

The Mitre



Autumn
2000
Edition

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"The Mitre" is the Magazine of the Old Michaelian Association.
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Dear Old Michaelian's,

This is the last letter I shall be writing to you as Chairman of The Old Michaelian Association. It has been a very enjoyable three years, which, like time generally at our age, has flown past.

I have been a member of the Old Michaelian Association, like most of you, since the day I walked out of the school, equipped for the outside world! I did lapse for about three years in the early seventies, but that is about all. Why do so many keep in touch? I don't know why or what it is, or was, but there seems to be that 'something' that makes the last weekend in October special, every year.



From time to time, throughout the year, a letter from an Old Michaelian drops through the letterbox. The reasons for this vary, members who have heard some news of someone, do we know the whereabouts of so-and-so, etc., etc. The most remarkable are probably the one or two a year from someone who went to the school and has just discovered that the OMA still exists.

Recently I was talking to someone who went to a school in Surrey which closed its doors in 1974. There were approximately four hundred pupils at the school at any time, and it was open for more than fifty years. They had a reunion this summer and they only had fifty old pupils attend their weekend.

As so many of you know our reunion weekends are always enjoyable, and that is what makes them so successful. Every year a 'new face or two' appear, but circumstances also mean that someone else has to miss a year. If only we could get you all together... what a wonderful bash it would be. Some people worry about how they've changed. The certainty is that we have all changed, some are bigger (!), balder (!), wiser (?). I know there are people I would be very pleased to see again, and I know that I am not alone in these thoughts.

COME AND ENJOY YOURSELF AT THIS YEARS REUNION.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the committee members who have made my three years so pleasurable, and occasionally, good fun! We meet twice a year around March/April at someone's house, and in July at the Le Strange Arms, Old Hunstanton. Over the past couple of years a lot of effort has been made by several people to ensure The Mitre retains the standards it has enjoyed over the years, whilst also keeping up with the times. A job well done by those involved, and my thanks to you all. (My apologies for the consistently late Chairman's Letter!). Those that arrange the reunion weekends also put a lot of time and effort into making these a success every year. It is difficult to make changes each year, whilst at the same time retaining the core reason for the weekend.

Finally I should like to thank all of YOU for supporting YOUR Association so enthusiastically. Without you there would not be an Association, let alone a Reunion. Thank you.

My final request is that you ALL continue to support the Old Michaelian Association, and the new Chairperson and committee, as enthusiastically as you have in the past.

Yours

Bob Hill

Per Ardua

With the arrival of the latest THE MITRE I feel it's high time I honoured a pledge given several years back to write a little something - if only to fill those pages. A (nother) wet summer's day affords me just such an opportunity....

I arrived at The Pottery from smoky, smelly Teesside, a difficult and in some ways daunting first curacy after ordination in York Minster. It was a wonderful education in that Teessiders believe in calling a spade a bloody shovel (even worse!). Visiting happened daily so one could never be accused of idling away the time. They are a most hospitable people and when you were invited into their homes (as you invariably were) you took them as they were... put on the kettle and maybe wash up the cups if you want a cuppa. But of course, those were the days when double-shifts in both the chemical and steel industries were there for the taking.



Heacham, parish and school, was a whole universe away from what was to follow. I recall being driven around Heacham, Ingoldisthorpe and Hunstanton by RPP but was nonetheless disoriented for some little while. All credit to Mukhlis therefore for taking me under his wing and endeavouring to explain Who was Who and What was What. A vivid memory is of the start of the September '63 Staff meeting during which everybody but me grabbed the classes they wanted for the subjects they taught, so that when it was all but over I remarked that I seemed to have a modest teaching commitment. So, it was back to the drawing-board and at last. I was In!

Tales such you and I could tell about St. Michael's are the stuff of legend. And I can tell you I've given many an off-the-cuff talk I've named A ragbag of Memories to many, many societies. And, what's the bet that when leaving they confide to each other that he DID tend to embroider - to exaggerate. Wrong!

It was as a result of an advertisement in the CHURCH TIMES for RAF Chaplains that I was able to get a free trip to London for interview. I actually then had no such intention of wearing the Queen's uniform... but, a free rail ticket was part of the deal. My favourite theme is the part that Chance has played in my own life. And so it was with me.

I said Farewell to St. Mick's in May '56 and was given a signet ring by the boys of the Ingoldisthorpe boarding-house which I treasure to this day.

Within a few months of leaving, suitably attired for warmer climes than UK, I found myself in S Yemen and what turned out to be the final year of the British presence in S Arabia. Aden was the centre for nationalists intent in driving the British out sooner rather than later, urged on by Marxists from Egypt, China and Eastern bloc countries, who were generous in their supply of arms to the Arabs. British troops were involved in shooting incidents sometimes 40 times daily and as chaplain to the military hospital I was constantly on call to attend to the spiritual needs of the wounded, the dying - and the dead. Active Service was an experience I wouldn't have missed for the world. Everything that was to follow would be anti-climax. Incidentally, I paid a return visit to Aden just 18 months ago - and how the memories flooded back, more especially when I participated in the Remembrance Day services at the 2 military cemeteries... 'there is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England'.

I was not destined to return to UK when the final pull-out occurred in late '67. Instead, I was posted to Sharjah in Oman, another desert station, far removed from dangers and difficulties, but challenging in quite another way. Let's put it like this, the temptation within most if not all of us when in an isolated outpost with seemingly little to do is (a) to lie back and do nothing (b) to moan excessively. And yet, in the nearby village there was another lifestyle altogether. My church building was used as social centre, cinema and even worship - and yes, the British are inclined to be more religious when far away from Home.

Reluctantly in my own case, I returned to Lyneham in Wiltshire, then the departure-point for most overseas-going aircraft. The RAF chaplains also happened by some unusual arrangement to be in charge of the civilian parish...a dramatic happening because it meant having to deal with the moaning Minnies who complained about just everything. And what did WE care or know, seeing we were birds of passage, here today and gone tomorrow. Mmm!!

'69 and my posting order arrived for a fighter station in Scotland, Leuchars by name - in the Gulf Stream and so quite often warmer than in the deep south. This was the time of the Cold War when Russian Bear aircraft attempted to penetrate our defences and had to be intercepted....continual noise throughout the 24 hours, fascinating in quite another way.

Two years were to pass quickly before I was told that I'd been posted to the plummiest of the plum postings, to Singapore. But, this was also the time when the British presence generally was being withdrawn from east of Suez. I therefore found myself working with the army, navy and air forces of the 3 constituent parts of the ANZUK force. Australia New Zealand and of course, UK. Here was the Day of Pentecost updated! There followed 30 months of hard work - mustn't forget that! - plus exploration up-country to the delights of Malaysia and even to one of the islands of the Maldives group. I thrived in the tropical climate. Who WOULDN'T be reluctant to return home?

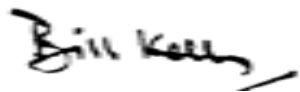
March '74 saw my return to Cosford and the Apprentices Training School - pretty much like a sixth-formers in uniform and under discipline with money in their pockets. Pretty volatile. And impressive too inasmuch as one almost felt the pride and the urge for adventure.

A Maintenance Unit was my next home for over 3 years whose main job was to supply the entire RAF with its supplies of whatever. And then to Sealand near Chester for my final 3 years in uniform - here, a mix of servicemen and civilians in a ratio of 1: 2. Their high rate of pay came about as a result of their technical skills, their working environment demanding and stressful in a dust-free environment....plenty of opportunity here to prop up the workbench and talk over whatever featured on the menu.

I became Chaplain & Head of RI and Teacher of English at Woodbridge School in '83 - not at all like The Pottery,'nuff said. A year's unemployment in '89 came to an end when I was offered the living of St. Paul's in Newport S Wales, scheduled for closure. This was to be combined with the chaplaincy of the 2 town-centre hospitals..... if you seek a quiet 9 - 5 job, most emphatically DO NOT apply for a hospital chaplaincy. But I loved it. An average week would see me talking with something in the region of 500 people of all sorts and conditions.

In August '99 I decided to call it a day however and have since enjoyed doing my own thing in the currently not-so-sunny south!! find it impressive that these many years after the school's closure so many still wish to relive some of the Pottery experiences. I for my own part acknowledge just such a debt and an attraction.

One final thought....I occasionally meet up with parish clergy whom I knew in my undergraduate days and find myself wondering how on earth they could have remained decades, within the same rather dull parish routine, within the same diocese or the same province. Never (it seems) a thought that there is a wider and infinitely more exciting world beyond. Education is a lifelong experience!!



When my husband and I arrived at a car dealership to pick up our car, we were told that the keys had been accidentally locked in it. We went to the service department and found a mechanic working feverishly to unlock the driver's side door. As I watched from the passenger's side, I instinctively tried the door handle and discovered it was open. "Hey," I said to the mechanic, "It's open!" "I know," answered the young man "I already did that side."

JOHN BERNARD HOLLINGWORTH

Obit. 31 May 2000

I first met John shortly after arriving at St. Michael's. Although he was a day-boy and I was a boarder we quickly became firm friends. I have been living in Australia for the past 25 years, yet we managed to remain in contact. His letters, addressed in his untidy scrawl and with a rubber stamp of his address on the rear of the envelope, were a familiar sight to me. On my infrequent trips back to England, I could be sure of a warm welcome at the home of John and his lovely wife Cheryl, on a hillside overlooking the beautiful city of Bath. The house has provided a secure and loving home to their two children (now young adults) Katherine and James. A significant feature of John's life was his devoted attention to his mother, now in her nineties, who lives in a large property at Peel on the Isle of Man. Four times a year, John would faithfully go over to "the Island" to attend to maintenance chores and the like. He did confide in me, however, that he found the journey somewhat irksome.

When I returned home from England in a recognisable handwriting I did not recognise. I was surprised, therefore, to see the familiar address stamp on the rear. The letter was from Cheryl. She said that John had been setting off on one of his visits to Peel. His family had seen him off from the house on the local bus into town, but he had collapsed by the time it reached the terminus, and efforts at revival had proved fruitless.

I had known that John had heart trouble, but that knowledge does not lessen the shock of learning of the passing of someone I had known for much of my life. Indeed, everything had seemed to be going well with John despite his heart problems. I was able to stay with John and Cheryl on a visit to England in March of 1999, and while there I had driven John to an appointment with his consultant for a check-up. When he came out, John assured me cheerfully that he had been given a good prognosis. Cheryl tells me that he had seen his family doctor just recently and had received an excellent report. His death therefore was wholly unexpected.

What can I say about John? In many ways he was a "model citizen" - a dedicated civil servant and family man. But his apparently humdrum life concealed a vivid imagination. He had at one stage wanted to join the RAF but a defective eye ruled out that course. One of his passions, which gave expression to his imagination, was painting - especially of seascapes. Naval battles and sea storms, as well as placid scenes of sailing ships and ocean liners, showed his love of the sea. His paintings may not have been high art, but they conveyed a sense of deep interest and involvement in maritime themes, and I am not surprised that those paintings that John felt able to part with (he would never have parted with all of them) found a ready outlet through an art shop on the Isle of Man. John was full of plans for his later years. Cheryl has told me of plans she and John had for travel - he was especially attracted to Scotland - in the leisure they had hoped would be theirs now that the children had grown up.

Another feature of John's life was his love of his childhood home of Glastonbury steeped as it is in Arthurian legend and medieval history. I shall long remember the visit we made there from Bath, one chilly March day during

my stay with John and Cheryl last year. It is there that John has been laid to rest.

I much regret that I could not be there for the service. Like all of us, John had his shortcomings. He certainly had a stubborn streak, and was not afraid to express himself bluntly - some might have thought of him as opinionated. Yet behind this somewhat bluff exterior lay a kind and loving man. I have already spoken of his great dedication to his mother. That he was a loving and devoted family man is beyond dispute. John came from a strong Anglican background. It is true to say, I think, that he was not overtly religious, but he assured me that he retained his faith.

I shall never forget his kind and caring support, going far beyond mere conventional expression of sympathy, when I went through a crisis some years ago. Yet my loss of a good friend is of little consequence compared with the great loss suffered by his family. I am deeply grateful to Cheryl for taking the trouble to write me a personal letter so soon after her bereavement. My wife and I hope to visit England next year and if so it will be our privilege to visit Cheryl. She has, of course, my heartfelt sympathy, as indeed do Katherine and James, and Mrs Hollingworth senior. John's family are his memorial.

Vale, John. Rest in peace.

Alvin Hopper

June 2000.

Guest Houses in Hunstanton

I imagine that several of you might be thinking of accommodation in Hunstanton for the Reunion.

Below is a short list of Guest Houses in Hunstanton which are known to be open at the relevant time, John King can recommend Fieldsend House, I can recommend Garganey House. The rest I am sure are just as good. Please note that the prices are from last year.

Shelbrook Hotel	6 Cliff Terrace, Hunstanton	01485 532289	£16 - £25
Lakeside	Waterworks Road, Old Hunstanton	01485 533763	£19 - £26
Claremont	35 Greevegate, Hunstanton	01485 533171	£19 - £23
The Gables	28 Austin Street, Hunstanton	01485 532514	£15 - £23
Fieldsend House	Homefields Road, Hunstanton	01485 532593	£21
Garganey House	46 Northgate, Hunstanton	01485 533269	£15 - £20

In addition The Le Strange Arms usually offer a "Special Deal" to us on that weekend. There are, of course, other options available. The important point is that you make the decision to come to the Reunion, book early, and then you will thoroughly enjoy yourselves

Martin.

thought for today

Man is the only animal that can remain on friendly terms with the victims he intends to eat until he eats them. Samuel Butler (1835-1902)

We do not inherit the land, we borrow it from our children. -- Native American saying

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are

and what they ought to be. -- William Hazlitt

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; that is the principal difference between a dog and a man. -- Mark Twain

Man is a complex thing: he makes deserts bloom and lakes die. - Gil Stern

Outside of a dog, a book is a man's best friend: and inside a dog, it's too dark to read. - Groucho Marx

When men and women think, the first step to progress is taken. - Elizabeth C. Stanton

All censorships exist to prevent any one from challenging current conceptions and existing institutions. All progress is initiated by challenging current conceptions, and executed by supplanting existing institutions. Consequently the first condition of progress is the removal of censorships. - George Bernard Shaw

Every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority. - Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895)

Until the lions have their historians, tales of the hunt shall always glorify the hunter. - African Proverb

The most damaging phrase in the language is: 'It's always been done that way.' - Rear Admiral Grace Hopper

Not to know what has been transacted in former times is to be always a child. If no use is made of the labours of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge. - Cicero

If we keep doing what we're doing, we're going to keep getting what we're getting. - Stephen Covey, First Things First

Unquestionably, there is progress. The average American now pays out twice as much in taxes as he formerly got in wages. - H. L. Mencken

Yesterday's the past and tomorrow's the future. Today is a gift which is why they call it the present. - Bill Keane

People that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have a tremendous impact on history. - former Vice President Dan Quayle

The chief obstacle to the progress of the human race is the human race. - Don Marquis (1878-1937)

History is a set of lies agreed upon. - Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821)

History repeats itself; that's one of the things that's wrong with history. - Clarence Darrow (1857-1938)

America is the only nation in history which miraculously has gone directly from barbarism to degeneration without the usual interval of civilization. - George Clemenceau (1841-1929) (also attributed to Oscar Wilde)

Progress might have been all right once but it has gone on too long. - Ogden Nash (1902-1971)

Nostalgia: When you find the present tense and past perfect. - The Lion

a 'pen' portrait

by David Barry

At the age of 20 I changed jobs and the people I worked with had a collection and bought me a Parker pen. Probably having endured my writing for 2 years they felt that my next employer should have something better to work with and a good fountain pen enhances any person's writing. I used the pen for several years until, eventually, it ceased to function. I sent it off for repair but Parker had a policy of planned obsolescence and due to the pen's age they offered a discount on the purchase of a replacement but no repair.

I purchased a replacement and the old one collected dust in a corner, being retained for sentimental reasons. Some years later I mentioned the pen to a colleague. By amazing luck he had a neighbour who, before retirement, had worked as a pen repairer. He arranged for me to visit but warned that Albert was the most cantankerous person imaginable. I was warned to be punctual and on arrival was greeted by this huge man dressed in a suit.

He immediately destroyed my image of my former colleagues by telling me that my pen was already obsolete in 1966 when I was given it and added "They probably got it cheap as it was old stock!" Albert stripped my pen down and suddenly looking up said "You've dropped this, don't you realise this is a piece of precision workmanship?" He continued to berate me for 15 minutes about my carelessness while he repaired the pen. Eventually, having refused payment, Albert said, "I'm in two minds whether I should let you have this pen back if you can't look after it." I thanked Albert, grabbed my pen and left but not before I had looked round his workshop at the dozens of old pens, pen parts and trade journals that covered the room. These old pens had intrigued me and about three months later, having found two old, non-functioning pens in junk shops I contacted Albert to see if repair was possible. Albert greeted me on the telephone by saying, "You're the young man who dropped your Parker, I remember you." I realised that I would never live down my misdemeanours with my pen but arranged to visit Albert.

On arrival, Albert told me the age of both pens - one 1920's the other one slightly later. Albert asked if I would like to see them working. I could hardly disguise my excitement at this prospect. By the time I left one pen was filled with ink and working while I needed to return the following week for the older pen. On return Albert greeted me like a long lost friend and I found that I had indeed made a new friend.

After this I took to visiting Albert about three or four times annually whenever I had found an old pen. This went on for about three years until, one day, Albert greeted me by saying, "I'm not repairing pens for you anymore!" Feeling puzzled, I asked what this was all about. Albert went on to say, "I'm 82 years old. I won't be around forever. It's high time you stood on your own two feet." Albert then started teaching me some of his skills and, for about three years, we spent entire days talking about pens while we repaired them.....until one day I telephoned and Albert's wife told me he had died some weeks before. It appeared that, as I had always telephoned Albert, they did not have my number. Albert's wife asked me to come over to see her. On arrival she sat with me and went through all the photographs they had. After 54 years of marriage she had a lot to say. Eventually, when I got up to leave, she took me into Albert's workshop and explained that as they never had children, she had inherited everything. She went on to say how Albert had constantly nagged her to make a will but had failed to do so himself! Finally she picked up two boxes full of Albert's pens and said, "I know that Albert would have wanted you to have these."

I walked out of the house with tears streaming down my face...and the rest, as they say, is history.

*True
(Smiles)*

your chance to
buy a
piece of
St. Michael's
History!!!



Brockhill in Long Row, Ingoldisthorpe: needs work but only £90,000

Bargain former farmhouse

Brockhill is a former terraced farmhouse and barn which needs refurbishment and updating. This is reflected in the asking price of £90,000. Collings are the agents for the sale of the property which stands in Long Row, Ingoldisthorpe. There are a total of five bedrooms, one of which could be adapted into en-suite facilities and there is a generous-sized bathroom with a cast-iron bath. The garden is mainly at the back of the property and contains a large open fireplace. A garden utility room leads outdoors and a carrstone barn includes an entrance hall leading to a living room, dining room and a snug with a beamed ceiling and a large open fireplace.

Thanks to Ian for this article which is culled from the
"Lynn News and Advertiser"

A Transport of Delight

.....Regarding the Reunion (and hopefully the next 20 or more) I wonder if, as we get older, some amongst us may be wishing to attend but be unable to make the journey. It may be possible that those amongst us who are travelling could assist others I would be happy to start the ball rolling. I will be driving from London alone in a people carrier and would be only too happy to offer lifts to up to 6 others from London or the South East.

David Barry

David Barry

This article is taken from the first ever edition of "*The Mitre*" dated 1961 and is included for interest following the announcement that, now Anna Godfrey is resident in The Close Rest Home in Snettisham, Brockhill is for sale

BROCKHILL

This is a privately-owned, terraced house, situated between Dersingham and Ingoldisthorpe on the main road to Hunstanton. The house is owned by Miss A. Godfrey, whose work is much appreciated by all concerned. At one time she lived alone in the house with her dog "Pat."

When Brockhill was first established as a school boarding house, there were only four lodgers, but three years ago the number was increased to ten, owing to more, pupils being taken into the school, Last year an additional room was built on the "L" shaded landing of the first floor. The bedrooms, very well decorated, are arranged as such, room one, four single beds, occupied by J. Wallington, P. Lawrence, R. George and, B. Gunner; room two: one bunk occupied by M. Grieg and R. Jones; and room three: two bunks occupied by W. Van 'Reimsdyke, R. Thomas, P. Murray and R. Munge.

The day and life of "Brockhillians" slightly varies from the rest of the school. We get up at 7.15 a.m., wash, dress and make our beds. We then go, down, to the breakfast room, which has a Window onto the main road. After breakfast, we walk up the wooded lanes to school, Where at 8.45 a.m., we are joined by the rest of the boarders from Heacham, and the other privately-owned boarding house at Wolferton. The school routine is then the same for everybody.

Tea, at the Shooting Lodge, is followed by an hour's compulsory preparation period. At 9 p.m., the "Brockhillians" leave the Shooting Lodge for their boarding house, which they left 14 hours previously.

Compiled by R. J. MUNGE

and J. A. WALLINGTON.

There was a big forest fire and the photographer from a magazine was sent to cover the story. When he got there he found that the only way to take his pictures was from the air so he rang his editor and asked that a plane be provided. It will be at the airport when you get there he was told. Sure enough when he arrived at the airport a small plane was there revving up and getting ready for takeoff so the photographer jumped in and said to the pilot "right get moving, up we go" and with that the pilot turned into the wind and took off. "Fly low down and round and round the fire" he instructed the pilot when they were airborne "Why" he was asked. "Because I'm a photographer, I take pictures, that's what photographers do so I need to get close to the scene" he told the pilot. There was a deathly hush then the pilot asked in a timid voice, "Do you mean you're not the instructor?"

Member's Letters

Michael Kemsley
writes

While clearing out my study, as I am moving to a new address next week, I came across the Autumn Newsletter.

Once I have got properly settled in I will write more fully but basically after leaving St. Michael's I joined a firm of accountants - for one year - didn't like the pay 24/- per week, so I got some more GCE's and joined The National Provincial Bank (later The Nat West) where I worked for 35 years. I started on the South Coast but was soon moved to the London Area where I was moved around a lot but finished managing the Fulham Branch until it closed in 1997 and I took early retirement.

I really will make an effort to get to the annual reunion soon

Best wishes

new address

Kennet Cottage, Church Lane, Mildenhall
Wiltshire SN8 2LU

Michael Kemsley

Tony Woolven
writes

Hi Martin,

May I complement you on the latest issue of Mitre, only just made the time to finish it. A couple of reminiscences for you, and the answer to a question.

One thing I may be able assist with, trust me to remember this bit, but the X-rated answer I think is.... (Our Treasurer tells me that we do not have enough money in the kitty to pay libel damages so this name has to remain unpublished. Sorry Tony. Ed.) she was the village 'Martini Girl', (Any place, any time), I think many a lad lost 'something' with her.

Some other memories were brought to mind by the list of staff names, Mr. Adams, (was it Latin he taught?) I can remember him walking up and down the isles of the classroom shoulders hung down, and not wishing to point the finger but a couple of the pupils in the class would flick their ink pens down the back of his jacket, an old tweed type sports coat, plenty of giggles from the rest of the class, and then he would turn round and ask what was so funny. However, one day 'Pongo' did his little habit of peering through the little glass window in the door, and yes they got caught, I believe they ended up paying for Mr. Adams' jacket to be cleaned.

Also I can remember one Friday mealtime (yes, fish and potato pie, bones and all) when Rev. Pott decided to give us a little speech, he explained to us idiots what a 'Pongo' really was. Obviously he knew his nickname, and was having a little fun with us, but there was many an embarrassed face in the crowd, mine included.

One morning at breakfast, I can also remember, at the time I was living in Gresham on the first floor, Roger was extolling the virtues of not smoking and proceeded to produced a packet of Players Weights from under his cassock, saying that these had been found hidden in the chimney in my room, yes, they were mine, I think I got 3 of the best for that. He must have made an impression on me as 3 ½ years ago I gave up smoking, took all that time to sink in, anyway now feel better for it, although a little overweight.

Remember coming back from a holiday at home, the midnight feasts in the long narrow coat room between dormitories in the prefab at the back of the Shooting Lodge, sardines, fish paste, crackers, cheese and bottles of pop, all things our parents had helped fill our suitcases with. But if you got caught, whoops. Laying under the hanging black mackintoshes hiding from prying eyes and munching on the goodies.

Regards

Tony

My grandfather worked in a blacksmith shop when he was a boy, and he used to tell me how he had toughened himself up so he could stand the rigours of black-smithing. He said he would stand outside behind the house and, with a 5 pound potato sack in each hand, extend his arms straight out to his sides and hold them there as long as he could. After a while he tried 10 pound potato sacks, then 50 pound potato sacks and finally he got to where he could lift a 100 pound potato sack in each hand and hold his arms straight out for more than a full minute! Eventually, he even started putting potatoes in the sacks.

A new group of male applicants had just arrived in heaven. Peter looked them over and ordered, "All men who were henpecked on earth, please step to the left; all those who were bosses in their own homes, step to the right." The line quickly formed on the left. Only one man stepped to the right. Peter looked at the frail little man standing by himself and inquired, "What makes you think you belong on that side?" Without hesitation, the meek little man explained, "Because this is where my wife told me to stand."

2000 - 2004 Renewals

There are a number of you who's subscription becomes due this October. If yours is one of them then you will find a renewal form enclosed with this Mitre. It is still only £5.00 for 4 years to belong to the OMA, so, please, send your cheque now and save the Association having to ask you again, it all costs and it is, after all, your money being spent in extra postage.

Martin.

Apologies to John King

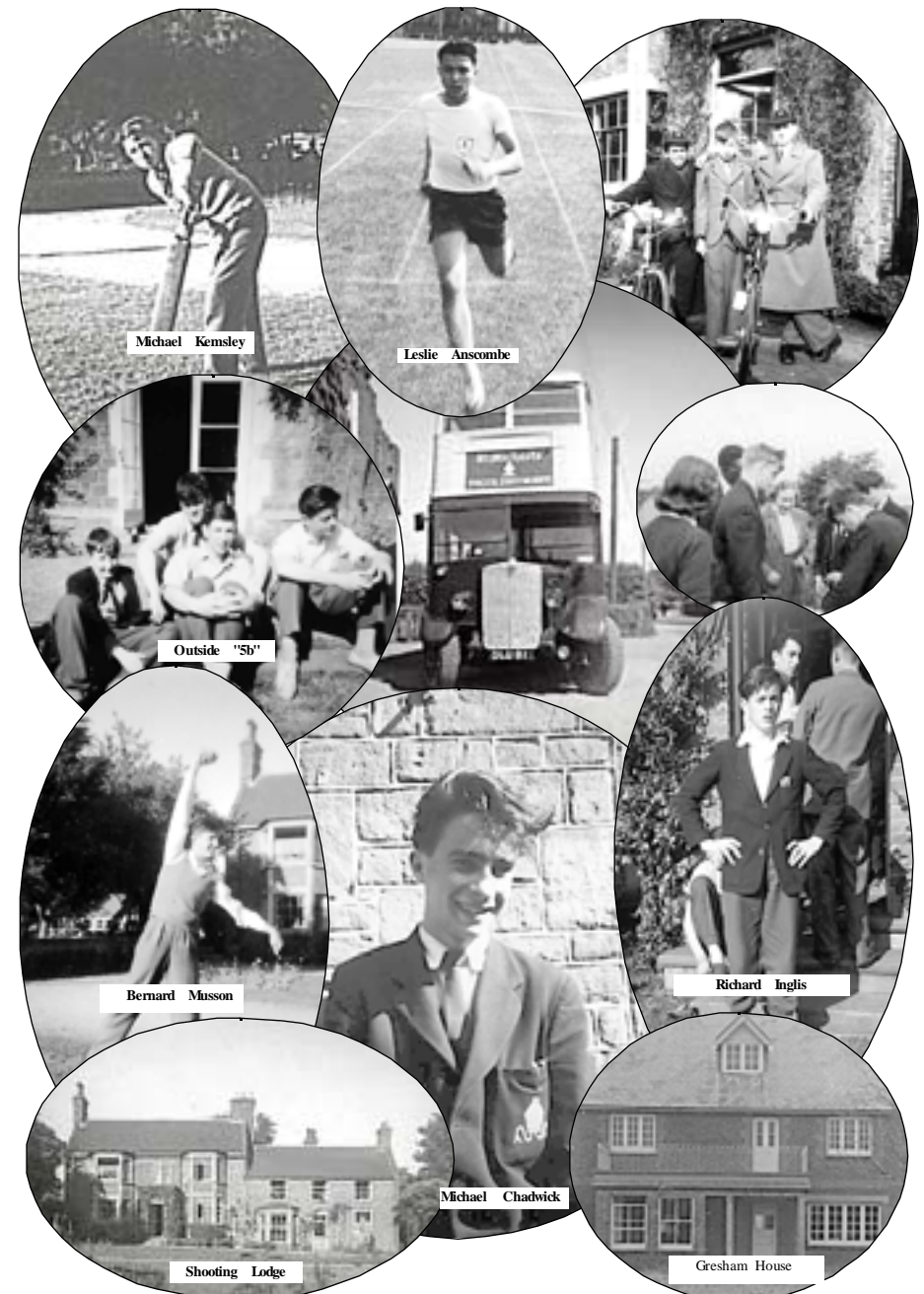
It came as something of a surprise to John when he read in the Spring Mitre that he was no longer responsible for the OM memorabilia, that task Mike Chilvers. In fact rather large boards archivist. I will the future. My sincere concerned.



responsible for the OM having been taken over by Mike is just storing the and John is still the OM attempt to get it right in apologies to all

Martin.

A Montage of Michaelian Memories



RECOLLECTIONS

I thought I would start my recollections by asking the question "Why was I sent to St. Michael's School?" I haven't actually quizzed my parents about this question but it was probably because I failed the 11+ examination and therefore the choice of schools was somewhat limited.

I was a scholar at the Canterbury Cathedral Choir School at the time from where several boys had progressed towards St. Michael's School and they seemed to have got along okay. At least when I first set foot on St. Michael's School soil there were people who I actually knew, namely Harold East who was Head Boy when I arrived in September 1964, and Tim Walton.

First recollections?.....Well, the buses were there! A rather tatty green and cream one called the "Chieftain" and a red "Bristol" bus together with a couple of even tatterier looking Commer vans. I feel I was very lucky to spend my first few terms at Ingoldisthorpe, free from the harsh realities, or so I was lead to believe, of places like "Gresham House" or the "Shooting Lodge" Annex. No necessity for the heavy mac and boots routine at Ingoldisthorpe.

Daphne always arrived early each morning to stoke the fires and prepare breakfast and I remember that usually there were lashings of hot water for early morning showers or baths. Another advantage of boarding at Ingoldisthorpe was the free food made available to us after end of term dances. The Rectory was said to be haunted but I never experienced anything except a blood curdling scream from Christopher White who dormed in the room next door.

I seem to remember that members of the several outings. I recollect that on one very double-deckers already wearing our cassocks music. Somewhere just outside King's blocked by a fallen tree which had standstill. "Right, everyone" bus driver, "let's see if we can bus emptied and about 30 boys of the road still wearing their and surprise of the other motorists.



school choir were privileged with windy day we set off in one of the and carrying our surpluses and Lynn the road had become brought the traffic to a complete bellowed the great voice from the move this tree." Whereupon the manhandled the tree to the side cassocks, much to the amusement

There are two other special "A" level Geography trips to the Williams and the other must be lessons with Miss Bone at her flat House. Peter Feben-Smith, a Westminster Abbey Old Chorister, and myself would cycle to Sandringham each week for an afternoon of music study culminating in a cup of tea and meringues. By then both Peter and I were qualified drivers, so if available we would borrow the Hillman and drive ourselves to Sandringham. This was one of the highlights of the week for us.

All in all, we were a very mixed bunch of people from many backgrounds. Someone robbed the school bank and absconded in the Mini-bus, while someone else was wounded at Cadets. Someone else set fire to the garden shed whilst trying to "borrow" petrol for their scooter!! Some Old Michaelian's have become teachers and some have become clergymen. I recollect that there were many pupils sent to St. Michael's School from many overseas countries, some the children of parents serving in the diplomatic service and others seeking a solid English education for their offspring.

Believe it or believe it not I actually kept a day to day diary and only on rare occasions do I take the liberty to "peep" at their contents. Did you know that on Monday 21 March 1966 there were house matches (football) and in the evening I attended a Conservative Party meeting with others in Ingoldisthorpe Church Hall? Well, there was, and I did!

Chris Gibbs

This Article first appeared in "The Mitre" in 1995



I am indebted to Tony Woolven for these deep thoughts!!

A bus station is where a bus stops. A train station is where train stops. On my desk, I have a work station...

If quitters never win, and winners never quit, what fool came up with "quit while you're ahead"?

I was thinking about how people seem to read the Bible whole lot more as they get older, then it dawned on me. they were cramming for their finals.

I thought about how mothers feed their babies with little tiny spoons and forks, so I wonder what Chinese mothers use... Toothpicks?

Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do... write to these men? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the postmen could look for them while they delivered the mail?

How much deeper would oceans be if sponges didn't live there?

If it's true that we are here to help others, then what exactly are the OTHERS here for?

Go ahead and take risks.... just be sure that everything will turn out OK.

If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague.

Ever wonder what the speed of lightning would be if it didn't zigzag?

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be.

How come you don't ever hear about grunted employees? And who has been dissing them anyhow? Since light travels faster than sound, isn't that why people appear bright until you hear them speak?

How come "abbreviated" is such a long word?

If it's zero degrees outside today and it's supposed to be twice as cold tomorrow, how cold is it going to be?

A "shaggy parrot" story

Did you here the one about a man who was given a parrot for his birthday?

Well this parrot turns out to be a very vulgar and obstreperous bird full of foul language, biting and a generally anti-social behaviour, no credit to man or beast and despite many hours of trying to train it and teach it acceptable words, he was no nearer to having a bird that was socially acceptable.

Finally the man had had enough and was so exasperated that he put the bird in to the freezer. Then a few minutes later worried that he may have harmed it he rushed to the freezer, flung open the door and was greeted by a parrot that hopped onto his arm saying "I'm sorry sir, I seem to have been misbehaving myself abominably, with my rude words, my biting, and what my general demeanour I cannot apologise enough, but I promise that all that is behind me now."

Well the man was taken aback, not knowing what had brought about the transformation he decided to just accept the change for the better.

The parrot then said, "may I ask a question, sir?"

"What did the chicken do?"



Another Article from the 1995 Mitre

As I racked my brain over how to begin this article I looked up the word "nostalgia" in my dictionary. It said "A longing for past events". That certainly would not have been my interpretation of the word!

I don't think that any of us would actually like to go back to our school days. Our fickle minds recall the deep insecurities we had with laughter and we thankfully forget how painfully self-conscience we were most of the time. The constant crimson face when anyone over the age of twenty asked a direct question of you in the middle of a classroom full of giggling youngsters who were only too relieved that it was you and not them being made to look a complete idiot.

It was definitely not "fun" lying awake at night worrying yourself sick because you had mislaid your school hat...(I was going to say "My bra" but as most of us are now over fifty, too much nostalgia can bring on heart failure and besides I didn't start wearing a bra until I was married!) ...in the vicinity of the football field during the Dark and, oh so romantic, evenings when work was the last thing on our minds. It was vital to retrieve it before anyone handed it in.... (Jealousy can turn anyone of us into a Judas!) there was no point in denying it was yours as the evidence was always so damning when held up in the middle of morning prayers. My Mother, Mr. Pott and "Cash's" name tapes made sure any item of mine didn't stray too far.

Nostalgia... Do you remember "Prep" periods at Ingoldisthorpe, the quietness of the old house as the darkness seemed to mellow it and where many so called "love affairs" were started or rather brutally ended with the passing of a carefully placed note on your desk.

Do you remember how you quite literally prayed that Mr. Pott would not choose your classroom to sit in for the evening "Prep" and if by some awful quirk of fate your prayers went unanswered how you would do your best to merge into the background and avoid, at all costs, catching his eye in case he asked you to bring your book for inspection. How terrifying it was to stand in that line by his desk hoping that the bell would sound before you reached the front of the line and the tension in your body made you shuffle like a dummy until you were standing within striking distance, and then nervously you placed your ink stained book in front of him, again praying that he would not find anything wrong with the contents and destroy all your efforts with one stroke of his pen, or worst still, hurling the book across the classroom where you had the added humiliation of retrieving it. I am sure that incontinence was first discovered during those "Prep" evenings! Yet, if he praised you, the warm glow stayed in your heart until the next time you were caught. I read this quote recently, "To have memories you have to have someone from your past who can confirm them". How true that is. All of you are my past and I yours in some small way and when we meet each year that same warm glow returns and stays with me until the next time, it truly is a real live trip back into my childhood days and for me true unadulterated nostalgia for just a few wonderful hours.... but please God, don't let me have to do it all again!

Felicity Cole

Bill's Mexican Meanderings

A Trip To Mexico by William Cullin & Family



My sister, Stephanie Garcia (Cullin) as many of you will know her, now lives with her husband and family in Guadalajara, Mexico, and this is my brief report of a long awaited holiday in the Sun with them

We speak regularly to each other over the Internet, and had arranged that my wife Jane, my son Alex, daughter Anna, and I would visit them this summer.

All the details finalised we set off on the long journey flying from London Gatwick via Houston Texas. In Texas we had a 4-hour wait between flights, this gave us time to freshen up and have a look round the shops in the airport.

We landed in Guadalajara at around 11:00 at night to be greeted by the entire family, all nine of us managing to fit into their car, which luckily was a nice big Dodge Ram Charger.... With air conditioning!!

The next day it was decided that, to go away to complete some was a few hours drive away, in a hotel for a week and do

We left the house at not to drive in the midday reached our destination had wanted us to see San Juan Del Rio, as it see at night with all the places of interest. A overshadowed the spanned the full length side to the other, and either side of it.

Don Juan Antonio de financed the aqueduct, the construction of many buildings including that still stand today.

After our little midnight San Juan Del Rio (St. John of a.m. and after winding in and out we pulled up on a deserted road. a pickup truck with half a dozen pairs of the locals were trying to get some sleep. Jack went and knocked on a large wooden door, I expected "Lurch" to answer, but a young woman opened it and let us in. Inside it very spacious and cool, we booked in and went off to our rooms through a court yard with flower beds and a swimming pool, the rooms were set out on two levels overlooking the court yard.

We set of early once more to drive a few hours to the town of "Tula" where there was an archaeological site. The Toltecs had built a city there with Pyramids, Palaces, Ball courts, Altars, and a main plaza. The whole place was built on a hill overlooking the surrounding countryside. they had a museum with some artefacts found on the site and it was a very interesting day out.

On another day we thought it would be a good idea to take a guided bus tour to see if there was



as Steph's eldest son Jack was due engineering work in a town that we would go with him and stay some sightseeing.

about 7:30 at night so as sun and I thought we had at midnight. But Jack Queretaro on the way to was a beautiful town to lights illuminating the very high aqueduct centre of the town, it of the valley from one the main road ran

Urrutia y Arana built in 1726, as well as beautiful colonial convents and churches

sightseeing we continued to the river)... It was now 1:15 of the maze of one-way streets

Across the street all I could see was legs hanging out, looking like some of the locals were trying to get some sleep. Jack went and knocked on a large wooden door, I expected "Lurch" to answer, but a young woman opened it and let us in. Inside it very spacious and cool, we booked in and went off to our rooms through a court yard with flower beds and a swimming pool, the rooms were set out on two levels overlooking the court yard.

anything we had missed on our wanderings.... The tour did not show much else of interest except it took us around the main churches that looked to have been there since time began and showed us the houses of famous people that had helped in the gaining of Mexican independence.

Near the end of the week it was time to set off back to Steph's house in Guadalajara, it was planned that we were not going to take the direct route back as there was one or two places we could visit. One very spectacular place was a town called Juanajuato, situated in a deep bowl valley and overlooked by mountains, one of which we had driven down in full view of the town. The town itself was very busy with traffic and tourists from the surrounding states, and plenty to see. Most of the small towns that we came across had their old churches and houses of famous local dignitaries. The styles were all of Spanish design, since it was Spanish ruled until independence. Independence was greatly celebrated a theme that was you went. Nearing the centre of the town the road part went through and another went down into the ground, I commented "Well it looks like we are going into the sewers"; It was barely wide enough for cars... but had lighting... although very dim!

After a few more eventually make it house in although it was night.... 11:30 I last bit of have to come off to were getting low, I did running out, other traffic between and it was not someone down in the

Now that we City, we were able the day and do and still be back in

On the Saturday to fly back home to had been made for the Bands from all over Mexico parades through the City streets on floats.

The place was packed solid and later that evening in the main plaza where a stage had been constructed all 55 bands played their music one after another. The Mayor of the City and other officials made speeches of welcome and praise to all the visiting bands. I now know of something worse than the saying, "Packed like Sardines in a tin"!!

On the next day, Sunday, it was time for us to leave Sunny Mexico and return to the wonderful dampness of home. All together it must have taken about 11-12 hours flying and 4 hours driving home from the airport.

We had a wonderful and unforgettable time in the sun and returned home bringing the good wishes of Stephanie to be passed on to all Old Michaelian's and "particularly those who remember me".

Bill Cullin



across had their old famous local were all of Spanish Spanish ruled until Independence was greatly celebrated you went. Nearing town the road part went through and another went down into the ground, I commented "Well it the sewers"; It was barely but had lighting...

hours drive we did back to Steph's Guadalajara, now getting late at think it was. On the "Motorway!" we did find more fuel as we not fancy the idea of for help was few and far advised to flag middle of nowhere.

were back in the to nip out during more sightseeing time for tea.

before we were due England, preparations big Mariachi festival. turned up, there were

"Memories" from Les Roberts

Leslie John Roberts

Known as Les or Nickname "Bunny" Large front teeth

At St. M's 1955 to end 1958

Mates with Mick Clarke and Rod Crowfoot

Started as a day boy travelling from King's Lynn each day with ??? who's Dad was a butcher

Boarded in Sept. 1957 and was at Gresham House.

Initially in large dorm on top floor which had a small two bed dorm off it. This had the fire escape in it via the window.

Got "Promoted to 1st floor dorm with only four of us in it --- two bunks. Top of stairs and to the left.

Shared this with Rod Crowfoot; Mick Clarke and Michael H - Nobby – Clark

Member of Film team under Clifford Wallington.

Played 2nd eleven cricket - still got the cap.

Played 1st eleven hockey or so it says on my leaving certificate but honestly cannot remember this.

Played soccer for the school but then I think we all did.

Was made a Prefect in 58 only because I looked after the oil heaters. This was a great perk to get out of work on Saturday mornings and at other times. Can still put a new wick in an oil heater – if you can find one.

Main memories

Big fight with Bernard Musson in the top dorm at G.H. He gave me a black eye for which we both got four of RP's best – not because of the fight but because we lied

"Bernard pushed the door open, Sir and the knob hit me in the eye. "was the best we could do for an alibi.

Trying to ride my bike with a new raincoat on. Why were they sooo big.

Sleeping in tents at Old Boy weekends so they could sleep in the lap of luxury in our dorms.

Taking short cuts in the cross country run so we could get in front of Anita ??? and watch her bouncing yes well just bouncing eh!

Javelin practice on the soccer field and hitting the power lines - on purpose. Very big flashes.

Cycling to and from school from The Lodge and trying to beat 1) the Bus and 2) Colin Ratcliff. Never did beat Colin.

Learning to dance at the Ingoldisthorpe Village Hall. The only reason we were there was because the local girls came.

Being madly in love with Lila ????? one of the village girls and being invited to tea - grossly embarrassing!

As an alter boy hurtling along with RP driving the Morris Shooting Break on Sunday morning to do Holy Communion at Ingoldisthorpe and other Churches

RP forgetting there was no wine and having to stop at the Ingoldisthorpe Manor Hotel to get a bottle of red.

Getting the congregation count wrong - like 7 instead of 6 so RP ran out of wafers.

No electricity at Ingoldisthorpe Church – quite a usual occurrence - and Colin Ratcliff (School Organist for the uninitiated) playing Toccata and Fugue in G because we had to manually pump the

organ until RP left the alter and had a "quiet" word. Not a good image Sweating alter boys.

Getting severe colds because some idiot told us if we cycled with our chests exposed we would grow hairs on our chest. Many colds and still not many hairs.

Ducking Mr. Taylor's chalk in maths

Feeling sorry for Mr. Taylor in French 'cos we knew he was reading the text book and knew less than we did.

Struggling with Greek and Latin with RP insisting it would help our English. Never helped mine.

Listening to the 8 a.m.? news in the Lodge and hoping to God that you were not picked on by RP to answer a question related to a topic. "Roberts Why do you think the Yen is falling ? " " Gulp Gulp

Sitting up very straight as RP came into the Lodge dining room. That pin hurt !!

Listening to small radios under the blankets after lights out and being caught by a Prefect

Fish Pie for dinner on Fridays

Duty table or whatever it was that had to serve and wash up – remember the smell!!

Desperately trying to smash a cricket ball through any window in the school. Rumour had it you got ten pounds and four of the best. As nobody ever did it we never found out.

Going to Heacham beach - well rock infested area – and swimming - in winter. From memory another C. Ratcliff brilliant idea.

Going to the cinema in Hunstanton to watch the latest movies – but you had to wear your full uniform. We all did of course. Got four of the best for not having my uniform on - dubbed in by Miss Jewson who was having a great time 3 rows back. Movie was Little Richard in " Girls Can't Help It " I think.

People not mentioned anywhere.

Mrs Roberts who was a cook at the Lodge and whose son came to the school for a while.

Mr. Taylor - teacher of maths and anything RP threw at him. Always poorly dressed – lived in a house at Heacham you passed on the way to the beach. Had lots of children. Really nice guy.

Many of the overseas guys whose names escape me

Dowda Nigy comes to mind and Naclus who was from Pakistan

Regards and all the best

Les Roberts

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Les has recently re-joined the Association after many years out of touch and following a chance meeting with Mukhlis in a Holbeach (Lincolnshire) secondhand/antique shop. The chances of such an encounter are remote but it happened and thanks to Mukhlis it is good to welcome Les back into the fold

Martin.



Carol service at Heacham Church

CHURCH REPORT

Since the beginning of the last autumn term, more boys have willingly come forward to play their part as Servers in the two Churches of Mary the Virgin, Heacham, and St. Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe. On most red-letter days a Sung Eucharist is held in Ingoldisthorpe Parish Church, where four servers take part, two taperers, a crucifer and a book boy. Both the village school and St. Michael's attends these services.

At the end of last Christmas Term two candle-lit Carol Services were held in Heacham Church, one for the benefit of parishioners, while the other mainly for the benefit of the boys parents. On both occasions the Church was packed. The candles gave out a beautiful effect over the whole Church.

During Lent a daily Communion was held in Heacham Church at 8 a.m., when the servers took their turn each morning to serve. Through Passiontide, the Rev. David Jenkins, the S.P.G. Secretary for Schools, came and helped with the Passiontide Services.

School extended over Easter last Term. On Maundy Thursday a Communion Service was held in Heacham Parish Church at 8 p.m., with D. Durham and C. Mayes serving. The Three-hour Service representing the last three hours of Christ suffering upon the Cross, was held on Good Friday from 12 to 3 p.m. in Heacham Parish Church. The servers took part in the six Communion Services during Easter Day; the first being:

6.15a.m. With G. Kimberley serving,

Then

7.00 a.m. with J. Cullin serving,

8.00 a.m. with P. Paxton and P. Bowen serving,

9.00 a.m. with R. Hill and C. Mayes serving,

11.45 a.m. with P Bowers and G. Wase serving,

7.45 p.m. with D. Bain and C. Wills serving;

On Trinity Sunday this year His Grace the Bishop of Thetford came to preach at the Morning Service (Matins) His text being from Exodus Chap. 20, vs. 4-6 Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image.

The two most senior forms in the school, 5A and Sixth, take part in reading the Lesson from the New English Bible every morning in our everyday service at Ingoldisthorpe Church.

P. PAXON, VI (Sacristan).

This extract is taken from the first ever *Mitre* June 1961

Reunion Itinerary

Le Strange Arms Hotel Old Hunstanton

Saturday 28th October to Sunday 29th October 2000

As usual the weekend programme will start informally with a gathering for early arrivals in the Mariners Bar where excellent bar food will be available.

The reunion proper starts in the Palace suite at 2.00 pm. Here John King will be assembling the photographic archives and memorabilia, which becomes larger with each succeeding year. This is a good opportunity to meet old friends and to try to put names to other faces both in the flesh and on photographs.

The Annual General Meeting will take place at 4.00 pm and the Officers and Committee for 2001 will be elected. Come and have your say as to how the Association is run and maybe put yourself up for election, the Committee meet twice a year and the meetings are always light-hearted and fun.

We assemble for the Dinner at 7.30 pm for 8.00 pm with a sherry reception and you will find a booking form on page 26 of this edition of "the Mitre." If you have any preference with whom you sit, please let us know and we will do our best to accommodate you. There will be the usual raffle and it is hoped that Simon Pott will regale us with after dinner wit and anecdotes and there will also be a chance for you to stand up and say a few words if you so wish.

THE REUNION EUCHARIST.

It is with much appreciation that we can advise you that this year's celebrant will be the Reverend Richard Bowett, The Rural Dean of Breckland.

Richard attended St. Michael's in his early school days leaving in 1956 to continue his education elsewhere. His current living is made up of the five parishes of Watton, Carbrook, Ovington, Ashill and Sahom Toney.

Additionally he is Chaplain to the Norfolk Constabulary.

Many of you who live in the North West Norfolk area will also remember Richard as a curate at Old Hunstanton.

A buffet lunch is being served after the service in Ingoldisthorpe Village Hall and all are welcome.

Please return your booking form as soon as possible to Martin Graville and share with us the fun of "An Old Michaelian Reunion"

please note change of "booking office address" due to Ian's absence in the week prior to the Reunion

2000 Reunion Booking form

please reserve for me
Reunion tickets

Name

Partner's Name

Address

I enclose my cheque for £

being at £16.00 each

If possible I would like to sit at the same table as

Ian will be away for the week preceding the Reunion so this year
please return completed form as soon as possible to
**Martin Graville, The Mount, 13 Willingham Road
Lea, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire DN21 5EN**

THE EARLIER THE BETTER PLEASE

Reunion Booking

form on the

other side

PLEASE NOTE RETURN ADDRESS





Editor's Afterthoughts

Salutations one and all

So here we are again just a few short weeks to the next reunion and I have no doubt that you will have discovered the ticket application form on page 26. Do make the effort and come

You will have found in the preceding pages articles by both OM's and their erstwhile leaders and for these many thanks for putting pen to paper, it has eased my job of having to fill the magazine and you will find not as many "fillers" as previous editions.

I have also included some articles culled from previous Mitres, some even from the very first 1961 edition and I shall continue to use these for as long as "new" copy is in short supply, so if you have any strong feelings about this, one way or the other, let me know but above all write down your memories and reminiscences and let me have them for inclusion in forthcoming Mitres.

If you are clued-up electronically and use the WEB you will have found our very own web-site www.oma.org.uk and many thanks must go to Bill Cullin for his hard work and long frustrating hours in setting up this site for the benefit of all Old Michaelian's here in England and in the far flung corners of the World where OM's now live and work. If any of you have an e-mail address which the Association does not have and would like to be included in the ever increasing list of OM's on-line then send it to me at martin.graville@lineone.net in return I will send you the full list of OM's who are similarly equipped.

I look forward to seeing you all in Hunstanton in October and to receiving your articles for inclusion in the Spring Mitre

Very best regards

Martin.

