

Reunion
Le Strange Arms Hotel
Old Hunstanton
Saturday & Sunday
27th & 28th October 2001
booking form on page 25
Book
Now

I am not by nature mawkish but, as I was putting this edition of *The Mitre* to bed, the dreadful news of the destruction of the World Trade Centre was being announced on the radio and I couldn't finish without a few words. By the time you actually receive your copy it will have been a week or more since the atrocity but it will, I am sure, still be at the forefront of each and everyone's minds. The outrage has changed the world forever. Let us hope that our leaders keep clear heads and not rush headlong into retaliation, but, most of all, let us pray for the innocent victims, their families and friends and all those involved in the rescue operation, Our sympathies are with them at this terrible time.

Martin.

Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



Autumn
2001
Edition

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This edition of "*The Mitre*" has been sponsored by a very generous donation from Alastair Gulland (St Michael's 1961-1967). Alastair, who has not enjoyed good health of late, said that, because of this, he had been unable to attend Reunions and wished to put something back into the Association. We wish Alastair all the best for the future and thank him most sincerely for his very kind gesture. Alastair may be contacted at:-

The New House, Garniston Leighton, Shrewsbury, Shropshire. SY5, 6RL

"The Mitre" is the newsletter of the Old Michaelian Association

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Editor's obiter dicta



This edition, as you will have noticed, consists far more of your news and comments and far less of filler items. There is, consequently, no long diatribe this time about the lack of response from Members, so many thanks to all those who have contributed and please keep the items coming. I think it important, though, to give a mention to Membership and below you will find a précised membership report given to the OMA committee at the meeting in July. read, mark, learn and inwardly digest!!!

Martin.

Membership Report 8th July 2001

The Membership Status of the Old Michaelian Association as at 8th July 2001 is as follows

Status		Decay of Membership		Future Renewals	
Members	153	Pre 1995	8	2001	39
Life Members	6	1995	5	2002	17
Hon Members	11	1996	3	2003	51
Lapsed Members	24	1997	8	2004	26
		1998	3	2005	3
Non Members	103	1999	1	2006	1
Total	297	2000	7	2007	1
				2008	1

As you will notice the Membership decays by a small number each year. I recently sent reminders to the 1997 to 2000 contingent with two replies forthcoming. One from 1997 and one from 2000 It is not very cost effective to send reminders separately on a regular basis so I usually try to include them with the Mitre. With the permission of the Committee I propose to consider "lapsed" all OM's whose membership has not been paid by the Reunion of the year following the date due. This will have the result of reducing the "Members" and consequently increasing the "Lapsed" Although only cosmetic it will, I believe, give a more accurate idea of true membership. Further, As many of the *unpaid* "Members" live overseas I question if it is viable to still send the Mitre to them on a regular basis? Many of them have had 6 or 7 reminders to which we have had no reply. With them showing little or no interest in the Association I suggest we limit our overseas distribution to fully paid-up Members. This does not mean, of course, that we should not actively encourage Lapsed Members to rejoin the Association and I shall continue to do so.

I would welcome any comments from Members and I commend this report to you.

MGraville.

Reunion Booking Form
on the

Other Side

Dear Old Michaelian's,

Chairman's
Letter's

It is a very pleasant surprise for me to be writing the Chairman's letter to you all but I wish it were under happier circumstances. Unfortunately Rachel has had to stand down as Chairman due to ill health. I have spoken to her on several occasions in the recent past and she sends her very best wishes to you all and hopes you understand that her decision to stand down this year was not easy for her to make. I am sure you will all join me in wishing her well.


It is a year ago since I last wrote to you all, and I can recall saying that it would be great if we could get some Old Michaelian's to attend who we had not seen for a long time. In fact I had said it so many times that I was almost giving up on the idea. However, the 2000 Reunion was to be the one where we saw more 'new' faces than we had for a long time. It really did bring my Chairmanship to an end in the most satisfying way, especially as most of the faces were from my era. Don't leave it so long next time! There were also many of the regulars there, who it is always pleasing to see. You all know who you are, thank you. How about joining us again this year?

Membership numbers are fairly constant, but this year there are a large number of OM's whose subscriptions are due for renewal. The Association does not want to lose any members, so please pay up promptly, as reminders cost money and are an expense we really do not want to incur unnecessarily. The subscription has to be one of, if not the best, value you can get today for membership to anything! Please pay up promptly, Martin is not one to have chasing you! You have been warned!

The summer holidays are almost over, especially for those of us who still have children of school age. With the return to school come the shorter evenings, and the darker mornings. All a sure sign that Autumn is almost upon us, and that means Winter will soon be here! We enjoyed a few days staying in Snettisham at The Rose and Crown, spending the sunny days on the beach at Old Hunstanton, and the duller days sight seeing along the North Norfolk Coast, as far as Blakeney. I still recall the Winter of 1962/3 when the sea froze as far out as the end of the pier. Has it happened since?

In conclusion I look forward to seeing you at the Reunion (27/28 October), all helping to make it another successful weekend.

Until then. Good Luck & Very Best Regards



Bob Hill, Bartlow, 28.8.2001

Thoughts from The Home for the Bewildered

It has been some time since I made any sort of contribution to *The Mitre* and I considered it about time I made some extra effort this year. In fact, for various reasons, it has been a few years since I managed to drag myself, kicking and screaming, to the Annual Reunion in October for which I feel suitably guilty. So for 2001 I thought I would attempt to put some things right in my life and not only write an article but also keep the 2001 Reunion Weekend free.



Retirement came a little bit earlier than planned and it has taken Angela and me some time to adjust our lives to this new extravagant life style. Extravagant did I say? Good God. I know we are beginning to enter unknown territory when we begin to take notice of **“THREE FOR THE PRICE OF TWO”** and **“LOOK OUT FOR TODAY’S BEST OFFERS”**. It is a brand new world!!

So, because Ian Botham tells us that eating three Shredded Wheat will strengthen my heart and may “buy” me a longer life, if any of you are interested in buying a box or two, please let me know!

Since I successfully passed the 57 years old line back in April this year I find I am thinking more and more about the 60th year looming up across the horizon and mind boggling subjects like **“Investments”** and **“Pensions”**. Is there any hope for me whatsoever? More seriously is the fact that I truly believe I am beginning to develop the **“Victor Meldrew Syndrome”**. Now, this is serious stuff.

I have not yet filled my toilet bowl with compost and as far as I am aware I don’t think we have had a lamppost through the front bedroom window. No, I am able to categorically state that, to the best of my knowledge, I have not locked my 85 year old mother-in-law up the attic, but then these tablets are a bit on the strong side.

The Victor Meldrew Syndrome does effect us and will effect us all during the passage of time (I wish I had not used that expression) and there is much sympathy I am able to reflect on, as life goes on, similar to those experienced by Victor himself.

To pinch a book title from Terry Wogan himself and apologise for doing so: **“Is it me?”** Is the whole world going completely bonkers or I am I in the minority?

I hire a skip and have it parked outside the house and spend the majority of the night getting in and out of bed hoping to catch some poor soul emptying the contents of their dustbin! Sad.

I confiscate the ball from the kids playing in the street just because it accidentally falls foul of my front garden. Sad.

2001 Reunion Booking Form

Please reserve for me
Reunion tickets

name.....

partner’s name.....

address.....
.....
.....

phone.....

I enclose my cheque for £.....

being tickets at £17.00 each

If possible I would like to sit with

Send completed forms to:-

Ian Dupont

The Old Bakehouse, Station Road

Great Massingham, Norfolk PE32 2HY

Please make cheques payable to Old Michaelian Association

Reunion Itinerary
Le Strange Arms Hotel
Old Hunstanton
Saturday October 27th
to Sunday October 28th, 2001

The weekend starts around 12 noon with a gathering for the early arrivals in the **UPSTAIRS ROOM** of the Mariners Bar. Excellent bar snacks are available so, if you arrive early, or are local, come and have lunch with us.

The Reunion proper starts at 2.00 pm in the lower room of theSuite, where John King will have set out our now considerable photographic and memorabilia archive. The AGM, that inestimable part of the OMA weekend, will be held, as last year, in the Oak Room at 3.30 pm and free refreshments will be served. This is the time to come and offer your services to the Association; new faces on the committee are always welcome!

The evening festivities begin at 7.30 pm with a wine reception and we sit down for dinner at around 8.00 pm. During the meal, there will be the usual quiz and raffle. The guest speaker this year is Bill Kelly who was a master at the School in the 1960s and was later an RAF chaplain. I know he will have a fund of very good stories to tell.

Eucharist will be held at St Michael's Church, Ingoldisthorpe at 11.15 am on Sunday and the celebrant will be Bill Kelly. Numbers at the Service have been dwindling of late, so this year please make an effort to attend.

The weekend ends with light refreshments served in Ingoldisthorpe Village Hall and thence home.

We look forward to seeing you, old faces and new, at this the 48th Annual Reunion of the Old Michaelian Association.

oOo

A request from Nigel Packer

I have recently had contact with Stephen Baxter with whom I attended St Michael's. We are attempting to find as many students as possible that attended the school from 1963-1969. We ask them to get in contact with either of us to see if there are contacts that the OMA have no records or addresses for. In the "Who's Who" year book Sir Chris White (teacher) has a contact address of Mrs E Steinschaden-Silver, Pinkney Court, Malmesbury, Wilts. SN16 0PD. does anyone in the Association live in that area? Also, Stephen has an address of a Charles Bishop at 4 Low Road, Illington, Thetford. Could this be the same Charles Bishop who attended school? Does anyone live near there?

I watch with astonishment as children purposefully throw sweet papers, cans and sometimes the whole contents from their pockets onto pavements when within an arms length there is a beautiful litterbin just waiting to be filled. Do I intervene?

Oh! Come come. Life is really not too bad.

Ever since I gave back the Company Car I realised that the normal activity is to pay thousands of pounds to a Dealer for the privilege of owning a car of your own. Then there are the Insurance premiums that are really attractive to the 50+ age group.

Hang on a mo.....What's all this business about having to pay for your own fuel to run the car? Nearly £4 a gallon! On your bike. The car can stay on the driveway.

Do I really want to go on a SAGA Holiday?

Angela tells me that falling down the stairs during the night about two months ago did me very little good simply because I did not hit my head. Since, to my best knowledge, alcohol was not the cause, I am still mystified why I turned right instead of left on the top landing and tried to fly!!

Wait a minute.....Skies are clearing, the sun is appearing, it has stopped raining.....no, really, it has; and all of a sudden life is looking really good.

What will I do with my time today. Looks good enough to play Golf and later in the day maybe a spot of gardening. That's a lot better.

Something has just clattered through the letterbox. Just another pile of brochures trying to persuade me to take another Cruise.

All of a sudden the aches and pains have subsided and the winter blues have gone for another season. Life is not so bad after all and if all else fails, there is always the car to be cleaned and polished.....again.

Have fun whatever you are up to and please remember, ***Make the most of life because you are only here once and every day should be considered to be sacrosanct.***

Best wishes to you all

John Wallington

oOo

Website Success

Through our Website **www.oma.org.uk** contact has been made with Vincent, Kenny and Paul Wallace-Whitfield (1964/67) wwhitfield@batelnet.bs who live in the Bahamas. and also Paul Hodge (1960/64) 5 Newick Road, London, E5 0RP It is very pleasing to discover "lost" Old Michaelian's and we hope to welcome them into membership of the OMA in the near future.

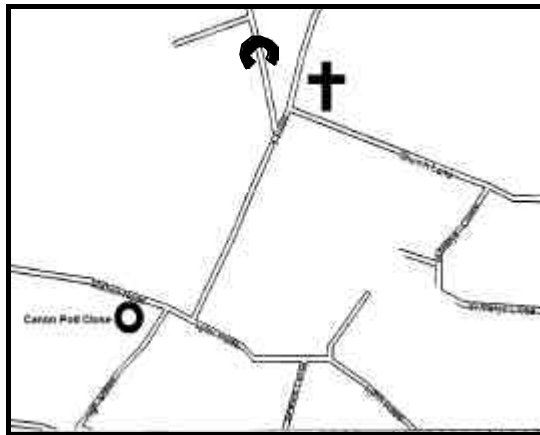
David Barry Writes

You may possibly be aware already but if not your readers may be interested to hear that Roger Pott has had a small housing development named after him.

On a recent trip to Norfolk I popped into Heacham for my usual nostalgia trip and discovered a partially built development named Canon Pott Close!

Coming from the Shooting Lodge/Church area into the village, turning right at the Wheatsheaf pub (towards the cricket ground) about 20 yds on the left in place of (I think) some semi-derelict farm buildings is this group of houses called Canon Pott Close. I trust that this letter finds you all in good health.

David Barry



Deep-fried pie crisp and even

First came cod and chips, then the spring roll. But mince pies deep-fried in batter?

It might sound unlikely, but Lowestoft chip shop owner Mike Smith hopes customers snap up the festive treats for charity.

From today, people will be able to buy the 25p mince pies from Pisces fish bar on London Road South and all profits will be given to the James Paget Hospital children's wards.

More than 15 years ago, Mr Smith became one of the first in the area to fry Mars bars, and since then has tried everything from hot cross buns to ice creams.



hotel rates and alternative accommodation

The Le Strange are again offering a preferential rate to Old Michaelian's attending the Reunion.

Premier Room £85.00 - Sea View Room £80.00 - Standard Room £75.00

Single Rooms are available at £55.00

all prices are per room per night and include breakfast and VAT

Other accommodation in Hunstanton includes

Burleigh Hotel	28 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6DY	01485 533080	Single Double	from £25 from £50
The Gables	28 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6AW	01485 532514	Single Double	from £25 from £40
Greenshutters	44 Cliff Parade Hunstanton PE36 6EH	01485 534874	Single Double	from £20 from £35
Kiama Cottage	23 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6AN	01485 533615	Double	from £40
Garganey House	46 Northgate Hunstanton PE36 6LZ	01485 533269	Single Double	from £17 from £36
Claremont	35 Greevegate Hunstanton PE36 6AF	01485 533171	Single Double	from £23 from £40

All prices are per room per night. more guesthouses available at www.smoothhound.co.uk/hunstant.html

oOo

The Ghost of Ingoldisthorpe Rectory.

Some of you will have spent your time at St. Michael's living in the fear or hope of seeing the Rectory ghost. He was only seen when someone was on his or her own.

The ghost climbed the main stairway and entered the bathroom and then disappeared. He was supposed to have been a Victorian Rector of Ingoldisthorpe who suspected his wife of not being honourable. He was continuing to search for her to prove her infidelity even in the afterlife. Some versions included the fact that he carried a sharp knife to do her in!

The truth should now be told. This story, started by a small group of us, was intended as a joke that soon got picked up and passed on. By the time I left the school in 1961 none of us had admitted the stories true origin and, even if we had, I suspect that we would not have been believed. I remember returning to the school some years later and being asked by a boy who had joined the school after me if I had ever seen the ghost. I said I hadn't

But still let the story continue. I still wish to remain anonymous and when my co-conspirators read this confession (as some of them will) I hope they will forgive me for coming out after all these years.

This was a letter to an edition of *The Mitre* in 1966.....the sentiment still holds true today.

This is for many the last term at St. Michaels. Some will soon be moving on to pastures new. Some will be continuing their education at a Public School. Several may be embarking on a course of further education at a University or College of Technology or some similar establishment. there are those also, who will be moving out into the world to earn a living for themselves.

Where ever you are going, what ever walk of life you choose and no matter how this aim is achieved, there is one thing for which to be grateful:

"Your time spent at St. Michaels."

Even if you are not of this opinion while at school, you will soon realise, upon getting out into the world and mixing with others, how fortunate you are to have a "St. Michael's education" behind you. Your education at Ingoldisthorpe will have invaluable results on your approach to your future work and responsibilities. It will stand you in very good stead for life.

Be proud of your education at St. Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe. It is as valuable an education as any Public School one, and considerably more so than many. During your time at School you may have had ups and downs, you may even have disliked things, however, when you leave the sheltered life of school and home and set sail in the world, where there are no parents or masters to protect, finance and guide you, then you will be able to hold your head up when asked: "Where were you at School?" and reply: "St. Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe."

This is not a "yarn." I was myself at St. Michael's for five years. I am now proud of it, I have found both during my training at College and at work, that I have an advantage over my colleagues. I had confidence instilled in me by Mr. Pott and his Staff. I found I would make decisions or use my initiative while my colleagues stood and dithered. Mine is not an isolated case. Mr. Pott often receives letters from employers of Old Michaelian's, asking for more pupils from the school because the previous ones have been so good. Remember, hold your head high and be proud of your school; don't be afraid to learn new things and new methods, you still have a lot to learn.

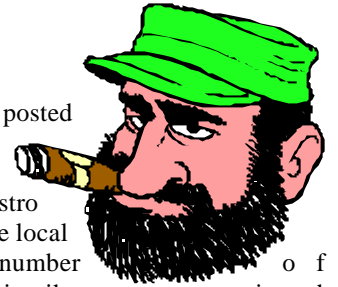
Good luck, Michaelian's.

AN OLD MICHAELIAN (will the author please now come forward!!)

I have had returned a letter to Malcolm Gray in Hong Kong marked "gone away" does anyone know his new address?

WHY CUBA?

I have had an interest in Cuba since being posted to Guyana in the early seventies. One day whilst collecting a visitor from Guyana airport, I saw the large figure of Fidel Castro at the top of the aircraft steps waving goodbye to the local dignitaries. Following on from that visit we had a number of cultural visits by Cuban groups who brought their vibrant music and dance and ballet to enhance the local groups playing their own jump up, reggae and salsa on instruments and by steel band.



Why go now? We were told that Cuba is changing fast particularly due to the outside influences such as tourism, which is true. Castro is now seventy five and when he dies nobody knows for sure who will replace him and what other events will be triggered by his departure. A great deal of World heritage money is at present being spent on Havana in order to restore the many beautiful old Spanish buildings which have been neglected but mercifully not pulled down for re-development.

We caught the BA 777 out of Gatwick at a reasonable time for the ten-hour flight to Havana. It was a comfortable flight and not quite so cramped as we had been led to believe and travelled at 39000 feet for most of the way evidently with enough oxygen!

Since 1998 when the Russians stopped supplying Cuba with all their needs, Cuba has diversified and vastly developed its tourism industry to raise hard currency to buy their necessities. Other ways of raising currency is by supplying teachers and doctors to various countries such as Venezuela in exchange for oil. The new Volvo tourist coaches are all air-conditioned and come from Brazil. The Hotels are of a good standard with quite adequate restaurants and a number have their own swimming pools, but take a bath plug with you as these are scarce. Interestingly in the markets you may well be asked to barter for goods with bars of soap as these are in short supply locally. There are plenty of new taxis for hire, the old cars are now not allowed to carry tourists, probably due to safety factors and pollution, and in the tourist areas there are brightly coloured three wheelers all with lady drivers for the shorter journeys.

For the first week we opted for a coach tour, which covered the Western end of the island incorporating Havana, Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Sancti Spiritus, Santa Clara, whilst spending the second week at the holiday resort of Varadero. The roads are good and tempting for tourists to hire cars but there are few directional signs so it would not be easy to find your way to a particular place unless you picked up one of the many hitch hikers along the way. The local transportation is overwhelmed by the number of people it has to carry so all vehicles who are not carrying tourists tend to double as taxis, with flat top lorries loaded with dozens

of passengers baking in the sun. Our tourist guide said that when she was at university she had to rise at 5 am each morning in order to leave enough time to hitch hike to lessons in the local town.

I suppose that I should not have been surprised that although Cuba is a Caribbean island with a varied ethnic population who live on the streets with plenty of music and noise. The most noticeable thing is that from a town layout and architectural stance it is so Spanish. All the towns we visited had their church in the main square of the town with theatres, city offices, and many excellent buildings surrounding or near the main square. Spanish is of course the official language although English is widely spoken especially by the young. The education and medical services are apparently the best in the Caribbean and some of the best in the World, and the people who obviously work hard appeared to be well nourished and healthy. There were certainly no beggars although you are constantly asked if you want to buy cigars. There is little trade as so few Europeans now smoke.

However it appears that once you have your schooling and higher education qualifications there are few opportunities to use them as in most cases people are allocated to jobs e.g. tourist guide, waiter etc. rather than into a relevant profession. Also some discontent must be raised where there is such a gulf between local expectations and where no expense is spared to encourage tourists who have all the amenities of a typical holiday resort. This was brought home to us in Santa Clara where there was a state run store where only locals could buy rice, flour etc in local currency but the items were rationed. Most of the transport in town was horse drawn.

Yes, Cuba is certainly a land of contrasts. For a holiday it was very rewarding. If we went again, I would spend a week in Havana as it is so much fun, and a week touring the other end of the island. As first timers the escorted coach trip followed by a week on a wonderful beach at an all inclusive price where there are no restrictions for getting out during the day and very good cabaret every evening was a great introduction to Cuba.

John King



Havana City Square



Havana from the waterfront

That morning we had to push the bus to get it going. We had dinner at a place where we had camped before. We saw Loch Ness and camped in some trees.

Sunday April 11th

At 11.30 we went to a preperetane church, it was raining when we came out. We went to Inverness. And looked round the shops and I bought aunties present. At ½ past six some of us went to a Roman Catholic Church attended a service. We then went back to the camping site.

Monday April 12th

Had breakfast and set off for Skye. Saw where a rock fall had been and the men were clearing it. When we reached the ferry we found that it was the first bus to go across the ferry. It cost £4 return to cross. For dinner we had 2 sandwiches, a packet of crisps and a banana. We camped on a boggy moor next to the sea.

Tuesday April 13th

Started off at 11 o'clock from Skye. For dinner we had 2 sandwiches and an orange. Took the film from my camera. We camped by Loch Liny. Before we camped we saw Ben Nevis. It was a beautiful sight.

Wednesday April 14th

Attended an early service at 7.45 at Fort William. We then went back and took the tents down, and went back to Fort William. We had breakfast and went to a Museum. There was a room all on Prince Charly with a lock of his hair and also the secret portrait. We then went back to the bus to set off for Glen-Coe. We past Glen-Coe forest at a 1/4 to three we reached village of Glencoe. We camped on some grass it rained in the night.

Thursday April 15th

Set off from camp site at 10 past 10. For dinner we had 2 sandwiches and an apple. We then went to the 11th Duke of Argylls Castle at Inverere. We left at 4.10. We camped by Loch Lomond. Mr White bought us all a bottle of lemonade.

Friday April 16th

In the morning we cleared out the bus. We reached Glasgow at half past one and went through the Clyde tunnel at twenty to two. We then stopped while they went to get some more food. We then left and had a banana and three sandwiches. Stopped at Gretna Green our last stop at Scotland. We reached Gretna Green at 7.0. We then went to Carisle where a priest let us sleep in the Church hall.

Saturday April 17th

Got up and had breakfast egg and bacon and porridge. We then all had a wash and washed our hair. We then took our sleeping bags in the bus, and attended a 5 minute service, we left about 12.0 to head for Nigels (Packer). At 1.30 we began to go through the Lake District. We then then stopped at Keswick. When we left we picked some people up. We then went to Nigels and dropped him off. We then headed for Liverpool.

Sunday April 18th

Stopped at Liverpool at a park in Thomas Street. Got up at 8.00. We then attended a church service and people were very kind. We then went to see the Cavin. We set off from Liverpool at 12.00. We then went through the Mersy tunnel, for tea we had some chips a small pie and a cake. I arrived home at 10.30.

Steve Baxter

THE DIARY OF STEPHEN BAXTER- AGED 12½

Printed as written - complete with spelling and grammar mistakes, in which the author embarks on a two-week adventure travelling to Scotland in an unreliable double-decker bus.



Saturday April 3rd

Started off from Ingoldisthorpe at 8.30. I was picked up at the fleet at 9.10. We traveled all through the morning and about 10.50 we reached Kelham Monastrary. "The Society for the Sacred Mission." Attended a service with monks. Had lunch in the monastary courtyard. Started off again in the afternoon and about 6 o'clock went past "Scotch Corner." About five miles away we pitched our tents in a farmers field. Had supper in the bus. Then went to bed.

Sunday April 4th

Woke up and discovered the village I was in was called "Gilling West." We then went to church. After church a farmers wife let us wash and fill out containers. That night at 6 o'clock we crossed the SCOTTISH BORDER and camped on a boggy moor.

Monday April 5th

Got up and reached Edinbourough and went to Holyrood Palace. Crossed Fourth road bridge. That night travelled untill we reached Elgin station at 3 o'clock.

Tuesday April 6th

Early that morning we looked round the town. We then went back to the bus and had bacon and eggs. At dinner we visited Culloden moor. But we could not stay long for we had a puncture and we had to go fast as we could to Inverness, it took all afternoon to fix. Camped on a hill, with a log as company.

Wednesday April 7th

Nothing much happened. We saw shin falls. That afternoon reached Durness and camped by the sea and played on some rocks. Had a comfortable night. There also was a river and a small waterfall.

Thursday April 8th

Met some boys and they showed us Smoo cave. After that they took us to a two mile beach. Had dinner there. And saw some aircraft bomb a small island. Also saw a Royal Navy helicopter which picked up a boy from the beach his name was Andrew Cambell. We then went back to the tents and had supper and went to bed.

Friday April 9th

That morning at about 1/4 to eleven went across a ferry to walk 11 miles to Cape Wrath. At 1/2 past one we had dinner after walking 3 miles. We reached Cape Wrath at 3 o'clock. One of the three lighthouse keepers showed us round the lighthouse. He told us the lighthouse shades cost 20 thousand pounds in 1816. The lighthouse keeper took us in a landrover to the ferry. The water was very rough and by the time we had reached the other side of the loch we was soaked. That night we slept in the bus.

Saturday April 10th

One thing I remember about St. Michael's that makes me shiver is: when I had to go into that small room upstairs in Ingoldisthorpe for my Spanish lesson, Oh how I wished someone else would take Spanish with me, because I was terrified of the teacher. I can't even remember his name only his face and oh, how he smelt weird like out of Dracula or old museums. I think Miss Hayes Williams would remember him. Also a nice old man that gave us Maths who was a bit deaf, oh and the history teacher I remember he was always falling asleep, and when he was really tired he would give us a test, give us the questions and then he would take a nice long nap, which of course we made the most of, by copying the answers from the book and when we had all finished we would throw little balls of paper to wake him up, I think a few would remember this

Before he sat at his desk, we would put drawing pins under his cushion. My goodness weren't we awful now that I think of it.

Also, I remember someone in my class used to like hanging someone's chair on the metal beams in the big classroom that was separate from the rest of the school in Hunstanton.

Sometimes I sit and remember my school days and all those lovely friends we had. I can never remember anybody fighting. Only all the mischief we all got up to. The other day on TV I saw a gong and wow did I remember the one at Fridham that used to call us to breakfast and supper, such assortment, specially when we had the vegetarian matron ughhhhhh, god I used to think we were cattle eating all those vegetables it was like eating grass everyday. I remember when we gave her daughter bacon, we held her down and made her eat bacon, and the matron, her mother was so angry with us. Still we had so much fun. Ohhhhhh the midnight feasts, and boiling potatoes and eggs in the kettle while it boiled to fill our water bottles.

When we put spiders in a matron's bed, can't remember who it was now, and fastened loo paper all the way from her bedroom to the back door. Now I think of it, I am not surprised my kids are how they are. Anne was forever telling us off poor thing.

On Saturday's they would let us go to the shop for shampoo, and we would sneak off to see and Elvis film in Hunstanton, and what a telling off we would get. Still we all had great fun.

Well Martin I think I have bored you stiff, please excuse me, but I have such good memories that I felt like talking to someone about them. I think it may be old age getting to me, being all nostalgic.

Stephanie Cullin



Sagacity

Confucius, He say.....

- Man who run in front of car get tired.
- Man who run behind car get exhausted.
- Man with one chopstick go hungry.
- Man who eat many prunes get good run for money.
- War does not determine who is right; war determine who is left
- Wife who put husband in doghouse soon find him in cat house.
- Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.
- Man who drive like hell bound to get there.
- Man who stand on toilet is high on pot.
- Man who live in glass house should change clothes in basement.
- Crowded elevator smell different to midget.
- Woman who cook meat and peas in same pot, most unhygienic.



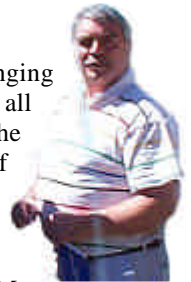
George W Bush, He say.....

- People that are really very weird can get into sensitive positions and have tremendous impact on history. **GWB**
- I stand by all the misstatements that I've made. **GWB**
- We have a firm commitment to NATO, we are a part of NATO.
- We have a firm commitment to Europe. We are a part of Europe. ... **George W. Bush**
- Public speaking is very easy. ...**George W. Bush**
- I am not part of the problem. I am a Republican ...**George W. Bush**
- A low voter turnout is an indication of fewer people going to the polls.**GWB**
- We are ready for any unforeseen event that may or may not occur. ...**GWB**
- For NASA, space is still a high priority. ...**George W. Bush,**
- Quite frankly, teachers are the only profession that teach our children.**GWB**
- The American people would not want to know of any misquotes that **George Bush** may or may not make. ...**George W. Bush**
- We're all capable of mistakes, but I do not care to enlighten you on the mistakes we may or may not have made. ...**Governor George W. Bush**
- It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it. ...**George W. Bush**
- It's time for the human race to enter the solar system. ...**George W. Bush**



The Search Goes On

He sang in the Choir, an excellent tenor but he insisted on singing everywhere else. He was always singing. You would hear his voice all over Gresham House. On the landing, in the dorms and of course in the shower, he never stopped singing. If you haven't guessed yet, it is of course the indomitable Robert Balfour. "Shut up Balfour" "Put a Sock in it Balfour" only encouraged him. Ear plugs were the only serious deterrent.



Martin G emailed me some months ago and told me that he said Mr Balfour had last been heard of — probably literally — in Australia and more to the point in the outback of NSW – very appropriate - and could I trace him. OMA had not heard from him in years.

Using the power of the Australian White pages, I searched for, Balfour, Robert, in NSW.

Nine results came up. Several were in the main cities but two were in "the Bush".

One outstanding contender was, 18 Edward Ave, **Pottsville!** an investigative phone call found a Robert Balfour but sadly this one did not sing, has never sung and indeed told me he had a "really crook voice" (Australian /English really bad voice).

More phone calls did not unearth the infamous Singing Robert Balfour.

So, the search continues in the far reaches of outback Australia. New strategy could include large poster offering a reward if you have a noisy singing neighbour – too broad a net. Perhaps to narrow it down I could specify his name, past history and of course his exceptional scholastic background. These posters could then be sent to all choral societies in Australia.

But then again - he may be at the Opera House - the search goes on.

Les Roberts

_____ oOo _____

Anna Godfrey

Members may like to know that Anna Godfrey, who is now 93 years, old wishes to be remembered to all those who knew her. She is now rather frail but mentally alert and overwhelmed when she has news of the school and of "her boys"

_____ oOo _____

When gunman Harry Leone pulled a pillow-case over his head and entered a doughnut shop in California with the intention of robbing it, one small flaw in his plan became immediately evident - he had neglected to cut eyeholes in his makeshift hood. One of the patrons recognized Leone when he raised the pillow-case to see what he was doing and police apprehended him a short while later.

time to return the campervan and start the 25-hour flight back. No hold ups at Los Angeles this time, wonderful sunset across the mountains just after take-off, and much later amazing colours of sunrise at 33,000 ft. Next morning the rain and misery of an exceptionally bad British autumn!

So, a busy an exciting year! Benjamin and Elizabeth enjoyed their three weeks living at home without us and we enjoyed our holiday without them! No doubt 2001 will be as busy, although we have no travel plans yet. (Yes we have! We're off to Orkney again, then the OMA reunion!!). We all hope that your year has been as pleasant and as memorable as ours.

Chris and José Gibbs.

oOo

The longest one-syllable word in the English language is screeched.

Dreamt is the only English word that ends in the letters mt.

The dot over the letter 'i' is called a tittle.

The word set has more definitions than any other word in the English language.

Underground is the only word in the English language that begins and ends with the letters und.

There are only four words in the English language which end in-dous: tremendous, horrendous, stupendous, and hazardous.

The longest word in the English language, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, is pneumonoultramicroscopic silicovolcanoconiosis.

The longest place-name still in use is Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwenuakitnatahu, a New Zealand hill.

Los Angeles' full name is El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciuncula and can be abbreviated to 3.63% of its size, L.A.

A pregnant goldfish is called a twit.

There is a seven-letter word in the English language that contains ten words without rearranging any of its letters, therein: the, there, he, in, rein, her, here, ere, therein, herein.

Stewardesses is the longest word that can be typed with only the left hand.

The combination ough can be pronounced in nine different ways. The following sentence contains them all: A rough-coated, dough-faced, thoughtful ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough; after falling into a slough, he coughed and hiccoughed.

The only 15-letter word that can be spelled without repeating a letter is uncopyrightable.

Facetious and abstemious contain all the vowels in the correct order, as does arsenious, meaning containing arsenic.

The word Checkmate in chess comes from the Persian phrase Shah Mat, which means the king is dead.

Some recollections on the Potts Academy!

I can recall still quite clearly arriving at Heacham just a few weeks before the autumn half term in 1960 and being greeted by what seemed, to a poor weedy 10 year old, a huge man with a red face and very loud voice!

Formalities and greetings over with, I was allocated to 6 dorm and met my companions for what turned out to be six years for the very first time. Mutual suspicion was rife! Who were these guys, would I get on with them, could we be friends and, on their part, who was this late arrival disturbing the established relationships! Trying to fit in (break in, it felt like at times) when you've arrived part way through is very difficult, not just in the dorm but in class as well.

My folks tell me that most of my early letters to them were pretty much, in the words of the old song, 'take me home oh mother, father take me home.' But just like Camp Granada things did get better and by the end of term I felt like I belonged and almost didn't want to leave to go home for Xmas!

To someone who lived within walking distance of his infant and then his junior school the constant bus travel between Ingoldisthorpe, Heacham and Hunstanton was a joy. All that time on buses to be with your mates, tell jokes, plot plots and get up to mischief. Never mind the 4 of the cane for fighting on the bus – just make sure you didn't get caught.

Listening to Radio Luxembourg and Horace Batchelor after lights out was a constant battle to avoid being caught by the prefects. 6 dorm was above their common room and for the early part of the evening we could hear the music coming through the fireplace. After they went to bed the radios would all come on with earpieces in the ear pressed on the pillow so the 'tinny' sound wouldn't be heard through the door – John Dring had ears as sensitive as a bat! If a prefect entered the earpiece could be gently pulled by the cable out of the ear and down the bed without a sound!

John was so good at silently creeping up to door that after a while we put down very fine gravel that has slippers crunched on to give us advance warning – his 'catches' went down amazingly, although I have to say that his bark was always very much worse than his bite and very few of us were ever reported!

I had never been to a school with 'foreigners' for pupils; my education to age 10 had been exclusively 'white'. I remember very few, if any, of what would now be termed racial abuse. 'Tooks' and a number of other Africans were just boys to us, not black or coloured; some of the Iraqi's could be a pain but not because they were Iraqi they just happened to be a pain.

In 12 dorm I can remember poor old 'Sec' who very good humouredly had to listen every night to the goodnights culminating in the 'good night Sec' to which Geoffrey Nathan always added 'sy'!!

Then there was the rule that you had to wear 'heavy macs' and gumboots to walk/run the 5 yards to the outside loo – we all felt deliciously guilty whenever we managed to dodge the roving prefects when we weren't wearing the gear! There was also the competition to see who could pee highest up the wall – try as I might I never won!

Dodgy porridge, crispy bacon, awful fish pie, terrific chocolate pud and 'Thames mud', the wonderful sarnies for those of us in the cricket teams, the real mud (and cow pats) for those of us in the football or hockey teams. The cold in winter, especially at Gresham House, which seemed to have no heating. The Corona bottle filled with the last of the hot water (usually only warm really) to keep the feet warm until you dropped off. Jonathan, who snored so much I had to change dormitories in order to get a night's sleep and all those wonderful girls that we boys fell in love with on a regular and sequential basis – the envy of those in my set like Tim Walton, Henry Howe, Michael Donnelly, Robin Shorey who never seemed without a girlfriend throughout most of my time at Potts.

The evenings when we used to sneak out with one of the cars and trog off to Norwich where with Robin Shorey – fluent in French – we all pretended to be French! Another time, aged 15 I had my one and only Vindaloo at a Norwich curry house, still haven't recovered from that one, burnt the skin off my lips!

'Borrowing' the car or the mini-buses to learn (illegally) how to drive taught by those who didn't know how to drive either. Mind you, with Henry Taylor as a role model – did that matter!

Being hauled in by the Head and the local policeman (was it Knobbs?) because the local newsagent had reported me as a possible communist sympathiser 'cos I'd ordered Communist Weekly at the then exorbitant price of 6d! For a short time I was the school's leading expert on the production of Russian tractors that would have looked antique in the 30s!!

The ACF was great fun. Finished up as Colour Sergeant Haslett in the Queen's Own Sandringham Troop, 3rd Battalion, Royal Norfolk Artillery. The News of the World .22 shooting contests, the .303 Lee Enfield with a kick like a mule if you didn't press it tightly against the shoulder – ask Mike Smith, who didn't, I suspect he still has the bruise! The 25 pounders, the drill, Captain Knobbs, the camps where I first came across the delight of tea the colour of brown boot polish sweetened with Fussell's condensed milk. The surprise on the faces of the Sea and Air Cadets when they landed against us as defenders of the beach to be met by a hail of rabbit dung shot out by blanks from the .303s.

Being in education now, I own a third of the largest Ofsted schools inspection contractor, and looking back, I'm not so sure that the educational standards at the school were as good as they might have been, but I left with a reasonable clutch of 'O' levels and one early 'A' level in English Lit, courtesy of Bill Kelly who subsequently helped me through my grammar school RE studies to get a grade C at 'A' level.

Whatever it might have lacked for me, and I know that many did achieve very good academic results, it certainly made it up for it in many other ways, some of which I've referred to above. The school of life, I guess, which for me gave me a self-confidence beyond and above my years through to when I was about 30 and which was probably responsible for much of my early success in local government. I know that a number of pupils didn't find St. Mike's a good experience and I can understand

each night, some inland, where we awoke to snow, and some by the sea. What made it all the more pleasant was the fact that there were so few cars on these big wide (and on the Canterbury Plains, boringly straight) roads. The towns and villages had wide roads set out on a grid system with parking spaces each side and sometimes in the middle too.

Our first night was spent inland at Lake Tekapo close to the Mount Cook Range. Mount Cook's Maori name, Aoraki means 'Cloud Piercer' and that is how we saw it – the very summit just showing above the clouds! Later down on the west coast we saw the setting sun light up the summit, we never saw the bulk of the mountain! On the east coast we went penguin watching and in one day saw one of the rarest – the Yellow-eyed Penguin and the smallest, the Blue Penguin only 30 cms high. There is a sizeable colony of these little birds at Oamaru and each evening you can go to a specified site to watch them return from their feeding grounds out at sea. A wonderful couple of hour's entertainment!

We stood at the southern-most point of South Island, nearer to the South Pole than we were to the Equator and drove along the rough gravel roads of the Southern Scenic Route. Even fewer people here, if at all possible. We stopped far too long at empty beaches, hunted for shells, and marvelled at the size of the driftwood. José wanted to bring some back as garden features! After Invercargill, we tuned north and spent a couple of days in Fiordland. Here we had a day trip by boat across Lake Manapouri and then on Doubtful Sound out into the Tasman Sea. This area can only be reached by boat and was incredibly peaceful. Dolphins played around the boat, we saw Southern Fur Seals and our third penguin species – the Fiordland Crested Penguin. It was during the night here that we experienced an earth tremor. This is quite common as we were on a plate boundary. Chris thought it was José rocking the van turning over in her sleep.

Inland again with a brief stop at Queenstown and then a wonderful drive through the Haast Pass to bring us out on the West Coast south of Greymouth. At this point, the Antarctic type flora and fauna are at the northern point of their range and the sub-tropical plants and trees are beginning to appear. A night at Fox Glacier gave us the chance to see our first live possums; usually they are flat on the road, (the best place for them apparently!) and to visit a glowworm grotto. We had hoped to do a helihike on the Glacier but the cloud cover was too low, so we had to make do with a walk to end of it. Another fascinating hour or so watching the ice melt! (More exiting than watching paint dry!)

All too soon our two weeks had come to an end and with only a couple of days left we had to cut across the Southern Alps back to Christchurch on the East Coast. We managed at couple of hours at Shanty Town near Greymouth. This is a reconstruction of a 19th century gold rush town. José tried her hand at gold panning before we set off through the Otira Gorge and Arthur's Pass. This was the only day it rained. Our chosen campsite for our last night was at Diamond Bay on Lyttleton Harbour near Christchurch. It was in Lyttleton Harbour that the first Christchurch settlers landed. A leisurely drive next morning in glorious sunshine took us on the winding road around the bays. A quick visit to say farewell to Stella and Alistair and then it was

Antipodean Ambassadors!!

So where shall we go for our holiday this year, for the first time without the children? Well, you may recall that Chris sings with the Canterbury Choral Society. This year is the 150th anniversary of the founding of Christchurch, New Zealand. A choral work had been commissioned from English composer Francis Grier; it was called "Around the Curve of the World" and told the story of the journey of the new settlers from Plymouth in 1850 to Christchurch. This would be performed in various places in the UK including Canterbury Cathedral, and also in Christchurch New Zealand three weeks later. Emails were sent around to see if any choir members were interested in exchange visits.

Several were, and we thought what a wonderful idea for a holiday. So plans were made. We would be staying with a Christchurch choir member and her fiancé, who, as it turned out, came over and stayed with us for a week to sing in our performance. After the Christchurch performance, we would hire a campervan and tour round South Island for two weeks. Most of these plans were made quite early in the year, the holiday was actually in November, which is spring time in New Zealand, a very pleasant time to be there.

In the end as various people dropped out, we were the only ones going to New Zealand, and Stella and Alistair were the only ones coming from New Zealand. During the final rehearsal we met the composer and some of the soloists, one of whom would also be going to New Zealand to sing the work. Its surprising how many choral society members have New Zealand connections, we have made some new friends. The Lord Mayor of Canterbury got to hear about the trip, and gave us a letter of welcome to deliver to the Mayor of Christchurch. We felt like ambassadors.

How did we get there? Well, 25 hours or so of flying with an enforced delay in Los Angeles due to the aircraft being taken out of service, but at least we can say that we have been out on streets of Los Angeles! Stella met us at Christchurch airport and took us back to her house, which is in the hills on the edge of Christchurch with an absolutely fabulous view over the city to the snow-capped mountains in the distance. So we sat on the balcony sipping wine taking in the vast panoramic view. "The Curve" was performed in Christchurch Town Hall along with another work telling the story of one of the Maori Chiefs and his journey to the South Island. This was sung partly in Maori and had a cultural group performing traditional songs and dances. Very colourful! The next day we collected our campervan and set off south.

The aim was to drive around and see as much of South Island as possible. It soon became apparent that there was too much to see! The scenery was so spectacular that you just had to stop for a while and take it all in. Ice-blue lakes leading away to snow-capped mountains, temperate rain forests, wide dusty riverbeds, deep gorges. The road through one on them was just "pegged" into the vertical rock face with nothing underneath. José drove the van on this occasion. We stopped at campsites

that, too. We did pick on some of those who were less gifted or different from us, pretty unmercifully. Cruelty among schoolboys is not a modern phenomenon!

If for nothing else, I will always be grateful to St. Mike's for introducing me to Barbara Packer as she was then. I fell in love with her when I was 15 and she was going out with Henry Howe. We met again 3 years after I left St. Mike's in 1966, when I was a union rep. at a NALGO conference in Blackpool in 1969 where she was training as a nurse. A year later she came down to London and we got married in 1971. 30 years and twin boys later, Paul and Philip aged 23, we are still together and, as she often reminds me, she'd have got a lesser sentence for murder!!

We both are planning to be at the re-union this year after a break of 4/5 years and hope to renew old friendships again and I'm pretty sure that Philip Atkinson and Ian Pennington owe me a beer from last time. Especial good wishes to them, the only two farmers I know, I hope the recent events have left them in good shape.

John Haslett

oOo

I found Frank Dixon's article "Reminiscences" extremely interesting. I arrived at the school in April 1951 when the Ingoldisthorpe school garden was a playing field and running track. It was therefore interesting to hear that it had just been transformed from a jungle. And what fun that must have been for the boys. The best I managed was to cut the grass with that large motor mower and the Allen scythe. How nobody had their hands or feet chopped off I shall never know.

The arrival of the projector was certainly a landmark and for all those who later became members of the film team and a new interest. Apart from the Saturday evening film shows (Ingoldisthorpe) and Sunday evening socials (Heacham) and the Summer fetes (Heacham) we also drove around various Norfolk villages to show films, which was an added escape and excuse for extended driving trips.

Thank you Frank for finding new interesting information which most of us were unaware of.

oOo

I had a senior moment the other day and recalled another of those really irritating songs that were so popular at St M's. Please do NOT ask me to sing it!

On top of spaghetti all covered in cheese, I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed. It rolled off the table and on to the floor, and then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

I can't remember any more than that, perhaps a competition to see who knows the rest of it although I can't recall anyone singing any more than that. Usually they got thumped, pelted with pillows etc!

John Haslett

Photographs provided by Steve Baxter



Paul White



David Dewhurst
Hunstanton, June 1967



Pauline Carr



Diana Potter



Chris White



Susan Taylor - Geraldine Millar - Suzanne Stewart
Victor George - Robert Maskell



Stephen Mounsey
in "The Prince and the Pauper"



Scene from "Where The Rainbow Ends"



Caroline Sutton



Ian Dupont - Geoff Kimberley - Bill Cullin
Rachel Golby - Martin Grayville - Michael Gattenick
Louise Taylor - Bob Hill - Ruth Chilvers - John King

