**Paul Duffett** – What a blow to hear of Andy Burns's passing, especially as he was comparatively young. I have only good memories of him, always so calm and helpful when us hapless souls entered 'The Forest' never knowing when we would see daylight again after he and Andy Harrison had done their work debugging the system.
Others will remember him for his exploits after work, but it is his composure and unflappability under pressure that I remember. He was such a decent bloke and I loved that accent, always warm and friendly. Andy joined the Life when change was needed for it to survive.
He embraced it while some of us were dragged kicking and screaming; he was part of that all-important link that made the transition not just acceptable, but enjoyable.
The loss of his sight in such a way must have been devastating, unimaginable, when still enjoying life to the full. Enter Carol, his eyes, his soulmate, his window on the world. Together they often used to attend the Life reunions, travelling down by train from Wales. She was his rock and she is going to miss him like mad. My thoughts go out to her, his Mum and all the family and friends who have been robbed of someone so precious, so soon.
**Tony Elves** – So sorry to hear this news. With his quiet disposition and lovely sense of humour, Andy was just one of those people that you couldn't fail to like. He came to the Life for a summer student placement but never went back to college, and became a much-loved member of the staff. Good looking fella as well, and I likened him to a young Richard Burton – not surprising as he was from Welsh Wales too! When I was sent to the dark corners of Suffolk in my position as Warren Hill, he visited us quite a lot and we had many a late, late night drinking copious amounts of wine and putting the world to rights. With his sight almost failed, Couch and myself ensured he was well looked after at the final day of The Sporting Life in Covent Garden, and we saw one another too infrequently over the years since. My heart goes out to his partner Carol – we have lost a very special man.
**Jim Sollis** – Again, no words to express the sorrow of losing another Lifer. RIP Andy.
**Mike Cattermole** – So sad. I know he had had health issues for a number of years. A good, gentle guy who deserved better. Thoughts very much with Carol and his family.
**Andy Harrison** – I was shocked and saddened to learn of Andy's death, and the news brought back memories from a long time ago. Andy Burns was a fully paid-up member of The Sporting Life sports and social club and was a true party animal. We were a similar age, and both keen to embrace the changes in the newspaper industry in the late 1980s with the advent of new technology and desktop publishing. I remember first working with Andy on results under the guidance of Ron Allen and Mike Kavanagh, with intermittent appearances from Dan Garrett and Derrick Shaw. We progressed to production along with Phill Lamphee and around this time we became known as the Andrew Sisters (ask your parents.) Many of my memories of Andy aren't really suitable for family viewing but I can say that he certainly enjoyed his time on the Life and particularly in The Stab. We enjoyed many, usually late, nights, helped along by the likes of Dave Cox, Brett Campbell and Australian landlord Mark. On one occasion someone thought it would be fun to jump off the pub shelf into the arms of waiting colleagues. Unfortunately when Andy launched himself (after several pints) there was nobody to catch him and he used his face to break his fall whilst sliding along the carpet. He appeared in the office the next day with nasty looking marks on his face and rather appropriately took on the nickname "Carpet Burns".
Andy's career on the Life came to an abrupt end after a holiday with Ron and Brett on Paxos that left Andy with major issues with his sight. It was a sad end to Andy's career which also meant a move back to Wales from London, and regrettably I only saw him once again after that – in the pub at Canary Wharf! Rip Andy.
**Andrew O'Toole (Kiwi)** – Andy was a champion bloke and he and I became inseparable in my five years on the Life from 1990-1995, so much so that when I married Jackie on that memorable occasion in Brough on 22 July 1995, Andy was my best man. We built up a great rapport in my time at the Life, from the New Fetter Lane days and The Stab, to the Sunday Mirror sports shift on Saturday afternoons, and the inevitable Sundays working under Chief or Bryan Pugh, to Canary Wharf and the North Pole for our after-hours drinks with John and Margaret. Andy and I lived close together in West London in those days, he in Hammersmith and I in Chiswick, and when we

worked the late shift, especially at Canary Wharf, I would pick Andy up in the Rover at about 1pm to make the trek to East London. There was always the obligatory couple before work, and then of course after work. We became close friends, along with the gang of Pugh, Barnes, McGovern, Pub Cat, Vic, Andy H, Bert and all the other champion Lifers I was privileged to work with. He was a first-class Lifer, hugely capable, and I can't recall him ever raising his voice (unlike me). He loved life, he loved a Guinness (I've never seen such a skinny little bloke put them away like he could), he loved his rugby and his racing, and he loved his friends.
One memorable trip we shared was on the train to a Five Nations rugby match between Wales and Ireland at the old Cardiff Arms Park – what a day that was and one I remember fondly. We kept in touch via phone when I returned to NZ, but in the intervening 25-plus years, lost contact. I got back in touch with him when Jackie and I visited Europe and the UK in September 2024 but alas, after catching up with Bryan and JC, the stars did not align for us to meet up with Andy. However, we spoke numerous times while I was in the UK and it was as if I'd never been away for 29 years. He never changed, and although he had some well-documented health issues, he never let them stand in the way of life and having a good time. One of Life's gentlemen has been taken way too soon. Our deepest condolences to Carol, Andy's family and his many friends. He will always hold a special place in our hearts. RIP mate.
**Geoff Duffield** – Lovely man and a pleasure to work with. God bless you Andy, and deep condolences to Carol.
**Emma Hart** – I'm so sorry to hear of Andy's passing – my heartfelt thoughts go to his wife and family at such a very sad time. I remember him as being a lovely chap: he always seemed quiet and considered and – as Alastair Down would have said – "a thoroughly good egg". I remember when he first arrived at the Life – I hadn't been there very long myself – and I was convinced he was a jockey! That thought stayed with me and he can for ever more be the Life's resident jockey in heaven.
**Mark Jeffries** – Very sad news. He was a lovely fella. My condolences to his wife Carol and all his friends and family.
**Mike Lawford** – Such sad news, Andy was a joy to work with. Many of the Festival layouts for advertising requirements in the Life were, as they were then done, constructed over a few pints in the Cat or Addington, the only pubs that existed at Canary Wharf in 1994. But more so Andy was a brilliant character with a great sense of humour and a kind heart. I frequently met with Andy and Carol in the early years after his departure, when they travelled up to London. His desire to be independent given his condition was unreal, but with the fantastic loyal and loving support of Carol they made it work. Way too many stories to be shared on here... Other than just to send Carol my sincere condolences and all my love.
**Fred Parsons** – Oh no, what a shock to learn of Andy's passing ... he was one of the younger members of the team. Only glad to have known such a fun character and having had the opportunity to work with him. Condolences to Carol and his family.
**Bryan Pugh** – It was with great sadness I read the news about Andy. I last spoke to him last year when I was trying to dig up some dirt on Andy Harrison in a bid to help his best man write his speech. He seemed to be in great form so his passing came as a huge shock. The tributes already posted have been so moving, and spot-on – especially the Richard Burton comparison. Although Andy was mainly a rugby fan we still managed plenty of football banter as he followed his home club Cardiff. My Welsh team, due to family connections, are their arch rivals Swansea. We also shared a common role at the Life, namely trying to keep Brett Campbell on the straight and narrow – we had limited success on that front. Andy was always cool, calm and collected and a joy to work alongside. Condolences to Carol and his family.

**Peter Thomas** – This has come as a terrible blow to everybody who had the good fortune to work with Andy. He was a valued colleague, an entertaining presence in the office and a mainstay of the social scene at New Fetter Lane and Canary Wharf. I'll never forget the infamous bar-diving scene in the Stab – described in detail elsewhere – which would make a priceless scene in the unlikely-ever-to-be-made sitcom about journalistic life in the unreconstructed past. My condolences to all

who knew and loved him, which was pretty much the same thing.

**Bruce Millington** – I haven't seen Andy in decades so I still think of him as that bright-eyed young guy who was such a pleasure to know and to work with. He'd had such bad luck with his sight problems, and to then develop cancer was just so cruel. I'll remember fondly all the legendary lock-ins at the Stab with Andy a big part of making those long nights such a laugh. I'll also remember a great bloke who loved life and loved the Life. Gone far too soon.

**Mick Connaughton** – Like everyone else I was shocked and deeply saddened by the news of Andy's early death. He was certainly dealt some cruel blows by life – with his sight problem dramatically cutting short his career. It is all a long time ago, but I think he joined the Life as a trainee or on work experience, but his talent meant he swiftly rose up through the ranks to be a kingpin in production. He also quickly became a fully paid-up member of the Life "Mafioso" which, of course, meant lengthy sessions in the Stab and other watering holes around the office – there was no better person to enjoy a pint (or two) with. I went racing with him at places such as Fontwell and, on one occasion, persuaded him to join me on a jaunt up to Ayr in the middle of winter. In those days you could fly from Luton to Prestwick, and I booked rooms in a pub in St Albans for the early flight. To my horror I made a total bollocks of the booking, which was for the next day. Luckily the landlady found us alternative accommodation. If Andy had made the mistake I would have been livid, but he took it all in good humour and saw the funny side of it, which was typical of him. Condolences to Carol and Andy's family.

**John Clark** – Andy was a cool guy with a winning smile, which he always managed to retain even when some fierce winds were blowing through the petrified forest at Orbit House. Several of us were completely clueless in that bewildering new environment, but Andy was never ruffled, and even seemed mildly amused as we crashed through the undergrowth. Although he had suffered the devastating loss of his sight, the last time I saw him the smile was still there and he was still the same kind soul. Some great tributes, with fitting acknowledgement of several legendary occasions in the Stab. RIP Andy and many condolences to Carol, family and friends.

**Kevin Impey** – It was with deep sadness that I read the ex-Lifers' memories of Andy. In truth, it brought a tear to my eyes that he should have succumbed to the same wicked illness that took my wife, Patricia. I would take this moment to endorse those wonderful sentiments while sending my condolences to Carol and family. RIP a true gentleman and one of 'Life's' finest.