contact. My deepest sympathies to Christa, Sarah and Stephanie. How you'll miss Jeremy is impossible to imagine, but carry on you will, as he would have wished. Rest easy star man.

David Ashforth: Very sad. He was incredibly brave. I have fond memories from long ago of his likeable presence while laying out the pages at The Sporting Life. He loved cabaret and sometimes took me to whatever the place was called near Marble Arch where some of his favourite artists performed. Later, he was a regular at the performances given by prisoners at whatever the prison was, which I can picture but no longer remember its name. I once spent Christmas with his lovely family: they all so obviously loved each other. It felt like a privilege.

Mick Connaughton: It took exceptional bravery for Jeremy to attend the last few Sporting Life reunions considering his health issues. A great and talented professional and a Sporting Life man through and through. I don't know much (well nothing, really) about golf, but everyone involved in the sport told me Jeremy was an outstanding and respected judge. Although he wrote mainly about golf and was a linchpin on the production side, I still recall a race report he wrote from Musselburgh (of all places) as it had a freshness and originality that stood out from the usual day-to-day stuff that some of us used to churn out. Sad to say another Life stalwart gone. RIP Jeremy.

Andrew O'Toole (Kiwi): So deeply saddened to hear of the passing of Jeremy, but so pleased that Jackie and I got to spend an hour or so with him and Christa when we visited the UK (my first trip back since returning Down Under from five fabulous years at The Life in 1995) in September 2024. JC was a tremendous mentor to a wet behind the ears Kiwi when I joined the Life in the latter part of 1990, and we struck up a great friendship which endured to the end. He, along with numerous other great Lifers, taught me so much about newspapers and the art of journalism, for which I will be eternally grateful. I'll cherish the many games of golf we had together, although I don't believe I was ever able to best Jeremy, and the memories of the 1993 Open at Royal St George's in Sand-

wich, won by Greg Norman, I'll never forget. Five days in Jeremy's company, admiring his journalistic skills at first hand, was a joy to behold. When we visited JC and Christa in 2024, his generosity shone through once more as he gifted me a lovely book of London landmarks, which takes pride of place in our Darwin home. To Christa, Sarah and Stephanie, our deepest condolences on the massive loss of Jeremy, who, as he did on so many occasions on the golf course and in life, fought the good fight to the end. RIP JC

John Curle: My memories of Jeremy are of a good, decent, friendly man. He was liked and respected by everyone at the Life. RIP

Peter Thomas: Very sad news. Jeremy was a proper old-school, sleeves-rolled-up journalist who was an inspirational figure in my early days as a young sub on the Life in New Fetter Lane. He was meticulous and utterly professional, quite happy to perform major surgery on his layouts as stories developed through the day, keeping everybody on their toes until the final edition was kicked out of the door. Not even the mice could divert him from his mission. If ever I find myself considering taking the easy option in my work, I think back to Jeremy and try to choose the right option, as he invariably did. Good fun and good company, too. My condolences to Christa and the girls, who I haven't seen since the old days at the Stab.

Kevin Impey: As I worked principally on the greyhound desk during my career at the Life, my day-to-day contact with JC was somewhat limited. I always liked his cheeky-sounding laugh and manner of speaking. He was a man of many talents, but he had the talent of finding time to talk even when time was in short supply. RIP Jeremy

Fred Parsons: Saddened to hear the loss of such a great character and a fine journalist. Pleased to have worked with him, and who can forget his wonderful Maundy Thursday golf days which were such enjoyable social and sporting occasions? A master at golf tipping too, which paid off for me many times. Jeremy was certainly brave and a fighter to endure what he did through the latter years. Condolences to his family. RIP JC

John Clark: That's sad news, indeed. Like several others I was wet, not just behind the ears but everywhere else, when I first worked with Jeremy at Orbit House. It was always reassuring seeing him in the office, knowing there was a consummate operator on the premises to guide us when things got a little hairy. That continued at Canary Wharf, and I've lost count of the times he stepped in to help with layouts when the big pad was forbiddingly empty and the clock ticking remorselessly. I can well remember his barely legible but welcome scrawl, and the way the layouts always worked when transferred to the screen. He was the best by a mile at that, and of course way ahead of his field when it came to golf tipping. At the Life reunions he always made a point of asking after family and was genuinely interested in what I was up to, even when his illness made that difficult. Formidably brave and always kind, Jeremy was one of the best. Condolences to Christa and his daughters

Chris Lemmon: So sorry to hear about Jeremy, such a lovely man. Best wishes to his family.

Chris Gundry: There may be something about Jeremy only this recently octogenarian member of the Life can recall. I promise it is remembered with humour. Many years ago the Life editor at the time made a decision to promote restaurants near racecourses with reviews. Not sure if it increased revenue but the queue quickly formed in the office for budding food critics. Step forward Jeremy, who was well versed in reviews after dabbling as a part-time theatre and film critic. I read many of those published reviews in the Life, but only one line stayed with me, and it was, of course, from Jeremy. "The sorbet was plentiful." I did laugh. It was classic Jeremy, showing he had what it took to be the next Egon Ronay!

There are also spoken words from Jeremy that will forever stay with me. "You finished off all my brandy!" Guilty as charged, I'm afraid. The only time I attended Jeremy's golf tournament at Claygate it was called off because of heavy snow. Being to golf what an elephant is to knitting, I wasn't that despondent about the cancellation. How much of a gentleman was Jeremy to invite all us Lifers back to his house, where we had a putting competition over his carpet before drinks were served. The rest of the brandy story is due to my being particularly fond of Courvoisier in those early days. Not sure how many of us traipsed the short walk over to Jeremy's house but it must have been 30 plus. Jeremy and his wife Christa were the perfect hosts and the day might have started disappointingly for the hackers, but everyone finished up having a great time.
Jeremy is best known in the sporting world as being the top golf tipster, but he could also turn his hand to just about anything in the journalistic world. For reasons I cannot remember, Jeremy sometimes stepped in as an able deputy to the front page horserace tipster, and more often than not his selection would win. But in a different field altogether, he gave me the worst tip in Christendom. "You must go and see Barry Lyndon, Chris. It's one of the best films I've seen in many a long year." I sat, I watched this historical drama and thought it the slowest and most boring film ever. We disagreed on this, which was surprising because over so many years we agreed on so much in the entertainment world, notably with musicals.
A consummate journalist, Jeremy was dealt a bad hand with cancer, and how he managed a smile when he met up with us at our reunions I shall never know. His passing has left a mighty gap in the lives of Christa and his daughters, Sarah and Stephanie. And I hope it is a crumb of comfort to the family to know that all Jeremy's friends at The Sporting Life will miss his friendliness and, can I include, his coolness. RIP Jer.

John Barton: It’s sad to hear that Jeremy Chapman has died after struggling with his health for so long. It's great to read the wonderful tributes to him from his colleagues. There was one in yesterday's Racing Post from Tom Clarke talking about Jeremy's calmness during the IRA bomb evacuation at Canary Wharf, and supervising the Life coming out next morning as usual. In 1982 Kevin Impey and I were interviewed by Jeremy for a light-hearted article he wrote about four Life staffers competing in the London Marathon. The other two were Charlie Garrett, a linotype operator, and Chris Randle from the reading department. Charlie finished well clear of the rest of us in under four hours. According to the article his odds were 1-2 to beat the rest of us. I was a 4-1 shot and Kevin 8-1, with Chris at 25-1. Colleagues have mentioned Jeremy’s golf writing and playing expertise. He was also very good at table tennis and knocked me out of a Life tournament at St Bride's Institute. My sympathy goes to Jeremy's family.

Dave Atkinson: Joining the Life in the mid-eighties from the rather tranquil and rarefied atmosphere of a weekly technical paper for the electronics trade can best be described as a hell of a shock! There was no more hours pondering over various layouts, no live news to sub, and deadlines didn’t really exist until press day, and there was no sense of urgency. All that changed very quickly in the new job, and it soon became apparent to me that the chief engineer of the whole show was JC. He could change a layout at the drop of a hat and did so regularly. I can look at some of the old copies of the life at home and instantly spot a Chapman page, and of course his golf tipping was extraordinary. He was immensely kind and helpful to me and taught me a lot. He was a very affable companion after work, and we spent many happy hours in jazz and cabaret clubs, the Pheasantry in the King’s Road, Pizza On The Park and cabaret at The Ritz spring to mind. It was always a delight to see him, Christa and the family at his local course Sandown. He enjoyed life to the full. A great guy.