

“HERE & THERE” (Overseas Bag)

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Through the wonders of e-mail, I’ve kept in touch with all OFs living overseas, who have registered an e-mail address on the SOF website. I would strongly encourage everyone to ensure that they register their e-mail address on the website, so that we can keep in touch.

My thanks to everyone who has contributed, especially quite a number for the first time. It is great to hear from so many of you and I trust that my editing skills have done your messages proud. Through the website I’m pleased to be able to include your messages and photos in full, whereas space constraints mean that the Yearbook has limited space for the Overseas Bag.

Please keep your messages and news coming in, especially with your photos and don’t be shy to let me know if you think you or someone else should be included in the Distinguished section of the SOF website.

AUSTRALIA

Phil Bower (G65-74) following the Pope's visit to Australia, Phil got in touch to say that he had seen the great man at close quarters. Phil had worked on the WYD08 in Sydney at the SOH main stage (just below the scaffolding along the wall) and as always took the opportunity to shoot some images. You can see all these here <http://www.shazbinkimages.com/wyd08/wyd08.html>



Phil goes on to say “*The day Ol' Popey breezed through I had to argue with the numbskull security to gain access. The discussion went something like this:*

Security Man (SM) - you can't come through here. No public allowed (!)

Moi - I work here. I worked here yesterday

SM - you can't come through. Where's your accreditation pass?

Moi - well, let's see. Your passes have yet to be issued. I did 15 hours here yesterday on that stage over there. I'm going to do 15 hours again today and tomorrow I'm doing 11 hours. If you guys can get my pass to my boss he'll give it to me so that I can show it to you. OK?

SM - you need a pass to get through here.

Moi - which bit did you not hear? If you get me the pass, I'll show it to you! I really don't care. You're paying me whether I work or not. So, being as you're paying and being as I already worked here, and being as the lack of organisation on the passes isn't really my fault.....

2nd SM - we're going to be here 15 hours today as well. He's just doing his job. You'll have to show us your pass when you get it.

Moi - good. We're all agreed then. Stand aside, I'm going to work.”

I commented to Phil that it’s a good job he wasn’t a terrorist!!

The picture on the left shows “*Phil's Office*” on the area by the Sydney Opera House.

Phil has kindly volunteered to try and organize another Sydney SOF Supper. If anyone is interested in attending, please contact Phil on phil@shazbinkimages.com



Nick Carlton (G63-70) is a Captain with Princess cruises and you will read below that **Bryan Pearson (S45-47)** booked to travel on a cruise with Nick round Great Britain in July 2008.

My wife and I picked Bryan and his wife Celestine up from their hotel in Southampton and took them to the ship. We then had an enjoyable lunch onboard and were given a tour of the ship by Nick, finishing up on the bridge. My thanks to Nick for a great experience. One day we'll have to do a cruise with Nick as our Captain. Nick had his wife and 4 year old son onboard with him and had one more cruise to Iceland before having a break. He returns to Captain the same ship later in the year. In the picture you will see that Nick let us down by not having his OF tie with him!



Mike Garnett (R53-55) attended the Essex Supper and handed over a copy of his latest book and a huge work on **Len Evans OBE AO (G42-48)** to Norman Porter, for placing in the College Library. In exchange I gave him a series of photos of the real/royal tennis court in Bath, that is now a museum – see picture.

On his way back to Australia he visited **Stephen Sayer (S58-63)** in Muscat where he runs his legal office. They played a game of tennis in 50 degree heat!



Tom O'Donald (S51-57) apologised for his tardiness in not keeping in touch. I was pleased to hear that he had managed to stay out of what he called his “City Apartment” (hospital) all year thus far. He went on to say, “*In fact, it has been a case of same old, same old. I even had Veronica away for 5 days about a month ago attending yet another grandson’s 21st. This one is a medical student, having completed already a B.Sc. and lives in Geelong. Much as I would have liked to, there was no way my health would allow it and hence I stayed put, having a carer in first thing in the morning to supervise my shower, make my breakfast and generally clean up after me and another hour in the afternoon just to drop in, see if anything needed doing and having a cuppa with me.*”

The medicos are gradually finding more and more drugs to keep me going (breakfast consists of two inhalers, one nebulizer, 9 tablets and a complete body rub down with a thick ointment; I hardly have any room for anything else to eat!

Take care and in the words of the old Irish comedian, “May your God go with you”.”

Nick Samson (R93-95) enquired about registering on the website. He’s recently moved from Kent to Narrogin in Western Australia. I’m hoping Nick will provide an update for a future Overseas Bag.

David Summers OAM (G48-56) has recently been added to the Distinguished section, as a result of **James Liell (S53-60)** getting in touch with me – you can read the article by clicking here <http://www.oldframlinghamian.com/images/articles/DAVIDROBINRITCHIESUMMERSOAMG48-56.pdf>. David describes himself as a “modest Quantity Surveyor”, but you will see that he is definitely being modest. He regularly travels to Hong Kong so I have put him in touch with **Ian Howard (S57-62)** so that hopefully he will be able to make a future Hong Kong Supper.

BERMUDA

Matt Living (S80-87) had a near miss with a hurricane in May 2008. He is taking his wife and children to Florida for a holiday in November. He's not had any contact with the only other OF in Bermuda **Lamar Hamme (S97-99)** and we unfortunately don't have an e-mail address for him. Lamar, please get in touch.

BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

Kwai Hong Ip (G81-88) got in touch to notify a change of address and register on the website. In a short space of time he has moved from Ipswich to Germany and now to Sarajevo. He'll hopefully write an article for a future Overseas Bag.

CANADA

Frank Eyre (S46-53) decided to get in touch after many years and found the Society on the internet. He says he has been living in Montreal for over 50 years and have spent no more than a total of 3 or 4 weeks in England during all that time, unlike much of the rest of Europe, Africa, the Caribbean and South America. He asked about other OFs in Montreal [**David McMillan (K54-58)** and **Philip Rosen (S63-71)**]. Frank has provided the following update on the last 50 years :-

"I have not kept in touch with any OF's since leaving England in 1958! I hardly know where I might begin with 'what I have been up to' since that time.

*As a starter I did a bachelor's degree in Aeronautics at Imperial College, University of London, graduating in '57. Two other OF's were there: **John Barker (S42-50)** [he died in 1996] and **Laurence Pretty (S49-54)**. I would be interested to hear from either of them. The last I heard of Lawrence was a few years back - he had graduated from Georgetown U. in Law, was living in New York and had had won the largest fee ever on behalf of a client in a patent infringement case! This was duly reported in the New York Times.*

The educational bit continued later with masters degrees in Engineering and Business Admin at McGill.

Main occupational endeavours have been initially in defence contracting, and subsequently as a consulting engineer which for work outside Canada has taken me primarily to the US, France, Africa (Algeria, Mali, Senegal and Ethiopia) and South America (Ecuador, Peru, and Chile). Strange as it may be I have only rarely been to the UK since leaving. This is in a way surprising since my wife, Jeannine, who is French Canadian frequently expresses a strong wish to re-visit (she lived in London for a short period before we met in Montreal). The social/sports side has focused on sailing.

*I would be much interested to know what became of my contemporaries - the list is pretty lengthy, so I'll name only a few - **Keith Handly (S47-53)**, **Gareth Williams (K46-54)**, **Geoff Martin (G46-54)**, **Arthur Brown (S47-54)** [he died in 1990] and **Lawrence Pretty (S49-54)** and of course any others who remember me. [I've given Frank an update on these OFs]*

*A last note: do you have an E-mail address for **Brian Stannard (G54-63)**? [sadly we've lost touch with Brian]"*

Henry Gilbert (K49-54) met up with Norman Porter in July 2008. Henry supplied a new postal address in Toronto and said he intended to register on the website. He was at Brandeston and recalls shaking hands with the great **Alfred Munnings (1891-2)** at Newmarket. [Henry, don't forget to register on the website and give us your e-mail address, so that I can keep in touch]

John Oswell (G61-65) I wrote to John to congratulate him on 225th anniversary of the first landing in Sheburne, Nova Scotia on 4 May 2008. He sent me a long write up on the events surrounding this anniversary :-

"We had one hell of a weekend, the weather cooperated, the second boat was launched by oxen, we had longboat races, skydivers, search & rescue demo with a Cdn Forces Cormorant, we had a burning ship with a pirate ship firing at it and a huge fireworks display plus a ton more.

I'm the "kid" on the left - Curtis Mahaney is a boat builder and hand planed most of the planks (or streaks pronounced strakes as they're called here) for fit to a set bevel or angle that changes as he worked along each one - incredible to see. Curtis also plays fiddle (he makes them himself), guitar and banjo!



The second longboat was launched on Friday - hauled out of the boat shop by manpower and placed on a "crib" and was then towed by Oxen followed by Redcoats to the slip. Once there it was pushed, pulled, rolled etc etc until afloat - unfortunately it then tried to take off and I as the cox'n had to make a very undignified belly flop into it to try get some control! A variety of politico's said their bit and the Captain of the HMCS Kingston accepted it into service for Shelburne and I placed the King's Colours on the stern (note no Cross of St Patrick - this is the flag British forces fought under during the American Revolutionary War - St Patrick wasn't added until 1801).



Then it was towed by the other longboat to the landing stage where the rest of my crew got aboard plus the local MLA (Member of the Legislative Assembly) for our provincial riding also took up an oar and off we went for the maiden voyage. Came back in after a bit and swapped out some to take on the Federal MP for the area plus 2 90 year old and 1 86 year old who rowed like heck! Back again before we needed a defibrillator and into the tavern for a celebration - the coxswain's

wallet took a hit!

Of the 2 90 year olds, I owned the lumber mill we got all the wood from, the other was the Master Boat Builder who laid out all the plans and taught the 60 year old youngsters how to do it - the 86 year old was Curtis Mahaney who built dories and his father built 1,000 of them!

Saturday started early and we had a series of dory and longboat races lined up - I was down 2 crew and so asked for volunteers and ended up with a couple of ladies who had a ball - we lost our heat but what fun.

A few days earlier we had this mad idea to do a ship attack. We had a "pirate" ship coming in - it has 4 black powder cannons - small but they make a hell of a noise so why not give it something to fire at.

Shelburne, Nova Scotia seems to be home to any skill you can name - one of those being a full blown special effects guy who we tracked down to provide some simulated explosions and fire in our "ship". We built the ship in one day from pallets, lumber covering, strapping, 3 4x4s plus anything else we could scrounge and you can see the result - for a 10 hour effort we thought it was pretty good. We also had the Mayor firing off his sound shells and we were meant to have an 18th Century 4 pounder but after fixing up the axle a wheel disintegrated so it never made it unfortunately.



Liana's Ransom, the pirate ship, was finishing it's last cruise of the day - it was a "by invitation only" one with the management of the Salmon Farm aboard plus others - the salmon farm underwrote half the cost of bringing the ship in as well as all the materials we used to build our "ship" and the raft it was sitting on. Everything went well until the F/X guys decided to become pyromaniacs and set the whole thing on fire! That wasn't really too bad as the deck of the raft was mesh steel but it was buoyed up by floats made of rigid plastic foam which of course burns! As the raft started to settle in the water my partner in crime somewhat nervously asked the fish farm people if this was a problem - they just laughed and hoped we'd do it again next year as they wanted to be part of it again! I was in a longboat watching at close quarters. As the fire burned down the fireworks started so the day ended on a high note! In the morning the raft was still visible but the deck was pretty much awash and one gun port remained.

Interestingly enough I almost had a 50% British crew, my last two conscripts were just walking past the boat shop when we were finishing the boat and I noticed broad Liverpool accents, found out they weren't tourists (2 months since they moved here from UK) so promptly offered them the King's shilling to row and both signed up, a couple more didn't make it but there are quite a few Brits around.

Next weekend we have the Provincial Town Criers' championship and the Grand Re-enactment where all the serious American Revolutionary War guys go live in the times back then. We have to do some rowing - have a harbour skirmish and other stuff - more fun. Following that is the annual Shelburne Founders' Days and people think rural Nova Scotia is boring!! We'll be sleeping for a week after this!

One other photo – this was taken in July 2006 very soon after we arrived here from Ontario.

Next year, 2009, is a Tall Ship's year and we should be with them in Halifax as we've been invited to be there with the longboats to celebrate the 250th Anniversary of the Royal Naval Dockyard - just hope we have sails on the boats by then! “



FRANCE

Bruce Micklewright (S48-51) has been a great help with research into the amazing exploits of **Bill Goldfinch (26-32)** – see Distinguished section of the website. He contacted me to say that a small ceremony was held at Old Sarum Airfield on 19 July 2008, which would have been Bill's 92nd birthday, to 'roll out' the amphibian 'Son of Colditz'. Approximately 100 people attended and a close friend of Bill's read a tribute and a brief account of Bill's life. Bill's daughter, Susan Sims, unveiled the plaque that will be displayed in the clubhouse at Old Sarum. The event was filmed by Meridian TV and you can see this via the website. The aircraft is being moved to the Norfolk and Suffolk Aviation Museum at Flixton and will sit beside the replica of 'The Cock' on display. The Museum will apparently put the finishing touches to the project.

Bruce also generously donated a flight on his Gypsy Moth G-EMSY, as a prize in the auction to raise funds for the College Rugby Tour of France and for The East Anglian Air Ambulance. As you can see from the picture, Bruce's plane is painted in Fram colours!



The flight was finally arranged to coincide with the Brandeston 60th celebrations and a number of fly-pasts of Brandeston and the College were one of the highlights of the day. Our thanks to Bruce for his very generous gesture.

GERMANY

Tim Packard (G62-69) got back in touch to give some more news *“Just finished reading your latest overseas bag. Many interesting things, such as the amount of OFs in Australia, some of whom were contemporaries. My dream house in Golden Bay, New Zealand was purchased around 10 years ago, and I intend to go into retirement at some point, but do not ask me when. There are Packard relatives there, who originated from the town of Framlingham, and were the original settlers in the area 150 years or more ago. So the roots will not be lost completely. Similarly interesting to hear comments about Moorgate during the war, as I lived very close to there in the Barbican while training as an Accountant.*

As far as the rest goes, I have spent my life travelling since leaving Fram. Originally on an ESU scholarship to a small school in Connecticut, I became part of the first co-ed freshman class at Vassar, acted with Meryl Streep, and was the first Englishman to graduate from there, and also spent an exchange year in NZ. Following graduation I travelled overland as far as Buenos Aires, and returned home to start as a penniless accountant.

That worked out more or less, I joined Pepsi for 5 years in France and Germany, that closed down and I hooked up with a German private company going through rapid growth, and worked as a Controller / trouble shooter for them in various countries, including France, Spain, the US and Australia.

They went through a financial crisis, and I found other jobs, going back to Potsdam in East Germany where I had lived as a child when my father was a military attache, and had a spell in Amsterdam, which brought me a lot of friends who I often visit.

Early in my career I met and married a Spanish girl, but it was too tough for her in Germany with a hard-working husband, and so we agreed to divorce after some years. No children thankfully, although I enjoy being an uncle to various children attached to friends and family. In the end it is difficult to have normal married relationships when you work and travel as much as I do.

*Since Fram there have been hardly any contacts with other OFs, although I met **JEM Carter** once in the street, before his illness, and tried to organise a meeting with **Barry Hoare (R66-70)**. Perhaps there will be an opportunity to remedy that at some point.*

My younger brother Simon was also at Brandeston at the same time as I was, but was sent on to Repton because my Grandmother volunteered to pay the majority of the fees. That was not a happy moment for him. He is as happy-go-lucky as always, has a long-term partner and three boys, and travels down to Aldeburgh once a year for our family get-together.

If anyone is spending time in Germany please let me know, especially if they are anywhere near Hanover, Potsdam or Düsseldorf, where I tend to spend most of my time."

MALAYASIA

Bob Holland (R57-65) got in touch to say that he will try and make a future Hong Kong Supper. He pops up to Hong Kong at least once a year, normally in November to tie in with the Bomb Disposal dinner. Apparently this takes place on the Friday nearest to 5th Nov, in honour of Guy Fawkes!! He goes on to say that ever since that attempt, bomb disposal officers have been overpaid!

SLOVENIA

Jerry Lee (K59-64) had previously got in touch to say that he had moved to Slovenia. He's been in touch again to say that his wine tours are now up and running and you can see more details at www.sloveniawinetours.eu

SOUTH AFRICA

Guy Brooke-Smith (S41-44) got in touch to say that he was interested to see my previous article with news of **Alan Richardson (S34-40)**. He says "*A couple of years ago, about the time **Oliver Bridges (S45-50)** passed away I tried to get hold of Alan without success. Oliver always kept in touch with Alan after he left Zimbabwe & returned to UK. I tried various sources in South Africa but without any success. I had assumed that Alan had probably passed on. I did not know where to contact his son whom I assume is still in Natal. Perhaps you could advise me of Alan's address please. I would like to get in touch with him again. I lost touch with Alan who went to Natal after many of us left Rhodesia.*

*You also mention **Chris Seddon (S43-50)**. We lost contact with him several years ago when his e-mails were returned, perhaps you have an up to date e-mail address? I was also interested to see **Martin Burleigh's (S42-47)** name. I remember him well and we competed for the same bottom position! I went on to train for the sea in HMS Conway, & coincidentally will be going to Merseyside in August next year to attend the 150th Anniversary of HMS Conway & will no doubt meet up with many old shipmates. If Martin Burleigh is still in that area I will try to contact him. Look forward to hearing from you." [Now done, although I've not been able to get in touch with Chris Seddon recently]*

THAILAND

John BIRT (S59-63) was interested to see the great photo of **Nick Allan (R59-63)** in the Newsletter, as he was a contemporary of his at Fram, but in different houses. He says "*we both played in the Rugby XV, Hockey XI and Cricket XI. He was a very useful & quick opening bowler (left arm) and I was first change!! In the Rugby XV he took the short range place kicks & I took the longer ones!! He joined the Grenadiers hoping to get into Sandhurst but for some reason did not make it and left to go to the USA with Nick Arthur. It was a pity because at that time Sandhurst had a host of OFs including me, **John Wollaston (R58-64)**, **Hugh Jenner (G58-63)**, **Richard Vaughan-Griffith (K60-64)**, **Ben Barringer (G56-61)** and **Tony Brodie (K56-62)**. Great fun it was too! Nick sends me e-mails on a regular basis but for some reason my replies are rejected. If you are in touch*

with him you might ask him to have me unblocked [done]!! I do enjoy the new Mag and the web site so well done to whoever organises them.”

He also went on to say that the Hong Kong Supper was a lot of fun. **Richard Sayer (S56-61)** was stymied in that he had planned to join us but then had to attend some business function in Bombay. He has kept in touch with him over the years and he has **Ian Howard (S57-62)**. He says that both of them beat him at school but that he deserved it!!

UGANDA

Brian Pretty (S52-56) got in touch in August 2008 with an update on his work in Uganda “*Forgive me for the apparent silence from this end after my promises of last year to try and make the next SW supper. I am afraid it was not to be.*”

I went out to Uganda again early this year and have only been back a short while and now find myself on the way back once more.

Sadly, several severe problems that need my attention have blown up and I look like having a long session of living rough and trying to overcome the impossible. One day, unless eaten by the natives, I will be able to write a book on all of this but knowing your kind past interest, just wanted to bring you up to date. I have to work in rebel territory for a while but hope to be back in the UK next April. Will let you know how it all goes then.”

Our thoughts are with you during this testing time in Uganda.

USA

Nick Allan (R59-63) – after publication of the Newsletter, Nick got in touch to say that he was honoured that I used his picture for the Overseas Bag page. He offered to give me a day out in it if I visited San Antonio (and before gas hits \$10.00)!

Andy Roberts (G73-79) lives near Houston and I contacted him immediately after Hurricane Ike to check he and his family were OK. This is his account :-

“Hi guys, I just thought I would give you a brief account of the hurricane and let you know that we survived it! We are always watching one storm or another at this time of year but otherwise pretty much go about our business. The weather guys are always scaremongering about the probability that it will hit our area and they never do – even when they pass by fairly close it is just another rainy, windy day in Houston!

So, it was without too much concern that I took off to Vancouver knowing that Ike was ravaging Cuba and headed into the Gulf. As the week went on it started to become clear that Ike was going to make landfall somewhere along the Texas coast and as it ever more certainly turned to the North and West the phone calls home became increasingly more tense! I still wasn't dreadfully worried about it as I knew that the storm wouldn't hit until early Saturday morning and I was due home on Thursday night – however, I am always out of town when these things happen and knew that I would have to earn some brownie points back when I got home so I dispatched my neighbor to go and get me 16 sheets of ply-wood to board up the house (boy do I owe him!).

By the time I got back on Thursday it was now obvious that whether the storm turned away from us or not it was going to be close and we were going to see some weather. I half expected to be in grid-locked traffic for hours trying to get home from the airport after our experiences with evacuation during Hurricane Rita but it was the opposite. The evacuation weary folk of Houston had either left early or not at all, and the drive from the airport was spooky – the highways were virtually empty except for a constant stream of ambulances evacuating patients from the hospitals in Galveston. I picked up some last minute supplies (3 cases of Miller Lite) as Blythe had already done the bottled water and battery thing. I earned my Brownie points back by staying up all Thursday night measuring windows and cutting boards and then spent all Friday boarding up and preparing for the storm. We chocked the wheels of the boat and travel trailer and let the tires down to stop them from rolling and parked the horse trailer in front of the barn to break the wind before it went through the door.

I called my buddy Dennis (an ex-marine) at about 4pm – he lives (lived) in a huge gorgeous house on Galveston Bay (4 miles from us) on 4 acres. I told him not to be a hero and to come and ride the storm out with us at least some distance from the water. He told me that Marines don't evacuate and pointed out that his 300 foot pier was at least 9 feet above the water on a normal day and his house was at least 9 feet higher than that – although he admitted that the water was getting a little high. He called at 5 and said that the water was at the top of his pier, he called at 6 and said that his pier had collapsed and been washed away, he called at 6:30 and said that waves were crashing against his windows and he was coming to my house. He never made it but did make it to another friend's house closer by. The actual storm was still several hours away this was just the storm surge!



Meanwhile at home we cooked dinner and started drinking. The weather was eerily calm with the occasional gust of wind. The Chicken Kiev's were ready at 6:59 and at 7pm on the dot the power went out (I think they turned it off on purpose to prevent fires once the lines started coming down). We started playing poker by candlelight and then the storm came.

I have seen hurricanes on TV and been to places that have just had them. I have evacuated and been through the hassle of looking for gas and living off fast food etc. etc.. However the real thing is something else. It is a bit like the difference between going to a Formula 1 race and watching it on TV. On TV it is quite exciting watching a bunch of cars going fast but when you are there and can feel the speed as well as see it, smell the rubber and be deafened by the shriek of 950hp at 16000rpm and feel the whole ground shake as they pass, it is a whole different experience. That's sort of what it was like. An unbelievable experience that I am really glad I experienced but will be quite happy never to experience again.

We stood in the shelter on our breeze way and watched trees fall and bits of debris fly through the air, we watched rain that seemed come from every direction including straight up. I trained the flashlight on the shed and wondered when it would let go, then the barn, and saw 4 sets of eyes staring back at me (3 horses and a goat). I thought about my pathetic storm defences and realized that it was about as effective as a band-aid on an amputation. We watched with curiosity as our 30 foot palm tree took on an ever more interesting lean and finally came to rest on the roof (very heavy – not good). When I suddenly found myself lying on an upturned pool chair Blythe suggested that we go inside (to be honest it could have been the beer). And then it stopped (the eye). We walked around the neighborhood under the stars and surveyed some of the damage and it was dead calm, weird – and then it started again! I had seen enough hurricane and it was 3:30am so I went to bed. In the morning I could not believe what I saw. The other side of the hurricane had returned the favor with the palm tree and saved me some work by lifting it off the roof and depositing in the back yard exactly where I

would have put it. We had big tree limbs broken everywhere, millions of leaves and twigs covering everything and the pool looked like vegetable soup. I went out to where the travel trailer should have been and it was there - no damage, then the boat, no damage - nor the barn, nor the shed!. All of my homemade window blinds were still there and then I started to notice pieces of roof and chimneys in my front yard. I surveyed for damage and realized that this debris was from other people. Our house did not have a scratch on it. The rest of the neighborhood was another story!

I got in the car to go and survey the area and got about 100 yards where a tree and power lines were across the road. I went home and got the dirt bike and tried again. I rode around trees, crashed cars, power poles and pieces of people's sheds (all except mine) and headed for the coast. I rode down FM 517 in about 18 inches of water for 5 miles with water as far as I could see in every direction - it was like riding across the ocean. I thought I would ride down Bay Shore Drive to Dennis's house to survey the damage but unfortunately Bay Shore Drive wasn't there - I don't mean flooded or covered with debris - it was just gone. I say bits of it 100s of feet from where it used to be and other bits that had toppled into the bay. In some places there were bits of tarmac held in place by boulders half the size of cars that had been tossed out of the bay somehow. I tried to get to Dennis's by a different route but the road was blocked by a State Trooper who told me that everything from then on to Galveston was closed and would be for days and in any case there was no point going down there as destruction was 100%. Pelicans were standing around everywhere in the street looked totally confused about life.



I took a different route home not fancying my chances in the floods again. I passed South Shore Harbor, which usually has a picturesque little lake in front of it (now a small ocean) and noticed the roofs of a Hummer and Ford Expedition poking out of the middle of the lake. Both passenger doors were open so I guess the people got out but quite how they got into the lake is anyone's guess. I got home, hooked up the generator to the travel trailer, turned on the TV and the AC, did a quick inventory of the gasoline situation (boat full - 30 gals, all 3 cars full - 60 gals and a spare tank of 15 gals and realized that we were good for a month if needs be). So we started cooking the slowly defrosting meat from the freezer starting with the most expensive (Rib-eye steaks) and it was hurricane party time at my house. I now know neighbors that I have only nodded at before and everyone helped everyone with the clean-up, clearing the road, cutting down trees etc. etc. Everyone in the street suffered some damage except us. Our house burned down 2 years ago so some may say that it was time we got a lucky break but in reality I think it had a lot to do with it just having been rebuilt to highest storm codes.

I tried several times over the following days to check up on friends - Galveston Island, no entry or exit - too dangerous, Bolivar Peninsular - no entry even to emergency crews but reportedly completely washed away, Tikki Island - entry only to residents and then only to "look and leave", Clear Lake Shores - entry to residents only but houses condemned to demolition etc. etc.. I went to check on our sail boat, no damage at all, tied up to the dock just as we left it with the ropes still coiled up even though every house on the street had major roof damage.

A week later and 2/3 of the area still has no power, many with no water or sewage. Ours all came back on 2 days ago and life is slowly returning to 'normal', stores are starting to open and the evacuees are starting to return. Driving is interesting with most stop lights out (Texans aren't much good at driving even when they work). The cleanup will take a very long time and some areas will never recover or are just plain gone (some of the above mentioned).

The death toll so far is remarkably low but will increase. The authorities know for sure that people stayed in

Bolivar and Tikki and especially Galveston and other areas that suffered 100% destruction. They are saying that some people will never be found.

Dennis showed up a day after the hurricane. He had hiked to his house after the State Troopers had stopped his car. He said that things looked good from a distance (a great distance). He found his front door in the street 300 yards from the house and things didn't look so good. Half of his 100 trees are down, his shed and garage and Jeep were gone. All the windows were broken and his furniture was piled up in heap broken against the far walls of house. His fridge had migrated somehow to the living room and everything was covered in mud. His front yard is full of boulders (I told him he should make a rockery). He said the upstairs looked pretty good but the house was making strange creaking noises so he thought he had better leave, so he came to my house. He said it felt strange that his only possessions were a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and a Mercedes 500SEL, I told him that I did know how he felt (the fire) and that I didn't even have a Mercedes – not only that but he was exaggerating because he still had his cell phone even if I did have to charge it for him. So we had a few beers. He said he is going to rebuild (and I thought only the Californians did that). “

Click here <http://www.oldframlinghamian.com/images/articles/AndyRoberts-HurricaneIke.pdf> to see all his pictures.

Noel Hume (37-39) was delighted to receive the Overseas Bag in early 2008. *“Although I left at the outbreak of war (my uncle who paid the fees inconveniently died in August of '39) and so none of the people who have responded remember me or I them, it is reassuring to know that there are OFs around the world to carry the flag and keep our traditions alive.”*

He reported that he had to go down to Roanoke Island, North Carolina to the Lost Colony site next week to do the British TV archaeological show Time Team, which will air in winter 2008. He had also just finished his autobiography, which had gone off to his publishers, who he said may very well hate it “much too long and half English and half American and therefore neither fish nor fowl. But we shall see.” The autobiography runs 556 pages or 174,545 words.

He last dug at Roanoke Island in 1991-1993 and found the remains of the first American Science Center where Thomas Harriot and Joachim Ganz had their assaying and distilling research set up. It dated from the expedition of 1585-86 and not the later "Lost Colony", which is what Time Team hopes to find.

Apart from the communication I had from **Alan Richardson's (S34-40)** son, Noel is currently the oldest correspondent to the Overseas Bag, so good to hear from you.

Bryan Ivory (K48-52) - I followed up on Bryan's previous comments about his hobbies of painting miniature figures and building model ships. As a result, I have now added Bryan to the distinguished section of the SOF website, where you can see pictures of a number of his brilliant works and how he creates them – see

<http://www.oldframlinghamian.com/images/articles/BRYANIVORYK48-52.pdf>



In September 2008 Bryan and his wife celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary with a train trip across Canada from Toronto to Vancouver, followed by a cruise to Alaska.

PETER MACFARLANE (Z73-81) was back in touch after a problem accessing the website. He said “the canoe building is now a reality. I've yet to sell any, but last spring I completed my first and we paddled it through the summer, putting it through its paces. Over the winter I spent time restoring our original canoe and also learning html in order to build a website. It's now online



(www.OtterCreekSmallcraft.com) although the search engine submission and optimisation is proving more challenging. Next project in the workshop is to build my other design. I've just been marking out the form outlines, ready for cutting, and then it will be on to ripping strips and sticking them together! I'm attaching a few photos of the first boat in various stages of completion and use. Thanks for keeping in touch.



Alfred Molson (K38-43) regular keeps in touch by phone from near Houston. He's a great advocate of using Skype and after a lot of nagging I have finally purchased a headset and set myself up on the system. For those of you who have already been converted to the wonders of this system, my username is chris.essex1 Subject to already having internet access, calls are absolutely free between users.

Back to Alfred, every phone call contains a wealth of snippets about his rich and varied life. I'll have to try and get him to put them down in writing in an autobiography one day! After not hearing from him for a little while I got the following update “*It is nice to know that someone some place thinks of you! Yes I am doing fine, may be the reason I have been silent is that I have been busy, my wife has had a problem with a nerve in her leg, She spent four days in bed about a month ago, the first time she has been indisposed in the 59 years we have been together (except for childbirth!).*”

We are in The Dog Days now, 75F overnight low (usually reached about 5:00 am) and 98F in the day time with 99% humidity! Expect it will last another 45 days. Radio news just announced that the ‘feels like’ temperature outside is 105F. Result is we stay indoors in the a/c all day, except to venture out to buy food and see the Medics. My Sunday morning routine is to get out and cut the grass starting at 6:00 AM on the dot, the earliest I am able to use the lawn mower. The law requires no noise from 10.00 PM ‘till 6:00AM.”

In August he enquired about the oldest OF living in America – **Ken Wiseman (K33-39)** who was born in 1921. He and Alfred overlapped one year at Fram and both were in Kerrison. He had phoned Ken several times and left word of who he was and asking that he call back, but no answer. He also called the New England home. I confirmed that we had a valid address were still sending the publications to. Alfred gave me some more background on Ken. “*He retired as a Senior Executive of Exxon/Mobil and worked in their NYC HQ before retirement. I have spoken to him several years ago, also his wife. They have a house in The Bahamas Out Islands where they spend winters.*”

When Hurricane Ike struck near Houston I immediately tried to contact Alfred to check he and his wife were OK. After hearing nothing, I asked **Andy Roberts** to see if he could get in touch with him. After a few days Andy told me that he had established contact with Alfred and that he was OK but suffering a lack of electricity and fences. After about a week I finally had a long conversation with Alfred. He was without power for 8 days, but apart from that and some fences down they were fine. After a previous hurricane he had made shutters for every window and he got these up before the storm hit and left them there for about 48 hours. He's thinking of getting the shutters painted by a local artist to create a bit of a talking point! He said that around 9000 guys from 31 US States and Canada were currently fixing power lines in and around Houston.

Bryan Pearson (S45-47) was in touch again to say that he and his wife were coming to England for a few days between 17th and 25th July. He wanted to know if any OF events were on during this time, but sadly there aren't. They will be in London for a couple of days before visiting his brother in Suffolk. The College will have broken up by then, but I'm sure someone would be around to give him a guided tour if would like one. He last visited the College in 2000.

At the end of his trip he took a cruise around the UK on board the Grand Princess, which you will have read elsewhere is captained by **Nick Carlton (G63-70)**. I arranged to pick Bryan and his wife Celestine up from their hotel in Southampton and join them, with my wife, for lunch on-board. After an enjoyable lunch, Nick took us on a tour of the ship, including the bridge. Bryan will write up a report on his cruise for a future publication. Pictured are Bryan, Celestine and my wife Eryl.



On his return home to Hawaii Bryan sent me the following account of his recent trip to the UK :-

“Six weeks after I underwent successful major surgery for colon cancer, Celestine and I flew to San Francisco on July 17th, waited 5 hours for a flight to London, then arrived at Heathrow at 4.30 pm, a total of 19 hours flying time. Needless to say, we were completely numb by that time and stayed in London for two nights to attempt recuperation.

We then took a train to Ipswich and spent four delightful days with my brother Ian and his wife, cruising the countryside and visiting old haunts, Woodbridge, Framlingham, Felixstowe Ferry etc., enjoying several ploughman's lunches and glasses of Guinness along the way.

On July 24th we took a train back to London, then to Southampton where we stayed overnight in preparation for boarding the Grand Princess the following day. At 11.30 precisely we were collected, as arranged, by Chris Essex and his charming wife, and taken to the ship, which we all boarded to have lunch and meet with Nick Carlton, the Captain and very good friend. We met Nick afterwards as he was unable to get away from his shipboard duties to join us for lunch, also he had family members on board, his wife Raquel, young son James, and his sister had come down to visit him for a couple of hours.

The Essexes left us shortly before sailing, having had a short tour of the ship, bridge etc. and we cast off a little bit later than scheduled as there were some passengers who had been delayed due to their flight from the US having been diverted to Shannon, Ireland, for a medical emergency.

The itinerary was quite port intensive i.e. not many days at sea, which is not my favourite way to cruise but this was the last opportunity we had this year of sailing with Nick, also we planned it so that we would be aboard for son James' 4th birthday on August 4th.

First port of call was Guernsey in the Channel Islands, which I found particularly interesting, as it was the only British land occupied by the Germans in WW 11. Evidence of the occupation was everywhere, from gun emplacements to heavy fortifications all round the coast and an enormous hospital dug, virtually by hand, out of a mountain of solid rock. Apparently the occupation was a terrible time for the islanders, although most of the women and children had been evacuated beforehand, as the Germans were very heavy handed after the first two years and they brought in thousands of forced labourers, mostly Russians and Jews, whom they worked, literally, to death. As they fell from starvation and exhaustion, they were left to die and later transported to mass graves.

Next port was Cobh, Ireland, the last port call of the ill fated Titanic as she set off for New York in 1912. Thence to Dublin, a charming city with a lot of history as it was the birthplace of the revolution that finally separated the country into Eire and Northern Ireland.

The fourth port was Liverpool, where we encountered our first really rainy day, but the bus tour we took was very interesting and the rain let up until just before we returned to the ship.

Then back to Ireland, Belfast, where we again took a tour by bus but didn't see any traces of "the troubles", apparently the Irish have decided that it is better to live together in peace and quiet, if not total harmony, rather than shooting and blowing each other up.

July 31st found us in Scotland at Greenock, then we had a wonderfully relaxing day at sea until arriving at Invergordon in Scotland on August 2nd. Thence to South Queensferry, also in Scotland, on August 3rd.

We thoroughly enjoyed Scotland although, in retrospect, it all becomes somewhat blurred, what with the visits to castles, delightful villages, battlefields (Culloden), Loch Ness etc., and excellent lunches wherever we went.

August 4th was, thankfully, a sea day and also James' 4th birthday party which was well attended and quite delightful in the Captain's Cabin. Lots of gifts, including ours from Hawaii, and James was of course very excited, although slightly under the weather from an antibiotic shot he had received earlier for an infection.

August 5th was, perhaps, the most memorable of all. We docked at Le Havre, France, early in the morning and then took an 8 hour bus tour through the city, countryside and eventually, at Arromanches. This is the site of the D Day landings, where the Mulberry Harbour was built, using 15 old cargo ships that got there under their own power and were then sunk to form a breakwater. There is a fabulous museum there and the remnants of the Mulberry Harbour are still very evident off shore.

From Arromanches, we drove along the coast to several of the famous beaches, ending up at Omaha Beach and Pointe du Hoc, where the American Rangers scaled seemingly impossible cliffs to dislodge the Germans who were heavily entrenched above.

The most moving moments however, were at the Military Cemetery, which holds over 9,000 soldiers, mostly American but also some British and other nationalities. The rows of crosses, mixed with many Stars of David, are beautifully arranged symmetrically so that, whichever way one looks, they are in a straight line. No doubt most people have seen this cemetery on TV or in the movie "Saving Private Ryan". To realise how many brave young men, mostly in their teens or early twenties, gave their lives in such numbers to rid France and the world of the Nazi scourge, is terribly humbling. I brought a jar of, what was then bloodsoaked, sand home with me and it sits next to my computer as a constant reminder that "Freedom is not Free".

All the best to you and Eryl, have a glass of wine for us on your cruise."

Bryan has also commented to me that he has never had any contact with OFs visiting Hawaii. He would welcome any OFs passing through Hawaii to get in touch with him.

Andy Roberts (G73-79) has kindly responded to an appeal in the last Newsletter to help Brian Cull with a biography he is writing on his grandfather **Squadron Leader Bill Vale DFC AFC (1923-30)**, who is included

in the Service section of Distinguished OFs. Both he and his mother have met up with Brian on one of Andy's frequent trip to the UK. We all look forward to reading the biography when completed.

Richard Rowe (S65-74) has also felt the force of hurricanes this summer although thankfully not Ike. He gave the following thoughts on living with the aftermath of a hurricane :-

"I managed for a few days without power and it is terrible - the obvious - no air-conditioning, no fans, no fridge/freezer, no cooker etc. The cell phone tower and internet are down. The petrol station pumps don't work. The supermarkets can't store fresh or frozen product. The cash tills and credit card systems don't work; and most stores are so dark without lighting it is difficult to get around. The bank ATMs don't work, so you don't have cash or credit. It is pretty miserable; on top of which you may have a damaged flooded property with no way to do repairs or clean up. Kids to look after. It becomes sheer hell after a couple of days."

He also provided a great link to some more dramatic pictures of Hurricane Ike – http://www.boston.com/bigpicture/2008/09/the_short_but_eventful_life_of

Richard also wins an award for making the most effort to attend the Brandeston 60th Birthday celebrations. He flew into Heathrow from Florida on the Saturday morning and hired a car to drive up to Brandeston. He stayed there until around 9.30pm when he drove all the way back to Heathrow to catch a plane early on Sunday morning to India, where he subsequently spent a week before travelling on to Jakarta and Timor to do a week's work with one of the big Children's Charities. He sent me the following message while waiting for his plane to Delhi *"I had a great time at Brandeston and Fram. Just a shame that I had to cut out so early - around 9.30 to give myself a chance to stay awake for the 2.5 hour journey back to Heathrow. Next time I must plan to stay longer. Visiting Brandeston was eerie. I haven't been there since I left about 40 years ago - and I kept seeing ghosts of my former self all over the place. Everywhere I went, I could remember times of being there, doing something. Glad to hear Alfred is ok. Several people at the dinner asked after him."*

Ian Seeley (S58-65) – I've heard from him a couple of times during 2008 and I noticed that Ian signs off his e-mails with "Proud Parent of a United States Marine", which prompted me to ask him about his son. He replied *"I have a youngest son presently in Afghanistan. I am very proud of him, he is a Gunnery-Sergeant already and is as keen as mustard. My oldest son and I continue to work on aircraft parts, for everything from the C-5 Galaxy, A-10 and other fixed wing aircraft components to parts for various helicopters. As VP Engineering I get to play with some great toys, such as our new 6-ft diameter autoclave. All computer controlled and lots of fun. So our family is definitely connected, since my younger boy has spotted some of our parts in his helicopters in the field. Isn't that great?"*

As I write tonight I am in Georgia, by the Alabama border, working on setting up some air monitoring equipment for the State of Georgia and the US Environmental Protection Agency - a sideline that I have been doing since helping to design and set up the network with the EPA some years ago. I help the state with the starting up of three systems - upwind, downwind and inside Atlanta, each spring. The automated systems then collect air pollution data (ozone precursors) until October. One site is in downtown Atlanta, another is downwind in a Trappist Monastery, and this one is high on a mountain in the middle of a cow pasture, with views for miles and miles. So I get to spend a couple of days in Rockmart, Georgia. This is typical of small town America. Pickup trucks and gun racks. I shall shortly leave to go directly to Chicago, where we have two systems, one at the end of the Navy Pier, which juts out into lake Michigan, and the other in the town of Northbrook in a water treatment plant. They monitor the air crossing over into Upper Michigan and Detroit. From there I will head back (driving as usual) up through Port Huron and around Lake Ontario through

Canada to Niagara, and thence home to Connecticut. It is a triangle of roughly 1000 miles each side, and so I am feeling the effects of petrol (gas) prices. Fortunately I can get through Canada without a fill-up, which is priced in litres like the UK. Well, I'll attach a photo I took as I was leaving my Yorkville site tonight. I think the bystanders were sad to see me go."

