

# Society of Old Framlinghamians

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## “HERE & THERE” (Overseas Bag)

In the last Newsletter, Richard Rowe indicated that a combination of work commitments and a desire to spend more time with his young family have meant that he needed to make the sad decision to relinquish editorship of the Overseas Bag. He does, however, continue as a vital member of the web team.

So who am I? My name is Chris Essex (K69–75) and I have volunteered to pick up the reigns from Richard. Although I went to Framlingham with him, my family is now fairly grown up (but not yet fled the nest or wallet!) and I have chosen to retire early and therefore have more time available.

However, this is not supposed to be about me, but what our adventurous OFs living overseas have been up to. As is customary, I issued an e-mail in June 2006 to all OFs living overseas, who have registered an e-mail address on the SOF website and I’m very grateful to all those who have been in touch. I trust that my editing skills have done your many and varied messages proud and its great to be able to include the full details on the website.

Due to space constraints, a very much abbreviated version of this news will appear in the next Yearbook.

Keep your messages and news coming in, along with your photos.

## AUSTRALIA

**Chris Shaw K50-56** sent the following message to Richard :

“You may have got out of the clutches of the OF Magazine, but I trust the occasional letter and update of you and your family would be very welcome, even if it is meteorologically biased! Seriously, with ‘the Boys’ to cherish and nurture, you and your lovely wife have your hands full. Loved the picture in the Newsletter! A word to you from this end of life: I turned round twice and my children were in their twenties. Yes, we did a lot together, and we are very bonded, but the time of growth and development can be more entertaining than almost anything I know.”

In a separate message to me, Chris wrote :

“Greetings and welcome! I enjoyed e-mailing Richard, especially before, during and after hurricanes around Florida. So far, he and his family are unscathed, which is heartening.

I left Fram, worked as Apprentice in Boots, Tavern Street, Ipswich, (no longer there), Pharmacy studies Leicester and Portsmouth, Medical Rep London (62-65), overseas Medical Rep. then

Area Manager for British (then!) West Indies (65-72), then Australia. Went to Cairns, had two Pharmacies, two marriages and two children. Now semi-retired, writing bits, doing some locum work and trying to get a Pharmacy-related business up and running. Laughing a lot, keeping up high levels of anti-oxidants-mostly in the Red form – plus house and garden maintenance, and trying not to kill Rebecca’s three cats for waking me at all hours by wanting to be where they are not! What else is there?

In Cairns there is another OF who not only was a contemporary of mine, (or me of his), but a friend and fellow Pharmacist to boot, one **Peter Hughes (G51-56)**. During the year we have had a number of unofficial OF dinners with our wives, to converse, to commiserate at having only 2 metres of rain this season, to taste a bottle or two, and generally have a jolly good time, with decorum, naturally. We have worked, in tandem as loca tenens (if my Latin holds up!) on occasion, at one or other Pharmacy around Cairns. Peter tends to wander further away to exotic places like Thursday Island in the Torres Strait, or west to Cloncurry, or even south to Ayr. The area is approximately the size of UK and has 150 Pharmacies, maximum.

We were side-swiped by two cyclones this year, with the Innisfail one, “Larry,” a Category five, coming within 100km of my having to build a new house and start collecting books all over again. The only thing you need to know about a Category 5 cyclone is that “you should be afraid, be very afraid”! Currently we are enjoying winter days at 26C and nights 15-18C.

I am in touch with **Paul Williman (K 51-57)** in Norfolk, **Clive (K 49-53)** and Judith Simpson, **Mike (S 50-56)** and Mary Craven, **Clive Hedley (G 58-67)** and Phil and Dee in Sydney. This year my parents are 99 and 97! I’m hoping the genes translate!

We look forward to conversing in this medium in the future. Thanks for your time and effort in taking on the role.”

In July I received a further message and picture :

“Peter Hughes and his wife Janet, and Rebecca and I had, yet another unofficial OF Dinner on the occasion of Peter’s birthday; and at our age don’t ask which one! The Ladies decided, over our emancipated suggestions that they had not quite achieved the level of preparation that would allow them to be happy in the photo! Janet had been up since 3am, Peter had flown to a court case (not his!) to the other side of Cape York, and Rebecca and I had done 10 hour days too, so it was not, perhaps the best set-up for the Ladies! Next time, perhaps! Peter is on my right in the photo. Thanks Chris, and all the best!”



*Peter Hughes (l) and Chris Shaw (r)*

**John Gates S44-48** provided a further update in July :

“In Dubai at the moment - just for 1 night before starting 4 months away. We have booked cottages in Pembrokeshire 2 weeks, Shropshire 2 weeks, Rutland 1 week, Oxfordshire 2 weeks - a cruise in the Med from 1-17th Sept, plus catching up with cousins in Norfolk & Suffolk. Should be good. Regards.”

**Bob Munro (R '56-'60)** got in touch about being awarded a bronze medal at the 2006 Commonwealth Games in Melbourne, along with fellow OF Mike Garnett (R, '54-'56). For full article and pictures see separate news item.

He got in touch with me again just before the deadline and sent me the following article on his exploits in film making – he certainly puts his hand to anything!

“Thanks for your email of 18th June, wherein you advised that you have taken over editorship of the Overseas Bag from Richard Rowe. I had planned to write this item last year (2005), but I ran out of time, and I also had doubts as to whether it would be interesting enough to Yearbook readers. However, as I have recently submitted an item to Norman Porter about my exploits during the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne earlier this year, I thought maybe the story I have to tell now would be O.K. after all. I hope you do find it to be of interest.

The story begins in early March 2005, when a small advertisement appeared in our local newspaper. The ad. was headed "Open Casting Call for film Charlotte's Web. Do you want to be an extra??" As a person who goes weak at the knees just thinking about speaking (let alone performing!) in front of others, I hardly gave the advertisement a second glance, but something caught my eye! It was the date on which the 'auditions' were to take place, March 19th. That date just happens to be my birthday! It turned out that Paramount Pictures were going to shoot some fairground scenes for the film in a nearby park.

Charlotte's Web is a children's story (written by E.B.White) about a spider and a pig, plus some other farmyard animals. So my maiden performance on film was to be with both children and animals; what would W.C. Fields have thought about that, I wonder? The film is part animation and part real (so to speak). The voice-overs for the cartoon characters are being 'performed' by Julia Roberts, Oprah Winfrey and John Cleese amongst others. There was an all cartoon version of the film which was made in the late sixties or early seventies, with Debbie Reynolds voicing the main part (the spider).

So, on a very hot and sunny Saturday morning in March, I set off in the car with my wife to drive the couple of kilometres to the place where the 'cattle call' was taking place. Of course, there were dozens of people already there, mostly young hopefuls (hoping for the big break, I suppose), and the queue was quite long. Too long for me, anyway, so I said "let's continue on and do our shopping, and forget about it". Anyway, after a brief discussion with my wife about opportunities, experiences, doing something different etc. I eventually hopped out of the car and joined the others in the very hot sunshine and jolly long queue.

Just over two hours later (!) I was finally in the building and out of the sun, but it was another half hour before I was at the front of the line and ready to embarrass myself (or be embarrassed)

by whatever is done at an extras casting. I needn't have worried, the procedure was quite straightforward:- personal details were taken, a passport type photo was taken, with each applicant holding up a different ID number; hat size was measured, and other measurements were taken for shirt size, jacket etc. Then another photo was taken, this time with four or five other people. So, praise be, I didn't have to dance or sing or perform a mime, or do a charade or some such as I feared I might! And being of mature age helped too, because they needed a broad cross section of folk from very young to quite old and naturally enough there was a preponderance of teenagers. The setting after all, was to be of a typical autumn country fairground in Maine USA, around the early 1950's.

Thus I spent the next two weeks nervously glued to the 'phone, not wishing to miss the call of a lifetime! Just joking! But I really did get a call from the casting agency eventually, and was asked to attend 'Wardrobe' for a costume fitting at an address in Melbourne City. It was a very wet day when I went, and the procedure was quite entertaining. There were two or three small tents erected around the yard of the Paramount (temporary) H.Q., and the idea was to go from one to the next picking up bits of information along the way. Finally we got to the place where we were checked for our outfits of one sort or another, depending on your job placement. In my case I was 'general public' (country hick to be more accurate), dressed in jeans, denim shirt and jacket. Of course, most people had their own basic clothing, it was only some specific areas where a suit (mayor and committee) or laboratory type coat (animal and food judging) was required. I was given a well used jacket and an even more well used check shirt to complement the other part of my wardrobe. Once the wardrobe people were happy with your outfits, yet more photos were taken, this time with each of the two "costumes" that had been allotted, and of course the ubiquitous ID number. All this information and supplied clothing was then assembled into a plastic bag for pick-up at the film set site.

We frequently drove past the park in Heidelberg where the film was to be shot. It is actually a football oval (Aussie rules) which is set in a natural amphitheatre. A grassy and wooded hill surrounds the oval on three sides, with the road twisting past the flat part. For a few weeks before the shoot, you could see the whole thing taking place, fast food stalls (some real ones) being set up around the perimeter of the oval, and the usual dodgems, roundabouts, a carousel or two, the dreaded 'octopus', a Ferris wheel etc. all



*Bob Munro in costume (l); and Bob in front of a fake tree (r)*

being erected over the 'footy' ground to create the fairground for the movie. A gravel 'road' was built, some sheds and other props were also built, along with a grandstand and stage for the mayor and the committee to present winners trophies at the end of the day. Would you believe that the final touches for the 'set' included large camouflage nets in several spots to disguise

some houses in the far background (and some of those same houses had camouflage netting over their roofs to further disguise them), and spray painting all the trees from a 'cherry picker' around the long side of the oval to give an autumn look (actually it's an American film so I should be saying 'fall', not autumn, I think). Despite the fact that April is autumn in Australia, due to the run of really fine weather the trees hadn't even started their autumn molt. They must have had to use fifty gallons of paint to do it because there are a lot of trees there. Amazing.

Finally, the shooting began in early April. We had previously been advised by 'phone the date and time when we were due on set. As the starts were very early (as early as 6 o'clock some mornings), breakfast was provided. The routine was to sign on, collect various tickets for meals and light refreshments, head for wardrobe to find out which outfit was required for the day's shoot, toddle up to makeup to check hair (some of the girls had their hair plaited etc.) and put on sun screen. Back to the food tent for breakfast, then wait for the mini bus to take us to the actual set itself which was about 300 yards further down the road. There you would wait in a big marquee until called by one of the several assistant directors who would show you where you were needed, and what you were supposed to do. The excitement was quite intense on the first day as very few of the extras had done anything like this



before. By the way, I forgot to mention that there was anything from five hundred to eight hundred of us extras (depending on the day's shooting requirements), so the logistics were pretty complicated. And there were some major stuff ups, believe me!

I found it most interesting to see the main characters and the camera set ups during filming, with large screen reflectors, huge spotlights and an army of people doing really technical stuff controlling the whole shebang. The sound people had their own mini tent with all their gear set up, there was another one for a digital camera which was duplicating the film camera (for instant replay and continuity requirements), and all manner of wardrobe and makeup people swarming (or should that be fawning?) over the major stars. A young lass called Dakota Fanning was the main star, but for the life of me I can't remember any of the other major performers. With every scene change all the technical stuff was moved and set up in its new location, and quite a smooth operation it seemed to be, because there was miles and miles of cable going every which way, all of it having to be out of shot, of course.

For the most part, we extras simply had to walk up and down, talk to our 'partner', wave to a 'friend', turn around, smile a lot, and appear to be having a really great time! If the director wasn't happy with a particular scene (a frequent occurrence), the assistant directors shifted people around, changed flow direction slightly, put more bodies in this spot and less over there, brought in a few extra props (candy floss, balloons, soft toys, Coca-Cola etc.), and then the scene would be re-shot. It was always exciting when the director called "Silence on set. Start the Rides. Sound roll. Cameras roll. Background action (that's us!), and finally, Action"! Most scenes only

Lasted from about twenty seconds to sixty seconds at most, and usually they were redone four or five times. If the shot was especially important it could be repeated seven or eight times, although some only had to be done two or three times. Between each take there was a fair bit of hanging around and waiting, waiting, waiting. And of course between set ups there was even more hanging around and waiting. But the weather was nice, we were getting paid (not much, admittedly, but it was tax free), and it was fun talking to one's fellow thespians.

On one occasion volunteers were required to fill some seats in the octopus ride, which many years ago was one of my favourite fairground thrills. I had a youngster alongside of me and it was still a thrilling ride, going up and down, round and round, up and down. But usually the ride is over in a couple of minutes, however this time we were on it for about half an hour, stopping and starting as required by the director. Luckily for me the teenager had been tucking into the junk food, and was starting to look and feel somewhat nauseous and had to get off during one of the breaks in filming. I got off too, because I was also feeling dreadful, but I wasn't about to admit it to a mere kid! I still have some pride left!

One morning there was a small notice at the signing-on tent, indicating that a few extras were required for a Ferris wheel scene which featured two of the main characters (Dakota Fanning and A.N.Other). Of course I volunteered, and was lucky enough to be chosen for the scene, along with about twenty others. This time, we were very close (would you believe six feet?) to the cameras and the action, and I loved it. I spent nearly three hours on the Ferris wheel itself, and about three hours in the 'queue' waiting to get on the wheel. Who knows, I might even be seen for a microsecond on screen if I am really lucky! Apparently the film is due for release in December 2006, so we are looking forward to that. The filming lasted for nine days, and I was fortunate to be involved for eight of them. The weather was terrific every day, although it tended to be rather cool early in the morning, but soon warmed up as the sun rose above the horizon. A most interesting experience all round.”

**Peter Risk (R 55-60)** got in touch to notify a changed e-mail address. He added that he “came out to Australia in 1961, farmed in NSW for four years, back to UK for three, then out here to Western Australia in 1968 as a builder (and still here). Life is a bit more leisurely now though, more time spent share trading and enjoying the best climate in the world!”

**Jonathan Amos (S 67-71)** sent me congratulations on my new job :

“Nice to hear from a Fram contemporary though I can’t remember us having much to do with each other at the time. Being two years older and in a different house was no doubt the reason for that.

And congratulations on retiring to take up art. I had many miserable years as an accountant but have finally landed on my feet with my own business as an MYOB consultant in Perth, which I love. So I have no intention of retiring. However, I find I am becoming more and more intolerant of certain aspects of Australian society (e.g. crime, hooliganism, 4 wheel drives, the Aussie accent etc etc!!!) and, having married a Japanese wife and having visited Japan six times now, I

am now contemplating my second emigration to Japan! Not sure when, my wife seems to prefer Australia, but she's only been here two years. In a word, I find Japan so civilized."

**Nick Carlton (G 63-70)** responded to an e-mail of mine in June :

"Your memory serves you well and you are quite correct that I was House Captain of Garrett and **Jeremy Page (K 62-70)** was Head Boy that year. You have jogged my memory and I remember both you and Richard. With email I hope to correspond a lot better in the future.

Like you I have basically only worked for "one" Company since leaving Fram but it has gone through various transformations with mergers, demergers and take-overs. Passenger shipping didn't look too promising in 1970 when the Boeing 747 came along so it is amazing how things changed with cruising. Not that I had intended making this a lifetime career but that is how it is working out!

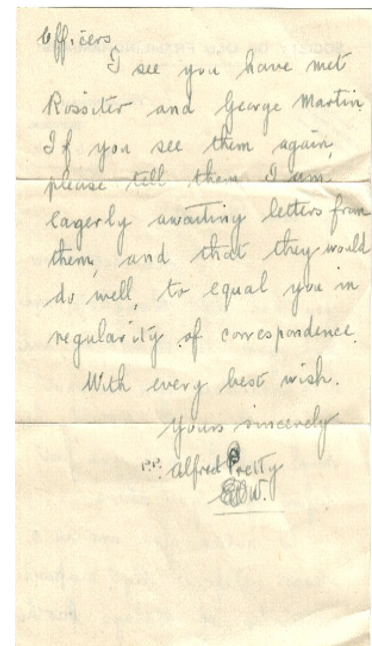
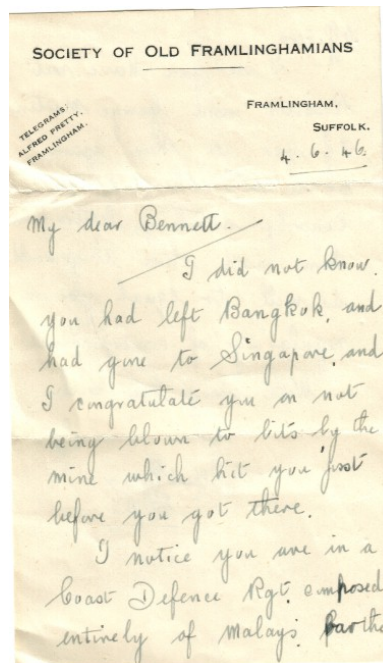
Currently in Skagway, Alaska on 10 day cruises out of San Francisco on the Regal Princess having trans-shipped from the Grand Princess in the Mediterranean (Naples) a couple of weeks ago. Due to return to the Grand on 23 September in the Med for 6 weeks.

Will be in touch and thanks again."

**John Bennett (G34-42)** also got in touch recently :

"Many thanks for your recent email, and a very warm welcome to the new Chief Scribe of our OF Overseas Mailbag. You stand in a great tradition of Richard Rowe, Tom Saul and others going right back to Alfred Pretty, from whom I still have a letter written while I was serving overseas in 1946. I am sure much of the strength of the Society is due to the dedication of its officers over the years.

It was good to get your profile and to hear of your experiences so far as you reach the half-way mark of life. May your work with the OMB bring you much satisfaction and enjoyment in many new relationships. And may your Life Company continue to support you all the way to your century. Incidentally I took out my first policy with AMP many years ago and still pay my premiums!



Thinking of centuries reminds me of cricket, and recently my wife Dorothy and I queued up early one morning for tickets for the second Test in Sydney next January only to be told there were none left. There has been a tremendous rush for tickets and I believe thousands have been sold to English supporters – all good for the tourist trade! We gather there is more excitement and interest than in any series since the Bodyline Tests of '32 – '33. Fortunately we managed to get tickets for the England versus Prime Minister's XI here in Canberra at the end of November, and for the second of the one day matches in Sydney in February. Dorothy is a born and bred Aussie whilst I have only lived here for the past 50 years so our support is equally divided. The exciting news of today is that Australia has just got into the next round of the World Soccer, so maybe Australia will meet England in one of the finals!*[Unfortunately this didn't happen for either of us!]*

I am still in touch with several of my contemporaries including **Ken Knight (K 32-38, 85 on July 6)**, **Mike Dobson (R 34-42)**, and **Mike Abbott (K 34-41, Canada)** who with his wife Diana paid us a very enjoyable visit a few years ago.”

**Paddy Newbery (The Master Brandeston Hall 1980 – 1985)** got in touch and gave an update on his sons :

“My son, **Simon (Z 81-86)**, has just informed me that my name is listed as an honorary OF and I was delighted to learn this. Please convey my sincere thanks to the Society.

Simon may not have mentioned that his elder brother, **Jon (R 79-84)**, became a Chartered Accountant after graduating in Physics at Nottingham University and after working in Poland throughout most of the 1990s moved, together with his wife and three children, to Sydney in 2000. He finds the lifestyle there much to his liking.”

**Tom O'Donald (S '51-'57)** gave an update showing his fantastic sense of humour despite his considerable medical problems, an example to us all :

“G'day Chris and thanks for taking on the Overseas Box from Richard. He has done a great job with it; in fact it was through him that I came back into contact with the Society after a break of almost 50 years and I have managed to catch up with a couple of very good friends I had at Framlingham, **Martin Wolferstan (G 52-57)** and **Mike Geddes (S 51-55)** with whom I keep in contact via the powers of email at regular intervals.

You ask me what I have been up to of late; sadly not very much in the way of news. I have developed a brain dementia which has robbed me of my ability to walk, and has now affected the muscles of my throat so that I run the dangers of inhaling food and thus giving myself pneumonia. The whole thing was delightfully put by my neurologist who said, in 2 minutes flat :-

1. If you get pneumonia it would be pointless to do anything much about it, save to keep me comfortable



2. Appoint a power of enduring guardianship so that these wishes may be passed on;
3. And this is the killer, "Can we please have your brain".

Thank heavens I have (at least at the moment), not lost my somewhat macabre and warped sense of humour although, when they took my driving licence away, it did cause a bit of a downer for a while but it is surprising what one can do with a gopher and the local bus and train services. The real benefit comes in supermarkets when, at last, I can have my own back on those females who thrust their trolleys ahead of them at high speed while looking sideways at the shelves. Well, a bloke has to have revenge doesn't he?

Hence there is little in the real way of news from my end. My wife and I have booked a cruise in November up the Queensland coast and so I am hanging on to go on this and then, one of my sons is walking down the aisle for the third time next March and, even though I have watched him do this a couple of times already, I would very much like to keep going long enough to see him repeat the exercise."

In a further e-mail we exchanged discussions on cruises and my firms previous ownership by AMP (Australian Mutual Provident as was) :

"Yes, we did do one cruise (if you can call it that). We travelled all the way from Adelaide to Melbourne (about 38 hr) and it was so rough, due to a very deep ocean swell and a southerly gale that happened to coincide (I had my son's G.P.S. receiver with me on the upper deck and it was showing variations of up to 11 metres above sea level; so rough in fact that the swimming pool actually emptied itself over night as the water formed great waves sweeping up from one end to another; a kind of tsunami effect! Not that either of us were sea sick having constitutions of iron, but it did make walking around the ship a little on the uncomfortable side! So we are hoping this may be a somewhat warmer and smoother trip although, knowing our luck, we will get a tropical cyclone come in! However, being stuck in a wheel chair is about the only way we can take a holiday. My gopher only has a range of about 9 km so it might take a while to get very far!

Glad you have visited our wonderful country. I arrived here in 1971 and would not want to leave for quids. If you ever get a chance to come over again, try to visit some of the other parts of the country as Sydney, although a good place to visit and one with a wonderful harbour, is just another city.

Your mob must have been the lot that caused the AMP shares in Oz to drop right through the floor [*I denied this was the case!*]. It didn't affect me as we didn't have any shares but our friends next door were not too excited to see their share holding which comprised a large part of their superannuation fund, drop from the original purchase price of about \$13 down to \$4. Anyway, I will certainly try to keep in touch, not that I will have much in the way of news for the Overseas Bag. Best wishes"

## **FRANCE**

**Pat Rogers (R 56-60)** got in touch in June :

“I have not written to "the bag" for a while - the usual run of excuses. I still live in France near Arles, where we run our nano-sized business of holiday cottages (read all about it on [www.camargue-nature.co.uk](http://www.camargue-nature.co.uk) ! - but I have been very lazy about putting the website in order) and the occasional residential English immersion course, usually with the language section of the local Chambre de Commerce. And I go off on the odd consulting mission for a week or six at a time, usually and preferably to the Far East, usually something to do with biodiversity, national parks or forests. Most recently to review an EU natural forest management project in China, but I also drop in to the Philippines from time to time.”

In a further e-mail Pat provided some interesting insight into China and his work there :

”When I first went to Peking you could hardly see the sun even on a clear day. Big piles of low-grade coal outside many buildings, all of which ended up in the sky. Now all the district heating is on natural gas, as are the buses and taxis, or many anyway. The result is that the city is now every bit as clean as London and talk of smog is simply uninformed. No litter either - street sweeping labour is cheap! But the place is getting crammed with cars and the cleanliness must have reached its best. I fear it will be difficult to avoid deterioration from now on. Some sad things are happening, like the banning of bicycles in places, but that too is changing as the authorities adapt to the horrors of gridlock and vehicle exhaust. Beijing has big problems blowing in from the west, though. Major duststorms, overgrazing, deforestation, poor land-use planning (well there isn't any as we understand it) and the like have led increasingly to desertification. What better solution than to hire Pat Rogers to sort it all out?

My first visits to China were for a nature reserves management project, funded by GEF (Global Environmental Facility, in that case administered by the World Bank), helping them to organise management of reserves in the State Forestry Administration. Later I went to write a biodiversity project for the EU, an exercise I started in 2003. As far as possible I tried to stress biodiversity outside nature reserves - if 15% of the country is in theory protected in some way (in reality truly protected areas are a fraction of that) then way upwards of 85% is unprotected. I was fighting what I call the Panda Syndrome - China has made a huge and creditable effort propping up the panda, but its environmental value is very small. Conveniently forgotten is not so much the Three Gorges Dam (no spelling mistake!) but the other equally large dams planned upstream, or the sequestration of most of the water in the Mekong river which will have huge consequences for countries downstream. Or in sum the very low level of land-use planning - biodiversity should be a fundamental part of that, not for the sake of the panda or other spectacular fauna usually at the end of its evolutionary life anyway, but because we depend on it. Your septic tank or sewage treatment plant will not work without it, blow the panda! So that is the sort of thing I get up to.

Don't misinterpret me, I do want to keep the panda, and the elephant and the blue whale, and the ... But they will not save us from ourselves. They are only symptomatic of the much greater evil of senseless environmental administration, or lack thereof. Why give fishermen quotas they cannot fill - because there aren't enough fish! How does endless growth in transport fit in with breathing clean air, let alone climate change etc.

I digress. My January visit was to an unrelated project, but in the same theme. China has instituted a logging ban, largely as a result of the major flooding in the Yangze valley in 1998 in which several thousand people died. The ban had a whole raft of consequences - re-employment of former forest workers, social knock-on effects, disruption to the livelihoods of villages dependent on forest, grazing land, rising imports of wood and wood products, putting increasing pressure on other (exporting) countries etc. So the project was intended to deal with some of those things.

Enough - the boss is calling. At least this is a bit more worthwhile bag material.”

## GERMANY

**Babette Klitz (formerly Schmidt) (V 84-86)** got in touch about a change of address. She and her husband have moved to Berlin after 7 years in Brussels. Her husband works for Volkswagen and they have 2 boys aged 11 and 9. Her sister **Annette Netti (formerly Schmidt) (P 80-82)** lives in Berlin too and is also an OF. *[Given the number of OFs living in Germany/Berlin it would be good if someone there organised an OF gathering – volunteers?]*

## HONG KONG

**Bob Fox (R66-71)** got in touch with the following news :

“I was in Fram (R66-71), so we must have crossed paths on various occasions. I’ve now been back in Hong Kong for almost 6 years, having spent 13 years in Australia and a further 8 in Hong Kong, one in Spain, another around Europe, which takes me back to roughly 1975 when I left UK. I will get round to writing something in the future once my table is a bit more cleared. I’m working at a university over here teaching IT in education. I think there are several OFs in HK, though I’ve not met them yet. Family and other commitments get in the way.”

After I responded to his e-mail, he sent the following :

“Wow, 22 OFs in HK. That’s a surprise. Yes, I think some OFs have gathered but I’ve not joined them as yet. Re your question about changes in HK. I first came here in 79 then left in 83, back in 84, left in 88, back in 2000. Yes, there’s been lots of changes but it’s still fundamentally the same vibrant and safe place. Our kids have much more freedom here than we’d feel comfortable giving them in UK or Oz. I’ll attach a mug shot of me – send me one of you sometime to jog my memory [which I did].”

“Thanks for the photo – it’ll help jog my memory. What would be good would be to get someone to collate as many photos as possible of Fram days and put them on a CD. I’m afraid in Hong



Kong I have no OF photos – they must all in a loft in Oz! *[I directed Bob to look at the gallery on the SOF website].*

My close friends at Fram were **Andy McConnell (R 66-71)** and **Gordon Gibbons (R 66-71)**. I've been in contact with both and have met up with Andy a few years ago. He stays in contact with **Ed Babbage (R 64-69)** and **Nigel Parsons (R 64-68)**. Back in 2000 I was in regular contact too with **Martin Hogg (S 63-71)**, who's now at Bury St Edmunds and **Jonathon Amos (S 67-71)** who's living in Perth.  
All the best."

**Chris Hall (G 62-69)** sent through an article about his collection of Chinese textiles, which appeared recently in Arts of Asia and an earlier OF publication. He also added :

"I will visit Fram for the first time for many years on 25-27 June 2006, when I will give a talk to the college about Chinese textiles. It will be interesting to see how many teenage students are interested in this subject. I suspect that it will not be the highlight of the school year, especially when it has to compete with exams or time spent lying in the sun! *[CRE - I look forward to hearing how this went]*

## MALLORCA

**Michael Evans (S 45-48)** got in touch to say that he had nothing to add at the moment which could remotely be of interest to other OFs but added :

"The only other OF currently on Mallorca to my knowledge is Ian Foster (K 46-53) who you probably know. He lives on the other side of the island & we see each other from time to time."  
*[CRE – and Nick Cook (S82-87) runs his own Estate Agency in Menorca]*

## NEW ZEALAND

**Nick Marsden (G 72-76)** got in touch about his recently published book (see news section for more details) :

"Would be delighted if there was something on the website about my book "Shedding Skin". It is my first novel, and it is intended to be a comic look at being an immigrant and learning English in New Zealand. The action centres around a dodgy English language school which is above a massage parlour in a sleazy part of the city. Aside from immigration, it also pokes fun at bio-security issues, as snakes start turning up in New Zealand when there aren't supposed to be any."

Following his return from a trip to Japan, he was good enough to provide an update on what he has been up to, other than writing his book :

“I have now been in NZ for 14 years, having initially come here for a month to co-run a teacher training course. After leaving Fram I went to Portsmouth Poly (flatting with **Tony - Tonka-Woods K 68-76**) and as soon as I graduated, I headed off overseas to teach English in Morocco. After 3 years I moved back to London, did some further study and took a job directing an English school in Izmir, Turkey. After 2 years there I returned to London and I started to get into training teachers, and some of this work was in the teachers' own countries. I got to work and travel to places such as Argentina, Brazil, Poland and Thailand.

I have now been in NZ for 14 years and am applying for citizenship. I have always been a bit of a nomad, but I have now established some pretty solid NZ roots, especially since the birth of my daughter, Naomi, who is coming up to be a year old. Yes, I am a late starter - I only just got married for the first time last year - but I gather Charlie Chaplin only had his first child when he hit seventy (and he had 11 kids when he died...).

I have managed to keep in touch with **Pete Rodulfo (R 70-75)** and **Bill Shipley (G67-76)**, but it is so easy to lose contact with people, so I glad to be reconnecting again. It was good to get the novel published last year, and I hope to do more writing in the future, so watch this space. Best wishes Nick.”

## **SOUTH AFRICA**

**Adam Phillips G78-83** got in touch again in June :

“Hi Chris. Not much to report from Cape Town. This is Africa after all! Still work for Investec Bank. Watching the World Cup on television, it is hard to believe that it will be here in 4 years time. Good luck with looking after the Overseas Bag.”

After asking him who he was supporting in the world cup he replied :

“I think most South Africans are supporting Ghana. I am really a rugby and cricket fan. But, I am sure 2010 will affect us all.

I know **James Campbell (M 74-82)** from Fram, but have not met him out here. He was in Rendlesham along with **Tim Smart** (who I do know very well). I think Tim spends sometime down here and sometime in the UK. I think James works for De Beers.

You should come down here. Cape Town is an unbelievable place. Great golf courses. Going to watch the Boks play France on Saturday.”

**Hilary Dods** was in touch with the Secretary to report the sad death of her father **Alan Dods (R 27-32)** on 6 March 2006 – see obituaries for full details.

**Thomas (Tim) Lewis (K 53-59)** was in touch :

“I was at Brandeston and Fram from 1951 to 1958. I shall be staying in Colchester from Mid August to Mid September so will arrange visit to College then.

I was wondering if the Cadets have their own mess or pub as I have an army plaque from my old regiment which I can give to them as well as a book. If this is acceptable could you let me know and I will bring the items with me *[Norman provided the following response to Tim - there is not a cadets' mess or equivalent. In fact, the new licensing laws have created a bit of a furore, in that none of the U18 can now legally be served a drink on school premises! They are now converting the area under the chapel into a new sixth form centre. However, what Tim proposes is specifically "army" so I suggest that he makes contact with Martin Myers-Allen who is Contingent Commander, and he may well be the person to make the most pertinent suggestions.]*

**Guy S. Brooke-Smith (S 41 – 44)** got in touch with the Secretary about the following sad news :

“Today I received a phone call from **Bernard Bridges (S 45-54)** with the sad news that his brother **Oliver Bridges (S 45-50)** had died in hospital on Tuesday 18th July. When we lived in Rhodesia & later in Johannesburg Olivier was almost part of our family & he was a very great friend. Bernard asked whether **Alan Richardson (S 34-40)** was still alive *[he is]* - I believe he is still in Kwazulu Natal, South Africa. Would you please be kind enough to let me have Alan's address & if possible a Tel. no.? Olivier and he were also close friends & I would like to pass on the sad news to Alan. I have not had contact with Alan for over 10 years & I understand that Bernard had a phone number but was told that Alan no longer lived there. I also wonder what **Alan Dods (R 27-32)** address is now in Surrey? - I understand that he moved from Norwich some years ago. He also knew Oliver quite well. In fact Alan Dodds partner in Bulawayo brought our 2nd & 3rd children into the world in 1961 & 1962! My wife was a nursing sister as was my late sister Andrea who used to live in Bealings. My home as a boy was in Hasketon. In September we will be visiting my 4th brother Charles in Parham for 10 days. This will be our last trip to UK - can no longer afford it & becoming very long in the tooth! I would much appreciate any info you can pass on.” *[Secretary sadly had to advise Guy that Alan Dods had died earlier in the year – see above]*

## THAILAND

**Michael Regan (M 77-79)** got in touch to briefly say “I tried to get in touch with **John Birt (S 59-63)** in Koh Samui but both of us were busy and could not make time. I am back in Bangkok, my home. I hope to eventually meet John Birt soon. Say a big thank you to Richard.”

## USA

**Niall Foster G73-75** emailed from Troy, Ohio. In a series of e-mails he gave the following reflections on his time at Fram and what he has been doing since :

“Chris, I most certainly do remember you; you were one of the more pleasant chaps I met during my 2 years at Framlingham. Unfortunately they were not the most pleasant of my adventures, but the years have managed to dull the unpleasant and reinforce the more palatable memories and so I looked up the OF’s a few months ago on the internet.

Work schedule willing I still want to write something for your overseas bag, probably not so much about me and life after Fram, but more of some of my obscure recollections of my time there. You ask what the main cause of my dislike of my time there was, I suppose after being an unholy tear away in the Caribbean paradise of Trinidad, I felt that my wings were severely clipped by the life at Fram; mind you I think that was my Father’s intention since he had pretty much given up on me. I was also a “Johnny come lately” who did not fit amongst kids who had been there since they were children in some cases, for those who had been at Brandeston Hall. On top of this I don’t think many of the Masters understood where I was coming from and what I was dealing with; especially Hugh Kennon! I was delighted to get the mail about **Pete Rodolfo (R 70-75)** and his art show; I checked out his website and rather liked some of his oils. Also to hear that **Nick Marsden (G 72-76)** has published a novel; I seem to remember Nick in Garrett House, a good lad.

As promised earlier here are a few of my memories of Fram, scary but mine.

I remember skiving off from one of the monotonous Saturday evening performances at the main auditorium and sneaking down the main hall toward my study in the Garrett corridor when I had the misfortune to run into Master John (Ted) Whipp as he left the Master’s Common Room. Fortunately Garrett Head Boy **Simon Narrowway (G 72-75)** and Master Hugh Kennon had made me a house prefect. (I think they thought the best way to tame my wild West Indian ways was to use the tried and true boarding school theory of giving a renegade some authority thereby bringing him into the establishment and making him toe the line, fools!) Quick thinking made me respond to his barked question of what the hell was I doing there at that hour with the answer, “Looking for skivers Sir!” “Good Idea” says he, “jump in my mini and let’s check out some of the downtown pubs”. Oh boy, what a quandary, I knew most of my fellow subs were downtown in pubs drinking; I wasn’t with them since I never had any money. Well, off we went, no sooner did we enter town when we ran into good old **Sam Slade (K 71-75)**, three sheets in the wind and stumbling home. Well the matter was made better since I think Sam was in Master Whipp’s house and it gave him an extra degree of satisfaction in a job well done (sorry Sam).

Now Master Whipp, having caught Sam, had no intention of getting out of the mini and venturing into every pub in town, especially when he had me to whom he assigned the task. Fortunately all the pubs were clear except for the saloon bar at the Castle Pub that had a garden door that opened onto the Meers and Castle direction, a great escape through which the dozen or so Fram prefects who were there could high tail it back to Fram before we returned. This little adventure earned me several free pints in the subs pub over later weeks!

Then there was the time when I returned from spending my summer in the Caribbean and had brought back a treasured jar of my Mother’s home made Mango Chutney and some very Hot Pepper sauce. Most of the lads who sat at my dinner table had sampled a wee drop but respected the fact that the pepper sauce was, as we West Indians liked it, very hot and my stash was limited and grudgingly shared. Then came the fateful night when we sat down to Bangers and Mash for

dinner and Master Hugh Kennon sat down at our table. In his broad Lancashire accent he asked, "Eh Niall, can I try a bit of your chutneys?" Of course none of us bothered to explain to him that one was very hot pepper sauce as he lathered his bangers and mash with my precious stash. Give him his due, he finished his plate to the exclamations of, "Eh Niall, it is rather hot" then took off in a rush mopping his sweaty bald head to find some cure for his burning mouth, much to the table's delight. He never asked for more of my precious stash again.

Shortly after arriving at Fram, I was assigned, along with a new American kid called Dan, to the two bottom bunks in the pecking order of the dorm. Dan was an extremely loud snorer and after suffering with this for several nights, Hansel Senior who was the dorm captain, called out to me to wake up the Yank and tell him to stop snoring. As instructed I did and was informed by Dan the Yank that he could not care less if he was snoring, it was not his problem and if I woke him up again I would regret it. He promptly lay back down and soon re-started snoring like a train. As a new boy I lay there wondering what was worse, defying Hansel Senior or braving Dan the Yank's wrath if I woke him again, as he was rather a big lad. My quandary was soon solved by **Simon Cain (G 67-75)**, who slept in a bed slightly further down the row. Simon was a soldier's son and had a wonderful pair of knee high army issue boots. Seconds after the snoring resumed one of these heavy boots soared through the air and landed squarely, heavy leather sole down on Dan the Yank's face, miraculously ending the snoring that night.

Another Sub (prefect) duty I was given was to look after a dormitory of about fifteen 13-year olds. The Fram dorms in those days did not have very good windows and the only heat was a solitary hot pipe that ran the length of both walls. As a result we used to sleep under multiple blankets. The mornings when the exquisite aromas of Kippers for breakfast rose up the four floors from the dining room were the worst. Most of my dorm would refuse to get out of bed until they were physically thrown out on the floor, mattress, blankets and all after last rising bell. Then they had to scramble to put the bed back together before Miss Wright, the matron, made her rounds of bed inspections.

As a West Indian, winters were a bit of a shock to me, especially the East Anglian winter with its lazy wind that went straight through instead of around you. I remember my first good snowfall when the sixth form took control of the path at the top of the embankment below the castle walls. The juniors had to climb up the embankment and try and take it from us and we would dive off using two or three of them as our toboggan all the way back down. Or there was the time when we had the study in Netherby and I ruined Simon Cain's electric heater by toasting bread on it and allowing the screwdriver I was using as a fork to touch both the element and the front grill! hey what did I know about these things!

I fondly remember Master Les Gillett who made us all read Lawrence of Arabia aloud to the rest of the class and gave me a theory to live by. He claimed to have been a code cracker in the War and told some wonderful tall tales. He did tell us though, that we had no right to comment on or criticize anything, like the Ballet, the Opera or even the bum sleeping under the railway bridge until we had personally experienced it. I took him on his word and for the experience actually spent one night sleeping in the open under a London railway bridge just to try it; I even attended performances of the Ballet and the Opera too! I suppose not everyone at Fram was as crazy as



me, but I try to live by that theory to this day and have often told this particular tale to my kids. It is strange what things stick with you over all these years.

For instance, there were the two Asian Brothers who would get up early every morning and run four parallel baths each of differing temperatures so they could bathe in their traditional style jumping from one to the next as they cleansed themselves. They could never understand why we westerners liked to wallow in our own dirt after washing it off!

There was another lad I remember called **Martyn Crook (G 70-75)**. His father had made a small fortune in the London building industry and had sent his young cockney lad, Martin, to public school with the same false hope my father had of polishing him up and straightening him out. As a prefect, every time I caught Martin smoking I would simply confiscate his cigarettes and keep them myself. I did wish he smoked a better brand than the awful "Number 6"! I saw him a few years later in London in a queue to see one of the "Who" Rock Operas and often wonder where he ended up.

It was great to connect with **Pete Rodolfo (R 70-75)** through the OF site and checking out his art work on his website, well done Pete. I remember going off on one Easter Break to see some band in Norwich with Pete and others. The plan was that we would kip on Pete's brother's apartment floor. Needless to say the plan never materialized and we spent the night sleeping on the stalls in Norwich market until the Old Bill chased us, then we kept ourselves warm with the hot air hand dryer in the local public loo until we could get the first bus home. Congrats too to Nick Marsden on the publication of his first novel in New Zealand, who would have thought!?

I remember Reverend Law; he was a good, kind, but somewhat misguided soul who arranged all these great trips to church events or to do charity work at the local Lunatic asylum that were always attended by the least likely cast of characters. Not a good Christian among us, we were only along because the Mills Grammar School girls often attended the same functions, ask **Dickie Sheldrake!**

To close here is a little about me. I left Fram 31 years ago without looking back once and headed for London where the streets were paved with gold and I had friends with whom I could stay. I spent the next three years first working in the bank (soul destroying) and then spent a couple of years in the Metropolitan Police. Before Maggie did away with them, I managed to secure a mature student grant and went off to the Polytechnic of Central London (now the University of Westminster if you please). I started off on an HND since my wasted years at Fram had only earned me an A level in Economics and a half an A Level in General Paper. After the first year I did well enough to transfer to the BA Honors course. Four years later with my Business Studies degree majoring in Marketing, I returned to Trinidad to be with my family since my Father died while I was at PCL. That was the last time I saw **Bill (G 67-76)** and **Richard (Rosie) Shipley (G 67-76)**, my study mates in Garrett who were both also at PCL and with whom I would love to re-connect.

In Trinidad I worked as a Sales Manager first for Pepsi; then for one of the old West India Trading Companies where I met my wife, Karen. She worked for one of the companies we represented, the French's Mustard Company (a division of Reckitt and Coleman of Norwich) in

Rochester, NY. We met at the sales conference in Toronto and married after a long distance and very expensive eight month relationship. That was 21 years and 2 kids ago, unquestionably the best decision of my life.

We lived initially in Rochester, New York where I worked in sales for several dairy and cheese companies including Kraft and the Canadian giant, Saputo, before taking over as General Manager of the Dayton, Ohio based international milk protein powder trading division of the French “Groupe Lactalis”. As part of a strategic consolidation three years ago they had me close the Ohio Division and move it to Buffalo, NY. After moving Karen out of upstate New York years before, I could not convince her to go back to their 6-month long winters, so we stayed here in Ohio. I now work out of my home as part of an international trading group headquartered in Chicago that is a joint venture with the Lakeland Dairy Cooperative in County Cavan, Ireland. I trade internationally in milk proteins and powders and travel extensively worldwide.

We have two wonderful kids, our genius Liam who at 17 is in his final year at High School and looking at the expensive universities like Yale, Harvard and MIT much to my dismay. He has the brains to get in, thanks to his mother’s genes, but I am shuddering at the expense since in this wonderfully free country that is the USA, we are free to choose, but also have to pay! He is an avid rower and hopes to get his Eagle Scout rank before leaving high school. Fiona, our 11 going on 21 year old princess is also a straight A student and sings and dances in a performing arts group, plays piano and this summer is madly involved with her leased show horse. As her T shirt says, I prefer her to be a little girl who whispers to ponies rather than talks to boys.

Attached are some old Garrett house photos (1974/1975)

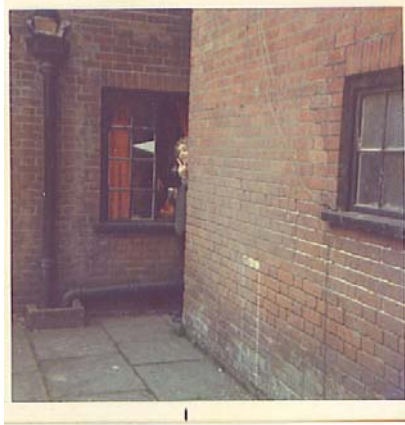


and Rugby photos (School 3 XV in 1974 and Garrett House 1974).



*(CRE – these are now on the website if anyone can help fill in names)*

Also one of Charlie Blackmore performing bell duty in the courtyard outside our study after a summer night in the Sub's pub



and Rupert C. Trench giving me the quaint English version of the universal "Hi" sign as I caught him having a quick puff in the corner of the courtyard.



Lastly there is one of our family last summer and one of me when I had hair at Framlingham.



That's it for now, if they ever get a US section of OF's going, let me know. Who knows where my travels will take me; I may be able to attend a dinner somewhere."

**Bryan Ivory K48-52** got in touch again in June :

"Greetings from North Carolina and congratulations on taking over the Overseas Bag. I wish you much success following in Richards' shoes. I have conversed with Richard a number of times along with **Jimmy Ruddock**, a contemporary of mine. I'm not sure what information other folks would wish to hear about an old "Fart" like me, but if you would like to send me your telephone number, I would be happy to call you and have a chat [*which I duly did – see further details below*]. I recently sent some House photo's to Mark Kendall, Kerrison's Housemaster, but have not heard if he ever received them or not."

In a subsequent telephone conversation Bryan said that after leaving Fram he qualified as a quantity surveyor. He then emigrated to Canada in 1958, living in Toronto for 3 years, before then moving back to the UK for just 4 months, before returning again to Toronto to work in a firm of architects. He then moved to Washington USA and worked for an engineering company. He then happened to spot an advert to do some work at Dallas Airport, but based in Boston and as they say the next 30 years is history.

More recently he has designed and built his own house and lives just 3 miles from the coast in a delightful part of North Carolina. Apart from James Ruddock, he has also kept in touch with **David Pitcher (R 44-51)** who is the current vicar in Framlingham, plus **John Gooderham (K44-53)** and **Michael Brown** .

**Jonathan Ash (S 80-82)** got in touch via the website for the first time in a number of years :

“Although my official base is still London, I am currently encamped in New York for the time being, staying with my girlfriend who works there at the Singapore Mission to the UN. I expect I'll be here on and off until the end of her assignment next year and then who knows where next.

At Fram I shared rooms with **Myer Blackshaw (S 80-82)**, **Victor Cole (S 80-82)** and **Julian Mutimer (S 75-82)** in Stradbroke, 80-82. I have never heard from Victor Cole since I left school - I expect some of his Nigerian contemporaries might have more of an idea. I e-mailed Julian Mutimer a couple of years back and he replied that he was driving a bus for a living in Brighton. I also think he said he was married with children, but that was as far as the conversation went.”

**Peter Ballard (S 57-66)** sent the following messages in response to an e-mail from me in June :

“Welcome to your new job and congratulations.

I really have very little to report, unlike you, both our children have grown up and left home. Our eldest is a Doctor serving with the British Army in the 16th close support medical group, currently posted somewhere in Afghanistan. Obviously that keeps us worried until we hear from him which we usually do each week, though he is limited in what he can tell us. Our youngest got married last year to an American lass, but they decided to do the deed in England, so we headed to Woodbridge last October to see my parents for their 60th wedding anniversary, then the following weekend was the wedding at Easton church with a reception at Yaxley Hall.

I am still in the employ of Rolls-Royce NA traveling the eastern half of the US working the Corporate Aircraft market. My recent acquisition is a true piece of British history a Morgan Three Wheeler of 1933



vintage which I am in the throes of restoring. The car looks great from 10 feet but up close you find all the problems and the chassis tubes had rotted out along with dry rot in the woodwork [*Despite what you say it looks in beautiful condition to me*]. There are about 250 of them over here so I am not completely alone.

Our retirement plans do not include living in England, we will probably move back to Europe but somewhere warm most of the year.

I have only met one OF locally who I ran into at the golf course, he was an American who had spent a year at Fram (*RMR – it was Michael Blake K72-76*). Otherwise I do not have the contact information on anyone else. I guess I should put more effort into it, but what with work any play time is short.”

**Richard Rowe (S65-74)** writes from Florida:

“I am pleased to see **Chris Essex** seems to have already made a big impact with the Overseas Bag. Well done, Chris. Which leaves me to be able to write from the less pressured role as an Overseas Bag correspondent.

I have done so much traveling over the last few months that I begin to forget when and where – maybe it is the grey cells beginning to rot! A lot of new countries for me and to places that, before I arrived, I was a little nervous – such as Medellin in Colombia; and Lahore in Pakistan; plus Israel and Bulgaria; and some of my more usual destinations of Brazil, Mexico, Portugal, Turkey, India and Sri Lanka. I carry a hand-held GPS with me, just in case things go awry so that I can navigate back to my hotel or the airport.

In Medellin, as I departed the arrivals area at the airport in the late evening twilight, there was the expected person holding a card with my name. My Spanish is almost non-existent; and his English was not much better. He muttered “car coming”. Sure enough a large Mercedes pulled up and 4 men jumped out and motioned me inside. Their first greeting was “The road to town is broken, so we take longer route”. As we roared off, I was beginning to wonder how many months of detention in a jungle hideout that the “longer route” might take. However they turned out to be genuine; just shy because of the language barrier; and they entertained me well. As with Pakistan, my local guides implored me to be an ambassador for their “beautiful country”. They didn’t understand why the US and UK have their countries on travel advisory blacklists.

I now have US citizenship but the UK does not recognize the US requirement to denounce allegiance to all foreign countries – so I still have my UK passport as well. But gone are the days from 20-years ago when I could have held my UK passport up high like a shield and walked out of a crowd of trouble in some foreign land. Now I hide my nationality away and try hard to keep out of trouble.

In Israel, I visited a factory just north of Haifa. At the time, my guide explained I was in the safe north of the country away from the Palestinian trouble areas. Today that same area is under attack within all the fighting with Lebanon. I had a little problem getting into Israel as the

immigration were not keen on my Pakistan visa, even though at that time I had not visited Pakistan. However, once into Israel, I did have the pleasure to stay on the coast in the town of Akkor – better known to British historians as Acre – with its beautiful castle stretching out into the sea.



Bulgaria was fascinating if only because the people shake their head for “yes” and nod their head for “no”. I have to interview factory workers as part of my work to make sure they are being treated well. I often use an interpreter but can gauge a lot from body language. So even when expecting this switch in expression, it is still confusing to have someone vigorously shaking their head as if in violent disagreement whereas in fact they are strongly agreeing to everything asked.

On the family front, my three boys are getting very active in sports. My eldest, James, is 6 – turning 7 soon. We have terrazzo floors in our house, so he has taught himself to skate on rollerblades on the smooth floor. So when we put him on ice for the first time earlier this year, he was off and away. We have enrolled him in lessons and he is super keen. So we came to the day of his first ice hockey game last Sunday and he was boiling over in excitement. There are only 3 teams in his “mini mites” league and he is in Team 3. We watched the first game where Team 1 demolished Team 2 by 8-3 with “No.5” on Team 1 doing all the damage. So we had a little chat before James’ team took on Team 1, about the dangers of “No 5” and what might be done about it. Sure enough, one minute into our game, “No 5” breaks free and heads solo towards our goal, only to catch a glimpse of young James skating like mad from up the rink to slide in for a tackle and flatten him. In youth hockey, there is not supposed to be any body-checking but the umpires seemed to allow contact if done in attempt of a fair tackle. James’ defence was repeated time and time again such that “No 5” was shut-out and the opposition only scored mid-way through the third and last period. We lost 2-0 but since we had no reserves and our team played the whole game without substitution; and the opposition was rolling 3-players every two-minutes, I think we did well. I say “we” as Dad was leaping up and down on the spectators’ bench hollering encouragement from start to finish. I now know why they have signs up saying “Zero tolerance to relatives and friends who cause trouble while spectating”, as I was certainly fired up – and a very proud Dad at the end. My younger two boys are also taking to the ice rink, so ice hockey could become a major commitment!