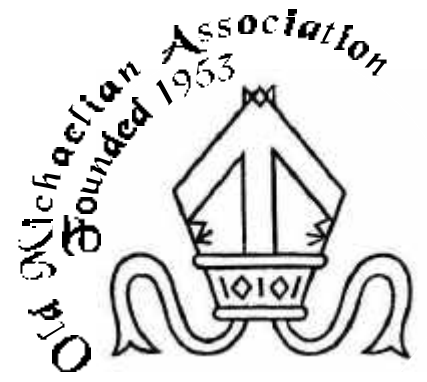


2001
REUNION
Le Strange Arms
Hotel
Old Hunstanton
October
27th—28th

note the date now
booking form will be
in the Autumn Mitre

Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



Spring
2001
Edition

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Editor's Afterthoughts



Once again it is my pleasure, if that is the correct word, to pen my thoughts at the end of another edition of "*The Mitre*"

I hope that you approved of this Edition, it being as before a mixture of photographs, articles, letters, and humour.

I am aware that some of you think the "non Michaelian" pages are superfluous and I can only say that if you send me enough articles and letters to fill the newsletter then I will have no excuse to use fillers. That having been said that, however, I was asked by a WOM (that's a wife of an Old Michaelian to you) at the reunion to continue with more of the same as it makes the magazine more interesting to non OM's.

Those of you who have e-mail addresses will know of the problems caused by the virus that was circulated as an attachment to a letter from a Member in early January. This was, of course, entirely without his knowledge but caused much heartache and did a lot of damage to some hard-drives entailing as it did a complete format and reinstall. You cannot be too careful and a good virus checker kept up-to-date is essential.

By the time you read this spring will be not too far away and I for one am looking forward to warmer weather. It has been a long, cold, wet, and thoroughly miserable winter and to all of you who live in foreign climes I say, England in winter is best avoided!!

It was great to see many "new" faces last October, If only the "new" ones and the "old" ones could appear at the same time what a reunion that would be. Don't let us down this year, put it in your diaries NOW and we'll see you on October 27th & 28th.

In 2003 it will be the Association's Golden Jubilee and your Committee is planning something grand but it will require the attendance of the majority of Members so note the dates **25th and 26th October 2003**, write it large on the wall, book your places now, but above all understand that we will brook no excuse short of death for non-attendance and even for that we shall require a certificate in triplicate.

Finally may I thank all the contributors to this edition of "*The Mitre*". Without those willing few who do correspond my "editorial" life would be impossible and this newsletter would be a total misnomer.

Martin.

"*The Mitre*" is the Newsletter of the Old Michaelian Association

Editor

Webpage (www.oma.org.uk) Editor

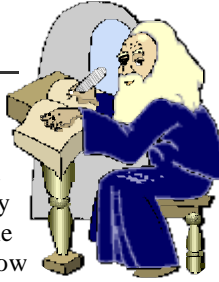
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Whoops



In an ancient monastery in a faraway place, a new monk arrived to join his brothers in copying books and scrolls in the monastery's scriptorium. He was assigned as a rubricator on copies of books that had already been copied by hand. One day he asked Father Florian (the Armarius of the Scriptorium), "Does not the copying by hand of other copies allow for chances of error? How do we know we are not copying the mistakes of someone else? Are they ever checked against the original?" Fr. Florian is set back a bit by the obvious logical observation of this youthful monk. "A very good point, my son. I will take one of the latest books down to the vault and compare it against the original." Fr. Florian went down to the secured vault and began his verification. After a day had passed, the monks began to worry and went down looking for the old priest. They were sure something must have happened. As they approached the vault, they heard sobbing and crying. When they opened the door, they found Fr. Florian sobbing over the new copy and the original ancient book, both of which opened before him on the table. It was obvious to all that the poor man had been crying his old heart out for a long time. What is the problem, Reverend Father?" asked one of the monks. "Oh, my Lord," sobbed the priest, "the word is 'celebrate'!"

A few thoughts on life

- Why did Kamikaze pilots wear helmets.
 - Do illiterate people get the full effect of alphabet soup?
 - I've always wanted to be somebody, but I should have been more specific.
 - Ever notice when you blow in a dog's face he gets cross with you, but when you take him in a car he sticks his head out the window?
 - Ever notice that anyone going slower than you is an idiot, but anyone going faster than you is a maniac?
 - You have to stay in shape. My mother started walking five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 now and we have no idea where she is.
 - One out of every three people is suffering from some form of mental illness. Think of two of your best friends. If they are OK, then it must be you.
 - They show you how detergents take out bloodstains. I think if you've got a T-shirt with bloodstains all over it, maybe your laundry isn't your biggest problem.
 - Ask people why they have deer heads on their walls and they tell you it's because they're such beautiful animals. I think my wife is beautiful, but I only have photographs of her on the wall.
- And finally*
- Future historians will be able to study at the Jimmy Carter Library, the Gerald Ford Library, the Ronald Reagan Library, and the Bill Clinton Adult Bookstore.

The Chairman Writes

Dear Friends

Happy New Year to you, I hope that each and every one of you had a wonderful Christmas and New Year. Ours was lovely with visits from the whole family including all six grandchildren who of course are heavenly!

Yet another Reunion has passed, it was, as usual a splendid occasion with some new faces but we still need to up the numbers.

Bob Hill gave up the chair and I, somehow or other, became "Char-lady, here's hoping I do as well as my predecessors.

Our first committee meeting will be held in Harrogate on April 1st. Ruth Peckover, Michael Catterick and Bill Cullin were elected onto the committee which was great as new blood and new ideas are always welcome.

I would like to thank Bob for all his hard work over the years; fortunately he has remained on the committee so he will be able, with the others, to help me get it right!

Our reunion is on the last weekend of October, the 27th–28th when the clocks go back, please, please make a note of it now. We love to see you all and it's such great fun.

I close wishing you a happy and prosperous 2001 and I hope to see you all in October. As I am the first Old Girl to be Char-Lady I have a lot to live up to. I do need your support.

Rachel

Reunion 2000

So that's another one done and dusted and a great success it was.

We were initially very short on numbers several of the "regulars" being unable to come this year but a last minute phone call from David Wroth asking if he could book a table for 10 (it turned out it was only 9 but who's counting!!) was the making of the event. It brought Mike Heading, Peter and Roger Coe, Tim Tooke and David himself to the reunion, OM's whom we haven't seen for a long time. Add to those Liz Hollands (1964-1969) who has now joined the OMA, Mike Smith, Keith Colman and Richard Bowett, who was to be our celebrant on Sunday, none of whom have been back for several years and you can see that it was a different set of faces this year. They all said what a great time they had. Nigel Cornthwaite was there for the AGM, and David Herring, Peter Carter, Peter Thaxter, Dawn & Heather Gadsden and Robert George came after the meal and Trevor Lincoln on Sunday morning.

Rachel Golby was installed as the first "Old Girl" Chairman. The committee was as before but with three new faces, Ruth Chilvers, Mike Catterick, and Bill Cullin; Ian Dupont as Treasurer and John King as Secretary completes the line-up. For its sins, the OMA still has me as Mitre Editor and Membership Secretary, seemingly the Pooh-Bah of the outfit.

We had a slightly different arrangement this year in that we did not use the "upstairs" room in the Palace Suite but laid out all the photos and memorabilia in the lower room. Concentrating everybody into this one large room worked really well and created a very good atmosphere. The AGM was held in the Oak Room and again with a more formal setting of a "top" table and a "floor" for the members it worked better than all sitting around higgledy-piggledy as we have done of late.

A "sherry" reception started off the evening proceedings, the meal was very good indeed, and the usual quiz and raffle were held. Modesty again forbids me to mention which table won the quiz for the second year in succession, but the prize of wine was very tasty!!!

Sunday saw us congregate at St Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe for Eucharist with Richard Bowett celebrating and Ben Gunner at the organ. Ian Dupont and Martin Graville read the lessons and the intercessions were led by Tom Healey.

Refreshments were laid on at Ingoldisthorpe Village Hall for OM's and Parishioners and then.....home

All had another memorable weekend.

Martin.

was that you said?" said the HM in a sombre voice. As if once wasn't enough he **repeated** it, despite frantic attempts by those near to explain that one didn't say that sort of thing anywhere, never mind in church! By now behind the sniggers of others the HM was beginning to see the funny side of it and let the matter pass. What else could he do? It was said with so much young innocence.

Mr White's Cars.

In the latter days of the school there was a master, one Christopher White. He taught French and English Literature and produced/directed many excellent school plays. He was also well known partly for his volatile nature, but otherwise for his collection of cars. These were usually big old Jags. (All Jags are big!)

However, his best was the hearse! Yes, he had a beautiful old hearse. I don't remember what the original chassis was, but it had ornate carved glass in the sides and was very upright and square. No coffins, but it was filled with little Michaelian's and used to roar (or rather purr?) around the villages at great speed to the utter astonishment of the locals! I believe he inherited his family's hereditary peerage on the death of his father. Is this why he often called us (and others) "the peasantry"?

Another tale involving CW and one of the double-deckers. Just outside the school at Ingoldisthorpe by a road junction the trees would overhang and bash the bus each time it passed. Drivers avoided this by keeping to the offside of the road. One day, and not for the first time, a car was coming from the other direction and CW gestured, pointing to the overhanging trees as being the reason for being on the wrong side of the road. However, either this driver didn't understand or misinterpreted the gesture (!) or was not going to give way, and CW was not going to drive through the trees. Anyway we sat motionless for a while then the order was given "everybody out and walk!" This we did, and CW left the bus where it was in the middle of the road and walked off with us, laughing his head off. There was nothing the car driver could do but eat humble pie and drive round the now deserted bus!

Now, how's this for a thought. What would St. M's be like in the computer age? "Right, will you listen please... It has been alleged, I say, "alleged," because I don't know, that somebody has been hacking into the staff database on the schools' computer". (or something like that!) "I'm not going to have play stations in my school!" "Somebody has sent a virus to Mr Taylor's computer. I want that boy to own up!" "NO!! You cannot

That's all for now. I'm sure I will think of some more.

Chris Gibbs.

Memories from Chris Gibbs

Here are some more memories for you for *The Mitre*. I have just had my memory jogged by a Heacham tea towel as I do the drying-up! (Nice pictures of the church and the green opposite. Also Princess Pocahontas and Caley Mill etc).



Old Michaelian's were usually fairly tidy folk, but you know how it is with over 100 pupils in a small building. Clothing, particularly games clothing, gets left lying about. The headmaster had been going on about this previously and had obviously had enough. "Right, I am going to go through the school (this was at Ingoldisthorpe) and I am going to cane every boy who has an item of clothing lying around!" Well he went through all the cloakrooms outside – "please Sir I did put my heavy mac- "Don't call it a "heavy mac" boy" SLAP-BANG- OOOW! Through the changing rooms and passageways upstairs. Well, I should think that half the school went "UPSTAIRS" to receive one stroke for each item. Even the head boy at the time, Yens Andersen was not immune! It did become a bit of a joke amongst us in the end as some seemed to go round two or three times!

In similar vein, it was fairly common for an entire dormitory to be canned because some were caught talking after lights-out but wouldn't own up. In my early days, (1964), I would dread it when Enrico Valvoni and Joseph Habermass, two colourful characters from London, would start fighting after lights-out.

Sometime around late 1968 when the school had moved back to Ingoldisthorpe there was a certain lady teacher of the juniors whose daughter was also at the school. This daughter was very attractive, and popular with the boys. It would appear that she was out of class with a boyfriend somewhere, engaging in what the HM usually referred to as "farmyard behaviour", when he discovered them! He marched them off to her mother's class and remonstrated with them in front of the class. Not the best thing to do really. Anyway, the incident blew over and they became heroes for a while. I believe that boy's father even took him down the pub for a congratulatory drink!

On one of the choir outings to London we stayed at a YMCA hostel. I don't remember anything else about this trip but there is one vision I have never forgotten. The following morning still half asleep and emerging from the bathroom I was suddenly face to face with the HM clad only in pyjama bottoms and slippers. (He didn't have his dog collar on!) Probably the most frightening experience of ones young life even for a (by now) seasoned Michaelian!

Picture if you will choir practice in Heacham church on a Wednesday evening. Remember that the choir was augmented by both ladies and gentlemen from the village. Date, oh sometime in the late sixties. All normal, then during a break in the singing this little squeaky African voice pipes up "Please sir, G..... H.....'s s*** his pants sir!" (I will let you edit this as you see fit, because unless you were there and heard it, you would not believe it!!) Gasps followed by stunned silence and faces beginning to turn red, especially the ladies! Everyone was looking toward the HM awaiting an explosion. "What

The First Mitre

It is now forty years since the Mitre Magazine first saw the light of day and I have the honour of being its earliest reader who is still surviving.

The Mitre was the brainchild of Roger Pott. At the beginning of the Easter Term in 1961

he summoned Stephen Barker and myself to the staff room and told us of his idea. Stephen was to be the editor as he enjoyed writing short stories (usually about the Nazi party and illustrated with his own excellent drawings) and I was to be sub-editor as "you are going to be a bookseller so you had better get some experience in producing a book." We had no choice we had to do it! Like all magazine editors we had problems getting articles. (*nothing changes ..Ed.*) Stephen and I went round different people begging them to write almost anything. Somehow we did get more than enough articles and the

setting up anyone edition some being the the lead in mid proofs we anyone We were writers that they had been included.



Michael '1958'

of the first edition who has seen a copy can see, Stephen and mistakes, the most spelling of my name! printers to see how type and received the May. Although we were not to show and we were sworn not even to tell the



Michael '2000'

began. As of the first I did make obvious We visited they set up first proofs had the them to to secrecy. article

At half term each pupil was handed a copy of the magazine and told to take it home to their parents. Stephen and I hoped that parents would not be alarmed with what they read! We need not have worried, a few days after the half term break we were summoned to the staff room where we were told by Roger Pott that he had received congratulations from parents who hoped that this edition would not be the last. It wasn't. Long may *The Mitre* continue and I would like to record my own thanks to Roger Pott and Stephen Barker for an excellent introduction to a life of bookselling!

Michael Catterick

Sub-Editor Mitre No 1

AGM 2000—Minutes and Accounts

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 28th October 2000 at Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton (Oak Room)

All members of the existing Committee were present except John Wallington who was on holiday and had sent his apologies.

1. Apologies.

Robert Balshaw, Chris Gibbs, Tim Jackson, David Pleming, Les Roberts, Cliff Wallington, Roger Wikeley, Marcus Wortley, Charley (Barry) Batchelor, Geoff Hayesmore, Bill Kelly, Jonathan Russell, Mike Shellock, John Wallington, John Worboys, Peter Yarker

2. Minutes of the 1999 Annual General Meeting

Robert (Bob) Hill, Chairman, presented the minutes of the 1999 AGM and asked the Membership to accept the contents as a true record of proceedings.

This was accepted.

3. Matters arising

Tom Healey referred to item 12 of the minutes concerning the interregnum at Heacham and said that it was Geoff Kimberley and not himself who had originally supplied this information.

4. Chairman's Report

Bob welcomed the 20 people who attended the meeting, and particularly some faces who had not been able to attend for some time. Bob said that he was giving up his position as Chairman having completed his three-year stint. He thanked the members of the Committee for their unfailing assistance and support. Particular praise went to the editor of the "Mitre" who had consistently improved the contents of the magazine to make it a very interesting read.

5. Treasurer's report

Ian reported that expenses had been reduced this year, although the committee continued to provide the annual dinner at cost. to encourage additional members to attend. He also submitted the Building Society book for perusal by anyone present who wished to check its contents. He explained that the association was now receiving interest on the sums invested and not paying the Bank for having an account.

Greetings from Henry & June Boston who live in Canada.



Henry taught at the School for a short period and June was housemistress at Fridham

I was on the teaching staff of St. Michael's from September 1961 to July 1962. Our son Stephen was a boarder and our daughter Alison attended the school. Alison now lives in Montreal, Stephen lives in Victoria

In our third term at St. Michael's, summer 1962, my wife, June, was asked by Rev. Roger Pott to take charge of the Girls House at Fridham, Our son Tom was too young for St. Michael's, and therefore attended the village school, but he moved into Fridham as well.. It was through Tom that we became aware of the Old Michaelian Association. He found you whilst surfing the net.

I was ordained in the Church of England at Rochester, Kent, deacon 1942 and Priest in 1943, but had misgivings about my vocation and joined the United Church of Canada in 1960. There were problems which led me to come back to England to think things over and in Heacham one Sunday I attended the Methodist Church where I heard a sermon on the text: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Then I said, "Here am I! Send me." Isaiah 6.8. This resolved my problems and I returned to the United Church of Canada until I retired in 1982. .

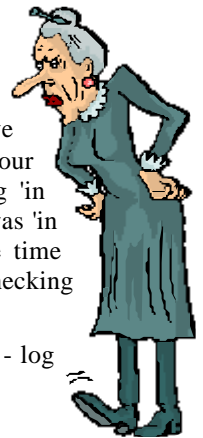
Henry Boston

Greetings from Victoria B.C. where we have been living since 1985. It has been interesting reading your www. So much of it! I remember very well my one term being 'in charge' of Fridham Over the years I have wondered who actually was 'in charge'! It is an experience I shall never forget!! Especially the time hearing running on the gravel driveway & then with a flashlight checking the dorms. Some empty beds, Panic.

If anyone is interested in how a very senior citizen spends her time - log on to www.islandnet.com/target

Best wishes to Rachel for her upcoming term as Chairman.

June Boston



But it is not hard to tell,
 Why it's pall-mall, but Pall Mall.
 Muscle, muscular; gaol; iron;
 Timber, climber; bullion, lion;
 Worm and storm; chaise, chaos, chair;
 Senator, spectator, mayor.
 Ivy, privy; famous; clamour
 and enamour rhyme with hammer.
 Pussy, hussy and possess,
 desert, but dessert, address.
 Golf, wolf; countenance; lieutenants
 Hoist, in lieu of flags, left pennants.
 River, rival; tomb, bomb, comb;
 Doll and roll and some and home.
 Stranger does not rhyme with anger,
 neither does devour with clangour.
 Soul but foul, and gaunt, but aunt;
 Font, front, wont, want, grand and grant.
 Shoes, goes, does. Now first say: finger,
 And then: singer, ginger, linger.
 Real, zeal; mauve, gauze and gauge;
 marriage, foliage, mirage and age.
 Query does not rhyme with very,
 Nor does fury sound like bury.
 Dost, lost, post and doth, cloth, loath;
 Job, job, blossom, bosom, oath.
 Though the difference seems little,
 We say actual, but victual.
 Seat, sweat; chaste, caste; Leigh,
 eight, height;
 Put, nut; granite but unite.
 Reefer does not rhyme with "deafener".
 Feoffor does, and zephyr, heifer.
 Dull, bull; Geoffrey, George; ate, late;
 Hint, pint; senate, but sedate;
 Scenic, Arabic, pacific.
 Science, conscience, scientific;
 Tour, but our, and succour, four;
 Gas, alas and Arcansas.
 Sea, idea, guinea, area.
 Psalm; but malaria,
 Youth, south, southern; cleanse,
 but clean;
 Doctrine, turpentine, marine,
 Compare alien with Italian,

Dandelion with battalion,
 Sally with ally, yea, ye
 Eye, I, oy, aye. Whey, key, quay.
 Say aver, but ever, fever,
 Neither, leisure, skein, receiver,
 Never guess - it's not safe.
 We say calves, valves, half, but Ralf.
 Heron, granary, canary;
 Crevice and device and eyrie;
 Face but preface, but efface;
 Phlegm, phlegmatic; ass, glass bass;
 Large, but target, gin, give, verging,
 Ought, out, joust and scour, but scourging,
 War, earn; and wear and tear
 do not rhyme with "here" and "there" but
 "ere".
 Seven is right, but so is even;
 Hyphen, roughen, nephew, Stephen;
 Monkey, donkey; clerk and jerk;
 Asp, grasp, wasp; and cork and work.
 Pronunciation- think of Psyche -
 Is a paling, stout and spiky,
 Won't it make you lose your wits,
 Writing "groats" and saying "grits".
 It's a dark abyss, or tunnel,
 strewn with stones, like rowlock, gunwale
 Islington and Isle of Wight,
 Housewife, verdict and indict.
 Don't you think so, reader, rather
 Saying lather, bather, father?
 Finally: which rhymes with "enough"
 Though, through, plough, cough, hough,
 or tough?
 Hiccough has the sound of "cup".
 My advice is.....give it up!!!

Given in 1974 to Class RII 4 at Stockholm's
 Higher General Secondary School for Girls,
 Norrmalm Author: G. Nolst Trenité

Accounts of the Old Michaelian Association ending 30-09-00

Income	£	Expenditure	£
Opening Balance	1637.92	Closing Balance	1295.94
52 Dinner @ £16	832.00	Le Strange Arms	928.55
Raffle Receipts	88.00	Raffle Prizes	42.95
45 Subscriptions	220.00	Balloons and Gas	62.50
Card Sales (MG)	20.00	Cameras for Tables	68.00
Interest Received	21.37	Develop Photos	32.00
Donation	5.00	Quiz Prizes	85.00
		Diaries for Ladies	38.40
		Flowers	15.00
		Picture for Bocking	10.00
		Perspex for photos	17.55
		Food/Milk for Sun.	62.96
		Bookers Invoice	33.96
		O.M.A.Domain	23.50
		Printing "Mitre"	38.60
		Postage costs	64.98
		Photocopying	5.00
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	2824.89		2824.89

I have examined the foregoing accounts, books and vouchers produced and certify that the accounts are correctly drawn up
 Auditor Treasurer JABWGT 28.10.00

6. Membership Secretary's Report

Membership Report for the year ended 30th September 2000

I beg to report that the membership of the Old Michaelian Association as at the above date is as follows

Full Members	149	Honorary Members	11	Life Members	5
Lapsed Members	26	Non Members	100	Total of known OM's	291
Mitres Distributed	170	Renewals 2000			18

The Association succeeded in renewing all the subscriptions due in 1999 and hopes to achieve the same hit rate this year; there are 18 subscriptions still outstanding.

Three Old Michaelian's found us this year, Les Roberts who was at the School from 1955 to 1958, and who met Mukhlis by chance in Holbeach and has since joined the Association, Alison Boston who was at the School briefly from 1961 to 1962 and her brother Stephen whose dates are the same. Their Father, Henry, taught at the School at the same period. Stephen has joined the Association. They found us whilst surfing the www so congratulations must go to Bill for our website.

We have lost a Member in John Hollingworth who sadly died in May and whose obituary appeared in the Autumn Mitre. However our Membership total shows an increase of 1 over last year

Martin Gouville (Membership Secretary)

Clifford Wallington had been in contact with Martin and proposed a vote of thanks to Bill Cullin for his work on the OMA website. Continuous work was being undertaken to update the site and the technical skills in this field were appreciated. Martin had also received letters from Henry Boston who had been on the teaching staff 1961/62. and from his wife June who was "in charge" at Fridham when their children Stephen and Alison were at the school. They now live in Victoria, BC. Martin had also had word of Patience Tomlinson daughter of The Rev Robert Tomlinson who taught at the school whilst living in Brancaster in the 1950's.

7. Election of Officers

In handing over his Chairmanship Bob proposed Rachel as a suitable replacement due to her long-term experience as a committee member, her knowledge of former pupils, and her good communication skills. Rachel would be the first "Old Girl" to chair the association and this was long overdue. The proposal was seconded by Louise and unanimously accepted by those present.

John King, Secretary and Ian Dupont, Treasurer signified their willingness to stand for office and were re-elected for a further year

8. Election of Committee

Mukhlis proposed that existing members of the Committee be accepted "en bloc" and following the Chairman 's consultation with those concerned, all agreed to stand again, Michael Catterick seconded this motion.

Martin proposed two new members to the Committee, Bill Cullin, and Michael Catterick both of who were prepared to stand. The motion was passed and seconded by John Barrett.

The committee are always delighted when "Old Girls" are proposed and Rachel suggested that Ruth Chilvers would be an ideal candidate, which Mukhlis seconded with full support from the floor.

Is your English Pronunciation O.K.?

Dearest creature in creation,
 Studying English pronunciation,
 I will teach you in my verse,
 Sounds like corpse, corps, horse and worse-
 It will keep you, Susie, busy;
 Make your head with heat grow dizzy;
 Tear in eye your dress you'll tear-
 So shall I. Oh hear my prayer.
 Pray console your loving poet,
 Make my coat look new, dear, sew it.
 Just compare heart, beard and heard,
 Dies and diet, lord and word,
 Sword and sward, retain and Britain.
 (Mind the latter, how it's written).
 Made has not the sound of bade,
 Say - said, pay - paid, laid, but plaid.
 Now I surely will not plague you
 with such words as vague and ague,
 But be careful how you speak,
 Say break, steak, but bleak and streak.
 Previous, precious; fuchsia, via;
 Pipe, snipe, recipe and choir;
 Cloven, oven; how and low;
 Script, receipt; shoe, poem, toe,
 Hear me say, devoid of trickery:
 Daughter, laughter and Terpsichore;
 Typhoid, measles, topsails, aisles;
 Exiles, similes, reviles;
 Wholly, holly, signal, signing;
 Thames, examining, combining.
 Scholar, vicar and cigar;
 Solar, mica, war and far;
 From desire-desirable; admirable from admire;
 Lumber, plumber; bier but brier;
 Chatham, brougham; renown but known;
 Knowledge, done but gone and tone;
 One, anemone, Balmoral;
 Kitchen, lichen; laundry, laurel;
 Gertrude, German; wind and mind;
 Scene, Melpomene; mankind;
 Tortoise, turquoise, chamois - leather;
 Reading, reading, heathen, heather.



This phonetic labyrinth
 Gives moss, gross, brook, brooch,
 ninth and plinth.
 Billet does not end like ballet;
 Bouquet, wallet, mallet, chalet.
 Blood and flood are not like food,
 nor is mould like would and should.
 Banquet is not nearly parquet,
 Which is said to rhyme with "danky",
 Viscous, viscount; load and broad;
 Toward, to forward, to reward.
 And your pronunciation's "O.K."
 When you say correctly croquet;
 Rounded, wounded; grieve and sieve;
 friend and fiend; alive and live;
 Liberty, library, heave and heaven;
 Rachel, ache, moustache; eleven.
 We say hallowed, but allowed;
 People, leopard; towed but vowed.
 Mark the difference, moreover,
 Between mover, plover, Dover,
 Leeches, breeches, wise, precise;
 Chalice, but police and lice;
 Camel, constable, unstable;
 Principle, disciple, label;
 Petal, penal and canal;
 Wait, surmise, plait, promise, pal.
 Suit, suite, ruin; circuit, conduit
 Rhyme with "shirk it" and "beyond it",

Horological expertise



The armies of Alexander the Great were greatly feared in their day, but there was one problem that they had that almost defeated them. Alexander could not get his people to staff meetings on time. He always held the meetings at 6:00PM each day after the day's battle was done, but frequently his generals either forgot the time slip up on them and missed the staff meeting. This angered Alexander very much, to say the least! Therefore, he called in his research guys and set up a project to come up with a method of determining the time at 6:00PM each day. There were no clocks in those days, at least none that could be carried around. (The smallest was a giant water clock) "Find a way my staff can determine the hour of the day, or at least when it gets to be 6 o'clock!" he said, "Cost is no object."

A study was instituted and, with several brainstorming sessions, came up with the following idea. In a land some distance away, there grew a bush whose berries contained a type of dye that changed colour at 6 each evening. They found that by dyeing strips of cloth and issuing them to the generals, they could see when it was 6 by the colour change, and could get to the meetings on time. Needless to say this pleased Alexander very much.

It was then turned over to the marketing group to come up with a name of this new invention as Alexander saw definite market potential in the strips. "It can be worn on the wrist and can be easily watched for the colour change", said one junior executive. "I therefore propose to call it the wrist watch." This name was immediately hooted down as being too bland and obvious. Another man suggested it be worn in the navel and could be observed by looking down, therefore it should be called the Navel Observatory. This idea was rejected out of hand as being too weird and too technical sounding for the general public.

Finally the senior vice president, who up to now had been silent, spoke and rendered his decision. "We shall call it a Timeband, and in honour of the Great Alexander, it shall be known as 'Alexander's Rag Timeband!'"

The church steeple in Port Gibson is very high and was being painted on a rather hot day. The painter was about half way down and, as the steeple was widening out, was taking more paint. The painter felt that he might not have enough paint to finish. Since he was hot and tired, and did not care to make another trip to the ground, he decided to stretch the amount of paint by adding some paint thinner to it. When finished, he lowered himself to the ground and went about cleaning up. Then he looked up to see the results of his work and noted that the area with the thinned paint looked decidedly different. He was pondering about what to do about it when the sky turned dark and there was a lightning flash and loud thunderclap. Then in a loud, booming voice from the sky came the words, "REPAINT AND THIN NO MORE!"

9. Any Other Business

Bob will update the list of teaching and domestic staff, the names of which he requested last year. He now has a number of additions.

Martin asked if anyone knew of Martin Coats new address. He pointed out that a number of "Mitres" had been returned and would try to find out if the members had moved or not.

There being no further business, Bob closed the meeting at 5 pm.



Our Website www.oma.org.uk goes from strength to strength. Bill Cullin has worked wonders and it has proved successful, particularly so as through it we have recruited new members. If any OM's have business or private websites of their own to which they would like a link on the OMA site would they let either Bill (bill.cullin@ntlworld.com) or me know and it will be arranged.

Martin.

Reminiscences

By Frank Dixon



During quiet periods in my work

As I sit in front of my PC 155 miles North East of Aberdeen, half way between the Shetland Islands and Norway, I sometimes reminisce on my school days, I find it easy to transport myself back in time to my childhood and the early days at St. Michael's. At that time there were only about thirty or forty pupils at the school and a curate was still living in the 'Old House', a Mr.

Taylor, not Henry but another Mr. Taylor with his wife and I believe daughter. His accommodation included the notorious 'bathroom' and the two rooms upstairs overlooking the courtyard and down stairs their kitchen was the pantry, this was about 1946.

During the war years the grounds of the rectory were neglected and overgrown, shrubs and trees had grown out of hand and the area that eventually became the playing field was a lovely wilderness. This area originally had a grass tennis court and an orchard and was crisscrossed with numerous paths along which a small boy could easily be ambushed or get lost on a damp foggy autumn day.

During break we were free to build dens, make fires, climb trees, make bombs and indulge in a host of other activities that would be unthinkable in a school playground today. Fires were a favourite; built from twigs, leaves and fallen branches and now whenever I smell smoke from burning autumn leaves I am jolted back in time. After one summer break the Nigerian boys returned to school with a number of .303 shells, these could be exploded by attaching a loop of string to the top and bottom, a few quick swings around the head and a sharp blow against a tree would produce a very loud bang. After two or three explosions Mr Taylor was flushed out of the staff room and told the boys he didn't think their game was a good idea, they should stop, or someone might get hurt, I may add the shells were not blanks! About 1950 I remember seeing a large bulldozer being unloaded from a low loader on the top road and to my amazement this was driven over the bank and into the school grounds. Immediately the driver set about demolishing everything in sight and headed for one of the beautiful old beach trees. At this point a large person, with cassock flowing and on a mission, came round the staff room corner of the house, headed for the scene and only just managed to save the tree but not before the bulldozer's blade had taken a slice out of the bark. Within a few weeks the area was cleared of trees and scrub, levelled, sewn with grass and soon in use as the sports field complete with running tracks, long jump, cricket pitches and flag pole.

A Vision of the Future



Having chosen English as the preferred language in the EEC, the European Parliament has commissioned a feasibility study in ways of improving efficiency in communications between Government departments.

European officials have often pointed out that English spelling is unnecessary difficult; for example: cough, plough, rough, through and thorough. What is clearly needed is a phased programme of changes to iron out these anomalies. The programme would, of course, be administered by a committee staff at top level by participating nations.

In the first year, for example, the committee would suggest using 's' instead of the soft 'c'. Certainly, sivil servants in all sities would resieve this news with joy. Then the hard 'c' could be replaced by 'k' sinse both letters are pronounsed alike. Not only would this klear up konfursion in the minds of klerikal workers, but typewriters could be made with one less letter.

There would be growing enthousiasm when in the sekond year, it was anounced that the troublesome 'ph' would henseforth be written 'f'. This would make words like 'fotograf' twenty per sent shorter in print. In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reash the stage where more komplikated shanges are possible. Governments would enkourage the removal of double letters which have always been a deterrent to akurate speling.

We would al agre that the horrible mes of silent 'e's in the languag is disgrasful. Therefor we kould drop thes and kontinu to read and writ as though nothing had hapend. By this tim it would be four years sins the skem began and peopl would be reseptive to steps sutsh as replasing 'th' by 'z'. Perhaps zen ze funktion of 'w' kould be taken on by 'v', vitsh is, after all, half a 'w'.

Shortly after zis, ze unesesary 'o' kould be dropd from words kontaining 'ou'. Similar arguments vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters. Kontinuuing zis proses yer after yer, ve vud eventuli hav a reli sensibl riten styl. After tventi yers zer vud be no mor trubls, difikultis and evrivun vud fin it ezi tu understand ech ozer. Ze drems of the Guvernmnt vud finali hav kum tru.

Did they really say that?

Would the person who took the step ladder yesterday please bring it back or further steps will be taken
Same day dry cleaning - all garments ready in 48 hours
After tea breaks staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board
Customers who find our waiting staff rude should see the manager
Why smash your plates washing up? Let one of our dishwashers do it for you
Notice in health food shop window: Closed due to illness
Large sizes catered for, come in and look round (this one really is genuine, one of my 'work experience' girls put the notice in our shop window)

Readers Write (Continued)

Dear Martin

The Mitre finally arrived last Friday. Thank you, it seems to be a particularly "full" edition. I marvel at your resourcefulness in gathering so much from such reputedly reluctant scribes!

I enjoyed all the Christmas and New Year Greetings from OMs. I had been away from my "machine" for quite a while.

I must admit there is very little news of my contemporaries (1947-1953) but fascinating, nevertheless, to read most of the articles. I particularly like Les Roberts's style. I must agree with his reminiscences of Henry Taylor. He really was as Les described. Poor man's bungalow was devastated in the flood of '53.

You asked had we been anywhere interesting/nice. Well we did a round the world trip. First from here to Perth for a couple of weeks. We toured south of Perth as far as Albany doing a lot of walking mainly in the Porongurups and the Sterling Range. We then flew to Sydney, rented a Campervan, and did a similar tour as far as 200kms N of Brisbane for almost 4 weeks. Stayed with friends for a few nights but mainly camping and walking whenever we got the chance. Finally to San Francisco and on to Washington DC for Christmas with our Daughter (Susan) and family. Our latest grandson (Alexander) now almost two, kept us on our toes. (Didn't have time to meet up with Cliff Wallington this time but hope to again when we are back there in September.) It was extremely cold - the temp didn't get above freezing for our entire stay: the Potomac was frozen over! Then home via London - just for the day, we rented a car to go up to Boston to see my (sick) Mother, and home and back to sunshine again early in January. Away for nearly 8 weeks in total.

It's back to work now. I work 2 months in 3 for a platinum, a gold and a coal company. The first company makes lots of money - the platinum group metals prices continue to go through the roof. Gold and coal are far less profitable. The last board meeting is mid February then we'll be off to the Cape for 6 weeks or so. A really tough life!!

I'm very much aware that the OMA is 50 years old in 2003. It will be here before we know it. I do hope we will be able to make it. I think the last Reunion attended would be about 25 years ago!

Regards

Mike Fleming

Mike Fleming (by e-mail)

Break time was announced by the ringing of a bronze ARP hand bell but does anyone remember the original bell that hung on the outside of the house? This was rung at the end of break by a prefect hanging out of the window half way up the stairs. I remember watching Caroline McKullock doing this and when she saw me she stuck her tongue out!

Prefects were assigned the task of keeping radiators filled with paraffin and although these were fitted with fuel gauges a lot of paraffin ended up on the wooden floors. Couple this with the fact that during break time a number of pupils were known to haunt the cellars lighting their way with candles I often wonder how the school was never burnt to the ground! The smell of burning candles, now there's another flash back and if Tony is reading this I still have 'The Key'!

The arrival of the film projector was another landmark. I remember seeing Mr Tatler, the Latin master, carrying it into the school and wondering what it was. (I believe Mr Tatler left the school to join the BBC religious broadcasting department) The next day at lunch Mr Pott stood in his usual place between upper and lower dining room and announced the school had obtained a new film projectors, a Bell and Howell, one of the few new machines of its kind available in the country, it cost he said as much as a motor car and we must all take great care of it, as we all know that machine came to feature in the lives of everyone who attended St. Michael's.

Frank Dixon

man was in his front yard mowing grass
when his attractive blond female neighbour came out of the house and went straight to the mailbox. She opened it then slammed it shut and stormed back in the house. A little later she came out of her house again went to the mail box and again opened it, slammed it shut again. Angrily, back into the house she went. As the man was getting ready to edge the lawn, here she came out again, marched to the mailbox, opened it, and then slammed it closed harder than ever. Puzzled by her actions the man asked her, "Is something wrong?" To which she replied, "There certainly is! My stupid computer keeps saying, "YOU'VE GOT MAIL."



The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum and gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks

And then in 12 short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly 'dry':
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men "
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of them, a very few,
Stay pickled till they're 92.



A Potted History from Alison Boston

After we left St. Michael's we returned to Canada and lived in

Northern New Brunswick, then back to Nova Scotia. (I could write a book about that, and may yet!)

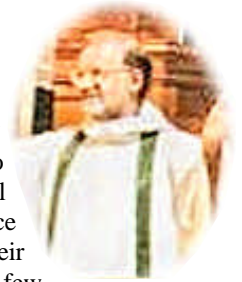
Stephen and Thomas both graduated from high school while living in New Brunswick and went off to The University of New Brunswick in the provincial capital, Fredericton. Stephen studied English literature and for a number of years slugged way as a fiction writer, publishing in literary journals. When he reached forty, he traded in fiction writing for software, and now he writes software for a US company based in Victoria, B.C. where he lives. He has one son, Nicholas from a previous marriage.

Thomas seems to be the perpetual student of the family. He studied sociology and anthropology at the University of New Brunswick and later the University of British Columbia. He then did another degree in education, and for the past ten years has been working with the Nisga School Board in New Aiyanch, B.C. It is a first nations community, and his job has been curriculum supervisor, ensuring that first nations values and heritage are integral to the school's curriculum. He has written a book about it. These days he continues to work for the school board, is father to three children, husband to a musician and music teacher. He gained a Masters Degree in guidance counselling in June - and caretaking his house on half a dozen acres. I don't know how he does it!

Mother took up acting when all the children were grown up. She started with a community group while living in Ontario, then after Dad retired, they moved to Victoria, British Columbia, where she became active with a local seniors semi-professional theatre group. They create their own plays about seniors' issues and tour them to hospitals, schools, conferences etc. The group - Target Theatre - is very successful, and have received great accolades for a piece they do about Alzheimer's.

Father became consumed with a human rights issue in the late sixties, and two years ago was given the Human Rights Award by the Lieutenant Governor for his work in that field. He had resumed the ministry when we returned to Canada, and retired 17 years ago, but even after retirement he kept preaching and drove over five hours -

Readers Write



Many thanks to all those OM's who kindly sent Christmas and New Year Greetings. I am sorry not to have been able to reciprocate at the time, but as many of you will know, life gets pretty hectic for clergy around that time and since then my wife Gillian and I have been visiting my parents (in their 90's), children and grandchildren. I thought I would just send a few comments to those who knew me.

The formative years are still well remembered - Gillian blames Roger Pott for my driving style - and my desire to redesign the traffic systems in places I live and visit - even here in Sweden where one thinks it's a traffic jam when there are a couple of cars in sight. My Latin is as basic as ever, and my French, despite a French daughter-in-law would make Mr. Taylor weep. German is better since we lived in Frankfurt/M for 7 years and Swedish is a distant relative so not so hard to read. Maths? - Thank God for computers and calculators. We wonder how we produced a son who graduated in Maths. My interest in photography (despite not being a member of the Film Team) continues apace and I still have photos and slides that one-day I will scan and send around - that's a threat! Music is of course a very important part of life. We had a super choir in Frankfurt that makes CD's and sings in Cathedrals in the UK and I know enough to be able to tell an Organist what I need. Miss Hayes Williams would have been pleased to know that my geography has improved since living outside the UK

Being an Archdeacon (as well as a Chaplain of a church with about a 100 worshipping every Sunday) is pretty demanding, with lots of visits to be made to Anglican parishes in Scandinavia, the Baltic and Germany. The churches consist of many nationalities - not just Brits - but also Americans, Africans and Asians and other English speakers from all over the world. We have a good mixture of locals too. Strange how one seeks what one remembers from the past - and perhaps I am now here because St. M's gave one the confidence and openness to the exciting possibilities of different groups and peoples working together. I sometimes feel that that is what I gained most from those teenage years, and a lesson, which I wish the more insular "Little Englanders" and other nationalists all over the world, would be able to experience and enjoy. Maybe it was different for you - but it wasn't the academic lessons at Ingoldisthorpe, but the ones about living in the community, which were the gifts that have helped me.

Well this wasn't meant to be a sermon - sorry folks - but I can't get to reunions often and I just wanted send a little more than good wishes and to record my appreciation of the friendships and experiences of those far off years. I wish more of those I knew were on e-mail. In addition, if you have forgotten what I look like - then look at our parish web site and take off a year or two! Many good wishes to you all.

David.

Since last year there have several additions, subtractions, & amendments to the e-mail list, so here is the latest version. If you have an e-mail address and wish to have it included, then please drop me a line and it shall be done.



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Val Fendick	valfendick@yahoo.com

both ways - once a month to a small fishing village on Vancouver Island where he conducted services. He never lost his passion for ministering to what he called 'people of the land'. First in Nova Scotia, with fisherman; then in New Brunswick with farmers and lumber jacks; and then in his retirement...At 82 years of age, he still swims three times a week and walks a great deal, although he does suffer with severe arthritis in his right knee.

As for myself: I have had a real patch work life! I went to fifteen schools in twelve years - St. Michaels was definitely the best! After leaving high school I travelled around working as a florist, studying a bit at Dalhousie University in Halifax, then later in Alberta at Red Deer Community College. In the early 1980's, I completed a B.A. in Theatre (cum laude) from the University of Ottawa, and then emerged as a performance artist on the Ottawa arts scene. On the side, I freelanced with CBC radio, writing documentaries on the arts and soft news - mostly human-interest stories, often dealing with spirituality. I also hosted a jazz show for a while, replacing the regular host when he was sick or on holidays; and did a brief stint with the short wave service: Radio Canada International.

On the artistic side: in 1988 I was awarded a Canada Council Arts Grant for my work as a performance artist. In 1991 I left eastern Canada and went to British Columbia where I continued to do freelance writing, mostly print - still soft news, mostly the arts. In 1993 I traded in editors for directors and started my own theatre company in Victoria. I produced and starred in two one-woman shows (one which I had written myself). The other show, 'How She Played the Game' written by Cindy Cooper, I produced in conjunction with the 1994 Commonwealth Games Arts and Culture Festival. That show went on to tour for a year, culminating at the 1995 Canadian Olympic Academy. Last year I revived it - at the playwright's invitation - and toured it to Budapest, Hungary for the 6th Annual Congress for the International Society for the History of Physical Education and Sports. I am currently producing a short run of the same show at the local McCord Museum.

Any theatrically oriented sports fans out there? It's a historical drama that tells the stories of six incredible sportswomen from the first half of the last century. I am always looking for invitations to perform it, and would love to do a school tour in Great Britain. Perhaps we could launch it at Saint Michaels! I hope to have a web site up and running - SOON - meanwhile, if anybody wants info, get in touch with me and I'll send a press kit. Over the years, in between freelance writing and acting, I've also had an artisan hat business - designing and making hats; and have trained as a swimming instructor and swim coach; and have taught acting - as well as, of course, swimming!

So that's this version of the potted family history

Regards

Alison Boston

Those attending also included.....

