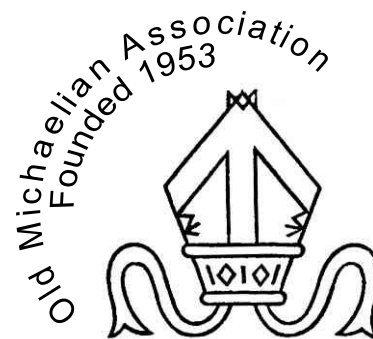




Old Michaelian Association

The Mitre



**Autumn
2002
Edition**

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

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Some of you will know through the Internet, that Martin Graville was taken ill in July. And as I take care of the OMA website, I thought it only fit that I help out in his absence with the production of the Mitre.

Apologies in advance at the lack of skill in my attempt to emulate Martin's Expertise as **Editor Extraordinaire**.

With all the help given to me by members, the light was soon seen at the end of the tunnel.

At the last reunion I did enjoy the chance to chat with as many people as time allowed, there never seems to be enough time to get around to see everyone, To make the most of it I stayed up until 3:00am in the bar with Bob Hill, Mike Sherlock and just chatted, a most enjoyable evening.

Mind you no sooner is one reunion over, when the next one is looming on the horizon.

I look forward to meeting some more of you in October.

See you there.

Bill Cullin

Membership Report July 2002

The Membership Status of the Old Michaelian Association as at 14th July 2002 is as follows

	<u>Status</u>
Members	158
Life Members	6
Hon Members	10
Lapsed Members	30
Non Members	112
Total	316

The Website www.oma.org.uk goes from strength to strength and we have had 2 new Members join since the last meeting (Jeremy Poole and Peter Turner). Our paying Membership has increased to 158, our Honorary Membership remains at 10 and the Life Membership 6. Overall therefore the Membership is now 174. A further 5 OM's who have not yet joined the Association have become known to us through the website: Saul, Freddy and Jack Zeidi Fard and Lynn and Paul White).

There are 7 Subs still due from 2001 and 2 from 2000. Attempts are being made to reduce this amount.

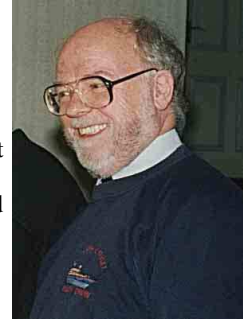
All in all a satisfactory 4 Months and I commend this report to you.

M Graville.



Dear Old Michaelians,

As many of you know, Martin Graville, OMA membership secretary and who has for some years edited the "Mitre" was taken suddenly and seriously ill in July and had to undergo major surgery. By the time this reaches you I hope that Martin will be well on the way to recovery. I hope he can even make the re-union! I know that he and Barbara are very pleased with all the messages they have received and have been added to the guest page. In the mean time Bill Cullin has stepped in to produce this edition. Bill has previously worked with Martin, taking the responsibilities of printing and distribution. It cannot be easy to find that you have to edit and print a magazine with only a few weeks to publication.



I am sure you will all join in with me to say a very big THANK YOU. Another re-union approaches and final arrangements are in hand. In later pages of this "Mitre" you will see what has been arranged. Seeing the details on paper makes it look as though things just fall into place. Anyone who has served on the organising committee will know that that is not the case. But each year it seems to get easier because of the experience gained from past committee members. This year, due to ill health and for professional reasons, some committee members have had to take a back seat. The rest of the committee has helped new members, including your new Chairman, and the whole organisation has been done with a feeling of good will. The committee is always looking for new blood. There are some of the present committee who now want to take things a little easier. There are Old Michaelians out there who have still a lot of energy. Why not put yourselves forward to join the committee? If you cannot attend the AGM but are prepared to stand, give me your name and I will put it forward.

I would like to say a big "thank you" to all the present committee but I am sure they will understand if I pick out Ian Dupont for particular mention. Ian has been treasurer for a number of years but now feels that is the time to stand down. He would not do so without the knowledge that he could hand over to someone equally good and I am pleased to say that Geoff Kimberley has put himself forward for election for the post of Treasurer. Ingoldisthorpe church is to bury a Millennium Capsule and your committee has been asked to provide items for inclusion. Bill Cullin is putting together a CD containing memorabilia and we are preparing some documents. If anyone out there has something about life at St Michael's, which they would not mind their great-great grandchildren seeing, please contact Bill or me.

A very important occasion took place this year when Eric and Margaret Bocking celebrated their Golden Wedding on July 26th. Your committee arranged for flowers to be sent on behalf of all Old Michaelians and they were gratefully received.

I look forward to seeing you all in October.

Michael Catterick

Chairman

A CAR BOOT SAFARI JUNE - AUGUST 1996

After the successful 2 month trip through East and Central Africa in early 1996 (climbing Kilimanjaro et al and recorded as an East African Safari) we decided to emulate the experience in North America. The broad concept was to use Washington as a base and set of East to the Northern part of Montana and then "walk" the Rockies from Glacier National Park to the Mexican border. In all honesty we were inspired by the movie "A River Runs through it". We just wanted to see the magnificent scenery in real life! We later varied this slightly by travelling N.E. to Montreal to visit a long lost relative. By "walking" was meant hiking as many trails as possible - not walking all the way! When we left South Africa we were confident that we could either rent or buy a suitable camping vehicle or RV as they are called in the US. Armed with a letter from our local insurers we thought the obtaining of such a vehicle, and insuring it, a mere formality. We were in for a shock! Rather like "no US banking history - no credit", so with vehicle insurance. With the insurance rate at around \$1,000 a month the rental of a medium sized RV was close to \$10,000 for 3 months. The purchase option was similarly unattractive. What's more we would have been buying at the beginning of the season and selling at the end. We decided to rent a sedan car. Did a good deal with Avis in downtown Washington. An Oldsmobile Achieva, \$2,734 for 3 months with less than 1,500 miles on the clock. We had the tent we'd bought (but never used) when we climbed Kilimanjaro which we'd taken "just in case". We also had our sleeping bags and hiking gear. We bought a few essentials - such as a cool box, but most of the other bits and bobs were kindly lent by brother in law Frank when we called on them at the start of the trip. We also borrowed a small table and two folding chairs but never used them. Wherever we camped a table and benches were provided. After a week in Washington (very worthwhile, steeped in history), a week at Chinco-teague on the Virginia coast (beautiful) and 4 days (with Sister Janet) in West Virginia we were off. We called it our "Car Boot Safari". Whilst we were to miss a lot of the fixtures and fittings we had on our truck in East Africa we had a comfortable journey and the US camping facilities are generally excellent.

One of the most helpful tourist aids in the US are the Visitors Centres located at every State line. These are chock-a-block with helpful brochures, even discount vouchers for motels and very helpful and knowledgeable guides. A question in an accent other than American often resulted in under-the-counter "goodies" being proffered! We made a few rules for the trip. No driving at night and an absolute maximum distance of 500 miles per day. If the weather looked threatening then book into the nearest motel. Eat the food we'd prepared ourselves wherever and whenever possible

June 28th (3,500 miles) Set off from Springfield around 10am. Filled up with "gas" in Romney and then a leisurely drive to Dolly Sods - a wilderness area on the way to Blackwater Falls. Although very scenic we decided against "primitive" camping so arrived at Blackwater around 4pm. Good camping facilities - \$11 a night but we got the first of our senior citizen discounts (10%). Had a bit of fun putting up the tent for the first time but with the two inflatable mattresses it proved to be very comfortable, although we'll have to improve the blowing up technique. First of the camp dinners cooked on the borrowed stove. Very good. A good night's sleep.

Saturday 29th June (3,615 miles) Decided to stay for two days. Lots of short walks to do. Saw the falls from about half a dozen different angles. The camp facilities were very good with a lake for sailing, swimming and fishing and excellent bathrooms. Had a boorish neighbour - noisily bossing his kids and we thought this may be a taste of things to come. We were wrong - an isolated incident not to be repeated throughout the rest of the trip.

Sunday 30th June (3,624 miles) Crossed the state line into Pennsylvania, bypassed Pittsburgh arriving at Tionesta Lake in the Allegheny National Forest around 5pm. Another excellent campground. Walked some of the very well laid out trails - enough for two full days. Camping cost \$10 per tent per night.

Monday 1st July (3,968 miles) Walked trails around the dam and through the woods. Weather, super.
Tuesday 2nd July (3,973 miles) Set off early for the Canadian border. Travelled through Amish country in New York State. Arrived Buffalo early in the afternoon. No delays in crossing the bridge and minimal formalities on the Canadian side. Niagara, as expected, is a real tourist trap. Spent a couple of hours "doing" the sights. The Canadian Falls are by far the most dramatic. Drove on a busy road to Darlington Providence Park. Started to rain just as we pulled off the main road. Well laid out campsite but close to a busy highway, railway and a noisy nuclear power station.

Wednesday 3rd July (4,267 miles) Left at 9.15am to drive inland. Cold and damp but the traffic a lot lighter than yesterday. (Phoned Dot P in Montreal and arranged to meet her on Friday). Finally settled for Murphy's Point campsite - part of Ontario's parks system. Had dried up but still quite cold by the time we pitched camp at 6pm. Found out that petrol is about twice the cost in Canada.

Thursday 4th July (4,466 miles)
Made our way out of "English" Ontario into "very French" Quebec. All the road signs only in French and only

2002 Reunion Booking Form

Please reserve for me
Reunion tickets

name

partner's name

address

phone

I enclose my cheque for £
being tickets at £18.00 each

If possible I would like to sit with

Send completed forms to:- Ian Dupont
The Old Bakehouse, Station Road
Great Massingham, Norfolk PE32 2HY

Please make cheques payable to Old Michaelian Association



Le Strange Arms Hotel

Old Hunstanton

Saturday October 26th

To Sunday October 27th 2002

The weekend starts around 12 noon with a gathering for the early arrivals in the **UPSTAIRS ROOM** of the Mariners Bar. Excellent bar snacks are available so, if you arrive early, or are local, come and have lunch with us.

The Reunion proper starts at 2.00 pm in the lower room of the Palace Suite, where John King will have set out our now considerable photographic and memorabilia archive. The AGM, that inestimable part of the OMA weekend, will be held, as last year, in the Oak Room at 3.30 pm and free refreshments will be served. This is the time to come and offer your services to the Association; new faces on the committee are always welcome!

The evening festivities begin at 7.30 pm with a wine reception and we sit down for dinner at around 8.00 pm. During the meal, there will be the usual quiz and raffle.

Eucharist will be held at St Michael's Church, Ingoldisthorpe at 11.15 am on Sunday. Jonathon Russell has agreed to officiate and it will be good to see him back at a reunion after an absence of several years. Numbers at the Service have been dwindling of late, so this year please make an effort to attend. The weekend ends with light refreshments served in Ingoldisthorpe Village Hall and thence home. Hopefully you will bring some bits and bobs that can be put into the Time capsule.

We look forward to seeing you, old faces and new, at this the 49th Annual Reunion of the Old Michaelian Association.

Advanced notice.

Old Michaelian and presently Archdeacon of Scandinavia and Germany, The Venerable David Ratcliff, has agreed to preach and take the service for the fiftieth anniversary of the Old Michaelians next year on and Sunday 26th of October 2003. David was one of St Michael's organists. He also was responsible for "not e bashing" our chairman to learn the treble solo in "Hear My Prayer." David was the first OM to be ordained. (Our chairman wonders which was the more trying job!) David has suggested, and your committee fully approve, that he would like as many OM clergy as possible to take an active part in the service. Please note this in your diary now. He has further suggested that we could have a "formal" choir. This would involve people telling us that they are prepared to sing and attend a rehearsal after the AGM and before the evening celebrations. If, in principle, you or any of your family who will be attending the weekend, would like to sing would you please let Michael Catterick know and what part you can sing. It will not be as good as we did when we were younger, but it would be a challenge!



town - sorry city! Chatted to a retired farmer who now "lives" in a luxuriously converted Greyhound bus. Said it cost \$150 000.

Monday 15th July (6,948 miles) Left Hill City at 9.30 and stopped at Deadwood for provisions. A well preserved antique town - if you listen carefully you can hear the stagecoach in the distance! Moved on to Sundance across the line in Wyoming - another piece of Wild West history. Took a detour off the main road to Cook Lake. One of the best (scenic) camp sites of the whole trip. Took off for a long walk and got hopelessly lost. Forgot we were in the northern hemisphere! A ranger found us walking 180 degrees wrong and pointed us in the right direction.

Tuesday 16th July (7,065 miles) Left early. Toured the Grand Canyon area around Sundance. Well worth the detour. Stopped at Sheridan for lunch and then in to Big Sky - Montana. Drove through the Bighorn Mountains and forest. Quite breathtaking. Planned to stay at Bighorn Canyon but found it scruffy so moved on to Rockvale and stayed at the Rock Creek campsite. Dined out for a change at one of the so-called family restaurants. Not impressive - we prefer home cooking!

Wednesday 17th July (7,487 miles) Left Rockvale and set course for Great Falls. Weather cold and wet. Found out that a) Montana's speed limit is whatever is "safe and prudent" and b) no sales tax - but a 40c tax on petrol, which at \$1.45 made it the most expensive of the trip. We changed one of the (many) air mattresses which had persistent leaks at Great Falls. The last lap to Glacier National Park got colder and wetter with every mile. The rain had stopped but it was very cold by the time we set up at Saint Marys camp site. Just managed to finish eating dinner when sleet started to fall. Retreated to our warm and comfortable tent.

Thursday 18th July (7,915 miles) Hadn't realised the long distance we covered yesterday. Very windy, cold but at least it's dry. Walked to Otokumi Lake - a five and a half hour round trip through bear country (although we didn't see any) and an altitude climb of 1 900ft. Very beautiful walk alongside the St Mary's river passing many waterfalls and views over high, snow covered mountains. Crossed a small ice field. The lake at the top seemed to be teeming with trout. Booked in to the Rising Sun camp. Saw the first Black Bear. It was trying to tear out an ants nest from a tree only metres away from our tent. The Rangers were making a big deal of it as it had been raiding the bins around the camp for food. They fired blanks to scare him off but said that once they got too familiar with human habitation they had to trap them and transport to an area well away from the camps. If they returned then the Rangers had to shoot them. A fed bear was a dead bear! Another very cold night.

Friday 19th July (3,925 miles) Walked to Granite Park chalets via the Highline Trail and Across the Continental Divide at Logan Pass. Exceptionally cold. We were walking through a snow storm at times. The scenery all around us was well worth the climb - and the cold. Back to the car and the heater switched on full blast. This is mid summer! Drove through the rest of the park to West Glacier. Very memorable scenery but decided we'd had enough of the cold so pressed on to Missoula. Checked in to the Travellers Inn, ordered a (huge) pizza and downed a bottle of wine as we watched the opening of the Olympics on TV.

Saturday 20th July (8,117 miles) A generally lazy day. Did some shopping in Missoula. Drove via Butte and set up camp at West Maddison. Still in spectacular Montana country. Noticed that more Americans are on vacation!

Sunday 21st July (8,358 miles) Drove to Quake Lake and then walked a long distance up Beaver Creek. Realising that the crowds would be cluttering up the campgrounds in Yellowstone we camped by the side of a lake at North Maddison - a short distance from the Yellowstone Park entrance.

Monday 22nd July (8,428 miles) Queued and finally entered Yellowstone around 11am. Lots of traffic. Saw Old Faithful and several other geysers erupting. Found the so called Grand Canyon singularly unimpressive but saw plenty of bison, moose and elk. All camps were full so went out of the Park and stayed at a crowded but orderly Rocky Mountains Campground at Gardiner.

Tuesday 23rd July (8,574 miles) Walked along the banks of the Yellowstone River. Stopped at Mammoth Springs. Saw some elk. Moved on south to the Grand Tetons. Stayed at Flagg Ranch campground. This was remarkable as it was the first camp seen with a whole line of camcorder batteries being charged in the bathroom overnight. And they were still there in the morning! Walked the Heron/Swan Lake trails at Otter Bay. Saw a beaver.

Wednesday 24th July (8,719 miles) Walked the Jenny Lake loop trail - about 8 miles, via Hidden Falls. Then on to Jackson - a sort of resort dormitory town, particularly for skiing in the winter. Went on and stayed at Pinedale and dined out again at a "family" restaurant. A welcome laundry facility at a quiet, comfortable site. Saw a yellow bellied marmot.

Hi Tech boots. Drove up the Shy road to Fremont Lake and reserved a (primitive) camp site and then up to +12,000ft to Elkhart Camp. Started the trail only to be driven back by a hail storm 1/2 an hour later. Sheltered for a while but finally gave up and made our way back to our camp site. A damp and cold night and the air mattress burst.

Friday 26th July (8,896 miles) Fed up with the rain! Set off at 9.30 for a motel at Cheyenne and walked around Laramie on the way. Cheyenne was full- Frontier Week so drove on to Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado. A super campsite, right by a rushing (Thompson) River with towering cliffs on either side. Didn't rain either!

Saturday 27th July (9,341 miles) Drove west through Estes Park and Boulder to Denver. All the places we looked at in Denver were full so we drove on to Colorado Springs to find every bed full there as well. It seems that Americans just love over-nighting at the weekend. Took the road via Pikes Peak (14 000ft) to Cripple Creek - a restored Wild West town complete with whorehouse and casinos. We went across to Victor (a place I'd stayed at 3 years ago on a Minorco trip) seeing the progress on the open pit gold mine on the way. Then we traversed the Phantom Canyon Creek road - really a 4X4 track - to reach Indian Springs campsite (near Canyon City) just as the sun was setting. Beautiful site but no water!

Sunday 28th July (9,604 miles) Drove across the border in to New Mexico. Started raining hard so opted for the Taos Motel (\$44/night). Big fiesta going on in town. Had a Mexican dinner at another of those family restaurants.

Monday 29th July (9,853 miles) Hiked in Carson National Park - just outside Taos. Climbed to Devils Peak but were chased down as the rain came. Drove out to the Rio Grande Gorge (600ft deep) but just as we were getting out of the car the really serious rain started. Gave up, went back to the Motel and watched the Olympics on TV.

Tuesday 30th July (9,908 miles) Decided to move on to Santa Fe but, on the way there thought about the crowds and went to Bandolier National Monument instead. This is set in beautiful canyon country littered with pueblo ruins of the 14th - 16th centuries. Climbed 140ft to the ceremonial cave and walked up the canyon for a couple of miles. Camped at the Juniper site.

Wednesday 31st July (9,992 miles) Went shopping for provisions in Los Alamos (didn't visit the famous Atomic Bomb laboratory - the very first bomb was detonated near here). Walked the Falls trail to the Rio Grande and surprise, surprise got soaked on the way back. Decided to cut our losses, retreat back to camp and fight again another day! Mattress burst again!

Thursday 1st August (10,0026 miles) Decided to walk up Frijoles Canyon as far as the Ponderosa Camp, climb up the kloof and then back to Juniper Camp via the main road. About 10 miles in all. As we progressed found the trail to be very overgrown and obviously little used. Just short of the turn of to the Ponderosa a bear jumped out of a tree just in front of us. Difficult to say who was the most frightened - him or us! He must have been about 5ft tall and about 150lbs. He ran off to a sit on a rock about 50 yards away (right in our path) and just stares at us. We retreated. He held his position so we backed off slowly and made our way back the way we'd came. When we got back to camp we reported our "sighting" (as told to in the guide) but the Ranger didn't seem very interested! Drove on to Albuquerque to find the rain coinciding with our arrival. Checked in to a motel by the side of the freeway and dined out for a change.

Friday 2nd August (10,140 miles) Left at 10 o'clock en route to El Paso - but changed our mind again. Decided to take the mountain route instead. Headed towards Roswell then south to Cloudcroft. We got caught in a cloudburst near the top of the mountain range and had to wait an hour or so for a grader to lead vehicles through the flood. Found a pleasant campsite at Deerhead but the rains came again and we had a particularly wet night albeit we were dry and warm inside the tent.

Saturday 3rd August (10,379 miles) After the damp and cold we were now set for the opposite. We set off for Texas, stopping on the way at a picnic site to dry out the tent and other gear. Also changed the mattress again at the first Kmart we found. Arrived at the Seminole Canyon State Park (on the US90 between Langtry and Del Rio. The campsite was almost deserted and we were to find out why. It was hot with a very dry but uncomfortable wind which got worse as the evening progressed. It just got hotter after sunset. We were disturbed by a skunk but fortunately we must have been upwind of him.

Sunday 4th August (10,791 miles) Considered joining the tour of the canyon but decided it was just too hot. Drove to San Antonio (through really miserable, desolate countryside) but because of the heat checked in to the Travelodge. Even the pool was tepid. Spent most of the time watching the last day and closing ceremony of the Olympics - and the South American winning the marathon.

hotel rates and alternative accommodation

The Le Strange are again offering a preferential rate to Old Michaelians attending the Reunion.

Double / Twin Room £90.00 - Single Room £60.00
all prices are per room per night and include breakfast and VAT
Prices for Le Strange are Correct and at an OMA special rate for Reunion 2002.



Other accommodation in Hunstanton .

Burleigh Hotel	28 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6DY	01485 533080	Single Double	from £25 from £50
The Gables	28 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6AW	01485 532514	Single Double	from £25 from £40
Greenshutters	44 Cliff Parade Hunstanton PE36 6EH	01485 534874	Single Double	from £30 from £40
Kiama Cottage	23 Austin Street Hunstanton PE36 6AN	01485 533615	Double	from £40
Garganey House	46 Northgate Hunstanton PE36 6LZ	01485 533269	Single Double	from £17 from £36
Claremont	35 Greevegate Hunstanton PE36 6AF	01485 533171	Single Double	from £23 from £44
Sunset View	3 Alexandra Road Hunstanton PE36 5BT	01485 535246	Double	from £40

All prices are per room per night. more guesthouses available at
www.smoothhound.co.uk/hunstant.html

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Monday 5th August (11,007 miles) Slept particularly well after the disaster the night before. Went to downtown San Antonio and rubber necked the Alamo and the River Walk. Very pretty town. Drove on to Houston then on to Port Arthur and set up camp at Oak Leaf Park. Super site but still very, very hot.

Tuesday 6th August (11,323miles) Went to Port Arthur. Very drab and down at heel. Drove through oil rig country and on to the Sea Rim Park on the Gulf Of Mexico. All very dreary and Orange City not much better. But we did have a good sea food meal.

Wednesday 7th August (11,440 miles) Went, with some excitement, to New Orleans. We were to be disappointed. First of all it proved very difficult to find accommodation. When you could you found that rates had been doubled due to a "special event" (The Junior Olympics) and we finally had to settle for something hardly better than a doss house. Walked down to the French Quarter. Streets were filthy and heavily puddled. The French Quarter has been spoiled by clip joints. But we did have a good (and expensive) meal at the Gumbo Shop.

Thursday 8 August (11,721 miles) Did a tour of the city to see a lot of the historic buildings. A much better day than yesterday. Drove north to the De Soto National Forest and camped by the lake in Johnson Park. A really excellent facility - one of the best. Very hot and humid.

Friday 9th August (11,867 miles) Drove to Hoover, Alabama, arriving at the Carpenters around 3.30. Made really welcome and spent two fun filled days with them.

Sunday 11th August (12,124 miles) Drove to Atlanta to see the Whites. Again wonderful to see old friends again. They have a lovely home and we had a super time with them. They'd come back early from a convention to coincide with our visit.

Monday 1st August (12,297 miles) Drove to Savannah - heavy rain almost all the way. Stopped briefly in the downtown area of Atlanta. Lots of dismantling of Olympic "things" in progress but the weather was too foul to hang around. Did see the apartment block we lived in 1982 thought it would have been imploded by now. With no sign of any weather improvement we checked in to the Ramada Inn (one of those state visitor centre discounts - only \$22) and then went downtown to check out the Historic District. Dined at the Inn restaurant and went to bed early.

Tuesday 13th August (12,623 miles) We overslept - the late nights with the Carpenters and Whites taking their toll! Went on the River Ramble to Wormsloe Plantation and Skidaway Island. Very interesting with old slaves quarters at the plantation. Camped on the Island. Good sites.

Wednesday 14th August (12,705 miles) Drove to Beaufort and then on to Hunting Island. This was right on the edge of the Atlantic and lots of evidence of the hurricane damage a few weeks earlier. We had planned our trip to travel clockwise and would have been in this area at the time of the hurricane if we hadn't changed our minds and gone to Montreal first instead. The sea was warm but there were masses of bugs to put you off lazing on the beach. Saw a possum. Rained hard at night.

Thursday 15th August (12,783 miles) Toured part of Historic Charleston and visited the Museum. Southern Historic area disappointing (East of the Cooper River by Shem Creek). Went to Patriots Point to see the ship the Yorktown. Stayed at Oak Plantation campground. Very good sites but a bit on the noisy side.

Friday 16th August (12,921miles) Visited the Boone Hall Plantation - similar to the Wormsloe Plantation we saw a week or so ago. Very much Prince of Tides country. Deviated to McLellan where we bought flour and shrimp straight off the boats. Drove through rural South Carolina and finally set up camp at Santee State Park by the side of Lake Marion. Again another superb setting. We were amused to see one of the more "professional" R/V'ers setting up camp complete with dog kennel, Welcome mat, fairy lights and the shingle on the bonnet saying "Steve and Shirl welcome y'all!"

Saturday 17th August (13,080 miles) Called in at Charlotte (N Carolina) to meet up with some friends but then decided to press on towards Tennessee but the weather closed in (again!) so we holed up at a motel at Shelby. Comfortable and with a kitchen so we ate and drank in style.

Sunday 18th August (13,322 miles) Set off for the Pisgah National Forest which is at the start of the Blue Ridge Parkway which stretches 500miles from the Smokey Mountains in Tennessee to Virginia. Saw Sliding Rock and generally toured around the forest then set up camp at Hemlock (unfortunate name!) campground. Incidentally we met the 2nd aggressive camp ranger at this site.

Monday 19th August (13,435 miles) Made an early start for the Great Smokey Mountains National Park. Set up camp at Smokemont then went on a drive to get a feel of the place. Climbed to the top of Chimney Top. Only 4 miles each way but the last ¼ mile is a little hairy. It rained heavily as we descended but no rain at the camp and we had no problem braai-ing.

Tuesday 20th August (13,563miles) Decided to stay another night at the Smokemont site. Walked the Newton Bald Forest trail to the Thomas Divide. Saw another Black Bear (our third). The walk was only 11 miles but seemed longer. A lot cooler than of late,

Wednesday 21st August (13,565 miles) Walked the Smokemont Loop trail in the morning. Lots of evidence of bears around but didn't see any. Met an interesting ranger. Had spent several years in the UK working for Radio Caroline - the first of the "rebel" radio stations, Packed up and drove to Gatlinburg and the on to the Jellystone Camp Ground. A bit "kitsch" but clean and comfortable.

Thursday 22nd August (13,627 miles) Walked the Albright Trail from the campground to the top of the loop. On the way back D took a heavy fall, badly lacerating her face. We were about a mile from camp. Spent some time irrigating the cuts then got in the car and drove the 450 miles to J & F's in West Virginia arriving there around 11. Holiday on hold pro tem. Next few days recuperating, fishing etc then:

Thursday 29th August (14,097 miles) Travelled back to Washington via part of the Blue Ridge Parkway and Front Royal, Did a short walk on the principle that you climb back on the horse after falling off it! Back in Washington by late afternoon (14,253 miles) Closing Thoughts, A once in a lifetime experience. We did everything we set out to do and more. America is a lot bigger than you think but is wonderfully organised for the type of trip we embarked upon. You have a choice of roughing it or doing it the way we did it. We met the real American people the way we went - some had never heard of South Africa or if they had they thought it was "South of Mexico". Looking back there are hardly any changes we would make. Thank you America!

January 1997

Mike Fleming

Confession from the Chairman's (driving) seat.

Like many others, I started driving off road a few months before my 17th birthday and certainly without permission of the RPP. (Thank you qualified driver whom I will not name.) I managed not to bump, scrape or otherwise damage the Hillman but did stall, crash gears and do my best to ruin an engine.

When I officially started driving I did have the occasional near miss by forgetting to turn the wheel when going round a corner but otherwise managed to get to my driving test unscathed. I took it in the new mini, having borrowed someone's spectacles, as my eyesight had not previously been diagnosed as short sighted. Like many others I passed first time. The next day, I was told that, as I was in charge of the breakfast washing up table, I was to drive the Commer on the last of the morning drives to Ingoldisthorpe. It was always the fullest run. Imagine my horror, driving a small four seater Mini to pass my test with borrowed specs one day and the next expected to put at risk the lives of thirty passengers, including staff, as I could not see properly! This could only happen at St

Michael's. The journey started happily with me not stalling the engine. I drove passed Heacham Village Hall and took the left bend with no trouble. Then HORROR a bus was coming toward me! I moved toward the wall on the left forgetting that you cannot fit thirty people in a Mini. You guessed it, I hit the wall.



On stopping, Henry Taylor and I got out to inspect the damage. There was a long large gash and dent along the whole of the side. Henry, in his usual relaxed manner just picked up a handful of mud from the side of the road and wiped over the damage.

On re-entering the bus Henry said in a loud voice so all could hear. "That's alright, Michael, that scratch is an old one. You have done no damage." I continued the journey, picked up Peg Hayes-Williams and drove to Ingoldisthorpe.

For some weeks nothing was said within my ear-shot until RPP stood up after breakfast and announced that the Commer had been hit by another car while parked as there was an old scratch and dent and did anyone know anything about it.

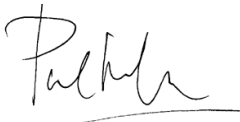
The website is still finding OM's from all over the World.

For those of you without access to the Internet, here is what you are missing out on, the e-mail address's as published on the website "Contacts Page".

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John King	sand4231@yahoo.co.uk	Martin Graville	martin@graville.co.uk
Geoff Kimberley	geoff.g.kimberley@talk21.com	Bob Hill	robertmhill@tiscali.co.uk
Ruth Chilvers (Peckover)	m.chilvers@virgin.net	Mukhlis Oweis	mukhlis@owais.screaming.net
Simon Pott	pott@globalnet.co.uk	Cliff Wallington	cliff_janetw@msn.com
John Brogden	brogdenj@ozmail.com.au	John Wallington	john.wallington@btinternet.com
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Cowboys and Indians and 'war games'. • Those long walks in all weathers (who remembers the cold winter of 1962/63? Very clear memory of walking in the snow from Ingoldisthorpe to Hunstanton and then the other way as well). Icebergs in the Wash. Warming hands at the stove in the old laundry building at Hunstanton. Magazines with titles like 'Parade', 'Tit-bits', 'Spick and Span', 'Health and Efficiency' (I can still remember the titles but who was it who had the courage to buy these magazines? I would have been far too embarrassed). Who remembers the more 'sophisticated' Harrison Marks magazines with the strategic airbrushing (chaps will remember the pleasant surprise when first confronted with the real thing). The poor reception on Radio Luxembourg especially listening through an earpiece under the bedclothes. I don't remember television but do remember radio classics like The Navy Lark', 'The Goons', 'Around the Horn', Alan Freeman, Pete Murray. The wonderful! Horace Batchelor advert on Radio Luxembourg. I think we all worked out that Horace was not going to make our fortunes in spite of his promises. I have no memory of drugs and drug-taking at school but remember reading about them in articles about jazz musicians (we are not talking Acker Bilk here). Not really having a clue what these drugs were all about. Just thinking why would people take these drugs that made you sick and then in the long term usually killed you. Girls! I really didn't understand what they were about during my school years and had little to do with them. My loss! Football. I never could see the point and still don't (I dread events like the World Cup, nothing to talk about with male friends and colleagues). I preferred the cross country runs, well a run up the hill and then a gentle walk back. I enjoyed cricket a little more (now a member of the Middlesex County Cricket Club, a couple of times a season I turn out for an 'oldies' team). Being involved in bugging the staff room at Hunstanton (all that effort for such little result, fuzzy and/or inane conversation recorded on reel to reel tape. Do the tapes still exist?). • The Queen Mother coming to Heacham. • Packages from home with the 'Eagle', 'Beano', 'Wide World' etc. • Weekly bulletins from the EEC and NATO (what we would do to get post!). • I wasn't a bully and wasn't bullied but I do remember with little pride a few poor unfortunates who were given a hard time by a small minority. At the time we would have called it 'teasing'! • No memory at all of Science lessons. We had them surely? I don't remember 'British Constitution' lessons either but have a GCE pass in this! My St Michael's friendships all withered except with the late John Hollingworth who persevered all those years. A great letter writer. I am pleased that my memories of St Michael's School and the friends I had there are such happy ones. Thanks RPP for giving so many of us a stimulating environment in which to grow up in. I regret I never found the time to thank you while you were still around.


Paul Hodge

No one said anything. Henry saved me from the traditional six stokes. Otherwise I would have gained the title of being the school driver to have the fasted accident after passing their test.

Michael Catterick

I am trying to think of some accidents!! However, throughout my five years I don't remember any real nasty ones. There were several near misses though! Firstly, nearly everyone seems to remember something about Henry Taylor trying to drive the Comma through the arch at the Shooting Lodge (!) It won't fit, as the scars which I'm sure still exist will testify. "... I'm sorry Headmaster, I thought I was driving the minibus!". "YOU STUPID FOOL!" I think that's how the exchange went. Perhaps best ask someone who was there, I think it happened just before our time. Another happening which seems to have been forgotten at least by Simon Pott(!) was that at some time in the 1960's (I think) when he was driving the L car one icy morning, it went off the road around the bends in the centre of Snettisham village and demolished the wall of the Doctor's Surgery.

Alistair Gulland, driving the Diesel Comma, and Jack Owens driving the minibus would race each other from Heacham to Ingoldisthorpe, usually along the back roads. I remember clinging on for dear life in the back of the Comma round the bend by Snettisham Church, I was sure we were going to turn over as Jack came up another road in the minibus. There were also the forays into the woods near Snettisham beach. Anyone remember those? Its now called off-roading!



One morning we walked down from the Shooting Lodge to get on the bus for breakfast, only the bus wasn't outside the church in its usual place, it was buried in the porch of the house opposite!!

One very cold morning after overnight snow, the Hillman L car would not start. Mr Pott asked Jonathan Cave to look at it. "Hmmm, block's cracked sir", (no anti-freeze) "What does that mean?" "er... new engine sir!" At this Pott went ballistic and almost blamed poor Jonathan for it!

It was not uncommon for the buses to race each other up Ken Hill to Hunstanton. The old red Bristol (four seats across upstairs) was no match for the newer more powerful ex London AEC though. Woe betide any other motorist coming the other way! This was long before the road re-alignment and new roundabout of course.

Chris Gibbs

I remember the comma over-turning, and possibly it was Robert Church driving? So long ago! But it seems to me that we took it all in our stride. The Double Decker got stuck under a bridge en route to some choir event and we all know who was driving that!

Dorienne Rundall (Perry)

Don't remember who did it, But during the 1957 school year somebody totalled the shooting break by turning it over, and they had to buy another one. You might ask Clifford

John Tanner

Sketchy thoughts on vehicles and accidents and St. Michael's.

Firstly was it Geoff Kimberley who either mentioned or drove the Wolsley into Lambert's old shop at the bottom of Snettisham Hill on the bends? Hopefully someone will know more but it was certainly imbedded in the house.

At some point someone also hit the pumps whilst going to fill up at Stainsby's Garage. Although not specifically an accident but an incident, after Roger returned from his heart attack he used to drive the Mini down the path to St Michael's Church for assembly (or was he driven perhaps). Having done so for some weeks the path became exceedingly rutted and when water was added, sufficiently deep for the low slung Mini to ground. One such occasion meant that assistance was commanded and whilst the erstwhile pushers did their bit, Roger, or whoever, gave it some gas, covering all those close at hand in mud and I'm not sure that one even lost his purchase on the car and dropped into a puddle.

To aid the Commer's capacity it had an "extra" added to the middle of its floor, namely a school form. Boys straddled this and I don't think I exaggerate if I say it added probably 20 extra seats (boys are small and can be easily crammed together).

It would be parked outside the Rectory at Ingoldisthorpe, filled to the gunnels and, piloted by an inexperienced teenager, exit the gates with verve. On one occasion the Le Mans style take-off proved to much for the locks, the back doors flew open, depositing one or more on the drive. Fortunately I believe only reputations were grazed.

One Michael Catterick had his first experience of driving the Commer on the washing up run from the Shooting Lodge. Also carried on the last run of the morning were the staff who lived in Heacham. So it was Henry, Peg, and possibly Miss. Redfern who were passengers on that day. After a jerky start we arrived at the left hander by the Village Hall, and having not had the pleasure of estimating the true width we scraped along for a couple of seconds before the brakes were applied with true vigour. The force was sufficient to propel the staff seated on the near side hard against the board that kept the plastic seat in position, which was not man enough for this new task, and as I recollect it one if not two members of staff ended up on the floor!

Then there was the dance held at Ingoldisthorpe with the girls of Swaffham Convent brought over by Father Langley. Sadly I have no recollection of the do, only the journey back to Heacham afterwards.

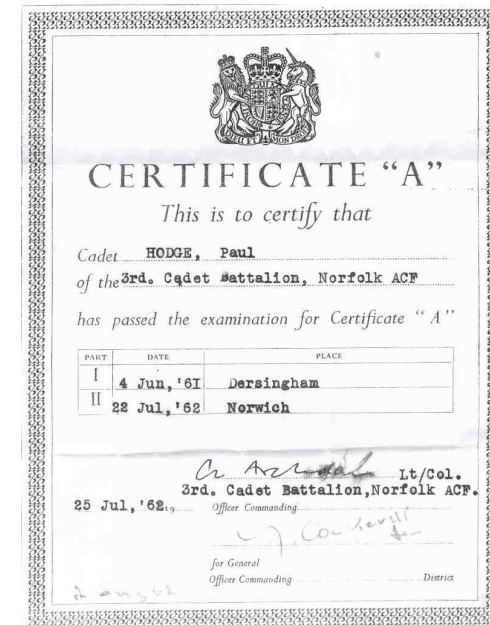
The Hillman took off with Peter Paxon driving and "Fingers Merit" as one of the passengers. We followed a little later in the Commer and for some reason I'm not aware of, also took the back road via Sedgeford. Approaching the village at the sharp right hand turn, we were flagged down to find the Hillman upside down through the hedge with all the occupants only shaken up but also covered in sugar from their load in the rear of the vehicle. That must have been an interesting interview with Roger, as to why both vehicles were returning to Heacham on that road. Can't remember the outcome nor the excuse put forward. And with a member of staff!

That's all I can think of at the moment, hopefully someone else will have recounted the same and between the two accounts a piece for the MITRE will evolve. Delighted to see the news about Martin, give him my best if you see him.

Regards, Ian

Taylor, I owe him. He stopped me chewing my fingernails in about three weeks when everything else had failed. I had to show him progress made at the beginning of each lesson (and he never forgot to ask me to show him!). I remember how he grew into the role of Acting Headmaster during a long illness by RPP and feeling pride in his achievement.

Then there was Dr O'Brady. He didn't stay long. What was he about? He was certainly too erudite for us at fifteen/sixteen years old though I think we would have appreciated him more a few years later! Leslie Charteris, Ian Fleming, Sven Hassell, Mickie Spillane and Dennis Wheatley fiction. The World War Two non-fiction books we eagerly devoured. • The Sandringham Troop. The commitment of officers and warrant officers. Rifle drill, fieldcraft and map-reading. I was a lousy shot at both. 22 (Khaki rifle badge with star) and 303 (red rifle badge without star crown) and while ok with fieldcraft theory was a most untidy cadet. Many thanks to those who contributed towards ironing my uniform, polishing my brasses, blanko-ing (who now remembers blanko?) my webbing, sorting out my boots before and then hiding my obvious inadequacy and getting me through the Part Two of Certificate A on our trip to Norwich. I wouldn't have passed without you! •



I remember a trip to a USAF base (who remembers which one?), firing a .45 automatic (remember it jumping upwards unlike in the movies) and an M1 carbine, eating my first hamburger and being taught the rudiments of ten pin bowling. All very exotic. • Family Sunday lunches at the Golden Lion, Hunstanton (you could take a friend!). • The film shows in the Ingoldisthorpe Church Hall on Saturday evenings. Many of these films are still firm favourites. 'From Russia with Love' in the afternoon after a morning cathedral event in Norwich. The cinema at Hunstanton (Elvis films?). • A distinct preference for the Rolling Stones over the Beatles. The lifelong debt I owe to a couple of boys from Sierra-Leone (I forget names) in our room at Ingoldisthorpe who introduced me to the music of Sam Cook, Ray Charles, Dizzie Gillespie, Charlie Parker and others.



I know how difficult it can be to get copy for newsletters so here are a few of my St Michael memories (I am sure you receive a lot of these but I have enjoyed the remembering). How easily memories, names and nicknames (I've been called 'Hedge-Hog' or 'Hodgie' all my life) of events, peers and teaching and non teaching staff all come flooding back: • Cycling to my local railway station to complete a PLA (Passenger Luggage in Advance) form. British Rail collecting my trunk before the beginning of term from my house and delivering it to the Shooting Lodge. What a service! • Looking forward to the beginning and then most definitely to the end of terms. • Reading John Buchan's 'Prester John' with RPP in English Literature lessons for the College of Preceptors exams and enjoying it. Mind you I looked forward to and enjoyed my Latin lessons with RPP and years later did an evening course to get a qualification (sad or very sad)! • Boarding at the Shooting Lodge, Gresham House (only a term I am pleased to say!), Peddars, Brockhill and the Old Vicarage. I remember clearly all sorts of games and ragging' (most of it good natured) and a turkey dinner with all the trimmings at Peddars (Peter Smethurst's family raised turkeys?) The brown table books with weights and measures, longest rivers, highest mountains, kings and queens etc, a great little book for self improvement. Has anyone still got one? Evening cocoa and decent breakfasts at Brockhill with dear Miss Godfrey. Toast, tea and cornflakes during evening 'homework' at the Old Vicarage. Porridge with golden syrup and salt. Fish pie and beans. Chocolate pudding and chocolate sauce. I still eat anything and everything and far too quickly (remember you had to if you wanted seconds and I usually did!). Haircuts at the Old Vicarage. Optional bay rum for free! Von Ribbentrop's huge roll top desk from the Nazi German embassy at the Old Vicarage. Where is it now? Getting mumps, the cane and the senior prefects tie (not all on the same day). RPP screwing up his face, rubbing his nose, taking off his glasses and closing his eyes when he was concentrating on what to say and how to say it. The funny faces he would pull to make us laugh. The exploding volume of his fury both real and pretend (did we always know the difference?). The bronze of the 'Dying Gaul' in the dining room of the Old Vicarage. RPP discussing the Cuban Missile Crisis and other issues of the day and not talking down to us. Him ringing the bell in the dining room to announce the assassination of JFK and possible ramifications. The stunned silence that ensued. What seemed to be interminably long church choir practices. The psalms, hymns and anthems always sounded right on the day (at least they did to me). The Christmas carol service. Confirmation classes and the 'facts of life' explained (or not) by RPP. I also seem to remember interesting and sometimes controversial sermons from RPP. Am I right? RPP asking me a question about something or other that that I should be able to tell him. Me responding with 'it doesn't ring a bell sir' to be told in no uncertain terms and very loudly that 'Paul, you are not here to ring bells'! • The St Michael's transport operation. My favourite was the Chieftain double decker (who remembers journeys to London?), RPP singing loudly at the wheel, the crunchy gear changes, his foot flat to the floor. RPP's impatience with other road users. The crowded benches (three) in the Petrol and Diesel Commer vans. It makes blood run cold to think what might have happened if there had been a crash in either of these. 'Joy riding' in the cars or were we just learning to drive? I don't even remember thinking that this was either wrong or illegal (maybe in Norfolk it wasn't and still isn't!). Heavy macs, wellies, sou'wester. When and where we had to wear them. Those stupid boaters (at least mine was). Fond memories of Reverend Musio and History lessons. I could still tell you about the battles of Blenheim, Ramifies, Oudenard and Malplaquet and draw sketch maps! Dear Henry

Thinking Back...

Over the last few weeks I've been thinking about our senses and how important they are to our memories. For a start, looking at the OMA web pages using the sense of sight bring back memories of friends and indeed those that we considered not so friendly but still play a part in the rich tapestry that is the life of even the most mundane Old Michaelian. Some of the pictures in the galleries are a sight for these old eyes. Hearing is another wonderful sense. like when I hear a hit of the sixties and I remember Listening to the same song under the covers after lights out (Radio Caroline) or singing Along with "My Generation" on the top deck of the bus but more than that, hearing the Voices of friends that you haven't seen or heard in 35 years makes hearing a sense to treasure. Even the sense of feeling can spark a memory. For example the other night the temperature Dropped to -6c and no matter what I could not get my toes or nose warm and the first thought that entered my mind was; "This is as cold as Gresham on a December night" The self same cold night brought another memory. A neighbour has an old diesel four Wheel drive and it would not start so he used some Easystart and with a loud backfire and a cloud of black diesel fumes mingled with the smell of Ether came the memory of a cold morning at Gresham, the Chieftain and Chris White. Smell! What a sense. The smell of Fish Pie, Baked Beans, Chocolate Pudding with Thames Mud...some pleasant, others? It depended on your own sense of taste. I well remember that few on my table liked fish pie but John Card loved it and would eat our share off of our plates. I hope that come October that I will have all my senses enriched and that the reunion will be filled with those who have the sense to support our many memories we have of our time at St. Michaels.



David McMahon-Winter (from Oz)

A little tale of a "Michaelian"

Old Michaelian decided to emigrate to North America and was told by the people who were in the know that he would require brain surgery before leaving as he would need to have a third if his brain removed. Following the operation he awoke to find a very worried Surgeon leaning over him. "There's been a terrible mistake "the Surgeon exclaimed . "We took out too much brain you only have half of your brain left." "Don't worry sport" answered the Michaelian. "I'll bloody well emigrate to Australia".

How is Martin? Give him my best wishes.
See you all in October.

David McMahon-Winter

Granny Dove Recalls .

D riving past Ingoldisthorpe with my step grandchildren in tow, the editor's heartfelt plea for something to put in the magazine came to mind. Bright idea, show the grandchildren my 'old haunts'.

Does anyone else remember learning to ice skate on the village pond. Mr. Vawser tried to teach us, with a kitchen chair to hold on to. The bruises were horrendous. This in turn reminded me that, come rain, shine or knee deep snow one walked to school through the village and up the steep hill. My grandchildren would probably class this as child abuse, walking to the end of the drive for a bus causes them hardship!!

Turning right, past the village hall where we learnt ballroom dancing, (wish the name of the tune we quick stepped to would come back). Being able to dance 'properly' really isn't much use nowadays but was it more fun to hold hands and dance close together? The kids didn't think so - Yuk that's old fashioned. Didn't we also have film shows in this hall? Turning left at the top of the hill following the back road to Snettisham - memories came flooding back of running along this road, (could this old lady really run, disbelief was rampant) Stopped the car and found the little stream running through the fields on the right, with water cress still growing. Really nothing had changed.

Came down through Snettisham past the church, turned right for Heacham. We used to cycle from Ingoldisthorpe to Heacham in the evenings to play tennis (was tennis the attraction or the boyfriend). Also do I remember correctly that we pushed a barrel organ from Heacham to Ingoldisthorpe. This road seemed to be the same, apart from the tourist attraction at the Lavender Farm. Instead of using the bypass we went through the village, (by the way part of the shooting lodge boarding house was for sale in the Lynn News awhile ago). Tried to tell the now very bored grandkids about Pocahontas but they chose to believe Walt Disney more than me.

Wandered down to Heacham Beach - it seems very built up. There have been several articles in the local paper about the 50's floods - does anyone else remember them, if so they would make good reading in the news letter. Off to Hunstanton, look kids the Princess Theatre on the right, go starry eyed and tell about holding hands with my first boyfriend in the back row, the film was 'Dumbo'.

(The looks say "silly old fool she was never young enough to do that"). Just wish I'd had the grandkids 'sexy' dress instead of a gymslip and ankle socks.

Down to the sea front and oh dear the Kit Kat Restaurant has gone - burnt down they say. The first school reunion was there and living in King's Lynn it was the place to be on a Sunday night. What did you think kids? Much to my surprise (or maybe not) they were envious of my school-days. Sitting at the top of the cliffs licking our ice creams, we were mutually happy, step-grandma for the memories coming back and the kids because the promised trip to the funfair was looming up.

Now kids did I tell you about the time we



Pat Dove (Frost)

does anyone know? Was it just wet tea leaves? or dark brown damp sawdust?

There were two Gods at the school when I was there, the first and greatest of course being feared and revered Mr. Pott. The second was my cousin Roger, who was Head Boy.

I rarely saw either of them, Mr. Pott perhaps when he would silently swing open the door of our room when we were in class and stand there, motionless, observing us, and a hush would fall on the room (oh, what a shock to suddenly realise Mr. Pott was actually there!), I never noticed how our teacher reacted; and very occasionally I would encounter the lesser God en passant in the corridor, and would only get a bare nod of acknowledgement as I cringed back against the wall to let him by..... OK, perhaps I am exaggerating!

Do you remember the double decker bus? We bombed off to Cambridge one day for a cultural day out, Mr. Pott driving, and Muklis 'conductor' on the platform. I think some ended up going to the pictures there instead of whatever we should have been doing. Another occasion the bus was chuntering along somewhere and one of the boys had an epileptic fit on the floor upstairs between the seats, which was most dramatic, but he soon recovered. One time the minibus was leaving out of the school gates and the driver (a senior) turned round to quell the youthful riot going on in the back and accidentally drove up the hedge, so that it tipped over on its side - the two of us sitting right in front on the favoured spot of the engine hump next to the driver, fell down over the driver, I put my hand through his side window, gashed a finger - a scar I still have to remind me! No safety rules or seat belts in those days, but plenty of freedom and fun instead!

Sometimes on Saturdays we had a fun evening in the hall at the bottom of the hill, with a film organised by the seniors. Maybe it was every Saturday, but I don't think the West Winch group stayed very often. We also used to have dancing lessons in the same hall, that was where we learned to do the gavotte, and to hear the tune we used not jolts me back to those times in an instant.

My nick-name at St. Michael's was 'bun-face'! That was thanks to a favourite teacher Mr. Adams (? Latin and Greek?), who seemed ancient, and had balse spots on his crumple face - "Will the girl with a face like a bun TURN ROUND"! hence my name. He would growl at us in a deep voice "GO AND SIT IN YOUR KENNELS AND PUT YOUR PAWS ON YOUR DESKS", then he would walk around the room inspecting our hands and nails and send us out to wash them if they were too dirty. He was very funny, never frightening and we loved him.

I met Mr. Pott once after I left school. By that time 1963 I was in my first job as, believe it or not, secretary to a school headmaster of a similar boy's school in Aylsham. I came over to see the school again when the football team had a fixture against St. Michael's one weekend. Mr. Pott was watching the match and chatted with me, and suddenly the great God became a man after all.

Julia Brandwood

We would like to express our thanks to you all for the lovely Freesias received on the occasion of our Golden Wedding on July 26th 2002.

**A wonderful surprise helping to complete a memorable day.
Our best wishes to you all.**

Eric & Margaret Bocking.

They were all Heroes

A small, funny story that has nothing to do with St Mick's, except maybe shows the diversity of what we have all got up to.

I have become interested in scuba diving and am a PADI Dive master. This has entailed years of training and lots of difficult UK diving in dry suits in majorly busy harbours.

I came back from a weekend in Portsmouth and told my Dad where I had been and he asked me, all innocent, "Did you find my lead weight?"

"What lead weight, Dad?"

"The one I had to cut loose when bringing a nicked Heinkel back during the war, my radio antennae got caught up in the barrage balloons and I had to cut the weight free".

A lot of us at St Michaels in the '60's probably had no idea what our parents did in the war.

It took my Dad until now to tell me.

They were all heroes.



Dorienne Rundall

What a jumble of memories of my days at St. Michael's!

I was only there for a year when I was twelve, 1956/57, and I turned thirteen just before leaving at the end of the summer term. I was a hopeless boarder, often being homesick, as my parents were abroad. Strange though, it wasn't in the day time, only outside school hours, not that was any reflection on our care which was excellent.

At that time the girls, just a handful of us, were boarding with Mr. & Mrs. Clarke at West Winch (or was it East Winch?). I believe they stepped in after a dispute between Mr. Pott and his sister. The Clarkes had a lovely house and garden on the edge of the fens, and as well as taking in the girls, they took in a lost dog which they called Trouvé, this being one of the first French words I ever learned. In fact St. Michael's was where I first ever began French and Greek and Latin. Their son (Nobby?) and daughter Minty were at St. Michael's. I recall endless journeys when Mr. Clarke drove us in a minibus back and forth, always passing by Sandringham - and even at that age I was aware of the spectacular scenery around there.

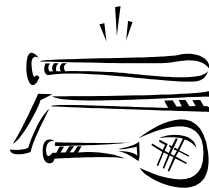


We even used to come in on Saturday mornings, when we had to take a turn at cleaning our classroom and/or do homework of sorts. Our room was the one next to the dreaded 'bathroom', which was just that - a small room with a covered bath - in which if necessary our chastisement took place (the room, not the bath). If someone was invited into the bathroom by Mr. Pott, we in our classroom would listen with bated breath, counting the strokes! I took my turn in there once, and afterwards raced down to the girls toilets to

plunge my stinging hands into basins of hot and cold water for some relief. Odd how one almost felt a certain pride returning to the classroom later, as if having come through some sort of initiation ceremony. I don't have any recollection of anyone rebelling or resenting these events, but who knows. Cleaning the classroom involved heaving all the chairs onto the desks, and then chucking some wierd damp mixture on to the bare floorboards which we then had to sweep up with any other debris. The idea of this mixture was of course to keep the dust down, and it worked extremely well. We used to lark about and have quite a bit of fun. To this day I still wonder what the mixture consisted of,

Remembering This

Suzie 'Fruzie' (surname Fruzan: Ed?) with the thick, long plait, coming back from Lynn Hospital showing off her pickled appendix in a specimen bottle! Staying with Sheena Haste (for an exeat) at Hadleigh rectory and seeing a convoy of Red Cross desert trucks bound for Suez passing across nearby farmland.



Sheena delivering a golf swing with the cricket bat on to my nose in mixed cricket - I was the keeper! Mr Tomlinson delivery the casualty home to Old Hunstanton.

Jane Tuck playing goalie in mixed hockey, bravely grabbing a fast approaching ball and yelling "what do I do with it now?".

Five stones and Lurky, Lurky 1 - 2 - 3.

Exciting trips in the Transit to London netball tournaments - staying on the Cromwell Road!

That dreadful girl's cloakroom. The 'changing facilities' in the hay loft! The smell of dustmo (sp?) and Saturday morning classroom cleaning! Silver/gold stars from Miss Mowlam (or was it Miss. Butterfield: Ed?) if you made church on Sundays! A youngster's 'crush' on beautiful Miss. Brasnett et al. And then the boyswho shall remain nameless to avoid embarrassment.....

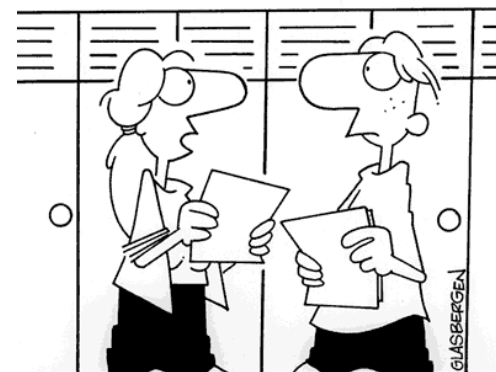
In the dining room:

Black cabbage and wonderful 'Thames Mud' pud. Fish bones on Friday but worth it for the BAKED BEANS, vats of them. Cheese and rolls on Saturday. That pin in the back if not sitting up straight on those benches.

And finally, the lunchtime lectures by RPP on unpaid fees!

The awful sadness of the final day summer service at Heacham church and the tears.....

Valerie Fendick



"I'm lousy at spelling because of my parents. They grew up listening to the Beatles, Monkees and Byrds!"



Rachel Gunter Louise Taylor



Mike Shellock Bob Hill



Robin James Bob Hill



John King Peter Yarker



Martin Graville



Nick Smith



Roger Wikeley & Rev. Judith Grundy



Dave Barry



Ian Dupont



Christopher Gibbs



Michael Catterick 1958 & 2000



Nigel Packer



Geoff Kimberley



Old Michaelians Now and Then



Bill Cullin



Bob Balshaw