

**2004
Reunion**

**Le Strange Arms
Hotel
Old Hunstanton**

30th - 31st October

Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



*Spring
2004
Edition*

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some useful addresses

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the last word

Plans are well underway for the 51st reunion, but the 50th will be hard act to follow.

It will be held, as usual, at the Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton on the last weekend in October, the weekend the clocks go back, and we are sure that you will want to be there. Prices will be roughly the same as last year and all the details will be in the autumn edition of the Mitre.

With the cost of overnight accommodation forever rising, Pat Dove wonders if this is putting some off from attending the reunions. She has suggested that any local Old Michaelian's might be prepared to provide a bed for OM's from further afield. If anyone can help would they contact either Mike Catterick or John King (addresses above) who will take details.

Under the constitution of the Old Michaelian Association this is Michael's last year as Chairman so if you would like to volunteer your services or wish to suggest someone else please do not hesitate to let us know.

the last word

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

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play in Norwich and do you remember the name of it?

I do not know where the other Iranians are. I think my mother said that Freddy lives in Germany, but I don't know. I'll have to ask my mother.

As for my brother, Homi, unfortunately he passed away almost 5 years ago. Very sad. He was a brilliant neurologist, philosopher, pianist, painter, a genius, many said. He had written two books on the history of Persia, and had made a model of Persepolis to scale which he donated to the University of Shiraz, and where it still is.

Well, I must go now and get ready for a Persian dinner party. There'll probably be about 50 people and lots of great food beautifully cooked and presented. Have you ever had Persian food?... I believe there are many Persian restaurants in London. How far are you from London?

Give my regards to John King when you see him. Do you ever hear from Rosemary (Clark?)? How about Linda Clark? (She was American), or Anthea Tench? One of these days I'll write to all these people. Thanks for Valerie's e-mail. Sincerely, Soussan.

Wednesday 2nd June 2004

It has been brought to our attention that, John George has just past away, John was at St Michael's as a day boy in 1947.

An entry in the newspaper read...George: Peacefully after a short illness at the Norwich & Norfolk Hospital, John Hilton, aged 64 of Kings Lynn. Loved and remembered by all his family and friends. Funeral service at Mintlyn Crematorium on Tuesday 1st June at 10:30am. Family flowers only, Donations if desired for Critical Care Unit, Norwich & Norfolk Hospital Coloney, may be made at the service or sent to, Thornalley Funeral Services, 51 - 55 St James Street, Kings Lynn.

Tuesday 2nd March 2004

You may remember Dr Hugh Ford who as well as being the Heacham G.P. was also the school Doctor.

He died recently and his funeral is on Saturday March 6th . There will be a private cremation followed by a memorial service in Heacham Church at 12 noon.

Tom Healey



Chairman's Letter

Dear Old Michaelian's,
What a year 2003 has been! We have had our sad moments with the loss of a number of Old Michaelian's and partners but have happy moments such as the 50th Anniversary of the OMA re-union. We were very pleased that all three of the Pott siblings were able to attend. Those who attended the weekend for the first time or after a number of years absence must have found the camaraderie quite amazing. From the moment we met in the "Mariners Bar" on Saturday until we parted on Sunday from Ingoldisthorpe Church Hall everyone enjoyed themselves.

At the AGM, all members of the outgoing committee willing to stand were re-elected with the addition of Pat Frost. The revised constitution of the Association was approved. A letter from Colin Ratcliff was received in which he suggested that the OMA should consider setting up an educational trust. This was considered to be an over-ambitious scheme owing to the small and diminishing number of OM's. An alternative proposal was an annual prize to a pupil of Ingoldisthorpe School (RPP was chairman of governors) for an exceptional achievement, as a reminder of the existence of St Michael's. Further consideration will be made by the committee and reported back to the AGM.

Chris Winter (Father Alban) presented the Association, on behalf of the OM's in Australia, an aboriginal painting showing the Mitre in a central position surmounted by the letters OMA and surrounded by various animals signifying the spiritual significance of the Association. It has been added to the memorabilia and will be shown at all future annual meetings.

The dinner was attended by 72 OM's plus 30 guests. A number of others joined us for the after dinner speeches and mingling. Having a number of after dinner speakers worked well with all those who spoke limiting themselves to the three minutes allowed. A Pott in charge of this part of the proceedings must have helped!

The Sunday Eucharist was well attended. David Ratcliff led the service, assisted by all the OMA clergy who were able to attend. This made the service very special. The ad-hoc choir conducted by our organist Ben Gunner proved a success, though I do wonder how David Ratcliff was able to sing counter tenor! I presented to the churchwardens of Ingoldisthorpe, on behalf of the OMA, a kneeler embroidered with the Mitre and dates of the school. They brought it to the altar where it was blessed by David. It is to be used as the bishop's kneeler.

Finally I would like to thank all those who helped in any way with the organisation of the 2003 weekend. I know, as Chairman, I get all the "thank yous" but it would not have been possible without their help.

Michael Catterick

Chairman

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 25th October 2003 at Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton

The meeting was brought to order by the Chairman (Michael Catterick) for a moment's silence in memory of Peg Hayes-Williams who died on 27 March.

Present: President (Simon Pott) Michael Catterick, Ruth Chilvers, Bill Cullin, Martin Graville, Robert Hill, Geoff Kimberley, John King, Louise Taylor, with Mike Chilvers (co-opted), Clifford Wallington, Honorary overseas member - USA and 20 other Old Michaelian's

1. **Apologies:** Ian Calder, Dave Calder, Ian Dupont, John Haslett, Barbara Haslett (Packer), Colin Ratcliff, Bill Kelly, Plum Bovan (Lorraine Scoot at School), John Hobson, David Barry, John Barrett.

2. **Minutes** of the 2002 Annual General Meeting:

The Chairman presented the minutes of the 2002 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:**

The Chairman welcomed Simon Pott on his first attendance at the AGM as President of the Association.

He thanked those who had made the effort to attend which showed the work of the committee was appreciated. He also thanked the committee for their hard work and emphasised the need for new blood. There had been two resignations during the year both due to ill health, namely John Barrett and Rachel Golby.

The Chairman wished to thank those who attended 'Pegs' funeral. There was talk of Peg's family paying for a seat given in her memory to be placed on the green opposite Heacham church but there had been no word that they wish to proceed. The association did send flowers and made a donation to the charity of Peg's choice.

At the two committee meetings this year, among other items, the committee discussed at length the constitution of the association, which was recommended to the meeting for approval. (Refer para 9)

There would be 72 OM's and 30 guests attending the dinner that night. A specially commissioned painting of Ingoldisthorpe Rectory painted by Barbara Graville would be the star prize of the raffle. A departure from the usual form at dinner would be 3-minute speeches by those who had interesting or revealing stories to tell. Simon would start and finish the proceedings in his inimitable way.

notices from the guestbook and elsewhere

Susie Froozan left an entry on the guestbook on the 24 April

I had thought that St. Michael's was no more. Imagine my utter shock and amazement to read the story on "knowing this Suzie". It was about me! Reading some of those letters made me very nostalgic and brought back wonderful memories which had been buried somewhere deep in the recesses of my mind.... the Carew-Jones' who were very kind and loving towards a young eight year old. Miss Pott with her new car. Digging for mussels at the beach at Snettisham? Going to a medieval pageant in King's Lynn. Going by bus to London, staying in a large, empty house and then spending the night on Pall Mall in order to have a good vantage point for the coronation. Going to London with the Rev. Pott and visiting his two aunts, (who were friends with Queen Mary), and who had a lift in their apartment (flat?). The flood at Hunstanton, and seeing the mattresses on top of the trees.!

Etc. etc. I am sure as time goes by, I'll remember more of some of the best years of my life. I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me (including Valerie). My brother Homayoun and I attended St. Michael's from 1950-1955. My name, (spelt incorrectly in the register), is Soussan Barkhordari, (nee Froozan), better known as Susie (Susan) Froozie. I have been living in the suburbs of Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. for the last 42 years. Hoping to receive many e-mails, I remain,

Yours truly,

Soussan Barkhordari (Froozan)

Soussan7@aol.com

Pat Dove sent me an e-mail she has had from Susie which updates the above

Dear Pat,

Thanks for the photos. I can't believe how horrible I look! I remember the play we did. I was a washer woman, and I insisted on wearing lipstick and everyone said they'd never seen a washer woman wearing bright red lipstick. Why was the

Offers over □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □



The Old Rectory,
Ingoldisthorpe, Norfolk, £420, 000

THIS rambling former rectory was built in the 1820s, when it was the height of luxury for the clergy, who served nearby St Michael's Church. Ingoldisthorpe is a quiet and scattered village in a pretty vale not far from trendy Burnham Market, but the last clergyman to call this place home moved out several years ago. This is one of three houses created from the property when it was redeveloped. Bedfords, 01328730500

The Chairman stressed the importance of attending the special Eucharist the next day led by David Ratcliff, assisted by Paul Atkins, Jonathan Russell, Roger Weekly and David Winter. The MA clergy who were unable to attend had sent their apologies and greetings. Ben Gunner would be playing the organ and an ad hoc choir would be formed to sing the anthem 'If Yea Love Me' by Thomas Tallis. At the Sunday service the kneeler made by Eric Booking complete with Mitre, school name and dates would be blessed by David Ratcliff. One of our tea ladies, Helen Fox died of cancer in June aged 78 years old and a letter of condolence was sent to her relatives. Finally, this would be Michael's last year as Chairman and he suggested that the time had come to consider a likely replacement.

5. Treasurer's Report:

Geoff Kimberley presented the following set of Accounts and asked that they be accepted as a true and accurate representation of the financial affairs of the Old Michaelian Association. **Duly Accepted**

Old Michaelian Association Accounts 1st.October 2002 to 31st. August 31 2003						
	Current Year	Previous Year		Current Year	Previous Year	% Change
Income			Expenditure			
Nationwide Opening Balance	974.93	1086.00	Nationwide Closing Balance	817.72	874.83	-16.13
Membership Subscriptions	102.80	244.03	Develop of Re-Union Filmes	5.52	15.13	
Re-Union Dinner	1013.00	833.00	La Strange Invoice	1051.00	988.50	
Donations		45.00	Quit Prizes		18.89	
Raffle Income	124.00	94.00	Raffle Prizes	69.88	42.00	
Interest received	10.82	9.07	Sunday Refreshments	22.36	27.52	
Outstanding 2000 Dinner		16.00	Donations/Flowers	132.55	69.00	
			Spring & Autumn Mitre	54.77	95.08	
			Postages	6.83	127.35	
			Stationery	22.22		
			Committee Expenses	42.80		
			Domain Registration	0.00	0.00	
	2225.55	2326.10		2225.55	2328.10	
I have examined the foregoing Accounts, Book and Vouchers produced. and certify that the Accounts are correctly drawn up.						
Auditor.		Treasurer.		Date.		

6. Secretary's Report

It was reported that The Rev David Grundy, vicar of Ingoldisthorpe and his curate wife would be leaving the parish in December. The committee would need to monitor progress of any replacement in view of the use of the church for the next reunion. Our relations with the churchwardens and organist were good and members of the congregation look forward to our annual visit.

7 & 8. Membership Secretary's and Mitre Editor's Reports

I beg to report the membership of the Old Michaelian Association at the above date is as follows (2002 figures in bracket)

Full Members	160	(157)		
Honorary Members	8	(10)		
Life Members	6	(6)	Total Members	174 (173)
			Lapsed	40 (39)
			Non Members	111 (113)
			Total of known OM's	325 (325)

Subscriptions not renewed (1995) 5 (1996) 3 (1997) 7 (1998) 3 (1999) 1 (2000) 2 (2001) 7 (2002) 4

Renewals due 2003 and not yet paid 50

The Association succeeded in renewing all but 4 of the 2002 subscriptions. A massive 50 subscriptions are still outstanding for 2003.

The continuing success of the Association is, in no small way, attributable to the website www.oma.org.uk and the hard work put in by Bill Cullin cannot be overemphasized. Although this year we have not 'found' as many OM's this is only to be expected as the 'law of diminishing returns' kicks in.

The *Mitre* by e-mail remains a success and will be continued into 2004, saving the Association the cost of the overseas postage, which is excessive.

The fact that the Association has reached the milestone of its Golden Jubilee surely means that we are doing something right and, although overall this year turned out to be one of containment, we must now look forward to the future with optimism. None of us is getting any younger and more support from the grass roots would be welcome. The *Mitre* is hard to produce when very little copy is received. You must all be doing or have done something, or have memories of your years at St Michael's, please tell us about it.

I commend these reports to the Meeting

Martin.

9. Alteration to the Constitution

There was some discussion here but the only proposed changes were as follows:

clause 4) Administration/Elected Members should state: 'Maximum of six of whom at least one was a girl pupil and one was a day pupil.

clause 6) The Chairman will be eligible to stand for no longer than a continuous spell of 3 years.

clause 8b) Subscriptions will be paid when due by 1 September of the 1

10. President's Report.

I had not visited Le Strange Arms since my mother had taken me there some 40+ years ago for afternoon teas whenever she could manage a visit to the school.

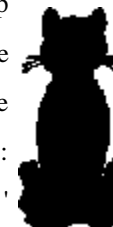
As instructed and, after checking in, we proceeded to the Mariners Bar. "We are in here", a voice shouts. "OK" I said, "let me get my priorities right and get a drink first". We round the corner to where a very select group of people is sitting. The names came flooding back John, Cliff, Ruth, Michael, John, Peter and others and then a person I did not know, who turns out to be another OMA visitor from Sydney, what a small world. Then the general murmur of the group is pierced by a voice that sounded so familiar. I knew it could not be Roger for he had passed to a higher authority several years ago. I glanced around and at the first glimpse the sight was unreal, it was a younger person of the spitting image. Yes Simon, it was you. You do not have to impersonate your father it comes naturally and, to hear that voice after so many years gave me quite a scare, as I did not have my tie on, or rubber mac and I had at last be caught in a pub!! That night the pre dinner drinks, dinner and après drinks were so convivial and in such good company as to make the whole journey so worthwhile. To you all it was so good to see such a great gathering of people, Roger would have been proud of us all and what we have achieved since our school days.

To John(s), Peter(s), Martin, Ruth, Michael, Geoff, Cliff, Rachael, Dawn, Heather, Josephine, Ben, Chris, Jonathan, David, many others and the partners who were with some of you, whose names I have absolutely no chance of remembering, thank you so much for making our visit one not to be forgotten. I must also say a big thank you from Angela who you all made feel most welcome. At long last Angela understands that St.Michael's, Ingoldisthorpe **was** a different kind of school and stories of my school days in Norfolk are not a gilded fabrication. Till we meet again, or you come down under, thank you again, good health to you all and goodbye for now.

Richard Munge

Sydney, Australia.

LOOKING in a pet shop breed, Sam entered the shop window, Sam noticed a cage to inquire. 'Can I help you, containing a very handsome sir?' asked the salesman. 'I cat, bearing a notice: hope so, ' said Sam. 'Can you 'Genuine Amsterdam Cat. ' tell me please, how Dutch is Never having heard of the that moggie in the window?'



walk in the past. That church was filled on Sunday morning at the Reunion Eucharist with lusty voices singing as though the Roger was watching from above to ensure everyone was singing and giving it their all, for as we all know, there were no excuses for not singing. It was then down the hill past the Church Hall where so many Saturday film shows had taken place and, after the Reunion Eucharist, we participated in refreshments before saying our goodbyes till we met again.

We drove on to Snettisham, that small village with a narrow little bridge on a bend, some very tight corners and buildings close to the edge of the road. Many years ago this was a challenge to drivers with skill and daring from St. Michaels to safely “straight line” at speed and, especially one very well known headmaster driving a double decker bus. Exiting the Snettisham curves it was up the hill to Heacham – who put that roundabout there - what a challenge that would have been in the mini to carefully apply the handbrake to bring the rear round masterfully without reducing speed!!

Ah, a Heacham signpost, not the first turning but the second. On the left is Stainsby’s garage, the coach company that filled in when the school transport was left wanting or, a certain part of St. Michael’s transport needed fixing, or straightening!! Their garage now looks quite modern compared with the sheds and yard that were there in the late 50’s. On turning left I notice new houses have been built and on slowing to call in at Wadsworths for 3d bag of sweets, I see that this is now an antique shop where 3d will buy nothing. Never mind, turn right opposite the pub – less said about that establishment the better – and up the slight hill to the church and Shooting Lodge. The church still stands proudly on the corner, with the big buttress on the northern side supporting the tower. The gravel road opposite leads to the archway for the vicarage and Shooting Lodge. At first glance not much had changed. Walking through the archway, with the centuries old cottages either side, there are the scars of misaligned negotiation by transport through the ages and / or, more latterly, made by motorized transport, that may have meant a visit to the headmaster with an explanation for a graze / dent on the wing, roof or door. This would probably have been followed by suitable admonishment with the plastic mac over the head exposing one’s posterior for punishment. The vicarage still stands on the left, former home of family Pott and still encompassed by greenery as it has been for many decades. Now one cannot progress further up the drive way as there is a barrier across the road. So we walk back through the archway and up the road towards Hunstanton. We can see the back of the Lodge from the road and I exclaim to Angela with some angst that they have demolished the dorms, that “luxurious” annex that provided us with such “comfort and warmth” on winter nights, thanks to the oil filled heaters when they worked properly and not incorrectly set and smoking. At least I was under the impression it was the “heaters” smoking!! On we drove to Old Hunstanton and the Le Strange Arms, where the wind blows cold direct from the North Pole.

The President announced that the following year’s reunion would be on 30 and 31 October 2004 and hoped that as many members as possible would be able to attend.

He went on to say that with such a good attendance of overseas members this year, who might not be able to attend every year, the next big occasion for noting in their diaries would be the anniversary of the diamond jubilee of the opening of the school in 2006.

Chris Winter (Father Alban) had brought an aboriginal painting with him from Tasmania showing the Mitre in a central position surmounted by the letters OMA and surrounded by various animals signifying the spiritual significance of the association. This very generous gift was presented to the President on behalf of Om’s in Australia.

11-13. **Election of Committee:**

The President took the chair for the election of Chairman. Michael Catterick was re-elected. Control of the meeting was passed back to the Chairman. As no one offered themselves for election to the committee apart from the present incumbents, there was no election. The entire Committee were re-elected to fill their existing posts.

14. **Suggestions for the 2004 reunion weekend:**

Pat Frost (Dove) suggested that local OM’s might offer accommodation to those e.g. pensioners or those on low incomes who find hotel and B & B rates too high, and were therefore unable to attend reunions.

15. **Any other relevant business:**

Colin Ratcliff had written to suggest that the OMA should consider setting up an educational trust. This was discussed at some length. In general it was considered an over ambitious scheme owing to the small number, age and diminishing number of OM’s. An alternative might be to give an annual prize to Ingoldisthorpe School for an achievement by a particular pupil, as a reminder of the existence of St Michael’s. Further consideration was promised at the next committee meeting.

Chris Winter was asked to become ‘corresponding overseas member’ for Australia, which he accepted.

Chairman to write letter of thanks to the painter of the aboriginal painting.
Thirty two attended the AGM.

There being no further business the Chairman closed the meeting

Chairman's Confabulation

at the reunion dinner the Chairman spoke these words

I hope you all have had an enjoyable dinner and a chance to reunite with old friends. There will be plenty of time to mingle and continue meeting after the speeches.

I would like to thank my fellow committee members and the staff of the hotel for helping make this a memorable occasion for our Association's 50th anniversary.

Thanks to all of you who have been able to attend this weekend and particularly those who have travelled long distances; the furthest from Australia. We have had several messages from members who could not get here this year and who send their good wishes.

There are 71 members of our Association here tonight, a fact of which we should be justly proud. There cannot be many reunions for a school that closed down 34 years ago, after running for only 23 years and which had just over 900 pupils in its whole existence, which still has regular well attended annual gatherings. It shows how important the school was in our lives.

It is a pleasure to have Roger and Isabel's three children here on this special occasion. I am informed by the membership secretary that, in his own words, with all three siblings here, this is the first time in about twenty years that our Pott has been full!! Perhaps Simon, Andrew and Caroline would stand up and take a bow on their own behalf and on behalf of their parents.

As for past staff, we have two representatives, both former pupils, Cliff Wallington and Mukhlis Oweis. Would they please stand and take a bow.

With us tonight is one of the first pupils, John Remington, Number 4 in the register, a pupil from 1946 to 1951 and I believe, the last, Debbie Owens, number 911, from 1965 to 1969. Perhaps they will both stand up and take a special bow.

Tomorrow we have a special Eucharist lead by David Ratcliff, assisted by Paul Atkins, Jonathan Russell, Roger Wikeley and David Winter, now known as Father Alban. Ben Gunner will be playing the organ. In advance, I would like to thank them all for agreeing to take their part in this service. On behalf of the Association, I will officially be presenting to St. Michael's Church a kneeler embroidered with the Mitre, the name of the school and its dates. In addition, David Winter has brought all the way from Australia a picture of the school mitre with animals around it painted by an aboriginal friend. The artist thought it showed the true spirit of an Old Michaelian.

I hope that many of you will come and attend this special service. An ad-hoc choir of anyone who would like to sing a simple anthem are asked to meet in Ingoldisthorpe church at 10.00 o'clock tomorrow morning for a short practice. If you intend to sing, please let Ben know this evening so he can have some idea of numbers.

Let's hope that we do not get a repeat of last year's weather!

Enough from me! I will now hand over to our President, Simon, who will call upon our after dinner speakers and try to control them in the true Pott manner!



Ramblings and Memories of an Old Michaelian

As we get older many things change but some stay the same. Our old school St. Michael's is no more but, for many who went to Hunstanton on the last weekend in October 2003, friendships were renewed / continued / rekindled and many many stories were told. After more than 35 years to return to Ingoldisthorpe, Heacham and Hunstanton was quite an event. To meet so many "old" (I use the term loosely) friends was tremendous and, to also meet two other people who had journeyed from "Down Under" for this Jubilee Reunion, was quite a surprise. Talking, laughing and reminiscing with many people at this very memorable weekend, it convinced me that St. Michael's uniquely prepared pupils to meet the many and varied challenges of life ahead.

Our trip to England was a very special holiday for us both, but especially for my wife Angela, as she had not been back to England since 1979. The main purpose of our visit was to catch up with friends and relations, mostly in the southern part of England, the Midlands and South Wales and, as we went, gather information for our family tree. As we began to put our initial thoughts together an email arrived outlining the plans for the OMA Jubilee Reunion. Angela asked if I would like to go, not knowing what she was letting herself in for, and the rest is history.

Many memories went through my mind as we drove northwards up the "old" road from Kings Lynn to Hunstanton, past Lynn Grammar where many a cricket / soccer match had been played. Through the wooded section of road at Wolferton, first with a detour to the station to see the restored buildings, then to Sandringham House and church where I had my first organ lessons. Then the winding road through the village of Dersingham before the short straight that led to the well known boarding house of Brockhill, perhaps more correctly our former home away from home and, Ingoldisthorpe. I paused for a while to retell Angela some of the homely comforts that we enjoyed with dear Anna Godfrey – toast cooked over the open fire in the evening and tastes of mead when honey was being made, to name but two. Along the narrow winding lane and up the hill to the School recalling how we sometimes in winter, when the Commer van could not make the grade, had to trudge through the snow kitted out in wellies, the infamous rubber mac and sou'wester. On reaching the top of the hill I noticed that Ingoldisthorpe Manor is no more and now a residential precinct but The Old School building still stood majestically in its own grounds, but alas now residential apartments. The walk to the church, still via a gravel path with greenery on both sides, really was a



Simon Speaks

The success of the Golden Jubilee Reunion of the Old Michaelian Association held on the last weekend of October 2003 has provided great incentive for the committee not only to continue but to build on their efforts for the future.

You will appreciate that in 2006 it is the Diamond Jubilee of the opening of the school. What greater reason could you require for another great Michaelian party? (2009 is the centenary of the birth of the Headmaster but let's keep that one in the locker at the moment!). The camaraderie, good humour and happy reminiscences were characteristic of the weekend in October 2003 and I am now delighted to be involved with the committee and to be able to see at first hand the thought, care, time and planning that goes into making the reunions a success.

Michael Catterick and his team do the hard work and all you need to do is to come and join us all in the last weekend of October 2004! Being Old Michaelian's there is healthy discussion within the committee about what changes might be made, the nature of the promotion of the weekend, how we might be able to help those who might possibly not otherwise be able to attend, and all the hundred and one things that go to making up a successful party.

However, what emerges is a rollercoaster of emotions for the weekend and it was wonderful to see the quite extraordinary efforts that had been made by a number of old boys and girls who had not returned for many years. Their involvement was tremendous and we have created a time after the dinner that any Old Michaelian or spouse who wishes to do so may make a short speech, tell a story, raise a question as to who was responsible for... and so on! This proved very successful last year and if anybody wishes to come and make a contribution do please let me know.

I imagine that most institutions that closed in 1969 are now just a distant memory. The fact that the Old Michaelian weekend is growing in popularity is down to all of you, and if you have not attended recently please do so and you will be astonished at what you find. All of us on the committee look forward to welcoming you.

Simon

and God said.....

GOD said: 'Go down into that valley, '
'What's a valley?' asked Adam, and God explained it to him.
Then God said: 'Cross the river. '
'What's a river?' asked Adam, and God explained it to him.
Then God said: 'Go over the hill. '
'What's a hill?' asked Adam, and God explained it to him.
Then God told Adam: 'On the other side of the hill, you will find a cave. '
'What's a cave?' asked Adam, and God explained that to him.
'In the cave you will find a woman, ' said God.
'What's a woman?' asked Adam.
So God explained that to him, and said: 'I want you to reproduce. '
'How do I do that?' asked Adam. So God explained.
So off went Adam, down into the valley, across the river, and over the hill, and into the cave, and found the woman.
Five minutes later he was back. God said angrily. 'What is it now?'
And Adam said: 'What's a headache?'

To technical support

Dear Sirs

EIGHTEEN months ago, I upgraded to Girlfriend 1.0 from Drinking Mates 4.2, which I had used for years without any trouble.

However, there are apparent conflicts between these two products, and the only solution was to run Girlfriend 1.0 with the sound turned off.

To make matters worse, Girlfriend 1.0 is incompatible with several other applications, i.e. Lads Night Out 3.1, Football 3pm and Playboy 6.9. And successive versions of Girlfriend proved no better. A shareware program, Party Girl 2.1, which I tried, had lots of bugs and left a virus in my system, forcing me to shut down completely for several weeks.

Eventually, I tried to run Girlfriend 1.2 and Girlfriend 1.0 at the same time, Only to discover that when these two systems detected each other, they caused severe damage to my hardware.

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I then upgraded to Fiancée 1.0, only to discover that this product soon had to be upgraded to Wife 1.0. While Wife 1.0 tends to use up all available resources, it does come bundled with FreeSex Plus and Cleanhouse 2004.

Shortly after this upgrade, however, I found that Wife 1.0 can be very unstable and costly to run. Any mistakes I made were automatically stored in Wife 1.0's memory and could not be deleted. They then resurfaced months later when I had forgotten about them.

Wife 1.0 also has an automatic Diary, Explorer and e-mail filter, and can, without warning, launch TurboStrop and WhingeExcel. These latter products have no Help files, and I have to try to guess what the problem is. Additional problems are that Wife 1.0 needs updating regularly, requiring ShoeShop Browser for new attachments and Hairstyle Express, which needs to be reinstalled every other week. Wife 1.0 also spawns unwelcome child processes that drain my resources. These conflict with some of the new games I wanted to Try out, warning me that they are an illegal operation

Also, when Wife 1.0 attaches itself to my Audi TT hard drive, it frequently crashes. Wife 1.0 also comes with a rather annoying pop-up called Mother-in-Law, which cannot be turned off. Recently, I've been tempted to install Mistress 2004, but there could be problems. A friend of mine has alerted me to the fact that if Wife 1.0 detects Mistress 2004, it tends to delete all money files before uninstalling itself.

Please advise.



From an OAP.....

No that's not me, mother is the OAP. Hold on a minute it is ME. What do I do now? Being semi-retired, work no longer beckons every day, being a widow there is no longer anyone else to think about and plan meals for. What do I do now? It would be nice to travel the world, too expensive.

Daughter produces a present – a computer. Hold on a minute, I'm computer illiterate except for word-processing and excel. First off buy a desk to put it on (ever tried flat packs? why are the directions so obscure), an electric screwdriver is a woman's best friend.

Finally, it is together and daughter installs all the bits and pieces, gives first lesson and warns about viruses (didn't know it could catch a cold!), cookies (can't remember what they are), a scanner – what is that? Digital camera to put photos on to a disc. How the heck do you do that?

Old Michaelian page – Bill Cullin is a wiz – has any one considered how much work he puts into it. Email everyone I know. Replies come back from all quarters. Bill

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on all the time.

I will always remember one Christmas Fayre when Santa was to arrive in a pony and trap and we had prepared a splendid grotto for him. As the time of his arrival drew near everyone crowded at the door to catch the first glimpse of him. We heard him clip-clopping up hill road but were amazed to see him fly by without stopping. Apparently the pony took exception to a large red-robed man in his trap, took the bit between his teeth and took off. Thankfully "The Hill" took the wind out of its sails as it does to all of us these days and at last it was under control and came back down the hill at a more sedate pace to deliver Santa as promised. He emerged from the trap both shaken and stirred and after a rather faint "Ho, Ho" he retired to the grotto to recover. For some years after this he always appeared from the kitchen door with a much more robust "Ho, Ho, Ho"

Alas the modern trend of starting Christmas in October – November has reduced the enjoyment of homespun entertainment so our Christmas activities have had to be re-adjusted. How comforting for us it is to know that the continuity of Church life is still there for us to enjoy.

My best wishes to you all

Eric Bocking

AN OLD woman turns up at an airport with Nell, her black cat, in a box. 'Nell' is clearly written on the box, which is taken to the cargo area. Upon arrival at its destination, the cat is found to be dead. There is panic, but the vet has an unclaimed black cat at his disposal and the new cat is put in Nell's box. 'Don't say anything, ' the vet tells the animal handler. 'She'll never notice. 'The cat is clawing to get

out and is making a lot of noise. That's not my cat, ' says the woman. 'Come now, we have just fetched her for you, and she obviously wants to go home, ' says the handler. 'I tell you, it's not my cat', repeats the woman, 'and I should know. '

'How can you be so certain?' he asks. 'Because, 'comes the answer from the old woman, ' my Nell was dead. '





Life as a Churchwarden

Looking back over my 13 years (1981 – 1994) as Churchwarden of St Michael's I realise how much routine work always went on plus a lot of extra work at the time of the restoration, on the tower reinforcing and the stripping of the chancel roof and the re-leading of the windows etc, nothing however really newsworthy.

One of the things that always interested me was the old Registers. Being able to trace family connections and to help people from all over England, USA, Canada and Australia to find some of their roots, I still get cards from many of them. It was a great thrill to share in their pleasure when they found the records of marriages etc and to see the actual certificates signed on the day of their ancestors wedding or whatever.

One of the old Rectors increased the interest of the Death Register by entering in the side column the cause of death. It was sad to be able to follow a reduction in the family as one by one the children died young or Mum passing away after "decline after childbirth" leaving Dad with several small children to cope with.

For me the most evocative of all is the entry "died after a fall from a wagon" I could always visualise the scene of an old man standing on the top of a loaded wagon, the horses being startled and lurching forward toppling him to the ground. He is carried home in another wagon or on a gate a favoured instant stretcher. Later in his village-made coffin he is carried to the church followed by a handful of neighbours and workmates carrying buckets of flowers from their gardens. Finally he is laid to rest in the churchyard, the grieving widow wondering when she would be evicted from her tied cottage, at best to be looked after by her sons or daughters, at worst to end up in the workhouse in Docking.

Now that all the records, after having been kept in excellent condition in a tin box in our vestry for hundreds of years, have been taken to Norwich to be kept in a temperature and humidity controlled environment, could anyone think up such a rustic scenario like that in the high tech sterile atmosphere, all in the name of progress.

As you carry out the routine tasks at church and particularly changing the altar frontals to the appropriate liturgical colours one is constantly reminded of the steady changing of the seasons. This is also reflected in the change of fundraising activities, starting with Lent Lunches, strawberry teas, garden parties or summer fetes then harvest suppers and Christmas Fayres. Coffee mornings, of course, go

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very patiently answers stupid questions with sensible replies.

Fascinating to look at the photos, read the magazine articles, wonderful to click on a name and send an email, all thanks to Bill. What are links, have a look, funny faces must have one of those – but how?

Try my first email to a friend in the USA, the reply comes back in ten minutes, a miracle!

Try Jeeves (thought he was a butler), ask for home town – presto a map and a photograph of my house.

Mick Clark from Loch Ness sends me a photo of his house – didn't know you could do that.

It is rather like choosing which sweet to eat first, there is so much to chew on.

You computer buffs are laughing out there but to me it is a constant source of fascination, instead of laughing send me an email and make my day.

Pat

Pat Frost (nee Dove)

the gathering



photo by David Fleming



1953 – WHAT A YEAR!!!

Having recently returned from a stellar reunion to commemorate the foundation of our OMA I remembered what I wanted to say! I was the only one to attend who actually left Saint Michael's in 1953 – fifty years ago and no-one of my class to accompany me. John Remmington was with us – student number 4 but he left in 1952 – but where were the others of the so-called class of '53. We'll never know. But thanks, anyway, to the many who "made my day" regardless. Not least to those who made the event possible.

But, to the point, a few weeks prior to the reunion, thinking somewhat presumptuously that I may be called upon to speak, I had typed in "1953" into Google (if this doesn't mean anything ask an internet user) and the following is a précis of what came up:

First, items that I think students at school at the time will relate to-

Sweet rationing ended in March. I'm serious! Prior to this, from the beginning of the war, the sweet ration was only 4 ounces a week. Must have been good for the teeth!

Now to the more serious. The infamous North Sea flood; many were drowned in Heacham alone, and a total of 307 died on the east coast the night of 31st January. Queen Mary, the school patron, died in March (and so did Joseph Stalin). There are few births of note in 1953 except, perhaps, Tony Blair.

The school was seriously represented in the Mall for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II on June 2nd. Early that morning the Evening Standard had banner headlines "Tenzing and Hilary Climb Everest". It was quite a day. Once the sun came through we really felt we were part of history.

A final item with links to Saint Michael's: the CIA helped to overthrow the government of Mohammed Mossadegh and reinstate the Shah. We had many Persians at school whose future could well have been determined by this event.

And now a list other items, some good, some bad but all indicative of a special year.

DNA was discovered and Jonas Salk announced his polio vaccine. Surely two of the most significant discoveries of the century. Colour Television sets went on sale for the first time in the US for \$1 175 each.

Truman was succeeded by Eisenhower, Tito took over in Yugoslavia, Castro started the Cuban revolution and Khrushchev succeeded Stalin. The Korean War came to an end – although it still simmers today. Dag Hammarskjöld elected Secretary General of the United Nations. And Winston Churchill was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

A year indeed!

Michael Pleming January 2004

pulled it out but in the meantime they had to get the 'CHIEFTAIN' bus out to ferry passengers to their various destinations. The Chieftain was a Scottish bus from the highlands hence the name. Inside there was a notice saying 'no spitting' the Scots are a rather unsophisticated lot. (*The editor disassociates himself entirely from this sentiment which is a slur on our cousins up north who have produced poets such as William McGonagall and variety acts like 'The Krankies'!!!!*)

Roger Pott himself mostly drove the bus but it was occasionally driven by Percy Auker who was an ex-PSV driver. My 'Betterwear' delivery driver, he drove me all over the country, once saw the Chieftain and remarked that it was a Scottish bus and I had difficulty in explaining the circumstances of how it got to Norfolk.

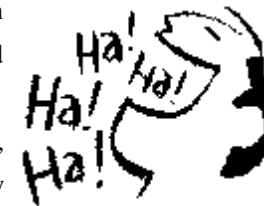
It was always St Michael's School, Ingoldisthorpe (or Pott's circus to the locals), it might just as easily have been St. Michael's, Heacham or Hunstanton latterly because they bought an old nursing home there and turned it into classrooms. I used to supply them with Betterwear brushes.

Does anyone remember HMS Rampart coming to Hunstanton? The public were invited aboard and I took the opportunity.

In 1963 there were icebergs on the pier (which is no more) and I still have one of the prints that Swains produced.

Robin Adams

A SEASONED golfer was practising his putting at the club, but he wasn't having a good time. He had missed several putts in succession when he heard chuckling behind him. Angrily turning around, he saw a chimney sweep, complete with bag of rods, trying to contain his mirth at the failures of the golfer. 'Well, if you can do any better, let's see it', he said, offering the putter to the sweep. Refusing the



putter, the sweep selected a sweeping rod from his bag, placed the ball right on the distant edge of the green, eyed the hole, and sunk the putt in one.

'Well, I must admit that was a marvellous putt, ' said the golfer. 'In fact,

I've never seen better In all my days, what's your handicap, old man?

The sweep slid the rod back into his bag and, as he turned on his heel, answered: 'Central heating!'



Heacham Holiday Week

I hesitated to write about this because I do not think that the School was directly involved in it, except for attending the events as spectators, but Roger Pott certainly was. He was, in fact, the brains behind it all, without him there would have been no holiday week.

I am going to stick my neck out here at the risk of being flatly contradicted but I do not think that any other village in the Country has ever staged anything quite like it either before or since. Even some much bigger places can not do as well, it is something they go for on the Continent, but there, it is mainly confined to jollifications rather than serious events.

On looking at my diary I gather that there were two holiday weeks, one in 1993 followed by another in 1964, so that the 40th anniversary of both will soon be passed. It appears that the first one was a financial success otherwise it is doubtful if another would have been held. I do not know if this second one made a profit or not, nor do I know why this was the last year the event was held, I guess it must have been a very great deal of work to organise and I assume many people involved in it had had enough. I doubt thought that Roger Pott was one of these. Another thing I do not know is how much money was raised or which Charities benefited, it was all so long ago!

The weather was not very kind on either occasion although the rain kept off for some of the time. There was a traction engine rally (more of this later), wrestling in a large marquee and I think that there was boating but I am not sure. There was a football match on Heacham recreation ground, Norwich City played King's Lynn and beat them but by what margin I cannot remember.

There was a cricket match and a horticultural show and a fishing match was staged in which about 60 people, me included sat on a freezing cold Heacham beach with rod and line. About 6 fish were caught but that did mean that there was a winner!!

There was a carnival on the Saturday, dances whist drives and a gymkhana, also an event which had to be cancelled because of the illness of the organiser who I think was Susan Torrey. I cannot remember what the event was only that a poster saying it was cancelled was posted in the village.

To come back to the traction engine rally, it rained all day. (I knew the driver of one of the engines, Jack Spinks from Ringstead. I used to call on his wife with 'Betterwear Household Goods'. In those days there were still engine drivers around who had driven them as real working engines and not as a hobby, I doubt that there are many left today. The St. Michael's AEC double-decker bus (this would be a veteran now) became stuck in the mud and one of the traction engines successfully



Presentation



For the last 18 months I have had the privilege of working with indigenous Australians from the Dharruk, Wiradjuri and the Kamilaroi people of New South Wales. It has been both uplifting and at the same time heartbreaking to see these wonderful people who have lost so much of their culture and land struggle to regain their dreaming and to regain the means by which they can not only live once more in the deep spirituality that is their strength but to use it to heal this great land of Australia.

One of the Kamilaroi that I have a lot of contact with is a dreamtime custodian sung into the Wiradjuri lands to bring a renaissance in the ancient spirituality of the Aboriginal and we spend many a pleasant evening together talking of our respective



faiths and he said to me "Are you sure you are a white fella ? Nah! You're really an albino Aboriginal". The title has stuck and the locals where I live call me couz. Which says that they consider me part of their extended family Last year as I was helping a Dharruk man, Greg Smith whose Father was part of the "stolen generation" to come to terms with his Aboriginal heritage and had become a traditional Aboriginal artist, he asked how come I could help him with his spiritual life without risking my own faith

and that I seemed to have a different outlook on such matters than most Christians that he had met. He came to the conclusion that it must have come from my schooling and that St Michael's must be the finest school in England. I had to tell him that the school no longer existed but the family of Old Michaelian were as strong as ever. This was translated into Aboriginal thinking and Greg declared that the OMA must have a great totem watching over it and on seeing the Newsletter felt that it must be the Mitre.

Some weeks later he presented the picture of the Mitre to me and instructed me to present it to the OMA Elders of our "MOB" and last October at the reunion the picture was presented to our President, Simon Pott. Greg Smith's art is hanging in the Premier's Office in N.S.W. and has been sold world-wide and he is one of many Aboriginals who have got their work recognised for their unique simple style.



David McMahon-Winter in Oz

