

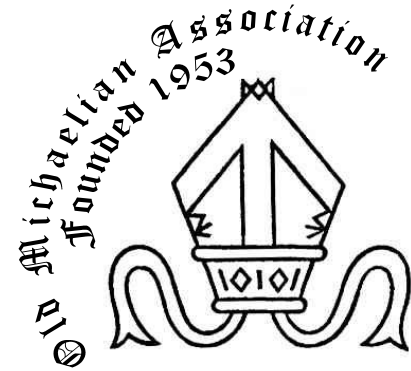
# Golden Jubilee Reunion

Le Strange Arms  
Hotel  
Old Hunstanton

25th & 26th October 2003

Old Michaelian Association

# The Mitre



Autumn  
2003  
Edition

## CONTENTS

PAGE 3	CHAIRMAN'S LETTER
4	ACCOMMODATION IN HUNSTANTON
5 - 8	MISS MARGARET HAYES-WILLIAM R.I.P.
9	THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS
10 & 11	THE FILM TEAM
12	HUMOUR
13 & 16	OMA. WIFE (BARBARA GRAVILLE)
14 & 15	PHOTOS
17 & 18	NOTICE BOARD
19	MISHAP
20 & 21	MC (A BIOGRAPHY)
22	PHOTOS
23 & 24	PEARLS OF WISDOM
25	REUNION BOOKING FORM
26	COMMITTEE NOMINATION FORM
27	EDITOR'S 'EAD 'ITTER

The Mitre is the Newsletter of the Old Michaelian Association  
Editors: Print edition Martin Graville - Web Edition Bill Cullin

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

OMA Website  
[www.oma.org.uk](http://www.oma.org.uk)

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

# Editor's 'ead 'itter

**A**nd a real head banging experience this edition has been. I know that many of you dislike a lot of filler material but without any copy from you I am in a quandary, do I reduce the size of the Mitre or do I fill it as I have done this time?

Several of you have promised articles, none have been forthcoming hence I have had to reuse articles from previous Mitres and raid the web and other sources to find enough material to make this issue anything like I would wish it to be.

If you, as an association, still want a **newsletter** then you will have to delve into your memories or at least tell us what interesting things you are doing. I refuse to believe that nothing is happening to any of you, come on put fingers to keyboards, pen to paper, quills to vellum or even scratch it on the walls of your cave hack it out and post it to me.....just make my life easier and YOUR magazine one to be proud of. I think the modern expression is USE it or LOSE it.

## **NOW TO THE REUNION**

**T**he format is much as before but I know that many OM's will be attending for the first time or at least the first time for a number of years so the itinerary is as follows

A small amount of Michaelian's will be a gathering on the Friday night at the Le Strange and would welcome any others who are in the vicinity to join them on an informal basis. The Reunion proper starts on Saturday when we meet for an informal lunch in a **downstairs** room in the Mariner's Bar. John King will already have set up the photos and memorabilia in the Palace Suite and this will be available to you from lunchtime onwards. The important AGM is at 3.30 and afterwards we depart to pretty ourselves up for the evening which starts at 7.30 with a complimentary glass of wine. Dinner is at 8.00 and the evening usually does not end until the early hours of Sunday morning. **If you are local to Hunstanton and don't require a meal do join us later on for, as the Irish would say, the crack.**

Sunday Eucharist is as always at St Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe when the celebrant will be David Ratcliff. Numbers have been falling recently for this important part of the weekend, let us reverse the trend this year. Refreshments will be available in the Hall afterwards.

Home then to start planning for the 51st reunion!!

I look forward to seeing you, at least this year, unlike last, I should be able to walk and talk unaided.

*Martin.*

nomination form for election to the committee of the  
Old Michaelian Association  
for the year 2003 - 2004.

I wish to stand for election to the above committee.

I am and will remain a fully paid-up member of the Association for the whole time I am on the committee

NAME (please print) .....

SIGNED .....

WHEN AT THE SCHOOL (first and last year) .....

AGE WHEN I STARTED AT ST MICHAEL'S .....

SECONDER (please print) .....

SIGNED .....

(May be signed on the day of the AGM)

To assist with printing voting papers it would be appreciated if you could return this form by 18th October to

Michael Catterick  
25 High Catton Road  
Stamford Bridge  
Yorks YO41 1DL

further names may be added at the AGM



# Chairman's Letter

Dear Old Michaelian's,  
Congratulations to everyone! Our Association is now 50 years old. Something of which we should all be proud. This milestone could not have been possible except through the hard work and loyalty of many people over the years. There are too many to mention by name.

This year's re-union it's even more important for as many of you as possible to come. We already know that some OMs are travelling from as far away as Australia and America. It would be good if some of those living nearer would join us for the AGM, Saturday dinner and/or the Eucharist on Sunday. We would particularly like to see some of the old day pupils. If you are unable to come for the dinner we would still welcome you to mingle with us afterwards. If you know of someone who is thinking of coming, encourage them. They will be made very welcome. Please remember to sign the attendance book.

At our special request Heacham church will be unlocked for members to visit on Saturday between 11.00 am. and 1.00 pm. Please take advantage of this opportunity. There will be someone there to show you round if you wish. Those who would like to, please make it known you are an Old Michaelian and sign their visitors book. I understand that part of Ingoldisthorpe Rectory is up for sale (by the time this is printed it might have been sold). The owner of the other half, which includes the old staff room, is very keen to hear from Old Michaelian's and has a visitors' book for us to sign including the dates we attended the school.

At our AGM on Saturday there will be a committee approved new constitution (basically updating the rules of the Association) for those present to consider and vote on. We are also introducing a voting system for the committee. This was felt necessary to encourage new blood with new ideas. There is a nomination form on the back of the booking form. If you are prepared to stand please fill it in, even if you are unable to attend the AGM. We hope that a sufficient number of people will come forward to have an election.

After our Saturday dinner I will be calling on people to give a short (maximum three minutes) humorous speech on any subject of their choice. If you wish to speak, please let me know well in advance so that I can arrange the order. I will be limiting the number of speakers so that we have plenty of time to circulate after the dinner.

On Sunday there will be a presentation just before the service of a specially



commissioned kneeler embroidered with the mitre and dates of the school. We are hoping to have a 'scratch choir' to sing a simple piece during the service (a short rehearsal just before). Anyone who can sing (not restricted to OMA members) please let me know, particularly if there are any sopranos.

I would like to thank the committee for all their hard work over the last year in organising this year's reunion. I hope you enjoy it as much as I hope to do!

Lastly, I look forward to seeing you all in October.

Chairman

*Michael Catterick*

### Accommodation in Hunstanton

Burleigh Hotel	7 Cliff Terrace Hunstanton PE36 6DY	01485 533080	single	from £25
			double	from £50
The Gables	28 Austin St Hunstanton PE36 6AW	01485 532514	single	from £24
			double	from £44
Greenshutters	44 Cliff Parade Hunstanton PE36 6EH	01485 534874	single	from £40
			double	from £50
Kiama Cottage	23 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6AN	01485 533615	double	from £40
Garganey House	46 Northgate Hunstanton PE36 6DR	01485 533269	single	from £17
			double	from £36
Claremont	35 Greevegate Hunstanton PE36 6AF	01485 533171	single	from £23
			double	from £44
Sunset View	3 Alexandra Road Hunstanton PE36 5BT	01485 535246	double	from £45

all prices per room per night  
more accommodation can be found at [www.smoothhound.co.uk](http://www.smoothhound.co.uk)

# 2003 Reunion Booking Form

Please reserve for me  
.....  
Reunion tickets

name .....

partner's name .....

address .....

phone number .....

I should like to sit with .....

I enclose my cheque for £ .....

being ..... tickets at £20.00 each

As Ian Dupont will be away for the  
reunion this year would you  
please send completed forms to:-

Michael Catterick  
25 High Catton Road  
Stamford Bridge  
Yorks YO41 1DL



Please make cheques payable to Old Michaelian Association

## Miss Margaret Hayes-Williams R.I.P.

---

At Peg's funeral the following address was given by Roger Wikeley

It is a cliché to say what a privilege it is to preach on such and such an occasion. And I think I can truthfully say it is a cliché I have never used in nearly 40 years of ministry. But I can say it today and mean it. I am grateful to Patrick for so readily allowing me to take part in this service, and it is a privilege to do so. To those of us who were taught by her Peg had the rare ability to be both our teacher and our friend, and in being this she lost none of the authority that rightly belongs to the teacher in the classroom. She was, to very many of us, a very special person.

I have no doubt but that in my time at St. Michaels she was the best teacher we had.

enthusiasm for was infectious reason why so do geography A asked her if I said "no". She honest! Her conducted firmly e n o u g h authority to allow its place. I, for remember a we were told that a centre of lace us the sorts of was used for –



underwear. "Show us some" shouted Mukhlis, and Peg laughed as much as the rest of us. But the lesson was soon underway again. How she was able to make us strive for that elusive A+! Always stretching us but never demoralising us. The mark of a great teacher.

There was a streak of real strength in Peg's character. The very fact that she journeyed so far from home to make her life in England shows something of that. In an email to Old Michaelian's Peter Shepherd says he remembers her as a "gruff and tough character", especially on sports day when things didn't go to plan. But he also recalled her telling off the HM who apparently interrupted a Geography GCE examination to tick off a boy for eating a polo mint. "How do you expect them to pass if you keep interrupting?" she grumbled.

To many of us she remained a treasured friend long after we had left St.

Often the same thing that makes one person bitter makes another better.

Love looks through a telescope; envy looks through a microscope.

If pro is the opposite of con, is progress the opposite of congress?

A real friend is a person who, when you've made a fool of yourself, lets you forget it.

The cost of living hasn't affected its popularity.

A modern murderer is supposed to be innocent until he/she is proven insane.

Science has found that insanity is hereditary...parents get it from their children.

Lecturing has been described as the passing of information from the lecturer's notes to the students' notes without passing through the brain of either.

Human beings, who are almost unique in having the ability to learn from the experience of others, are also remarkable for their apparent disinclination to do so.

Mathematicians are a species of Frenchman: if you say something to them, they translate it into their own language and presto! it is something completely different.

Scientists animated by the purpose of proving that they are purposeless are an interesting object of study.

The worst thing about accidents in the kitchen is that you usually have to eat them.

Don't be a carbon copy of something. Make your own impressions.

To really know a man, observe his behaviour with a woman, a flat tyre, and a child.

No matter what you do, someone always knew you would.

Have you noticed that an optimist is always able to see the bright side of other people's troubles?

Just why do men lie about each other when the plain truth would be bad enough?

Ideas are like children: no matter how much you like other people's, you can't help thinking your own are the best.

Human history is a drama in which the stories stay the same, the scripts of those stories change slowly with evolving cultures, and the stage settings change all the time.

Michael's. I don't know how many old pupils she visited, but certainly lots of them visited her, and that says a lot. I know she visited Peter and Rosemary Yarker because we sometimes joined them, and she spent Christmas or Easter or summer holidays with us in Liverpool. Sometimes visiting twice in the year. She was a favourite with the children as well as with Geraldine and me.

Peg was the easiest of guests. The hustle of the Rectory would go on around her; she was entirely undemanding. She would sit with her sewing or her book; she would tuck in to the food set in front of her, she did jigsaws galore, and of course she enjoyed the trips out. Her visits stopped some time ago as she told me her "travelling days were over", but last year, following her operation, I just mentioned the possibility of another visit, and she leapt at it. Geraldine drove her over, Peter and Rosemary joined us and she- and we – had a splendid week together.

But we were not her only friends; far from it. Here in Norfolk, where she had made her home after arriving from Australia in the 50s, she had many friends who not only liked her but who respected her. In Heacham, where she crossed the road to help in the Church Hall at a variety of functions – including the W.I. market of which she was a founder member. She represented the W.I. at area meetings. Peg also helped at the Day Centre where I remember her telling me she found herself serving lunches to some who were years younger than herself.

In Dersingham and beyond that she visited for the craft fairs to which she took her embroideries, her pictures, her cards, her wall hangings. (Incidentally, one of the reasons she so much enjoyed Liverpool was because Geraldine introduced her to a place where she could get her materials, and especially her zips so much cheaper!).

In Hunstanton where she belonged to the Soroptomists or Business and Professional Women's Club. And, of course, here at Heacham Church and more recently at the Methodist Church. She had a finger in many pies and she had made many friends.

As befits a geographer Peg loved to travel. She made journeys all over the British Isles in her car and when that became more difficult she went by coach. In my school days I remember her telling us how she had journeyed from Shrewsbury to Heacham by local bus only – for the fun of it.

We never really knew a lot about Peg's family, but we did know she was close to the family despite the distance. We heard about her brothers and their help and support, not least on her occasional visits back to Australia, and about nephews and nieces. She would have been thrilled that her nephew Peter and his wife Barbara are with us today, though I can't help but feel she would have told you not to bother! (I hope that perhaps from this service, and from those whom you will meet afterwards that you will

## Pearls of Wisdom

Death is nature's way of telling you to slow down

Whenever a system becomes completely defined, some damn fool discovers something which either abolishes the system or expands it beyond recognition.

In theory, theory and practice are the same. In practice, they're not.

The sum intelligence in the world is a constant. The population is growing.

Health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.

What if there were no hypothetical questions?

Friends may come and go, but enemies accumulate.

Common sense and conscience are like a muscle. If you don't use a muscle it gets weaker and weaker.

If the human brain was simple enough for us to understand, we would still be so stupid that we couldn't understand it.

"As a matter of fact" is an expression that precedes many an expression that isn't.

There is absolutely no substitute for a genuine lack of preparation.

The amount of sleep required by the average person is about five minutes more.

Romance is like a game of chess - one false move and you're mated.

If you have tried your hand at something and failed, the next best thing is to try your head.

As you slide down the banister of life, may the splinters never point your way.

A racehorse is an animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.

A good way to get your name in the newspaper is to cross the street reading one.

They tell us courtesy is contagious. So why not start an epidemic.

Good judgement comes from experience, experience comes from bad judgement!

It's always easy to see both sides of an issue we are not particularly concerned about.

Children disgrace us in public by behaving just like we do at home.

# A few from the Archives



begin to see how much she was loved and respected by so many of us. Maggie, her niece telephoned me and emailed me the following:

*To the aunt who left Australia when I was a small child and after whom I was named. I am thankful that I had the opportunity to really get to know you when I stayed with you in the summer of 1993. That week was the most special time of my trip overseas, sitting in your cottage garden, watching and photographing butterflies with you, reading at dusk with a glass of sherry each, just the occasional word, sharing your simple life for that short time. I feel that I carry within me a part of you - your love of history, crafts and travel, and of course like you, having been a teacher. You were a model for me in demonstrating the possibilities for a woman - to have the courage to travel to another country, work, study as a mature age student and to form relationships based not on family ties but on your gentle qualities. I will be thinking of you Aunty Peg when I graduate later this year, knowing that you would be proud of my achieving a law degree in middle-age. I will remember as you waved me off on the King's Lynn bus, when I said that I would miss the butterflies and the garden, and you said that the butterflies and the garden would miss me too.*

I'm glad she did not linger at the end. It would have embarrassed her. She didn't want to be a burden to anybody and didn't ask for as much help as she really needed. I had telephoned to see how her latest appointment at the clinic had gone, and wondered why there was no reply. She was already in hospital, but not alone. Friends called, among whom were Gillian who helped her and Diana, another of Peg's friends. Gillian and her husband have been a wonderful support to Peg as she became more infirm. They have done a huge amount for her and I'm told it's their help that has allowed her to retain some independence by staying in her own home. Diana who sat with Peg in her last hours says Peg was lucid until the end - telling her where her papers were to be found; telling her to tell Gillian not to put off her holiday. She knew she was dying and she told Diana she was ready to go. There was always about Peg a quiet, unostentatious faith, which was nevertheless deep and real.

Faith was not something Peg talked openly about, certainly not in our school days. But faith was real to her. She and I spoke on her visits to Liverpool. It was not an unthinking faith; she tried to think things through and, certainly in her earlier days, worship was important to her. If she was staying with us at Easter she would be in church everyday during Holy Week, and not because she felt she had to be!

I chose the reading from Ephesians 4 7-16 not just because it mentioned teachers, although I think there is no doubt that for Peg teaching was a vocation, but because it talks about using a variety of gifts to build up the body of Christ. And I think that was one of the strengths of St. Michael's as a school, within which Peg played a role more important than maybe

even she realised. As I say, faith was something deep within her make-up and which for me was most in evidence during her stays with us in Holy Week – this very week. Day by day she worshipped as we followed Jesus on the way of the cross. Peg's remarks after each service were few but faithful in the real meaning of that word. She shared with us in the brokenness of the cross, as well as in the joy of the resurrection and my prayer is that now she has herself broken through death she may find her own resurrection into the fullness of the faith that guided her life and carried her through death.

May she rest in peace.

*Roger Wikeley*

---

Those attending from the OMA were Simon and Jenny Pott, Roger & Geraldine Wikeley, Peter and Rosemary Yarker, (also representing Martin & Barbara Graville) Mukhlis Oweis Mike and Ruth Chilvers, Geoff Kimberley, Jack Owens, Geraldine Moorhouse and John King. We sang Psalm 23 to Crimond and the hymn "He who would valiant be". Peg was 86 and donations in her memory for Cancer Research and the Deaf could be sent to John Lincoln, Funeral Director, 40 Greevegate, Hunstanton PE36 6AB.

*John King*



*(Continued from page 20)*

becoming a director, Michael and the family moved to the seaside town of Aldeburgh in Suffolk where they bought an existing bookshop. Michael and Evelyn both work full time in the shop with a staff of three.

Eight years ago he decided to stand for election to the Town Council and subsequently became Mayor of Aldeburgh (see photo). During the Mayoral year they both attended many civic functions all over Suffolk. Michael also chaired committee and full council meetings while he and Evelyn also continued to run their business. It involved both of them in many hours of extra work but they enjoyed the challenge.

A year ago, after a request for healthy (I) volunteers, Michael joined the lifeboat crew as a beach crew member, helping with the launching and retrieval, pulling railway sleepers up and down the steep and stony beach in all weathers. Remembering when as a lad he had to run four to five miles through snow drifts when football or hockey was impossible he now realises that for him at least it did have a purpose - even if it took more than 30 years for that purpose to show itself! It also involves cleaning the boat and the boathouse so that they would pass any inspection, whether by a senior prefect or the Reverend Gentleman himself.

The photo show Michael with his wife, Evelyn. The gold chain has links showing the name and date of the past Mayors and some pride is taken that one such is Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, Britain's first woman doctor and first woman Mayor.

*(this article first appeared in the Summer 1995 edition of the Mitre. Michael has now sold his business and retired to Yorkshire)*

---

On a train from London to Manchester, an American was berating the Englishman sitting across from him in the compartment. "You English are too stuffy. You set yourselves apart too much. You think your stiff upper lips make you above the rest of us. Look at me...I'm me, I have Italian blood, French blood, a little Indian blood, and some Swedish blood. What do you say to that?" So the Englishman replied, "Very sporting of your mother."

Q: What do you get when you cross an elephant with a kangaroo?

A: Bloody great holes all over Australia.

Q: What do you call two elephants on a bicycle?

A: Optimistic!

Q: How do you know if there is an elephant under the bed?

A: Your nose is touching the ceiling.



## Our revered Chairman and Evelyn in all their glory



Michael attended St. Michael's between 1955 and 1961 when, as often was not he was known as Henry to distinguish him from the many other Michaels we had at the time.

On leaving the famous 'academy' he went to work in a Cambridge bookshop where he eventually became an assistant departmental manager. He also met his first wife who died after six years of marriage and a long illness. Old Michaelian, Chris Mayes was best man.

Michael moved to another Cambridge bookshop and while working there met his present wife, Evelyn, who was a coronary care nurse. They got engaged after two days (!!), married three months later with their daughter born eleven days before their first wedding anniversary, to be followed two years later by a son.

Thirteen years later, realising there was no further promotion in the bookshop from his then position of floor manager, and with no chance of

*(Continued on page 21)*

## The President Speaks



St Michael's School started in 1946 and finished in the summer of 1969. I have no doubt that for my father during the whole of his extraordinary life it was the most wonderful, satisfying and fulfilling working experience and at the core of it all it was not the cars, not the buses, not the buildings, not the uniform, not the canes, but the pupils and staff who made the whole thing so worthwhile for him. That just occasionally he may have been irascible, that now and again he shouted, that just possibly he could have been unreasonable and all the other facets that made up his character comes to nothing against the affection and pride that he felt in the people that made up the St Michael's School experience! He died ten years ago and I have said to a number of Old Michaelian's that it was the most touching experience of his life to see large numbers of former pupils and staff returning annually for the Old Michaelian weekend. Right up until the end of his life he looked forward to the weekend enormously and always with that slight concern that there might be those former pupils whom he might not recognise perhaps because they had changed the colour of their hair, put on weight, become bald or whatever other reason! Very many members had of course married and would bring their spouse to meet the people who had formed them into the characters that they had become and I always imagined that that must have been quite a daunting experience for some of them!

Of course the Old Michaelian Association has been running since 1953 and therefore for very much longer than the school itself. That the Association continues is entirely down to a small number of dedicated people but as I am now privileged to join the committee meetings I have enjoyed the fun which flows from the meetings and I urge that you might think of supporting the committee by coming to the Reunion Weekend at Old Hunstanton on the 25th & 26th October this year. Being the golden jubilee reunion a special effort is being made and we are delighted already to have firm commitments for people coming from the USA, Australia, South Africa and other parts of Europe. Undoubtedly there will be something for you, be it a friend that you may not have seen for 40 or 50 years or a memory that you can share with us at the dinner of what happened at the school and just how wonderful, terrifying, dreadful or life-enhancing that experience might have been!

For those of you who have not done so please visit the OMA website on [www.oma.org.uk](http://www.oma.org.uk) and there you will get a flavour of those involved and the format of the weekend.

And do I have memories of St Michael's? Do I have memories of St Michael's! But to find out about those memories you will have to attend in October....

*Simon*



## THE FILM TEAM

---

I must have been aged 16 when I joined the "Film Team". I know that I was not aged 17 because joining this elite band gave me the opportunity to drive the old Morris between The Shooting Lodge and the W.I Hall - it must have been all of

200 yards, if that!!! But, the equipment was heavy and, after all, any excuse to drive!

Paul Atkins was I/C at the time with Page Clowser as No. 2, and John King making up the third member of the team, if my memory serves me correctly. I was very much the junior, as was apparent from all the fetching and carrying I had to do. It was a requirement of such juniors and I did it willingly. What was the draw, the appeal, the *raison d'être*? Was it the learning ability to work a projector or provide sound for Sports Day? Was it status? Well, maybe a bit of those, however, it surely was more of being able to escape lessons on occasions! It certainly was a free ticket to Sunday Night Socials at the W.I Hall - and later at the Heacham Church Hall in the village.

I remember one occasion when Mr Pott had apparently forgotten that he was to provide the equipment for a film to be shown in the Hall for a gathering in another Parish. For some reason no one, apart from me, was available to assist Paul on this occasion and we duly arrived, a little late, set up and showed the film. Afterwards, we loaded everything back into the Morris (CRO 94) and even though the projector screen would never quite fit completely inside the car, we set off back to Ingoldisthorpe. It was a sunny afternoon and Paul was well pleased that everything had gone so well. At a certain point I detected, for some reason, that Paul had not noticed the sharp bend we were approaching. It was too late to warn him as we shot straight into a field. Thankfully the field had already been cut and there was a reasonable ungated entrance, albeit a bit rutted! At the time Paul made me promise never to tell anyone about this incident. Sorry, Paul.

I was not exempt. On another occasion I was suppose to be in charge of showing the Saturday Night Feature Film. (Remember those Feature Films') Similar to dance music we were never allowed to choose any of the good ones! However, once the film was running I preferred to be in the Company of Mr & Mrs Richardson (Ricky & Billy) watching her television with another. Unfortunately the film broke and I was summoned by another lad,

Who is able to accurately put a date to this accident?  
The Editor will be pleased to hear from you.



Thirty Boys of St. Michael's School, Ingoldisthorpe had a miraculous escape on Tuesday when the school's Double-Decker bus, in which they were returning from a week's holiday in London, plunged off the Brandon road a mile from Methwold and overturned.

Despite the impact of the accident, there was only one casualty. He was a youngster who sustained minor cuts. The other boys, whose ages ranged from 10 to 18, emerged unscathed.

A telegraph pole was hit by the bus before the vehicle went over, and this was probably the one factor which saved the boys from being injured. The telegraph pole checked the bus as it overturned, even so, windows were smashed and sections of the roof were buckled.

The bus - a familiar sight to many West Norfolk folk - was being driven by the Headmaster of St. Michael's, the Rev. R P Pott, who lives at Heacham Vicarage. It has been running for the school for two years.

The passengers went back to St Michael's in a hired coach and the damaged vehicle was towed out of the field into which it had overturned".

*With Thanks to John Worboys and the Lynn News & Advertiser.*

(Continued from page 17)

**H**eacham Church will be open from 10.00 a.m. to 1.00 p.m. on the Saturday of the reunion. This is a special opening for Michaelian's who would like to visit on their way through to Hunstanton. It would be good for them to have an influx...Editor

**T**his year a *downstairs* room has been provided in the Mariners Bar at the Le Strange for those OM's attending Saturday lunch. This was requested by Tom Healy and the management at the Mariners were happy to oblige...Editor

**T**he Celebrant this year at the Sunday Eucharist will be David Ratcliff assisted by other ordained OM's. David has recently retired as Archdeacon of Scandinavia and will I am sure have some tales to tell at the reunion. The organist will be Ben Gunner. Let us hope that, this year we have more clement weather and that we are able to make our way up Ingoldisthorpe hill without having to circumnavigate fallen trees. Electricity for the organ would also be welcomed by those who, last year, had to hand pump. Light refreshments will be served after the service in Ingoldisthorpe village hall...Editor

**F**or those who are new to these things John King will once again set up in the Palace Suite at the Le Strange our ever increasing collection of photographs old and new together with our small collection of memorabilia. We are always on the look out for new items to show, particularly a 'heavy mac and sou'wester' and a choir cap. If anyone should have old items of uniform or other bits and pieces that they would like to donate, please bring them along...Editor

**T**he AGM of the Association will take place in the Palace Suite at 3.30 p.m. on Saturday. New blood on the Committee would be much appreciated and to that effect there is a nomination form on page 25 of this magazine. Nominate yourself or another OM (with their permission!) and experience the camaraderie of the two committee meetings we hold each year. The task of committee member is not onerous and new ideas and thoughts would be most welcome.

**S**ome small alterations to Standing orders will be put to the AGM at this year's reunion, do attend to make sure that they meet with your approval, it is, after all, your Association...Editor

namely Peter Lawrence, back to the Hall while John Brogden tried to mend the film. I arrived via the back door to the Hall offering a feeble excuse for my absence that... "just answering a call of nature, Sir". Whether he believed me I will never know, and apart from the usual bellow that I should be where I was needed, no further action was taken. Phew!!

I also remember receiving a powerful electrical shock from the equipment during an event at The Shooting Lodge. Clearly the equipment was never earthed, and a decision was taken, (in which I had no say), to use me as the grounding vehicle. A rubber mat was brought out and all was well for the remainder of the afternoon

How we all got away with events at the time, I will never know. "Plugs? What are they? Oh, just stick the wires in the socket with a couple of matchsticks, that will do« " Quite makes me shudder to think about it all now.

If the "Film Team" was our escapism then we in turn provided that service for others as well. Many were grateful for being shown films or having amplified sound for Dances, Socials at many events in various parts of West Norfolk.

*Clifford Wallington*




The following is an interesting concept, and as far as I can see the research is very accurate. With thanks to Iain Catterick

---

According to a research at an English university, it doesn't matter in what order the letters in a word are, the only important thing is that the first and last letter is in the right place. The rest can be a total mess and you can still read it without problem. This is because we do not read every letter by itself but the word as a whole.

## A Story with a moral



There once was a rich man who was near death. He was very grieved because he had worked so hard for his money and he wanted to be able to take it with him to heaven. So he began to pray that he might be able to take some of his wealth with him. An angel heard his plea and appeared to him. "Sorry, but you can't take your wealth with you." The man begged the angel to speak to God to see if He might bend the rules. The man continued to pray that his wealth could follow him. The angel reappeared and informed the man that God had decided to allow him to take one suitcase with him. Overjoyed, the man gathered his largest suitcase and filled it with pure gold bars and placed it beside his bed. Soon afterward he died and showed up at the Gates of Heaven to greet St. Peter. St. Peter, seeing the suitcase, said, "Hold on, you can't bring that in here!" The man explained to St. Peter that he had permission and asked him to verify his story with the Lord. Sure enough, St. Peter checked, came back and said, "You're right. You are allowed one carry on bag, but I'm supposed to check its contents before letting it through." St. Peter opened the suitcase to inspect the worldly items that the man found too precious to leave behind, and exclaimed, "You brought pavement?"

---

A policeman stops a lady and asks for her license. He says, "Lady, it says here that you should be wearing glasses." The woman answered, "Well, I have contacts." The policeman replied, "I don't care who you know! You're getting a ticket!"

---

Bridget passed away and Seamus called 999. The 999 operator told Seamus that she would send someone out right away. "Where do you live?" asked the operator. Seamus replied, "At the end of Eucalyptus Drive." The operator asked, "Can you spell that for me?" There was a long pause and finally Seamus said, "How 'bout if I drag her over to Oak Street and you pick her up there?"

# Notice Board

One of our tea ladies has sadly died, It was Helen Fox the gravel voiced tea lady who had served us well. She had been fighting cancer and died in June with the funeral at Ingoldisthorpe on 10 June followed by cremation. She was 78 years old...John King

I have had an email from Clifford Wellington to say that he and Janet will be in the UK in October, with Janet returning to the USA prior to the reunion. They intend visiting Scotland to check on the family tree. Cliff will then go to Somerset to visit daughter Claire and Birmingham to visit son Richard. He will stay with John and Angela before coming to stay with Sandy and I from 20 October. Hopefully John and Angela will be coming to the reunion...John King

Cliff has had a phone call from Michael Fleming who was visiting family in Washington. Cliff's understanding was that Michael had retired from the mining industry but had been retained as a consultant. But he is now fully employed on a mining project in Russia. Although he hopes to come to the reunion this will depend on whether he can take time off in October. Cliff would obviously have liked to have been able to attend Peg's funeral. He says that he was surprised to hear about her family as she never talked about them. The only note he remembers was that she was engaged to be married but her fiancé was killed in WW2, which may have prompted her move to the UK...John King

I happened to be in Norfolk in June and attended a concert in Heacham church during the visit. Those of you who are local may like to know that a number of musical events take place on a Saturday evening in Heacham...John King

As our revered Chairman has said in his letter, time will be set aside at the reunion dinner for reminiscences, speaking time is limited to three minutes and it is on a first come first served basis. Let Michael know if you are would like your three minutes worth...Editor

Nick Redwood who owns part of the old Rectory at Ingoldisthorpe has said that he would welcome Old Michaelian's who would like to visit. He keeps a visitor's book of OM's who have availed themselves of the offer...Editor

*(Continued on page 18)*

*(Continued from page 13)*

and at the prospect of meeting old friends, and perhaps making new ones. Before Martin had a computer, each name-badge and place setting was hand written in italic script, by me, now it is done by electronic wizardry. As membership secretary, Martin has some idea as to who might be coming to the reunion, although final figures are rarely known until the day before, (if then.) This creates a logistics nightmare; however, through the simple expedient of blank pieces of card, italic pens, sticky tape and many small gold safety pins, all eventualities can (hopefully) be met. October is a very busy month in our house, this year we have the wedding of our eldest son as well, so it will be even busier! During this period, in order to make sure that everything has been done accurately, I sometimes help Martin to double-check his work, however, as I am a complete technophobe, I only comment on work in it's printed form, there is no way that I am prepared to try to alter or amend anything on the computer.

Last year Martin was ill, and Bill Cullin edited and printed the autumn Mitre nonetheless, Martin still made nametags and place settings. My main task at the time was to keep a tight hold of him when he insisted on going walkabout. Why is it that men think they are indispensable? Not only Bill and Jane, but many other Old Michaelian's and their partners, too numerous to mention, were very kind and helpful; there were times when I felt (almost) redundant. Thankfully, Martin is now almost fully recovered, he can't wait to get into the thick of things again, and as this year is so special, the reunion itself will be very special.

My life as an "OMA widow" has far more rewards than drawbacks. Where else and with whom could I be able to rely on so many and such good friends, even though my role is purely peripheral, and what else is guaranteed to keep my husband occupied, often for hours on end, with such rewarding results? Most of the time I find it interesting and even stimulating to be involved in some small part with Martin's work for the OMA, however, I would ask not to check spellings in the future!

*Barbara Granville*

---

A woman has twins, and gives them up for adoption. One of them goes to a family in Egypt and is named "Amal." The other goes to a family in Spain, they name him "Juan". Years later, Juan sends a picture of himself to his mum. Upon receiving the picture, she tells her husband that she wished she also had a picture of Amal. Her husband responds, "But they are twins. If you've seen Juan, you've seen Amal."



## Life as an OMA Wife

---

Once upon a time I was an ordinary wife, however, for several years Martin has been a member of the OMA committee and that has changed our lives dramatically! First, there are committee meetings to attend; second is the work involved in producing the mag; and finally there is the business concerning the reunion dinner to be dealt with. Each of these activities gives Martin great satisfaction, and frequently leaves me in the role either as helper or "OMA widow;" both of which, depending upon my mood, can give me pleasure or extreme irritation.

The best thing about Martin being on the committee are the friendly and good-humoured get-togethers with other committee members and spouses before and after the meetings, and the various activities we spouses engage in while our "other halves" are occupied. A favourite activity is a visit to the Le Strange craft market; however, this July's hot weather necessitated a visit to the beach, hastily followed by a race along same beach in order to retrieve a large bright yellow sunshade. Some meetings are held at committee members houses; close to Bob Hill's are three large conical hills said to date from Roman times, Harrogate boasts a spa which has truly evil tasting water, (rotten eggs,) and even Lea has a pretty church and a park. The most memorable event concerning the meeting Martin and I hosted in Lea involved Ian and a collapsing chair! Poor Ian was the only one not to see the funny side of it. I have the highest regard for the friendships strengthened through the spouses' involvement in these activities, and I strongly believe that it helps to strengthen the OMA

Martin's work on the Mitre is time-consuming, but generally he enjoys it. My contribution is minimal, although I once compiled a crossword that no one attempted to complete! Sometimes Martin asks me to proofread sections of the mag, he then goes ballistic if I don't point out spelling mistakes. You would think that after thirty years of marriage he would know that I am the world's worst speller! Other than giving a little advice when asked, my main contribution has been to fold the magazines after Martin has stapled the pages together. Producing the Mitre can be time-consuming, but while Martin is busy, it enables me to get on with my own agenda.

The A.G.M. and reunion weekend form the most important parts of Martin's OMA year, and I also am carried along by the excitement of it all,

*(Continued on page 16)*

