

Stripes in Magenta

The Electronic Newsletter of St Augustine's Grammar School,
Sharston Mount, M22 4PJ

30 April 2001
Summer Term



eCirculation 122

www.staugustines.org.uk

editor@staugustines.org.uk

Issue 2

From the Headmaster	News	Old Boys	Old Staff
Looking Back	Miscellaneous	Classified	Births Deaths and Marriages
Letters to Editor			

Distributed to all Old Boys, Staff and "Friends of St Augustine's" with known email addresses.

Please (print and) forward to any not on emailing list.

"From the Headmaster"

[Stripes in Magenta](#)



My dear boys,
Lenten observations have drawn to a close and the great festival, Easter, at the climax of the ecclesiastical year is over. So we again look forwards to the further lengthening of days and the shortening of nights that takes us on through the summer term. Indeed the etymology and the timing of Easter were, of course derived from the pagan feast of "Eoster" the Anglo-Saxon goddess of the dawn, or coming of light; this festival was adopted by the Church during the early days of Christianity replacing the meaning of the feast with the events of the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ.

In this summer term issue, I am pleased to see that many Old Boys have again contributed to the journal which I trust will, itself, become an establishment worthy of this great school. However, may I remind the editor and all boys, that on deciding on the content, one would be well advised to remember the general principle that one ought not to put in writing anything that one is not prepared to say to the intended audience in person. Also, we cannot fail to notice that some boys have not yet made their contribution. The Headmaster has been assured that all contributions, large or small will be most gratefully received by the editor, and if

yours has not yet been sent, I do hope you will be able to return it punctually for the Michaelmas term issue. The Headmaster would caution all to carefully read through the completed articles to guard against any poorly constructed prose or irregular grammar.

Technical improvements have been made in the production and dissemination of the journal and I congratulate all the Old Boys whose unsung contributions behind the scenes have made it possible to hear its voice even on ocean's farthest coasts.

I wish you all well in your endeavours and trust that the coming reunion will be an occasion which relives all those qualities which made St. Augustine's Grammar, the great school that it is.

News

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[Website Update](#)

['Stinky Kid' and
'HeadBoy'](#)

Grand Reunion 2001

The Grand Reunion will be held on Friday 9 November 2001.

- Invitation goes to all entry years (1965 through to 1976) plus staff.
- GMP Sports and Social Club at Hough End (7.30 for 8pm).
- Buffet meal + bar will be provided.
- Admission will be by ticket only. Numbers may be limited so get your ticket early!
- Tickets will be issued on receipt of SAE + cheque for £20 payable to "St Augustine's GS".
- Tickets are now available from Martin Harding: 19 Keats Avenue, Norden, Rochdale, Lancashire.
- Ex Augustinians have priority booking but it is hoped there may be room for others eg partners.

Help would be appreciated in trying to contact all old boys and staff, so pass the word on. [Invitations in MS Word Format](#) to pass on

It would be very helpful if one or two from each year could coordinate trying to contact as many as possible from their year.

We plan also to place adverts in local newspapers in near future.

If you would like to be actively involved, contact

- Martin Harding < martinharding@hotmail.com >01706 868253
- Alan Johnston < Johnsta3_new@bp.com >0161 929 8112
- Ged Allen < ged.allen@johncrane.co.uk >0161 962 8533
- Peter Fay < webmaster@staugustines.org.uk

...or share your thoughts via the [Message Board](#)

Hard Porn. . .

My company (HFC Bank) have finally relented and allowed me back to access the site. For some reason they thought it came under the banner of all of those other web sites which are dicey in nature. I cannot see what is pornographic in nature about it, but with a bit of lateral thinking and a severely warped sense of humour, references to boys in uniforms could be the connection. I don't know which is worse: trawling the net for titilation (and getting caught) or admitting that you had something to do with this weird and wonderful school.

[BB]

Website Update

The website www.staugustines.org.uk continues to grOW....

Many thanks to all who have contributed.

The site has had up to 50 visitors in a day, with an average of around 25 hits per day.

Old friends are appearing in the visitor's book week by week.

On the 1971 formal photo, most faces now have a name (but still a few remain innominate).

For those massochists wishing to relive their disciplinary correction, the "Register of Discipline" is resurrected in interactive format on the [Greenroom](#) page for all offenders prepared to *present* a docket!



Recent additions are more photos of the school building, SJP prospectus and badge - Jez Griffith ('76); original period exam papers - Paul Fay ('73) and more of the coveted and priceless 'From the Headmaster' Letters- Mike Nelson ('71)

Still to come are yet more letters 'From the Headmaster' and yet more exams!

(some things just don't change!)

All contributions are welcome: particularly letters "From the Headmaster" , speechday tapes, any period photos, the 1st and 2nd speechday programs (pre 1969), further information on TV Top of the Form and, of course, your contact details.

[Jason Birch](#) ('76) and [Tony Lyons](#) ('71) are hoping to produce pages for their years perhaps including personal pages.

[PJF]



WANTED!

'Stinky Kid' and 'HeadBoy'

Friends of Ours

2 brothers known to be of Augustinian connection.

The latter was directly answerable ('UnderBoss') to 'The Boss' in 1975 -1976. He is now alleged to be On the Gamble.

Last seen together in Nairn.

Another of The Outfit has been known to openly boast of carrying firearms in the 70s

INTERPOL
on behalf of Italiana Polizia,
Polermo

Old Boys

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

[1965](#) [1966](#) [1967](#) [1968](#) [1969](#) [1970](#) [1971](#) [1972](#) [1973](#) [1974](#) [1975](#) [1976](#)

Let us know something of what you've been doing since days of Sharston Mount
(editor@staugustines.org.uk)

1965

[Niall Giblin](#) <ngiblin@yahoo.com> Hong Kong

[Frank Connell](#) <frank@livertve.u-net.com> Manchester

[Alan Keane](#) <glyno@106bd.freerve.co.uk>

1966

[Jim Toft](#) <James.Toft@gmp.police.uk> new email address

[Mike Hovington](#) <mhovington@lix.compulink.co.uk> 9 Kentmere Close, Gatley, Cheadle, SK8 4RD;

District Judge, Salford County Court

[John Kilkenny](#) <kilkejo1@another.com>Stockport

1967

[Stephen Callaghan](#) <steve@premiumdomains.co.uk> Teaching in North Manchester

[Alan Beswick](#) <alan@abeswick.freerve.co.uk> Teaching History, Stockport

Steven Clark <steve@psycho-logic.co.uk> Manchester
Vincent Dolan <vincent.dolan@ukonline.co.uk> London

1968

1969
Richard Cummings <polyestergraphics@btinternet.com> 2 Haddon Close, Alderley Edge
SK9 7RD
Damian Kenny <Damian@kenny5.fsnet.co.uk> new email address

1970
Carl O'Connor <carloconnor@hotmail.com>

1971
Paul Coffey <paul@coffey1912.freeserve.co.uk> Cheadle
Mike Nelson <mnelson@abo.fi> Teaching TESOL in Turku, Finland
www.kielikanava.com
Tony Lyons <tony-lyons@talk21.com>
Alistair Drain <Alistair.drain@btinternet.com>
Mike McNicholas <mmcnicholas@hmgpaint.com> Stockport
John Grundy <john@smallwood49.fsnet.co.uk>
Paul McGagh <pmcgagh@aol.com> Prestatyn

1972
Ged Start <gedstart@blueyonder.co.uk> 'Hired Gun' All over the world, but mostly UK
Peter Oster <aaoy51@manutd.com> Appledore Drive, Baguley, M23. married, wife
Joanne, 2 children Scott & Carl. Having spent most of the early 90's in Germany, now works
in Altrincham as a director of a Freight Forwarding company.
Peter O'Connor <poconnor@wordshop.fr> Rosny-sous-Bois, France

1973
Philip Howells <p_howells@optusnet.com.au> Melbourne, Australia
Peter Law <Peter.Law@Manesty.com>
John Beck <john.beck@uk.pwcglobal.com> Price Waterhouse Coopers
Antony Barrow <antony_barrow@hotmail.com>
Neil Harvey <neil.harvey10@virgin.net> West Sussex

1974

Tim Matthews (Dibbidy!) <tpmatthews@cstat.freemove.co.uk> Sussex

Joey Naughton <fatshoes@supanet.com> Teaching (inclusion unit) Stockport

Richard Fay CORRECTION -

Lecturer in TESOL, Intercultural Communication and Distance Education at Manchester University

Philip Lowe <lowey@pal6463.freemove.co.uk> Trafford

Billy Brennan <billb@mosscafe.co.uk>

1975

Steve (Jeff) Beck <sbeck@ic24.net> Human Resources Director

Chris Mazzitella <chrismazzitelli@bun.com>

1976

Steve Law <slaw@sportssouvenir.com>

Fred Harding <morrison_harding@telus.net> Officer in the West Vancouver police , Canada.

Dominic Box <box.family@talk21.com> Bramhall

John Peduzzi <johnpeduzzi@lineone.net> Shefford, Bedfordshire.

Jason Birch <jason.birch@virgin.net> Harpenden , Herts

Mike Start <deb_mick_start@quista.net> Wilmslow

Andy Clark <andycmba@yahoo.com>

Billy Murphy <murphy_wj@hotmail.com>

Old Staff

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

News and contacts

Alan Addis has now moved to Herefordshire

Peter Foley <peter@foley30.fsnet.co.uk>

Obituary

IN MEMORIAM

Mgr. Phillip Sherrington

13.VI.43 – 27.II.95

Mgr. Phillip Sherrington, Regional Vicar of Opus Dei in Britain, died in an accident while walking in the Connemara Mountains, in the west of Ireland. Mgr. Sherrington had been attending a conference for priests near Galway. Fr. Phillip Griffin was also there. His body was brought back to London and was buried at Gunnersbury Cemetery on 3rd March, following a Solemn Funeral Mass at St. James', George Street, concelebrated by the Prelate of Opus Dei, four other bishops and numerous priests. Over 1,700 people attended the funeral.

After only a few months at St. Augustine's (class of '74), I had heard the name 'Fr. Sherrington' quite a lot. Above all, if my memory serves me correctly, it was those fellow choristers of the class of '69 who spoke so highly of him, telling me I had missed the 'best RE teacher'. At that time the idea of even a *good* RE teacher seemed something of a contradiction in terms to me, so for big burley Sixth Formers to be talking in terms of *the best* left me puzzled and curious: *what* exactly, had I missed out on?

Though I wasn't to know it then, during the next twenty years, I would have many opportunities to satisfy my earlier curiosity. I had the good fortune to attend a number of courses and retreats given by Fr. Phillip, and went to him for advice and Confession on many occasions. Some of those encounters took place against a backdrop of media criticism of Opus Dei, which he bore the brunt of as its Regional Vicar. I never heard him speak ill of anyone. He showed an extraordinary disregard for his own good name, but didn't mince his words if it came to answering lies or slander directed against the Church.

Fr. Phillip was the kind of priest it was easy to go to Confession to. The kind of person you wanted to have around when you needed some impartial, confidential advice. One always came away with an extraordinary sense of having been listened to, as well as some great advice. Talking to lots of other people who knew him well since his death, they all seem to say the same thing: he took a real interest in you and what interested you; he took you seriously; he was always infectiously good-humoured and kind with everyone.

Once I had started teaching, I did occasionally try to get him around to the topic of school, in the hope of gleaning some professional tips (I hadn't forgotten his reputation among the class of '69). Though he often reminisced fondly of his years at St. Augustine's, he never once took the opportunity I was offering to 'give forth'. I still find this amazing, since *everyone* knows *the answer* to the problems of education, and *nobody* waits for an invitation before '*giving forth*'. That *he* didn't is a great testimony to his personal humility, and his high regard for the teaching profession. But it goes further than that. I think it was a way of telling me that good teaching is not merely a matter of what one *has* (by way of knowledge or a few 'tricks of the trade'), or still less about one's capacity to '*give forth*', but about who one *is*.

Among the many occasions I heard him preach, one has stuck in my mind above all the others. It was at the beginning of a retreat, and he chose to preach using the prayer of St. Patrick: *Christ beside me, Christ before me, ...Christ within me ... Christ in every eye that may look at me, Christ in every ear that may hear me*. The devotion and intensity with which he repeated the words impressed me a lot at the time. It was a prayer that he didn't just say; he really wanted it to be true!

I think it was. In that sense, despite feeling a great sense of loss at his sudden and tragic death, I can't help seeing a happy coincidence in the fact that one who was so keen to live up to St. Patrick's words should end his journey on St. Patrick's soil.

[CD]

Looking Back

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

These stories are gathered from memories from over 25 years ago: they may well have grown in the telling.

Fiction may have been confused with fact but this has not been allowed to get in the way of a good story!

The first time I ever 'got sent' was when Neil Creighton forced us to own up for misbehaviour in Kenny's Maths class. In our first year, we were mainly in Room 1 and were next to where the new 6th form common room was being built. Consequently, there was a considerable amount of building material available and the room was close ankle deep in gravel by the end of the class. Since it was his form room, Nellie was upset and shamed, as I remember, about 17 of the more honourable/gullible of us into owning up. We formed a queue outside Spike's office and I happened to be somewhere about 7th or 8th in line. Although we only got 2 strokes each, this was enough for poor old Barney Nuttall who must have thought that the end of the line would be a safe bet. However, by the time he had seen a string of red faced, groaning fellow wrong doers passing him on their way to the toilets for a private blub, he'd lost his nerve completely (quite understandable) and was in tears before he'd even got close to the head of the queue. In future, be warned, it's best to get it over with!!

[PH]

We were the first year to leave en masse to go to VIth form college with no VIth form left at Aug's. "They" knew we were going to cause trouble and had a good idea - they let us assume we were going to finish at Friday lunchtime (ie we were going to get the afternoon off). But then, on Thursday afternoon, told us not to come in on Friday at all. It would have been a good idea had we stayed away from school. Unfortunately they gave us the whole of Friday to cause mayhem - which we did! one thing I remember was telephoning anyone we could think of who would send a van or lorry to the school (AA, RAC, Gas, Telecom, Dynarod etc). They all arrived at about the same time and caused Gridlock. Good cheap fun.

[PAF]

... "And that is the reason my end of school clearance form is not complete, sir"

One time sent I got sent to Spike was for fixing results in a peer-marked French vocab test. We had mutually rounded up the marks so as all three would pass. Later that day, the master apologised to two of the trio involved (the third being Andrew Matthews) ... "couldn't miss getting Matthews' son , you understand"! Nevertheless, we were guilty as charged and it was perfectly legitimate to punish all three of us.

[PJF]

As for the 2 Humphries... They had some parental French connections - I'm unsure what - and this resulted in them hosting a French exchange student who had the pleasure of attending one of Kenny's Maths classes. Perhaps in a fit of over exuberence, the host Humphries got into some carry on or other in the class which resulted in the French boy - Didier as I recall - getting on the end of at least a telling off if not a flying board duster from Kenny. (I'm trying to deal with the apochyphal story you understand and should never let the truth get in the way of a good story). Didn't do much for the Entente Cordiale

as I'm sure you understand.

[PH]

As I now sit here as a teacher at the end of a long, hot week in 2001, we are cautioned to be on guard regarding drawing attention to our students' shortcomings and to avoid embarrassing them at all. Perhaps Eric Taylor Morris might have borne this in mind before distributing the certificates to 1F for their Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music theory exam back in 1974:

In a fit of Political Correctness, the Associated Board had decided that all participants would receive a certificate regardless of whether they had passed (66 out of 99 as I remember) or failed (below 66). Those passing would receive a pink certificate whereas those failing would receive a blue one.

As Mr Morris made an Academy Award performance out of handing out the certificates, we could all see that there was one blue certificate at the bottom of the pile. Naturally, he started with the highest score and worked his way down. Although not all the class had sat the exam, all knew the significance of the different colour at the bottom of the pile. As each successful student was called forward to receive his certificate, there was obvious relief for him and an increase in tension for the remaining students. It eventually came down to it that the poor student who had failed was Anthony Jeffries ('giz a tot, Jeff') who, by the time he had to go up to the front of the class to receive his blue certificate was already in tears. Unfortunately, Jeff also had the reputation of being a pretty hot recorder player and had practised those passages we had to play at exam time every lunchtime and could rattle them off like Acker Bilk!!! It must have been terrible for poor ol' Jeff, but the rest of the class were pissing themselves with laughter and relief by the time he had to walk out the front to collect his certificate. Nothing like sensitivity when you're a teacher, eh?

[PH]

I was forced to practise the piano in school one summer, perhaps in 1978/9 because a neighbouring flat dweller, a casting director of Granada Television, felt persecuted by classical music.

As I sweated over Ravel, the Headmaster materialised beating a wonderfully refreshing 'John Collins'.

He was so anxious that I should not become dehydrated that another one soon followed.

[CKP]

Who remembers

- "stress testing"? - the merciless destruction of Kev Faure's bottle opener after weeks of work in metalwork room

- Ken Starkey being presented with a wine bottle for Christmas? He was so chuffed that even the perpetrators must have felt guilty- Mr Starkey would later find out that it was recorked and filled with water only!

[PJF]

Just a quick few memories of some things we did with a certain chemistry student teacher:

- A hushed chant, gradually increasing in volume until unable to be ignored any longer...

wolver'ampton, wolver'ampton wandres...
WOLVER'AMPTON, WOLVER'AMPTON WANDRES...

...

- When asked to name some metals, we each answered with the latin name whether or not appropriate, cuprum, plumbum, etc, with some rather strange inventions.

The REAL fountain experiment, following the broken tap and watershooting into the air, then all over the place when someone tried to stop the deluge by putting a stool over the broken pipe

Sorry I have to go now as lessons are due to start...

The master is here...

"SSTTTAAAAAANNNNNNNNNDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

[DK]

THIRD FORM

SUMMER EXAMINATIONS - FRENCH - TWO HOURS

All the questions should be answered.

1. Translate the following passage into English.

Par un beau matin de juillet, le bateau a quitté le petit port de Newhaven en route pour Dieppe. Le soleil brillait dans le ciel bleu, et les mouettes tournaient et plongeaient, tout en attrapant les morceaux de pain jetés par les passagers, qui mangeaient leurs sandwiches, lisaient leur journaux, se parlaient ou se promenaient sur le pont, en attendant d'arriver de l'autre côté de la manche.

Charles Higgins, assis dans le bar de bateau, un verre de Coca Cola à la main, était en train de lire, pour la deuxième fois peut-être, une lettre qu'il avait reçue juste avant de partir de Londres. C'était de son ami français, Julien sorel.

"Mon cher Charles,
Je t'écris en français parce que je fais de fautes si j'écris en anglais. Je serais à Paris mercredi prochain et j'attendrai le train de six heures à la gare St. Lazare. Tu me reconnaîtras assez facilement. J'aurai une pipe à la bouche et 'le Figaro' sous les bras. Je porterai des lunettes de soleil.
Laisse ton parapluie et ton blazer en Angleterre. Tu n'en auras pas besoin en France. Bon Voyage! Je te verrais mercredi soir.

Ton
Julien"

Charles a replié la lettre et l'a remise dans la poche intérieure de son veston. Par les fenêtres, il a jeté un dernier regard vers l'horizon, où la côte anglaise, avec ses grandes falaises blanches était toujours visible. Lentement, le bateau s'est dirigé vers le large.

. . . Thanks to Paul Fay

[more on website . . . < www.staugustines.org.uk/exams/ >](http://www.staugustines.org.uk/exams/)

Miscellaneous

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

Striped Sideways by Stan Cliffroade

Schooldays eh? You can't wait to leave, and then the old nostalgia bug starts to bite.

Here are some mysteries, some memories, and a little opinion - if you, like me, swing from nostalgic wallowing to cynical dismissal (and back again) of those times past, you will bear with me I hope.

Mystery 1

Spike, the Bossman, the Boss, the Monse - hero or monster?

Many of his staff hated him with a vengeance - witness the collection taken to commemorate his silver jubilee as a priest - the exact figure is somewhere in the old letters, but it was something like £39.50... from 35 staff. Even as a callow youth I recall thinking surely some bugger could have made it up to 40 quid, for God's sake!

He was of course a man of many parts - scholar, RAF bod, musician, manager, prelate of honour, drunk... who knew him? Low born clod of brute earth...or dearly ransomed soul?

"lone in the garden shade" he fought against mediocrity for his boys - his pitch to continue as Head of the Plessington monster became the stuff of legends in Crown Square, such was the eloquence and style, yet it was his ending. He was of course offered ways out - sabbatical in Rome, he turned down, a parish was beneath his talents, and he celebrated his expensive detox stays with gin and tonic on the train home - he was talented, driven and flawed - a mystery but not a monster. (Now, that thug who replaced him, he WAS)

Hero, I think, on balance.

Memory serves

"a la recherche du temps pairdu" as many would write following years of M. Thibault and his incomprehensible doings in France (wasn't language teaching merde?)...

I think Proust's character had his memories triggered by the taste of a biscuit or some such - R G Scrowston would know; biscuits do little for me in the way of memory (except maybe Bandits ... and Choc Orange Dainties...and Uniteds... and Montegos), but music is something else again.

I haven't heard or sung or read most of the Edwardian stuff we sang every morning, for decades, but it's still there, doctor, inside me....

"Ye boundless realms of joy.... Ye heavens above and clouds that move in liquid air"
"Time like an ever rolling stream, bears all its sons away, they fly forgotten as a dream"...

I'll bet *you* can complete it

There are dozens of the damn things - "in lowly pomp ride on to die", " loud organs his glory forth tell in deep tone", " who so beset him round", "love divine all loves excelling", "in lowly pomp ride on to die", "ransomed healed restored forgiven..."

- to say nothing of the Christmas lists, and of course the poetry and splendour of "for all the saints" with its golden evenings and yet more glorious days.....(Does anyone have a mobile phone tone download for this yet... webmaster??)

There they all are, waiting in some dusty cortex for Morris or Jessett, or on a face-like-thunder-where's-the-bastard-music-man day, Spike himself, to pound the keyboard once again.

Come on, is there anyone who can't recall *any* of the above -

Mystery 2

"Spoken English" - what WAS that?

No syllabus, no training, no feedback, no development - the same kids *always* got an E, everyone sat and chatted... self directed learning, free association, development by experience? - bollocks, personally I think someone was having a larf (not to be confused with Use of English, an odd sixth form exam of infinitesimal content and no detectable outcome on the other hand.....)

Memory surges

The turning of the year - that was something I can still taste, because the seasons were so marked by the long hours in school.

"that time it snowed" - not the slushy muck of often and again, but the fabulous deep and crisp and even stuff, I think it was circa 1970. Lunchtime ran on and on, a concession to boyish fun - it never happened again, just one or two days of winter joys

"hit it farther father" shouted the scallywags at the end of summer cricket match - remember the slope, the sky, red ants, the hot classrooms (particularly the ridiculous Lecture Dem. Room and adjacent class, facing south), the disgusting but welcome water from the taps in the bogs, the "shirt sleeve order" which followed on the "declaration of summer?"

"so here it is, merry Christmas, everybody's having fun" - the Christmas carols, school-made decos twinkling down the years, Spike pleasantly pissed and singing like a pithed frog, the choir a-singing, the frost on the way home - a little bit of Dickens come to Sharston Mount by Gatley town

Mystery 3

Dark days - who propped the ceramic toilet lid over the door so that the caretaker's wife was crippled, c. 1977 - even Harry Rigby went to his grave without solving that conundrum....?

Who smashed out onto the roof in 1976 and caused "charges to be brought" on an amazing number of lads in true "blunderbuss" sure- to- hit- the - right - one somewhere Augustine style?

Who rode the service lift for two floors (before it was disabled for ever around 1973)?

What was **very wrong** about the original chapel stained glass?

(Prize - a piece of the later glass for your very own!)

Memory 4

Calcium carbide affair

Those of you who recall some chemistry might remember this granular solid, which when wet would give off clouds of noxious and flammable acetylene gas.

How did it come to get in the inkwells of the desks in every ground floor class, where scamps would gob on it... and what was it doing in the sink in the chemistry lab in a lesson unrelated to organic chem, and who set fire to it?; who sprinkled it upon the open windows of Mr O'Mahoney's (God rest him) already unruly maths class, so that when closed against the rain, the whole fizzing stinking mess ran into the room...and who peppered poor Mr Starkey's balding head with the stuff, and watched him go out in the rain... Stan knows, but he ain't snitching!

Mystery machine

What happened to the following :

the artefacts taken from the school on the day Fr Stratton held an open evening circa 1986 - a few lads came and went, taking what was left of loose fittings of nostalgic value - were

you one of those lads on that October evening, if so, ring Nostalgiacrimestoppers or contact Webcop with the goods

the cine film of "our school day" - about 10 minutes of dire footage on real film, last heard of in the hands of the year of 1970, possibly at Greygarth Hall (beware the Opus bird my son); includes pictures of Chunky (Fr Austin "the Headmaster is a personal friend of mine" Smith, Fr Rog Callan, and *possibly* the blessed and holy man himself (Spike, that is, not Christ)

the bell they rang for Latin grace in the dining room - and can anyone remember that grace? " Benedice domine nos et dona tua" something something something....

That's all folks - but if it's nostalgia you're yearning for, point your turgid browsers at www.sterlingtimes.co.uk/nostalgia-overflow.htm, where you'll find Bleep and Booster, Dr Who, Robinson Crusoe, The Singing Ringing Tree, Follyfoot, Belle and Sebastian, Magic Roundabout, Animal Magic, Jackanory and a zillion more!

(Next time - "summer the first time - sex and drugs and rock and roll in Sharston"

"Stripes in my eyes - boys and staff perform school review 25 years too late"

"The strange case of the secret toilet" (no, not the one in Spike's office))

Stan

Classified

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

Serious and less serious adverts carried free of charge to friends of St Augustine's Grammar School.

Please submit to adverts@staugustines.org.uk

Situations Vacant

Sub-webmasters for entry years 1965-1968, 1970 1972 -1975.

The successful applicants should be able to create basic webpages. They should have enthusiasm to maintain updates and contact information on personal pages for their own year linked by a common index page. The ability to include JPG images would be advantageous but not essential. Suitable starting templates will be provided and their contributions will be seamlessly incorporated into the main website. The candidates should provide some webspace for this purpose without pecuniary implications.

Despite the overwhelming number of applicants for these posts, suitable candidates were not found for all entry years hence re-advertisement!

Applications to webmaster@staugustines.org.uk

[1971 and 1976 sub webmaster posts are now filled.]

Births Deaths and Marriages

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

[Births](#)

[Deaths Marriages Retirements](#)

Births

Suzannah and Jason Birch ('76) are pleased to announce the arrival of Conor - born at 11:35pm on the 27th April 2001 weighing in at 7 pounds 5 ounces.

Deaths

Gerald Sundquist - '66 entry (1993)

Movies: 'Boarding school' 1977, 'Boarding school for Sale' 1983, 'Meetings with Remarkable Men', 'Great Expectations', 'Hunchback', 'The Music Machine'

TV: 'Soldier and Me', 'The Mallens', 'Space:1999' (as Malic)

Stephen Meehan '71 entry (?1986)

David Waddington '67 entry (1968)

Marriages

18 August 2000 Stephanie Jay Rutherford m. Gerrard Thomas Start ('72)

Details and pictures on <http://www.startlife.co.uk/>

Retirements

Letters to Editor

[Stripes in Magenta](#)

Letters should be addressed to the [editor](#)

Dear sir,

that's brilliant. Well done. I hope you get a lot of positive feedback from others who appreciate your efforts too

Dave Espley

Dear Sir,

Absolutely fabulous!

Yours, Trevor Baglin

Dear sir,

Found the web-site and it brought back some happy memories. AND SOME NIGHTMARES! I was in the last intake of St. Augustines pupils before it went comprehensive. An old pal and I met on hols a few years ago, and sad as it seems we tried to recite the register for 1H. I told you it was sad, but in our defence it was alcohol induced!!.

Yours, Steve Law

Dear sir,

Many thanks for the news pack which rekindled many memories of both the school and the reunion in Stockport last year. As one of the founder staff members one saw many changes during the first nine years and then sadly the demise of the school in the '80s. I look forward

to hearing more news in future editions of 'Stripes in Magenta'.

Yours, Frank Whiteman

Dear sir,

Many Thanks for "Stripes in Magenta".

Very Good - Although shouldn't it be "...this great school" rather than "shabby and unworthy of ~~our~~ school"?

I will do my best to come to the '01 reunion.

The R.I.P. section is sad, but clearly very important.

Is there an Old Boys' scarf?

Yours, Gerard McG

Dear sir,

Greetings to those more than occasional colleagues, the Signora Valpolicella and the Commendatore Frascati

Yours, Kelvin Paisley

Dear sir,

What a great site!!!

Third picture in...Barrow, Bartlett, Beck, Bergin.....

Used to hang around the library playing the guitar with with Johnny Marr!!

Now a Human Resources Director!!

Yours, Steve (Jeff) Beck 1975 to 1980 (1L)

Dear sir,

...The newsletter was great by the way; a very enjoyable read...

Yours, Loz Tottle

Dear sir,

I recently looked again at the website and see how much more you have put on it. It is quite astonishing how much you have collected from the old days, and the new magazine is just in the same style, very funny and revives some old memories.

Yours, Damian Kenny

Dear sir,

many thanks for your contact and for the effort you've put into "stripes in magenta". I am currently compiling some listings for known contacts of my year (1972) and will provide you with details when complete...

Yours, Peter Oster

Dear sir,

It may have escaped the notice of the organisers that the timing of the Grand Reunion unfortunately coincides with the following anniversaries in German history:

- *Birthday of Martin Luther, (Nov 10) 1483*
- *Abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm II, (Nov 9)1918*
- *Hitler's Beer hall Putsch, Munich (Nov 9)1923*
- *The Kristallnacht, (Nov 9/10)1938*

- *The Collapse of the Berlin Wall, (Nov. 10/11)1989*

In view of the above, might it be better for correspondents to refrain from referring to it as the 'SA Grand Reunion'?

Yours, Chris Doran

"Stripes in Magenta" is best viewed in electronic format. Clicking on blue underlined links will take you to specified WWW page or another point within this news letter. Printed copies will not have this functionality.

Sadly, the Monsignor did not live to see the fruition of his work - "From the Headmaster" is, of course, entirely fictitious.

Please let the [editor](#) know if you do not wish to receive further issues.

If you are not on the distribution list and would like to be . . .
contact the [editor](#) with your email address

If you've enjoyed this issue, then keep it in press by submitting your contributions

These may include text, pictures, video and sound clips

Deadline for Michaelmas term issue: 21 September 2001

preferably by email to editor@staugustines.org.uk but if you've not yet moved into the 21st century:

Gorland, Old Scapa Rd, KIRKWALL, Orkney, KW15 1BB
or FAX 01856 870043 (Health Centre)

This news letter is produced in good faith but may contain inaccuracies.

Thanks to all those who have contributed.