

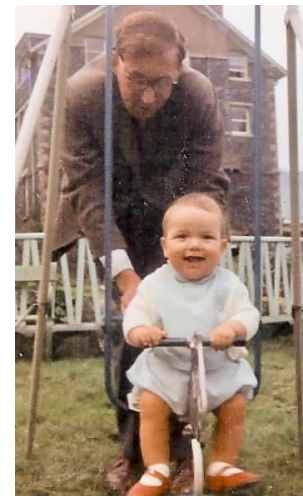
In memory of Tim Gough, at the SOF Norfolk Supper, on 18th November 2022, by his friend and the Hon Gen Sec, Ruth Elwood.

As you may know, a wonderful OF and dear friend of mine, Tim Gough, sadly passed away at the age of 55 from a massive heart attack a few weeks ago on Monday 24th October, whilst doing what he loved best, presenting his breakfast show on the radio. Tim should have been with us here tonight, speaking to you all about his return to the mic, coming out of radio retirement, to form a new Suffolk radio station, called Gen X, which 11 months later, went digital, a week after his passing.



I thought I'd talk about life at the College in the 80s, with some snippets, that 'our little group' has joked and talked about over the years; leading on, to how I became involved with the Society. 'Our little group', included, 'the boys' - Tim and Hugo Corrie, with Teresa (Ratty) Rutherford and myself. Tim, Hugo and Ratty had known each other since early childhood and the 4 of us later become regular drinking and party partners over the last decade, reminiscing over our times at Fram, regularly meeting for supper at The Crown and taking walks around the Castle to blow away the cobwebs, the morning after!

Born on 14th January 1967, Tim grew up on the family farm in Lackford, outside Bury St Edmunds, with his mother Bridget and father Dick, sister Catherine and younger brother 'Bob', who is also an OF. Tim and his brother were both in Moreau, Hugo was in Stradbroke and Ratty and I were in Pembroke, and all of us attended the school between 1980 and 1985.



During the 80's, 'girls' were the minority, with around 40 of us in Pembroke House as 'day girls' amongst probably 400 boys. It may be some people's idea of heaven, perhaps – but for some of us, it was more like our idea of hell!

Tonight, I see the highest number of my 1980s contemporaries are here, at an OF event - so well done Ed, for getting Luke, Mike, John, Will, Joe, Philip, James and Matthew to come along, and hopefully you will all recall Tim from our years at Fram, and recognise the agony that some of 'us girls' went through; tormented by the likes of 'XXX'....

At the time of my interview with Laurie Rimmer in December 1981, the Castle mere had frozen over. Tim, Hugo and Ratty often talked about skating in wellies on the ice. The thought of this annual winter welly skating became a key reason in why I wanted come go Fram – but sadly, once I'd joined, the castle mere never froze over again.





Often, there were only 1 or 2 of 'us girls' in a class of 30 boys who, quite frankly, were not very nice back then... which was a stark contrast to the gentle kindness offered by Tim and Hugo to 'us girls'. Tim thoroughly enjoyed singing his heart out alongside Ratty in the school choir, their first song being Vivaldi's Gloria. During choir practice in the Chapel, Ratty tells me he used to sit behind her and poke her in the back, giggling like a true schoolboy at the resulting distraction. Together they often sang in Fram Church, perhaps setting the scene for his dedication to music later in life. Hugo recalled how Tim, at the age of 13, had set up 'TG Radio's, Lackford Studio', in his bedroom at home, talking into a microphone and playing records whilst recording his DJ routine onto a cassette player, forcing Hugo to listen when he visited Tim during the school holidays!



Back in the classroom, it was all about safety in numbers; which meant you always sat beside the other girl, or girls... Unfortunately, the boys in front of you had a captured audience... and during maths, would all stand up in unison and drop their trousers to flash their bums, while Pete Hayes, the somewhat ineffective teacher scribbled on the black board at the front. When Pete turned around, all red faced and embarrassed, he knew exactly what the boys had done. Luckily, 'us girls' were never phased by such immaturity, and the spotty bottoms really were nothing special! Ratty and I remember our 'O' level year, as we studied George Orwell's 1984, in 1984, so the date became engrained on our minds, with 'Big Brother' truly watching over us all, these days!



In sport, our low numbers meant 'us girls' were all, 'in all of the teams' regardless of talent, taking part in seasonal hockey and cross country running, with tennis, rounders, javelin, hurdles and discus during the summer. Tim on the other hand was a keen cricketer at school, having watched his father play for Coddensham, often against Ratty's father, Colin Rutherford. This love of cricket stayed with him his whole life, as he followed the national game and visited Trent Bridge many times. This was alongside his passion for football, supporting his the rival local club, Norwich City, wherever their victories took them, from Carrow Road to Wembley and back again. Tim was always keen on ALL sport, but he admitted that as an adult, he preferred to watch it live, or on the TV!



Leaving Fram in 1984, I went on to do 'A' levels elsewhere, and then on to Gloucester to study Landscape Architecture, completing a 3 year degree and post graduate diploma, losing touch with my Fram peers. It wasn't until I graduated in 1990 and headed to the big smoke to take up my first job, that I became acquainted with the Society and rekindled old school friendships. Julia (Hairy) Hammond, also lived in London and together we went along to some of the London suppers. We met a most charismatic and fascinating General, who was

President of the Society at the time, now followed, in his footsteps by his son Peter. We met Richard Rowe and several others, who made us realise that whilst our time at Fram had been 'an experience!'; there were some really fabulous OFs out there, who were pleasant, kind and gentlemanly towards 'us girls', and for several years, we dressed in our best and attended what we thought were a number of **most glamorous** OF events. Obviously, Julia and I were the only female OFs attending and I was asked to join the Society, as a member of Council. Soon it was muted, that a ball was required, to encourage more young OFs to engage with the Society and join in. Before anyone could say 'will you', Julia, Richard and I found ourselves tasked with organising the 1992 Reunion Ball, held at the College, which involved much hilarity, silly games and a lot of indelible pen, washed down with plenty of wine over several Sunday roasts, while serious 'ball planning' got underway.



During this time, in a parallel universe, Tim had planned to join a local agricultural college after Fram; but the lure of waking up listeners on the radio seemed vastly more appealing than mucking out the pigs! Having practiced being a DJ endlessly in his bedroom, and inspired in 1985, when he met Radio 1 presenter Janice Long, he felt motivated and ready to test the water. He pestered the life out of the receptionists at Radio Orwell in Ipswich, making sure everyone at the station got to know him. He once said, "I think I made the public area of the radio station so untidy, by hanging around there, they allowed me to make the DJs tea and file away their records in the gram library. Before long, I was operating the equipment and being given the chance to get behind the microphone myself." Initially, Tim started on the early bird weekday show, (where he could do the least damage), and after a couple of years, his bosses let him loose presenting the breakfast show on Saxon Radio, in Bur y St Edmunds.

After several years in Suffolk, Tim moved to the East Midlands in 1995 to join Trent FM; he married and he and his wife had their son Isaac, in 1998. He moved on to Leicester Sound and then Saga FM for the station's launch in 2003, until it was bought out and later relaunched, as Smooth Radio, with Tim at the helm.



I returned to Suffolk in 1998 and started my business Elwood Landscape Design. Being closer to Framlingham meant I was able to attend more London and College events and I started shooting at Bisley, with the OF Rifle Club on a regular basis. This came to an end when I fell pregnant in 2000, as 'the bump' became too large to comfortably lay prone on the ground with a gun!

Fast forward a few years, and Tim had officially retired from Radio in 2010, moving back to Suffolk close to the family farm in Lackford, taking a change of career direction, enjoying property management, web site design and managing the farm shoot for his brother Bob, whilst taking a keen interest in current affairs. He fulfilled his 'bucket list' dreams of travelling to see the Taj Mahal in 2013 and returned again to India in 2017. He regularly attended the Beer Festivals in Stuttgart with friends, seen on Facebook year after year, wearing his Lederhosen breeches, holding a stein filled with beer and a massive smile across his face. He travelled extensively in the UK, taking regular trips to Scotland, which this year included the Isle of Rona early in October. His favourite holiday destinations included Australia, Cyprus, Italy, (around Sorrento and the Amalfi Coast), the French Alps and Dublin, for weekend trips! When Tim wasn't at work, he loved to spend time with his dog Cooper and son Isaac, of whom he was so very proud, having moved to Suffolk to live with him at Lackford.



In recent years, Tim and Hugo would always accompany me to SOF events in both Suffolk and London, keeping me safe, as we all staggered back to our hotel, arm in arm, after a night on



the town. It wasn't long until I found myself volunteered as the Suffolk supper organiser, and in 2019, I was asked to be the secretary for the Society. With so many of my contemporaries here tonight; I ask that you too may like to consider getting involved more with the running of the Society - We're always looking for new, young blood!



Tim was always passionate about keeping in touch with friends and family, and he last visited me in May, when Hugo, Tim and I, with my boys enjoyed a feast and several bottles of wine in our garden. He loved to cook fish and Sunday roasts with all the trimmings, confessing that he perhaps spent too much time



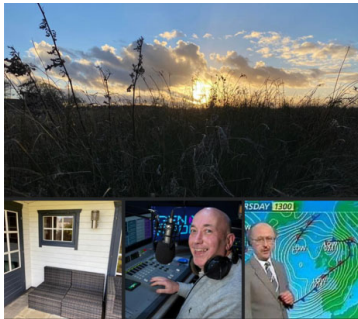
perusing the aisles in his local supermarket, dreaming up his next gastronomic feast.

As many of you will recall, he was always life and soul of the party, 'sloegasms' being his favourite cocktail – a mixture of sloe gin and champagne... which often resulted in the hang overs from hell. He entertained farm shooting guests with refreshments and fine dining every Friday over the winter months, but during lockdown, he recognised the need to turn his health around and over the next 2 years, shed 8 stone or more to become a fit new, Mr Gough, ready to embrace his new image.

In 2021, Tim was adamant that he had done everything he'd always wanted to achieve in radio, and was genuinely at peace with the industry. He had no interest in presenting a radio show again and maintained that stance... until James Hazell came knocking.



After a prolonged period of constant nagging; James persuaded a reluctant Tim to join Gen X in the New Year of 2022, with Tim waking up the people of Suffolk for the first time since 1995, broadcasting his breakfast show from – Tim's garden party room, but now called the, 'Garden Studio' on air. He relied on the internet and his many friends, like us, sending in requests and messages on our 'group' chat, followed by the reward of a private 'shout out', or, being named as the 'winner of today's competition', while he played our favourite 80s tunes.



On the 18th February, as Storm Eustice approached, he posted on Facebook that, 'he was so excited about his new life behind the mic as a radio presenter', saying, 'there was nothing else that could replace the adrenaline and thrill of being on the radio during unprecedented events; hoping that during his 5 hours of broadcasting that day, the electricity and broadband would hold up!' He admitted afterwards, that he had been flying by the seat

of his pants and was shattered, but **it had tapped into something deep inside of him, to remind him why he loved every single moment on air** – and that feeling never went away, right to his very last breath.



Music and presenting on radio were Tim's first loves, (apart from Ratty), followed by good food, good wine and good company. He was a true gentleman; he had a heart of gold and will be missed by so many, taken away too soon.

He held the music of the 80s most dear, as the decade that many of us here tonight grew up in. He felt the best track, that summed him up; as well as his job and life's philosophy, was, 'Talk Talk - Life's What You Make It', which just happens to be one of my favourites too!

Finally, his famous party trick was an imitation of Radio 2's Ken Bruce, so rather than playing his favourite pop song, I'd like to play his infamous, 'Pop Master' moment, that truly reflects this once cheeky Framlingham schoolboy... and afterwards, I'd like us all to raise a glass to absent friends: Tim Gough.



Thank you for listening.