

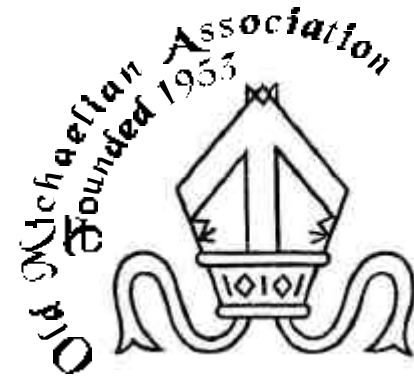
Golden Jubilee Reunion

**Le Strange Arms
Hotel
Old Hunstanton**

25th & 26th October 2003

Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



Spring
2003
Edition

CONTENTS

PAGE	3	CHAIRMAN'S LETTER
PAGES	4 - 7	AGM MINUTES AND ACCOUNTS
PAGE	7	OBITUARIES
PAGES	8 - 9	THE RECTORY REVISITED CHRIS GIBBS
PAGE	10	PRESIDENT'S LETTER
PAGES	11 - 13	ST. MICHAEL'S, A DAY AT A TIME MICHAEL CHILVERS
PAGES	14 - 15	REUNION PHOTOS
PAGES	16 - 17	LIFE IN ICU MARTIN GRAVILLE
PAGE	18	COMBUSTABLE FILMS CHRIS GIBBS
PAGE	19	MEMORIES OF 1953 MICHAEL CATTERICK
PAGES	19 - 20	HUMOUR
PAGES	21 - 22	A SCHOOLBOY DIARY STEVE BAXTER
PAGE	22	ORBITUARY
PAGES	23 - 24	ARCHIVE PHOTOS
PAGES	25 - 26	A GASTRONOMIC PERAMBULATION A BON VIVEUR
PAGE	27	EDITOR'S ENDINGS

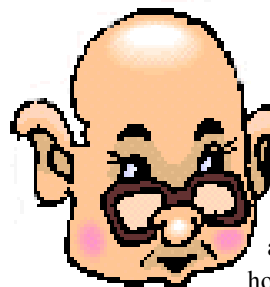
The Mitre is the newsletter of the Old Michaelian Association editors Martin Graville (print edition) and Bill Cullin (web edition)

Martin Graville
13 Willingham Road, Lea,
Gainsborough DN21 5EN
tel: 01427 615268
martin@graville.co.uk

OMA Website
www.oma.org.uk

Bill Cullin
184 Portland Rd., Hucknall
Nottingham NG15 7RW
tel: 0115 9564880
bill.cullin@ntlworld.com

Editor's Endings



So how went the 2002 Reunion? It was a strange one for me, because of my illness I was, unfortunately, unable to mingle with all the new faces that were gathered and therefore did not meet some of the gathered throng. I do hope that nobody took umbrage.

My very grateful thanks must go to all those Michaelian's who looked after me on Saturday & Sunday, particularly to Bill and Jane Cullin without whom I would not even have been able to attend. Barbara and I were picked up from home and cosseted throughout the whole two days, marvellous.

My thanks also to Bill for producing the Autumn 2002 edition of the Mitre, a feat which meant raiding my computer at home. I had to try to explain what was there and in which folder it was all without a voice and trying to write whilst lying flat on my back. I've seen some of the scribbles and they are incomprehensible to me let alone Bill. Nevertheless the Mitre was produced very successfully and it is entirely possible that some of you may not have noticed the change in editor.

Finally on this subject may I thank all of you who sent get well messages either by post or e-mail. Barbara made them into a permanent memento of the period and this she presented to me on Christmas day. I am not particularly lachrymose but I admit to shedding a tear or two when I read again the messages you sent.

So on to the next reunion. We are now gearing up for the glorious 50th, the Golden Jubilee, the BIG ONE. The OMA came into existence the year I started at St Michael's so we are of an age and it has been going strong ever since. There have been few if any years when a reunion has not been held and to give you a flavour of the period in 1964, the earliest year for which I have records, the membership fee was 6/- and the tickets for the dinner dance which was held at the Manor Hotel were 12/6 to members and 15/- to others. There was a membership list of 40 and the (anonymous) editor of the day was hoping that this would increase with the latest batch of Michaelian's leaving the School ('twas ever thus!!) Netball and hockey matches were organised and accommodation was offered on a first come first served basis at Gresham House and other of the boarding houses available. The OMA Chairman was Cliff Wallington, Treasurer Peter Yarker with Ben Gunner as his assistant. Committee Members were Page Clowser, John Stainsby, John King, Penny Vawser, Geoff Lake and Gordon Wood, all still members of the OMA.

A final thought, in 38 years time the youngest Old Michaelian will be over 80 years old and on that happy note I will close.

Martin.

Scrambled Eggs were more like Egg Custard - but green! Was that a special "Own Label" brand of Baked Beans? Gresham House was unbearable on those nights! Why were The Shooting Lodge Sausages a harder variety than the one cooked at Ingoldisthorpe? Surely, nobody could do that to a Banger!!!!!!

Breakfast! Who's for bacon? How did they get it so crispy? Kippers, and on special occasions Bloaters, are to my mind best left forgotten. I still have difficulty in sitting at a table when my wife orders Kippers or Bloaters. I am certain that The Shooting Lodge is where HARD BOILED EGGS got their name.

I could go on. What was your favourite? Did I hear Butter Beans? How many lumps?..... in your porridge? But I am being summoned to Dinner. Bon Appetite.

A Bon Vivreur

This article first appeared in the Summer Edition of the 1996 Mitre, Would the author like to come forward? Ed.

A Modern Psalm 23

The lord and I are in a shepherd / sheep situation, and I am in a position of negative need.

He prostates me in a green belt grazing area; he conducts me directionally parallel to non-torrential aqueous liquid.

He returns to original satisfaction levels my psychological make-up;

He switches me on to a positive behavioural format for maximal prestige of his identity.

It should indeed be said that notwithstanding the fact that I make ambulatory progress through the umbrageous inter-hill mortality slot, terror sensations will not be instantiated within me due to paraethical phenomena. Your pastoral walking aid and quadruped pickup unit introduce me into a pleasurific mood-state.

You design and produce a nutrient-bearing furniture-type structure in the

context of non-co-operative elements. You act out a head-related folk ritual employing vegetable extract; my beverage utensil experiences a volume crisis.

It is an ongoing deductible fact that your inter-relational empathetical and non-vengeance capabilities will retain me as their target focus for the duration of my non-death period; and I will possess tenant rights in the housing unit of the lord on a permanently open-ended time basis.

Let an honourable, exalted and prosperous state of notoriety be attributed to the male parent figure accruing also to His immediate descendant in the male line and to the sanctified non-corporeal entity. In such manner as was circumstantial at the initialisation, is contemporaneous with our terrestrial experience period and is due to continue interminably; cessation of the totality of trans-temporal existence being unforeseen.



Chairman's Letter

Dear Old Michaelian's,

I could not start this letter without first recording the loss of Isabel Pott who died after the last edition of the Mitre. We all have our memories of her and the many different ways she quietly helped us. She will be missed by us all, her family and her extended family of Old Michaelian's.

The 2002 re-union weekend was well attended with one member, David McMahon-Winter, coming from Tasmania. It was very pleasing to have Heacham church open on the Saturday morning for us to look round. Hopefully this arrangement will be made for this and future years.

Once again our AGM and re-union were a great success with thanks to all those who helped. Following the approval of those attending the AGM, I approached Simon Pott to offer him the position of President of the OMA which he agreed to accept. As I said in the autumn edition, after many years on the committee and as Treasurer, Ian Dupont wished to stand down. Geoffrey Kimberley replaces him as Treasurer. The rest of the committee were re-elected with the addition of Michael Chilvers. This year the committee will also be looking at the 1991 Standing Orders of the Association to see if any updating or changes are required. These will be presented at the AGM for approval.

The weather on the Sunday could have been kinder! The wind blew and blocked off all but one way to Ingoldisthorpe church and for part of the service there was no electricity. Regretfully I was one of those who did not get up the hill.

The committee will meet in April to start arrangements for our 50th re-union which will be over the weekend of 25th and 26th October. Put it in your diaries now! A golf tournament which will not interfere with our AGM or Sunday service - music and dance after the dinner - a medal or tie - a painting specially commissioned from Barbara Graville - a paper weight with the school emblem and the dates of the Association - a video of the dinner for people to purchase. These are some of the suggestions so far put forward. David Ratcliff has agreed to celebrate communion on the Sunday and would like all OMA clergy to assist him at that service. He would also like a choir.

The most important thing we could all do to make this a special re-union is to attend and bring along an Old Michaelian who has either not been at all or not been for a long time. I would be pleased to hear any suggestions to make this a special occasion.

I look forward to seeing you all in October.

Michael Catterick

Chairman

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 26 October 2002 at Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton.

The meeting was brought to order by the Chairman (Michael Catterick) in order to remember **Isabel Pott, Mary Bone** and **Anna Godfrey** all of whom have died since the last AGM.

1. Apologies were received from the following members,

John Barrett, Rachel Gunter, Louise Taylor. Geraldine Ellison (Moorhouse) Rachel Golby (Gunter), Geoffrey Haysmore, Bill Kelly (Staff), Judith Polson (Boggis), Les Roberts, Mike Sherlock, Mike Smith, John Worboys, Marcus Wortley.

2. **Minutes of the 2001 Annual General Meeting.**

The Chairman presented the minutes of the 2001 AGM and asked the membership to accept the contents as a true record of proceedings.

This was accepted.

3. **Matters arising** - None.

4. **Chairman's Report.**

Michael welcomed Martin Graville back after his serious illness and said how delighted the members of the committee were that he was able to continue with his work as editor of the Mitre and Membership Secretary.

Thanks also went to Bill Cullin who had immediately taken over Martin's duties when the seriousness of his condition was known, and had produced the Mitre single-handedly, and had also maintained the membership records, no mean achievement.

Michael said that there had been two committee meetings during the year in March and July to confirm the arrangements for the October reunion and to discuss other committee responsibilities.

Discussing the committee structure Michael suggested that the present Quorum of five should be reduced to four and that those who did not regularly attend meetings should stand down from the committee.

Michael thanked the hardworking members of the committee and especially Ian Dupont who had served for eleven years as Treasurer and who now feels that he has done his stint. Geoff Kimberley has kindly agreed to replace Ian as treasurer.

5. **Treasurer's Report.**

Ian Dupont said that there would be 58 for Dinner this year.

He thanked Bill Cullin for producing the Mitre at minimal cost as he does the work himself instead of sending it out for printing.

There was a donation of £50 to the British Heart Foundation.



A GASTRONOMIC PERAMBULATION

St Michael's School gave us many stories and anecdotes which come readily to mind; however, it did not give us..... me at any rate..... a ready fund of attributable quotations from brainy bods outside of the school!! So I cannot tell you who said, "we are what we eat....." I should know, but even if I was ever told I have long since forgotten.

However, I have not forgotten what we ate. More importantly, I have not forgotten many of those responsible for what we ate. I can readily recall that stalwart team of ladies under the keen, but to us boys unobtrusive, eye of Mrs Pott.

Ruling over the kitchen was Mrs Clarkson, every inch a Cook; large, or was it that I was just small, with a stern demeanour under which lay a soft and kind heart. How often she would chase me out of the kitchen only to turn a blind eye when her number two, Mrs Stewart, smuggled out a tasty mid-morning snack. Mrs Richardson, (Ricky) who lived at the bottom of Ingoldisthorpe hill, must be remembered with fondness by all. What shall I say about Daphne?? She took some stick from us boys and mostly took it in good part. Without Daphne the..... (can you really believe it?)..... COAL fired stove would not have been lit in the morning nor kept going through until teatime when we brewed-up in a Stewing Pan. Peeling the potatoes, scrubbing the floors, washing-up..... what a job!!

It must have been a great relief to Daphne when Jackie - known to some as "Jackie Kitchen" - was recruited. I think Daphne must have received some sort of promotion!! Memory plays tricks after all these years, but I seem to remember that Daphne was not the only one relieved by Jackie's arrival. What do you say, boys??!!

This kitchen brigade managed to turn out some very toothsome grub. Well, mostly! I know many did not vote for the Fish Pie on Friday's, but one did not have to have the baked beans with it. Meat Pie; Sausages and Roast Beef were among the most popular. Stew with or without Curry (did I hear "with gristle") was less thought of. "A small please, Sir."

I never understood why Rice Pudding was not popular or why PINK Blancmange was. The Apple Pie and Custard and the Steamed Treacle Pudding were huge favourites. "Who's for seconds?" "Sit up straight, Boy!"

That was Monday to Friday at Ingoldisthorpe. Saturday was "Mouse Trap" Cheese and Roll. Not the easiest thing to eat when in a hurry to catch the bus to the weekends relaxation. But eat it you must, or you would be made to sit until you had.

Memory is kind. It tends to erase the horrors and enhance the pleasures of times past. I can therefore, even now, vividly remember queuing in the passage - (by the Tuck Room) - to the kitchen at The Shooting Lodge where Mrs Roberts - no comments, please - was panicking because the Cauliflower Cheese was too grey, or that the



OLD MICHAELIAN ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS OCTOBER 1ST 2001 TO SEPTEMBER 30TH 2002

Income	£	Expenditure	£
Nationwide Opening Balance	1,086.00	Nationwide Closing Balance	974.93
Membership Subscriptions	244.03	Raffle Prizes	42.50
Reunion Dinner 49 @ £17	833.00	Le Strange Invoice	966.50
Donations	45.00	Taxis	-
Raffle Income	94.00	Develop Reunion Films	15.13
Interest Received	8.07	Quiz Prizes	16.99
Outstanding 2000 Dinner	16.00	Sunday Refreshment	27.62
		Flowers	59.00
1 Outstanding Dinner £17		Autumn/Spring/Autumn Mite	96.08
		Postage & Envelopes	127.35
		Domain Registration -	
		£11.75 ((Donated)	
	<u>2,326.10</u>		<u>2,326.10</u>

I HAVE EXAMINED THE FOREGOING ACCOUNTS, BOOK AND VOUCHERS PRODUCED,
AND I CERTIFY THAT THE ACCOUNTS ARE CORRECTLY DRAWN UP

Auditor [Signature] Treasurer Thos Low Date 11-10-02

6. Membership Secretary's Report -

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

The Association succeeded in renewing all but 9 (out of 38) of the 2001 subscriptions and expects to increase this by one. Only 10 subscriptions are still outstanding for 2002.

The success of the Website www.oma.org.uk cannot be over-emphasised as we have increased the known whereabouts of Old Michaelian's by no fewer than 21 and the membership by 12 since the last AGM. Unfortunately the membership figure has to be set against the fact that 9 OM's chose not to renew their subscription in 2001, we also lost 2 honorary members in Anna Godfrey and Mary Bone.

The *Mitre* by e-mail has proved to be a tremendous success and will be continued into 2003, saving the Association the cost of the overseas postage which was becoming excessive.

My thanks must go to Bill Cullin for keeping the ship afloat during my enforced absence he has proved that no one is indispensable as he took on the mantle of Membership Secretary and *Mitre* Editor with great panache. His input into the Old Michaelian Association in 2002 cannot be overstated.

Details of membership are as follows:-

Full Members	157		
Honorary Members	10		
Life Members	6	Total Members	173
		Lapsed	39
		Non Members	113
		Total of known OM's	325

Subscriptions not renewed

(1995) 5 (1996) 3 (1997) 7 (1998) 3 (1999) 1 (2000) 4 (2001) 9

Renewals due 2002 and not yet paid 10

I would say that this has been a very productive and successful year for the Association and I would commend this report to the Meeting

Martin.

7. Proposed re-introduction of President.

Michael proposed that after a ten year gap without a President and with the Associations 50th year in 2003, enough time had elapsed since the death of Roger Pott to think again about filling this position. It was agreed to remove the name of the President from the Standing Orders.

Simon Pott attends almost all reunions and regularly makes relevant and amusing speeches. He in effect has carried on the duties of his father as President. There was some discussion about the legality of whether the position should remain vacant or not. Simon had been sounded out and had written a delightful letter agreeing to fill the post subject to AGM approval. The motion was put to the membership and passed by an overwhelming show of hands

8. Election of Chairman.

The Secretary asked those present for any nominations for Chairman. There were none and Michael agreed to continue for a further year.

9. Election of Secretary.

The Chairman nominated the present secretary and there being no other nominations, John King agreed to stand for a further year.

10. Election of Treasurer.

The replacement of Ian Dupont by Geoff Kimberley due to his previous banking experience had been agreed at the last committee meeting and was confirmed unanimously at the AGM.

from the Archives



MORE ON PAGE 24

(Continued from page 21)

Wed 6th July

Cycled to Shooting Lodge. No choir. No swimming. Cricket.

Thurs 7th July

No games or swimming. In night cycled about with David. A boy was shot at Cadets.

Wed 13th July

No choir. Went to beach. Had scripture and maths exam.

Thurs 14th July

Played in a cricket match at Burebank. Got 1 run and 1 bye.

Sun 17th July

Last Sunday service for 8 weeks.

Mon 18th July

Packed. Did not do any work. No swimming gala.

Tues 19th July

Again no swimming gala and did not do any work.

Wed 20th July

First day of sports but I was not in any races.

Thurs 21st July

END OF TERM. 2ND DAY OF SPORTS. Went in three races. 1st, 4th and last. Blues won the cup.

Strangely, my diary has few entries after that – probably because the first two terms were packed with excitement. Looking back, how many schools at that time could report a robbery and a pupil getting shot – and they say that schools are bad nowadays.

Now I close my diary, but before I do, I feel I must reproduce one further entry – it reads as follows:-

Fri 7th Oct

Fish pie.

What more can you say.

Steve Baxter

This article has been reproduced just as Steven sent it to me and it shows what an interesting and varied life we at St Michael' led!!!

Maurice Boak R.I.P.

It has been reported from Thailand that Maurice Boak died there on 29th December 2002 from a heart attack. He was 54 and was at St Michael's between 1962-1966

It was only on 19th December that Maurice contacted the Old Michaelian Association after having found us through the website, he was thrilled to have done so and was keen to let us know his news.

He was, it seems, general manager of a computer company and had lived in Thailand for 10 years. He leaves a Thai wife and a young daughter.

This information comes to us from a work colleague who found our web & e-mail addresses in Maurice's address book.

Mike Smith, who is shortly going to Thailand on holiday had hoped to meet up with Maurice this, sadly, is now not to be.

Our thoughts are with Maurice's family at this sad time.

11. Election of Committee members.

Mukhlis Oweis proposed that the remaining members of the committee be re-elected 'en bloc' and this was agreed. They are John Barrett, Ruth Chilvers, Bill Cullin, Martin Graville, Robert Hill, Rachel Gunter, and Louise Taylor, with Michael Chilvers as a co-opted member.

12. Suggestions for special events for 50th Anniversary weekend (2003)

Nigel Packer had suggested a Golf tournament.

Martin to inquire who would be interested via the Mitre.

Bob Hill suggested music for the dinner.

Michael suggested a medal or tie for the 50th or

Paintings of Ingoldisthorpe of either school or Church, by Barbara Graville.

All suggestions will be considered by the Chairman for discussion by the Committee at a future meeting.

13. Any other business.

Ian Dupont said that the seating plan for the dinner had as far as possible been arranged in age groups in the hope that members who attended the school at the same time would be seated together. This is apart from those who had already arranged to sit with friends.

Ian said that the account book had been audited.

Tom Healey raised the problem of access to the upstairs bar of the Mariners for the disabled. It was decided that an area of the ground floor bar would in future be used.

David (Chris) Winter who had come from Tasmania for the occasion to meet up with his former school colleagues, and proposes to return next year, wished to make a vote of thanks on behalf of all those outside the UK, for keeping them informed of the activities of the OMA. He had been overwhelmed by the warmth of his reception and was looking forward to meeting more Om's at the dinner.

The meeting closed at 4.40. p.m. Twenty three attended.

POTT - ISABEL (nee Inglis) peacefully at home, Ounce House, Bury St. Edmunds, on Tuesday, October 1st, in her 92nd year.

Widow of the late Roger and Mother of Andrew, Simon and Caroline. Service at West Suffolk Crematorium, at 11.15 a.m., Wednesday October 9th.

OWEIS - On December 23 2002 at her home Angela Louise aged 64 years, of Hall Road. Clenchwarton. Dearly loved wife of Mukhlis, a loving mummy to Lucy. Funeral service at St Margaret's Church, Clenchwarton on Thursday January 2, 2003 at 10 00 am



Rectory Revisited

Returning for the OMA weekend again this year I decided that I must pluck up courage to visit the old school building at Ingoldisthorpe (the Rectory). Previously my wife had said “you can’t go nosing around in there, its someone’s private house now!”. I had read in a past *Mitre*, that the present owners were quite pleased to meet Old Michaelian's. I drove up the road and back again, there was someone there cutting the grass. I drove in and rung the bell in the old front porch. A smiling lady opened the door. “Hello, excuse me for being nosey, but I was at school here during the 60’s”. By this time her husband had driven round on his grass-cutting tractor. “Ah, you must be an Old Michaelian, they always come round at this time of year”. Golly I thought. How can they recognise us, are we marked in some way?! (No I wasn’t wearing a heavy mac, SORRY, mackintosh!) Anyway, they were very friendly especially as I could tell them so much about the building.

We went in the front porch. The inner glazed partition had gone. They are redecorating this area and other parts and the outline of it could be seen in the plaster. “There was a fireplace here” I said. “There” she said pointing to an air brick. “That’s “Henry Taylor’s toilet” on the upper landing”(!) How did she know that?! Someone has been here before. Yes of course they have. She produced a visitors book but there are only a few names in it. “That door wasn’t there, it would have led into the side of the boys toilets”. Well, talk about transformation. The boys and girls toilets had been knocked into one and it was now their kitchen. The kitchen as we knew it is their living room and the scullery at the moment is still being decorated. I told them about the horrendous electrical installation in reach of the sinks. The electricity board were quite interested in the consumer unit and other items when it was rewired. Something for their museum I think!

“How is the floor here?” I enquired, tapping it knowing that it had collapsed when I was here. “It had a vaulted ceiling”. Well, we went down into the cellar. The last time I ventured there, it was knee-deep in water and heavy macs and other rubbish were floating around!! Yes, part of the vault had been replaced with iron bars and concrete. “Do you have trouble with it flooding?” I ventured. “No we have sorted out the drains in the yard. What was the yard made of? because we have found under the earth and gravel the original square cobbles of the stable-yard” The cloakrooms in the yard have long been converted into a dwelling. The conservatory at the back is still there.

The passage way downstairs and upstairs is blocked off halfway in (to them) as it is part of the other flat. This seemed most odd to anyone who had previously had the run of the building. They did have use of the top dinning room. This was also stripped and being prepared for decorating. The partition walls have all been closed up. However, of interest to me was that on one wall the original bright yellow paint

(Continued on page 9)

EXTRACTS FROM “LETTS SCHOOL-BOYS DIARY 1966”

SPRING TERM

I recently came across an old diary from 1966. It is not fully completed and mainly contains snippets that just give a hint of flavour of life at the school in this year. Sometimes, perhaps, you have to read between the lines and some may bring back memories. Obviously, I cannot now remember any of these “major incidents” but some were important at the time. I have reproduced some of the entries here – cry your eyes out Adrian Mole.

Monday 10th Jan

Got up at 9.30. Began to get ready for school. Bought a model “Boston”. Went to school at 5.30. Slept in Lodge. Cold and cloudy.

Tues 11th Jan

Started school. Did not do much. David (Dewhurst) gave me a model of the Vickers Vimmy. Lights went out at 9.15. It snowed.

Wed 12th Jan

Nothing happened much. Choir practice only lasted 25 minutes.

Thurs 13th Jan

Wrote a letter to mum and dad – 2 ½ pages. Not much happened. Saw U.N.C.L.E. in Mr White’s room. Snowed and sleet.

Fri 14th Jan

Mr Oweis took us for science. Played paper aircraft. Saw “No Hiding Place” Snowed.

Wed 19th Jan

No choir practice. Bus got a flat tyre and the Bristol broke down at dinnertime. Cold.

Mon 31st Jan

Put in detention. Bus got stuck in grass.

Mon 7th Feb

Sang at a funeral

Tues 8th Feb

Went to Cadets and got to sleep at ½ past 10.

Wed 9th Feb

Choir practise.

Thurs 10th Feb

Saw U.N.C.L.E. in Mr Mellvilles room

Mon 25th April

Last day of holidays. Played water squirting in morning. Did not know what to do. Went back to school. AAAAAAAH.

Tues 26th April

Started school. We started lessons in morning. I got some new gym shoes.

Tues 10th May

Left cadets because did not like it. Got a postcard from dad.

Wed 11th May

Choir practise. Clean sheets. No games. Had science.

Mon 23rd May

Heard a part of the play on the tape. Some money was stolen £6 10s, from Christian Aid.

Wed 25th May

Clean sheets. Had a headache and backache.

Fri 27th May

Half term. Went home and rode on my new bike. A RSW 16. Raleigh.

Wed 1st June

Started school. Had cricket. Choir practise. No clean clothes.

Thurs 2nd June

Went swimming at Hunstanton for first time in term – was in for about 15 minutes. The water was 63.

Wed 15th June

Choir. Clean sheets. Clean clothes. The pool was 71.

Sat 18th June

Went to two weddings and then went swimming at Heacham beach.

Thurs 23rd June

Mr Potts birthday. Swimming – 64. Mum rang and I told her I wanted to bring my bike back to school.

Sat 2nd July

Church Fete. I helped a few boys with a stall and we got £1..12s..10d.

Mon 4th July

EXAMS STARTED. We had a history exam. Went swimming – 67. Bus went wrong but it came back.

(Continued on page 22)



"Bless you, my horse"

Mitch, a hard-shell Southern Baptist, loved to sneak away to the race track. One day he was betting on the ponies and nearly losing his shirt, when he noticed a priest who stepped onto the track and blessed the forehead of a horse lining up for the 4th race.

Lo and behold, this horse -- a very long shot -- won the race. Mitch was most interested to see what the priest did the next race. Sure enough, he watched the priest step onto the track as the 5th race horses lined up, and placed his blessing on the forehead of a horse.

Mitch made a beeline for the window and placed a small bet on the horse. Again, even though another long shot, the horse the priest had blessed won the race. Mitch collected his winnings and anxiously waited to see which horse the priest bestowed his blessing on for the 6th race. The priest showed, blessed a horse, Mitch bet on it, and it won! As the day went on, the priest continued blessing horses, and they always came in first.

Mitch began to pull in some serious money, and by the last race, he knew his wildest dreams were going to come true. He made a quick stop at the ATM, withdrew big money and awaited the priest's blessing that would tell him which horse to bet on.

True to his pattern, the priest stepped onto the track before the last race and blessed the forehead, eyes, ears and hooves of one of the horses. Mitch bet every cent, and watched the horse come in dead last.

Dumbfounded, Mitch made his way to the track and when he found the priest, he demanded, "What happened, Father? All day you blessed horses and they won. The last race, you blessed a horse and he lost. Now I've lost my savings, thanks to you!!"

The priest nodded wisely and said, "That's the problem with you Protestants ... you can't tell the difference between a simple blessing and the Last Rites."

It is said that St. Luke was a physician, but according to legend, certain healing powers were also ascribed to the Apostle John. We should remember that frequently the healer is also wounded, and during John's ministry, he found his right hand marked with a horny protuberance. It could be surgically removed, but it would grow right back. Finally, John made the connection that the greater the degree of his affliction, the greater his ability to help those people suffering from melancholia and great sadness. All he had to do was lay his hand upon them. The apocryphal writings tell us that, soon, everyone was singing the praises of the antidepressant action of St. John's wart.

(Continued from page 8)

that most of the whole place used to be still survived. We also found it on a section of skirting board upstairs above the scullery. Whilst upstairs I found my first dormitory, (next to where Chris White's room was -- later sixth form), that was to become the fifth form when we moved back to Ingoldisthorpe from Hunstanton. "That door is in the wrong place." We found where it used to be at the other end of the wall.

I showed them my photos. "Ah" she said to her young son, "there is that green thing" pointing to the flagpole. Sure enough, on the front lawn the flagpole stanchion was still there. "What was over there" she said pointing to an area under the trees adjacent to the road. "We were digging there and met concrete a few inches down". "Ah" said I, "that would have been the garage where the lawn mowers and other things were kept" "What do you know about a well?" asked her husband. A well?? That was a new one on me. He had been told that somewhere at the front near the wall was a well that was covered over. His wife also mentioned a manhole cover with a big arch inside. This was a mystery too, but thinking about it later, it might have been a soak-away that predated the main drainage. (Or was this something to do with tales of a secret passage between the rectory and the church?)

There were other little features of architectural interest that we talked about as well as some of the things that we got up to!

I would like to say thank you to Nick and Katie Redwood for showing me around their part of the building.

Chris Gibbs

Hulloa,

Are there any Mensa Members in the OMA? I suppose there is no practical way to find out. Just a thought.

Regards

Stefan Helbro, Stockholm. stefan@helbro.com

e-mail addresses and the website

The Association now has a list of well over 100 e-mail addresses of Old Michaelian's, we are sure, though, that there are many more waiting to be found. If you have moved into the electronic age please let me know the details for inclusion in the next list. This list is distributed to all those included on it and is available to all other Michaelian's either over the ether or by post, you only have to ask. The only stipulation we make is that no commercial use is made of the list.

The Association website www.oma.org.uk run by Bill Cullin goes from strength to strength with 'lost' Michaelian's regularly contacting us after having found their own name or that of the School on the web. It gives us a tremendous fillip to experience their surprise at the fact that we are still going strong after 50 years and to be able to put them in touch with old friends.



The President Speaks

I was delighted to be asked by the Chairman of the OMA, Michael Catterick, whether I would be prepared to consider the role of President if elected by the AGM. I was very pleased to accept that possibility and thrilled when the AGM made their decision!

Those of you who regularly attend the Old Michaelian Weekend will know that I have spoken at a number of the dinners, firstly because I am asked to do so and secondly because after a glass of two of wine (which may have followed a pint or two of beer) I can give a sufficiently good imitation of my father that it has been known for one or two to be gently digesting their food to be rudely awakened with the terrifying fact that the headmaster is not only in the room but he is shouting at you as well!

I have accepted the position of President as a tribute to my father. You will all remember him for different reasons and I accept that they are not always the most comfortable of reasons! All of the pupils at St Michael's School passed through a different era and were brought up with certain skills and standards which have stood you in good stead over the years. The influence that the headmaster had on your lives will have been considerable (as was the case with me as well!), but the most astonishing fact is that ten years after his death the school lives on through the Old Michaelian Association and flourishes. Those who returned to the reunion weekend last year were absolutely astonished to find old friends on good form and sitting with them on the same table, and this has been the pattern established over very many years.

In 2003 the Association celebrates its 50th anniversary and I hope that a good number of other Old Michaelian's will make the effort to come to Norfolk at the end of October to celebrate that event. I can promise you good friends, good fellowship, good memories, tall stories and plenty of laughter. There is to be no shouting, no crashing of the cars and no use of the cane, but we will be there to remember that wherever we go and whatever we do we carry with us the proud name of St Michael's School!

Simon

Did you hear about the Buddhist who refused his dentist's Novocain during root canal work? He wanted to transcend dental medication!

There was a man who entered a local paper's pun contest. He sent in ten different puns, in the hope that at least one of the puns would win. Unfortunately, no pun in ten did.

Two boll weevils grew up in South Carolina. One went to Hollywood and became a famous actor. The other stayed behind in the cotton fields and never amounted to much. The second one, naturally, became known as the lesser of two weevils.

Memories of 1953

Being taken back through the thick smog to my central London boarding choir school after a sunny day at home on the outskirts of London • Not being able to see across the road or the platform on the other side of the railway track. (The school's Head Master was Malcolm Melville who was later curate of Ingoldisthorpe and taught at St Michael's) • I learnt to ride a bike • Going over a hill and seeing, spread out below us, the village of which my father had just been made Rector • We had our first television which had a very small screen. It was gift to my father from his last parish • Watching the Coronation procession and service on the television in a room with thirty plus other people (my next older brother was head chorister at Westminster Abbey and sang the only solo during the service (O Taste and See) • Starting at a new boarding school in the middle of acres of farmland as the London smog had effected my lungs (the school is now a Cheshire Home).

Michael Catterick



Grisly Thoughts

As he walked alongside the river he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look and saw a 7-foot grizzly charging towards him. He ran as fast as he could up the path. He looked over his shoulder and saw that the bear was closing in on him. He ran even faster, so scared that tears were coming to his eyes. He looked over his shoulder again and the bear was even closer. His heart was pumping frantically and he tried to run faster still. He tripped and fell to the ground. He rolled over to pick himself up, but saw the bear... right on top of him... reaching for him with the left paw and raising his right paw to strike him. At that instant the atheist cried out "Oh my God!...." Suddenly, time stopped. The bear froze in motion. The forest was ever so silent. Even the river ceased to move. As a brilliant ray of light emerged from the sky and shone upon the man, a powerful voice spoke to him, "You have denied my existence for all of these years; you teach others that I do not exist and you credit creation to a cosmic accident. Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you now as a believer?"

The atheist blinked directly into the light. "It would be hypocritical of me to convert to a Christian after all these years, but could you instead make the bear a Christian?" "Very well," said the voice from above. The bright light disappeared. All of a sudden, life resumed around the man. The river ran again. The forest became alive once more with the gentle sounds of nature.

The bear stirred. Slowly, he lowered his right paw, brought both paws together, bowed his head and graciously spoke: "Lord, for this food which I am about to receive, I am truly thankful."

Mike Smith (by e-mail)



Combustible Films

During the winter in the late 60's we would sometimes have the Saturday films in the "games area" in the annex. The table tennis tables would be removed and the screen set up in a corner and the projector would be on a table in the locker room adjoining the 12 dorm. Now it is well known that there were a few boys that are alleged, "I say 'alleged' because I don't know...." (remember that phrase??) to be habitual smokers. ("I will not have smokers in my school").

During the film one of these who had been at the back of the locker room unbeknown to me had lit up. Sometime later I became aware of a smouldering smell and of smoke being drawn through the projector by its cooling fan. (Bell and Howell 652, remember it?).

Realising that the projector wasn't at fault we looked elsewhere, and found to our horror that a mattress in the corner was smouldering! Obviously set alight by the cigarette end. Panic set in. What were we going to do with a big smouldering mattress? Worse still suppose it burst into flame and set fire to the annex. Even worse, suppose the Headmaster found out, there would be lashings of cane in all directions, and as the only senior prefect present I would probably get most of the blame!

Then in the darkness of this smoke-filled room a bright idea occurred. There was an outside urinal built onto the back wall of the Shooting Lodge by the bike sheds opposite the annex. There was always running water in there and its big enough to dunk a mattress in. So two or three of us man-handled the smouldering mattress into the urinal and detailed someone else to open all the windows to get rid of the smoke. We left it there for the rest of the film show hoping that nobody "went" in there! There was no light as I remember so it was unlikely to be used at night.

What were we to do with a burnt soggy smelly mattress? You can't hide something that big. Oh yes we can! Find some poor sods trunk in one of the locker rooms, one of the old ones that have been left behind, and put it in there. This we did, and we were never found out, and to this day I have no idea who the trunk belonged to or when it was discovered.

The locker room part II.

During another film a certain dayboy and his girlfriend, who was a daygirl (that sounds odd!), were in this same locker room with me during the film. After a while I realised that they had gone and thought nothing of it. Probably got bored with the film and gone home, they were day pupils after all. Not a bit of it! Someone came rushing in from somewhere hissing "Potts coming!!" Bang crash thump panic. The door behind me burst open and in struggled my two friends in a state of undress struggling to make themselves decent in the flickering light of the projector. They vaulted over the table into the main area and all was calm. I cannot actually remember if the HM did come in, but er, mmm, I like the underwear!

Chris Gibbs



St Michael's - a day at a time

I have always enjoyed reading the accounts of ex Michaelian's via the Newsletter, being able to share the memories of many, but not all, as the goings on in 12 Dorm or Fridham were unknown to me (officially!), as I did St Michael's a day at a time as a day boy, and "a Lynn bus" one at that!

It all began in 1950 when I was 7 years old. The time had come for me to leave King's Lynn Convent, where boys were allowed to stay till they reached this great age. I know that the St Michael's records stated that I joined in '51, but as I was 7 and born in 1943 1950 would appear to be the correct year, and my Mum says it was, so there! Peter Carter joined at the same time, and as we both came from Terrington St Clement we were taken to the Fleet in King's Lynn in the mornings by his Dad and picked up in the evenings by mine in the early years. As we got older we graduated to the "Lincolnshire Road Car" (or "green bus") for our transport to and from King's Lynn. This was an hourly service, which ran several busses in the morning to get workers to Lynn. For me it was an 8.10 departure from my nearest bus stop some two hundred yards from home. Once at the Fleet in King's Lynn it was a matter of crossing the road to the "Hunstanton" bus stop and the "Eastern Counties" (or "red bus") which departed at about 8.35 for Ingoldisthorpe.

Peter and I were of course not the only ones. Over the years the Gadsden girls and Christopher Playford added to the Terrington contingent. Once at King's Lynn the numbers swelled with people such as Roger Collison, Timothy Tooke, Michael "Nobby" Clark, Paul Williamson, Ruth Peckover (mustn't forget her!) and of course the girls that boarded with Mrs Clark at West Winch. On the way out of town others were picked up, John Barrett, the George boys (John, Robert and Tommy), Desmond Neville and of course many others whose names escape me at the moment.

The journey to school in the morning was quite straightforward. Once on the Hunstanton bus we all had our "Season Tickets" and were very obvious in our School uniform. The blazer, tie and headgear all had to be worn for the entire journey to and from school, but thankfully the black plastic mac was not on our list, though the sou'wester was on mine at least. The route was out through Castle Rising, then off the main road to travel through Sandringham, before regaining the main road at Dersingham, where occasionally a Thaxter would join the group for the short ride to Ingoldisthorpe, where to the relief of the other passengers we would get off and be met by St Michael's transport. Most days this part of the journey passed by uneventfully, but there was always the odd conductor (remember busses had a separate driver and conductor in those days) who had to pick on one of us for something and threaten to throw us off because we had forgotten the "Season Ticket", or were making too much noise, or just because we were a member of "Potts' Circus"

Over the years the transport that met us varied, at first it was the old

(Continued on page 12)

shooting brake, a lovely old vehicle with its wood panelling, but soon to be too small and replaced by the Comer complete with green bench up the middle to ensure all fitted in. In later years sometimes it would be the double-decker that awaited us. Sometimes of course we would arrive and there was nothing. The first option was always to wait - well who wanted to rush? No one really, unless you happened to be the unfortunate person due to read the lesson in church that morning, which in itself was bad enough, let alone to be late as well. After a while of waiting, we would resort to walking, up the hill of course, just in case transport arrived. Most of the time the driver was a fellow pupil and it was no easy task to get a full vehicle up the hill, a change down of gear was required about half way up, a real test for the novice driver on his first pick up after passing the test, and also for one much older driver on a number of occasions. (Yes I do mean Henry Taylor!) I also seem to remember people sitting on the tail board of the old shooting brake with their heels catching the road, and the back door of the Comer coming open half way up the hill with those at the back, especially on the bench, nearly doing an emergency exit.

If getting to school seemed a smooth well oiled operation, getting home was a completely different matter. After school there was no transport to take you to the bus stop, you had to walk no matter what the weather, winter or summer. The route down to the bus stop was by way of the "short cut", a narrow, pebbly path that ran between brambles and stinging nettles on your left, and a barbed wire fence on the right that became incredibly slippery in wet weather let alone when ice was around. Many a "Lynn bus" pupil will have stories of falling (or being pushed) into the nettles, having had coats ripped on the fence, and landing on their backside whilst negotiating the steepest part of the descent into the village, yet this was the shortest, and hence preferred route to catching the bus home. Once the "short cut" had been negotiated the rest of the walk, or run was plain sailing, apart from the fact that this was an ordinary bus stop, not a terminus like the Fleet for our outward journey. If you were not at the bus stop the bus simply did not stop - you could be running down the road waving for all you were worth, but the bus just carried on. Sometimes even if the bus stopped it would drive off before the running pupil could get there, despite pleas from their fellows to wait. A great deal here depended on both driver and conductor. Some knew when to expect us and would look out for us and wait, others no-way. Miss the bus and it was another half-hour wait for the next, but for us who had a connection to make in Lynn that was not the end of it! Another complication after school was what was known as "the second bus". At the normal home time (I forget exactly what that was) there was a second bus that travelled from Hunstanton to King's Lynn without passengers and went all the way by the main road and so got to Lynn earlier. Some drivers and conductors liked us to use this bus as it allowed them to have more space on the regular service route, as well as getting rid of us! However you could never guarantee that the driver of this bus would stop, so it was an additional gamble.

For those of us with the "Lincolnshire Road Car" connection to make in Lynn there were further complications. Whilst the Hunstanton bus ran every half hour, the bus from Lynn to home ran every hour, and it departed at the same time as the bus from Hunstanton was due to arrive. Fortunately the Hunstanton bus arrived

of revelry, just the sort of thing you would have in ICU, very noisy.

Somewhere about this time, it could have been earlier or later, time wasn't of the essence, I found myself in a village near Scarborough as a guest of Phillip at a cider drinking contest organized by a friend his. Phillip was there, complete with straw in his hat, the life and soul of the place, and singing his heart out. Never did 'drink up thee cider' sound so....sung!! Although everybody but me consumed prodigious amounts of alcohol, I was the only one who was ill and all I wanted to do was curl up and sleep. I remember lying down outside the pub late at night wishing that everyone would just be quiet and let me sleep. We had no accommodation so had to get back home. This was a problem. Phillip turned his car over, twice. (I'm surprised he could even find it!!) John (senior son) went home to Wales thinking I had a lift and Paul (junior son) was on his motorcycle and I was not up to riding pillion, but somehow and very much later we must have succeeded as cider, but not Phillip in his drinking outfit, fade from the memory.

During my sojourn in ICU the year was somewhere in the fifties/sixties, and I met again many acquaintances of the period all gathered for a funeral...mine. I know it was mine as I attended my post mortem and inquest as well as the funeral, all as an interested observer as well as the corpse in question, very surreal. John Knight took the service but I wasn't interred or cremated, perhaps because I wasn't dead!!

One day the doctors decided I required a scan and so it was back into the helicopter and off to Scarborough Hospital. Quite why Scarborough features in my perambulations I don't know but seemingly this was the only place the scan was available. The journey there was over in a flash but back to the island took an eternity battling storm force winds, ice and snow (well it was August!!) and my feet were cold. I couldn't talk because of the plethora of tubes, so I tried to make myself understood by sign that I wanted my slippers, my feet stayed cold and I had to do something about getting rid of the tubes in my mouth so I organized, as one does, a team of doctors to perform a tracheotomy. Now they wouldn't take my word that this was the best way forward so there had to be a gathering of the family all of whom had to agree to the operation. By the time agreement was reached the team had run out of 'operating hours' so a fresh one had to be contacted and prepared. The operation was carried out peripatetically whilst 'beating the bounds' of the hospital grounds. This all seemed normal and although I still couldn't speak it was progress of a sort.

Although I could sleep during the day, sleep at night was a problem as the hospital was on the edge of a prison quarry and all night long (but not during the day) the prisoners were hacking and crushing stone and lorries were transporting it away. The noise was indescribable and it was impossible to rest. Gradually other people's 'real' world superimposed itself on my version of it and equilibrium was established.

Did all this happen? Do pigs fly? All I can say is that it seemed very real at the time and who am I to disbelieve, after all, I was away with the fairies!!

Martin.



Life in ICU

or 'Away with the Fairies' by Martin Graville

The first thing you should understand is that the Intensive Care Unit at Lincoln County Hospital is situated not at the hospital but in a town on an island off the coast of Sweden. This is, as you might imagine, a tad inconvenient but there is a fleet of helicopters running a shuttle service, flying time around 10 minutes.

The town itself is a bit like Cleethorpes in the close season, rather empty and run down, but this could just be because the Swedes are at war with someone and there is constant flying and shooting. The air space is often closed and this makes it difficult for the shuttle helicopters to operate making the service very hit and miss. There is also a constant battle with night-time insurgents who are very cut-throat and not to be trusted.

Never fear though, the method of travelling around couldn't be easier; you just lie on your bed and float; down the street, through walls, up stairs, very comfortable!! The shops were English but the merchandise was very sparse, I also floated round a blacksmith's shop which was derelict but apparently I needed some nails so where else to go?

The hospital itself, a largish, plain, two-story affair situated at the edge of town, was privately run and everyone seemed to be related to everybody else. The system was that as soon as you were admitted your family was expected to organize an auction in order to pay for your stay, so on the phones they all got, Mother, Wife, Sons and Cousins contacting everyone they could think of for donations of goods to sell and, by heavens they did well with pride of place being a Bentley, not new I admit, but in reasonable order, and donated by a local garage. This was expected to fetch a substantial amount. The whole affair was being videoed (camera donated) for posterity by my Mother, which, if you know my Mother, seems highly unlikely, but she couldn't start filming until all the friends and relatives were there. People kept coming and going, however, so many false starts later nothing much was happening. Apart from family the only person I remember seeing was our revered Rector. Phillip was dressed like a latter day 'Edge Cutler' and had brought with him his version of the Worzels who were attempting to sing 'drink up thee cider' with very mixed results. More of Phillip later.

The auction must have taken place but I slept through it or at least I remember nothing about it until it was over and my sons & cousins were counting the proceeds, a little down on what was hoped and I never did find out how much the Bentley had fetched but it seems to have been bought by one of the doctors. I was very miffed because they were all enjoying themselves having a party and they wouldn't even give me a drink of water, all they would say was that it was forbidden. Often at night there was a dance in ICU with a full dance band and lots

at the Fleet at Lynn in the opposite direction to that of the Terrington ones departure, so many a time I have leapt off the Hunstanton bus before it had reached its parking place, chased after the Terrington bus and got on it whilst it was moving, so saving myself an hours wait. (Thank goodness they did not have doors in those days!) Missing the bus from Ingoldisthorpe of course also meant a further half-hour wait there, and another half-hour in Lynn.

In my early years I used to hate Saturdays, not so much the fact that we had to come to school in the morning, but that I had to finish my dinner before I was allowed to go home! I hated those dry bread rolls and cheese, frequently secretly stuffing them in my pocket and feeding them to the animals on my way down the "short cut"! I really wanted to catch that bus!

In later years staying on for evening "prep" also caused problems as some conductors would draw attention to the "small print" on the Season Ticket that suggested the ticket was only valid till 4.30, well I suppose most schools had finished by then, but this was "St Michael's" wasn't it! It was the same on Saturday afternoons after matches, or worse still if you had stayed to the "films". Try to explain that, even if still in uniform, well at least for the first mile when the cap was folded and pushed into pocket.

Saturdays were made much easier to get home if the Comer was required to take the girl boarders back to Lynn, or even better if someone could be persuaded to take the Gadsden girls back home.

Many "Lynn Bus" pupils for various reasons will remember homeward bus journeys. I remember buses missed due to being in Lascelles shop buying half penny chews, sherbet sucks and gob stoppers. Being shouted at by Mr Vawser for being on his frozen pond and running down the road missing the bus more times than I care to remember.

One memory does stand out however. It was in my last year or so at St Michael's, it was a Saturday and I was about to go home when Henry Taylor grabbed me and asked me if I would mind refereeing a football match he was supposed to do, but claimed to be unwell. I agreed to do it and at the end caught the bus home; cap duly folded up in my pocket. Monday morning came round and the "Old Man" summoned me having been away at a meeting in London on the Saturday. He said he understood I had stepped in for Mr Taylor on Saturday afternoon, and thanked me for referring the match, then informed me that whilst travelling back to Heacham from London in the early evening of Saturday he had seen me on the bus not wearing my cap, for this offence I was given one stroke of the cane - followed of course by the usual hug!

There are of course many other memories of St Michael's, maybe at some time I can list a few, but it would be good to see a "Lynn bus" reunion at our next "official" Reunion. Come along for the meal, join in the chat, catch up on old times - good and bad (!) and discover what everyone is up to now. When did I leave - 1961!

Mike Chilvers.

2002 Reunion



1. John King. Michael Catterick. Ian Dupont
2. Dave Calder. Chris Gibbs
3. Jane Cullin. Vanessa Dupont
4. Iain Barr. Philip Hopkins
5. Ben Gunner. Roger Wikeley
6. Martin Graville. Barbara Graville.
Jeremy Le Poer Power. Tom Healey
7. Bob Hill. John Hardy
8. Jeremy Poole. Ronan Leslie
9. David Winter. Ian Calder
10. Ruth Peckover. Michael Catterick

11. AGM
12. David Winter. David Barry
13. Ian Calder. Calum Kirk
14. Peter Yarker
15. AGM
16. Jenny Pott. Bob Hill
17. Simon Pott
18. Steven Baxter. Jeremy Poole
19. Nigel Packer