



The Society of Old Framlinghamians
Australia and New Zealand
COMMEMORATIVE DINNER



The Society of Old Framlinghamians
Australia and New Zealand
COMMEMORATIVE DINNER

The Society of Old Framlinghamians
Australia and New Zealand
COMMEMORATIVE DINNER

1865-2015

Published in March 2015 by Chris Shaw/The Society
of Old Framlinghamians Australia and New Zealand

© Chris Shaw/The Society of Old Framlinghamians
Australia and New Zealand 2015

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be
reprinted or reproduced or utilised in any form
or by any electronic, mechanical or other means,
now known or hereafter invented, including
photocopying and recording, or in any
information storage or retrieval system, without
permission in writing from the author.

DESIGNED BY CHRIS KEEBLE, KEEBLE+HALL, LONDON.
+44(0)7850183677. info@keebleshall-design.co.uk

EDITOR: GLORIA WEBB. www.wordfix.co.au

PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA BY FC PRODUCTIONS, SYDNEY
ON ELEMENTAL CHLORINE-FREE PAPER, SOURCED FROM
SUSTAINABLE FORESTS.



The Society of Old Framlinghamians
Australia and New Zealand
COMMEMORATIVE DINNER

1865-2015

To celebrate the
150th Anniversary of the
Opening of Framlingham College

and the

100th Anniversary of the
ANZAC Landings on the
Gallipoli Peninsula



Sunday 19th April 2015

contents

10-24

- 10 About this Book
- 12 Welcome
- 13 Acknowledgements
- 14 Letter of Invitation to Prince Harry
- 15 Reply from Prince Harry
- 16 How we came to be here
- 17 Who are we?
- 19 What do we have in common?
- 22 Where are we now?
- 24 ... and finally

27-38

27 **Messages from Office Bearers**

- 28 Message from Chris Essex, President
- 29 Message from Richard Sayer, Immediate Past President
- 31 Message from Simon Dougherty, Past President
- 32 Message from Norman Porter, General Secretary
- 33 Message from Paul Taylor, Headmaster of Framlingham College
- 34 Message from Martin Myers-Allen, Headmaster of Brandeston Hall

35 **The Australian and New Zealand Army Corp (ANZAC) Tradition**

- 38 **Framlingham College's contribution to the Armed Forces**

41-75

- 41 **Some Australian and New Zealand Stories from Old Framlinghamians living here**
- 42 **Ian Cottingham's Stories (R61-66)**
A day in the Kimberley region of Western Australia, circa 1972
- 43 Brought down to size
- 43 A rowdy night in the Pub
- 44 **Robert and Carolyn Craig's Story (K55-59)**
- 45 **Keith Dann's Story (S48-50)**
An Introduction to Oz
- 47 **Roy Farman's Stories from New Zealand (K47-55)**
The Bull
- 48 The Cows
- 49 The Pony
- 50 **John Gates's Story (S44-48)**
Early experiences and travel as an 18-year-old
- 51 **Katherine Jackson's Story from New Zealand (P86-91)**
'A rose, by any other name...'
- 53 **Neville Marsh's Story (S53-61)**
Remembering the 2011 Queensland floods
- 54 **Bob Munro's Stories (R54-60)**
Snake Story One
- 54 Snake Story Two
- 54 **Murray Munro's Stories (R58-61)**
'Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun'
- 56 A 1970s Australian Welcome
- 58 **Neill Randall's Stories (Z88-93)**
You can eat it, but it tastes like ...
- 59 Boarding Kennels – Australian Style
- 59 A Refreshing Dip
- 60 **Stephen Sayer's Story (S58-63)**
Tales of Australia
- 61 **Chris Shaw's Stories (K49-56)**
My first drink in far North Queensland
- 64 A sort of Stanley-Livingstone affair
- 66 **David Summers' Story (G48-56)**
Reminiscences of my arrival in Oz
- 69 **Your Australian hosts**
- 70 Mike Garnett (R53-55)
- 71 Chris Shaw (K49-56)
- 72 **Vale Len Evans: an influence worth bottling**
- 75 **Commemorative Dinner Guest List**



The Sebel Kirkton Park, Hunter Valley, is a luxurious hotel conveniently located only 6km (3.5mi) from the centre of Pokolbin.



The Hunter Region, also commonly known as the Hunter Valley, is a region of New South Wales, Australia, extending from approximately 120 km (75 mi) to 310 km (193 mi) north of Sydney. It contains the Hunter River and its tributaries with highland areas to the north and south. The Hunter Valley is one of the largest river valleys on the NSW coast, and is most commonly known for its wineries and coal industry.

‘... I mean, you really only need to pick a venue and a date, and invite people, don’t you? How hard can it be?’

About this Book

On Sunday 19 April 2015, a dinner was held at the Sebel Kirkton Park in the Hunter Valley of New South Wales, to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the opening of Framlingham College, and the 100th anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC). The commemorative dinner was attended by Old Framlinghamians and Old Brandestonians who live in Australia and New Zealand, and invitees from all over the world.

This small tome is a memento for all who attended the dinner or contributed to its success. Co-host, Chris Shaw, contributed short stories depicting his idealised memories of English life from afar. Co-host, Mike Garnett, contributed an article about the ANZAC tradition and its historical significance in Antipodean society.

Guests were also invited to contribute stories about ‘something that happened to you in Australia or New Zealand that didn’t, or couldn’t, have happened in the United Kingdom’. Twenty-two stories were received from thirteen authors!

The current major office bearers of the Society of Old Framlinghamians, as well as the Headmasters of Brandeston Hall and Framlingham College, also contributed messages of support for the occasion.

Commenting on the three years it took for the dinner to come to fruition, Chris Shaw said, ‘It didn’t seem that long. I mean, you really only need to pick a venue and a date, and invite people, don’t you? How hard can it be?’

Please enjoy the book.

Welcome

Chris Shaw (K49-56), **Mike Garnett** (R53-55) and **Rebecca Shaw**, as your co-hosts, send our greetings to all Old Brandstonians and Old Framlinghamians living in Australia and New Zealand – and indeed, around the world.

We offer a very special welcome to those of you, here and now, who have undoubtedly made sacrifices to be present at this dinner.

Chris Shaw (K49-56), **Mike Garnett** (R53-55), and **Rebecca Shaw**, your co-hosts, willingly admit that Chris Essex, the Society of Old Framlinghamians Overseas Bag Editor and now President of the Society, has acted as both our compass and our rudder. His past experience of visiting 'Down Under' in 2011 with his wife and family gave him a great background in, and an understanding of the actual situation on the ground. It allowed him to see things from our Antipodean point of view, and with regard to organising this dinner, kept our ship's three figureheads pointing in the right general direction. For his mature judgement, his unfailing warmth and his communicative diplomacy, we thank him. Our communications have, at times, been quite intense, with literally hundreds of e-mails flying backwards and forwards through the ether. It could not have been done in times of quill and parchment; 'Of shoes – and ships – and sealing wax – of cabbages and kings'!¹

Rebecca Shaw, Chris's wife, played a major part in many projects that have helped to make this dinner a unique occasion. At Mike's suggestion, and with Chris's easy concurrence, it was agreed to ask her to be a co-host, thus acknowledging her valuable contribution.

Chris Keeble (S53-59) has used his undoubted expertise to offer us a creatively inspired book design. His talent and cooperation in designing this book is applauded with gratitude.

We are indebted to the management and staff of the Sebel Kirkton Park, who helped make this dinner such a success. Their cooperation and their 'can do' attitude are much appreciated.

To the speakers, the story-tellers and all those who have contributed in any way to this dinner and its organisation, our very hearty thanks.

¹ From poem, 'The Walrus and the Carpenter', by Lewis Carroll, in *Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There*. Macmillan, 1872.

Acknowledgements

Prince Henry Charles Albert David
Clarence House
London SW1A 1BA
United Kingdom

**39 Impey Street
Caravonica
Queensland 4878
Australia**

31st May 2014

Dear Prince Harry

**Re: Invitation to be Honoured Guest at the Old Framlinghamians Commemorative Dinner,
19 April 2015**

As Vice-Presidents of the Society of Old Framlinghamians living in Australia, and co-hosts of a Commemorative Dinner, it is our great pleasure to invite you to be our Honoured Guest. The dinner will be held at the Sebel Kirkton Park, Pokolbin, in the Hunter Valley of New South Wales, Australia on Sunday, 19 April 2015.

Framlingham College was Suffolk's memorial to Prince Albert and opened in 1864, with the first intake of boys in 1865. At the dinner in 2015 we will be commemorating the College's 150 years of constant, high-quality education, sporting and military endeavour, and all those who have been connected with the College.

As part of your military pursuits, you will be well aware of the formation of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC). As 2015 represents the centenary of the Corps' inception at Gallipoli, we are also incorporating a commemoration of ANZAC into our dinner. Many Old Framlinghamians have fought side by side, either from their United Kingdom base or as citizens of Australia or New Zealand. Three Victoria Crosses were awarded to our chaps in WW1, and many did not return.

As you can surmise, Old Framlinghamians are mostly of East Anglian origin, who have willingly embraced the sounds of Apache helicopters, and come from a very wide range of careers and experience, with many, like yourself, serving in the military. Some of us have willingly migrated to Australia or New Zealand and we have decided to have a dinner together to celebrate the history of the College. We have nearly sixty guests committed to attending. With the dinner still almost a year away, it is expected that this number will increase.

We realise that the venue for the dinner may be somewhat out of your way. However, we decided to invite you to attend as our Honoured Guest, in the hope that you may already be in the vicinity, or may even wish to make the venue your destination.

As Antipodeans, we apologise if the protocol is slightly less than perfect. However, as Old Framlinghamians we can assure you that the invitation is very sincere, and we would be delighted to share our good times with you.

Should you be unable to attend, a short message of support would be greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely

Chris and Rebecca Shaw & Mike Garnett
Co-hosts, Old Framlinghamians Commemorative Dinner
cjrshaw@bigpond.com
garnettm@bigpond.net.au



From: Edward Lane Fox, Esq.,
Private Secretary to HRH Prince Harry of Wales

Private and Confidential

16th July, 2014

Dear Mr Shaw

Prince Harry has asked me to write and thank you for your letter of 31st May, in which you invite him to be the guest of honour at the Old Framlinghamians Commemorative Dinner on 19th April, 2015, in the Hunter Valley of New South Wales, Australia.

His Royal Highness was extremely grateful for your thoughtful invitation. Regrettably, The Prince has no current plans to visit Australia next year, and is therefore not able to accept. I am sorry to have to send you this necessarily disappointing reply.

Prince Harry would have me send you his best wishes and thanks for thinking of him in this way.

yours sincerely

PP Helen Tapley

Mr. Chris Shaw

How we came to be here

The Society of Old Framlinghamians' Australian and New Zealand Commemorative Dinner in 2015 has a dual purpose. It celebrates both the 150th Anniversary of the opening of Framlingham College, with its first intake of boys in 1865, and the 100th Anniversary of the landings at Gallipoli in 1915 by members of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (or ANZACs, as they became known).

Coincidentally, thanks to John Birt (S59-63) in Thailand, we have discovered that 2015 is also the 200th Anniversary of Gurkha Services to the Crown. From Roy Farman (K47-55) in New Zealand comes the reminder that 2015 is also the 200th Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, and the 600th Anniversary of the Battle of Agincourt. (Any mention of Magna Carta and the Fifth Crusade from 1215 was thought to be rather over-stretching history.) It would appear, therefore, that we are in esteemed and rarefied company.

The original idea for this pan-Antipodean event came from Richard Overend (S51-57), a Past President of the Society of Old Framlinghamians. Richard was on a visit to Cairns in 2012 with Marion, his wife, and Biz, his daughter who lives in Australia. The seed was sown and germinated from one small item of conversation with Chris Shaw in a very noisy restaurant. Richard asked if anyone had ever organised a joint Australian and New Zealand event, especially since the 150th anniversary was coming up. The answer was 'No,' but the hook had been set; the rest, as they say, is history.

The help I have had in organising this event – from Mike Garnett, Chris Essex (K69-75) and my ever-loving Rebecca – has been sine qua non. Loosely translated, this means that, but for them, you would now be sitting at home, twiddling your thumbs and wondering what to do with your evening.

In the recent past, Australian and New Zealand Old Framlinghamians have gathered around both Richard Rowe (S65-74) and Chris Essex, as visiting Overseas Bag Editors for the Society of Old Framlinghamians, and there may well have been other gatherings. However, this is the first time anyone, or in this case any two, Old Framlinghamians have tried to gather a group together from all parts of Australia and New Zealand, in the same place at the same time, for a dinner. Again, congratulations to everyone for making the effort. When you think about it, we have all come across the world to be here; some earlier, some later.

Chris Shaw (K49-56)

Who are we?

Some of you have kindly written short stories to describe a few of your distinctly non-British experiences. You can read these later for your own entertainment. Those staying 'at home' may well wonder whether we are indeed lucky to be living in such countries, or whether we are an insane minority group, who thus place ourselves in harm's way.

The accumulated risks of living in Australia and New Zealand would tend to be a tad concerning to the average East Anglian. With the potential for cyclones, volcanos, tsunamis and earthquakes added to the stinging, biting, ambushing and poisoning animals *and* plants invading our everyday life, the average East Anglian would wonder, 'Why ever would you go there?' Then there's the ocean, which, in our part of the world apparently represents more danger to human life per unit volume than any other medium on earth.

There's no doubt that the reasons we live here are different for each of us, but probably focus on perceived opportunity, optimism, space and a lack of class barriers. In Australia, it is considered polite to ask where individuals come from, but it is considered impolite to ask why. There may well be 'skeletons in the cupboard' that have been left behind. A new country allows for a new beginning: a rare social tolerance.

Here, there is opportunity, even pressure, for all ages to partake in a thousand sports at every level, and to follow a thousand career paths, including starting your own business with relative ease. There is abundant optimism that comes from a Christian democracy finding its feet on the world stage. There is the space to breathe; for example, driving all day without seeing

another soul,
an activity which is a tad
liberating given there are

seven billion other souls on the planet. (There were only two billion when I was born in 1939!)

The ability to talk to anyone, anywhere, anytime, without that person resorting to his or her status as a tool of social dominance is also very refreshing.

Here is a society that cares tenderly for its aged and infirm, searches avidly for those who are lost (remember Tony Bullimore?²), encourages entrepreneurial skills, and confidently expects a gold-medal level of success by each and every individual and team at every sporting event, whether at home or on the world stage.

'The secret of Australia's good fortune is the Australian character, the nation's greatest renewable resource. Liberated from the constraints of the old world, Australia's pioneers mined the reserves of enterprise, energy and ingenuity to build the great civilisation of the south. Their over-riding principle was fairness: everybody had a right to a fair go and was obliged to do the right thing by others.'³



² The Australian government sent the frigate HMAS Adelaide about 3000km in to the Southern Ocean to rescue Tony Bullimore, an Englishman whose yacht was damaged in a solo round-the-world race.

³ From the description of 'The Lucky Culture' by Nick Cater, Harper, Collins, Sydney, released in May, 2013.



'Liberated from the constraints of the Old World', pretty much says it all for me, but then I did start my travelling in the early '60s. I suspect much has changed in Europe since then – Europe, for a start.

My experience of life in New Zealand is limited, but I am sure that the description above pertains equally to New Zealanders, who also punch well above their weight on the world stage. I give you Sir Edmund Hillary, Ernest Rutherford, Archie McIndoe and Dame Kiri Te Kanawa as prime examples. There's also the indomitable All Blacks rugby team, the America Cup success in 1995 and some of the finest white wines in the world.

One incredibly tenuous link between Framlingham College and New Zealand, apart from those stalwart Old Framlinghamians who live there, is that my Physics Master, Mr. 'Pop' Haynes, was present as a student at the monumental event when Ernest Rutherford first 'split' an atom.

I do know that Australia is an extraordinarily large village in that the top people in every field of endeavour are known throughout the land by their first names, or their nicknames. That's very refreshing, bearing in mind the pomposity and arrogance of some European societies.

I believe the majority of Old Framlinghamians who have made the move to Australia or New Zealand are ecstatic to be here. Watching the world news makes us realise that our lot will continue to improve, compared with the rest of the world.

Chris Shaw (K49-56)

What do we have in common?

In the final analysis, what we really share is the Brandeston/Framlingham experience, and while this doesn't automatically make us close friends, it does give us more in common than less. I well recall my keening loss of 'home' during my first week at Brandeston Hall, weeping out of sight behind trees with a friend who felt equally abandoned; a state cured only by some very hard mental work and some quite robust physical play.

These years of our growth have the capacity to bring, later in life, mutual support and communication, which tends of late to be called 'net-working'. I prefer the older, more compassionate and less analytical term, 'bonds of friendship'.

Our experience was considerably more than just 'education', much of which in my day was learning by rote. (I still remember those tormenting columns of French irregular verbs!) It also encompassed exposure to physical skill acquisition, with competition at House, team and individual level, apparently in as many subjects, sports and past-times as were available anywhere on the planet. I recall being part of forming a Natural History Society because one didn't exist. We did some major work with moths and butterflies, including breeding any caterpillars we found. And who else in the world has played 'Fives', apart from Old Etonians, and a very limited number of *Homo sapiens sapiens* var. *publicschoolensis*, a species which, it must be admitted, is a wee bit thin on the ground?

Only recently has the value of dreaming and imagination been acknowledged and encouraged by educators to shine light into hitherto dark corners of ignorance,

creating an ambience that stimulates the invention of questions never before conceived. This inevitably leads to novel answers, further inspiring yet more questions; a far cry from 'learning by rote'.

After leaving school, the benefits of our education became obvious to our local contemporaries, in that we could go further, endure longer and learn more. We were also able to work unsupervised, either solo or in teams. We had a thirst for knowledge that in many cases has lasted our lifetimes and, just as importantly, that we could adapt to alternative realities. Such is 'Education' with a capital 'E' – proving the adage that 'Education is the kindling of a flame, not the filling of a vessel', variously attributed to Socrates and Plutarch. (The pre-modern equivalent is, 'Education is lighting a candle, not filling a kettle.' Would the current saying be, 'Education is lighting an LED, not filling a latte cup'?).

Immigrants throughout the world carry with them 'baggage' from their past. Like snails carrying their shell 'houses' on their backs, they tote their accumulation of life values and experiences from their countries of origin. Old Framlinghamians in Australia and New Zealand are no different. That 'baggage', however, becomes as heavy and important to us as we want to make it, once the technique for shelving it has been mastered.

Naturally, we bring our family and societal values with us, as well as our lessons from school, usually augmented with further study or hands-on work experience, often in some unexpected niches.





We also bring with us the memories of our British-ness as being an integral part of who we are. History and beauty frequently inhabit similar spaces, and we wistfully remember the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, the splendour of the Cotswold villages and countryside, and the Bard of Avon. There are moody fells, moors and dales, and Vera Lynn's white cliffs of Dover. There's London with its own icons of museums, galleries and theatres; meeting under the clock at Waterloo Station; the Mousetrap; and the Tower, doused deeply in historical blood, the colour of the double-decker buses.

Musically, Thomas Tallis, Edward Elgar, Walton and Vaughan-Williams, and to a lesser extent Grieg, Sibelius, Mendelssohn and Eric Coates, are my icons of the music of Britain. There are some works of ecclesiastical choral music that seem to define certain pinnacles of inspirational culture in Great Britain, especially when sung in the great spaces of ancient cathedrals. Others may prefer Bach, Britten, the Beatles or Bowie. Chacun à son goûт.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens and many others underpin a rich and enviable history of language in general, and literature in particular, with its evolution, and its infinitely subtle nuances. Sadly, these 'subtle nuances' are in danger of being lost forever, with current verbal communication consisting of, 'Like, oh my God, you know, like, that's your selfie? Like, oh my God!' I plead for the maintenance of standards of English language and literature at Framlingham, not only for Mr. Gillett's sake, but also for all the doors it opens in the rest of the world that otherwise stay tightly closed. Closer to home we may remember Norwich – its markets and lanes, and the

elegant spire of its cathedral. There's King Edmund, also a Saint, the Howards, Brandons and Boleyns, Cardinal Wolsey from Ipswich and the Pastons from the village of the same name in Norfolk. There's the beauty of Flatford Mill and 'Constable Country', the subtlety of Gainsborough, and the works of Sir Alfred Munnings, an old Framlingham boy, who became President of the Royal Academy. Then there's the architecture of Long Melford and Lavenham, and the history of Kentwell, Brandeston, Somerleyton, Felbrigg and Blickling Halls.

Richard Jeffries and J. Wentworth Day romanticised the landscape in the Victorian ethos. I, too, have experienced the curiously popping mud, the sea lavender and tough sedges of the Stour-Orwell estuary, the rolling hills of wheat and barley mimicking a dry sea echoing the effects of the wind, and the wonder of glorious birdsong resounding in safe, deciduous woodland. The sound of the wind in those coastal grasses, together with the ever hungry, aggressive screams of seagulls and the lonely, haunting cry of the curlew are still able to bring me to tears. For what? Maybe for something almost lost in order to appreciate something gained. These scenes, and many others, are vivid in memory but have now been over-ridden by my present life-scenery in the tropics of Far North Queensland.

There are numerous historic pubs, some still thatched, with Greene King's, Adnams' and Woodforde's ales, which have been dispensing such brews, and thus soothing nerves and contributing to stories and history, for

hundreds of years. I am, after all, an East Anglian at heart; as the poet Crabbe commented about the people of Aldeburgh, 'Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race'⁴. And let's not forget the statue of 'Grandma Buggins with Agnes' in Ipswich, a creation of cartoonist Carl Giles.

Some will remember the cold, grey, murky North Sea, noisily sculpting pebbly beaches. Lonely haunts of reeds and rivers are filled at times with migrating birds fleeing the icy fingers of the 'lazy' east winter wind emanating from the frozen Russian steppes.

Wooded countryside, with pigeons, partridges and pheasants, is interspersed with farmhouses full of families working hard on their fields of mixed farming. Little villages, seemingly unchanged from pre-Roman, Saxon or mediaeval times, still exist in splendid isolation, with no apparent reason for being there. Their ducking stools and 'Stocks' are now absent, although each appears to have its own War Memorial, telling of local families scarred by loss.

The United Kingdom has always been tribal, as evidenced by the clans of Scotland and Ireland, Boudicca and the Iceni, the Wars of the Roses, and Catholics vs. Protestants. Lately, Manchester United, Manchester City, Arsenal and Liverpool are representative of these tribal 'Bread and Circuses' up and down the country. However, any blood being spilt now is by proxy; this at least allows for the gene pool to recover after so much death and destruction of the 'Best and Fairest' in wars down the ages.

We immigrants have arrived in another tribal community, with the All-Blacks, the State of Origin, the Ashes and the Melbourne Cup all giving us, perhaps, a secure feeling of continuity.

From the Alpha of evidence of occupation at Happisburgh on the north-east Norfolk coast some 800,000 years ago, to the Omega of noisy Apache helicopters flown by Princes, together with the latest, frighteningly fast fighter aeroplanes, Norfolk and Suffolk are blessed with both a very long history and modern, cutting-edge technology.

In the middle ages, great cathedrals were constructed in Chelmsford, Ely, Norwich, Peterborough and St. Edmundsbury, showing off the preposterous skills of artisans in their time.

Finally, the one memory we all share is the view from Framlingham College over the Mere to Framlingham Castle with its 'Bloody Mary' connection, and to St Michael's Church with its Howard family connections. The moods reflected in that view are infinitely changeable. At its best, with a slight morning mist hovering over the reflected reeds and the ducking waterfowl, with the ancient castle as backdrop, the view conjures romantic memories of Avalon and Arthurian knights, the Round Table for justice, and the chivalry of that age, according to Chrétien de Troyes and Thomas Mallory.

What have I left out? Most of it, I suspect. These things, and more, we bring with us, but 'tuck them away on shelves', much like books, to be accessed when required.

Chris Shaw (K49-56)

⁴ Crabbe, George. Village Life: Book 1. 1783.

Nostalgia at the loss of British icons and, in memory at least, an idealised way of life, wanes over time – but you have to give Time, time. And you can always take down one of your ‘shelved memories’ for a fix.

Has all that been traded just for a society with a passion for sport, beer and meat pies? Well, no, not just. Daily, I am surrounded by world-class exotic beauty: the flowers, birds, beaches and rainforested hills of my chosen area.

Where are we now?

These are my ‘daily bread’. After living for fifty years in tropical regions of the world, I have become accustomed to the heat. In our ‘winter’, I resort to sweaters, sheepskin-lined Ugg boots and a thick duvet, with complaints to the ‘management’ until the heat of spring returns. Temperatures under 25° C (77° F) bring on the shivers. Mine is, therefore, a rather narrow ecological comfort niche.

However, there are also Old Framlinghamians living here in blistering deserts, flood plains, dry grasslands subject to bush fires, and crowded cities. In New Zealand, Old Framlinghamians live near hot springs, volcanos, rolling grasslands with millions of sheep and, in the South Island, the smell of Antarctic ice on the wind. Practically every habitat on earth is represented in our area. Why, then, are we not all living in Richmond, Tasmania, or windy Wellington, New Zealand – the quintessential English look-alikes? It must have something to do with wanting or needing a challenge, a topic that would produce endless hours of discussion over a glass or three, no doubt.

The Australian social and working environment is one of ‘can do’. There can be overtones, at least in the tropics of Far North Queensland, of ‘perhaps tomorrow’, thereby proving that

‘mañana’ and siestas are products of the frailty of European genetic material when exposed to consistent tropical heat. In our Cairns museum, there are old photos of timber-getters – mostly British immigrants – hauling enormous logs from the rainforest on bullock carts at the height of summer. (In the Cairns area, summer brings 33° C and 90% humidity). The advent of air-conditioning and a greater freedom of choice in work clothes has modified the discomfort somewhat.

Standards for everything show room for improvement, and ‘The Best in the World’ is a phrase that is much overused. However, the phrase always signals intent, whether it be in sport, business or services.

I am continually surprised at the level of maturity and talent of the young: their lack of fear of the public spotlight, their level of competence with technology and their entrepreneurial skills. A London colleague of mine, who emigrated to Canada at about the same time I came to Australia, commented that the main difference between a young country like Canada, and the United Kingdom, was that Canada had nothing to live up to and nothing to live down. Our lack of constraining boundaries in Australia and New Zealand liberate us from the ‘fear of failure’ and the ‘fear of people’ – typical side-effects of a rigid society.

We Antipodeans are often described as 'brash', and maybe that quality has finally rubbed off on me. Otherwise, I would never have had the 'brashness' to write to Prince Harry, inviting him to our dinner. The fact that he declined because he had no plans to be in the appropriate hemisphere at that time, was sad. His presence would have created quite a 'frisson', methinks.

We stabilise our new lives by assimilating into the wonders of our new society – its natural history and its icons, its mores and social cues. We do this because members of the new society have not had the privilege of experiencing our past.

So, all you wonderful Old Framlinghamians, who have survived at the ends of the earth, you are rugged individualists and about as hard to organise as herding cats. But you have survived and you have contributed. In the process you have brought your knowledge and skills, your integrity and honesty to your new lands.

For those who may be wondering, 'Antipodean' means literally 'with feet opposite', or 'on the opposite side', as in Great Britain vs. Australasia. (Curiously, prevailing wisdom has it that if you dig straight down through the Earth from Australia, you come out in China.)

Framlingham College provides a very good all-round education, and I believe, in light of my local knowledge over several decades in Australia, that we, together with New Zealanders, should have been called 'Antepodeans', meaning 'before feet'. Locally, this can be interpreted as 'Legless', which is a far more accurate description of Antipodeans in general, bearing in mind the astounding level of production and the prodigious consumption of alcohol in all its many forms. In beer and wine production, we are world-beaters; in spirits not so much, probably because of the ever-present danger of dehydration, which is the *raison d'être* behind our enormous consumption in the first place. Or so I am reliably informed.

So, in spite of the variety of viruses and virulent venoms in our respective countries, *veni, vidi, vivere*. I came, I saw, I survived.

Rebecca's take on the feminine aspect of this is: *veni, vidi, Visa*. I came, I saw, I shopped!

Chris Shaw (K49-56)

... and finally

Let us, therefore, celebrate our lives spent in Australia and New Zealand by breaking bread together and toasting our good fortune in making the decision to come here.

Let us also communicate with other Old Framlinghamians throughout the world, welcome them to our shores and share with them our benefits.

I believe Prince Albert and the original Governors would have been astonished, yet gratified by our meeting on the other side of the world. The Empire has been superseded by a very healthy Commonwealth of Nations, but the values of honesty, fidelity, integrity, fair play and hard work are still very much in demand. The more one travels, the more obvious it becomes that these qualities are, in truth, still a great rarity in the world.

At least, this is how life appears to one Old Framlinghamian, who has lived and worked on three continents and in two hemispheres, and who has a smile on his face that won't quit, just from living Down Under for forty very odd years.

With the current level of technology, undreamed of even twenty years ago, it is now easy to communicate with friends and colleagues around the world. My hope is that this 2015 dinner will be a watershed in our collegiate network, not only for Antipodeans, but also throughout the world, and that it will act as a catalyst for other regional and international dinners.

I finish with a toast, inspired by Roy Farman (K47-55), now living happily in New Zealand (with our mutual apologies to the Bard):
'And gentlemen in Framlingham now a-bed, shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here, and hold their manhoods cheap, whilst any speaks that dined with us near Anzac Day'.

Chris Shaw (K49-56)



George Henry Simpson, the tenth pupil to be enrolled at Framlingham College, in 1865. His descendants include **Clive Simpson** (a College student in the 1950s, contemporary with **Chris Shaw** and **Mike Garnett**) and **Peter Simpson**, (K32-40), a grandson of George Henry, who, even at his advanced age, plans to attend the 2015 Dinner. George Henry Simpson's great-great-grandchildren are presently students at the College.

Messages from Office Bearers

These messages of goodwill are representative of a small number of very special people who, along with many others, past and present, have been sufficiently committed to the College to make the time and use their energy and expertise to steer a straight course into the future for the College and its pupils. They take on the responsibility of ensuring that the students are safe, well-educated and well-balanced; ready and able to positively contribute to society.

I can see the whole Brandeston and Framlingham educational process as a maturation and distillation process; working with the best of each student and giving each one the opportunity to become the best person he or she can be. It includes shaping character towards correct decision-making, stretching physical and mental boundaries, and inspiring minds to the point that self-education gains a lifetime momentum.

These Office Bearers, and those who went before them, have cared for the pupils and overseen the finances, maintenance and innovation needed to ride the wave of progress.

We, in turn, thank them all for their commitment and their beneficence.



Message from Chris Essex, President

I have had the huge pleasure of being the Editor of the Overseas Bag for about ten years now, but I've only had the honour of being your President for nine days! My experience with the Overseas Bag, and travelling abroad and meeting Old Framlinghamians, has always amazed me. The genuine warmth in helping each other has always deeply touched me. Even before Eryl and I came to Australia and New Zealand in 2011 with our family, we had been blown away by the offers of help. For example, no sooner had I mentioned to Chris and Rebecca that we were thinking of spending a few days near Cairns, than they had been out to a place in Trinity Beach, checked out the apartment and reported back to me! I then, of course, booked it!

In fact, it was not long after this trip that Chris, Rebecca and Mike first started planning this ambitious event to mark not only the 150th anniversary of the first boys arriving at the College, which I believe happened on 1 April 1865, but also to mark the 100th anniversary of the ANZACs in Gallipoli, where a number of Old Framlinghamians sadly made the ultimate sacrifice. Since then, we must have exchanged over a thousand e-mails, and it has been fantastic to see the plans develop and the list of attendees grow.

Not only do we have Old Framlinghamians and their partners from across the huge continent of Australia and New Zealand, but we have others from the United Kingdom, Oman, Bangkok and Hong Kong. We also have the College sending their Academic Deputy Head over here specially to mark this historic event. The efforts of Chris, Rebecca and Mike have also spurred other Old Framlinghamians around the world to organise similar events, and I look forward to attending as many of these as possible.

Finally, it seems fitting that we should meet in the Hunter Valley, where the late Len Evans did so much to bring Aussie wine to the attention of the world. Thank you.

My thanks to Richard Overend for originally suggesting it, to Chris, Rebecca and Mike for making it happen, and to all of you for the warmth of your welcome to all Old Framlinghamians who visit from abroad. I hope this event allows you all to get to know each other better.

Message from Richard Sayer, Immediate Past President

I have been fortunate that my two-year term as President has coincided with the 150th anniversary of the founding of the College. I have had the great good luck to attend a number of College events which have celebrated this sesquicentenary: the fundraising Charter Ball, where the Society of Old Framlinghamians handed over a cheque for £120,000 to the Appeal; Speech Day; the Opening of the stunning Sixth Form Centre building; the College Carol

Service at St Edmundsbury Cathedral; and our main United Kingdom event, the dinner on 28 March at Pembroke College, Cambridge, celebrating the fact that the College was built 150 years ago on Pembroke land. These events have shown beyond doubt that the College is in good heart and good hands, and under Paul Taylor has a higher reputation than ever.



Georgina and Richard Sayer





This year's Old Framlinghamian United Kingdom events, organised by groups of Old Framlinghamians of all ages – from the formal to the informal, from Edinburgh to Newmarket, and from Wiltshire to Sussex, on sports fields, in restaurants and in private houses – seem to have had a renewed purpose, with the camaraderie stronger than ever. Individual Old Framlinghamians' giving to the College Appeal has been marvellous, and the Society itself has also done its bit, with a donation of £220,000. Funds are still needed, as we explore with the College the possible redevelopment of the Pavilion to include a permanent Old Framlinghamian Room.

A number of overseas Old Framlinghamian events have been planned for the 150th anniversary year, including Denmark, Germany and Canada, as well as Hong Kong. But the event that has caught the imagination above all others is your ANZAC Hunter Valley dinner. Just to show how highly we in the United Kingdom value this event, the President of the Society, Chris Essex, will be with you, nine days after his appointment as President at our Annual General Meeting. David Ashton, Deputy Head (Academic), will also be there, representing the College. President, Chairman and Secretary of the Old Framlinghamian Omani branch, my brother Stephen, will be amongst a number of visiting United Kingdom and overseas Old Framlinghamians anxious to sample Aussie hospitality, including John Birt, head of our Thailand branch, who will be thirsty.

I would dearly like to be with you, sharing a glass of Len Evans' dry white, or a tinnie, but sadly this will not be possible. I will be too busy preparing Union Jack bunting to mark our forthcoming Test series win over Mitchell Johnson and his muckers.

I know you will have a great time, given the meticulous preparation that Chris, Rebecca and Michael have put into this great exploit. No proof needed, but we await the photographs. We will be drinking your health at our Essex supper, which will take place five days before your dinner.

A big thank you from the United Kingdom end of the Society to all of you who have made the marvellous effort to be there.



L-R: Gerald Garnett, Richard Sayer, Mike Garnett, Chris Essex and Humphrey Truman enjoy a lunch in London in June 2014

Message from Simon Dougherty, Past President



Back in 2011, as the then President of the Society of Old Framlinghamians, I attended a meeting at Framlingham College to initiate discussions for the 150th Anniversary Celebrations of the College. A celebratory dinner in England and possibly others overseas were amongst many things considered. It is very pleasing to see these ideas come to fruition.

I congratulate Chris Shaw and Mike Garnett for their initiative, their superb organisational skills and exceptional powers of persuasion, which have guaranteed the outstanding success of the Australia and New Zealand Society of Old Framlinghamians Dinner in Hunter Valley, New South Wales, Australia on Sunday 19 April 2015. As the individual responsible for arranging the Society of Old Framlinghamians Celebration Dinner at Pembroke College, Cambridge⁵ to mark Framlingham College's sesquicentenary celebrations, it is a great honour and pleasure to take part in a similar Anniversary Dinner with fellow Old Framlinghamians on the other side of the world.

Air Vice-Marshal Simon Dougherty (BH and GH 1960-67)

⁵ As many will be aware, the land on which Framlingham College was built was donated by Pembroke College.

Message from Norman Porter, General Secretary



serve their country in far-away places, but also, tragically, to fight for it. Old Framlinghamians are infinite in their variety, far-flung in their locations, but all have that one

For as long as I can remember, and beyond, one of the great strengths of the Society of Old Framlinghamians has been its bonds with those who have moved overseas, beyond our islands, and far away from those two complementary views across the Mere, of the College and of Framlingham Castle – two of the finest views in Suffolk. Not everyone will have had undiluted pleasure from their schooldays, but few can fail to have held that image in their mind's eye, however far they may have moved away from Framlingham. That is what binds us together. The Overseas Bag, by its very name, reminds us of the days of the colonies and dominions, when young men set out across the empire, not only to

thing in common – that last walk down those well-worn steps, past Albert, past that view of Framlingham and the castle, and then out into the wide, wide world.

We have been blessed with the devotion of Editors of the Overseas Bag. They have been at the heart of the network which brings Old Framlinghamians together from around the world. Chris Essex has worked wonders in performing that task with great dedication. Old Framlinghamians abroad owe him an enormous debt of thanks, as do we home-based Old Framlinghamians who, by his efforts, are enabled to keep in touch with those across the seas. Communications nowadays may no longer be through colonial post bag addresses; email, skype, air travel and so on have brought people so much closer together, so much faster, but doing so still requires great commitment – and Chris delivers just that.

I am sorry not to be with you in the flesh, but I am certainly with you in spirit, and on April 19th will raise a glass not only to Framlingham's 150th in the broadest sense, but also to those of you who, many thousands of miles away, have had the energy and vision to share in this 150th celebration. Well done, Chris and Mike, for ensuring that this is done in true Framlingham style. I hope that the legendary Hunter Valley will come alive with reminiscences, memories and renewed friendships. We'll be thinking of you. And I'll be looking for pictures to remind posterity of how you did it!

Above: Norman Porter with Laura Wright OF – best-selling classical-popular soprano – at the Suffolk Show in 2014

From the Headmaster:
Mr P.B.Taylor



Framlingham College
Suffolk, IP13 9EY

I was delighted to be asked to contribute to this memento for those attending the Australian and New Zealand OFs' 150th Anniversary Dinner. The very fact that the Dinner is happening at all is a testament to the close bonds that Framlinghamians form during their time at the College, and indeed how these bonds are both fostered and extended in adult life – wherever OFs find themselves in the world!

There was a palpable sense of excitement as Framlingham College students returned to school last September. They were returning to a year of celebration for the College's 150th anniversary and to a school where the heart of the College had been transformed with the completion of the new Sixth Form Centre and whole-school café that had been built to mark this sesquicentenary. The fact that this new building so seamlessly incorporates the old represents to me so much of what this school is about: that balance of change and continuity that is so important in a school such as ours. Yes, the new building is strikingly modern, but it springs from its past and it knows its provenance. The glass fronted façade reflects a school that is forward-thinking, outward-looking and dynamic (literally looking out to the world); while the exposed brickwork of the original building inside reminds us of our heritage and of the traditional values that have underpinned the school since its foundation. In our anniversary year it is important to ensure that we remain true to our founding principles, but also that we continue to reinterpret those principles and apply them to the students of today and to the world into which they will be graduating.

The word holistic is greatly over-used by schools when describing their offering, but if we are to remain true to the dictum that 'Education is what remains when what has been learnt has been forgotten', then it is essential that we continue to develop and nurture the whole person and not just the exam candidate. Whatever the measurable academic attainments achieved by our students – and these are indeed important –, what will really enable most to get on in life will be personal qualities: presentation; articulacy; manners; flexibility; adaptability; the ability to work with other people; honesty; integrity; and – importantly - a ready smile. Only a rounded, holistic and purposeful educational environment can provide students with such qualities, and all we have to do to be convinced of this is to witness the boys' and girls' hunger for non-syllabus work: that student talk at History Society; the quality of that final of the Poetry Reading Competition; that first violin performance in public; those presentations to a panel of economic experts on local and global economic issues; the enthusiasm of those pupils who attend the weekly Astronomy Club meetings; our delegates at international Model United Nations conventions; the list goes on..... This school remains a stimulating intellectual and academic environment, and is all the more fun for it!

Your school is absolutely thriving and continues to pride itself on producing well-rounded, decent, articulate and very well-educated young men and women. Founded in memory of Prince Albert, one of the most visionary and progressive educational thinkers of his time, it is in robust good shape and there is a real sense of momentum about the College today. All looks in good shape for the next 150 years!

Tel: 01728 723789 Email: headmaster@framcollege.co.uk framcollege.co.uk
Registered Charity Number 1114383

**Message from Martin Myers-Allen,
Headmaster of Brandeston Hall**

From the outset I would like to take the opportunity to write that I believe this commemorative book is a splendid idea and I am delighted to have been asked to contribute.

Many years ago I was Garrett Housemaster and started an initiative taking trekking expeditions all over the world, describing them as 'Journeys of Self-discovery'. I am still involved with these at the College and also launched them at Brandeston Hall as soon as I took over the helm.

Wherever we go in the world I check through the Old Framlinghamian lists to see who is in the country and prepared to help if we find ourselves in a spot of trouble. I remember Chris Brain (R46-56) providing us with a few Land Rovers when we journeyed through La Paz, Bolivia. He certainly embodied the philosophy of 'treating strangers as friends you have not yet met', and over the years I have seen this notion firmly rooted throughout the Society.



Old Framlinghamians are scattered all over the world, and in many respects the Society can be likened to the Roman Empire, with the College and the Hall representing Rome itself – the beating heart of the capitol. Thankfully, the world is getting smaller, and the roads leading to Rome

have been shortened through social media sites and the Internet.

Above: Martin Myers-Allen at Everest base camp on one of his many expeditions
Left: Brandeston Hall, Suffolk
Therefore, I urge all Old Framlinghamians to keep an eye on the website and keep in touch. I would also like to reassure all Old Framlinghamians that both schools are working in harmony and are in excellent shape, and we wish you all well.

I must travel to Australia and New Zealand at some stage because my brother is now an Australian citizen, and I hope to bump into some Old Framlinghamians. In the meantime, enjoy this special gathering and keep the brown and blue flag flying.

The Australian and New Zealand Army Corp (ANZAC) Tradition

One hundred and fifty years ago, in 1865, in the small Suffolk town of Framlingham, the Prince Albert College was established in the name of the Prince Regent, who had died four years previously. With hindsight, we can honour and celebrate this important occasion, knowing that the College has evolved into one of the great schools of England, with a proud history of contribution and achievement.

One hundred years ago, in 1915, on a craggy peninsular in the Dardanelles, the recently federated countries of Australia and New Zealand combined as brothers to fight an unsuccessful campaign against the Turkish defenders of the Ottoman Empire. Despite the defeat, the mutual experience cemented a relationship that has ever since been revered as demonstrating the 'ANZAC Spirit'.

The Gallipoli campaign saw the beginning of true Australian and New Zealand nationhood. When these two countries went to war, their newly settled populations may have believed that their countries had little history to fall back upon. In Australia's case, it was just fourteen years since the individual colonies had come together to form a Federation, the Commonwealth of Australia. The experience at Gallipoli provided both countries with an historic legacy that they could look back upon with pride.

Two important events took place in England and Europe to make this combined Australian and New Zealand 2015 dinner a very worthwhile and appropriate occasion.



The sundial donated by Australian Old Framlinghamians next to the Headmaster's house at Framlingham College

The ANZACs, having made such an impact at Gallipoli, went on to an even greater challenge in fighting the enemy on the Western Front in France and Belgium. Of this group, over 70,000 never returned home.

The first ANZAC Day was commemorated on 25th April 1916, just one year after the landings at Anzac Cove. This was followed by a march through the streets of London by over 2,000 Australian and New Zealand troops, hailed in the national press as the 'Knights of Gallipoli' by a grateful nation. Many from Framlingham College fought alongside the ANZACs at Gallipoli and in France, Belgium and Palestine – indeed, a number from the college had already emigrated 'Down Under' and fought in Australian and New Zealand regiments.

One hundred and thirty-six old boys and four masters paid the supreme sacrifice, amongst them F. Buchanan, R. Buckmaster, J.S. Cavalier, J.N. Bennett, S. Clift, R.G. Cuthbert, H.J. Fisher and H.S. Sherwood, who all served and died with Australian units.

The Spirit of ANZAC continues in times of hardship, such as during bushfires, floods, earthquakes and cyclones, events that seem to occur with increasing regularity. Rarely are major disasters in one country fought without the assistance of volunteers from the other country across the sea. The Christchurch earthquake, for example, saw many Australian emergency workers fly to the assistance of that ravaged city and its bewildered citizens. In turn, New Zealand fire fighters have flown over to help Australians extinguish enormous bushfires that, because of high temperatures and gale-force winds, threatened to destroy vast areas of bushland, farmland and even whole communities.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to recall the names of some of those old boys from Melbourne, who have now passed on, but who supported the early gatherings that were organised back in the 1970s: the McBride brothers (Jim and David); John Fitzherbert, who had many adventurous days in Papua New Guinea; Bill Orgill, who spent years trading in the exotic South Sea Islands; and Athol Stone, who was born in the late 1880s and could recall the re-capture of Mafeking that concluded the Boer War.





Left: The Melbourne sundial, set in secluded gardens at Framlingham College



My own personal contact with Framlingham, since living overseas from the age of seventeen, has been maintained through the kindnesses of the late General Inskip, and Tom Saul in particular, who, as an Overseas Editor, never failed to send me lengthy, hand-written letters at Christmas, whether I was on the tea plantations of upper Assam or in the wilds of New Guinea. This is a role that Chris Essex has taken on with such success and enthusiasm for the benefit of more recent 'old scholars'.

Without doubt, if not for the combined enthusiasm of Chris and Rebecca Shaw and Chris Essex, this celebration in the Hunter Valley would never have seen the light of day.

In memory of Gallipoli and the two World Wars – conflicts that took such a toll on our youngest and strongest – we give thanks to those who survived and those who didn't.

We salute them all!

Mike Garnett (R53-55)

**Below and right:
Poppies on the Roll of Honour at the Australian War Memorial, Canberra**





Framlingham College's contribution to the Armed Forces

If you have family going back several generations

in East Anglia or have travelled extensively in the United Kingdom, you would have noticed War Memorials in every hamlet, village, town and city. These represent the cream of our strong young men and women who were torn from their grieving families in two World Wars over nearly half a century. They fought, frequently under the most appalling conditions, and many died.

Framlingham College has contributed considerable time and resources to training students in military protocol, which has ensured a large number of Old Framlinghamians joined the armed forces. Some who had emigrated fought in the regiments of their adopted countries.

This happened to Australians and New Zealanders, and we have Mike Garnett's description of the changes that were brought about in Australian-New Zealand relations, resulting in such strong supporting ties today.

Perhaps, in a narrow Australian focus, we should remember the Battle of Villers-Bretonneux in France on 24-25th April 1918, in which the Australians re-captured that town from the Germans. Mike Garnett visited Villers-Bretonneux in May 2014 and confirms that the Australian connection is alive and well, with the Aussie flag flying along the Rue de Melbourne.

After the war, on 14th July 1919, the town's mayor said this of the Australian troops:

'The first inhabitants of Villers-Bretonneux to re-establish themselves in the ruins of what was once a flourishing little town have, by means of donations, shown a desire to thank the valorous Australian Armies, who, with the spontaneous enthusiasm and characteristic dash of their race, in a few hours drove out an enemy ten times their number ... They offer a memorial tablet, a gift, which is but the least expression of their gratitude, compared with the brilliant feat, which was accomplished by the sons of Australia ... Soldiers of Australia, whose brothers lie here in French soil, be assured that your memory will always be kept alive, and that the burial places of your dead will always be respected and cared for ...'



Above: The church of Villers-Bretonneux after the battle in 1918
Below: The 1915 Dardanelles Campaign

Our Kiwi cousins, too, have a memorial built to their appalling sacrifice, to commemorate their successful Battle of High Wood. The inscription on the large obelisk in Longueval reads: 'In honour of the men of the New Zealand Division, first Battle of the Somme, 1916' and at the base, 'From the uttermost ends of the Earth'.

The very term, 'Battle of the Somme', has sent shivers down the spines of European and Commonwealth families for a century because of the enormous scale of the deaths and injuries that resulted. In large part, this contributed to the term, "The war to end all wars".

Elsewhere, Antipodeans fought shoulder to shoulder in the mix of Allied forces during those terrible years. Places such as Fromelles, Le Hamel, Bullecourt and Pozières focus potent memories on our mutual commitment to a free world.

The Second World War too, saw Australian and New Zealand forces join with other Commonwealth countries in every facet of the armed forces and in every theatre of war. These included North Africa, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, the war in the Pacific to stop the advance of the Japanese, the war in Europe and the defence of Britain. Such names as Tobruk, El Alamein, Crete, Warsaw, Dresden, and Auschwitz have become deeply embedded in history, together with Kokoda, Changi, Okinawa, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Truly, this was

... Framlingham College also taught us self-sufficiency, self-discipline and teamwork.

a war fought throughout the world. Apart from the Combined Cadet Force training, Framlingham College also taught us self-sufficiency, self-discipline and teamwork. The various forces then taught us the skills and gave us the tools to do the job. But in terms of 'having done the apprenticeship', the College must be credited with much of that responsibility.

The strength of the Commonwealth of Nations today is in its family ties, within which I think it's fair to say that Australians and New Zealanders are akin to cousins; we fight amongst ourselves, but woe betide anyone outside the family, who picks on either one of us!

*Chris Shaw (K49-56)
Mike Garnett (R53-55)*



Some Australian and New Zealand Stories
from Old Framlinghamians living here

England has History,
Australia has Previous.⁶

⁶ From a sign at Lord's Cricket Ground in Marylebone, London.

A Day in the Kimberley Region of Western Australia, circa 1972

One element of my job with the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the early 1970s was to collect information from rural property owners about their farming and grazing enterprises. The information was used for determining overall trends in the sheep and cattle industries. We used to travel by small plane to the remote areas and by car to the less remote places. At that stage I was a fresh-faced Pom, having arrived in Australia in late 1970, and was rapidly learning about life in rural Australia. Nevertheless, the reception from property owners was always warm and genuine; they good-naturedly ribbed me about my 'accent'.

Most of my trips were fairly uneventful, apart from routinely dodging kangaroos and emus on country roads, ploughing through thick bulldust, handling the rough corrugations of the road surface and pulling off the road to avoid the large road trains that take up most of the road width.

However, one trip to the Kimberley region in Western Australia in about 1972 was rather eventful. Three of us, plus the pilot, were travelling in a small Cessna 210 aircraft visiting a list of properties. After taking off from Derby, we became lost. There aren't many landmarks out there, and the whole area was covered by thick smoke haze from continual, low-intensity scrub fires. After circling around for about forty-five minutes, looking for the airstrip on a particular property, we finally flew over something recognisable – a small gravel road, which was wide enough for a truck and, luckily, some Aborigines walking along it.

After a bit of deliberation, the pilot decided to land on the road to see if the locals could point us in the right direction. After a few over-flights of the road to see if it was safe to land, we tightened our seatbelts, 'crossed' everything and made a relatively rough landing. The road was just wide enough for the plane, with the wings overhanging the scrub either side. We hopped out (we didn't quite kiss the ground), and tried to communicate

with the locals. Problem: they didn't speak English or 'Strine', and we certainly didn't speak any of the Aboriginal languages. Aviation maps were, of course, meaningless to the locals. After much pointing, gesticulating and drawing lines in the dirt, we decided on the direction to our destination.

The plane had to be turned around manually with the locals assisting. We only just managed to avoid the wheels rolling into the gutter of the road, as there was a very steep camber on both sides of the gravel road surface. If the wheels had gone into the gutter we would have been totally stuck. We piled back on board, started the engine and just managed to avoid some large trees on the long take-off. To our considerable relief, we duly found the property we were supposed to visit. The property owners were wondering why we hadn't turned up earlier.

After we completed the work at the property, we flew to Halls Creek, a small town and pretty much the only one for hundreds of kilometres around. It was to be our overnight stop, and we landed just after dark, which was really later than we should have, as we were only authorised to fly on visual rules (i.e. during daylight and with clear vision).

The pilot decided to refuel ready for the next day, and he was just finishing when the engine caught fire. We managed to put the flames out relatively quickly, but had to wait for morning to see the damage. No accommodation was available in the town; it was Friday night and the local stockmen had come into town for the weekly booze-up. So we spent a rough night under the wing of

→





the aircraft to the sound of pesky mozzies and fights and shouting at the pub.

In the daylight, the damage from the fire appeared to the untrained eye to be mainly blistered paintwork. The pilot (whom we nicknamed 'The Baron') phoned the nearest aviation mechanics in Darwin, many hundreds of kilometres away, but they couldn't come for a couple of days. So, what to do?

After much 'umm-ing and ah-ing' the pilot decided to try a test flight with us left on the ground – brave chap! At last, the engine spluttered into life, and he gave the plane a good workout in the air and pronounced that we were ready to go. Somewhat hesitantly, we hopped on board and flew off to Darwin to get the plane thoroughly checked out by qualified mechanics. After some repairs we recommenced our journey to the remaining properties to finish our work. But it was the last time I put my hand up for travelling for work by small plane.

A somewhat different experience from gliding with the RAF Cadets at Framlingham!

Ian Cottingham's (R61-66) Stories: 2

Brought down to size

My wife and I travelled by boat when we first came to Australia in 1970. It was an Italian ship, which a few years later became a large 'fish tank' in the Caribbean Sea after it sank. We were thankful that there were no emergencies on our voyage. The crew didn't appear to be the snappiest, and the Captain had a keen eye for the young ladies.

Amongst the range of passengers in our area was a middle-aged Aussie who had a loud voice, wanted everyone to know how brilliant he was at everything, and was clearly the 'Big I am'. He was frequently at the bar and tried to be the centre of attention.

About a week out from Southampton we arrived in Tenerife for a 24-hour stop and an opportunity to explore a little and do some shopping. Upon leaving port (the harbour, not the drink), the loud Aussie proclaimed to the other passengers at the bar what a brilliant bargain he had bought while ashore – a bottle of fine malt whisky for only a few dollars. He was tickled pink with his purchase.

After a couple of days had passed he seemed to have gone very quiet and didn't frequent the bar as much. People thought he might have been a little unwell. It turned out that his bargain purchase was not malt whisky but cold tea! He was not as loud after that. We wondered if he was going to be typical of the Aussies we would meet when we arrived Down Under and were pleased to find he was rather atypical.

Ian Cottingham's (R61-66) Stories: 3

A rowdy night in the Pub

In the early 1970s, on one of several journeys to the north of Australia for work purposes, a group of my work colleagues and I were staying at the main pub in Normanton in the Gulf country of north Queensland, hundreds of kilometres from the next town. It was a hot Friday or Saturday night, and so a few cold beers were in order.

About midway through the evening, a couple of utilities pulled up outside the pub, and about a dozen or more local stockmen jumped out and headed for the bar. Clearly, they were keen for an ale or two. Judging by the number of thirsty men, the utes were seriously overloaded with passengers. Anyhow, beers followed more beers, and the stockmen became more and more intoxicated and started pushing each other about. We moved to a quieter corner of the pub to watch the fun.

As a few punches started to be thrown, one of the stockmen nipped out to the ute outside and came back



The sense of displacement seems to fluctuate over the years but never quite disappears and is likely to suddenly arouse an acute sense of nostalgia, even after many years. However, usually it comes and goes in a flash realisation, rather than a 'little story of something that would never happen in the UK', but here's my contribution.

We came to rural Queensland in the early '80s after I accepted a partnership in a country general practice. After a year or so, we decided to give a house-warming party as acknowledgement of the people we'd met. There's nothing like social gatherings to bring out cultural differences, but we thought we'd manage things since we'd spent a couple of years in the Solomon Islands. There, we'd met plenty of Australians and knew the form for 'bring a plate', the understood convention for all to contribute to food and drinks. However, we particularly wanted to show our gratitude, and so we were generous with our contribution of alcohol.

However, it was in regard to the beer that we made our mistake. It was a chilly night; many don't realise that up on the top of the range on the Darling Downs, frost is frequent as soon as the sun goes down. I will never forget

their faces when the beer-drinkers realised their stubbies were not in an icebox, or Esky.

In our innocence, we'd thought it surely cold enough in the fresh air, but all we succeeded in doing was to make it abundantly clear that we had a way to go

before we could be truly accepted as anything but Poms.

A fully equipped expedition to the hotel was summarily mustered, but the whole episode was never forgotten by at least one of our friends, who still has a laugh about it when reminiscing. My only riposte can be that the beer's so bland, for the most part, that nobody can bear it, and so have to drink it too cold to taste!



with a couple of electric cattle prods. He then proceeded to zap anyone within reach on the backside. It must have been painful, if the yells were anything to go by. Most of those not being directly affected thought this was hilarious, but naturally, others were not so amused. After a few rounds of the bar with the prods in frequent use, a fairly serious brawl amongst the stockmen then ensued, spilling to the outside of the pub.

After a while the local policeman arrived, eventually defused the situation and confiscated the cattle prods, gesturing that he would use the prods himself on those who didn't toe the line. He was a large guy who clearly had dealt with such situations before (probably every week, if we did but know it). He soon had all the stockmen (conscious or otherwise) back in their utes and off back down the road. Drink-driving didn't seem to be a concern.

It was a different take on the genteel English country pub and 'Time, gentlemen, please'.



An Introduction to Oz

Our good ship, on which I was a cadet sailing as Fourth Officer, left Aden full to the gills with cargo, fuel oil and sufficient fresh water to cover the 6343 nautical miles, direct to Melbourne. One drop more, and the Plimsoll line would have submerged. At 14 knots, that meant more days and more dollars (or rather pounds), which would come in very useful for the crew while in Australia.

Cape Leeuwin was rounded, and the Great Australian Bight proved to be unfriendly. The domestic pump was connected in to the last freshwater tank.

Shock! Horror! The water was brackish! This caused much noise from 'Father', the Master, who found out in his morning bath.

As we were carrying mail and other important cargo for Melbourne and were already behind schedule, we had to carry on, with the water becoming more brackish. The side-effects included undrinkable tea, barely drinkable coffee and no lather from the company soap. Since Poms have a reputation for bathing only once a week, we had a little win there. However, an urgent message was sent to Melbourne to the effect that we had to have fresh water on arrival.

There was an established strike by the Waterside Workers Federation (WWF). So, the bay was full of ships at anchor, and virtually all the berths in the port were occupied but idle, and we were to go to anchor.

The Pilot boarded at the Heads and explained that there was 'skulduggery afoot'.

'All you want to do is to get alongside and jump the queue, I know,' the Pilot said, before asking for a glass of water. After his sip, his face and manner changed, and more messages were urgently sent. A berth was found at Williamstown, just to take on fresh water, after which we were to go to anchorage.

Once alongside, our ever-resourceful Chief Engineer informed the Pilot that, owing to some major problem with the main engine, we had no certainty of being in a position to proceed astern. Although cadets sailing as Fourth Officers are not privy to the veracity of such ploys, we did stay berthed for the next ten days.

As a small aside, the only cargo discharged was one Manchester terrier, which took a whole stevedoring gang to unload. This gave me an insight into the power of the Waterside Workers' Federation in those days.

Once we started to discharge our cargo, we found the cause of our brackish water problem. There was a split in a plate at the top of the tank, so that as we pumped fresh water out, salt water came in.

I was given the job of tally clerking the mail and special cargo, and so I got to know the WWF gang quite well. Two things stand out in my mind. First, they asked me how much I was getting paid. I told them truthfully, and a deputation called on the Chief Officer, resulting in my receiving what he'd been holding back. Second, I remarked that the afternoon radio programs seemed to be specifically for women.

'You have a radio?' they asked. In very short time, the alleyway outside my cabin was awash with watersiders, all listening to a horserace, possibly the Melbourne Cup, since it was November.





The Chief Officer, by this time, had planned his revenge. Together with two other cadets, we found ourselves chipping rust overside at the forward draft marks. Somehow, I managed to get a small piece of steel in my eye. Since Occupational Health and Safety didn't exist in 1954, it was the next morning that the Agent took me to the Eye Hospital, where I was given a choice of specialists. By some remarkable coincidence, I chose the specialist who in 1969 was acting for the Marine Board in checking Pilots' eyesight.

With the steel chip removed and no eye damage, I was soon back at work. However, 'Father' had intervened and I was back on Fourth Officer duties once more.

We sailed onwards to Adelaide, and then to Port Pirie, where we arrived late in the afternoon. We were convinced that the 6pm closing would result in a dry night.

'Not so!' said one of the shore gang, probably a WWF member. 'Since you are bona fide travellers, you can drink until 10pm.' So, it came to pass that a group of Officers finally gravitated to the Town Hall where a dance was in progress. In view of the earlier drinking, watching was the order of the night, where a slim, young lady, jiving, was the star attraction. At the end, we ambled back on board.

Sunday found us at The Mission to Seamen Club, and the Padre decided to take me, and two other cadets, for a drive around the area. We ended up at Crystal Brook, the first real Australian countryside I'd seen; definitely a change from Melbourne and Port Adelaide, even then.

That night, I found myself dancing at the Mission with the aforementioned slim, young lady. However, we certainly weren't jiving, since I had apparently been born with two left feet.

On Monday, we were back at work loading lead with a small gutter left between the stow that was filled with sixty 44-gallon drums of coke. Who, we wondered, in their right mind would send coke to Liverpool? When it was discharged into trucks that came from Harlow, the penny dropped. It had come from the uranium plant that operated at Port Pirie for a time. Again, no Occupational Health and Safety existed for us, the waterside workers or the dockers that handled the stuff.

Eventually, it was sailing time, and I nipped across to the phone box to say my farewells to the slim, young lady. The old-fashioned phone had an earpiece on a cord but a fixed mouthpiece. I dropped in the first penny and got an electrical shock to my ear. I was sufficiently determined to allow that to happen twice more before speaking to slim, young Pat, and she left work to come and say goodbye. At that point, I had no idea that in two years we would be husband and wife. If I had given up on the voltage from the phone, that may not have happened.

Onwards to Sydney and the berth at Woolloomoolloo, where we received strict instructions that under no circumstances were we to walk back from Sydney, at night, through the Domain. Clearly, not all Australians were kindly disposed towards young English gentlemen. However, I do have a memory of the tram depot where the Opera House now stands.

Our stay in Sydney was too short, and we sailed north to Brisbane, where we were to spend working days between Christmas and the New Year, to complete loading.

The first instructions from 'Father', who really did take good care of his cadets was, 'No swimming in the river'. Apparently, there were lots of sharks, especially at the discharges from the meatworks.

I was able to visit a family from my hometown of Wivenhoe in Essex, who had come to Australia to work. They had a nice house with a nice bathroom, complete with a WC pan, but it struck me as strange that we had to go in the dunny at the bottom of the garden. The houses were all hooked up to sewer pipes, but not connected to the main sewage system. Strange to a Pom, but in 1965 I encountered the septic tank system, even in Frankston, and again in our first few years after coming to Corinella.





Other memories of that break in Brisbane included my WWF friends coming again to my aid. While New Year's Day was a holiday in Australia, it wasn't for British ships. The Chief Officer had schemed once more to get his pound of flesh from the cadets, and set us to work, with me supervising; 'Father' was spending the day with some friends. An observant watersider asked us why we were working, and again a deputation arrived, and in no time flat, we were ashore.

Maybe, in hindsight, I shouldn't have gone ashore because, while swimming in the afternoon, I encountered some evil creature that stung my arm and shoulder like hell! I made it back to shore and was treated by the Lifesavers. Then I made it back to my friends by train, although I don't remember much of the journey.

One outstanding memory remains with me: our second electrician and I were walking home two Mission hostesses, when immediately above our heads a Kookaburra burst into song. Great shock value all around!

Finally, we were off to Freemantle to fill up with fuel and make the long trek back to the United Kingdom. In the meantime, one or two letters had been sent to Port Pirie.

The dockers in Liverpool asked if we had enjoyed our trip to the Colonies, as Australia was still known. Maybe they could have learnt something from the Australian WWF, since in a few short years, the Liverpool docks were empty. In my company's case, one container ship replaced twelve conventional ships on the Australia run. It also, no doubt, put a dent in the number of British Officers who ended up marrying Aussie girls!

The Bull



In the 1950s and 1960s, before the Veterinary School at Massey University was opened, New Zealanders went to Australian veterinary schools, or qualified vets were recruited from overseas, mainly from the United Kingdom, the United States and the Netherlands.

In 1965, after five years of vet practice in Somerset, I applied and was accepted for a job in New Zealand. I was sent to the small town of Taihape, which services a large sheep and cattle grazing area. The biggest of the stations was Ngamatea; some 250,000 acres of country that varied from mountainous bush and tussock, to cultivated grassland. The sheer size of the station made it legendary. It has to be said that a shepherd employed there, who loved hunting, shooting, and fishing, would indeed have found his ultimate paradise.

In my first year in Taihape, I shared a flat with two 'top-dressing' or crop-duster pilots. Pastures were greatly enhanced by the application of fertiliser, which, owing to the nature of the terrain, had to be done by plane; an expensive exercise but affordable for good farmers.





Occasionally, I'd have a call from a distant farm for a small veterinary service, and I would elicit the help of one of 'my' pilots. This cut down my road time considerably.

The manager of Ngamatea phoned me one day to say that one of his bulls had broken a leg fighting with another bull. He wanted a Vet Certificate to authenticate his claim for insurance against the loss of the bull.

I suggested that he shoot the bull, on humane grounds, and I'd come to sort it out in the next few days. A couple of days later, one of my pilots was able to give me a twenty-minute flight there, saving me an hour and a half of difficult driving on a winding gravel road.

We arrived from the flight over some of God's country, to find a mob of sheep on the airstrip that had to be buzzed, allowing us to land safely after the sheep had dispersed. The farmer arrived in his Land Rover and drove me to a line of pine trees.

He pointed to one tree and said, 'There's the head. The broken leg is in the next tree, and we, and the dogs, have eaten the rest.'

Without a moment's hesitation I wrote the Certificate, with the words of our Bristol jurisprudence lecturer ringing in my ears, 'When you write a certificate, always remember that you must be able to justify it in a court of law.'

The Cows

Much of my life as a vet in autumn in New Zealand was spent 'pregnancy-testing' beef cows. Nowadays, this is mostly done by electronic scanning via a rectal probe, but hitherto has been a low-tech affair with the vet's gloved arm inserted in the rectum of the cow to palpate the uterus.

As you can imagine, it was very dirty work, the up-side being that I could earn a lawyer's hourly rate. If there were suitable facilities, I could test about 120 cows an hour.

On this occasion, I had a small mob of about forty cows to test. It was summer, and not only dirty but also hot work, especially swathed in protective plastic: trousers, gown and gloves. I told the female vet student with me, that to keep cool I would wear only gumboots, an old pair of shorts and an old short-sleeved shirt to go with my long plastic gloves.

All went well and, predictably, I was embellished – in that khaki material much loved by politicians – both back and front. When I had finished, I replaced the shirt and shorts with clean ones I had brought with me.

That afternoon, I had an appointment for the three-monthly steroid injection for my rheumatoid arthritis. The nurse asked me to pull down my trousers so she could inject me in the buttock.





That night, when I undressed, I removed my underpants to find that they were badly stained with aforementioned khaki that had filtered through from my dirty shorts. The nurse made no comment at the time, but she may well have wondered whether she had a very frightened patient, or one whose personal hygiene could be said to 'need some adjustment'.

I never saw her again.

Roy Farman's (K47-55) Stories from New Zealand: 3

The Pony

When I retired, I decided to take part in activities that there had been no time to pursue during my working life. I enrolled at Massey University for an extra-mural course in Twentieth Century European History, which I enjoyed, and also started to play croquet seriously.

Having a small farm allowed me to keep a pony, and to drive it with a cart. My grandfather used to drive a little, dappled-grey pony called Lucy, I recall. It sounded like fun. A former client lent me her aged pony, called Beau, and a farrier-friend lent me a gig and harness, and also gave me some 'driving' lessons.

About once a week we would go for a very pleasant, leisurely drive, sometimes taking the dogs with us. The pony, being old, had a flatus problem but as long as we didn't smoke, it wasn't an issue.

At the same time, I was involved with the local branch of *Arthritis New Zealand*, and since the Christmas parade was coming up, they suggested I might drive Beau, under the Arthritis banner with the words, 'Bring your joints to us'. For this special occasion we borrowed a posh gig and tack, and decorated pony and gig with Christmas paraphernalia.

We joined the parade as 'Number 24' out of fifty exhibits. In front of us was a huge steam traction engine, and behind us was a team of marching girls. All went splendidly, with Beau behaving impeccably, as always, until we got held up in the town centre.

Beau became understandably frightened by the steam engine being so close. It was so close and he was so frightened that his bowels began to rumble, mimicking thunder before a storm. The outcome of this crisis of fear and trepidation was a very large, very green and very soft evacuation, executed at the very moment the parade moved off once more.

The marching girls, with their heads held high, quickly lost their formation because the girls in the front ranks were in amongst it and in considerable disarray before the confusion alerted those who were paying attention towards the rear of their column. A cacophony of screaming teenage young ladies is never pleasant, but went hand-in-hand, so to speak, with the chaos that followed. Eventually, the town was trampled with green footprints, which we pretended not to notice.

What's that old show business adage? 'Never work with children or animals'? Quite right, too!



Early Experiences and Travel as an 18-year-old

My whole lifetime has been most exciting and interesting, taking me to many parts of the globe. So I thought the following snippet might be of interest to other Old Framlinghamians.

I flew out to Kenya as an 18-year-old in December 1949, on a Sunderland Flying Boat from Southampton, dropping down in Cairo. There, I met my Uncle Mac Mikkati, a full-blooded Egyptian – who was an Uncle by marriage I hasten to mention, as I am of pure British stock. I am unable to recall too much about meeting my Uncle Mac, who was the personal pilot to King Farouk, but I did meet him again in 1951 whilst I was in the Green Howards, stationed at Suez.

On arriving in The Great Rift Valley in Kenya, our aircraft landed on Lake Naivasha, where the locals had to run a speedboat over the landing area, to move any hippopotamuses out of the way so that it was safe to land. Once disembarked, I was whisked away to Njoro, which is just North of Nakuru, to enrol in the Egerton Agricultural College for a six-month course, to enlighten me about local conditions, as I had, at that time, intended to take up farming.

After my course, my first job was on an 80,000-acre ranch situated at Ngobit, which is near Naro Moru in the Kenya Highlands, about fifty miles north of Nyeri. On arrival, I found that there were no other white people, nor anybody who spoke English; all the other employees were black. There was no transport other than horses. Fortunately, I had always been a keen rider back home in Suffolk. I also had to learn the language of 'Kitchen Swahili' very quickly, and to this day can still remember a few words.

My job was to oversee the Watu, as the African labourers were called. They looked after the Boran cattle and the Merino sheep.

My main mode of transport was on horseback, and I often used to ride out across miles and miles of the African bush, always accompanied by three very large Rhodesian Ridgeback dogs and a rifle in the scabbard. I often gave chase to cheetah, just for the love of it. On other occasions, I can vividly remember galloping alongside giraffe, only to have them pull gracefully away.

Can you imagine a young man of eighteen having such experiences as I did, back in Suffolk? I doubt it.

On other occasions, I can vividly remember galloping alongside giraffe, only to have them pull gracefully away.



'A rose, by any other name...'

Coming from the United Kingdom and landing in Auckland to take up teaching primary school pupils was somewhat of a culture shock. However, if you add to the mix some language differences, you have even less leverage on assimilation.

Sentences all end in 'ay'. Alphabetically, my young charges never seem to advance towards 'bee'.

Vowel sounds are strangled and distorted to English, even to Australian, ears. One of my pupils called Ben never responded to his name at roll call. I assumed there was some degree of hearing defect until a kind ex-pat colleague explained about the vowel sounds, à la New Zealand. After that, he answered quickly and brightly to 'Bin'.

Footwear, or the lack of it, was confusing to me since this was a fairly affluent area of Auckland. There is, however, an influence of Pacific Island culture where children go to school without shoes and people even drive to the supermarket without shoes. It's not an affordability issue; it's part of their native, 'laid-back' concept of freedom, which feels constrained and constricted by wearing shoes.

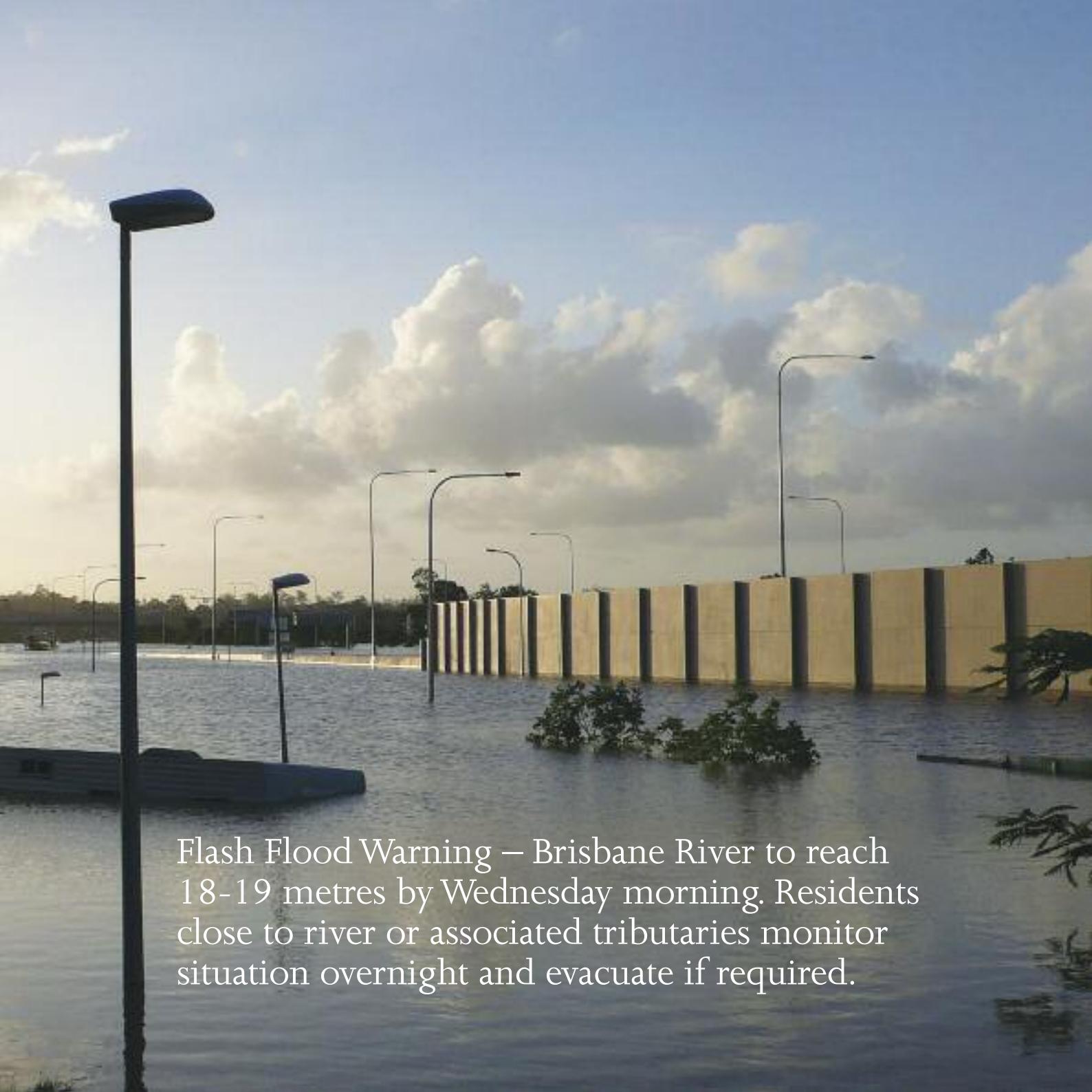
Of course, on the vocabulary of footwear, there are shoes, and there are 'jandals' or 'flip-flops', also known in Barbados as 'go-forwards'. There are also what we refer to as Wellington boots, after the Duke, of course, that Kiwis call 'Samoan Safety Boots'.

'Seen my jandals? I'm off to the dairy for brid and sex iggs, some hot chups and fush, and some chups and dups'.

Now, what do you say to that except, 'Good, I'll come with you to see how all that turns out, ay.'

... seen my jandals ...?





Flash Flood Warning – Brisbane River to reach 18-19 metres by Wednesday morning. Residents close to river or associated tributaries monitor situation overnight and evacuate if required.



Neville Marsh's (S53-61) Story

Remembering the 2011 Queensland Floods

I keep a text message on my mobile as a reminder: it's dated Tuesday, 11 January 2011:

Flash Flood Warning – Brisbane River to reach 18-19 metres by Wednesday morning. Residents close to river or associated tributaries monitor situation overnight and evacuate if required.

Although we are used to heavy summer rain, this was different: December 2010 was the wettest on record, with a third of our annual rain falling in the month. By Tuesday afternoon, roads out of Bellbowrie were cut, and the final link to Brisbane, the car ferry across the river, couldn't operate. We were marooned on an island! The river had risen 14 metres, and houses were going under. Surprisingly, the local community had no disaster plan in place.

What followed is an amazing tale of initiative, fortitude and, above all, community spirit in our town. The Uniting Church threw open its doors as an evacuation centre and took in some three hundred poor souls who had lost their houses. Evacuation was in full swing by Wednesday. Local emergency services personnel had set up a command post and makeshift medical centre. We were fortunate in that over sixty police officers, doctors and nurses live locally and were also trapped by the floods. The church became much more than an evacuation centre; it was a hub for volunteers to offer help, and where such offers of help were matched with requests for assistance.

During the floods, it was clear to me that there was a sense of connectedness with people in this shared predicament, which brought down barriers, and helped to cement existing friendships and establish new ones. A sense of community was re-established; locals enjoyed being part of a group and being useful as well. Those who were not flooded wondered how they might have coped under different circumstances.

There can be no doubt that the floods in Moggill and Bellbowrie awakened a truly magnificent spirit in our community. Did it arise because the marooned residents believed that we were a 'forgotten community'? It seemed we had been forgotten in the initial hours, as the media concentrated on badly affected inner Brisbane suburbs. However, it wasn't long before media coverage was extensive: TV channel reporters were choppered in to cover our story.

Was the outpouring of community spirit and co-operation, which arose spontaneously, unique to Bellbowrie, and what was the explanation? It's usual that local communities rally around individuals affected by natural disasters. We were cut off from the rest of the city and thus had to be self-sufficient for four days. This isolation may have been the catalyst for volunteers to appear in large numbers. Many managers and professional people live locally, and this might explain the spontaneous formation of a relief team, but trades-people were equally represented in the volunteer mix. Despite my best efforts, I have found no explanation, and so perhaps we will never fully understand what brings people together in times of crisis. We do know that floods are part of our life in Queensland, and so the next one may only be around the corner. Let's pray that it is not!

Left: Flooding near Gailes, Queensland, 2011

Bob Munro's (R54-60) Stories

Snake Story One

I'm not sure of the date, but probably it was in the late 1980s. I was on a picnic trip with my (then) wife and mother-in-law, driving from Melbourne to Echuca, a pioneering paddle steamer town on the River Murray. About halfway to Echuca we stopped for a coffee break, and it was necessary for me to 'make room' for the coffee.

So, I walked along the grassy roadside, a respectable distance from the car, and prepared to relieve myself. Just as the action was about to begin, I noticed that the 'one-eyed' snake was being eyed off by one of the 'two-eyed' snakes, of the flicking tongue variety!

Never has anyone, in the field of herpetology, been quicker to make themselves decent, and hurry back to the car, for a much needed drink – room for it, or not!

Snake Story Two

I was on a two-day hiking trip with a friend at Wilson's Promontory, to the south-east of our state, Victoria. Loaded up with tent, sleeping bag, food, cooking gear and so on, the pack was pretty heavy (the grog didn't help, either!) Nevertheless, we had a magnificent hike with many great sea views throughout our walk.

At one point we came to an area quite thick with Ti Trees, a tough coastal small tree/shrub, which has many long roots just above and below the earth around it. While I was in the lead, one of the tree roots suddenly got up and slithered away very quickly! I had a terrific fright, and jumped a couple of feet straight into the air, landing back on a root, slipping off it and ending in an untidy mess on the ground. Luckily, the eggs I was carrying didn't break, and the Joe Blake (snake) was long gone. Whew!

'Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun'

The Herbert River Gorge lies to the west of Tully in Far North Queensland; rugged, remote and devoid of population. These days it's a National Park, listed as one of the Wet Tropics Great Walks. It has many campsites, and hikers and 'Grey Nomads' make it relatively common-place. But 35 years ago it was still very much uncharted territory.

One particular stretch of the gorge has some formidable, sheer cliff sides, just too inviting for us wannabe adventurous explorers to pass up. So, some white-water rafting on our 'blow-ups' seemed like a good idea at the time.

There were five of us, and we made camp well downstream from the gorge. Two of our companions were happy to stay and try their hand at some fishing, while the rest of us would just float down the gorge back to camp. 'It shouldn't take more than a couple of days.' Ho! Ho! Ho!

Very early in the day, our camp mates Land-Rovered us through the scrub on a barely noticeable track to a wide stretch of calm water above the gorge. They left us with our backpacks and, on reflection, somewhat limited supplies, to paddle our way down the gorge.

We jerry-built makeshift rafts, which proved less than satisfactory (it always seems so easy in the movies), and, half-submerged, half-paddled, half-swam the mile or so to the falls leading to the gorge proper.

Abandoning our (quite useless) rafts, we clambered down the side of the falls until we reached the floor of the valley and stumbled along the rock-strewn river for a while, looking for a place – any place – to launch our blow-ups. Unfortunately, it had been a particularly dry Dry Season. There was no stream flow and no walkway around the pools and rocks. With 500-foot sheer cliffs either side, we were in a trap.

Looking back, we felt we had come too far, in that terrain, to simply go back to the starting point. Besides, the cliff and rocks by the falls we had descended were no easier to scale than the sides that hemmed us in. Thus, we decided to climb out of the gorge where we were, and follow the rim back to camp. It was still a full two-day trek away, and we had already lost most of half a day.

Without climbing equipment, scaling the cliffs was out of the question. So we sought, and found, a side valley entering the gorge – difficult enough in itself, but still possible. Tossing our packs across the boulders and ravines, and leaping and scrambling after them, we progressed slowly along and up the valley until, eventually, emerging on top.

The open eucalypt scrub was thick enough to restrict vision to about 100 yards, and undulating enough to make it very hard going in the intense heat of the day. Our water bottles were already half-empty, and it was clear we were not going to find any water on the plateau.

Sure, there was water down in the gorge, but where the hell was it? We had come so far with twists and turns while ascending the valley from the gorge, with its own irregular snaking progression, that it could be, well, anywhere! But we knew that if we travelled south, we would hit the rim and then be able to follow it back to camp. The problem was that with all the scrambling, leaping and climbing, at some point the compass got SMASHED – oops!

No problem, just point the hour hand to the sun, bisect the angle between it and 12 o'clock and there's south. Ah, no – that's for the Northern hemisphere. Just point the 12 o'clock to the sun, bisect the angle with the hour hand and go in the opposite direction for

South. Is that OK for the Southern hemisphere? What if you are north of the Tropic of Capricorn and the sun is already south of you?

Whatever! We got it wrong, and after trudging for a couple of hours, probably not in a straight line anyway, we found ourselves with well and truly no idea of where we were on the map, or in which direction to go. We could have been a couple of hundred yards from the rim of the gorge or miles from it. We could have been going towards camp, away from it, or simply walking in circles. The dry, harsh bush was the same, whichever way one looked.

After such exertion through the day, coupled with the extreme heat, Russ collapsed from heat exhaustion and became delirious. Dick and I were not the best, either. With dwindling water and a very thirsty sun, things were getting serious. We settled in a hollow in the shade of a tree and discussed our options.





We reckoned that with what water we had, we could probably last another day; no more. As the guys back at camp were not expecting us for another day, and would not have the foggiest idea of where to start looking for us when the time came, we knew we would have to figure it out ourselves – and soon.

However, Russ couldn't move, and neither of us could carry him. Thoughts of Burke and Wills dimly drifted up into my consciousness.

Incredibly, as we contemplated our predicament and pondered solutions, the faint, distant, yet unmistakable sound of a vehicle reached our ears and, as soon as heard, faded away. A road? Well, a track anyway.

The toss of a coin established that Dick would find the track, follow it, establish our position and seek assistance, while I stayed there to nurse Russ. As fortune had it, the vehicle returned along the track shortly after Dick had reached it. It was our camp mates out for a drive. There was a million-to-one chance of our being at the right place at the right time, in a wilderness where minutes and metres really matter.

Fishing for our supper in the gorge pools back at camp, felt really good.

Footnote:

The Herbert River Gorge was the location of the second series of the US TV reality show, 'Survivor - The Australian Outback' in 2000.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Survivor:_The_Australian_Outback

Quote from Wikipedia:

'16 new castaways landed in the Australian Outback to begin the adventure of a lifetime. Upon arrival, each tribe had 5 minutes to collect everything they thought necessary from a box waiting for them, and immediately faced a grueling 5 mile hike to their respective camps. Nick was in charge of the compass and got the Kucha tribe lost.'

A 1970s Australian Welcome

After experiencing the highs and lows of an overland trek from London to Singapore, and a sea leg to Oz, (see 'The Framlinghamian', Overseas Postbag, Summer Term, 1975), the friendliness and exuberance of the people of Perth, Western Australia came as both a wonderful introduction and a respite. It lifted the spirits; at last, we could relax within the youth and vitality of a 'New Country', full of promise. For the first time in months, I was able to enjoy full comprehension of my own language.

In contrast to the 'Old Country' (or at least London), at bus stops, milk bars, indeed anywhere, if two or more strangers were in close proximity, the location became open meeting places to engage in friendly conversation, rather than places to envelope oneself within a shroud of personal privacy behind a newspaper or a wall of thoughts.

In order to be with my brother, who lived in Melbourne, for Christmas, I traded most of my dwindled funds for a ticket on the 'Indian Pacific', an epic train journey across most of southern Australia.

Gazing out of the window of my carriage once past Kalgoorlie, I watched the flat, featureless and seemingly endless plain of the Nullarbor present itself. All day, all night, and throughout the following day, this scene remained the same, as if the train was standing still in a vast expanse of space where the demarcation between land and sky became difficult to gauge through the heat haze. A flock of emus, a troop of kangaroos or a herd of camels occasionally changed the landscape; moving from where to where, one could but ponder.

When I alighted from the train carriage at Eucla for some 'fresh air', the forty-degree December wind hit me like a blast furnace. As I watched small children playing in a garden, devoid of anything even remotely green, the hot wind sucked out any moisture within me. This was as stark a comparison to England's 'green and pleasant land' as there could possibly be.





→ Later, over time, experiencing the contrasts of tropics to desert, mountains to plains, rivers to beaches, and forests to grasslands, it was as though I had been transported to some wonderland!

I had, and I loved it.

... I watched the flat, featureless and seemingly endless plain of the Nullarbor present itself.

Like most Aussies, we find the regular poisonous spiders and snakes in our backyard. Once we even found a baby Eastern Brown Snake inside the handlebars of my kid's scooter. Eastern Browns are considered the world's second most venomous land snake.

These stories stand out beyond the normal creepy-crawly encounters for me.

You can eat it, but it tastes like ...

Shortly after I arrived in Australia, I experienced my very own 'Crocodile Dundee' moment. I was on a backpacker road trip between Melbourne and Darwin in a 1977 Holden Kingswood, painted a stunning two-tone white and orange. The outback roads are very long and very straight, and, lacking the stimulating challenge of traffic, one's attention occasionally wanders.

Somewhere along the Stuart Highway we managed to run over a snake, instead of avoiding it. We stopped to take a look.

At that time, another car happened along, and also stopped, beside us. It was full of Aborigines. The driver got out, looked at us, and then looked at me.

'Is that yours?' he asked.

'No.'

'Do you want it?'

'No.'

'Do you mind if we take it? They're real good tucker, mate.'

'Help yourself, mate.'

He bent over to pick it up, at which point we all realised it wasn't as dead as it had seemed.

A bit of screaming from the onlookers, followed by the judicious use of a tyre lever, fixed the issue.

I'm pretty sure it's illegal to kill snakes in Australia; unless, that is, you are an Aborigine hunting for food.



Boarding Kennels – Australian Style



Friends of ours made a sea change, and moved out of the city to the bush a while ago – to the 'Outback', as Aussies generally refer to it.

In their local community there was a man who was the go-to bloke for distressed pets and animals that needed to be 'taken care of'. We'll call him 'Stuey'. He was not a vet, but just a normal, multi-skilled country boy. The price of this service was, in time-honoured Aussie tradition, a 'slab of beer' (that's a carton of beer, to the uninitiated).

Soon after they first moved to the area, my friends became a little homesick and decided to drive back to see their old friends in Sydney town for a week. Since everywhere in Australia is a long way from anywhere else, they'd decided not to take their dog; six hours in a car being far too long for a highly-strung city dog, they reckoned.

The arrangements to 'mind the dog' whilst they were gone had been made conversationally between my friend's wife and Stuey's wife. My friend dutifully took their beloved pet round to Stuey's place on the assigned day. Finding no one home, he tied the dog to the front veranda and left the slab of beer, to which he attached a note saying, 'Thanks for taking care of the dog'.

Unfortunately, at this point no one had told Stuey. So, coming home to find a dog, a slab of beer and the note, he did what he always did in these situations. He went and got his shotgun.

Obviously, poor Fido didn't come out of it too well, and there was much apologising when my friends got back.

To show Stuey there were no hard feelings, my friend did the right thing and took him round another slab of beer.

A Refreshing Dip

In 2006, my then girlfriend and I were holidaying in Western Australia, camping in Cape Range National Park, which is adjacent to the ocean and Ningaloo Reef. It is a beautiful part of this great, sunburnt country that I now call home.

Ningaloo is one of the world's largest fringing reefs, stretching for 260 kilometres off Western Australia's mid-north coast, about 1200 kilometres from Perth.

What's so special about Ningaloo is that its closest point is within 100 metres of shore. So, you can literally wade out to the reef and snorkel around, unlike the Great Barrier Reef, which requires a lengthy boat ride to reach it.

We had snorkelled out to the reef and were lazily completing a drift dive in Turquoise Bay, where you swim to the southern end of the bay and allow the current to carry you slowly back over the top of the reef.

It was a beautiful day, and I was having a spectacular time, until I looked up. About ten metres away was a shark. It was a two-metre-long reef shark, a species which, I'm told, are generally harmless.

My immediate problem was that, on a trip to the toilet in the middle of the night before, I'd walked into a wooden post, badly gashing my leg. Knowing that sharks like blood and that the cut was very deep, I wasn't hanging around to find out if I was on the menu. I screamed, did a very fast pirouette and swam right over the top of my girlfriend and back to shore. I might well have been running over the top of the water at one point.

N.B. My 'then' girlfriend is now my wife. All's well that ends well. Just another day in paradise.





**Mike Garnett
(left) with
Stephen Sayer
ready for a
game of Real
Tennis at Royal
Melbourne
Tennis Club in
July 2013**

Stephen Sayer's (S58-63) Story

Tales of Australia

It seems a long time ago that I first travelled to Australia to play real tennis (or is it still called Royal tennis over there?). I was met, virtually off the plane, by a chap called Mike Garnett and taken off to a very enjoyable Old Framlinghamian Dinner. We played in Melbourne and Hobart, and it was the beginning of many friendships, which happily continue to this day. It was also the beginning of a love affair with both cities. There were memorable barbeques – some in the Dandenongs, some given by colourful figures in Hobart. Such great hospitality.

I remember so well the tournament in Hobart, which, as it followed the tournament in Melbourne, was called the 'second leg'. Inevitably, the cover of the programme pictured a shapely female limb. Other memories include the consumption of 'yabbies' – the fishing for which is now very restricted – and winning on the roulette wheels at the Wrest Point Casino.

On our day off in the tournament, three of us drove to the convict settlement at Port Arthur. I found it a very bleak place with a strong sense of doom. As a matter of fact, we had a sense of doom when, on the way, we stopped at a pub near a sawmill, for lunch. We were all wearing sports jackets and ties, and the pub was full of rather red-necked workers from the mill. We quickly developed the impression that if we lingered, we would be leaving the pub through the window rather than the door.

We quickly developed the impression that if we lingered, we would be leaving the pub through the window rather than the door.

On a later visit for a tournament there, a 'poetry evening' was organised, which started slowly but grew louder and stronger as the hours wore on. A number of the contributions from players in the tournament seemed to have more affinity with rugby club songs than poems, but I remember one in particular, which made reference to the legendary tennis player, Pierre Etchebaster, who had, I think, visited the Hobart Club (I had already met him at the opening of the new court in Bordeaux, but that's another story). The words, sung to a mournful dirge, consisted exclusively of the words, "Pierre, Pierre, Pierre ..."





The poetry evening was, of itself, a great success but proved to be part of some rather bad planning. It, of course, involved considerable consumption of alcohol and ran into the small hours. The next morning at 8.30am the tournament organisers had arranged for a tour of Battery Point, the historic part of Hobart. After such an evening, this was too early. The result was that at the appointed hour only my wife, Aileen, and I were present. This was a severe embarrassment, as a considerable number had been expected, and coffee and cakes had been arranged in the church hall. These had to be cancelled, and all but one of the guides was stood down.

However, this all proved to our great personal advantage, as we had a wonderful guide to ourselves, a lady of very advanced years who knew everything there was to know about Battery Point. Quite incredibly, she could recall the relief of Mafeking and the coronation of Edward VII!

After the tournament we went north, driving all the way up the coast of Queensland, finally stopping at a delightful little place called Palm Cove. It had a very charming little hotel, a few yards from the beach. The beach itself confirmed the existence of those idyllic places that you see on the front cover of travel brochures: hundreds of yards of sparkling white sand, palm trees right down to the beach, a little island off the coast. It was with some pleasure that I rose early the next morning, headed down to the beach and had a wonderful swim.

Having dried off and returned to the hotel, we sat down to breakfast in the warm sunshine. As we enjoyed a delightful breakfast in this idyll, I opened the local newspaper. On the front page was a photo of the beach, accompanied by an article about how, two days previously, two swimmers had died on the beach from the stings of jellyfish.

The moral of the story? Not everything in Australia is as it seems.

Chris Shaw's (K49-56) Stories: 1

My First Drink in Far North Queensland

I came to Australia in 1973. Originally, I'm from Felixstowe in gentle East Anglia, but had spent seven years in the Caribbean prior to emigrating to this really big island.

I arrived, with my first wife and three-month-old son, at Sydney International Airport. We had decided to settle in a northern beach suburb of Cairns, mainly because of its similarity to the tropical environment of the West Indies. We flew there, with a ten-day stop in Brisbane.

In Cairns we secured the land, built the house and bought a successful business, thus taking on a twenty-plus year debt – as you do; or as you did then, anyway.

My first drink in a pub on my arrival to the area was in the Trinity Beach Hotel, a large, corrugated iron shed with floor-to-ceiling glass louvres in the east and west walls. It was perched a couple of hundred feet above sea level, on top of a hill overlooking the Coral Sea.

It was around noon in February 1973, sporting a temperature of 33 degrees Celsius, with humidity hovering around 90%. The sea was flat calm, as blue as an advertisement, and the view was enhanced by a couple of green islands about a mile off shore.

Bougainvillea and frangipani blossoms tumbled down the hill below me.







→

The guy next to me at the bar swivelled round.

‘G’day, mate. Haven’t seen you in here before.’ No question mark was needed, but it was a question.

‘Nah, mate. New chum. Just arrived,’ I said, desperately hoping he didn’t pick the falseness of my accent. ‘Can I get you a beer?’

‘Yeah, thanks. What do you do?’

‘Me, mate? Pharmacist. What about you?’

‘Surveyor. I do some small stuff around here, but lately I’ve been doing some work with my team in Papua New Guinea, up in the Highlands. ‘Course, there’s not a hell of a lot of law and order in those villages.’

‘Cheers!’

Left: A view of Trinity Beach, Cairns region, Australia – lush tropical vegetation set next to the Coral Sea.

‘We came on a situation, not that long ago, where a white missionary was fooling around with the young boys and girls in one particular village. The head man of this village was very worried and came to talk to us about it.’

‘What’d you do?’ I asked.

‘We killed the bastard, of course!’

‘Seriously?’ My eyebrows hovered near my hairline, along with my voice.

‘Yup. Only thing to do, under the circumstances, mate. Think about it: a long, drawn-out expensive court case with lawyers and all that, and the families having to travel all the way from their village to Port Moresby. Children having to give that sort of evidence. Nah! Would’ve brought huge shame on the families and the village, and they couldn’t have paid for it, anyway. So, we told the head man we’d take care of it.’

I just had to ask. Why do I always have to ask such questions?

‘What did you do with the body?’

‘Dropped it in a septic tank, mate. Ten days, no evidence, see. All gone. Can I get you another drink, mate?’

‘Yeah, thanks.’

So this was Australia. First drink – first murderer. Bloody hell! They’re a pretty rough bunch. I’d better keep my eyes open, but, by God, I love the sensation of this cutting-edge, pioneering stuff.

A Sort of Stanley-Livingstone Affair

The words, 'Christmas in Alaska', have embedded in them some clues about the prevailing environment: driving snow, fur clothing, Husky dogs and bone-deep cold.

'February in Cairns' doesn't convey anywhere near as much information for some reason, and you're left trying to work out: a) Where is Cairns? b) Which country/hemisphere is it in? c) Is it winter or summer there? d) Does winter there reverse the temperatures, as it changes the direction of swirling bathwater going down the plughole? No, you're right. It's all too hard. So I'd better tell you about it.

If you live in the northern hemisphere, the nearest you'll get to the February heat of Cairns is by opening the oven door when you check the Sunday roast. For me, the associated words are sweat, mangos, cyclones, flooding rain, and Torres Strait pigeons that migrate to join us for the summer months. It's the sort of heat that transfers to metal door handles, tepid water from the cold tap and furnace temperatures on beach sand.

On this particular day, I was standing in the dispensary of the large pharmacy I was managing, on a Sunday afternoon in February 1995, at about 2 pm. It was 33 degrees Celsius in the shade of the awning outside, and probably 31 degrees inside; the kinder temperature was by courtesy of several ceiling fans. Apart from the noise of the moving air from the fans, there was no sound. It was just too hot! No traffic, no pedestrians, no birdcalls, no insect noises, not even a breeze. My assistant was, in a leisurely manner, silently using a feather duster on some stock, while I was wondering, for the umpteenth time, why I was here while my boss was in his swimming pool with a cold beer in his hand.

The phone rang, jolting me out of my covetous reverie.

'Good afternoon, Cairns Day and Night Pharmacy. This is Chris Shaw. How can I help you?'

'Hello, Chris. My name's Peter Hughes. I'm managing the Mulgrave Road Pharmacy. I was wondering if you had any Flucloxacillin 250mgm?'

I was wondering if you had any Flucloxacillin 250mgm?

'Hold on, Peter. I'll have a look.'

I checked and found two containers.

'Yes, Peter, I've got two, and they're both in date. Does that help?'

'Yes, thanks Chris. I'll send the patient to you.'

'Thanks very much. Pleased to help.'

Pause.

'Nice little Pommie accent you've got there, Peter.'

'Yes, I was born in Kent.'

'Well, I was born in Suffolk.'

'Really? I went to school in Suffolk.'

'Oh? Where?'

'A place called Framlingham College.'

Pause.

'When?'

'Oh, Chris, you're going back a bit now. Let's see, 1950-55.'



Cairns Old Framlinghamians: L-R, Peter Hughes, Chris Shaw and Louis Simon,
with visiting Overseas Bag Editor, Chris Essex

Pause.

'Your name is Peter Hughes, you were in Garrett House and you had red, wavy hair!'

Silence.

More silence.

Had he fainted?

Finally, 'How the hell did you do that?'

'Easily, because I was there at the same time, Peter. Brandeston '49-'51, then Fram from '51-'56, in Kerrison House.'

More silence.

'Good God!'

Then there was some thinking silence.

'I get off at three. I'll be over.'

At 3.15 he walked into the pharmacy with his wife, Janet, on his arm and a great big grin on his face. We shook hands and didn't let go for quite a while. Imagine! What are the chances? Forty years later!

This story has been told many times, but please consider this: we had 273 pupils at the College in the middle '50s, and for two of them to have become pharmacists is perhaps not that much of a stretch. But to finally meet up in a small country town forty years later, on the other side of the world, both working in the retail sector, on a Sunday afternoon, in the Wet Season in the tropics, I would suggest is rather extraordinary! We both chose not to plagiarise Mr. Stanley's greeting, even in a modified form, of, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume', although it was sorely tempting.





This serendipitous event has led to 4-6 meetings every year, with a background of good food and good wine, regaling each other with our exploits, adventures and failings.

One prime example was that recently, Peter had had a heart pacemaker installed while on holiday in the United Kingdom, by a surgeon who had trained at St. George's Hospital. He, in turn, had been through that training with the surgeon who had installed mine a year later, in Cairns Base Hospital. Don't you just love 'stuff' like that?

We have both made many journeys across the world to visit our relatives, but have had very few return matches. Apart from pharmacy, Peter has pursued several successful skirmishes into amateur theatricals in Cairns and elsewhere, while I've taken up writing – both of us using our right brains, as opposed to the left-brain logic that we needed for our scientific training in pharmacy.

He and I are noticeably getting older and frailer, but I'm still hoping I can persuade him to make the trip to the Hunter Valley for the 150th Anniversary Dinner of Australian/New Zealand Old Framlinghamians in 2015. Whether or not he and Janet are able to make it, we share our story for its camaraderie, its entertainment and its 'bonds of friendship' value.

At that event, I'm hoping that some of our contemporaries will be brought into a gentle and supportive 'family' environment, with a sip or three of wine and a handshake to coalesce a group of disparate individuals; many of us have been out in the cold for a long, long time.

Reminiscences of My Arrival in Oz

The request to write about something that happened 'that would never happen in the UK' is a tall order! However, for what it is worth, here is my contribution, based on my first four months' experience in 1970.

I was based in Melbourne and made a number of visits to Sydney during that time, to establish our firm's business in Australia. I was working for a London-based professional firm of Quantity Surveyors and had spent the previous three energetic and exciting years salvaging and rebuilding our practice in Ghana, West Africa.

Australia was very open and welcoming to me. I had no problems getting to meet the most senior people, usually on the same day or at least within the same week. This was so unlike my experience in London, where it was hard to get hold of the secretary, never mind the boss.

Of course, I was a 'Pommie bastard', which disturbed me for a few weeks until it dawned on me that most of the folk calling me that came from the United Kingdom themselves.

Catching the bus was a bit daunting – no queue! Then came a bit of a free-for-all when the bus arrived. However, people talked to each other and were on a first-name basis. I'd be introduced, and all would remember me as Dave. Of course, not being used to such free social intercourse in public, I had no training in remembering anyone's name, and had to fudge my conversations without saying a name.

Getting photos developed and printed had to be done at the pharmacy. My experience in the first week of arrival was a wake-up call that I was not in a clone country of the United Kingdom. On remarking to the Pharmacist that his charges were much higher than

they were in the United Kingdom, his response to me was, 'Then I suggest you p*** off back to the UK to get them developed there!'

The beer was so cold! After Saturday sailing, back in the Sandringham Yacht Club bar, the 'shouts' for beer were from 12 to 15 people, all in 7-ounce frozen

glasses. Most of the guys were in a rush to go, and so the shouts came thick and fast (it was not 'done' not to shout before leaving). Having been brought up on good warm English bitter, I couldn't keep up. So the glasses kept accumulating in front of me, making me way behind on making my shout.

As the glasses thawed out and the beer warmed a little, I was able to catch up, but too late; most of them had gone, and I was getting sozzled! It was all over by 7 pm. There were a few jibes about 'the short arms and deep pockets of Poms', but no-one left me out of a shout.

Of course, the Sandringham Yacht Club was for men only, and the wives and girlfriends had to wait outside, in order for the menfolk to take them home. (No booze buses in those days; just one-car families). However, these Aussie girls were not to be out-done by the blokes. They had the Victorian Ladies Yacht Club behind a high wire fence, right next door to Sandringham Yacht Club, for their sole use.



I had experienced horse racing in the United Kingdom at Ascot, but my visit to Flemington for the Melbourne Cup was extraordinary. Melbourne closed for the day, and a holiday atmosphere took over. My first and lasting impression is that there were 90,000 people at the racecourse. That was amazing, but I was told that in the late 1800s, the numbers were between 100,000 to 120,000.

Of course, at this time, men and women each had to have their own grandstands. Looking up at the stands, I recall it was easy to tell which stand was which. The Men's

(Members, presumably) Stand was grey in colour, reflecting the fact that they all wore grey hats and suits, while the Ladies' Stand was white! Predominantly, white hats and frocks were worn.

... and this Pommie bastard was lent a car over the Christmas-New Year period by a person I hardly knew ...

My first four months were very busy, but a lot of fun, even though my wife, Rosie, and the children were still in the United Kingdom. This latter point touched some very generous people, and this Pommie bastard was lent a car over the Christmas-New Year period by a person I hardly knew, and entertained on Christmas Day by a wonderful family at Frankston.

Welcome to Australia!

Your Australian Hosts

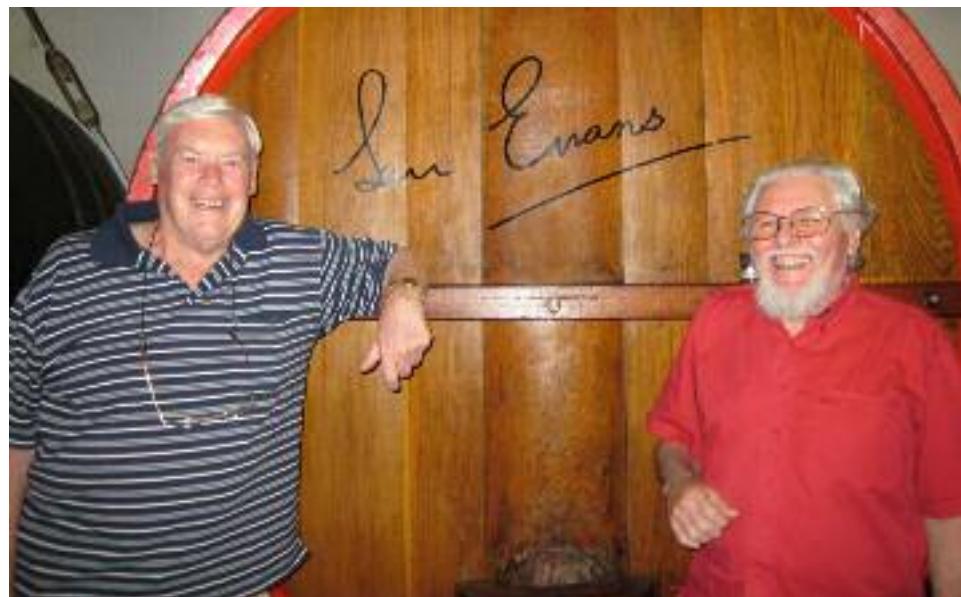
Mike Garnett and Chris Shaw

Mike Garnett (R53-55)

After school, Mike found it difficult to get permanent employment because he had not 'done his National Service', and so he applied to the powers-that-be to join early. This was not allowed, but he was offered an alternative that was 'too good to refuse', i.e. to join the Royal Air Force early and do three years instead of two – and get permanent pay. He was posted to the Far East Air Force where the Malay Emergency was in full swing, serving at RAF Tengah with the Commonwealth squadrons of the Royal Australian Air Force and the Royal New Zealand Air Force – his first encounter with ANZACs, who made a good impression on Mike.

Three years later he was de-mobbed prior to his 21st birthday, only to find that National Service had been scrapped the previous year.

Your Australian hosts: Mike Garnett (left) and Chris Shaw, with the Len Evans Great Barrel in pride of place as a backdrop



'I have no regrets. It was a great experience,' says Mike. 'I saw many parts of the world at Her Majesty's expense.'

He spent seven years on the tea plantations of upper Assam beneath the Himalayas, and reluctantly departed as a result of the war between India and East Pakistan, which was too close for comfort. The result of that conflict was the establishment of a new country called Bangladesh. Mike took a job in Papua New Guinea running a coconut and cacao plantation on the northern coast before succumbing to all sorts of tropical illnesses, which landed him in hospital. So, off to Australia he went.

Mike served for twenty-six years with BP Australia during the halcyon days when that company knew how to drill holes without causing disasters. He also re-connected with service life by joining an RAAF reserve squadron, with which he gained his commission.

Mike has always enjoyed racket and ball games, playing fives and squash with enthusiasm at Fram. Later, on the international circuit, he met up with fellow 'real-tennis' player (and OF) Stephen Sayer on a number of occasions and at various locations around the world. These included Hatfield House, Queen's, Hayling Island, Hobart, Melbourne, and a little township in South Carolina called Aiken. If we had both lived in the same country, we could have teamed up to represent Framlingham College in the public schools doubles, traditionally held at Queen's Club in London.

Mike's two sons live in Melbourne with their families, and Mike is a proud grandfather of four children.

The Seven Ages of Chris Shaw

The stage, on which Chris Shaw was born as a mewling, puking infant in Felixstowe in that sceptred isle, resounded with the cries of havoc and the unleashed dogs of war. He had to suffer the bombs and 'doodlebugs' of Hitler's outrageous fortune and see Europe dashed to pieces. Since discretion was the better part of valour, some of his war years were spent in central Norfolk on his grandparents' farm, fancy free and close to the soil.

In his schoolboy years, he was torn from home like skin from a blister, with tuckbox, blanket and trunk. At Brandeston Hall and Framlingham College, with shining morning face, he learned fair play, n'er foul, and became exceedingly well read. Whilst learning by rote and examination, he found that a boy's ballistics of balls and bullets, too, engaged his daily world. By night he played his violin, eventually finding that sweet concord that so strongly lifts the spirit, yet is a harsh and unforgiving mistress to capture in such perfection.

For his profession not to have foundations of sand, he lit long fires for his apothecary's cauldron, charged with eye of newt and toe of frog in what passed then for the modern scene. Love easily became the most complicated essence in the universe, with heartbreak apparently at the whim of April showers.

Onwards, to the traveller and the playboy, learning a little of love but much about the players on the world's stage and being as fearless as any warrior in the cannon's mouth – until one day, there was a sea change in direction and vulnerability.

To complete his journey to all the corners of this world, he left his baggage far behind and, as good luck had it found a new land – such stuff as dreams are made of. Those were his salad days. Now was the winter of his English discontent made glorious summer by sunny skies, tropical zephyrs and gold-sand beaches.

Finally, the moth emerged, full-grown and strong, quite ready to fulfil the players' needs with wool of bat and

tongue of dog, with wise saws and instances, dispensing comfort and advice – the milk of human kindness.

A borrower, not a lender, he had to be. He paid the pound of flesh demanded for the privilege – forever and a day, or so it seemed.

Wives, too, have their exits and their entrances, but he, with sigh, with tear, with bruised and huddled fear passed through, discovering that all's well that ends well. 'Twas then he understood that love is blind, so peered – but not with eyes – more closely at her attitude, rather than to the skin-depth of her beauty. The course of their true love did run smooth, albeit taken at the ebb.

Much later came the turning of the tide, bringing with it a beard as white as snow – a reflection of his working time. Less walking brought about skinny shanks and balanced spectacles; and the calculating left-brain gave way to glorious images in the right. Add some thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to and he became the very mirror of a modern-made apothecary, using that which he had once dispensed, which now became so indispensable to him.

'To be, or not to be?' That is the question, and the answer must always be, 'I will be naught – but not yet, please?'

'How long have I got? What will be the manner of my exit? Will there daily be more pain and less dignity? Is this the final curtain I see before me?'

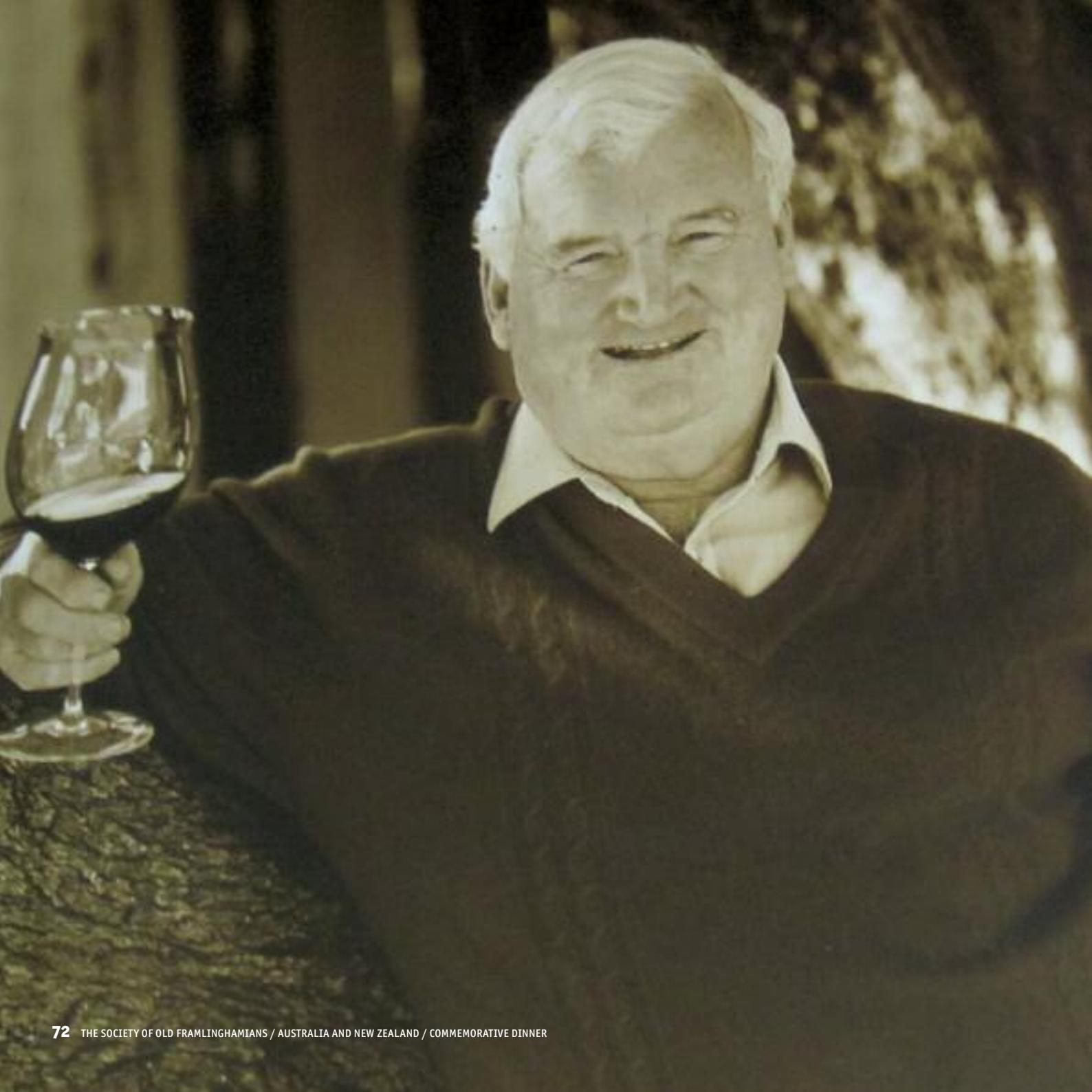
'Poor Chris, we knew him well'.

Balancing the quality against the quantity, the prize against the price, there is no opposing this aging sea of trouble. Shuffling off is not our choice, although it is of our concern and by concerning shortens days and clouds the sun.

Rejoice each day, for we have been good men and true.

We few, we happy few, we band of OF brothers.

(Thank you, Mr. Gillett; my Mr. Chips)



Vale Len Evans:

An Influence Worth Bottling

We have included an abridged version of an obituary for Len Evans, arguably our highest profile Australian Old Framlinghamian thus far. Len also spent some time in New Zealand and is respectfully admired by all of us.

Leonard Paul Evans was born in Felixstowe, Suffolk, of Welsh farming stock. Educated at Framlingham College in Suffolk, he was accepted to read architecture at Cambridge University. However, he wanted to be a golf professional and became a fitness instructor with the Royal Air Force before migrating in 1953 to New Zealand, where he taught some golf and felled trees.

Arriving in Australia in 1955, he worked on the dingo fence in outback Queensland, did some welding, and washed glasses in a pub at Circular Quay.

He was the first regular wine columnist in Australia, with articles published from 1962. He was founding director of the Australian Wine Bureau in 1965 and wrote the first encyclopedia of Australian wine in 1973. He also wrote the 791-page *Complete Book of Australian Wine*.

He chaired the judges of the Sydney Wine Show (1979-2000) and National Wine Show (1983-1990) and judged in France. Throughout his career, Evans encouraged younger figures in the Australian wine world, including Brian Croser and James Halliday.

In Australia, he was appointed as a holder of the Order of the British Empire in 1982 and the Order of Australia in 1999. In France, he was awarded the Ordre du Mérité Agricole in 1993. The English wine magazine, *Decanter*, named him Man of the Year in 1997.

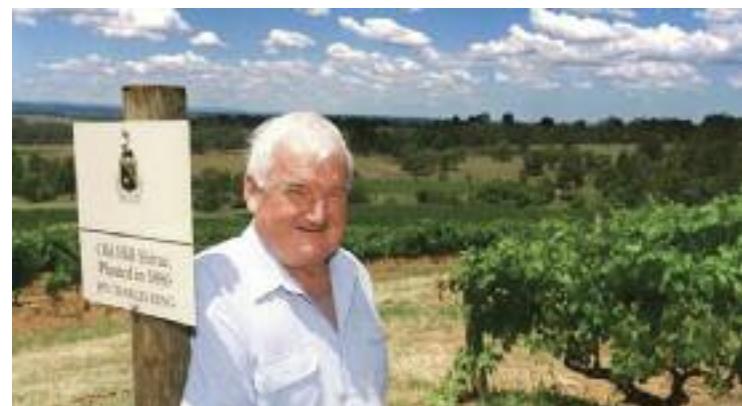
Jancis Robinson wrote in *The Oxford Companion to Wine* that Len Evans 'has done more to advance the cause of wine in Australia than any other individual'.

Evans was a promoter, taster, judge, consumer, teacher, maker and drinker of wine. He was blessed, as Nicholas Faith said in his book, *Australia's Liquid Gold*, with 'a golden tongue and a great palate' and, as a doctor said, with 'a genius of a liver'.

He is survived by Patricia (nee Hayton), always known as Trish, daughters Sally and Jodie, and son Toby. A death notice in Saturday's Herald advised: "Len Evans would like to inform his friends that his long and joyous life has come to an end ... He hopes they will attend the Tower Estate Winery ... on September 16 to give him a bloody good send-off."

An extract from: Tony Stephens, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 22nd August, 2006

**Top: Len Evans' plaque on the Great Barrel
Below: Hunter Valley-based wine legend, the late Len Evans**



Commemorative Dinner Guest List

House	Surname	First name/s	Partner
R54-62	Allport	Mike	Bunny
–	Ashton	David - Deputy	–
K58-65	Bailey	Brett	Sue
K34-38	Bailey	Peter - Brett's Father	–
G62-70	Bentall	Penderel Michael	(Donation)
G73-83	Birrell	Iain Lambert	Cathy
G74-83	Birrell	Mark	Maeve
S55-58	Birt	Andrew Guy Ross	Anne
S59-63	Birt	John (Thailand)	–
G65-74	Bower	Philip Julian	Dee
R42-45	Channell	Jack - The Archwizard	–
R61-66	Cottingham	Ian Robert	Lyn
K55-59	Craig	Robert Daniel	Carolyn
S48-50	Dann	Keith Harold	Pat
G60-67	Dougherty	Simon	Maggie
K69-75	Essex	Christopher Roland	Eryl
–	Evans	Trish	Guest
S63-69	Freemantle	Richard	Jan
R53-55	Garnett	Michael Pearson	–
S44-48	Gates	John	Ruth
K70-76	Hollins	Peter Allatt	–
–	Jenkin	Lynn	Richard
R53-61	Lipman	Colin	Lexie
S53-61	Marsh	Neville Alexander	Alison
R54-60	Munro	Robert James	Maria Page
G72-75	Narroway	Simon Maurice	Yoko
Z79-84	Newbery	Jon	Marzenna
S54-63	Newson	David William James	Fran
S43-48	Richardson	Hugh Flack	Julia
Z76-81	Ritchie	Bruce	–
Z76-83	Ritchie	Rob	–
S58-63	Sayer	Stephen	Aileen
K49-56	Shaw	Christopher John	Rebecca
K32-40	Simpson	Peter Ratcliffe	Hetta
G48-56	Summers	David Robin Ritchie	Rosie
–	Taylor	Paul - Headmaster	(Donation)

