

OVERSEAS BAG – SPRING & AUTUMN 2017

“HERE & THERE” (Overseas Bag)

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In the last few years, this edition and the 2017 Yearbook contain a bumper crop of articles from over 300 emails received/sent. Genuinely many thanks for giving me such a huge editing task to do again!

I'm going to start off by recording the sad deaths of **Peter Simpson (K32-40)**, **Professor Charles Rossiter (S49-55)** and **Ivor Noel Hume (36-39)** who were all regular corresponders from Australia, South Africa and USA respectively. There is further mention of them below.

During the last year there have been OF gatherings in Hong Kong and Sydney which you can read more about below and another reunion in Munich Germany is just about to take place at the end of September 2017. A huge thank you to the organisers who came forward to make these a great success and to everyone who was able to attend. I will next year be visiting Vancouver so those living in the area be warned that I will be in touch nearer the time about meeting up.

I hope we will see an increased number of reunions being organised in 2018. As always I will help with mailing list and publicity but can't promise to be able to attend them all! **If you are interested in helping/attending then please get in touch with me.**

Please keep your messages and news flooding in, especially with your photos. Happy reading!

PS I have added an appendix to this full version of the Overseas Bag to include an item on the special service held on the Noosa River in Australia for **Peter Simpson**.

AUSTRALIA

Mike Allport (R54-62) was able to get to the Sydney reunion organised by Colin Lipman that you will read about later. I noticed that his entry in the Distinguished section of the website was fairly brief and asked if he would write me a biography of his life and in particular what led to him receiving his MBE. A full biography will follow later but he did give a shortened version which said *“I was awarded my MBE for diplomatic services in the UAE whilst serving as a Staff Officer 1985 - 1988. I was subsequently Air Attache there 1995 - 1999 prior to retirement from active service; then continued (in the same rank) as a Retired Officer as the International Training Officer at the RAF College, Cranwell until 2013 when I retired and emigrated to Australia. I was given my MBE by HMTQ and Bunny recalls that I was the only one that she laughed at! She started to ask me if the "UAE had...." and I completed the Royal sentence with "aeroplanes?" - she threw back her head and laughed and I was lucky not to be sent to the Tower!”*

In September 2017 he reported that they were moving house with the sale by auction due to take place on 21 October. At that time they are due to travel to South Africa for a month. They are planning to move into a new apartment is ready in February just north of Manly Beach, Sydney.

Phil Bower (G65-74) just over a year ago was settling into a new life on the other side of Australia. He sent some photos and the following update *“Having arrived, sort of unpacked (ongoing) a few minor repairs (ongoing), applied a little paint to some walls (ongoing), fighting the snail infestation (ongoing), I've taken some pictures. In getting to know the property I've realised that the previous owner is a bit of a “half-a-job-Harry” eg 15000ltrs of rainwater storage – all input, no outlet..... go figure cos it's*

beyond me! But when the water pump arrives and some tubular items are purchased, that will be rectified..... And then there's the kitchen – we have the new cooker/range but until the plumber gets it together to actually install the pipework so we can get the gas bottle company to rock up with a couple of bottles.....yadda yadda..... There's no rush here (really?!). Had the sparkies in to change the lights to LED downlights – nice job it is too – start time? 0830.....sparkie arrival time.....0900..... plus the town is shut on Sundays, and I mean shut. Anyway, when the wind dies down (has to someday!) I'll get the drone out & shoot some aerial video and put that somewhere where it can be viewed (you'll need sound cos I already know the soundtrack!)”

Phil explained that half-a-job Harry was closely related to Heath Robinson!

He also said that he was coming over to the UK in November for just a week for the funeral of his father, so we organised to meet up for lunch one of the days in a pub in Teresa May's constituency.

Over the coming weeks work continues on the house and the wind dies down sufficiently for him to fly his drone around the area, which were great images and you could see the sea in the not too far distance.

Phil was next in touch just before Christmas “*Am now more or less established in Geraldton. Slowly getting things the way we want them to be – not easy when the previous owner seems to have buried an entire junkyard in the back!! So far I've dug up a dozen limestone retaining wall blocks (not light either!), 2 complete vertical blind sets – 3mtrs in length plus blinds - enough garden weed coverings/matting to cover the entire Wembley footer pitch, a couple of skeletons of undeterminable animals, half a dozen full sized tin roofing sheets (damaged), a couple-ish burnt plastic roofing sheets, 4 concrete settings for road signs, enough squashed pop cans to earn a small fortune at the recycling plant, assorted bricks, pavers & concrete “lumps” and (perversely) several letters concerning the recent census! At some point I am expecting to find a body..... Without a doubt “Half a Job Harry” didn't believe in visiting the local tip – which is strange because it's pretty much free to householders, neither did he make use of the local council's “one free skip a year” provision! Garden-wise, we've extracted & junked most of the stuff that was seemingly only planted with a view to getting a sale (not that we care because we're not interested in cultivating someone else's garden, we have our own designs!), plus with the purchase of a domestic chipper/mulcher, I can now turn the trimmings from the trees into mulch-able stuff. To give you some idea, there are 5 trees and I've only managed to trim 1½ to any real degree and already we have a pile of mulch big enough to hide behind..... And that's just the dead wood I've cut off.....*

Also, we just acquired a 14 week Ridgeback cross going by the name of Groot (photo's available for anyone interested!) – good job we're driving an Isuzu! “

Phil was next in touch in April 2017 with a change of email address. Something he does fairly frequently to avoid excessive amounts of spam & phishing emails. As he's done for the last few years he was in the middle of another monster truck drive around Australia “*Currently, I'm on tour 400km west of Ayr....which is a couple hundred km north of where Debbie [tornado] made landfall but the places I'm going said they were fully operational.....which is nice cos it ain't a lot of fun kipping in a hire truck!*

News at home is that we are now self sufficient in solar power... so far have generated over 450kw hrs back into the grid in about 3 weeks.

Received my first ever medical stitches a few weeks ago on account of Groot, my Ridgeback pup, managing to let me put a 4cm (11stitches worth!) gash in the palm of my hand whilst playing with him on the beach! Pups have very sharp teeth! A little deeper & I'd have had nerve, tendon & ligament damage, as it is, the tip of my little finger is still quite numb but we're hoping that will ease as the wound heals.



After a visit overnight the following day to Townsville he was then heading all the way back to Adelaide to unload before flying home. Then 3 weeks later, he was picking up the show again in Adelaide & driving it to Mandurah before crossing all the way to Sale on the east side of Victoria.

May brought an update on the Tour “A glamorous life? Not! Accommodation stories:

One place – lovely room, nice big bed with tables (fixed to wall!!) on either side each having a bedside lamp. But one lamp had no electrical output socket in which to plug it – which beggars the question, why bother?!

At the WA/SA border – cruddy rooms in Outbackland, what do you expect in the boonies? But, each room has a fridge & a TV. This particular room had the TV screwed down (presume TV theft being a major issue? Bear in mind that you have to pay by credit card - traceable – and show ID.....) plus the fridge was empty....there was also a kettle, 2 cups/saucers with teaspoons....but no tea/coffee (standard in accom the world over) ...again, why bother?!

To contrast – another place in Boonieland – big flatscreen hanging on the wall, cable TV, full complement of complimentary tea/coffee and room service!!!

So far this, they flew me to Adelaide where I loaded the truck & drove it to Mandurah in WA – for one performance. At time of writing am driving it from Mandurah to Sale in Vic.....for one performance! In mileage terms, the truck had 139K on the clock, it's just hitting 145k and there's another 1600km to go!. My first day off (defined as a day where I have nothing to do!!) is next Saturday..... from leaving home on May 5th And all this while needing surgery on my left knee – split & also loose cartilage – which is booked in to happen 2 weeks after tour ends.

Still, could be worse – I could be working for a living!!!”

Another update came from Phil at the end of August 2017 after he'd had his knee operation “mobility is much improved, although my days of duck walking on stage are long gone. Next month I go in for surgery on my left hand – this will involve removing a bone at the base of my thumb because, essentially, it's NFU being there and is only causing constant pain. If that goes well, I may well have the right knee & hand done shortly thereafter but the recovery time for the hand is up to 3 months.....

The tour is, of course, completely over. And I'm very pleased about that because it was one of those that falls into the “rough” category of “taking the rough with the smooth”

Dee has secured a position with the local health authority getting extremely well paid for shuffling paper around and making sure everyone is on their toes or investigating why they ain't?

Mutt is now some 31Kg and still refuses to jump into the car, which is a pain when you have hands like mine – knackered! Summer is looming and we're looking forward to that cos we're fed up with the cold – some days it's been down to 15C and some nights getting close to 6C.”

Just before going to print received another update from Phil, this time on the operation on his left hand “Attached are pics relating to Tuesday's trip to the operating theatre. Xray details a bone which is no longer there..... the other is self explanatory! Apparently, the surgeon said the bit he removed was the worst he'd ever dealt with – both my thumbs (well, not the left one now, obviously!) are progressively and permanently semi-dislocated on account of cartilage loss and arthritic bone disease. Thumbs having been doing a lot of work over the years!! Unlike my knee arthroscopy, which ha me up and spring lambing it after a couple of days, this time I'm having regular consultations with Dr Codeine.....



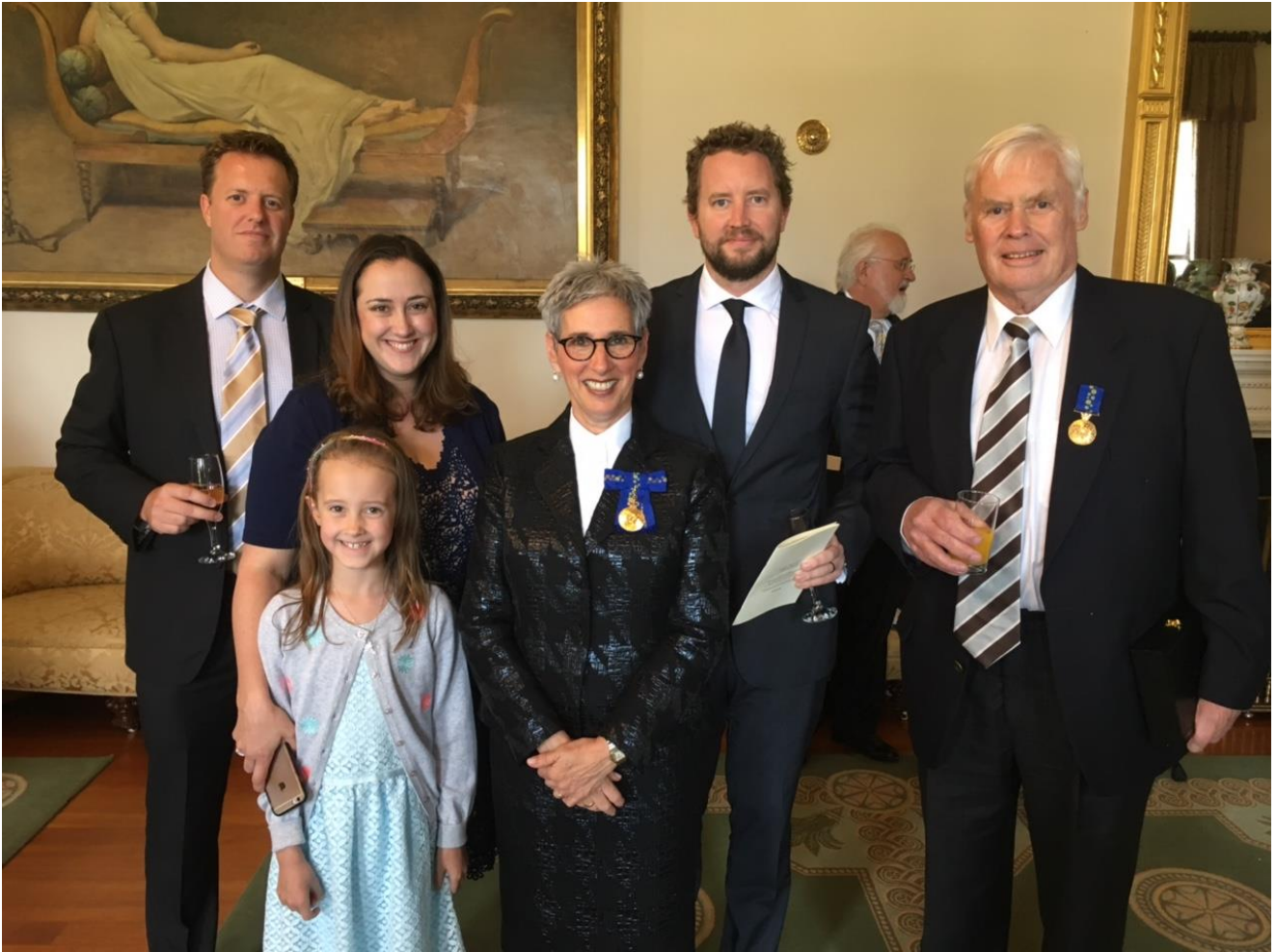
Other news is that everything else seems to be progressing as per the (loose) plan. That being helped by Dee securing a position that pays her better than her last employer.....which is useful considering we are now mortgage free! As soon as I am able, I'll be doing another drone movie of the homestead - much has changed since the first one.

At this point, I'm not sure if I'll go touring again. Depends on a number of things, not least whether Dee's position stays afloat! I'm just getting a little blasé about the whole thing....it's fun but at the same time it isn't. That's entertainment folks!! More later as the gory details come to light – 2 weeks the dressing comes off so I can see what the damage is like!"

Doug Denby (S51-57) was in touch for the first time to say that he had moved from Castle Hill NSW to Mona Vale NSW.

Mike Garnett (R53-55) has as always been in regular touch and as you will read below was over in the UK during 2017. We start off in October 2016 when Mike had just received the Medal of the Order of Australia in the General Division (OAM) "for service to veterans, to tennis and to the community". In 2001 Mike's contribution to tennis in Australia was recognised by the awarding of the Australian Sports Medal (ASM). The OAM was awarded in the 2016 Queen's Birthday Honours List. The award was presented by the Governor of Victoria and you will notice in this photo that Mike is proudly wearing his OF tie at the award ceremony. Also in the photo are his 2 sons Nick and Andrew, his daughter-in-law Carolyn and his granddaughter Lucy, plus the Governor of Victoria.

Many congratulations to Mike and what a lovely group photo with your family and the Governor. Mike reports that Government House is quite magnificent and so are the gardens. The ballroom where the presentations took place is ten feet longer than the one at Buckingham Palace and the Governor at the time nearly got recalled because of it!! He says *"The Governor is a gracious and elegant lady; it was an event that makes one realize that the days of Empire are alive and well in this part of the world"*.



A few weeks later Mike was in touch again to say that he was coming over to the UK and suggested meeting up with a few OFs in London in early June. When **Richard Sayer (S56-61)** suggested the Grazing Goat as the venue, Mike responded “*When I was living in north-east India (tea plantation) I virtually lived on goat meat (which we called ‘chuglee’). I had roast goat, BBQ goat, goat stew, Parsi goat cutlets, goat mince, goat meat salad and best of all, goat curry! So – what a great choice!!*”

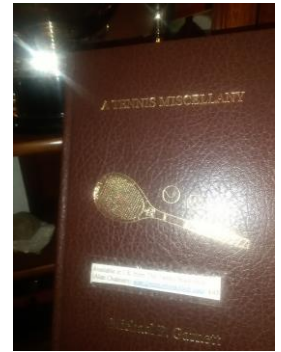
On 6 June, Richard Sayer, **Gerald Garnett (R50-54)**, Mike, me, **Humphrey Truman (G49-52)**, **Stephen Sayer (S58-63)** and **Andrew Wright (R48-57)** met up for lunch.



Before Mike left London he had dinner with Stephen and Aileen Sayer at their flat. Stephen was in good form, but was due to commence more treatment the following week.

When he returned home he said he had an enjoyable trip to UK and N. Ireland and caught up with most of the family to celebrate brother Gerald's 80th. He also had a nice curry lunch in London with the few remaining tea planters from his days in India.

During August 2017 **Chris Bellamy (G54-64)** was visiting Hampton Court Real Tennis court and spotted one of Mike's books on sale!



John Gates (S44-48) was in touch before Christmas 2016 to say that **David & Ann Copeman (K42-49)** had been in touch to say that they were planning to be in Sydney from the 19 February for 4 days & was wondering whether any OFs would care to meet up. John himself lives at Maroochydore 120kms North of Brisbane so could not be much help. As you will read later, **Colin Lipman (R53-61)** came forward to organise a great event at Doyles Restaurant.

In January John notified us that he had recorded a video of his life story and that this was being posted on Youtube. You can now watch and listen to it here <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y7qu4R5ZFt8> and it runs for about an hour.

On 18 March 2017 John and Ruth were going off on a 42 days cruise around Japan/China. This was their 25th cruise and they also took their daughter Sarah (56) and youngest granddaughter Lauren (22). Because of the cruise they were not able to meet David Copeman in Sydney.

Shortly before leaving on their cruise he went over to see Peter Bailey again, who would be 94 on 28 March. John reported that he was not in the best of health, having terrible pain in his back and hoping it was nothing too serious. A few days later he telephoned Peter who confirmed that his Dr had told him his X-rays showed no cancer condition and that he has another hopefully stronger pain killer to take. John checked again a few days later and unfortunately there was no improvement in the pain relief. If he just sits absolutely still he is OK, but as soon as he moves he is in excruciating pain, so must be a pinched nerve.

On 10 March he reported that **Peter Bailey** had slipped off his bed and was unable to get up, he therefore rang his emergency button and is currently in "The Sunshine Coast University Hospital" down at Kawana., Sunshine Coast. He managed to speak to him there and he was OK and hopes to go back home on Monday. John kept **Neville Marsh (S53-61)** up to date.

On 13 March John reported that Peter was back home and that he had spoken to Sue, Brett's partner. She and Brett were going to speak with Peter's carers who come in twice a day to determine whether Peter would still be able to care for himself.

While John was away I did try to find a Hong Kong OF resident who was around and available to meet up with them when they docked there on 3 April 2017. Sadly this was just after the Hong Kong Supper on 31 March and Ian and Moira were unavailable.

On his return home John provided the following update "*Have just returned from our Cruise on Saturday, unfortunately both Ruth & myself went down with severe colds & chest infections, which lasted just over 4 weeks out of 6, in my case it is still with me, seeing my Doctor tomorrow, so hope he can get me better. Ruth had to cancel all her tours due to her chest infection and I didn't get off the ship. Our Ports of call were, Singapore Ko Samui, Phu My, Nha Trang, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Busan Maizuru, Kanazawa, Aomori, Yokohama, Shimizu, Alotau, Sydney, Brisbane.*

Shanghai was enclosed by smog, you could not see over 50 metres, the Japanese Ports were icy cold 4C & snow. Our Ship " Dawn Princess " due for the " knackers yard ", no maintenance was/had been done on some of men's toilets/wash hand basins, bad smells in some corridors on various decks, numerous leaks of water in various parts of ship.

The Service was absolutely excellent, and the food terrific, so some weight gained unfortunately will be hard to get off. I managed to go to the gym except on days when my cough was extreme. Ruth had to have acupuncture to help her get better. Not one of our best cruises I am afraid.

Both of us glad to get home, even my Limousine Company failed to bring a Trailer so that my Walker & suit cases could be loaded, had to wait over 1 hour just sitting in the sun at Cruise Terminal- the good part being my Total Transfer Cost of \$220.00 was refunded, something had to go right.

Peter Bailey now in a Care situation and due to this weekend being yet another Australia Holiday, I have been unable to contact the organisation, and he has not had a phone line connected to his room, so hoping he is still OK, I will try to visit tomorrow after seeing my Dr..

Our Next Cruise on a better Ship " Sea Princess " right around Australia on 22nd March 2018, taking my younger daughter and 2 Grand Daughters as well, will I am sure be much better. I shall be getting off at Cairns to see Chris & Rebecca Shaw, that in itself will be good."

3 weeks after returning from the cruise he was finally clear of his chest infection. After going to Church, they went to see Peter at the RSL Care Home and spent nearly 1 hour with him. He was in great form, cheerful and very glad to be in the Care of the RSL Home at Tantula Rise. "He sends his best wishes to everybody, and his only complaint is that his direct telephone has still not been connected, the number has been allocated, so I anticipate that the connection will be done eventually. His room is furnished with his Pictures & Photos and he is quite happy - I will keep in contact & see Peter every so often.". Neville Marsh and Chris Shaw were kept updated.

John and Ruth's thoughts now started to look forward to celebrating their 60 wedding anniversary on 7 September 2017. As you will read below, they had booked a very nice restaurant up on the range overlooking a large dam. It is called "Secrets On The Lake" and is hidden away in the trees. They will be taking a party of 19 friends & relatives for lunch.

On 20 June John went along to see Peter Bailey and he was fine, but does not sleep well. He goes to bed at about 6.30pm. He had a word with the staff to give him a mug of warm milk & honey about 6.30pm, and not to lie on his bed before 7.0'clock each night. He sends his best wishes to everybody.

On 25 July John had again been speaking to Peter Bailey who is just the same - no better & no Worse, but very happy where he is & well looked after. Sadly he had just heard that his lifelong and OF Peter Simpson (K32-40) had just died – see more below. He advised me that Ruth would not be getting a diamond on her 50th wedding anniversary, but had instead bought a new Hyundai Active i30! Chris Shaw commented "Trust me, the Hyundai will be much more practical than a very big diamond. I smuggled my first wife's diamond from Guyana to Trinidad to be made up in to a ring. Also, my own ring with 24 little nuggets of gold on it. I took it to a jeweller in Port of Spain, Trinidad's capital, who put a clamp on it to make the ring smaller to fit and he squashed all the nuggets! After the divorce, I had it melted down and made in to a pendant with 'B' engraved on it for Anne Boleyn, the favourite lady of my Rebecca. When I presented it to her, her mother piped up, 'Well, that's your engagement ring, Rebecca', leaving me doing 'goldfish in a bowl' impressions. Subsequently, we had it made up in to a ring once more, still with the 'B', and she wears it now as her engagement ring. Don't you hate it when mothers-in-law are right?"

The following picture was taken on the wedding anniversary at “Secrets On The Lake” and John is 4th and Ruth 6th from the left.



For their Diamond Wedding anniversary they had congratulatory messages from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the Governor-General of Australia Sir Peter Cosgrove, the Governor Paul de Jersey AC, the Prime Minister The Hon Malcolm Turnbull MP, The Premier of Queensland Annastacia Palaszczuk MP, The Archbishop of the Anglican Church Brisbane, and all the Local MP's, the only exception being " Bill Shorten " the leader of the Opposition.. An amazing list and a wonderful lunch was enjoyed by all. John will be 86 on the 26 September and Ruth will be 87 on the 30 October.

As we go to print, John is arranging to pick up Peter Bailey to take him to the memorial service for Peter Simpson on 23 September. He is aiming to pick him up at 9.30am *“as it will take about 1.5 hours to get him into the car from the Care Home, drive up there, spend about 1 hour there, then get him back, by which time he will be exhausted, but I know he is looking forward to it. He is really quite well, but just sitting in a chair nearly all day, in his room is not ideal really, that is why I go to a gym 4 days a week, in fact I was there at 6.am. this morning for over 1 hour.”*

Peter Hollins (K70-76) reported in December 2016 that he had run into **Mike Stewart (K69-79)** in his coffee shop that morning. Mike was Kerrison and a year behind us, but has had no OF contact for some years.

Colin Lipman (R53-61) accepted the challenge in December 2016 of organising a reunion in Sydney to mark the visit of **David Copeman (K42-49)**. I sent him an up to date list of OFs in the region for him to contact. Chris Shaw was happy to help from a distance and will consider attending.

Colin quickly decided to arrange the meet up at my personal favourite restaurant in the world - Doyles on the Beach at Watsons Bay, Sydney. After consulting with likely attendees the date was set for 22 February and the arrangements were as follows - Depart by Ferry from Circular Quay at 4.10pm for Watsons Bay - arriving around 4.45pm. This is the last Ferry departing Circular Quay, however we can have a drink at the Watsons Bay Hotel prior to dinner at Doyles on the Beach at 5.30pm. Return to Circular Quay by Water Taxi around 9pm.

A huge thank you to Colin and Lexie for organising and to Chris Shaw for penning the following report that has been on the OF website

Doyle's Restaurant, Watson's Bay, Sydney, Australia 2017

'The best laid schemes of mice and men, often go awry', certainly applies to benevolent event organisers. When Col Lipman's little band of fish-eaters arrived at Wharf #4 at Circular Quay in Sydney, we were told that the plan had changed, and that the ferry to Watson's Bay was to leave from Wharf #2. Being eminently qualified as international travellers of great discipline and perseverance, we were naturally totally unfazed by this, and adapted to the prevailing environment, as you do. It was the last ferry and should have provoked panic, but you don't like to do that, do you?

There followed a beautiful cruise through one of the most picturesque harbours in the world. The afternoon sunshine showed us a close-up of the Sydney Opera House, and the Sydney Harbour Bridge, which arguably throws the best New Year's Eve firework display in the world. There were even a couple of world-class international cruise ships preparing to leave.

The conversation of the Old Framlinghamians present on board the ferry was animated. Introductions to our guests, David (K42-49) and Ann Copeman, were made, and they were enthusiastically welcomed. Talk of old masters and their quirks, old times, old sporting events, and our own past histories were exchanged, with a certain degree of unreality in this modern world we now inhabit - if we are truly honest. It just seems so long ago!



Our arrival at Watson's Bay wharf in the full afternoon sunshine was spectacular, and the vote for a pre-dinner drink at the local hotel was unanimous. Square umbrellas over the tables provided shade from the setting sun, and there were overhead hoses that dispensed a very fine water spray to provide at least some humidity. The view was of a calm bay with small craft bobbing at anchor, the Sydney skyline in the distance, and a cloudless blue, blue sky; all at around 27C.

At 5.30, we adjourned to the world-famous Doyle's Seafood restaurant, to a flurry of activity; sorting meals and drinks, and welcoming James Hurlock and his lovely wife, Heidi, from Newfoundland. Their presence dropped the average age of the group from somewhere in the seventies, to somewhere in the forties!

*The following people mutually enjoyed each other's company: **Col and Lexie Lipman**, our hosts who arranged everything; **David and Ann Copeman**, our guests from UK, who gave us the excuse to have the dinner; **Hugh and Julia Richardson**, **Mike and Bunny Allport**, **Chris and Rebecca Shaw** from Cairns, and **James and Heidi Hurlock**. Our conversation was humorous, intimate and easy. While we enjoyed the 'fruits de mer' and the results of great expertise in modifying grape-juice, the sun sank in a blaze of scarlet behind the silhouette of the Sydney skyline, at the end of this very fine event.*

We all thank John and Ruth Gates for alerting us to David and Ann's visit. Col and Chris thought that, while not being able to welcome each and every OF visiting our shores with the same treatment, we

believe that there should be an OF network of people who are willing to connect with information, to share a drink or a meal, or generally to act as liaison. I have read too many spy thrillers and would call these people 'Agents-in-place', but Mike Allport, with his RAF background, would probably call them 'Aides-de-camp.' More of this later.

We thank Col and Lexie, and wish a safe journey to David and Ann. Below is a group photo



Kenneth Mackenzie (K45-53) in January 2017 provided a new address in Clarmont, West Australia. He said he had no real interesting news to give us. *"I've been in touch with Ken Mayhew for whom I have particular regard and my second row partner, Dudley Holland, but other than those two gentlemen no OF contacts. I don't get out and about much as a result of creaking joints and my present occupation as full time career. This getting old is not all it's cracked up to be!"*

Mark Mansour (BH83-88) also provided a new address in Fitzroy North, Melbourne.

Neville Marsh (S53-61) is again one of our regular corresponders via email and like John Gates has been brilliant in keep in touch with Peter Bailey.

At the start of the year Neville had recently downsized to a low maintenance and low-set (bungalow), with an easy to maintain garden. He had just cut the grass for the first time and sent the following photo showing everything in pristine condition.



The latest OF News Digest arrived in his email in mid January and prompted Neville's expected detailed analysis of the contents *"Many thanks for the latest OF News Digest: always readable and informative: well done. I have made a note to self: anything put into an email to one Chris Essex may well turn up in the Digest! With that in mind, I feel I have to draw your attention to the fact that the Australian OF news contributes half the entire Overseas Bag. Now, we know that ex-Stradbroke boys are always in the majority at London Suppers but we Australians provide only 0.33% of the world population. Does that mean we are punching 150 times over our weight? Can anyone offer an explanation: do we have more time on our hands than our cold-climate colleagues, is the Aussie life-style more conducive to sharing stories, or we simply lead more news-worthy lives? Answers on a postcard to C.Essex, c/- Overseas Bag."*

Chris Shaw responded saying that he didn't have a theory - yet – but he was sure that if he kept writing, one will evolve!

Neville countered with *"Alas, Chris S, I do not have a really big, multi-layered question, fraught with blind alleys and littered with axioms. I suspect the answer to my question may be straightforward – simply down to the numbers of OFs on our golden isle. My detailed analysis has revealed that 19.25 pages out of the total Overseas Bag of 35 pages originate from our Antipodean colleagues, that's 55% of the total. Contributions from the USA come in a poor second (6.25 pages = 18%) with Germany, Canada and Thailand providing 1-2 pages each (3-5%). Contributions from the remaining 14 countries make up just 17 pages. Now Chris E, if you would like to furnish me with the numbers of OFs by country, I can attempt a correlation calculation or if so minded, a simple analysis of variance, and then we will have it, a weighted figure for pages per person per year. As you know statistics says everything (and please do not quote Disraeli to me: There are three kinds of lies, lies, damned lies and statistics)!"*

Neville went on to say that he couldn't match Chris Shaw's 50 kg grouper but that he could provide a cine film of taking a blood sample from a 2 metre crocodile from the Orinoco rainforest.

Chris Shaw quickly responded *"My dear Sir, you have not let me down with your 'big multi-layered answer, fraught with blind alleys and littered with axioms'. I agree that to get a statistical analysis such as you suggest, gives a huge and valid insight in to the question posed. However, like all statistics, it does not tell the full story.*

What analysis would include a glorious story about your being a haemophile (I assume there is such a description) to the point that you would travel to the Orinoco rainforest to take a blood sample from a specimen of C. intermedius. I would relish knowing the date this took place since I may well have flown over you on my way from Trinidad and Tobago to Georgetown, Guyana. I would have waved had I known.

We do have some wonderful stories among our fraternity and sorority, and I am about to delve in to Hugh Le May's life as supplied by Chris E, and in to John Gates' life, which John has kindly sent me on a CD.

I have to draw a parallel with you on crocodiles, Neville. As a Founder member of the Cape York Herpetological Society around 1984 in Cairns, and fulfilling the role of Hon. Sec, because of the singular ability to read and write, and to be listener and recorder of stories and monographs while sinking heroic quantities of beer to keep the 'damned tropical monsoon heat' at bay, a la Conrad, Kipling and Coward, I was called upon to take a swab from the mouth of a large C. porosus. Not needing, nor having the requisite skill-set to find a vein in the complex physiology of such a beast, I nonetheless got close up and personal with a killing machine that had no emotion that we can ascertain, and certainly no knowledge nor interest in statistics; but it was an extraordinarily real and unique view of the sharp end of what, in other circumstances could have been both our last views on earth. I attach a picture of my event, and frankly, bugger Disraeli!

I rest my case.

PS. I've got my back to you in the photo. I used about 100 miles of duct tape to secure the mouth! This, whilst still getting a swab to try to diagnose the reason for the loss of teeth in this particular specimen."



Having downsized he needed to shed some treasured possessions including a complete set of the school mag from 1947 (when brother Ian started at College) right through to the present time. He was loath to ditch them but sadly I confirmed to him that we did have copies of all these, plus they had recently been digitised and the cost of transporting them to the UK would be prohibitive. He later reported that he had "done the deed" and thrown out his 70-year run of *Framlinghamian* magazines. This had caused him some distress as you can see from the following photo, but he bravely donned his OF tie and into the bin they went.



In January he also reported that he had spoken to **Peter Bailey** and that he was in good form. "*He had an excellent Christmas Day with his biographer, Jennifer Simpson and continues to progress. We shall see Peter in March for his birthday and hope to meet up with **Brett** and Sue. We shall enquire about Peter Simpson of whom we have heard little in recent months. Colin Lipman has invited me to his dinner in*

Sydney to welcome **David Copeman (K42-49)** over from the UK but we shall see if the dates fall into place.”

At the end of February 2017 his copy of the *Framlinghamian* finally arrived. Neville said “....and provides me with a great informative read. I never cease to be amazed at the level of sophistication seen at the School. Is this due to the presence of girls or just a sign of the times – dinner suits, balls etc etc? We had to make do with one mixed event a year with the girls of Mills Grammar School. In between time, I honed my ballroom dancing skills with another boy as a partner (who taught us, I have no idea). Unfortunately, I always danced as the girl, ie. "following" rather than "leading". This led me to be completely unprepared for the real world when I was required to lead on the dance floor!

Returning to the issue of my voluble compatriots, I have worked out using the online OF directory, the numbers of living OFs by country. It follows, then, that the 35 pages of the Overseas Bag comes from 96 OFs currently living in Australia. This amounts to over 1/3rd of a page each, whereas USA, the next most populous country for OFs, contributed 6.25 pages. As the USA has 80 living OFs that equates to a mere 0.8 of a page each. Can we say, therefore, that we Antipodeans write more than 4 times as much as the next country! “

As a result of Peter Bailey’s health, Neville reported that Brett and Sue were driving up as we speak. They would get to Twin Waters by late tomorrow night and will call Neville as soon as they have seen Peter and assessed the situation but were now concerned about his ability to live independently. As John Gates leaves on 15 March, Neville will keep us up to date.

On 28 March Neville reported back on Peter Bailey’s birthday “We had an excellent day yesterday. Peter was on excellent form and we had a good meal at the Boat Shed in Maroochydore followed by bubbly and birthday cake back home. Here are two photos. The main news is that the RSL has found a room quicker than expected and Peter can move in on Monday. This means Brett and Sue will not go back home but assist in the process of relocating Peter. He seems to accept the need to move into a home which provides care 24/7 and Sue tells us that the location/facilities will suit him.”



Pictured are Brett Bailey, Alison Marsh, friend, Peter, Sue (Brett’s partner), Neville Marsh, friend.



At Easter 2017 Neville provided the following update “This is just to say that we have seen Peter over the Easter holiday in his new home. He was in good spirits and Brett and Sue have done a great job furnishing his room with personal belongings and RAF memorabilia. He has his cap on a book shelf and flying jackets in the wardrobe! The RSL home is an excellent facility, beautifully kept and well staffed with dedicated carers. We found Peter in good spirits: he is very comfortable and looking well. In fact, Alison thinks he has already improved from having regular company, care and good food. Brett and Sue have now returned home to Woolongong/Canberra. Having Peter cared for in the RSL has taken a load off their minds and they can now get back to some sort of normality.

At the end of April 2017 “I was talking to my daughter about her recent visit to Paris and it reminded me of a visit there with Brandeston boys in 1956. There is a report in the Mag which mentions someone I knew quite well – **Chris Hurst (53-56)** (C G B Hurst) who got lost on the trip. I looked him up on the SOF Directory and see that there is no address. I don’t think he went to Fram but moved onto Harrow of all places and got an Open Scholarship to Emmanuel Cambridge. I see there is a C.G.B Hurst living at Woodbridge. He might like to be put back in touch with the College, especially as Ed Sheeran has now raised the profile of Brandeston!”

We could not leave Paris without a visit to Au Printemps, the largest departmental store in the Capital. Here we bought paternal and maternal presents. A scare was raised just as we were about to set off from Paris for Versailles. Hurst was missing! Mr Pemberton quickly jumped off the train and returned to the store where the missing sheep was soon recovered. That evening a small party of boys went to see the Opera “Tosca” in Paris. This was declared most enjoyable.

Some time later I followed up Neville’s suggestion and rang Chris Hurst. I’m pleased to say that he was very pleased to hear from me. He had in fact bought a copy of Brandeston History which apparently mentions his Paris trip. He was happy for me to record his postal address but currently has no email address but will get a new one in the next few weeks. He has my address and will drop me a note of what he has been up to.

Neville provided regular updates on **Peter Bailey** and sent this photo of him at the ANZAC Service in his new retirement home. He has a case of both red and white in the store! In July Neville headed up to Hervey Bay and made a point of calling in on Peter.

They also helped No. 1 daughter getting ready to move into her new house and had a family visit from UK.

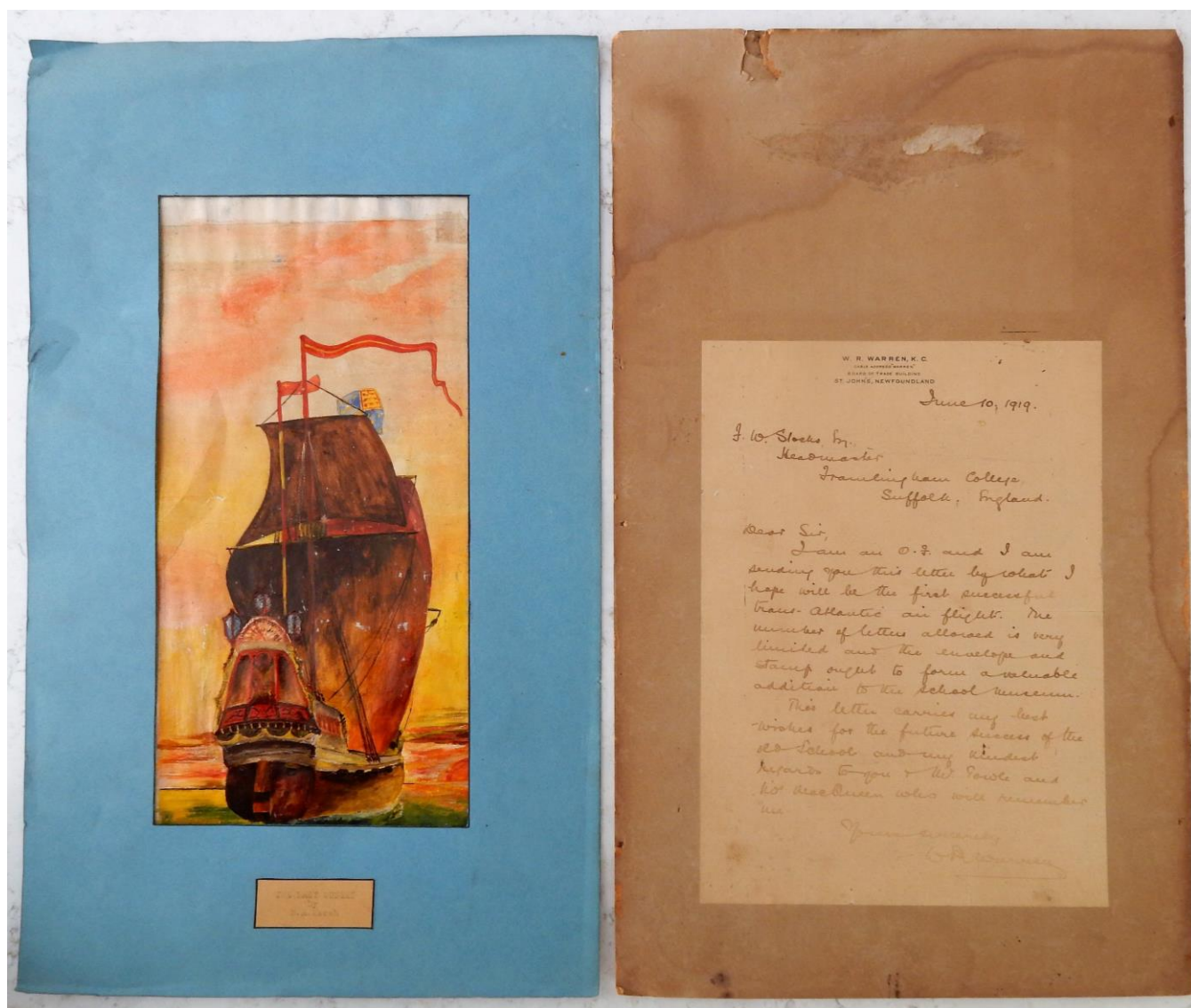
In August he spoke to Peter Bailey again who is in good spirits. Brett was coming up shortly and Neville had changed their holiday plans so they can get to Peter Simpson’s memorial service. John Gates will bring Peter and Chris Shaw is an outside chance to get down from Cairns.

Later in August he contacted me about the amazing story of the letter he had found on the back of a school painting of his. This is the story we published on the website :-



On 14 June 1919, John Alcock and Arthur Brown commenced the first ever non-stop trans-Atlantic flight. They flew a modified World War I Vickers Vimy from St John's Newfoundland to Clifden in County Galway, Ireland. Aboard the flight was a packet of 197 letters that Dr. Robinson, Postmaster in Newfoundland, had entrusted to the fliers. They bore no airmail stamps which had not yet been invented. The packet of letters included one written by **William Robertson Warren K.C (1892-99)**, dated 10 June 1919. He wrote to F.W.Stocks, Headmaster of the College at that time, sending his best wishes in the hope that the letter would be carried on the first successful trans-Atlantic air flight. In the letter, Warren expresses the view that the envelope and stamp "ought to form a valuable addition to the School Museum". The letter was successfully delivered.

Fast forward 40 years, and the letter was languishing in the College Museum of which **Neville Marsh (S53-61)** was a Curator. Neville had decided to enter the Arts Cup in 1961 with a painting which needed a frame. Warren's framed letter was the perfect size, so Neville put his picture into the frame with the letter on card behind. Stradbroke won the Arts Cup that year and Neville took out the Howard Smith Prize for Art. Thirty years later, the framed art work with the letter hidden, made its way to Queensland when Neville emigrated and 50 years after its creation came to light during a cull of personal memorabilia. The painting (pictured below) was entitled *The Last Sunset* and Neville thinks it might be a metaphor for him sailing off into the sunset and the outside world!



The letter has now been rightfully returned to the current Headmaster, Paul Taylor, for inclusion in the College Archives having completed its second circumnavigation of the globe. Alas, the envelope and stamp have not survived.

Neville also found a letter in the frame from A R (Bert) Manthorp, his art teacher, thanking him for his help in setting up the 1961 Speech Day art exhibition. Bert writes "I think it all turned out very well but what will happen when you, Eastaugh and Leech leave us – I don't know". **Alan Eastaugh (S54-60)** and **Pat Leech (K54-61)** were both stalwarts of the Fram art community.

Finally in mid September Neville reports that Brett and Sue have just left, having stayed overnight en route to the airport. They had been up for a few days visiting Peter. They had a very pleasant evening heavily laced with good shiraz and stories from Fram. When Brett and Sue arrived at Peter's, the care home was in lock-down because of a 'flu case. It opened up on Monday and all is now well. Unless there is further illness, Peter is on track for attending Peter Simpson's memorial ceremony. He apparently has his OF tie ready! Neville says "*Hopefully, we shall be three: Peter, John and myself. I shall be sure to take photos. We shall repair to Hetta's afterwards for a "celebration" of Peter's life.*"

Bob Munro (R54-60) was contacted by **Chris Shaw** in November 2016 to check that they were OK after some bad weather in their area. Bob replied "*Thank you for your concern! "Fairly severe"? It was horrifying! Probably not quite as bad as a full-blown Cyclone, but certainly the most violent (and bl***y frightening) storm I have ever experienced - and I have experienced a few over the years.*"

At the start (about 5.30-6.00pm) of the euphemistically called 'weather event', the skies just looked as though we were going to cop a bit of rain and perhaps a lightning bolt or two. But over a period of a couple of hours the clouds started to look really weird - can't explain it, but they just looked 'different', plus there were two or three distinct layers.

Then the wind came, and within a very short period of time it was absolutely howling; trees were bending right over, and I watched as our patio roof was oscillating in an unbelievable way. So much so that I thought it was going to "go". I was also concerned about the roof of the house, which is a colour-bond metal type. Apparently the wind gusts were well over the 100kph mark! Fortunately, the excessive wind only lasted for a couple of minutes, and then died down to just very strong. Then the power went out, all over the district. This was around 7.45pm, so it was just on dark.

So we sat in the lounge-room with no TV, no computer, no coffee (!), no 'phone (well the mobile was working I think), and a very scratchy transistor radio, and watched the most amazing electrical storm we have ever seen. It consisted of virtually continuous flashes of lightning which lit up the area like day, and with uncountable bolts of lightning all around. The dog was petrified, and the thunder was loud and frequent, obviously. This went on until just after midnight. But of course, among the noise and flashing, the rain came - and how! Absolutely lashing down. The roadway outside our home was flooded to a depth of about 4" to 6" and overflowed onto the nature strip to give it a thorough watering.

Anyway, I actually went to bed around 9.30pm, held a small torch in my mouth and read for a couple of hours or so, whilst Maria went into the study and did some stuff on her (battery powered) laptop. Around 4.30am the power came back on in our area so we were back to normal. Some folks had to wait a lot longer, so we were pretty lucky. Not far from us several roofs were lost and there are (still) trees down all over the place.

By the light of day on Saturday morning we could see a lot of evidence showing the ferocity of the storm, but we got out of it pretty much unscathed. The patio was a mess with dust, soil, and water ingress pretty evident; it took some of Saturday and all Sunday morning to do the clean-up. Not quite cyclone "Tracy", but frightening enough for this old guy, thank you!

And for some other news: on the 5 November Maria and I "tied the knot". I thought it was the "right" thing to do!"

Chris and I immediately responded with his best wishes for being nine days married. Chris added *"You and I must be made of different 'star-stuff' since I was married for 22 years the first time, and we've just passed 25 years for Rebecca and I. Since I was first married in 1968, in Trinidad, when 1918 comes around I will have to raise a glass to my - what? - luck?, fortitude?, poverty? -perhaps all of the above, but as happy now as we have both ever been. Your Maria is lovely, and so bright and entertaining that you will never grow old."*

I also pointed out that they got married on Bonfire Night in the UK. Bob responded *"Sadly, these days where governments wrap us all in cotton wool to protect us from ourselves, bonfire night has been relegated to ancient history. Outdoor bonfires of any sort aren't allowed without special (hard to get) permission, fireworks aren't legally sold in shops (although the soccer hooligans can get hold of them easily enough), and no one in Australia under 55 would ever have heard of Guy Fawkes anyway!! And as to what he is (or was) famous for, well you need to be 65 or over to know that! It may be different in England, but that's the fact in Australia."*

He added *"The weather has been extraordinary here in Mildura. We have now had a couple of days around the 40 degree mark, but it is just so unstable, up today, down tomorrow - and the wind!! Will it ever stop? Still, there are places far worse off than us where lives and homes have been lost. After a wet winter and spring, many of our crops have been looking very good indeed. In fact some farmers have reported yields to be the best in 100 years. Sadly, several of those farmers took the brunt of the storm, including hail the size of golf balls and their entire crop has been decimated or severely damaged. Who'd be a farmer? Now for some, no income this year. Devastating. I came to Australia in 1968, intending to stay for only a couple of years. But guess what? I liked it so much that I decided to stay - and I have never regretted that decision for a single moment. I do enjoy seeing some of the documentaries about dear old blighty, and some of the films and TV shows where the best parts of the countryside or villages feature, but I couldn't live there in a fit. Sunshine. Love it!"*

Hugh Richardson (S43-48) notified a new email address and managed to attend the Sydney dinner organised by Colin Lipman.

Chris Shaw (K50-56) has been brilliant at keeping in touch with me and even more importantly with OFs who live in Australia and NZ. I'm very grateful for all the time he spends keeping in touch with our OF family over there. As you can tell by the proportion of this Overseas Bag dedicated to Australian OFs he's doing a great job. So here is just some of the correspondence I have had with Chris and Rebecca this last year.

At the end of 2016 Chris and Rebecca returned from a South Sea Island cruise with P&O. He commented *"very British. I mean - Bingo? Come on, guys. I got a real insight as to how hard life is on such islands: subsistence living with no facilities. There's only so much you can do with fish and coconuts, and there's no dentist for toothache and no doctors or drugs for infections. It's tough for them. So we have returned to Cairns, which has a politically motivated excess of services, for me to take advantage."*

After fixing a medical issue, Chris and Rebecca started to plan their visit to Hong Kong and attending their OF Supper in March 2017.

In December Chris sent round a note to New South Wales OFs about the visit of David and Ann Copeman, which reported earlier led to Colin Lipman organising a dinner at Doyles in Sydney which Chris and Rebecca specially travelled down from Cairns to attend.

Just before Christmas **Norman Porter (K50-57) (SOF Hon Sec)** sent Chris the following photo from his time at the College and Chris has come up with the following names. Can you add any?

Top row from left: **Kit Best (K49-56)**, **Donald Walker (K50-57)**, **Stephen Salter (R50-56)**, **?**, **David Metcalf (R50-55)**.

Bottom row: **?**, **?**, **Chris Shaw (K50-56)**, **Peter Smallpeice (K49-57)** on cello.



Chris adds “Yes, we were well behaved, weren’t game to do otherwise. Nowadays, in Australia, not much respect for teachers, who wield no power. Huge budgets but going backwards academically. South eastern Asian students beat us every time - but they are rubbish at rugby! Thank you for the photo, from the middle of the last century - not that far removed from Anne Boleyn of Blickling Hall, Queen 1533-1536. “

Following an exchange of emails with Neville, I asked Chris for a bit of background to his catching of a 50kg groper fish. Here’s his tale and a photo “Man, that was a long time ago - actually three lifetimes ago. That’s taken at the Trinidad Yacht Club with my boat in the background, the Johnson 40HP outboard, and was circa 1969-1970, and as I said, I was whole lot fitter in those days. The quality of the picture was never good, it would have been Kodacolor, and the length of time in a tropical environment would have aged it very quickly. (I think I’ve worn very well considering the time I have spent in the tropics!)

My new wife, Anita, (m. 1968) and I were spearfishing off the islands between Trinidad and Venezuela, and we came across a very small island, maybe 10 metres across. It had a few stunted trees and bushes on it, but underwater there was a tunnel running from one side of the island to the other. I ducked down to look through it but all I could see was a collection of large, slowly beating fins and the biggest mouth on a fish I had ever seen.

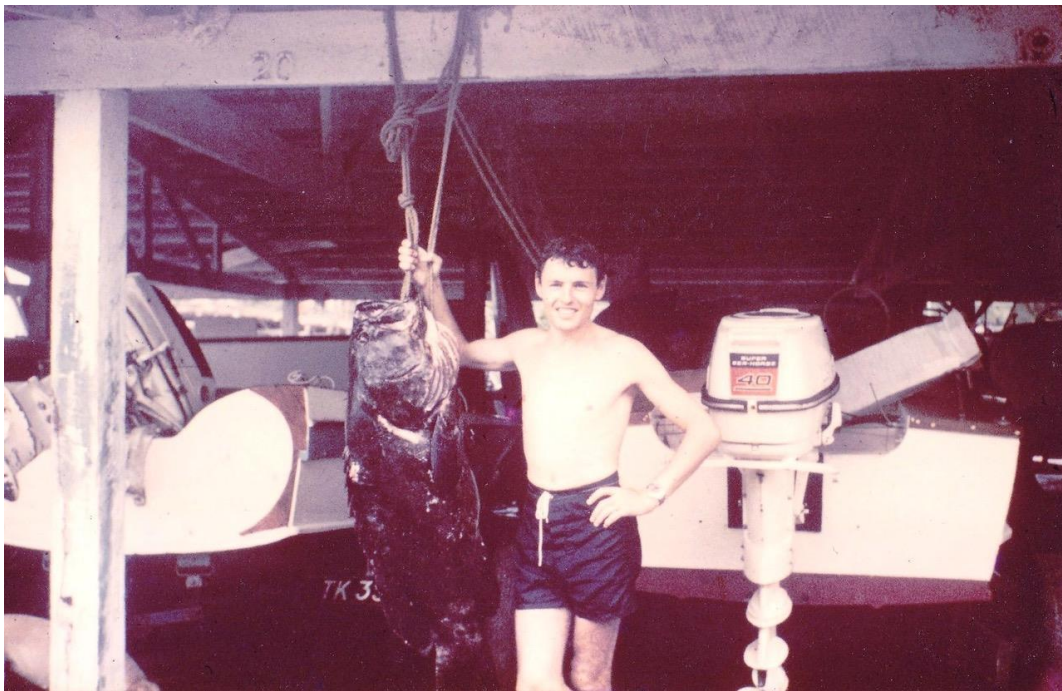
I waited until the mouth was open at its widest and shot my spear in to it. The fish went frantic and actually turned in the tunnel, bending the 3/8” steel spear 180 degrees in the process. I left Anita

holding the gun and the line, took her small spear gun and swam round to the other end of the tunnel. I swam partway towards the fish, now facing me, and shot again, trying to get a glancing blow to turn it again. This seemed to work, so I swam around again and found Anita, very wide-eyed - especially for a Chinese - and we grasped the line and heaved with our feet against the rock wall.

Slowly, the fish came towards us, and finally came out into the daylight and I could see how big it was. Anita retrieved the boat, and somehow we managed to get this huge Grouper (in Trinidad), or Groper in Oz, over the gunwale and back to the Yacht Club. The 'boys' strung it up, and the obligatory photo was taken for posterity. They asked me for the head to make a fish soup, which I agreed to, and got right good service from them after that! The rest we took home and passed around to friends. I had to cut it up in the shower, as it was too big for the sink. It was very good eating as it's a member of the 'Cod' family, and a lot of local and expatriate families dined well that night.

I thought it was a half decent-sized fish, but more knowledgeable people said they got up to around 1,000lbs (400+Kg) around the oil-rigs south of Port of Spain, and frankly, they can stay there. My 'Fishing' gene was passed on to my son, and guess what - he deals with oil rigs off the North West Shelf of Western Australia. Although he hasn't caught a grouper of any size, he did hook a bluefin Tuna that fed the twelve crew Sashimi until they were sick of it.

I wonder who else has a story of fishing from a rowing boat off Felixstowe, to a Bertram 25 footer in the Gulf Stream, to a Bluefin Tuna off the back deck of an oil-rig work boat off Northern Australia. Then there's crocodiles, lions and tigers, elephants and wildebeest. Then there will be those with experiences of exotic flowers, birds, snakes and so on. OF's around the world must have some wonderful stories to tell. Looking at that picture, I think the fish and I went pretty much pound for pound!"



At the end of January he confirmed to G5 that he and Rebecca would be coming to Hong Kong to attend the OF Dinner on 31 March 2017. They also arranged to have dinner with Chris Hall at his apartment on 30 March. Chris arranged to talk with him various messages from OFs in Australia and NZ and one from me, to mark Ian's retirement from organising the HK Supper after over 20 years.

In June circulated an email around Australia/NZ saying "Dear all, a rousing, hat-throwing salutation from the Aussies to our cousins across the ditch for a great America's Cup win against the Yanks. Well done to young Burling, especially at 26 years old, and that's an old head you will be looking at. Crazy technology! Tour de force, or, Tour de France with their cycling grinders?"

We are proud of you, punching way above your weight.”

Following the lunch in the UK at the Grazing Goat, see earlier, Chris dropped attendees the following note “*Well, Gentlemen, the ‘Old Goats’ description seems not to have fallen on deaf ears, but on very fertile ground. Perhaps at our age we understand a thing or two. I recall taking my parents to Sutton Hoo for a small visit from Felixstowe. There was a sign near the entrance to the car park welcoming pensioners at special rates. When the attendant came to collect our fees I told him we had in excess of three hundred years in the car between the four of us. As a gesture of all that entailed, he let us in for free. Why? Because he was himself an elderly Gentleman and understood that we had survived all life’s vicissitudes and should be rewarded.*

Andrew [Wright], lovely to hear from you. I’m afraid that our termites are quick eaters, and had travelled 14 yards along one side of the house to find a window-frame made of pine, and had made a half decent job of demolishing it since I last had the house inspected 18 months ago. Having lived in Jamaica for a while I reckon these are the Usain Bolt version of the world’s termites. Maybe if you play your beetles a little reggae they will stir themselves and become available for annihilation? Good luck with all that.

Stephen, if there was any justice in the world you would not be in the Royal Marsden in the first place. Everyone is wishing for your return to rude health soon. Malcolm Turnbull is an avowed Republican, and couldn’t wait to change Aussie’s status. Now, he’s conflicted by meeting the Queen and realising the benefits of all the Royalty and the political connections, especially after UK has left EU. Personally, I can’t find anyone in our 23 million, who I would support for ‘President’, or whatever he/she would be called. Remember our origins? I shall be pleased to hear reports of your progress from Mike.

All in all, a memorable lunch. Thank you for your emails. It makes me feel part of that.”

In July came the sad news of the death of **Peter Simpson (K32-40)**. Chris had happened to just be in touch with Hetta to find out how Peter was. He spoke on the phone to Hetta for some time subsequently. Chris had been instrumental in bring Peter and **Peter Bailey** together in 2015 in the Hunter Valley – see photo later.

Hetta wished to hold a Memorial Service in Noosa sometime in September. The Noosa Coastguard has built a wall, which is accepting plaques, and she has bought two spaces. The plaque for Peter is going to take 6 weeks to make, hence the date in September.

Chris sent the following message to all OF in Australia and NZ “*It is with a sad heart and a great feeling of loss that I have to report to you the passing of Peter Simpson, a stalwart of the famed Simpson dynasty, who have populated Fram through the ages, starting from Student Number 10, George Henry Simpson in 1865. Chris Essex will no doubt have details of Peter’s life and times, but you will remember him from the April 2015 150th Dinner in the Hunter Valley, with his diminutive and lovely wife Hetta. They had a wonderful relationship and he will be sadly missed.*

Please take a moment from your busy lives to cast a thought to remember them, and if any of you can make the Noosaville event, that would be most appreciated.”

In August Chris’s thoughts turned to someone he had known at school but not heard of since - **Norman Muddeman (G50-53)**. I contacted him on Chris’s behalf but sadly had not had a happy time at school and was removed to finish his schooling in Norwich. He doesn’t wish to be contacted.

Finally in September our thoughts turned to Peter Simpson’s memorial service and due to Rebecca not being 100% at the moment, Chris very much regretted that they would not be able to attend now. Neville plus John Gates bringing Peter Bailey are expected to attend. Chris had recently had a great 20 minute phone conversation with Peter.

Peter Simpson (K32-40), as mentioned earlier, sadly died on 8 July and the following is the message and photo that his wife Hetta sent round to everyone.

LT.CDR. PETER RATCLIFFE SIMPSON R.N.

My dear friends

My darling Peter died on Saturday 8th July at 2.42am having spent the day listening (we know he could hear us) to Tim (his eldest son) and new wife, Trish, Hugo (youngest son) and his partner, Kathy and myself at his bedside with our arms around him He died very peacefully with me giving him a last hug and kiss and telling him I loved him always. The certificate said pneumonia brought on after suffering a dreadful fall seven days earlier which broke his poor nose, gashed his head and blacked his eyes. Nobody of 94 years could stand a massive blow to the head like that. We were assured that he was not in pain but as he was heavily drugged, he could not speak to us.

For the previous 11 months Peter had been in permanent residential care in the high dependency unit of a very well-managed care facility. The nursing staff and aids loved him dearly and many of them have rung me up to express their shock and dismay that he has left us. As I really 'lost him' so many months ago to a long slow memory loss going back to 2010 the loss has not hit me yet.....it will and I will be helpless.

Peter was very well liked and respected by all who met him and he was the love of my life. We did everything together and had the happiest of times.....we were very intellectually compatible too – he was my 'Google' he had a fine mind and joined me in a passion for swimming, art, antiques, travelling, eating, drinking etc. he would do anything for me and I for him – he was such fun and aptly named, Peter – the Rock.

I have arranged a farewell, dedication and remembrance for SATURDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 2017 at THE COASTGUARD STATION, MUNNA POINT, NOOSAVILLE 4566 Qld. 1100hrs. It is a beautiful spot looking out towards the entrance to the Noosa River. Some months ago I purchased 2 spots on a Memorial wall facing the estuary. The plaque will take 6 weeks to make – hence the delay. I will have Michael's (his twin brother) name and rank and dod under Peters on the same plaque. The other spot will be for me when I join him. We will have a few wines and the girls will all pitch in with some nice nibbles in true Aussie style. Please come and say Goodbye if you can make it. (I know our lovely friends in UK cannot be there but you will be in my thoughts – you all looked after us both wonderfully well and our memories are for ever)

Peter was cremated privately on Friday 14th July and his ashes will be taken out and scattered on the beautiful Noosa River.

He had a wonderful 94 years (32 of the with me)

With my love Hetta x

In August Hetta wrote to Chris Shaw and I saying "I do so value the contact you have kept with me at this desolate time and I do take comfort from the knowledge of the wonderful SOF's who all seem to have been cast in the same loving, generous and gentlemanly mould as my dearest Peter and his family.



Today has been a shocker for me battling with a 'stuffed-up big-time' Death certificate – e.g. they had Peter getting married to his first wife, Pat, in Sydney Australia at the age of 22 whereas in 1943 he was actually serving on HMS Havelock (43-45) popping Torpedoes at the Hun in the Battle of the Atlantiche actually married Pat in England in 1958!! I have had to send it back for re-issue. Tonight after this I have to ring UK and sort out 3 Pensions (Peter's naval pension unfortunately dies with him as he was not married to me as a serving officer.) The Aussie Govt. will no doubt hand me out some crusts – fortunately there is no trouble with the house ownership, but I will probably have to downsize later as it is much too big for me to upkeep.

*Peter did know **John Adnams (S38-40)** - I remember Peter and brother John were very fond of his Ale and talked about him. I have also received a lovely newsy letter from **Clive Simpson (K49-53)**. I have a copy of his (and ergo Peter's) ancestry going back to the 1603 at Debenham (George was a Churchwarden married to Elizabeth) then on to Thomas in 1729 at Stonham Aspel there was an awful lot of Simpsons in Suffolk'. I will get round to replying to him soon' I will also contact Peter Bailey – I'm thrilled he might get there. He was in the next bed to Peter at Kerrison."*

Below is a photo taken at the Hunter Valley 150th event in April 2015. It pictures Peter Baily, me and Peter Simpson. Amazing to think they were in the dorm together all those years ago.



Aubrey Whitear (G58-65) sent this message on receipt of the 2016 Framlinghamian *"The arrival of the Framlinghamian in my mail box has reminded me that I have been a negligent correspondent. So I am sending you some notes about what we were up to in 2016.*

There have been some big changes in our lives. 2016 may well have been the Chinese year of the Tiger but as far as our family is concerned it could have been the year of the rabbit. Within the space of four weeks, Di and I (with admittedly little involvement on our part), doubled our quota of grandchildren but somehow managed to be on the wrong side of the world for each arrival. We now have two grandsons, Patrick (in Australia) and Samson (in England) to entertain their big sisters, Fleur and Faith. If this

expansion continues, we are going to have to issue nametags. On a less happy note, after thirteen years, we had to say a sad goodbye to our old faithful Springer Spaniel companion, Sasha. When you have a dog, somehow your whole life revolves around it but you don't really notice it till it's gone. We still keep expecting Sasha to pop out from somewhere as we go about our business or welcome us when we come home but she no longer does. As if that parting wasn't enough, we have sold the house at Red Hill which we painstakingly built some twelve years ago. We decided it was time before we got totally decrepit to move away from the threat of bushfires and falling trees and the need to haul barrow loads of logs for the winter fire. So we put the house on the market at 2.30 one sunny spring Saturday afternoon and were amazed to have sold it for an excellent price by 8.30 that night to someone living in Korea who had seen no more of it than pictures on a web site. Thank you, Sir Tim Berners-Lee for your invention! We have now moved our out-of-town home to nearby Flinders on the coast. It's an easy house to live in with some nice views and a Sunset Bar where you would be very welcome. We, with the possible exception of our one remaining chook who now finds herself in much reduced surroundings – not much of a reward for being the sole survivor from the fox - are as happy as pigs in muck!

“Hello, I'm back!” Well, that at least was the gist of the message I got from the Doc at my annual medical. The “I'm” in this case being an elevated PSA. Ten years after my prostate cancer operation, it was like the black sheep in the family had turned up again. So I headed off a year ago for thirty-five sessions of daily radiation treatment. (Time off for weekends and public holidays but not for good behaviour). Battling the traffic to front up to hospital on a daily basis was like returning to work, whereas the treatment itself was a breeze not least because I was on a free medical trial and they gave me a car park pass. Admittedly, the process gave me some sympathy for those felons out on bail who have to report to their local police station every day. But back to the treatment: you know it's really serious because as you lie on the treatment table they play soothing music and project pictures of tropical fish on the ceiling. And, of course, they leave the room before the machine goes whirr, klunk, klunk. The saving grace was that I soon discovered their music came from iTunes and they would play anything I requested. After that it was a case of finding music to fit the occasion. I gave them Ian Dury and the Blockheads belting out his multilingual masterpiece “Hit me with your rhythm stick”: “Hit me slowly hit me quick, c'est si bon, mm? Ist es nicht?” I recommend you enjoy it on Youtube if you have somehow missed it. After that I went for Bob Dylan's Like a Rolling Stone asking “How does it feel?” and, naturally, I couldn't go past Britney Spears' “Hit me baby one more time.” But I was careful to avoid Led Zep's “Stairway to Heaven.”

Our holidays began last year, as they so often do with a visit to New Zealand in February. We cycled coast to coast west to east across the South Island. Somehow I had overlooked there was a mountain range down the spine. Still it meant that after two days of uphill grind into the teeth of a gale we were rewarded with two days of downhill wizzing along like Bradley Wiggins with the benefit of his asthma medication. Flushed with our success, we then took on the Tongariro Crossing, a hike over active volcanic terrain offering spectacular alpine views. At least that's what it says in the brochure. The day we did it, there was driving rain and pretty much zero visibility. If there is any way to be colder or wetter on a New Zealand summer's day, I don't know about it.

After that, our travels once again took us to the north of England in the spring to visit our senior granddaughter, Faith, and her family. We flew into London where we strolled around Regents Park which was surprisingly like being in the countryside without leaving London and then went on a cruise in the weak spring sunshine. OK, it was on a canal and only for forty minutes but that is about as long as I care to be held captive on a cruise boat. We cruised from Little Venice (which resembles the real Venice in much the same way as a fillet mignon resembles a crepe Suzette) to Camden Market where we found food representative of all the worlds' cuisines. There was even, believe it or not, and you scarcely will, “Gourmet Filipino”. I settled for the Beef Bourguignon Burger which I promptly dribbled down my shirt. All this hardly prepared us for the Breakfast Baguette the next day on the Virgin train to Manchester which had the consistency of a deep fried gym shoe and tasted like a pair of budgie smugglers. It settled like a suet pudding on my unprepared gastric system. I wonder if Richard B has ever tried it? More likely, he made it.

Up north, we holidayed with Joanna's family on a farm in beautiful Northumberland. Northumberland must be one of the UK's best kept secrets. On the way we visited the wonderfully preserved Roman garrison town of Vindolanda near Hadrian's Wall. It's an amazing place and I was duly amazed by what I saw and then amazed again by the fact I had never heard of it until then. The sun was still shining but the wind was icy and there was snow on the nearby hills. It was cold enough to freeze my chocolates, and that's not a euphemism. I was thinking it would not have been a popular posting for the average soldier from sunny Italy until I found out the Italians had sent Batavians from the Rhineland instead. There were extensive collections of artefacts including writing tablets and shoes. Unfortunately, the state of preservation of the shoes made it impossible to tell for certain whether the 9th Cohort of the Batavians was sponsored by Adidas or by Nike. After Northumberland, Di and I went to Portugal for a few days' coastal and hill walking near Lisbon with some American friends. The sun was shining and thankfully it was warm enough to melt my chocolates. Portugal was also cheap and most of the food was recognisable. We spent a lot of time seeking out the holy trinity of gastronomy: ice cream, beer and French fries to supplement the delicious Portuguese custard tarts.

By August, we were back in Europe for five idyllic days cycling along the banks of the Meyronne river in western France. This must surely be one of the prettiest unspoilt rivers in the whole of Europe and we recommend it to you if you want to combine the easiest of cycling with good food and wine. Next there was a week with Faith and her Dad in a villa in a village in the South of France. Strolling in the cool morning sunshine to the boulangerie for croissants must be one of the most pleasant ways to start a day although I suspect France can never hope to be a truly great nation until it understands the importance of serving marmalade at breakfast. Unfortunately, Faith's Mum Joanna couldn't join us. She was forbidden to fly as she was going about the more serious business of getting ready to produce Samson. After France, Di and I, went to Slovenia for some walking. We were surprised to find that Slovenia is a lovely country with scenery like a mini Switzerland and, thankfully, mini prices to match. Its language is however impenetrable being all consonants and no vowels. Luckily most people speak some English. It would be easy to while away several days eating Kremna rezina in Ljubljana's old town. Finally, at the end of the year we went to Kangaroo Island, a beautiful sparsely inhabited island with pristine beaches just off the coast of South Australia. Yes, there were kangaroos and wallabies too but best of all there were Sea Lions weighing in at as much as 400kg and we were able to walk among them unmolested on the beach. Meanwhile the ospreys were nesting on a rock stack nearby and tending to their chicks. All that was missing was David Attenborough.

Finally, I mention that I have just booked two nights' accommodation at the Crown in Framlingham in August. My parents used to stay there when they came up for exeats but I have not set foot in the place since the 1960's so it will be very nostalgic. “

Mention of being in Framlingham prompted me to ensure that Aubrey got a tour of the school and a game of golf at Aldeburgh with Robin Anderton (S54-59). They were both evenly matched handicap wise so I'm looking forward to an interesting report on his return home.

That report arrived just in time to make the September deadline for the Overseas Bag “I am now back home after a terrific holiday with Diane cycling in Denmark, touring in the UK, frolicking with grandchildren in France and hiking in both Switzerland and Hungary. The day I spent at Fram and Aldeburgh was a real highlight. Martin Myers-Allen was a great host and gave Di and me the royal tour. I was amazed at the changes that had taken place since my last visit some thirty years ago. Only the dining



hall seemed relatively untouched by the march of time. The facilities at the school really are wonderful and must offer so many choices not available in my day. No doubt this has resulted in the school being a very complex and costly organisation to run! Incidentally, I was also impressed to see the effort being made to recognise the history of the school with old photos and memorabilia about the place. Even the old elephant tusks have managed to maintain their politically incorrect presence as witness to the capacity of the school to turn out the type of lad (or indeed ladess) who can slaughter African wildlife with Mauser. No wonder we are so good at Bisley!

After the Fram tour and a quick visit to the Castle (the historic monument, not the inn), we headed to Aldeburgh where I had a most enjoyable game of golf with Robin who was kind enough to get the club pro to lend me a set of clubs that would have pleased a touring professional but were completely beyond the comprehension of a septuagenarian like myself. With them I easily confirmed the rumour that the course presents a considerable challenge. Robin was also good enough to tip us off that the Lighthouse Restaurant in Aldeburgh was owned by an OF, so we would be treated well there if we declared our identity. We did and we were but for some reason the expected large discount did not eventuate. Maybe if the owner had been in Garrett we would have been luckier?

Finally, with my Tripadvisor hat on, I must mention on another night we had the most excellent meal at the Ufford Crown. A lucky find for us but no doubt you know about it already? It lingers in the memory and was particularly fondly recalled by both Di and me as we hiked through the Hungarian countryside encountering a series of gastronomically despicable meals. They may have beaten having nothing to eat but it was a photo finish.

CANADA

David Barker (K66-71) responded to a Happy 150th Birthday to Canada on 1 July 2017. They were having a pool party in Burlington Ontario to celebrate and he sent this photo.

David Lebbell (K41-46) on the other side of Canada was also enjoying fun celebrations on Vancouver Island and remarked that he had seen a red and white Canadian party in Trafalgar Square.

I was in touch with David next in September 2017 to let him know that we had just planned a cruise out of Vancouver to Hawaii in October 2018 to mark my wife's 60th birthday and that I hope to meet up with OFs in British Columbia while over there.

Howard Thistlewood (K66-73) was also hosting a block party at his place in Summerland, BC, with the neighbours and some international students to mark 150th anniversary.

Patrick Vincent (R47-51) was away in Ottawa on the anniversary and it was raining hard there which was a big disappointing for all the planned events.



CAYMAN ISLANDS

Bridget Kidner (V93-95) loves getting the magazine and promised to get a photo with **Rebecca Peck (M02-08)** who amazingly works with her at Walkers. She had met up with Rebecca's dad **Graham Peck (S74-78)** several times at the rugby club. Bridget also dropped Michael Cooke an email to mark his retirement from the College.

COSTA RICA

Barry Prewett (R70-78) became our second OF here when I discovered he was living there rather than at an address in the west of England! The other OF is **David Allars (K47-55)**. I look forward to seeing a photo when they meet up.

CZECH

Christina Johnston-Myachin (V01-06) has as always been very busy singing in Prague and in the UK and we have published a number of stories on the website. At the end of 2016 she performed at Star Trek's 50th anniversary show at Prague Film Music Festival. Christina said *"The concert hall was sold out and the atmosphere was incredibly electric. It was an honour again to be a part of this amazing festival that brings film music to life for the general public."* She performed at Prague's prestigious Rudolfinum concert hall with the 80-piece philharmonic orchestra and the Pueri Gaudentes boys choir under the direction of Japanese conductor Chuhei Iwasaki. The concert also featured a screening of the acclaimed franchise's latest film, Star Trek Beyond, and included musical performances from its soundtrack written by the Oscar-winning composer Michael Giacchino.



The Star Trek celebration came just weeks after Christina took part in Europe's first ever "four-dimensional" concert. The concert, which took place at a Czech ice hockey arena before an audience of more than 2,000 people, was written specifically for Christina's voice and accompanied by three and four dimensional effects, such as film projections and lighting.

She still returns regularly to her home county of Suffolk, where on 8 June 2017 she performed at St Michael's Church Framlingham in a concert entitled "The Miracle of the Voice."

Then in August 2017 she announced the launch of her debut album entitled "Blessing" which was being released on 22 September and the after she starts an album tour around East Anglia and London. See [this link](#) for the [album](#) and this link for tickets for her tour <https://www.ticketline.co.uk/christina-johnston#bio>

FRANCE

Kirk Adams (S70-80) got in touch for the first time and rather than talk about his current occupation, he thought that OF's might like to hear about his fascinating time in Kabul, 5 years ago.

"I have time to reflect here in Kabul...and wander just who I am...? so how did I end up here...

I eventually succumbed to the constant badgering of the "grownups" in my company - to actually come to Kabul and write USAID Afghanistan a strategy for their support of the mining and extractive sector... It's a very strange place - basically a slum with filth everywhere and thousands upon thousands of people guarding big villas with Kalashnikovs... Police and military everywhere. Everybody seems very intense most of the time. The traffic is in citywide gridlock (well every time I have to travel about anyway), and the potholes in the roads have now grown so large that they have coalesced into a bumpy quagmire that makes mountain biking seem like gliding on skates on a perfect ice rink - but I digress.

....I have an armed escort every time I move from one safe place to another (in essence a guy with an

automatic rifle, a side arm, and an expression that would freeze boiling fat keeps me company as I get about the place). I think the expression is probably the scariest thing – scares the “\$£\$\$\$^t” outa me anyway.

I live in a villa I share with 8 other advisors which is protected by a 20 foot high concrete and metal fence with razor wire on top and Gurkas in several waves of defence all carrying stupefyingly big guns.... Every time I enter - I come through the metal outer door into a cage - the outer door is locked the inner door opened.... and then on to the house. I guess that it is pretty safe by comparison to most expats here. There are a very few designated safe places we are allowed to go- and always under armed protection – but in reality its lock down.... in comparison, looking out the window of our armoured cars - Kabul seems to be teeming with expats many of whom get around by Taxi with no protection at all...

In essence - I think that my chances of being killed, kidnapped or injured are slight and would be down to unluckily being in the wrong place at the wrong time - the insurgents are not really targeting us (I am led to believe) - but are notoriously bad shots with their mortars etc..... so the only real risk is getting caught by an off target RPG.... or being caught in the crossfire in a place where there are VIPs who they are targeting.... fortunately for me – I am a very small cog in the big machine....

There is a gym in the villa which I have, against all odds, started using everyday... I can cycle gentle away with the stationary bike on freewheel whilst watching BBC World and give myself the impression that I am getting fit. There are three rather scary looking Gurkas who tend to lurk in the Gym, though they give me space to go in on my own.... Whilst they are half my size they are clearly ten times as strong! They wander round all muscle bound looking like sacks which someone has stuffed full of walnutsthey have razor blades under their arms to keep them wide wide of their bodies... So in the gym, I secretly drop off the weights and then max them up again when I leave – ‘cos fortunately they don’t disturb me when I am there and then rather vainly hope that they are impressed when they go in afterwards

The job I am doing involves 45 days in country writing a definitive strategy paper on the extractive industries... when I look at the deliverables – it’s really about 6 months work concertinered into 8 weeks, so mission impossible.... fortunately though..... It’s all been done before in Afghanistan and coupled with the work I did for the Kosovo Ministry of Mines its really a matter of reviewing the extensive reporting literature and distilling it down to an essential essence... therefore, I have had very little interaction with local people sadly - though the ones I have met at the ministry of mines seem delightful and friendly... the expats are all very good willed, though I would venture to suggest mostly a bit odd! In my villa basically nobody socialises - they come in take food from the buffet laid out in the kitchen, microwave it, take it to their rooms and sleep/work.... I have hardly seen them and they don’t seem keen to engage with me much except a cheery hello and goodbye (I guess because I am a short termmer and completely green about the place).... therefore the biggest problem is intense boredom.... but it does give me some time to catch up with paperwork and communication backlogs....

The few expatriates I have met fall into three basic camps, which i call the 3 M’s....

Missionaries – all the zeal – no real idea – and here to save the world... horrah

Mercenaries – fighting yet another war... for cash of course....And

Misfits – the washups and odd balls, the flotsam and jetsam that always seem to wash up someplace strange and settle in.

Where do I fit into all this I wonder.... I need to mull that one over a bit..... “Kabul Kirk” – thats close.... probable some sort of mixture of all three!

For the longest time I resisted coming to Kabul because of that, I was frankly scared silly about the potential consequence and didn’t want to play “Afghan Roulette” with my life. But personal economics are a great driver and with no other employment on the horizon and the war chest rapidly dwindling in

the Pyrenees, a difficult decision needed to be taken. I can't help railing against the unfairness of it all for the regular Afghani..

So that's it – three days in Kabul and already an expert..... heaven helps us all.

I got it now... Kabullshit Kirk”

Kirk is Chief Operating Officer of Stibium Mining Australia. He is in touch with **Andrew Stroud (M70-78)** who did the full 10 years with him through Brandeston to Framlingham and **Richard Nunn (R73-80)** who he recently stayed with up in Norfolk having not seen him for 35 years. There are a few guys I completely lost touch with who I would like to hear from again like **Graham Holland (M72-78)** and **David Neves (S70-78)**. He finishes off by saying “Hope to make a "do or two" one day soon - though I am in South Africa 60% of the time... where oddly I think **James Campbell (M74-82)** also of my era is also involved in the mining industry.”

Terry Hurlock (R66-73) gave me updated contacted contact details for his son **James (R01-06)** in Australia. At the time James was busy preparing for a business trip to Dusseldorf. He was attending a conference there and Terry and his wife Rachel were meeting James there. They were spending a couple of days in Dusseldorf with him and then taking the train to Berlin where they were spending a few days before flying back to Bordeaux and Sydney respectively.

He continues “*I am sure that James will not mind me giving you his latest news. Hunter Gregory Hurlock was born in Sydney on 7th May 2015 so James and Heidi now have a son and Rachel and I have a grandson. The only other thing to mention was a very minor OF reunion in Bordeaux around the middle of August 2016. Nigel Robinson (G64-74) joined me in Bordeaux for a few days and it was great catching up after so many years. The meeting in Bordeaux was very ironic because when I left Fram in the summer of 1973, Nigel and I decided to spend about three weeks hitch-hiking down to this area with the ultimate goal being Bordeaux. After a very protracted trip with highs and lows we ended up in Arcachon which is on the coast about 60 kms away from Bordeaux. The reason we ended up there, was that hitch-hiking was extremely difficult and we had the good fortune to be picked up by three German guys in a VW camper and Arcachon just happened to be where they were going!!*



Terry Hurlock (R68-73) and Nigel Robinson (G64-74) recently completed a long distance cycle ride in France. The Velodyyssey runs down the west coast of France from Roscoff in Brittany to Hendaye on the Spanish border. The total distance is estimated at 1250 kms.

Nigel and Terry completed the route from Roscoff to Lacanau-Ocean before breaking off to ride about 60 kms into Bordeaux where they finished. They covered about 1,000 kms in total averaging approximately 100 kms per day over the ten day ride.

Ironically, in 1973 Nigel and Terry decided to hitch-hike to Bordeaux during the summer holidays. Hitch-hiking was very difficult and they never actually made it to Bordeaux having been picked up by some young German tourists who were going to Arcachon in their VW camper van. Terry has been working and living in Bordeaux before his retirement in June 2016. Nigel visited him there in the summer of 2016 when they came up with the idea for the joint cycle ride. This meeting in 2016 in Bordeaux was only 43 years after the original planned visit!!

The Velodyyssey is a great advertisement for cycling in France with a large part of the route on cycle-only routes along the sides of canals and the sea together with visits to beautiful towns such as Morlaix, Nantes, La Rochelle, Rochefort and Royan. It was a really enjoyable trip with some challenging days, particularly the one when 134 kms were completed with strong headwinds!! They had pre-booked hotels and Bed & Breakfasts so there was an itinerary to stick to over the ten days.

The two photos show them near the start in Morlaix with the viaduct in the background and at the finish in Bordeaux.



In January 2017 Terry enquired about receiving the magazine which will go to his house in France, which he hadn't been to since December. He spent the Christmas and New Year period in the UK and then two and a half weeks in southern Spain in Almeria. They had their first snow there in 30 years whilst they were there!! He was off to Woodbridge the following to see his parents and meet up with **Peter Dring (G67-74)** for a pint of Adnams.



He also confirmed that his son James hoped to attend the Australian dinner at Watson Bay (see earlier).

In October 2017 he was interested to hear that we were visiting Messina on a cruise. *"I have spent time birdwatching in Sicily around the Straits of Messina. Each year volunteers meet up there during the Spring migration in April and May for two purposes. To count the birds and to deter the illegal hunting there and in Calabria. My particular interest is raptors and the numbers passing through there is*

enormous. They cross from Tunisia to Sicily and then into Italy heading northwards for the summer. I did two years volunteering there for about a week each time."

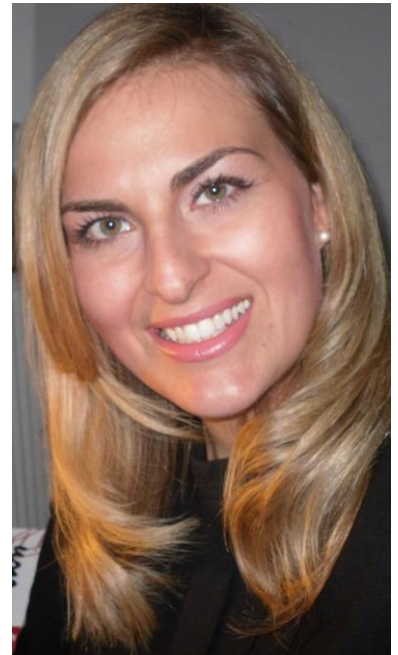
Brian Rosen (S40-46) – sent Christmas greetings and looked forward to meeting up in the UK at an OF event during 2017.

Pat Rogers (R56-60) in July 2017 asked whether we were in touch with **Wilf Rolfe (S53-59)** or whether he had sadly died. He remembers the Rolfes farming at Squirrels Hall, Walsham-le-Willows but thought they had moved to Felixstowe in the '60s. The BT Directory only has one Rolfe in Felixstowe and that turns out to be unrelated. Unfortunately we couldn't help as the SOF had had no recent contact with him. If anyone does know his whereabouts please get in touch.

GERMANY

Kim Dickel (M97-98) was recognised for all her efforts in keeping in touch with and organising OF reunions in Germany. Kim was made a Vice President of the SOF at the AGM in April 2017. Kim responded to this appointment by saying *"Thank you for my election as Vice President of the Society during your AGM on April 8th this year. This honour means very much to me. I understood that a Vice Presidency does not necessarily come with heavier duties than the ones already provided to the School and Society before such an election, but I would wholeheartedly like to offer my full support, skill set and knowhow wherever it might be of use for the Society."*

At the time of writing, the third OF reunion in Germany was about to place in Munich on 30 September and will be attended by SOF President John Ellerby who fortunately speaks German having spent a year in Hamburg. A table is booked at the Oktoberfest at the Wildstuben, a smaller tent that offers the perfect atmosphere to spend a relaxed evening amongst friends while enjoying the hustle and bustle of the world's biggest Volksfest.



This event was being jointly organised by Kim and **Sandy Gwyn Paetz (M99-00)**. Other events were also planned over the weekend and a full report will be published on the website.

Michael Kemp (S61-67) was in touch to arrange a tour of the College when visiting from Hamburg. I put him in touch with Kim about the reunion she was organising.

After his visit he was back in touch to say *"We had a very enjoyable week's holiday in an idyllic cottage in a tiny hamlet called Iken, very close to Snape (between Aldeburgh and Orford) and also attended the Seventieth birthday celebration of my sister-in-law Helen Kemp. My brother, **Peter (xx)**, was also at Fram and he and Helen spent most of their careers as GPs in Harleston, Norfolk. One of his children is married to the son of another OF (now living in Cratfield). And I have kept in touch with **Rob Burt (S65-72)** who spent most of his career as a dentist in Gorleston. I have spent my career as a primary school teacher in North London - a far cry from the extremely privileged world of Fram!"*

The visit to the College went very well. We were very well looked after and got a great view of the school. I did make a previous visit a few years ago in the time of the female head teacher (Mrs Randall), so I knew about many of the excellent changes that had already taken place. Although I ended up as a prefect (with Rob Burt), my earlier experience of Fram was pretty unpleasant. Some boys were able to thrive on the relatively cruel, 'Lord of the Flies' regime of the Sixties but others really had the most horrible time. Bullying was rife and there was of course no such thing as an anti-bullying policy!

I recently read Richard Sayer's biography of Norman Borrett. Norman was our housemaster in Stradbroke and of course we had little idea at the time what a prolific sportsman he was. I was also interested to hear in the latest Framlinghamian that Philip de Whalley is still going strong. I met (in 2009) a German woman from Hamburg. I retired from teaching in 2009 and have been living in Hamburg since that time."

Jens Kippenberger (G90-91) who was co-organiser of the inaugural German OF reunion in Hamburg had wonderful news of the birth of a daughter **Henny Elisabeth Helga** who was born on 8 December 2016. Here is a lovely picture her.



Marc Lammert/Daube (S01-03) wanted to let us know of new contact details, plus that he had changed his surname from Lammert to Daube. He is now living in Moenchenglbadach, Germany.

Sandy Gwyn Paetz (M99-00) as co-organised of the Munich OF gathering managed to secure two tables at Oktoberfest. This was a great achievement as this is the largest "Volksfest" in the world with more than 6 million visitors each year and many large corporations scooping up the desired table reservations well in advance. She managed to reserve 20 seats in a smaller tent which will offer a more intimate setting for our event but sadly also leaves us with a seating restriction.

HONG KONG

Chris Hall (G62-69) attached his most recent Christmas letter which I repeat below :-

"The symbol of Christmas for most people is Father Christmas driving his sleigh from the North Pole. I hate to disillusion readers, but this story is a pack of lies. Father Christmas, Santa Claus, went nowhere near the North Pole and never saw a reindeer. The real Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, came not from Europe but from Asia. St. Nicholas was a bishop in the Asian part of the Roman Empire, today's Turkey. The first time Father Christmas wore a red suit was in a Coca Cola advertisement in Atlanta. So today's Father Christmas is really an Asian dressed by Americans. It's just as well that Santa doesn't live at the North Pole because his home will soon melt completely away with global warming. I wonder where parents will say Santa comes from when the ice cap at the North Pole is no more.

Most people associate Christmas with the icy cold. Hong Kong does not normally follow this tradition; but last year was an exception. Last January, the weather in Hong Kong was freezing cold (literally). Children woke up and were excited to see icicles for the first time in their lives. Temperatures in Hong Kong do not go below zero). Chris woke up in the middle of the night and discovered that his toes were freezing cold. (My bedroom, like most Hong Kong homes, has no heating). I did not realise that you could burn with cold. I was already wearing one pair of thick socks in bed. I put on another pair of even thicker, hand knitted socks (bought on holiday in New Zealand), but this did no good. Even continually waggling my toes brought little relief, and the constant movement kept me awake. I longed for a hot water bottle, but had never needed one before in Hong Kong. Eventually in desperation I went to the kitchen and found a plastic food container, which I filled with hot water, wrapped in a towel and put in my bed next to my feet. At last my toes stopped burning and I could fall asleep. Fortunately my Heath Robinson water bottle did not leak but provided succor for the remainder of the night.

Morning brought more agonies. The alarm went at 7am, as I had booked to go on a tour of the Second World War battlefields in Hong Kong with Jason Wordie, who is able to make a living in Hong Kong as

a professional historian without teaching - amazing. He does it mainly by taking people on tours, which are like walking lectures. (This saves the cost of hiring a lecture hall). He takes people to a street corner and then spends 10-20 minutes talking about the historical background and significance of the place and then moves on to another spot. I was booked to go on a full day tour in the New Territories which are even colder than Hong Kong Island, which is kept warmer in winter by the ocean. As I stood waiting for the coach, I felt the gale force wind blowing through my body with all the chill factor that it could muster. I looked out from my shelter and saw the relentless drizzle and then inspiration came. I told Jason that I was not going on the tour, even though I had paid for it (think what a difficult decision that was for an accountant).

Now what was Chris to do on a cold wet Sunday. I headed straight to my usual church at Stanley. As I stood in the unheated church, I felt the cold first numb my feet and then gradually work its way up to my knees. In spite of this discomfort I had made the right decision. In the refreshments after church I met an angel of mercy, who told me where you could buy hot water bottles. I immediately dashed to the Wing On Department Store in Central and bought 3 hot water bottles, 2 for myself and one for my helper, Lody. I then headed back home, a large 4 bedroom flat heated by one small electric blower. Here I at last found blessed relief. I got into bed piled high with the duvet from the guest bedroom in addition to my normal bed cover and 2 hot water bottles and slept for two and a half hours. Eventually I persuaded myself to get out of bed and face a chilly evening. When the temperature is 6°C outside, it is not much warmer inside a Hong Kong flat as Hong Kong buildings are not built for the cold. Who was responsible for all this discomfort - Europe. Apparently warm air from Europe moved north and dislodged the cold weather from the North Pole south to China and Hong Kong.

After surviving Hong Kong's winter I thought I had toughened up sufficiently to risk visiting the USA at the end of their winter in March. However, it was not to be as the US Immigration Department discovered my deadly secret - I am a suspect terrorist. When I applied online for permission to land in the USA the questions revealed the fact that I was born in the Sudan. Realising the terrorist threat that I present, the US Visa Service declined my application for a visa. I pointed out that:

- 1. I was born in the Sudan in 1952 when it was a British Colony.*
- 2. My family left the Sudan in 1954 as soon as it became independent, and*
- 3. I have not returned to the Sudan since I was a baby.*

The US visa service realised that the above details in no way diminish the terrorist crimes of which I am capable and still refused to grant a visa.

The US visa service referred me to a website, which advised me to go to the local US consulate. I did this but they refused me entry to the building. Obviously my reputation as a terrorist preceded me. The security guard gave me a telephone number which I rang. The telephone answering machine kindly referred me to the website, which advised me to go to the US consulate.

Realising I needed expert help in my predicament, I recruited the services of my secretary Christy to have another look at the US consulate website. After hours of research she told me that I could apply online for an interview with the visa service provided that I gave them 3 months' notice. My secretary was able to arrange an appointment for me at 9am in the morning. I turned up at the US Consulate for my appointment together with 200 other people. We were not allowed in the building, presumably we were all potential terrorists, but had to remain waiting in the street for 40 minutes. Fortunately it was not raining, or else we would have got very wet. After waiting 40 minutes I got to the front of the queue and was allowed inside the US Consulate compound, but not yet into the building. Waiting was a little more comfortable as we were under cover and fans were moving the air (it was mid-summer when Hong Kong is very hot). Eventually I got inside the building and face to face with an interviewer, who processed me in 90 seconds. She asked why I had been refused a visa. I explained that I was born in the Sudan. She said "sorry" and gave me a 10 year visa so I will be able to visit the USA next March.

Winter and the US Visa Service have not been my only tribulations this year. I have had a 10 months' battle with the Hong Kong bureaucracy over the import of an Indian antique ivory table. I bought his table in 2015 and obtained a CITES certificate for it so that it could be legally exported from Britain and imported into Hong Kong. Unfortunately the shipment was delayed and the ivory table arrived in Hong Kong 3 weeks after the CITES certificate expired. I did not know that CITES certificates had an expiry date but assumed that once permission was given to export a specific table, that table could be exported at any time. The Hong Kong Agriculture and Fisheries Department advised me that they would release the table to me after I obtained from the UK CITES authority a replacement CITES certificate with a current date. They then added that the UK CITES authority never issue replacement certificates, i.e, they were asking me to do something impossible. However, undaunted I approached the UK CITES authority who advised that they would not issue a replacement certificate. However, they offered to issue a letter explaining why they could not issue a replacement certificate. This was not much use so I suggested that the ivory table could be shipped from Hong Kong back to the UK so that they could issue another CITES certificate. They advised me that when the ivory table was imported into the UK without a proper CITES certificate, it would then be seized and destroyed.

I then tried my local Legco representative (equivalent to member of parliament), who put a young girl in his office onto the case. She spent time and tried talking to the Agriculture and Fisheries Department, but got nowhere. I also approached the Hong Kong Museum of Art with whom I am negotiating to give my flat and contents on my death, including the ivory table. They were sympathetic but said that they could not intervene in a personal matter and help me. I have now turned to a lawyer who has written some letters to the Agriculture and Fisheries Department. The latest stage is that the Agriculture and Fisheries Department have said that they will apply to the court for an order to seize my ivory table, which will then probably be destroyed. This is unfortunate as it is part of Asia's cultural heritage. There is another table like it in the Victoria and Albert Museum. I shall keep on fighting and see what happens.

2016 has not been my most successful year. In the spring there was a complaint from the people who live below my Gloucester Terrace flat in London. (This flat was given to me by my mother in 1974 so that I did not have a long commute to work when I lived in London in the 1970s. The flat has been rented out since I left London in 1978). The complaint was that my flat was occupied by prostitutes. This was news to me, as I could have charged much more rent if I had known that the tenants were prostitutes. The occupants of the flat below said they saw a succession of different men go up to my flat late at night. On one occasion when my neighbours went to my flat to complain about the noise, the door was opened by a naked woman with enhanced breasts. This surprised me as my tenant was a Brazilian man, who had lived in the flat for several years. The mystery deepened when my agent contacted the tenant, who said that he had been detained in Brazil by ill health and no one should be in the flat. Further enquiries elicited the information that the tenant had left the flat keys with a friend to look after the flat. It appears that the friend had made very lucrative use of the flat by renting it to ladies of the night. The situation was difficult as the occupants of the flat below were complaining to their landlord, who was complaining to me. It could have been very messy, as it is not easy to evict people from property in Britain. Fortunately my tenant gave notice and was able to prevail on his friend to get the occupants out of my flat. It was great to get occupation of my flat again; but I then discovered that the flat was left in a dreadful mess. Not only did it have to be redecorated but the bathroom and kitchen had to be replaced. Anyway the good news is that the flat was quickly re-let at a good rent and the tenant paid a year's rent upfront, so this financed the redecoration rather than Chris having to spend his hard earned money on flat renovation rather than the antiques I prefer to buy in London.

I visited London in June shortly after this. I was surprised at the intensity of feeling about the Brexit vote. Many of my friends voted to leave. I thought I had an unanswerable argument to persuade them to vote to remain, in that if they voted to leave, this would reduce the value of my property in London. Regrettably my friends did not find this argument as persuasive as I did.

I was also surprised by the election of President Trump. I was appalled by some of the things he said and

expected women to be more upset by the things he did and said. I was therefore surprised that so many people voted for him. But 2017 is a new year so let's be optimistic. One of my clients has long bemoaned the high taxes of the Obama administration and longed for the election of a sleazy Republican who would reduce taxes. It looks as if his wish has been granted. I am also beginning to see the good side of a Trump presidency. I continue to underwrite insurance premiums at Lloyd's of London. The 2017 profit distribution was looking promising until I received the latest estimate which advised that half was being deducted from my 2017 distribution to pay US tax on US insurance premiums, so there will be less money for me to spend on my annual antique shopping spree in London next year. I for one can't wait until Donald Trump reduces US corporate taxes from 35% to 15%."

Chris also sent a photo of **Nick Carlton (G63-70)** on his last visit to Hong Kong as Captain of the Sapphire Princess. Pictured is Nick and Chris centre with two Chinese passengers on 4 May 2016.



When Chris and Rebecca Shaw visited Hong Kong at the end of March 2017 to attend the Hong Kong Dinner, Chris Hall entertained them at his flat on 30 March 2017.

Ian Howard (S57-62) after over 20 years, organised his last Hong Kong supper on 31 March 2017 and had a record turnout. **Chris Shaw (K50-56)**, attending from Cairns Australia wrote the following report

Having made the decision to go to the Hong Kong branch of the Society of Old Framlinghamians Annual Dinner on March 31st., provided they would have us, I put my mind to what I would need to do in order to maximise the chances of making it a success.

The direct flight from Cairns taking six hours, rather than the alternative indirect flights via Melbourne, Sydney and/or Brisbane taking up to twenty six hours, dictated when we fly and when we return. I connected with Ian Howard, who was running his last dinner, (he has been doing this, with one small break, since 1983!), and he graciously said they would be delighted if we could attend.

Flights, hotel, transport all nailed down, we connected with some major players in Australia and New Zealand to ask them for a small message of support to our colleagues in Hong Kong. Chris Essex, copied in on all this, sent a message of his own to Ian Howard thanking him for his sterling service in Hong Kong on behalf of the SOF, for such a length of time.

*Messages tumbled in from **Roy Farman (K50-56)**, **Col Lipman (R53-61)**, **John Gates (S44-48)**, **Mike Garnett (R53-55)**, **Robert Munro (R54-60)** and **Neville Marsh (S53-61)**. Neville had been at Fram and in Stradbroke with Ian Howard, and he sent me some aged photos to prove it. I printed these out to take, as well as the messages, which were put on individual sheets of high quality paper that Col Lipman, our paper wholesaler, would have acknowledged with his seal of approval. Chris Essex's message was put on a special gold certificate style A4 sheet, making it a truly magnificent presentation. All of these were put in a glossy white folder with a Fram crest on it.*

Suitably armed, we approached the Hong Kong Club, and found, on the doorstep, four young OFs, who introduced themselves to us, escorted us to the Windsor Room, and made us feel extremely welcome.

There we met Moira, Ian, Chris Hall, and Bob Holland. Once seated at a circular table, Ian spoke, and said that he thought it was probably now taken for granted that wives/partners and girlfriends would be made welcome, after this dinner, for future SOF annual dinners, and this idea received a warm round of applause, part of which may have been for my Rebecca, the mould-breaker. Another bastion of sexual inequality falls as the sun rises slowly in the East at the dawn of a new era.

Chris spoke, thanking Ian, and Moira, who will be running next year's dinner, and maybe even next years' dinners. He also thanked Chris Hall for his hospitality to himself and Rebecca, and for sharing his exquisite collection of antique silks – a veritable museum collection, reminiscent of the quality that is housed in the V & A Museum. He read the letter from Chris Essex to Ian and shared the photos of Neville and Ian in their years together in Stradbroke. There was also an A4 photo of Neville, in full 'living' colour, casting a sad eye over a huge collection of OF magazines he was having to de-clutter prior to moving to his new home. Chris gave the folder with the messages from Australia and New Zealand to Ian, and asked him to disseminate them to the attendees personally, since time was getting on and the meal was ready.

Moira became quite emotional when recalling her time at Fram where she said she had had great conversations, great friends and a thoroughly great experience. She will have massive support for the next dinner she runs, and record numbers, bearing in mind the WAGS¹ who will attend.

The meal was splendid, the conversation quite sparkling. It turned out that there were two distinct age groups, with a yawning chasm of incomprehension between them, owing to changes in Fram staff and facilities, and the, now, ever present electronic world, which was sharply contrasted by Chris Shaw's one phone call home in seven years, when Felixstowe flooded in 1953, and when his father became a living legend by rescuing people from flooded homes in February water temperatures.

The dinner over, the party gained momentum as we moved to another room when the Hong Kong Club put its foot down about drinks and time in the Windsor Room. This seemed a bit old-fashioned as our pubs in Oz are open until 3-4am. But that's Oz and that's tourism. It sometimes appears as though the SOF is the main support system for the wine industry, but that probably a very subjective view.

The evening was a huge success with constructive communication, bonds of friendship and memories being formed on the run. I can confirm that Framlingham College is producing, in its current group of old boys, and 'young girls', a polite, well-mannered, considerate bunch, who would make me very proud

as their father. Their minds and their eyes are wide open, their attitudes allow information input and warm relationships to grow, and carpenters would grow poor for the lack of 'chips on their shoulders'.

Thank you, Ian Howard, Moira Theulier, Chris Hall and everyone else, for a delightful evening, and your kind hospitality to Chris and Rebecca Shaw.

Those attending were : Ian Howard (S57-62), Chris Hall (G62-69), Moira Theulier (nee Anderson) (M91-93), Anthony Arnaudy (M72-80), Bob Holland (R56-65), Jenkin Leung (K79-84), Chris Shaw (K50-56), Robert Wong (S79-84), Henry Tang (03-10), John Ting (G02-09), Adrian Woo (G05-09), Ian Tsang (K02-09)



Ian recalls that he remembers organising his first HK SOF Supper in 1983. He booked the function room at the Foreign Correspondents' Club and there were three OFs present – Ian, the late John Birt and Jeremy Simpson. He needed a minimum of four to make the spend on the private room viable, so they solemnly dubbed a drinking friend as an Hon OF and included him! Coincidentally, Jeremy was in HK during 2017 (visiting from Shanghai) but Ian was unable to meet up because he was in Hokkaido, Northern. Japan. He adds “I arranged all the Suppers 1983-89 and 2000-'17 (23) but was an expat in New York and/or London during the intervening years - although I remained a Permanent Resident of HK throughout. We shall be in France later in May and again for Sep and most of October.

Moira Theulier (M91-93) has generously offered to organize the Hong Kong supper going forward. In April 2017 she wrote to me *“We’re going to the US tomorrow morning skiing and taking 3 littlies in tow. So, I am both exciting and terrified. The last time I went to the snow was 7 years ago with my two twins then 9 months old. I have received a kind email from Chris and Rebecca giving me their support and advice for what will be a large affair next March for the dinner 2018. I had not fully appreciated until that evening, how long standing and magnificently Ian had managed in advance and hosted the evening. I know I can/will do a good job. I will arrange the right questions to ask lovely Ian when I see him for supper (or even arrange another time too) in October and I will plan early.*

We next heard from Moira after Hong Kong experienced bad weather in August 2017 “It reached an impressive T10. Thank goodness it ripped some struggling branches down from our big tree that is in front of our high balcony. We were longing for the landlord to stop being mean to his privacy and let us see a little more of Stanley Beach ahead and to some sunlight to the garden. I got that much closer in view today, so that’s great. Leaves and mess in high gutters and window sills leaves me wondering how our landlord may ever put things back, to the day we first signed the contract.

I did hear that a trampoline came off a roof, to a street v nearby, but again all safe! Today was complicated as the twins birthday beach party was to be this weekend and in combination with 2 families leaving HK. I had to move plans and liaise with mums. I look forward to tomorrow and kids to school!

Oh and I went to the Fram 80’s 90’s leavers ball flying back solo for the first time and LOVED it. It went all too fast but I am glad to have gone. Jenkin was the other to have plans to make it there, he couldn’t but instead and from the marquee at Fram on 'the back', I sent him a WhatsApp to find out where he was! We immediately organised to, instead, meet at our very local club and finally see each other there. He goes weekends and I go weekdays and over a meal meeting with the better halves; it will be fun. I look forward to meeting Ian in October to chat to exciting things as France,... what we've been up to and what I may have up my sleeve for Supper 2018!”

INDIA

Richard Gould (K66-71) wanted to know if anyone had the words and tune of the College song. Peter Howard-Dobson sent them to him, as contained in “On an Eminence”. Richard responded saying it was fine and his wife is a BA (Mus) !!

MALAYSIA

Bob Holland (R57-) sent *“Felicitations of the Season to one and all”*. He added *“Another year passes and as Christmas approaches ever faster, we hope that 2016 has been a good year for you all. Here in Penang, life meanders pleasantly on, punctuated by trips to Hong Kong*



and around Asia, our latest being to China and the Three Georges and then down through the Golden Triangle on a River Boat and into Thailand before returning to Penang.



We leave this Friday for Dubai and will then cruise back via the Gulf, India, Sri Lanka and Singapore for Christmas with friends in Penang.



To visit India by boat we had to get special and very expensive visas. The process is designed to prepare you for your forthcoming visit as the Visas now have to be obtained in person via the Indian Visa company, situated in Little India, Penang, where else? A picturesque part of Penang where there is no parking, necessitating a long walk through narrow streets, smelling the scents and spices of the orient whilst being spattered with hot ghee. One then arrives in the office smelling the same as everyone else. The office is packed, making the Black Hole of Calcutta seem like Butlins. After several hours waiting, one eventually gets to the desk to hand in the form down-loaded from the computer at home, crowds are leaning over you and shouting and the desk officer waggles his head from side to side while explaining that a truthful form will not be accepted by the Visa section in KL. I have had no home in the UK for over 40 years, BUT the Indian Visa section will only accept applications from British Passport holders who have a UK place of abode. Start all over again and the total time to get the visa to cruise through Indian waters for 3 days, was nearly three weeks.

2016 has been a year of ups and downs for us. I finished my six consecutive monthly visits to Hong Kong in March having taken over the flat on September 30th 2015. By March 2016 it had been totally gutted and resurrected into a comfortable holiday home, which we have used several times this year.

Elena had some poor medical test results in the summer, which necessitated a series of medical procedures and checkups in both Malaysia and Hong Kong. Fortunately in this day and age in Penang, it is possible to book an air ticket on line and be in Hong Kong by lunch-time the next day, and having a usable base in Hong Kong has proved to be very useful. Fortunately Elena's last tests showed that her medicines and strict diet are working well and things have now stabilized.

Marking the passing of time, my old Sandhurst Intake, Rhine 41 held a commemorative lunch at the Army and Navy Club on the 28th September to celebrate (if that is the right word) the passing of 50 years since "Going Up". In addition, next April 23rd is the 40th Anniversary of my Royal Hong Kong Police intake 131, 132 and 133, arriving in a very different Hong Kong from today and beginning a lifelong love of ice cold lagers like San Miguel. Although in Malaysia, as Anthony Burgess wrote, it is always "Time for a Tiger".

NEW ZEALAND

Richard Bearne (K59-62) had survived the earthquakes in November 2016. *“The quakes have not effected us in Auckland, centred around the top of the South Island and shaking Wellington across the Cook Strait! A rather bizarre place to have your capital city, on a major fault line! Strangely enough the country is in the throws of the 75th anniversary of our navy, so several other nation's ships are in Auckland which have gone to collect tourists trapped in Kaikoura. It will be a long process to reopen the main road down to Christchurch. I drove that route earlier in the year, a beautiful scenic ocean road! I thought it was more picturesque than the Pacific Highway in the US.”*

In April 2017 they were hit with Tropical Storm Cook and once again Richard was able to confirm no problems in Auckland. The storm kept to the east so missed the city. At the time he was in hospital in having treatment and was looking out over the city watching the cloud formations curling round!

Katherine Jackson (P86-91) was also fine but thinking of those in the Bay of Plenty.

Nick Marsden (G72-76) like Richard Bearne was in Auckland during the earthquake and was fine. He said *“It's been pretty bad in Kaikoura, and Wellington has had some nasty shakes. I pity the people in Christchurch, who have been through the 2010 and 2011 disasters as well. This time it was two fault lines and there's billions of dollars worth of damage.”*

On a personal front Nick reported that he was still working but can't complain. He hoped to get back to writing again soonish though. I gave him news from the 1970s reunion in June 2016 at the College. He said *“The re-union sounded great...wish I could have been there. Nice to hear news of **Phil Bower (G65-74)**, too. I went back to UK on a lightning trip in May, and managed to catch up with one or two OFs...**Pete Rodulfo (R70-75)** and **Bill Shipley (G67-76)** ...both thriving in their own ways. One day I'll hook up with some OFs across the Tasman, but work commitments always seems to get in the way! Can't complain though. Consider myself lucky, and life is pretty good in the main.”*

David Newson (S54-63) reported that he and Frances had both survived the earthquake as it was well south of Taranaki so there is no damage to their house. The bottom of the North Island and the top of the South Island seem to be worst affected. *“It would be good to know how Roy and Sandy and Jack managed - they would have been closer to the epicentre.”*

OMAN

Stephen Sayer (S58-63) was delighted to be able to join us for the lunchtime meeting in London at the Grazing Goat. He was especially delighted as he was undergoing a course of chemo at the time at the Royal Marsden. While over here Stephen also managed a chat with the Australian Prime Minister who was over on a State visit and made a very good speech at the Anglo-Australian Society - all about Australian support for Britain in these difficult times!

QATAR

Chris Subba Row (R74-78) apologise at the end of 2016 for not being able to apply to become our new Hon Sec as he lives and works in Qatar. He is VP in charge for all Insurance issues across the Qatar Airways Group of Companies, worldwide.

Early in the new year **Richard Sayer (S56-61)** was researching a book and wanted to get in touch with Chris's father, the famous Raman Subba Row of cricketing fame. Chris was very helpful in putting them in touch with each other as Raman is not an OF.

SINGAPORE

Marcus Davies (G85-89) bumped into **Charlie Summers (S07-08)** the other day who gave Marcus my contact details. We had no contact details for him so we got him set up in Singapore. Marcus works for a company called Guy Carpenter & Company Pte Ltd who are a leading financial services company with offices in Singapore and around the world. He told me that he was aware of **Charlie Motion (K82-89)** and **Will Buck (G91-95)** also being in Singapore and promised to pass my details on to them.

Sophie Williamson (née von Oertzen) (M00-02) was also in touch with details of her address in Singapore. She moved to Singapore with her husband and two children almost two years ago.

SOUTH AFRICA

Guy Brooke-Smith (S41-44) got in touch after receiving the Framlinghamian. He provided an up to date telephone number. It works through the internet and when they have no internet or electricity power they have no communications at all - this apparently happens fairly often. There is no reception among the mountains.

He was concerned that the magazine cost a huge amount to print and post to him and thought it might be time we stopped sending. On leaving Fram back in 1944, he went on to TS HMS Conway and from there to sea. He has not lived in the UK since 1949 when he went to Rhodesia and joined the British South Africa Police. He and his family have lived in South Africa since 1982. His main interests lie with HMS Conway and he keeps in touch with many OC's, ship mates and others around the world, apart from the Regimental Association of the British South Africa Police, which is also worldwide. He has not seen any names in the Framlinghamian which were around his time and have had no contact for years.

Mike Bullock (R55-59) in November 2016 came across a note concerning **Tim Lewis (K53-59)** from a person who was compiling a history of Gwebi College where Mike was a student. The note read as follows *"Tim farmed after leaving Gwebi but decided that his future lay in the commercial side of agriculture and ultimately worked for the Farmers' Co-Op in Salisbury where he was a technical advisor for the stockfeeds department. During this time he fulfilled his military commitment as an Officer with the Selous Scouts. At Zimbabwe's Independence he thought it prudent to work in Mozambique where he grew cotton for Lonrho. Tim died on the 20th March 2008 in South Africa of an undisclosed illness."*

Mike wanted to check that we were aware that Tim had died, which we weren't. He says *"I have always found Tim a private person except when he took great delight tipping me out of bed first night at college and he had me chasing frogs with a toothbrush!"*

As we still had an email address recorded for Tim I gingerly sent an email and received the following response from Tim's widow *"Yes, I confirm as Mike says, Tim, my husband passed away 20th March 2008 - He had WD - Waldenstrom Macroglobulima."* She went on to provide the following history of Tim's life since 1970 :

1970-79 : Stockfeeds Manager, Farmers Co-Op

1984 - Malawi - Cotton, achieved the largest hectares ever grown in Malawi's history

1985 - 1988 The start up of LOMACO (Lonrho - Moz) Project Manager, Metuchira, on the Beira Corridor - we were the first white farmers back in Moz, armed escorts on leaving the farm, travelling up to Umtali or down to Beira.

1988 - 1990 : South Africa, Makatini Flats KZN - Cotton Small Holdings

1989 - We opened a commercial Security Company CRG Security, Control Risk Group, initially operating in Mkuze, and Northern Zululand, KZN.

1990 - LOMACO - Tim was asked by John Hewlett to return to Moz and start up the Lomaco operation in the northern region, Montepuez - commercial and small holders cotton. This he did for a couple of years and I continued in Mkuze, children at school and running the Security.

1992 - Returned to SA - and did what Tim enjoyed most, getting up to mischief, being evasive - anything and everything he did and the S.A. Special Branch were there, with, so to speak their ' clandestine operatives and vehicles'. Definitely couldn't teach Tim Lewis much about that line of work.

Tim was great friends with Uncle Ron and he would visit us fairly regularly, articles in the local newspaper, Uncle Ron joins CRG, Tim Lewis working with Ant White in ivory poaching !! Needless to say Tim was doing what he loves, having fun, he'd have a beer in the pub, then leave and drive into the sugar cane, 1 Km away, he'd have Special Branch vehicles running around the sugar cane and Tim would be back in the pub, while they continued to search for him in the vast expanse of sugar cane ... I think he had some of his most 'fun' years....

1989 - to date, CRG Security, KZN, in its hay day we employed +800 Security Officers sadly it is not doing so well. Now owned by Prince Phumuza Zulu, one of King Zwelitini's sons - We became great friends with Prince Phumuza. Sadly CRG not doing so well.

Our 3 children, Rakeford, Victoria and Tom slowly left SA over the years moving to the UK, and I joined them a couple of years ago, very hard to live without Africa around one....

I'm Raving, I do apologise, too many memories... I'm not even going to read this back and correct anything.. so please do take it as is.. too many memories... and can get me too emotional...

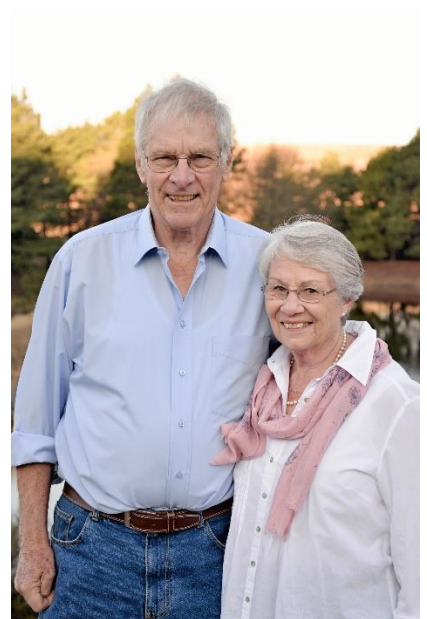
A good man...

Mike started off his Christmas message with the following poem

*Another year has come and gone
And we're still here holding on
To this ruffle and pictures of all well dressed
We're saying to you "Too blessed to be stressed".*

He goes on to say [edited to remove family news] *"Although we have not taken a long holiday this year we have had a good time taking short breaks here and there and above all we both have enjoyed good health, the usual aches and pains of being 70 plus excepted . We have been to Whiskey Creek (Stephen's company retreat) on a couple of occasions to enjoy the fishing, the natural beauty and not having to worry about from where cometh the next meal. On one such visit a family photo shoot was organised from where these photos are taken.*

We have also been to St Lucia where Allan and family have a holiday house on the KZN coast so we have the opportunity to "get the sand between our toes" while the men go fishing at sea. For our 49th wedding anniversary we went away for a long week end to "The Nest" in the Central Drakensburg of KZN. Loverlee.



So yes, although we are busy all the time and enjoying what we do we're too blessed to be stressed.

We enjoy the grandchildren's sporting events including their Rugby, Water polo, Cricket games and other sporting events as well as and their cultural activities including special functions, recitals and music productions. Now and again we go to the theatre and the flicks. For Christmas this year we will all be at Allan and Catharine's home which will include her sister Liz, Matt and family from Ireland together with Matt's parents from Durban. So we will be a party of 19 at the table.

So, along the lines of the ITV show "This time next year", we will be reporting back on the various family activities especially our 50th wedding anniversary in November and Mike's 75th birthday which in 2017 is in March, how well the grandchildren have done to maintain their position as the best in the world, and perhaps a longer holiday too."

On 18 January 2017 the Framlinghamian arrived and this prompted Mike to get in touch about Ed Sheerin's latest record Castle on the Hill. His younger son had just bought it and it reminded him that he's taken his son to a Fram Open Day in 2010,, while visiting the UK and here is the picture to prove it.

Mike reports that his son Stephen unfortunately did not go to Framlingham. He went to a good government school near Durban as they had just emigrated from Zimbabwe with very little funds as we could only take out R4000 to set up home etc.



He went on to say *"You ask how things are in SA. Suffice to say that we are very happy here but my elder son has already made up his mind to send his eldest son to university in the UK with the younger one next year! This is as a result of the fees protests which are sure to happen again shortly (our academic year start Jan/Feb) and already the decline in the "value" of the science degrees that they want to take.*

He has 3 coal mines in the Middelburg/Carolina area and "prints money" at the moment so they are unlikely to emigrate in the near future. He has a game farm 120 km from Pretoria and a holiday cottage in St Lucia so life is good, as well as 2 properties in England and investigating a third for the university students.

It is just a pity that they will not recall President Zuma with the vigour that they did for Mbeki."

Mike is still hoping to arrange another OF reunion in South Africa to tie in with a visit by **Susan Wessels**. He will keep me posted.

Finally when I posted on the SOF website an article about the 100th anniversary of the 3rd Battle of Ypres (Passchendaele) and a tour that **Peter Gasgoyne-Lockwood (R57-64)** was organising, he wrote the following *"I read with interest your proposed tour to Ypres in August. Whereas I accept that the Battle of D'elville Wood was held in July 1916 Cpl Hewitt OF was part of the South African forces throughout the campaign. His regiment arrived in France for active service in July 1916 and was involved in the Battle of the Somme, which last from July to September 1916. He was wounded in D'elville Wood, which was the most costly action the South African Brigade fought on the Western Front. On 14 th July 3,153 men went into the wood and on 20th July only 778 emerged unscathed.*

Therefore I would have thought out of respect to the South Africans a visit to the South African cemetery would have been appropriate. A commemoration service was held there last year."

The widow of **Professor Charles Rossiter (S49-55)** got in touch with me to say *"I am sorry to inform you that my beloved husband Charles Edward Rossiter passed away on Sunday 9th July 2017 aged 81. He had suffered from dementia for several years, and slipped away peacefully due to pneumonia."*

I replied sending Jane a copy of a biography that Charles had helped me put together a number of years ago. I had noted that whilst my late father was not a professor, Charles did share one distinction with my

father and that was being a freeman of the City of London, like my grandfather was also.

Jane replied *"I was thrilled to get the copy of Charles's biography, and I am sure his daughter will love it too. She is coming from the USA to be with me at Charles's memorial gathering, which will be a very low-key event and not a religious service. It will take place on Monday 24th July at 3pm in Helderberg Village at the Talani Terrace venue. There will be no formal eulogy, but if someone surprises me by writing one, be sure I will let you have a copy."*

Charles was so proud of being a Freeman of the City of London. His admission document has pride of place on the study wall, together with a photo of the pair of us receiving our BSc OU and one of Charles resplendent in a red and gold gown, receiving his DSc(Med) from Princess Anne.

Charles loved his time at Framlingham, and had countless fascinating anecdotes to tell me about it, which I always enjoyed hearing."

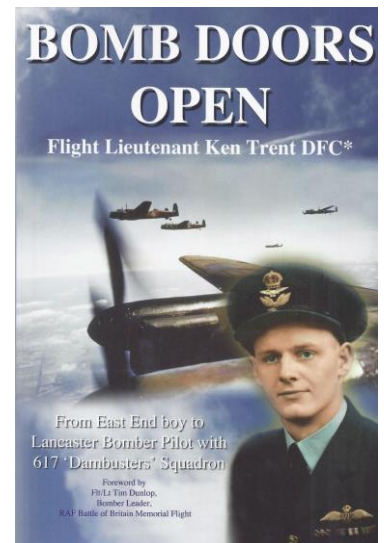
Adam Phillips (G78-83) had hoped to be able to attend the gathering on 24 July, as he lives in Paarl, but unfortunately it was his first day back at work and meetings were taking place that were agreed before he went away.

SPAIN

Michael Evans (S45-48) was briefly in touch with a new email address. He said *"I shall be in England for most of August, spending time with my daughter. Also expecting to spend a few days with John Waugh when we shall visit Fram so that I can catch up with all the new developments. I can't remember when I was last there, at least 20 years ago!"*

Ian Foster (K46-53) was in touch at Christmas time and I met him and Tessa at the College during the year.

Ken Trent (35-38) is probably our oldest OF living overseas at the age of 95 and living in Tenerife. He was in touch to let me know that he had recently published a book, *"Bomb Doors Open"*, all royalties are divided between Holidays for Hero's and the RAF Benevolent Fund. I purchased a copy that will be donated to the College library. It is available via Amazon and Waterstones.



THAILAND

Alexander Holloway (K96-01) wanted to register on the SOF website and provided the following update *"We have been living and working in Thailand for a year now and it has been a fantastic journey full of wonderful experiences. It has not been without difficulty but this has been in proportion to the opportunities we have been offered! I am currently completing a creativity development course and wish to contact 2 of my old teachers to express my appreciation for the excellent teaching they offered me during my time at Framingham. The teachers in question are Mr. Lenton and Ms. Mallet who both taught art during my time at the school. "*

Michael Regan (M77-79) wrote in January *"I have just received my OF Yearbook and I am sad to hear of John Birt's passing. We met once in Koh Samui. Bangkok is quite a distance from the tourist isle. I have lived in Thailand since 1990. I have a house in Bangkok and one on the coast in Prachurup Kiri Khan. The garden is inundated with water at the moment due to the recent flooding we have been having. Maybe you saw it on the BBC. I have attached some photographs."*



I have been lecturing on Hotel Management here for many years and I am now retired and looking for interesting things to do. I would like to put forward my name as the college's representative for Thailand.

*To be honest I have not paid much attention to college affairs due to work. I receive the Yearbook every January and look forward to reading it. This year I am a little disappointed. There are so little entries from OF's who attended in the 1970's. When I was at Framlingham Moreau was a boy's house. I have been in touch with **Jeremy Coles (G74-78)**, a fellow student friend of mine from Malawi. I was also an overseas student. I also keep in touch with a Thai friend **Archa Boongrapu (K76-80)**. He is now a successful businessman in Bangkok. On a trip back to the U.K. I once stayed with **Paul Goring (M75-79)**, Herr Reichsmarschall, as Dibber Hague, our History Master often called him. I was sad to hear of Dibbers demise. He made history lessons so interesting and always took the mickey out of Goring and Waugh. Apparently Paul has a smallholding in Suffolk. We have lost contact. I once met **Richard Rowe (S65-74)** here and we had dinner. I am not sure if he remembers.*

Being John Birt's replacement will enable me to regain contact will fellow students. Thailand is a bit of an outpost. It would be interesting to get in touch with college affairs again. I am sure many O.F's visit this beautiful country. Are there many O.F's living here?

Thailand is in mourning for twelve months due to the death of H.M The King. Tourism has fallen off for a while. Also the pound is not as strong as it used to be. I hope to hear from you in the near future. “

*I immediately replied thanking Michael very much for the kind offer of being our representative in Thailand and in respect of the 1970s I pointed him in the direction of the photos taken at the 1970s leavers reunion at the College in June 2016. His response was “I've seen the photos.omg. We are so old. I did not recognize anyone. Maybe **Ian Tooley (M71-79)** and **Paul Demko (S74-79)** but not sure. Its really been years. I know its a lot to ask but it would be great if you could put captions on the pictures indicating who they are. I am sure I'm not the only one who has no idea haha” He promised to write a small piece for the OB but Friday was the new Thai kings birthday so they will all be a little busy.*



True to his word, Michael provided a full update in September 2017 “We have a military government and the last elected Prime Minister has just left the country in the middle of the night to join her brother.

Democracy is on the far horizon, but Thais and expats living here are happy. There is no violence on the street and no bombings.

H.M King Bhumibol Adulyadet Rama IX died last year and his cremation is at the end of October. Thailand has a new King HM. King Maha Vajiralongkorn Bodindradebayavarangkun. This title may change after the coronation.

Do to the laws relating to the monarchy, people here; Thai and foreigners are not allowed to express any opinions about the Royal family. What is said in private must stay private.

*I met up with one **OF Neill Mutimer (S73-80)**. I also spoke to **Alex Holloway (K96-01)** on the phone. At the time he was on holiday in Japan. He lives in Huay Kwang not far from me. We may meet up soon. Neill Mutimer returned to England for a while.*

Alex Holloway teaches small children and I have done that in the past it is a wonderful job as they absorb all the information you give them. Teaching adults is more stressful I believe. I teach IELTS and it can be hard going.

*I have contacted some old friends **Paul Demko (S74-79)** and **Steve Van Aardt (S74-78)**. Also an old pal from Moreau, **TIPPS [Malvern Tipping (M73-78)]**. We had a great chat and he told me of his business interests in England. Very interesting. Of course it's been a long time, about forty years. Time flies. But we still can chat about a few things. Everyone has their own life now and interests.*

Old friends can still recalling school food, Bep Mitchell, anyone remember him? Telephone duty in the Bursars office. I used to do that once a week. I think Wednesday evenings. Listening to Radio Caroline.

The weather at the moment is very wet and we have had some flooding. Bangkok streets take five minutes to flood. Sometimes it resembles Houston. Thais have been living with this situation for years. A few years ago we had some terrible flooding. Bangkok and her neighbouring provinces; Nonthaburi, Pattumthani, Samut Prakarn and Ayutthaya were under water.



I saw the pictures of the Caribbean hurricanes, Harvey Irma and Jose on TV here. Terrible. We just get the rain. No wind.

I have a property in the south in Prachurup Kiri Khan, south of the town of Hua Hin. The local town was inundated last year. The railway was closed for ages. [See earlier pictures]



Anyone visiting Thailand can drop me a line. Many people come here to see Bangkok, Chiang Mai, Phuket and Koh Samui. There are some far more beautiful places. Imagine yourself on a 14km long beach without seeing a soul. That beach is about 10 minutes walk from me in Prachurup. You may be unfortunate if you encounter an odd fisherman.

I've been here for years and do not see myself returning to the United Kingdom. I've been a Thai monk and I can speak Thai fairly well.

Looking forward to hearing from some of you and giving you some pointers on Thai culture and places to visit.

Peun rak la korn chock dee (Goodbye and good luck to my friendsKaraoke Thai)"

USA

Andy Bevan (K93-98) contacted Martin Myers-Allen at the College to say "My Dad ran into your son Lewis while they are both in South Africa. I attended Framlingham between 1993 and 1998 during which time you taught me Biology and Chemistry at various points, lead the CCF of which I was a part and also coached me rugby. I thought I'd reach out to say 'Hi'. I have a few strong memories of your teaching, one was the fact that you told me that in 20 years I'd still remember things you taught me. I still have benzene rings engrained in my mind; I also still tell people about the teacher who, to demonstrate a point in a chemistry class taught the first 1/3rd of a lesson in an NBC suit. 'Plant Bonking' is still there as well.

After leaving Fram I spent a year traveling, then went to Newcastle Upon Tyne where I studied accounting, this taught me one major thing: I don't like accounting. I spent a number of years working for a consultancy firm where I was largely based at General Motors. I then moved to Planview working as a software solution consultant. Planview are a software company who make Project Portfolio Management software. After a number of trips to Austin Texas I was offered a job there as a software developer and I moved to Austin 4 years ago.

I'm now luck enough to be engaged to my beautiful fiancé Laura Jane Stephens who is a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. Outside of work I'm very involved with a local bicycle club and this year completed my first 100 mile ride, I also go through phases of being a gym monkey lifting weights.

My Dad tells me that you were head of Brandeston for 8 years, that's fantastic, I'm sure you did a great job. He also tells me that you are currently doing 'development' at Fram, not sure that that means but I hope you're enjoying it, what is it exactly? Is there anyone else I might remember still around?

I hope that all is well with you, and if life ever brings you to Texas for some reason please look me up."

Miguel Heinonen (K01-03) clarified that all his post should still go to his Oxford address and that he was heading backwards on 3 March for a couple of days anyway to pick up the mail, check on the house, and most importantly to head to his favourite pub!

I put him in touch with **Jules Arthur (K75-84)** and Miguel got in touch with him to say he hoped they could meet up. Miguel had just moved to San Diego to open a new office there for one of his startups. He expected to settle there for quite a while as the current team members of the company had fallen in love with San Diego. He finished off with *“Hope you enjoy the Super Bowl Later today!!! Go Patriots!!!”*

Ivor Noel Hume (37-39) was a very distinguished archaeologist, who wrote loads of books right up to his death this year at the age of 89. He was also a regular contributor to the Overseas Bag and will be sadly missed. An obituary will appear in the Framlinghamian.

As part of research a book a few years ago he wanted some photos taken in Hampshire, England and I put him in touch with **John Ellerby (G67-75)**, the current SOF President. John summed him up well *“Noel is quite simply the most endearing, inspiring and genuine man it has ever been my pleasure not to meet and a great shame that I didn't meet him.”*

Bryan Ivory (K48-52) sent me his much appreciated annual letter around Christmas 2016 which says *“Well, what a year it was. In the realm of world affairs, you had Brexit” to figure out and we had a shocking presidential election with a disastrous result What the future holds now is more uncertainty , deepening tensions and less hope for a peaceful world. As Laurel & Hardy would say in the comic strips I read years ago “It’s a fine mess you’ve got us into Ollie!” Today it is far more serious than the childish delights of the “Beano”, “Dandy” and “Radio Fun” comics. The “Blue Collar “electorate have voiced their anger at the lack of progress in Congress (due mainly to blocking tactics by the G.O.P.) The Presidential couple I fear will be sorely missed ,at least by half of the country. All this on top of the middle east crisis.*

Anyway, so what about “little ol’ Shallotte!” Well we had a very a very hot and humid summer, with temps reaching 'into the 100's some days. Luckily we saw no damage from the hurricane and resulting flooding. In early October, we managed to have an enjoyable two weeks holiday in northern Italy and Tuscany. There was much to see, but rather too much walking for us older folks! Future trips will have to be a little slower going!

I have spent less time on my hobbies this year. I am at the stage where I look at something and think how did I ever do that! My limited eyesight of course attributes to this way of thinking.

It is always very interesting to hear news of the school. I often wonder how certain activities are carried out these days compared to 65 years ago. At this time of the year, I recall packing trunks to go home, walking to the train station, or attending the carol service in Fram’ church.

I hope you had an enjoyable cruise in the Caribbean, with plenty of good food and sunshine. Time to plan the next adventure!!

Now I must put down my magnifying glass and wish you and your family, joy and many blessings of this Christmas Season. I look forward to receiving the next school mag’ with all the latest news.”

Bryan keeps in touch with **James Ruddock Broyd (G46-52)** and in February 2017 he told him that he presently recovering from open heart surgery, which had not been expected. Recovery will be a slow process but the medical doctors were very pleased with his progress. He went on to say that he had received his copy of the magazine and *“It’s wonderful to see the progress that has been made over the years.”*

James Kuppe (G79-80) had misplaced his password and found the “forgot password” did not work due to us holding an out of date email address for him. We got him sorted out so that he could search our database for **Xavier Lam (G78-80)** who was from Hong Kong and in Garret House with him, when he

attended as an ESU exchange student. They both left school in 1979. James had already checked the LinkedIn group but he wasn't included. Sadly we had no contact details for Xavier – does anyone else?

Alfred Molson (K38-43) has been in touch on a regular basis by phone and continues to be the source of amazing stories of his life. Alfred was born in Malta in 1926 making him 91.

When Alfred phoned in January 2017 he reported that he was getting physically frailer but his mind and memory were still very sharp. He can't drive anymore and since the death of his wife and a number of local people he is clearly very lonely. One of his son's lives in Texas but now works nights so can't visit as much and his son in London has not visited for some time. He surprised me by saying that he was thinking of moving to Belize, a country I had visited 6 months earlier on a cruise.

He recall that he was in same unit that went over to Europe during WW2 as **Luke Bentley (41-43)**. They landed at Arnhem and were responsible for helping to check and secure bridges. In places the river Nederrijn is 400 feet wide.

He also recalls that the current site of the RAF Club in London used to be the site of the Public Schools Club.

At the end of August we talked about the recent spate of deaths amongst his near contemporaries. In particular he remembered Brian Aldiss and used to regular talk to him. Alfred didn't understand why he had such bad memories of his time at the College as he didn't recall him having a particularly bad time and certainly no worse than others.

We talked about his time being stationed in Norwich after coming back from Germany after WW2. He was assistant to the Adjutant there who had been involved in the famous incident at the Bridge over the River Qwai. He would be interesting in contacting any OF currently in the East Anglia Regiment to share stories during his service there.

He recalled how Barclays Bank, who like his father he worked for at some point, had a branch in every British port. When he left Barclays he travelled around the Caribbean establishing international trade offices in 10 countries. Alfred still has an amazing memory for the detail of his life, like when he met the King of Morocco on a trade trip there!

I was pleased to hear that he had not been affected by the recent Hurricane to hit Texas.

John Nielsen (R68-72) and his wife Marta send Christmas greetings from the "other side of the pond". We had met up in August 2016 when visiting Florida as part of my 60th birthday celebrations.

I was next in touch with him to check they had survived Hurricane Irma. He replied *"Thanks for thinking of us. This time around the east coast appears to have been let off the hook, in relative terms, and our area currently expects a 70 mph Tropical Storm, which should be manageable if confirmed around mid-day tomorrow. However, South Beach, where you stayed during your last visit, was subject to mandatory evacuation and must be something of a ghost town today, I suspect. As I recall, the UK went through dreadful flooding last year, much the same as Texas, and Houston in particular, has been confronting for the last few weeks."*

John gave an update afterwards *"What a horrible hurricane season 2017 is turning out to be – and there are still over two months left to go! Here in the southeast, we were hit with steady winds of 50-60 mph, and gusts of up to 90 mph, which were quite scary, but nothing compared to what the Caribbean islands and the Florida Keys went through. Damage limited to a downed fence and an uprooted Hibiscus plant, but our street continues piled high with storm debris, which has yet to be collected. We lost power for some 24 hours and survived with our portable but extremely noisy generator. Can't complain though, as this was our first hurricane since moving down from Long Island, NY, in 2008."*

Bryan Pearson (S45-47) has as always been in regular contact as our sole representative in wonderful Hawaii. In October 2016 I received notification that the premieres Finding KUKAN was to be in Honolulu & NYC and I knew Bryan had been involved in a small way with this film so asked if he was going *"I did a voice over for the first advertising cut of the film, for which I was paid the SAG rate, and have been kept in the loop by Robin ever since. I may be invited to the premiere but won't be able to attend due to prior commitments."*

Given Bryan's fascinating theatrical early life he was next in touch in May 2017 when Roger Moore died *"I am saddened by the news that my good friend, and part mentor, Roger Moore has passed away. He and his then wife, Dorothy Squires, were the kindest and most unusually for Hollywood, most generous friends, always inviting me to parties to introduce me to influential friends."*

I remember one occasion at Warner Bros. when I was having lunch with a friend in the studio restaurant, Roger walked in and came over to my table as soon as he saw me, stopped and asked me if there was anyone there that he could introduce me to, this was at the time that he was the hottest star on the lot!

Dorothy used to phone me any time that Roger was interviewing for a part, I remember particularly one film was The Racers, if he didn't get it for some reason she would tell me to call my agent right away and see if I could get an audition !

I see that Roger was 89. I hadn't realized that he was 4 years older than me."

In June 2017 he was considering another cruise in October, 28 nights from LA to Samoa and back via Tahiti, but he hated to admit it, but age does seem to be catching up with him. He had an "episode" the previous week when he passed out cold, right in front of the cable repair man. He was rushed to the local clinic for tests, which were still ongoing, including having to wear an electronic harness for 24 hours. Normal heart beat rate is 60-65 bpm, his was consistently 43. The worst part for him was that, for the moment, he was banned from driving his car.

He was in touch again in August 2017 to say he was now battery driven. He had a Pacemaker implanted the previous Friday and it has made a huge difference - no more dizzy spells and sudden collapses. *"Not a great fun experience, the whole procedure takes about 3 hours, under local anaesthesia, and the worst part is the "thawing out" process afterwards, pretty sore. Anyway, they have given me the green light to resume driving, also to take our cruise on the Emerald Princess, 28 day round trip out of Los Angeles, sailing Oct. 8th."*

I next got in touch with Bryan in September 2017 to tell him that the previous day I had booked a round trip cruise from Vancouver to Hawaii in October 2018 to mark my wife Eryl's 60th birthday. We will be docking in Honolulu on 12 October 2018 so we hope to be able to meet up again [last time was in Southampton on Grand Princess captained by **Nick Carlton (G63-70)**]. Interestingly we will be on the Emerald Princess which he was going on this October.

Bryan was delightful to hear that we would finally be visiting Honolulu if only for a day and hoped that he would still be around and mobile enough to meet up with us. He recommended visiting the Arizona Memorial and the USS Missouri. He also reported that the pacemaker was working as advertised so far, very unobtrusive and keeps his heart at a steady 61 bpm.

Steve Pinney (K56-59) lives in Connecticut and was in touch for the first time as a result of my Christmas message in 2016. He said how much he enjoyed reading the Overseas Bag and particularly in news of his contemporaries. I replied saying that CT is one of the few US states I've not visited and that he might be interested to know that there are 6 OFs living in CT in Bethel, Milford, Old Greenwich and Cos Cob. I mentioned that I regularly hear from **Ian Seeley (S58-65)** in Bethel [see below]. The others

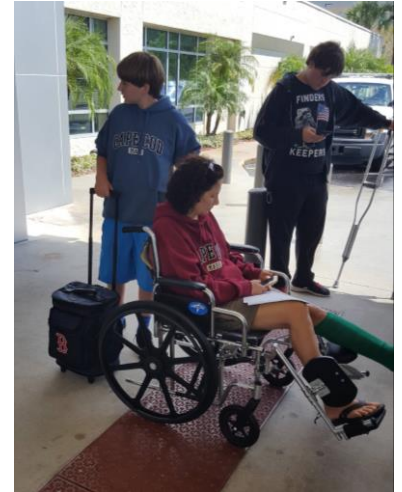
were **Nigel Rees (S58-63)**, **Toby Brook (11-12)**, **Phoebe Brook (11-12)** and **Vladimir Todhunter (G03-04)** I hoped that there might be a reunion for 1950/60s leavers in 2018 at the College.

Richard Rowe (S65-74) as a member of the website admin team and former editor of the Overseas Bag is regularly in touch. Back in October 2016 he apologised for not being able to attend SOF Council meetings in the UK. He said “I might use the excuse of living in Florida; but next Saturday, I should be finishing up 2-days work in Tunisia and heading to Istanbul.”

A month or so later Richard was sending greetings from a large coal mine in the deepest depths of Colombia!!

Then in January 2017 he remembered meeting up with **Michael Regan** for dinner in Bangkok. He recalled that it must have been on one of his frequent trips to the Far East – normally China and/or Hong Kong and occasionally Vietnam and Cambodia. As there is work he could do in Thailand he said he would see if they could meet up again. He was also considering a possible family holiday in 2018 to include Shanghai, Hong Kong, Vietnam (Halong Bay), Cambodia (Angkor Wat), and Thailand.

More recently I was in touch with Richard to see how Hurricane Irma had impacted them on the west side of Florida. Richard replied “*We have evacuated and are on some of the last flights out of Orlando. Denise fractured her leg in the final pack up. We can now only wait and see what happens. As the Thais say "Mai phen rai". I am in San Jose, California on 5-days business; and Denise and her extended family flew up to Cape Cod. Fort Myers airport was already over-sold and closing early. So we had to drive to Orlando. My flight went out ok; but Denise had 8 hours of rescheduled flights and gate changes - but got out before the expected closure of Orlando airport later today. We can only hope for what might happen to our properties.*”



Richard gave an update afterwards “*We survived with only superficial damage (torn lanai screens, fallen trees and lost power); but that has impacted guests trying to visit our condos; so that has been a hit on the pocket. We were just very lucky that Irma had decreased to a Category 2 storm by the time she hit us. A few miles wobble on her path, would have kept her over the water longer; and then we would have had a major disaster.*”

Maria looks to be staying east of the Bahamas. So we watch for what happens next

Denise did fracture her leg in the final clear up before we left town. Fortunately only a fracture in the fibula which is not load bearing; but still painful. So she seems to be making a good recovery. Of course I am in the dog house for asking her to do the "one more task" before we left, that resulted in the injury!!

I have not forgotten that I promised to do the next Florida OF get-together. I have a lot of travel between now and December (Houston, Chicago, Virginia Beach, Romania, Bulgaria and China); so may not be this year but we will see.”

Here is a before and after picture of Richard’s magnificent mango tree. He expects to winch it upright again and for it to survive!



Richard finally sent a photo of the tree winched back upright and ready for the next storm although with a few less branches and leaves!

Ian Seeley (S58-65) is as usual last but by no means least. He was in touch in March 2017 with a new email address and I knew I could rely on a good snowy picture to finish off with. The one on the right

was taken from his office in early March when the last of the snow was clearing. His dog is called Bozley.



PETER RATCLIFFE SIMPSON (K32-40)

Peter died on 8 July 2017 aged 94 with his widow Hetta and 2 sons at his bedside. He had suffered a bad fall 7 days earlier. He is one of 29 Simpsons over 5 generations starting from the very first day the school opened in 1865, to have attended the College. He was our 10th oldest living OF and brother of Commander John Simpson (K32-36) our 2nd oldest living OF who lives in Framlingham.

His widow Hetta sent the following note out :

My dear friends

My darling Peter died on Saturday 8th July at 2.42am having spent the day listening (we know he could hear us) to Tim (his eldest son) and new wife, Trish, Hugo (youngest son) and his partner, Kathy and myself at his bedside with our arms around him He died very peacefully with me giving him a last hug and kiss and telling him I loved him always. The certificate said pneumonia brought on after suffering a dreadful fall seven days earlier which broke his poor nose, gashed his head and blacked his eyes. Nobody of 94 years could stand a massive blow to the head like that. We were assured that he was not in pain but as he was heavily drugged, he could not speak to us.



For the previous 11 months Peter had been in permanent residential care in the high dependency unit of a very well-managed care facility. The nursing staff and aids loved him dearly and many of them have rung me up to express their shock and dismay that he has left us. As I really 'lost him' so many months ago to a long slow memory loss going back to 2010 the loss has not hit me yet.....it will and I will be helpless.

Peter was very well liked and respected by all who met him and he was the love of my life. We did everything together and had the happiest of times.....we were very intellectually compatible too – he was my 'Google' he had a fine mind and joined me in a passion for swimming, art, antiques, travelling, eating, drinking etc. he would do anything for me and I for him – he was such fun and aptly named, Peter – the Rock.

I have arranged a farewell, dedication and remembrance for SATURDAY 23rd SEPTEMBER 2017 at THE COASTGUARD STATION, MUNNA POINT, NOOSAVILLE 4566 Qld. 1100hrs. It is a beautiful spot looking out towards the entrance to the Noosa River. Some months ago I purchased 2 spots on a Memorial wall facing the estuary. The plaque will take 6 weeks to make – hence the delay. I will have Michael's (his twin brother) name and rank and dod under Peters on the same plaque. The other spot will be for me when I join him. We will have a few wines and the girls will all pitch in with some nice nibbles in true Aussie style. Please come and say Goodbye if you can make it. (I know our lovely friends in UK cannot be there but you will be in my thoughts – you all looked after us both wonderfully well and our memories are for ever)

Peter was cremated privately on Friday 14th July and his ashes will be taken out and scattered on the beautiful Noosa River.

He had a wonderful 94 years (32 of them with me)

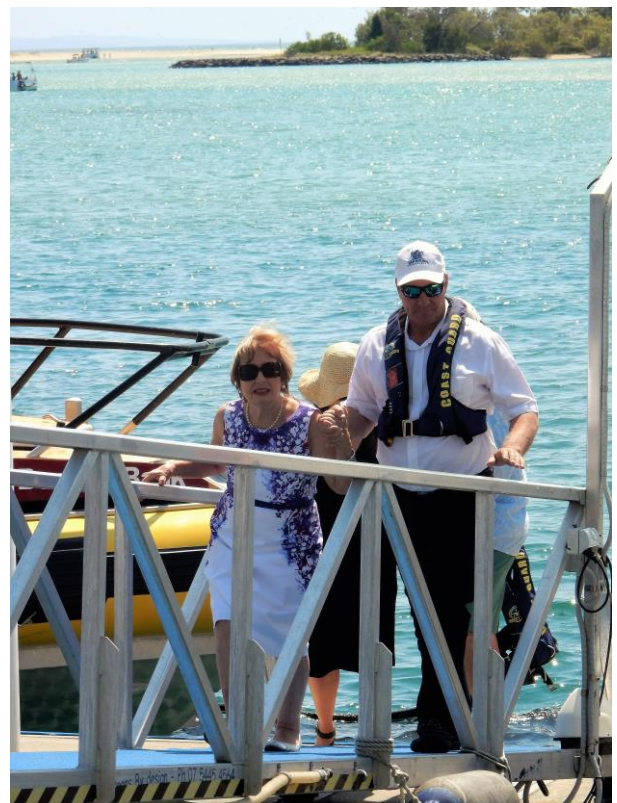
With my love Hetta x

The service took place on Saturday 23 September 2017 at The Coastguard Station, Munna Point, Noosaville, Queensland, Australia. It was a great day, lovely sunshine, not too hot & most enjoyable. John Gates (S44-48) picked up Peter Bailey (K34-38) at about 9.15am and got him home about 1.45pm.

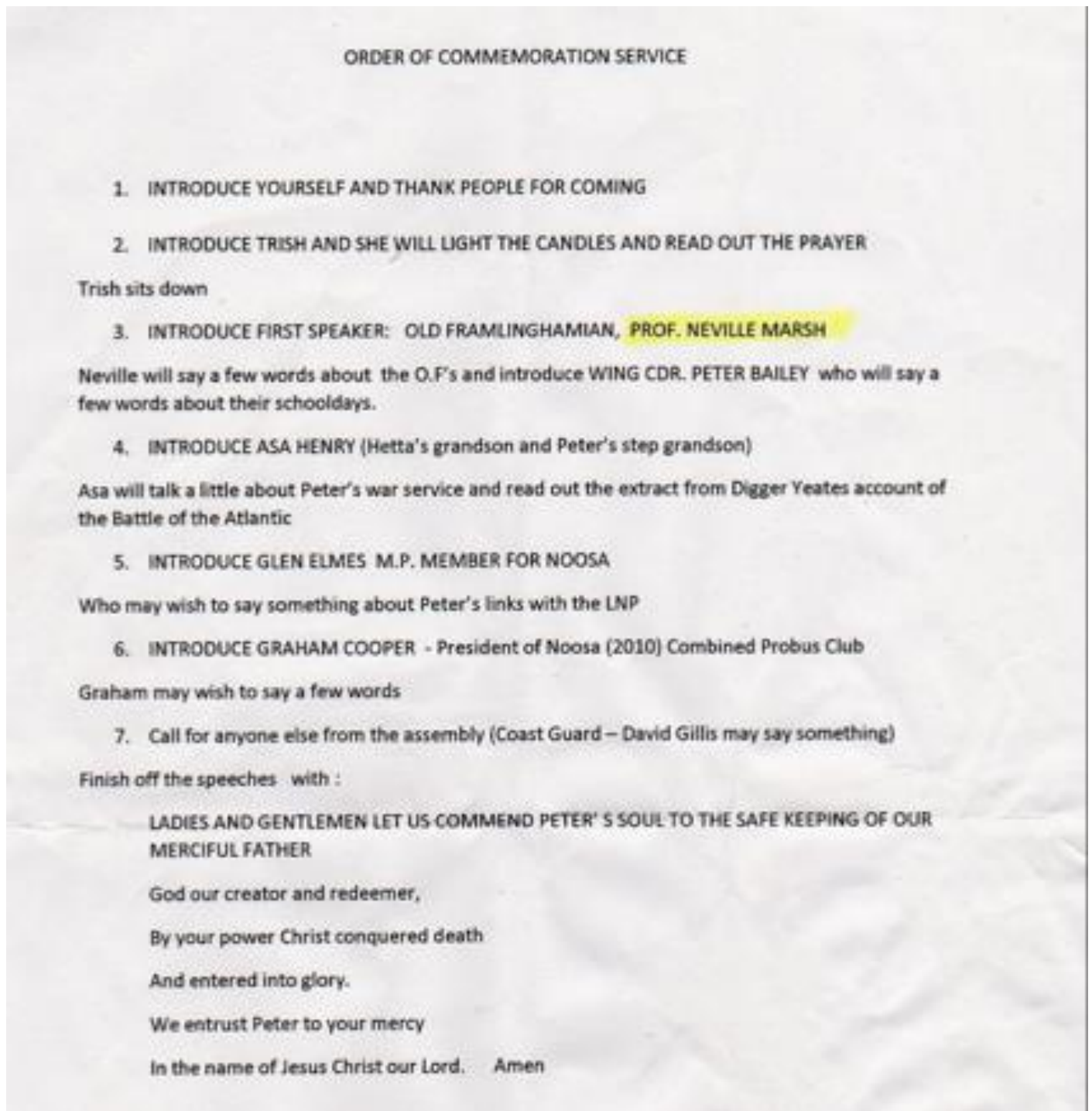
The day started with Hetta Simpson and her family aboard the Coast Guard vessel *John Waddams* passing out through the mouth of the Noosa River to scatter Peter's ashes in the Pacific Ocean.



Hetta comes back from scattering the ashes, with eldest son Tim.



Below is the order of service



The following is the address that Neville gave :

My wife, Alison and I have known Peter and Hetta for a good 20 years. We met simply because Peter and I went to the same school in England – a boarding school in a sleepy Suffolk town called Framlingham. It's called a public school which, in a strange perverse English way, means a private school.

Of course, Peter was at Fram 20 years before me and was a member of an absolute dynasty – five generations of his family went to the school beginning with George Henry Simpson, the very first pupil to enrol in 1865. I went through with Peter's nephew Jeremy in the 1960s and the total number of Simpsons going to Fram now stands at 30, with 13 in the fifth generation.

Now us Old Boys stick together and we have met from time to time over those 20 years so it comes as no surprise that we have three here today to farewell Peter. In addition to myself, we have John Gates, who was at school from 1944 to 1948 and most importantly Peter Bailey, who was Peter Simpson's dorm (dormitory) mate in the 1930s. Peter, thanks so much for coming today (and John for organising transport) and sharing in this celebration. At the grand age of 95 years young, we applaud you. You will see that Peter and I have our old school ties on – wide stripes of chocolate brown and Cambridge blue but Peter Simpson's tie on the table of memorabilia is the much more distinguished narrow stripe tie – Peter always had class! Our fourth Queensland Old Boy, Chris Shaw and his wife Rebecca from Cairns can't be with us but send their apologies: I am sure they are present in spirit.

We share some wonderful memories from 2015, when the Old Boys of Australia and New Zealand gathered in the Hunter Valley, a reunion organised with military precision by Chris Shaw and fellow OF Mike Garnett. Both Peters were in top form and regaled us with stories of Kerrison Boarding House from the '30s putting names to faces on fading photographs. The weekend ended in absolute cyclonic weather: were it not for Hetta's rally driving and my navigation, we would not have got back to Newcastle Airport safely. Hugo, Peter's youngest son rescued Hetta and Peter from the airport, their flight back to the Sunshine Coast being cancelled, and put them up for a couple of nights. Nonetheless, it was a weekend to cherish.

Hetta and family: sadly, we have all lost Peter: husband, father and grandfather. He was your 'Google' with a fine mind and sharing your passion for swimming, art, antiques, travelling, eating and drinking ... the list goes on! I know he would do anything for you and you for him – he was such fun and aptly named, Peter – the Rock.

In addition to these qualities, Peter was an officer and a gentleman, and a role model for any Old Framlinghamian regarding duty, integrity and commitment. The College has produced some outstanding citizens who contribute hugely and selflessly for the betterment of the world around them. Peter was one of these, and we salute him.

Vale – Peter Ratcliffe Simpson

With thanks to Chris Shaw for letting me plagiarise his address

Below are some of the photos taken by John Gates (S44-48) and Neville Marsh (S53-61).

Neville Marsh giving his talk. Also pictured are Hetta and Peter Bailey.





Peter Bailey standing up & talking- thanking everybody and giving his own reminiscences of Fram.



This is a lovely one of 3 Old Framlinghamians & Hetta Simpson. It's been noted that John Gates does not have his OF tie on!



OFs and partners. Hetta is holding photographs of Peter Simpson and his twin brother Michael



Peter Bailey talking, with Hetta Simpson sitting and eldest son Tim listening



This one is John Gates and Peter Bailey seated.



The final three photos from Neville show the Noosa Coast Guard memorial wall which will have the final plaque for Peter and Michael Simpson – the one pictured is a temporary one while the actual brass plaque is made. The view will be Peter and Michael looking out to sea as Hetta wanted.

