



Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



Spring
2002
Edition

Contents

3	Chairman's Letter
4 - 6	Old Michaelian Association AGM
7 - 10	Miss Mary Bone & Miss Anna Godfrey R.I.P.
10 - 12	News
13	Article by Ian Richmond
14 - 15	Reunion Photographs
16	Life Before St. Michael's
17 - 18	Life of an Old Michaelian
19	Article by Paul Hodge
20	Reflections of an Old Man by John Tanner
21	Humour
22 - 23	Photos from the Archives
24	Life in Oz by David McMahon-Winter
25	Humour
26 - 27	Editor's comments

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

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Some of you may know that Rachel Gunter, who should have been Chairman last year and this, had to stand down for health and personal reasons. You may like to know that at her last hospital check-up she was given the all clear and hopes to be with us in October. News also of John Tanner jgnt@hotmail.com who has recently undergone surgery to fit a new knee. We wish them both well.

I have had an e-mail from Cliff Wallington cliff_janetw@msn.com who tells me that he is extremely busy with charity work but is hoping to be at the 2003 reunion which is the golden jubilee of the founding of the Old Michaelian Association.

News also of Gillian Dobbs (now Collins) collinsgill@hotmail.com who was an early Michaelian and who is now retired and lives on the beautiful North Island of New Zealand.

Sad news has come from James and Susan Darby wes@tinyonline.co.uk that Arthur Darby died 6th December 2001.

Susan writes - Just a note to let you know that James' brother Arthur died very suddenly on December 6th, the funeral was yesterday in Leicester. He was at St. Michaels for a time before James. He was 6 years older than James. I think he went to an OM weekend a few years ago.

Our condolences go to the family

Five Michaelian's from whom we have heard little recently visited the *guest-page* of the website within two days of each other, Ian and Dave Calder, Roy and Mike Nairn and Paul Wallace Whitfield.

Paul writes - Greetings! I am Paul Wallace-Whitfield. I am Vincent and Kenny's younger brother, and (for identification purposes) I am the 6th from the left, bottom row (seated) in the 1966 panoramic photograph.

Vincent told me of the existence of your website, and when I visited it and looked at the photographs - particularly the 1966 Panoramic - the memories came flooding back. I was friends with Graeme Allardyce, Laurie Sharpe alias "Truck Blunt", and Justin Grant, to name a few, and I remember a number of others, who were not in my class, such as James Beech, Ibrahim Shagluf, Enrico Luigi Valvone, and Alastair Duke. I played football for the school, and appeared (along with my brother, Kenneth) as one of The Twins, in the school's production of "Peter Pan" that year (1966-67). I would appreciate hearing from anyone interested in dropping me a line

Roy Writes - Hello all, I am Roy Nairn 1955-1964

I am now living Cyprus, about 5 miles out of Paphos, with my 2 dogs, Pongo (Dalmatian) & Notis (Cocker Spaniel, named after a great Greek Singer) I hope my email will be attached, so anybody visiting the Island of Aphrodites let me know.

Ian Writes - Hi there..... I have just been told about the website for the old school I went to.... St.Michael's School.

I left there in 1972 being one of the last pupils to be at the school. I first went there in 1962 so I spent 10 years of my life there. I have lots of memories of the school and still have loads of pictures of the place and old friends.

I have been driving HGV trucks since I started work but 3 years ago I underwent a liver transplant and now just work in the transport office at the company I work for.

I hope to be getting married next year to my girlfriend whom I met over the internet; she is American.

Good to hear from them and we hope that they may join the OMA

Martin.

A Cold Snap

It was autumn, and the Indians on the remote reservation asked Chief if the winter was going to be cold or mild. Since he was Chief in a modern society, he had never been taught the old secrets, and when he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the weather was going to be.

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he replied to his tribe that the winter was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect wood to be prepared.

But also being a practical leader, after several days, he got an idea. He went to the phone booth, called the National Weather Service and asked, "Is the coming winter going to be cold?" "It looks like this winter is going to be quite cold indeed," the meteorologist at the weather service responded. So the Chief went back to his people and told them to collect even more wood in order to be prepared.

One week later, he called the National Weather Service again. "Is it going to be a very cold winter?" "Yes," the man at National Weather Service again replied, "it's going to be a very cold winter."

The Chief again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of wood they could find. Two weeks later he called the National Weather Service again. "Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?"

"Absolutely," the man replied. "It's going to be one of the coldest winters ever. "How can you be so sure?" the Chief asked.

The weatherman replied - "The Indians are gathering firewood like crazy"!

Mike Smith



ululated utterings of an erring editor

I apologise that this edition is somewhat late, The pressure of not working is poor for productivity!!!

In this piece of nonsense I usually talk about the Reunion and what a success it was. The 2001 Reunion *was* a great success, we had the usual mix of old faces mixed with new and that is what makes it such fun.

The 2002 Reunion is to take place on 26th & 27th October the weekend 'as our esteemed Chairman has said' that the clocks go back, and already there are number of 'new' faces who say that they are going to be there. Write it into your diaries now and book your place.

Jonathon Russell has agreed to officiate at the Sunday Eucharist and it will be good to see him back at a reunion after an absence of several years.



Dear Old Michaelian's,

First of all I would like to thank everyone who attended the AGM last October and elected me as Chairman. I am sure that all those who attended the weekend had a great time and enjoyed the opportunity of meeting old friends again. Thanks should go out to all the committee for the hard work and time they put in to make the occasion a success. Thanks to Roger Wikeley for stepping in at the last moment and taking the Sunday service, and also to Simon Pott for yet another of his witty after dinner speeches. I am pleased to say that Mary Bone and Anna Godfrey were able to attend the weekend events and seemed to have enjoyed themselves. Regrettably they have both since died. I am sure that all Old Michaelian's who have not already done so would like to pass on our sympathies and prayers to their family and friends. Obituaries are included further on in this edition of the Mitre.

Your committee will be meeting shortly to start organising this year's reunion, which will be over the weekend of 26th – 27th October. Put it in your diaries NOW and, better still, COME. Last year exactly the same number of people sat down for the dinner as the previous year. Some old faces could not attend and some new faces appeared. The Sunday service was also well attended and I am pleased to say it is still an important part of the weekend. It is only a few years since I started attending and the most important thing I remember was the welcome my wife, Evelyn, and I got! I might as well have just moved the years away! Remember that we all have our time at St Michael's in common and, even if you think you will be treated as a stranger, you will not.

If you have any ideas to make the occasion more memorable please let any committee member know. New ideas are always welcome and, remember, it is **your weekend reunion**.

Next year the Old Michaelian Association will be 50 years old. If you cannot attend this year's reunion please make a special effort for next year. Remember that the reunion is always the weekend when the clocks go back (next year's dates to be confirmed). Your committee has already started thinking of ways to make this an even more special event. Again any ideas will be welcome.

There are now over 80 Old Michaelian's on the e-mail address list. Would you like to be added? If you do please e-mail the Editor or let Bill Cullin know via our own web site at www.oma.org.uk. It is yet another way of keeping contact with each other, which is the main reason for the OMA.

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

Michael Catterick

Chairman

OLD MICHAELIAN ASSOCIATION

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 27 October 2001 at Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton.

All members of the existing Committee were present except John Barrett and John Wallington.

1. **Apologies:** John Dring, Geoff Haysmore, Tom Healey, Bill Kelly, Mukhlis Oweis, John Wallington, John Worboys, Marcus Wortley

2. **Minutes of 2000 Annual General Meeting**

Robert (Bob) Hill (Chairman) presented the minutes of the 2000 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**

Bob reported that two committee meetings had been held during the year which had dealt mainly with membership, subscriptions, the Mitre, finance, and the organisation of the next reunion.

Bob proposed a vote of thanks to all those involved and thanked them for their time and commitment. He said that there would be 53 members for dinner.

5. **Treasurer's Report.** Statement of accounts attached on page 6

6. **Subscriptions:** Ian recommended that the subscription be increased from £5. 00 for four years to £5. 00 for three years. There was some discussion about longer periods at commensurate cost, also the possibility of life membership, all of which were considered less workable than the present system. In the event the motion as proposed was carried, Ian offered the Building Society book for inspection, and confirmed that the accounts had been officially audited.

7. **Membership Secretary's Report.**

The Association succeeded in renewing all but 4 of the 2000 subscriptions but note should be given to the fact that there are 38 subscriptions due this year. The success of the Website www.oma.org.uk goes from strength to strength, and we have increased our membership this year by 7 and known OM's by 13 due in no small part by old pupils surfing the web and finding us. This is most heartening and proves that there are indeed a lot of lost Michaelian's just waiting to be discovered.

A trial of *Mitre by e-mail* was undertaken for the Autumn Edition and proved very successful. This will be particularly cost effective to the OMA for overseas

New Pet



This guy was lonely, and decided life would be more fun if he had a pet. So he went to the pet store and told the owner that he wanted to buy an unusual pet.

After some discussion, he finally bought a centipede, which came in a little white box to use for his house. He took the box back home, found a good location for the box, and decided he would start off by taking his new pet to the bar to have a drink.

So he asked the centipede in the box, "Would you like to go to Frank's with me and have a beer?" But there was no answer from his new pet.

This bothered him a bit, but he waited a few minutes and then asked him again, "How about going to the bar and having a drink with me?" But again, there was no answer from his new friend and pet.

So he waited a few minutes more, thinking about the situation. He decided to ask him one more time; this time putting his face up against the centipede's house and shouting, "Hey, in there! Would you like to go to Frank's place and have a drink with me?"

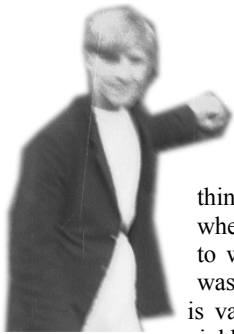
A little voice came out of the box: "I heard you the first time! I'm putting on my shoes."

Jill Baxter

Internal Revenue Service Theme Song

Tax his cow, Tax his goat;
Tax his pants, Tax his coat;
Tax his crop, Tax his work;
Tax his ties, Tax his shirt;
Tax his chew, Tax his smoke
Teach him taxing is no joke.
Tax his tractor, Tax his mule;
Tell him, Taxing is the rule.
Tax his oil, Tax his gas
Tax his notes, Tax his cash
Tax him good and let him know,
That after taxes, he has no dough.
If he hollers, Tax him more;
Tax him till he's good and sore.
Tax his coffin, Tax his grave,
Tax his sod in which he's laid.
Put these words upon his tomb,
"Taxes drove him to his doom."
After he's gone, we won't relax.
We'll still collect inheritance tax.

Mike Smith



Letter from David McMahon-Winter In the Antipodes

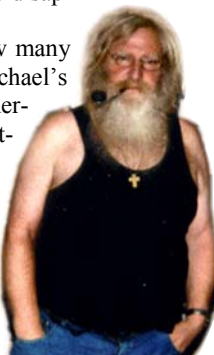
The long walk when the bus would drop us off outside of Snettisham to trek to Ingoldisthorpe seemed to be an unthinkable distance especially when it was raining or snowing and when on a summer Saturday afternoon one said that you were going to walk along the beach from Heacham to Hunstanton and back it was akin to going on safari. Then I came to Australia! Here distance is vast and comments like "well sport, I think I'll go and visit the neighbours, it's a couple of hours drive or so I'll stay overnight", are commonplace and towns can be hundreds of kilometres apart. I'm in one of the more 'densely populated' areas and after you leave our little town population 1200, it's only 60 kilometres to the next town. My son lives in Perth which is 3000 kilometres away, that's about the same distance as London to Moscow or Hammerfest, or Ankara or even Reykjavik. My son says "Drop over for a couple of days" and I bloody well might because Australia's like that.

Perhaps that why as the saying goes, they're a weird mob. not as weird as when I arrived 33 years ago but still WEIRD. I would like to give you an example. In 1970 I was in the Northern Territory and I was working for a family who entertained the Northern Territory Administrator. And he related a tale of a pub on the road from Darwin to the Alice. It was run by a little old lady who was very mean with the shekels. The refrigeration which was powered by a diesel generator was only put on for an hour in the morning and with the temperature in the high 30s (on a cool day) one had to be early to get a cold beer. It so happened that one hot afternoon the Northern Territory Administrator was travelling to Tennent Creek and his Party stopped at the pub for refreshments. They were aware of the beer being a little on the warm side so they opted for TEA! Well old Ma had never had anyone ask for tea in her pub before but she found an assortment of old cracked cups brewed a pot of tea which she plonked on the table along with a dirty bag of sugar and a huge spoon. One of the aides asked for milk to put in the tea and old ma scratched her grey head, muttered some common Aussie words relating to his birth status and shuffled into the kitchen where in full view of the distinguished party picked up the cats bowl and emptied the milk from it into a beer jug and delivered it to the aide. One of the great characters of Australia who are sadly fast disappearing.

In my travels and work I have met and had the privilege to know many such characters and maybe the characters that I knew at St. Michael's unknowingly prepared me for a life among the Strange and Wonderful. So dear Michaelian's I salute you and I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

As a postscript.... If you plan to visit Australia's beautiful Northern Territory don't worry Ma's old Pub is long gone and a world class 5 star tourist resort stands in its place. But if you order tea, DON'T ASK FOR MILK...just in case.

David McMahon Winter (in the Antipodes)



Members as the cost of distribution falls to zero. In addition they arrive in the OM's mailbox in full colour and ready for printing. The take up has been excellent. This .pdf version of the Mitre will in future be made available to all OM's with e-mail addresses and this version only will be sent to overseas Members (with of course, their permission)

The following Members have moved this year without letting us know their new addresses

Malcolm Gray (Hong Kong) - Rodney Crowfoot

Membership is now as follows

Full Members 154: Honorary Members: 12 Life Members 6

All in all I would say that this has been a successful year for the Old Michaelian Association and I commend this report to the Meeting.

8. **Mitre:** The meeting had a copy of paragraph 3 of the previous committee meeting held on 8 July 2001 where the committee had agreed that in future the Mitre should not be sent on a regular basis to UK Old Michaelian's after two years of lapsed subscription and not to any immediately "lapsed" overseas members.

9. **Election of officers:** Bob wished to stand down after 4 years, 3 years as Chairman, and one year as stand-in for Rachel who had unfortunately had to resign. Following a request for volunteers Mike Catterick was the outright winner, and with the remaining officers opting to continue in their present positions, the meeting agreed. Ian as treasurer warned that he would only remain for another year, and Geoff said that he would be prepared to replace him.

10. Election of Committee: Following some deliberation by various members from the floor, Mike Catterick suggested that the committee should be voted "en bloc" and to include Bob Hill and Rachel but delete John Wallington. Committee members are now as follows; -

Michael Catterick Chairman

John King	Ian Dupont	Martin Graville
Secretary	Treasurer	Mitre Editor and Membership
Bill Cullin	Bob Hill	Geoff Kimberley
On-Line Editor	Press Officer	Louise Taylor
John Barrett	Ruth Chilvers	Rachel Gunter

11. **A. O. B.**

Peter Yarker proposed a vote of thanks to those who were responsible for producing the Mitre. Martin confirmed that the Alastair Gulland's generous

donation had paid for the Autumn 2001 edition of the Mitre and this fact had been highlighted on the contents page of the relevant issue..
 Martin said that when paying his subscription Ian Barr had also included a donation of £45 which the committee would have to decide its best use.
 Pat Frost (Nee Dove) asked if members had heard about the reunion being broadcast on Radio Norfolk. Negative response.
 Martin asked if anyone had Rodney Crowfoot's address
 John and Pat Dring sent their greetings to the association.

There being no further business the meeting was declared closed

OLD MICHAELIAN ASSOCIATION ACCOUNTS OCTOBER 1st 2000 to SEPTEMBER 30th 2001

INCOME	£	EXPENDITURE	£
NATIONWIDE OPENING BALANCE	1295.94	NATIONWIDE CLOSING BALANCE	1086.00
MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION	162.00	RAFFLE PRIZES	53.60
RE-UNION DINNER 54 @ £16	864.00	LE STRANGE INVOICE	1047.85
DONATIONS	105.00	TAXIS	23.00
RAFFLE INCOME	115.50	DEVELOP RE-UNION FILMS	10.00
INTEREST RECEIVED	15.93	QUIZ PRIZES	34.11
		SUNDAY REFRESHMENT	56.51
		FLOWERS	51.00
(1 OUTSTANDING DINNER £16)		AUTUMN / SPRING MITRE	70.03
		ditto POSTAGE	113.07
		COMMITTEE MTG EXPENSES	13.20
	<u>2558.37</u>		<u>2558.37</u>

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

AUDITOR  TREASURER  DATE 14th Oct 200

Old Michaelian's attending the 2001 Reunion included

Philip Atkinson, Bob Balshaw, David Barry, Mary Bone, Michael Catterick, Mike & Ruth Chilvers, Bill Cullin, Ian Dupont, Pat Frost, Richard George, Chris Gibbs, Rachel Golby, Martin Graville, Ben Gunner, Peter Hartley, John & Barbara Haslett, Peg Hayes-Williams, Bob Hill, Toni Howe, Robin James, Geoff Kimberley, John King, Jeremy Le Poer Power, Margaret Caston, Edward Lee, Ronan Leslie, Jack Owens, Debbie Owens, Ian Pennington, Judith Poison, Simon Pott, Mike Shellock, Mike Smith, Louise Taylor, Roger Wikeley, Reg Wood, Peter Yarker, Peter Thaxter, David Herring



a few from the archives

with thanks to John Barrett



Sadly

We have to announce the death of two Members of the Old Michaelian Staff.
Miss Mary Bone, who died in December and Miss Anna Godfrey who died in January

Courtesy of Lynn News 11 December 2001



THE funeral took place at St Mary Magdalene Church, Sandringham, followed by burial in the churchyard, of Miss Florence Mary Bone, who died suddenly at her home in Dersingham. Canon George Hall conducted the service and Mr Tony Fitt-Savage was organist. Donations were for the International League for the Protection of Horses.

Miss Bone was born at Sandringham and lived on the Estate all her life. She was the daughter of Mr and Mrs Violet and Frederick Bone, who was the organist and choirmaster at the church.

She was educated at Lynn High School for Girls and during the Second World War worked in the Flax Factory laboratory at Abbey Farm, Flitcham, after which she decided on a teaching career. Specialising in music, history, English and art, she taught for many years at St Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe, and St Edmund's and Glebe House schools in Hunstanton.

The OMA was represented at the funeral by

Robert Hill Ian Dupont, (Representing Rachel Gunter, Clifford Wallington, Michael Catterick, John Barrett & Martin Graville) & Mike Chilvers (Representing Ruth Chilvers).

MISS ANNA GODFREY

The funeral took place at Ingoldisthorpe parish church of Miss Anna Godfrey, who died at her Snettisham home, aged 93. The service was conducted by the Rev David Grundy; Mr Eric Bocking was organist. Prayers were led by Canon Jonathan Russell, and the address was given by Mr Simon Pott. The service was followed by cremation at Mintlyn. Donations were for Ingoldisthorpe church funds.



Miss Godfrey was born in Ingoldisthorpe, moving to Brockhill in Kent to take up a position as a lady's maid. After a relatively short stay she returned to Norfolk to take care of her parents, looking after them until they died.

Left with a fairly large house, Miss Godfrey decided to board boys from nearby St Michael's School, and many of these pupils passed through her care. Known as Anna's boys, they meant everything to her, and it was a particular

joy for her to meet them again at annual reunions. Some came from different parts of the country to attend her funeral.

Following the closure of the school she looked after her two sisters, until finally she was left on her own. For the last two years she was a resident at The Close, Snettisham.

Old Michaelian's attending or represented included John Wallington, Clifford Wallington, Richard Munge, John King, Jonathan Russell, Peter Yarker, Simon Pott, Barry Thickitt, Louise Taylor, John Worboys, Martin Graville, Rachel Gunter

ADDRESS BY SIMON POTT
At the funeral of Anna Godfrey
1st February 2002

It is a great privilege for me to be asked to say a few words about Anna, and for those of you who do not understand why I have been asked I would like you to think that it is not me standing in this pulpit but my father, Roger Pott, who was rector of Ingoldisthorpe for so many years.

I am standing in this pulpit partly because David Grundy (the vicar) has asked me whether I would like to do so, partly because I am able to see all of you from here and partly because the only other time I have spoken from this pulpit was for the memorial service for my father and I would like to think that Anna would be pleased that I was doing the same at her funeral.

Anna Godfrey had a good and long life, very largely spent in Ingoldisthorpe and at the end of that long life it is very good to see so many members of her family, friends from the village and elsewhere and also the group that I will speak about in a few minutes who constituted 'her boys'. I am going to concentrate on the second half of Anna's life, after she had returned from Kent bringing with her the name Brockhill which was the name of the place in which she had lived in Kent. I gather that Anna returned to Ingoldisthorpe after her father died and to help her mother and I believe that it was in 1957 following the death of Anna's mother that she had a meeting which was to change the whole of the rest of her life. I was not involved with that conversation but I want to suggest to you what was said. The conversation goes as follows:

In the voice of RPP - "Good morning Miss Godfrey – how are you?"

AG - "I am fine thank you, Rector, but I am a bit concerned about what I am going to do about the house because it is really rather too big for my needs, and I am not sure that I can afford to stay in it".

RPP - "I've got a good idea. I suggest that I send to you some of the borders from St Michael's School and they can have bed and breakfast with you at Brockhill".

AG - "Oh, I am not sure Rector that I really want to do that, I am not sure that I really could..."

One Eye.....One Ear



A policeman was interrogating 3 blondes who were training to become detectives. To test their skills in recognizing a suspect, he shows the first blonde a picture for 5 seconds and then hides it.

"This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?"

The first blonde answers, "That's easy, we'll catch him fast because he only has one eye!"

The policeman says, "Well...uh...that's because the picture shows his profile."

Slightly flustered by this ridiculous response, he flashes the picture for 5 seconds at the second blonde and asks her, "This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?"

The second blonde giggles, flips her hair and says, "Ha! He'd be too easy to catch because he only has one ear!"

The policeman angrily responds, "What's the matter with you two?!? Of course only one eye and one ear are showing because it's a picture of his profile!! Is that the best answer you can come up with?"

Extremely frustrated at this point, he shows the picture to the third blonde and in a very testy voice asks, "This is your suspect, how would you recognize him?" He quickly adds "...think hard before giving me a stupid answer."

The blonde looks at the picture intently for a moment and says, "Hmmm...the suspect wears contact lenses."

The policeman is surprised and speechless because he really doesn't know himself if the suspect wears contacts or not. "Well, that's an interesting answer... wait here for a few minutes while I check his file and I'll get back to you on that."

He leaves the room and goes to his office, checks the suspect's file in his computer, and comes back with a beaming smile on his face. "Wow! I can't believe it...it's TRUE! The suspect does in fact wear contact lenses. Good work! How were you able to make such an astute observation?"

"That's easy," the blonde replied. "He can't wear regular glasses because he only has one eye and one ear."

Jill Baxter

The meaning of words

D

Demote: What de king put around de castle.
Dreadlocks: the fear of opening the dead-bolt.
Detention: What causes de stress.
Despise: De persons who work for de CIA.
Dilate: When a person lives longer.

Reflections of an Old Man

My name is John Tanner I am an American who's father was in the U.S. Air Force at Sculthorpe R.A.F. station when I went to St. Michael's during the 1957-58 school year. Some of my fondest memories of my 3 year stay in England was at St. Michael's, the nightly walks to Gresham House in the Mac and Sou'wester, the stops at the fish and chip shop on the way and back to the Shooting Lodge in the morning for breakfast and then to school in the Double Decker bus or the Shooting Break.

After I got on the internet I spent years trying to find out about St. Michael's the only thing I found out that it had closed and nobody knew anything about it. Through a fluke I was contacted by an old boy and told about the web site it was one of the happiest days of my life when I was able to find it.

The people I met and went to school with. I see the pictures of the Reunions on the web site but if I met you walking down the street I would not know you. Because in my mind you will always be young and that's the way I remember you.

John is in regular contact and can be found at jgnt@hotmail.com

At the moment he is undergoing surgery to give him a new knee and we wish him well Ed.

A plea to all those of you who have e-mail but have not let us know the address.

It is a wonderful way of keeping in touch with old friends and acquaintances. The OMA website www.oma.org.uk goes from strength to strength and we now have a small but growing band using 'MSN Messenger'

There are 89 of us who are known to have e-mail and I am sure there are many more of you who also have it but have not let us know. E-mail me at martin@graville.co.uk or log onto the website and leave a message with address on the guest -page and I will contact you.

I regularly update the address page so now is the time to come out of the closet and join in the fun...

Martin

WHAT DO YOU GET FROM A PAMPERED COW?

Spoiled milk.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ROAST BEEF AND PEA SOUP?

Anyone can roast beef.

WHY DO GORILLAS HAVE BIG NOSTRILS?

Because they have big fingers.

RPP - interrupting "Oh yes you could, I think that is a very good idea, I shall bring the first four along and if I remember to do so I will pay you money regularly for looking after them".

I hope that Anna Godfrey was paid the money that she was owed and on time, but if she was she would have been one of the few! I expect that my father said that he would bring only his very best behaved boys to live at Brockhill but this was clearly another little fib and knowing who was taken to Brockhill it seems to me that they were mostly the boys who were most disruptive in the other houses. I am delighted to see many of them here today and what an extraordinary thing it is to reach the age of Anna Godfrey and to have so many expressions of affection from around the world that have come from the boys who enjoyed the Brockhill experience.

I expect that my father occasionally shouted at Anna Godfrey – after all why not, he shouted at the rest of us – but I know that from all that I have heard from Anna's family she had a great deal of affection for him and equally I know that he had great affection and respect for her.

I would like you to choose a word that sums up Anna Godfrey as far as you are concerned. I have chosen one and it is centred around the word 'care' and would include caring, careful and cared. Anna Godfrey cared for the people who were lucky enough to be chosen to go to Brockhill. She was endlessly diplomatic and no doubt had to listen to all the cares and woes of a whole series of boys over very many years. Clearly she loved it and in an interview given about six years ago she is on record as saying that the times spent with "her boys" were the happiest days of her life.

In their turn they cared for her, as did her family and her friends who are gathered here today to say goodbye to her. What a wonderful epitaph it is that at the end of such a long life such a widespread group of people should get together to thank Anna and to say goodbye.

May God grant that Anna rests in peace.

Remembering a Dear Friend

On Friday 1 February 2002 at St Michael's Church, Ingoldisthorpe we said goodbye for the very last time to our dear friend Anna Godfrey who had sadly passed away peacefully a few days earlier.

Family and friends of Anna's gathered together on a windswept day in February to pay their last respects and almost certainly brought with them their own individual personal memories of Anna.

It was fitting and right that the family should invite Simon Pott to give a short address during Anna's funeral service and he reminded everyone the part Anna had played in our lives over many years.

A junior school I attended before arriving in Norfolk had as its school motto "Service before Self" and having never forgotten this motto I also feel it is very

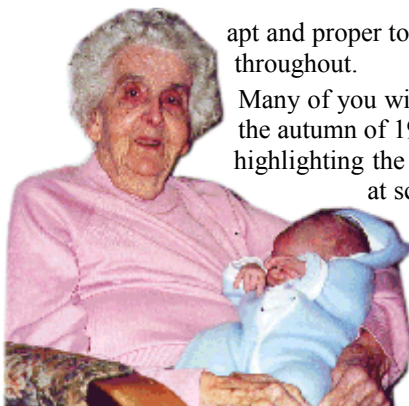


Photo taken in December 2000
Anna aged 93 holding Jennifer Robinson
(daughter of Stuart) aged 3 weeks

apt and proper to attach a similar label to Anna Godfrey's life throughout.

Many of you will recall an article I wrote for "The Mitre" in the autumn of 1995 entitled "Brockhill – A Place Apart" and highlighting the many aspects of Anna's life as a young girl at school and through into a life of service to the

Tylden Family at The Manor in Ingoldisthorpe.

You will recall how Anna's father, who was also an Estate worker, had agreed with the Tylden family that Anna should be sent down to work for General Tylden, son of the late Mrs Tylden, in Kent to work as a Ladies Maid on the Estate located in the small village named "Brockhill" near Hythe.

Anna Godfrey was a self-trained diplomat and the sole of discretion. She was not only a friend to many of us but assumed the role, when appropriate, of "Mum" "Aunt" "Counsellor" and "Mediator".

As she said to me on numerous occasions, ".....Looking after 'my boys' were the happiest days of my life".

And since? Well, those of us who have attended OMA Reunion Weekends and especially the Sunday Service at Ingoldisthorpe can never forget the sheer joy and delight that shone from Anna's face being together again with 'her boys'.

"Anna, I know I represent all members of the Association when I say what a pleasure it was to know you for so many years. You will be missed by everyone but never forgotten".

John Wallington

Miss Hayes-Williams (Peg) has for several years been waiting patiently and painfully, for an operation to give her a new knee. This operation was performed just before Christmas in Peterborough.

Peg must have been one of the first people to benefit from the government's decision to pay for N.H.S patients to receive treatment in private hospitals in order to help reduce waiting lists.....and no one could be more deserving!

Following the operation, Peg spent some time, including Christmas, convalescing in the Wells Cottage Hospital.

Back home now, she is making a good recovery. Walking more easily without the aid of sticks. But still not driving.

We wish her a rapid return to full and pain free mobility.

Peter Yarker

Paul Hodge Writes

Many thanks for your letter of the 17th July. It was waiting for me on my return from five weeks of archaeological sites in the west and north of Ireland (3, 800 miles).

I am delighted to be able to join the Old Michaelian's. I have completed the membership form and return this with my cheque. I have to say that I was not aware that the old Michaelian's still existed (assumed it folded shortly after the collapse of the school) until Cheryl Hollingsworth sent me a copy of Alvin Hopper's valediction that appeared in The Mitre for her husband John who as you will know died last year. John was the most marvellous letter writer. He and I had stayed in touch by letters and postcards though we had not met for some years. I was terribly shocked to hear of his death. Made me feel quite mortal! In an idle moment towards the end of last term I found the Old Michaelian web site so here I am!

On leaving school I went to work for Westminster Bank. My father's idea, a job for life! I kept with it for five years and then did an archaeology degree. I worked full time on excavations in the mid seventies (great fun but no money) and then an MA and PGCE. I have been teaching History and RE for the last twenty five years in Enfield schools. I am now a Senior Teacher (Year Head and Head of Humanities).

My wife Anne is a psychologist (professor at UEL). We met in the early seventies excavating a Roman site. Books, music, running, birds, Hackney Marshes, environmental issues, archaeology and associated travel (the late Roman Empire and the early Byzantine period) are our joint passions. We also love 'round tower' churches which keeps bringing me back to Norfolk. We make the most of living in London (the Wigmore Hall, Barbican, South Bank, the Opera House and the ENO). Really no time for work, I am seriously considering premature retirement at the end of the academic year.

Yes I certainly remember Stephanie Cullin (red hair and giggles!). I also remember quite a few names from the web site. Not by nature a nostalgic person I have been thinking a deal about my experience of St Michaels in recent days. Many good memories but the school could have worked me harder. My fault I dare say. Far too busy reading history books (the World Wars) and trashy novels (Dennis Wheatley, Ian Fleming and Mickey Spillane)!

Paul Hodge

WHAT DO YOU CALL A BOOMERANG THAT DOESN'T WORK?

A stick.

WHAT DO YOU CALL SANTA'S HELPERS?

Subordinate Clauses

HOW DO YOU CATCH A UNIQUE RABBIT?

Unique up on it.

with thanks to Jill Baxter

" Many clients bring their partners with them to view properties. "These trailing spouses are often very resentful. Some are sacrificing their careers for their partner's promotion or they're worried about leaving elderly parents. You have to win them round otherwise the move might never happen.

" By the end of the day, the clients have a shortlist of properties to view again. "Getting them to make a final choice can be quite difficult.

Americans find British houses very small and all nationalities hate carpets in bathrooms. Landlords will change some things but clients have to be realistic. I tell them to look on it as a fun experience. They'll be able to say that they have lived in a genuinely English house. " The relationship with clients continues even once they have moved. They often ring for advice: what to wear at a funeral or where to find an ice-hockey team for the kids. "One family was terrified their toddler would be poisoned by licking the leaded windows in their mock-Tudor house. I wanted to say. "Train your child not to lick the windows". What I actually suggested was that they cover them with cling-film. " When her clients finally leave. Rundall negotiates with the estate agent for any damage to the property. She defends her clients fiercely but even she must sometimes concede that they should lose some of their deposit. "It's difficult to argue that carpets ruined by dog pee or children's initials carved into woodwork are fair wear and tear. "

After a day of finding homes for other people, she sits back to relax in her own home with a glass of wine. With clients all over the world, she gets telephone calls at all hours. "You're never really off duty but I love the job, " she says. "I just got a birthday card from a couple I relocated 10 years ago. addressed to, the best 'relo' mum in the world'. That's the sort of thing that keeps you going.

Hung Chow calls in to work & says, "Hey, boss, I no come work today, I really sick. I got headache, stomach ache & my legs hurt. I no come work." The boss says, "You know Hung Chow, I really need you today. When I feel like this I go to my wife & tell her to give me SEX. That makes everything better & I can go to work. You should try that." Two hours later Hung Chow calls again, "Boss, I do what you say & I feel great. I be at work soon. You got nice house."

Last night I dreamt I wrote Lord of the Rings.

When I woke up I realised I'd just been Tolkein in my sleep.

Iraqi terrorist, Khay Rahnajet, didn't pay enough postage on a letter bomb. It came back with "return to sender" stamped on it. Forgetting it was the bomb, he opened it and was blown to bits.



News of Felicity Sutton

ON A RATHER blustery autumnal day that was forecast to be very wet but fortunately held off, the ladies of Shanklin and Sandown Golf Club played a medal round in the inaugural Wight Motors Challenge Trophy.

Playing three shots under her handicap of 33 with a good score of net 69 in spite of very windy conditions, the overall handicap winner was Mrs Felicity Cole. Apart from retaining the trophy for one year, Mrs Cole also wins a round of golf for two at The Old Thorns GC Liphook.

Longest drive was won by Lyndsey Burden and nearest the pin on the ninth was Mrs Cole.

Some fun prizes were awarded to the lady with the highest medal score, Jill Swallow and Amanda Wade, who won a hole-in-one on the temporary green on the ninth (sadly, not in play) and the longest putt sunk on the 18th green of 40ft went to Flip Cole

The ladies donated their entry fees on the day and a raffle donated by Wight Motors raised funds to purchase toys and games for the newly built children's ward at St Mary's Hospital.

Many thanks to John Haslett who sent the following by e-mail

Martin this brings back a few memories from way back

I'm talking about Hide and Seek in the park - The corner shop - Hopscotch - Butterscotch - Skipping - Handstands - Football with a stone, an old Coke can or a football in desperate need of pumping up - Jumpers for goalposts - Swapping bikes - Fingerbobs. - Beano, Dandy, Buster and Twinkle - Roly Poly - Hula Hoops - Jumping the stream, building dams - The smell of the sun and fresh cut grass - Bazooka Joe bubble gum - An ice cream cone on a warm summer night from the van that plays a tune, chocolate or vanilla or strawberry or maybe Neapolitan or perhaps a screwball with the bubblegum at the bottom - when curly wurly's were as long as your arm and wagon wheels as big as your face

Remember . . .

Watching Saturday morning cartoons....short commercials, The Double Deckers, Road Runner, He-Man Tiswas or Swapshop?, Banana Splits and Why Don't You? - or staying up for Doctor Who after Saturday tea. When around the corner seemed far away and going into town seemed like going somewhere.

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11

Earwigs, wasps, stinging nettles and bee stings. Sticky fingers - Cops and Robbers, Cowboys and Indians, and Zorro - Climbing trees. Building igloos out of snow banks. Walking to school, no matter what the weather. Running till you were out of breath, laughing so hard that your stomach hurt. Jumping on the bed. Pillow fights. Spinning around, getting dizzy and falling down was cause for giggles. Being tired from playing....remember that? When the second worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team And the worst was having the opposing captains argue about who had you last time Swapsies. When water balloons were the ultimate weapon When nobody owned a pure-breed dog - When 25p was decent pocket money and a 10p mixture would buy more than two sweets (25p!!! 2/6 was riches and a large Walls orange ice-lolly cost 3d and we still couldn't afford it..Ed) When you'd reach into a muddy gutter for a shiny penny. When nearly everyone's mum was at home when the kids got there. How it was "magic" when dad would "remove" his thumb. When it was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents.

When any parent could discipline any kid, or feed him, or use him to carry groceries and nobody, not even the kid, thought a thing of it. When being sent to the head's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited a misbehaving schoolchild at home

Remember when....

Decisions were made by going "Ip Dip Dog Shit " "Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest. Money issues were handled by whoever was the banker in Monopoly. 48k seemed like an enormous amount of computer memory

The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was germs. And the worst thing in your day was having to sit next to someone of the opposite sex. All day.

It was unbelievable that 'British Bulldog 123' wasn't an Olympic event.

Having a weapon in school, meant being caught with a catapult. Nobody was prettier than Mum. Scrapes and bruises were kissed and made better. Taking drugs meant orange-flavoured chewable aspirin. Ice cream was considered a basic food group Getting a foot of snow was a dream come true Older siblings were the worst tormentors, but also the fiercest protectors

If you can remember most or all of these, then you have LIVED.

Pass this on to anyone who may need a break from their "grown up" life...

I DOUBLE-DARE YOU!!!

John Haslett

I think I have found inner peace. I read an article that said the way to achieve inner peace is to finish the things I had started.

Today I finished two bags of potato crisps, a chocolate gateaux, a bottle of wine and a small box of 'Black Magic'.



The life of an Old Michaelian

DORIANNE Rundall spends her day around other people's properties: anything from one-bedroom flats in Ealing to stunning Kensington townhouses costing upwards of £5,000 a week. Rundall is a relocation agent, paid by multinational companies to help find homes and schools for employees who are moving to work in the UK.

She will drive a client to view as many as 18 rental properties a day. Contending with London traffic, over-zealous traffic wardens and smooth-talking estate agents. "I used to be an estate agent myself but I hated seeing people bamboozled into taking properties that weren't right for them," she says. "I would point out the flaws on the quiet. Now I get to do it as part of my job.

"Estate Agents will switch on the lights in a basement flat even though it's daytime. I switch them off again to show how dark it is. If they talk over the noise of the Tube rumbling by, I'll shut them up so my clients can hear the racket." When she gave up estate agency 20 years ago, Rundall was asked by Mortgage broker friend to help find a flat for two clients. Her relocation career flourished from there. Now she runs her own business. Relocation Unlimited, from the converted attic of her home in Fulham.

About 70 per cent of her clients are American but she helps people move to Britain from all over the world. Rundall knows all about the stress and upheaval of moving abroad. The daughter of Foreign Office parents and the ex-wife of a diplomat, she has lived overseas for much of her life and has moved home 22 times. She divides her clients between herself and her team of 27 freelance relocation consultants, covering different parts of London and the South-East. All are women. "You have to be caring but also determined. It can be difficult to get your client's children into the right international school but you just talk your way up the waiting list. You never take no for an answer.

"The first contact with the person who's moving is a detailed International phone call. 'Are they married with children or young and single? How far will they commute? Do they need to be near particular international schools? They might want to live in Knightsbridge but their company is only paying enough for Fulham so you sometimes have to let them down gently.' She then arranges for her clients to come to London to view potential properties. On the first day of their visit, she sets off early from home in her Volvo estate to meet them at their hotel at 9 a.m.

During the day, Rundall points out local landmarks: the supermarket, the doctor's surgery, and the dentist. She also offers friendly cultural hints: "Little things such as advising Americans to say, 'Could I have?' instead of, 'I want'.

Life before St Michael's

Simon sent me this extraordinary letter he has received from Omar Holcomb and wondered if it would interest OM's. It makes fascinating reading.

Dear Mr. Simon Pott,

Please permit me to introduce myself and, at the same time, apologize for this abrupt intrusion. I am Omar Holcomb, of Fremont, California. The occasion for this intrusion is that I searched the Internet earlier this evening for the name "Roger Percival Pott" and was taken to the web site for St. Michael's School. There I learned that the Reverend Canon Roger Percival Pott, of fond memory (mine), had passed away in December 1992.

The Reverend Mr. Pott was my headmaster in 1937 and 1938 at the Yokohama International School in Japan. At the web site, I found a group photograph which included his likeness and which verified to me that the St. Michael's Mr. Pott was the selfsame person as the Yokohama International School's Mr. Pott. At that time, I was in what in America would be the second and third years of high school there.

Through the years I have thought often of him, for he was a remarkable man. At the time, he still was unmarried and had his quarters in the same dormitory as the students. We had meals with him in the dormitory and at the school. During the luncheons in the school gymnasium, he played classical music on the phonograph and compelled silence among the students so that they could experience the full effect of the music. That experience laid the foundation for my life-long appreciation of the classics. He was a tall and handsome man and often walked in the mornings along the Bluff in Yokohama from the dormitory to the school. To say that he walked at a rapid pace would be an understatement. We boys walked along with him much of the time and tried to match his pace. Inevitably we were left behind. All my life since, though, until the present, I too have been a rapid walker - and I attribute my good health to that exercise and to Mr. Pott.

My school friends and I were with him in the summers of 1937 and 1938 when he ran the school's summer hostel near Karuizawa, in the Japan Alps. There I benefited from the fencing and tennis lessons which he provided, as well as the exercise occasioned by the long bicycle ride between the hostel and the town of Karuizawa.

Those days under the supervision of Mr. Pott were the happiest of my adolescence. Having found the information about his passing, and that he had a son, Simon Pott, I felt the urge to send you a few words of my memories of him. He must have had a rich and worthy career between 1938 and 1992. If you should feel inclined to send me an email sketch of his career after I knew him, I would indeed welcome it.

Sincerely yours, Omar Holcomb

Memories of Early St Michael's

In the Spring 2000 Edition of the Mitre, readers were invited to send in any details they had about staff at St Michael's. The following information may be of interest.

Revd John Maurice Ashworth, BA Rector of Boughton 1937-48. Taught English and I think French. He taught from the outset of the School until he left in 1948 to become Dean of Trinidad where he remained for 6 years. He was a large and powerful man and I well remember him reading to us "A Tale of Two Cities" giving each character a different voice. He had a young daughter at the School.

Revd Richard Tatlock, MA Rector of Hillington 1946-50 RNVR Chaplain in the War, he taught Latin and Science. He also had a daughter at the School He left in 1950 to take a London Parish and became a member of the BBC Religious Broadcasting Dept. 1950-1957. In 1967 he was in the Liverpool Diocese. I remember his radio morning broadcasts.

The Revd Samuel James Noel Henderson taught at the School between 1948-1950. Like his successor Revd Geoffrey Muzio he taught History. He went to another Norfolk Parish after leaving Heacham

Miss Lowe Taught at the School c1946 to mid 1950s Head of Girls and taught Art. She left to set up Silfield Infant School, Gayton Road, King's Lynn. Her most famous pupil being Diana Spencer, later Princess of Wales.

Henry Taylor He joined St Michael's soon after the War having been a Captain in the Army. He had served with David Tomlinson, the actor. Taught French and was Sports Master. The longest serving of all the Staff continuing until the School finally closed. Certainly the most popular of all the masters. We were all pleased when he began to woo the sports mistress of Lynn High School for Girls and delighted when he married her.

A few names of pupils of the early period of St.Michael's 1946 - 1950

Marcus Wortley, John Picket, Peter Saunders, Oliver Atkins (died c1975), Richard Raines, Michael Poulter, Janet Poulter, Roger MacDougall, John Penrose, Shir Azar-Peh (Iranian), Rosalind Coe, Robin Cramberi, Hon. Guy Cunliffe- Lister, Caroline McCullough, Rowan McCullough, George Mosely.

There are countless others, of course, who I cannot remember

Ian Richmond (1946 - 1950)

My thanks to Ian for the article and my apologies for the 2 year delay in printing (Ed)

It has been announced that the Rev. Richard Bowett has been appointed to succeed David Adney as Norwich Diocesan Secretary from Easter next year.

Tom Healey

Photos from the 2002 Reunion

