

The Mitre 2008

Page 1	Simon Pott President OMA	Page 7	In the Spotlight Continued...	Page 12	Post School Adventure with Friends Continued Announcement
Page 2	Old Memories, New Sights	Page 8	A Crash with Mr Batchelor A Long Day	Page 14	Sincere Apologies Medical bulletin on Mike Smith Thank you
Page 3	More from Technical Support & Two Irish Engineers & a Blonde	Page 9	A Long Day Continued	Page 15	2007 OMA Reunion Weekend Good Progress for Jonathan
Page 4	Fish and Chips	Page 10	My Recollections of St Michaels School—Harold East	Page 16 & 17	2008 Reunion Weekend
Page 5	Fish and Chips Continued...	Page 11	Chairman's Report Remembering Thomas Orr	Page 18	Editorial
Page 6	In the Spotlight—Rachel Goldby	Page 12	Post School Adventure with Friends	Page 19	2008 OMA Reunion Weekend Form

Simon Pott—President—OMA

Following the huge attendance at the 2006 OMA Reunion, it was only to be expected that 2007 would be rather smaller. But it was still a very successful Reunion weekend and we were delighted to greet a number of Old Michaelians who had not returned to NW Norfolk in the last 40 years and it was very good to meet with them all again.

The Old Michaelian Association is approaching another milestone in 2009. I hope that all of you will find it appropriate to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the man who was my Father and your Headmaster. I consider the tribute that you pay to him and to all other members of staff, by attending the annual OMA Reunion weekend, to be a wonderful example of what education is all about. St. Michael's School may not have been an academic hothouse but it produced a remarkable group of people and the fact that the School closed so long ago, and yet it is still celebrated by so many, is a rare example that goes well beyond 11+, Common Entrance, 'O' Levels, GCSE's, 'A' Levels and even Degrees.

Do you realise that St. Michael's School had the highest percentage of those pupils who were qualified to drive when they left School of any other academic establishment in the known World? When you appreciate that this was a School driven by a man who had never passed a test himself, you have to marvel at how it all worked and the affection in which it was held.

*I therefore look forward to seeing you all at the end of October at the **Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton** and for those of you who cannot attend this year please make a special note in your 2009 diary and try and join us all for what I expect will be a Very Special Event.*

Very Best Wishes

Simon



The unexpected is always the most welcome. So is the case of our first article written by one of our Aussie folk from the Outback. This is most fitting since the theme to 'The Mitre' this year is The World and I will be including articles from all over the World. It is, therefore, a huge WELCOME to our dear friend David Winter. Take it away David.....

Old Memories, New Sights...

In the last six years I have made the long trek from Australia to the UK three times.....

Three times I jammed my largesse frame into airline seats designed for people who would be considered as anorectic by the fashion industry. Nodding sweetly at the Air Hostess when she asks, *"Is your seat belt done up?"*, with luck, I may just breath in enough by the time we reach Hong Kong to get it fastened for landing. On to London, then its time to get off the aircraft and spend half the holiday attempting to get out of the airport. I try to cut it down to a third as one needs the other half of the holiday to go through the reverse procedure.

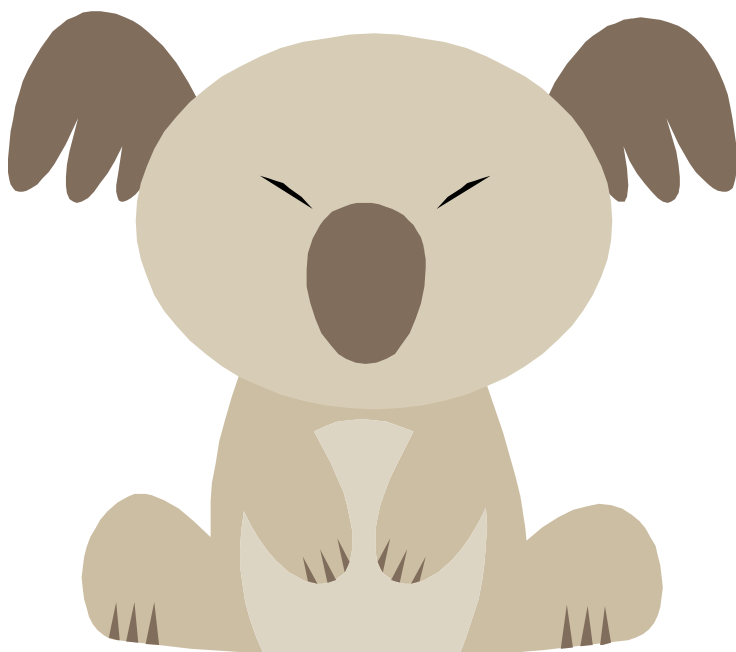
Why? Or to put it as my Aussie friends would say, *"Struth, you must be a few kangaroos short in the paddock (mad). All that bloody way to go for dinner! What's wrong with McDonalds in town?"*. I explain that it is a family Reunion as I join my brothers and sisters who were part of the great eccentric phenomenon that was, and is, St. Michael's School. Next year I plan to do the trip once more. God, and wide bodied seats in the 21st century mega jets willing.

Things in Australia have changed somewhat for myself and Vera. We have moved to a strange little village called **Wattle Flat**. Very historical and often hysterical. It is an old gold mining area which, at its peak, had a population of 35,000 people, mostly miners digging for gold. That was in the 1860's. We now have a population of just over 200 and a very large chunk of them are eccentric Poms! Wonderful!! As an Old Michaelian I fit right in. We live in a wattle and daub cottage built c1860 (old for Australia) and we have walls of different heights within the same room and, indeed, on the same wall, built by rule of thumb and considering that over all of these years the cottage has survived, having had everything that both nature and man has thrown at it (Madcap?) we love the old place to bits. Very peaceful and just amazing to sit on the verandah and watch the roos bound across the paddock, the galahs and cockatoos in the trees and the dog being chased by a blue tongue lizard across the garden as the sun sets over the mountains. Who needs the 21st century?

I was going to write about what it was like to return to England having spent the last 40 years in Australia and like most people, who have a 40 year old vision of what they remembered, my memories were shot to pieces by the pace of change I came across. It was with a real sense of sadness that I found everything had changed so much and I could not, for example, find my way around Heacham. *(Don't worry about it David. It happens to us all. Ed.)* I kept looking for familiar things from my youth and they had long gone, like the Pier at Hunstanton. One thing that was constant was the love and fellowship that I and my wife received from all of you during our last visit to Norfolk. Long may the family of Old Michaelian's continue to flourish and meet together and, who knows, maybe even the descendants of Old Michaelian's may gather in the 22nd century at the Le Strange Arms Hotel. See you all next year.

Best Regards to you all from Australia

*David McMahon-Winter
(Chris Winter 1963 – 1966)*



More from Technical Support

Customer: *"Hi, this is Celine. I cannot get my diskette out of the computer.*

Tech Supp: *"Have you tried pushing the button?"*

Customer: *"Sure, it seems to be really stuck"*

Tech Supp: *"That does not sound good. I'll make a note.*

Customer: *"Whoops! Wait a minute. Here it is still on my desk!"*

OooooooooooooO

Customer: *"I have some problems printing in red. Can you help?"*

Tech Supp: *"Do you have a Colour Printer?"*

Customer: *"Aaaah! Thank you"*

OooooooooooooO

Tech Supp: *"Okay Bob. Let's press the Control and Escape keys at the same time. That brings up a task list in the middle of the screen. Now, type the letter 'P' to bring up the Programme Manager"*

Customer: *"I don't have a 'P'"*

Tech Supp: *"On your keyboard Bob"*

Customer: *"What do you mean?"*

Tech Supp: *"'P'on your keyboard, Bob"*

Customer: *"I'm not going to do that"*

OooooooooooooO

Two Irish Engineers and a Blonde

*Two Irishmen were standing at the base of a flagpole, looking up.
A blonde walks by and asked what they were doing.*

Paddy: "We're supposed to find the height of this flagpole, but we don't have a ladder".

The blond took a spanner from her purse, loosened a few bolts and laid the flagpole down. She pulled a tape measure from her pocket, took a few measurements and announced that it was eighteen feet and six inches.

She then walked off.

Mick said: "Now, to be sure, isn't that just like a blonde! We need the height and she gives us the length"



'I told you this would be a roller coaster of a ride from all corners of the World. Well, this time we travel west and into the depths of the United States of America. One of our regular contributors to 'The Mitre' is Mike Smith and I am delighted to publish this professionally written and exciting account of a recent trip that Mike and Shirley made visiting nearly every State in America!!' JW

FISH AND CHIPS

It all started about eighteen months ago when a Mr Bob Looper from Houston, Texas, contacted the National Federation of Fish Fryers explaining that he was an amateur chef who liked to experiment with authentic dishes from all over the World. So, the NFFF forwarded on to Bob Looper my telephone number and email address.

Bob and I have had many conversations since then and my wife Shirley and I decided that it would be fun to drive out from Florida to Texas to demonstrate how Fish Frying should be done properly.

With my trusted portable Fish Fryer safely stowed in the trunk of the car, Shirley and I started the two day drive towards Texas.

This was going to be a marathon of a trip but I also hoped it would be thoroughly enjoyable and enable us to visit and see other parts of the USA that, up until now, we had not had the opportunity to visit.

On our first day of travelling we very nearly made it across the Florida State Line.....but not quite!

Day two and we were up and about early so as to make as early a start as possible. Our mission for Day Two was to put as many miles behind us as possible and so we only saw glimpses of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana before we eventually crossed the Texas State Line.

Day Three and this is where our 'working' vacation would start for proper. After the previous two days of travelling, the journey across to Houston was a doddle and, it being Saturday, we decided to take a peek at the Houston Space Centre. Established as the Manned Spacecraft Centre in 1961, the Lyndon B Johnson Space Centre is responsible for the design, development and operation of human space flight. The MSC opened in 1963 with Gemini IV and became a hub of activity as the Gemini programme ended and the Apollo programme gained momentum. We thoroughly enjoyed our visit but came away still preferring our Kennedy Space Centre in Florida.

Later that day we met up with Bob Looper and his wife at a typical Texas BBQ Restaurant and we experienced at first hand true Texas hospitality. We stayed at Bob's house for two nights and on the Sunday I went to work preparing a feast of a meal for approximately twelve people involving traditional Fish and Chips made from my well trusted and tried recipe. It all turned out to be a huge success and both Shirley and I retired to bed that night with huge grins across our faces.

Before we said our 'Goodbyes' to our hosts, we were presented with a basket of culinary 'goodies' to remind us of our first visit to Texas including a packet of crisps that will make a heart stopping moment later on during our vacation.

We had no further plans for our vacation so we decided to follow the sun!

San Antonio was a relatively short drive so we headed out of Houston and we were strangely attracted towards the Alamo.

Originally named Mision San Antonio de Valero, the Alamo served as home to missionaries and their Indian converts for nearly 70 years. Construction began on the present site in 1724. A short distance out of San Antonio is the small town of Brackettville that is home for approximately 1700 residents. Brackettville has another claim to fame because a complete replica of the Alamo has been built and has been used by movie makers many times as a purposeful site to capture on film those wonderful old Westerns, the most famous being the Alamo starring John Wayne.

One of the most rewarding aspects of travelling without a plan is that you are able to make decisions on the move and not have to answer to anyone. On our next day our intention was to drive towards El Paso but this plan changed as soon as we reached another town called Del Rio which is a border town between Texas and Mexico.

If visitors wish to drive a car in Mexico it is necessary to obtain additional Insurance and because we did not carry this Insurance we were prevented from driving across the border. But, there was nothing to stop us from walking across the border so we parked the car and walked across the Rio Grande and into Ciudad Acuna. To our astonishment we were waved across the border and our Passports were not even checked. Ciudad Acuna is a sleepy little border town. It's claim to fame is that in 1995 it became a Film Set for the making of 'Desperado' starring Robert Rodriguez. We did not spend too much time in Ciudad Acuna because there was not much to see. We tentatively viewed a few Restaurants with an objective of sampling the Mexican food but we found it difficult to choose because we did not understand a single word of Spanish. We did eventually choose somewhere to eat. To this day neither of us are totally sure what we actually ate! All I can tell you is that we became confused with the menu prices advertised and expecting to pay approximately \$44 per meal we only realised when we received the Bill that the actual cost was only \$4.40! It may have been very easy to get into Mexico but trying to get back out and across the Rio Grande to retrieve our car back on the USA side of the border was not quite as straight forward. We were both 'grilled' for approximately 30 minutes before we were able to persuade them that we did not carry guns or drugs and all we wanted to do was get back across the border to continue our vacation. Phew!

Our next port of call was a place called Roswell, New Mexico. This place has an interesting past and attracts all kinds of visitors who are curious about its past like us. On or around Independence Day 1947, during a severe thunderstorm near Roswell, an Air Force experiment using high altitude balloons blew apart and fell to Earth. UFO enthusiasts flock to Roswell each and every 4th July to celebrate the day when an Alien Spaceship crashed to Earth. The 'assumed' crash site was on the Foster Ranch 75 miles north of Roswell and already there exists a healthy appetite for UFO enthusiasts with shops and museums in a similar fashion to the way that Scotland attracts huge numbers of visitors to Loch Ness. Me? I don't believe a word of it!!

Our next stopover was Denver Colorado. We have friends living in Denver and we had been invited to stay over. The driving was good and with very little other traffic on the road we were able to make good progress. With so much empty road to drive on, we totally forgot to check on the fuel levels of the car and as I slept and Shirley drove neither of us realised how low on fuel we were. My calculations told me that we had another 65 miles to travel to the nearest town and the on-board GPS was telling us that we had enough fuel for a further 60 miles. Oh dear! We attempted to conserve fuel whenever possible by cruising down hills and trying to climb up the next. It all became very technical! Eventually the inevitable was reached when the fuel gauge showed *EMPTY*. We just about made the brow of yet another hill and as we started to descend, there in front of us was a sight to warm the cockles. Yes.....a Gas Station.

We slept well that night and we were rewarded the following morning by being served a wonderful breakfast by our Denver hosts that would sustain us for the highlights of the day.

Denver is built approximately one mile high at altitude and as we drove out towards the Rockies we climbed even higher. Eventually we read a sign telling us that we were 12,000ft above sea level and no sooner had we passed this sign when there was a loud 'BANG!' from inside the car. Yes, you've guessed it, the bag of crisps had exploded!!

On towards Mesa Verde National Park. The Park was established by Congress as a National Park on 29 June 1906 to preserve the archaeological sites which 'Pre-Columbian Indians' built on the mesa tops and in the alcoves of a score of rugged canyons. Approximately 600 of these are cliff dwellings and only a few of these sites have been excavated.

Onward towards the southwestern USA to a place known as Four Corners. There is a survey point and Monument at the intersection of four US States, namely Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. Because the Four Corners is part of the high Colorado Plateau, it is often a centre for weather systems which stabilize on the plateau. This weather system creates snow and rainfall on the central part of the USA.

We decided to attempt a circular route visiting as many States and places of interest as possible and always expecting to find our way back to Denver. With brief visits to New Mexico, Arizona and Utah we felt we were beginning to achieve some of our objectives. But before we set our sights back towards Denver we took a little diversion towards Monument Valley.

Monument Valley provides, perhaps, some of the most enduring images of the American West. The isolated red mesas and buttes surrounded by empty sandy desert have been filmed and photographed countless times over the years for movies, adverts and holiday brochures.

Our trip back towards Denver was spectacular, driving well above sea level and experiencing the incredible vista of snow topped mountains all around us. We did stop to sample one of the many hot springs that are a natural feature of this area before finally arriving back in Denver.

A dear friend of our's offered to drive us up to Pikes Peak and the only way of reaching this landmark is to experience one of the highest roads in the USA. It amazed us both that, throughout the whole of this journey, we did not see one single safety barrier. We did come across a 'Comfort Stop' but since the small cubicle was perched right on the edge of a cliff, any immediate necessity seemed to disperse! Arriving at the summit of Pikes Peak we soon realised how high we must be because the air was very thin and it was important to conserve energy. Pikes Peak is the most visited mountain in North America and the second most visited mountain in the World behind Japan's Mount Fuji. It forms a stunning backdrop for Colorado Springs and the Garden of the Gods. At an altitude of 14,110ft above sea level, Pikes Peak is the highest peak out of 54 Colorado peaks. Between the months of April and December tourists can board a Cog Railroad, to save the legs, over a distance of 8.9 miles. It did occur to us while at the top of Pikes Peak, and remembering the exposive effect that was created by the crisp packet, what might happen to an empty plastic water bottle on the way down the mountain!!

And so our mammoth adventure was coming to an end and we knew that it was time to head east once more back towards the State of Florida and home. But we simply could not leave this region without taking a glimpse at Kansas and Dodge City.

We can all recall the exciting and wonderful movies introducing us to such characters as Marshal Matt Dillon, Wyatt Earp and Bill Tilghman. Dodge City is a pure definition of the West....a gateway to history that began with the opening of the Santa Fe Trail in 1821. This great commercial route between Franklin Missouri and Santa Fe New Mexico brought great wealth to the region and much much more besides

Our final route took us south towards Oklahoma and Dallas. Who could not stop over in Dallas to marvel and remember those iconic visions of episode after episode of JR Ewing and all of the Ewing family in that never to be forgotten TV series 'Dallas'. Visiting the Southfork Ranch and taking a visitors tour around the house gave us both a real buzz. I was very nearly persuaded to buy a Stetson but was advised against it just in time!

All in all this has been such an exciting trip for us both which began with the receipt of an email from the NFFF and our decision to travel several thousand, miles with our portable Fish Fryer, to demonstrate to the uneducated how true British Fish and Chips should taste.

I hope you have enjoyed the description of our adventure. We thoroughly enjoyed every moment of our trip and I hope you have enjoyed reading all about it.

Best Wishes

Mike & Shirley Smith

I am sitting in the delightful house of Rachel and David Golby in Harrogate. If I were completely honest, I could tell you that Rachel and I are confined to the kitchen while David takes a little afternoon nap in front of the TV! It is only 2pm!! Whatever next?

In The Spotlight—RACHEL GOLDBY



JW The first question I want to ask you, Rachel, is where were you born?

RG I was born in Brixton, South London

JW So, where were you brought up?

RG I was in London until I was seven months old, then I spent some time in the National Children's Home in Cheshire until I was three years old and after that I was adopted and moved to Bingley, Yorkshire with my 'new' parents.

JW Tell me about your real Mother

RG Well, I do not know a lot about her. I have a sister and I have a younger brother who I have never met. All I can tell you is that my sister was kept by my Mother and my brother and I were sent for adoption. As I told you, I do not know too much about my Mother except that I have always thought about her as being a strong lady and circumstances after the war were so difficult because my Father was a Canadian Officer and he presumably returned to Canada and my Mother lost all contact with him.

JW So, tell me about your adopted parents.

RG My Father was a vicar and both parents spent quite a lot of time in India. They had two sons. Afterwards they adopted me. My Father was a Parish priest serving the community of Bingley, near Bradford. He spent many years in Bingley as vicar. I was sent to the National School in Bingley for approximately one term at the age of four and by the time I was four and a half I was sent to boarding school in Ambleside. I was desperately unhappy about these arrangements and this feeling of discomfort and unhappiness stayed with me for many years until I was eventually sent to St. Michael's School in Norfolk.

JW What were the circumstances that led your parents to choose St. Michael's School?

RG They had heard good reports via a friend that St. Michael's School was an ideal school for tackling and educating awkward children or should I say children who were difficult to cope with.

JW Did you genuinely believe you fitted into that category?

RG Oh yes, oh yes! Matters came to a head whereby my Mother had threatened to send me back to London and it is important to say at this point that it was Mr Pott who was my saving grace.

JW So how old were you when you were sent to St. Michael's School?

RG I first walked over the threshold of St. Michael's School in 1960 at the tender age of 14 years.

JW What were your first impressions?

RG Of a man who was very tall and who boomed at everything and everyone and who was, to me, a little bit frightening. But I settled in very quickly. I remember very vividly being at Ingoldisthorpe holding basket full of uniforms etc.

JW When I asked you about your first impressions, immediately Mr Pott came into your mind.

RG Like I told you, I settled down at my new school very quickly. I enjoyed the routine and I thoroughly enjoyed going to church every morning before the beginning of the school day. The only place that I did not enjoy at that time was boarding at The Beeches, West Winch where I was looked after by Mrs Clark. I did not like the place at all but the time that I spent at school made up for this because I thoroughly enjoyed every aspect of the school day. Then I met and got to know Mrs Bone and Miss Bone and a new interest came into my life.....MUSIC.

JW Did you find the St Michael's School a little frightening and were you overawed by the level of discipline?

RG On the contrary. I felt very comfortable and at the same time the school created a great release for me as a young girl. I felt a sense of freedom and I was treated as an equal by everyone around me. I was no longer living in my Mother's shadow and I knew I would not have to go to Huyton College where my Mother was once Head Girl. So, St. Michael's, for me, was a wonderful release.

JW After you settled in at your new school, what became the most important aspect of school life?

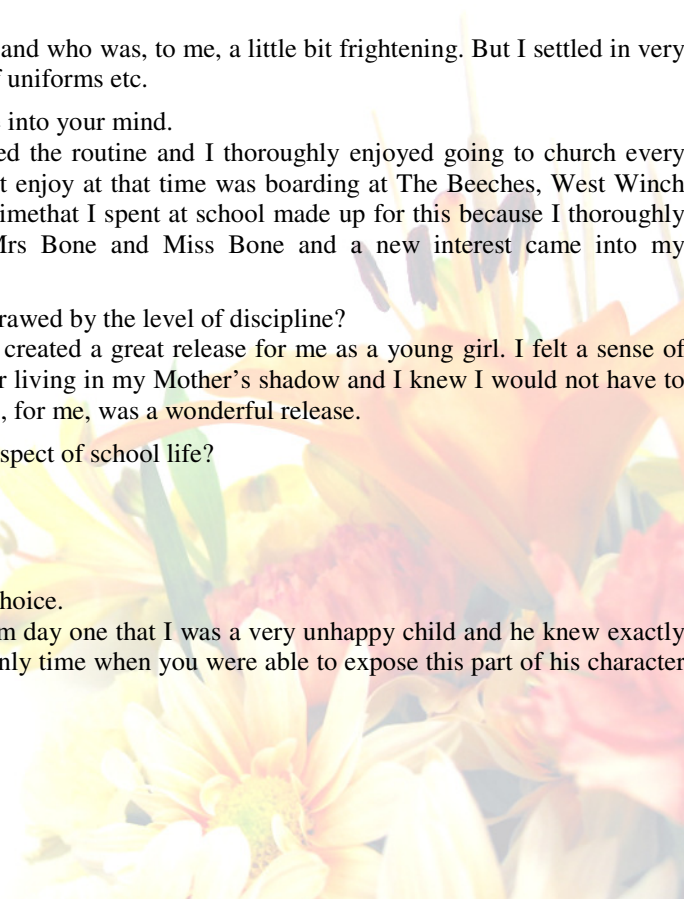
RG The happiness and contentment.

JW What three members of staff had the most effect on you at St. Michael's?

RG The Headmaster, Miss Bone and Michael White

JW Well, Rachel, I think our Readers will require a little explanation to your choice.

RG The Headmaster was a very astute and knowledgeable man. He knew from day one that I was a very unhappy child and he knew exactly how to cope with unhappy children. He was a very dear, caring man and the only time when you were able to expose this part of his character was when you were able to talk to him on a one to one basis.



JJW So to your second choice of teacher

RG Miss Bone introduced me to and taught me music. I loved every minute of it. This is probably going to come as quite a surprise to everyone but Miss Bone and I became firm friends and we got on like a 'house on fire'. Miss Bone was very protective and many a time when I was steering straight towards extreme trouble with the Headmaster, she would suddenly call me in for extra music lessons. Our friendship lasted for many years and she was so patient with me and never shouted at me once or became cross with me. She was probably the first person in my life who took the trouble to sit me down and discuss all manner of subjects with me as an equal. The music I loved. Miss Bone taught me the piano and carefully guided me through the various grades.

W Would it be a fair assumption that Mary Bone became your Mentor?

RG Yes, it would. Later Mary Bone became friends with Martha Wase and when Martha entered my life she took up the 'Mother' role instantly. Because Mary and Martha became such great friends I found such unknown friendship that I had not experienced in my life up 'til then.

JW Your third choice was Michael White

RG Michael White, from day one, understood me. Totally understood me. Where I was coming from and where I wanted to go. He spent so much time teaching me right from wrong.

JW This interview is becoming more and more interesting since there appears to be a common theme running through your early life that could be summed up in one word.....TRUST. Would I be right?

RG I trusted everyone at St. Michael's. But it is true to say that I trusted the Headmaster, Mary Bone and Michael White so much more than anyone else. I put my heart and soul into trying to be as perfect a person for them because they all understood me and they all had faith in me. This was something I had never ever experienced before.

JW What school subjects interested you?

RG English with Michael White. Music with Mary Bone and I can remember sitting in on music lessons with Jonathan Russell.

JW Was there any other people who helped you through your time at school?

RG By this time I had got to know Mrs Richardson (Ricky) and the highlight of every weekend was to visit Ricky's house in Ingoldsthorpe and watch Saturday afternoon Wrestling on the TV. Then it was a short hop across the road to the Village Hall for the regular Saturday evening Film Show.

JW What about academic successes for you?

RG Well, a little thin on the line, as they say! But having said that, I achieved so much during my time in Norfolk and if academic qualifications were a little bit short of the mark what I did learn was how to achieve self confidence and hold my head high. Not only that but I learned what life was all about.

JW Tell me a bit about life after St. Michael's

RG I travelled to Switzerland with my parents and worked with children in a Refugee Children's Home for six months. When I returned back to the UK I was appointed as a Nanny to Derek Ibbotson and his wife looking after their children until I was old enough to apply for Nursing College. Without a doubt, the self confidence I had achieved attending St. Michael's School helped me enormously. My parents wanted me to take up a music career but, at that time, I had no interest in taking my interest in music any further. Since the day I left St. Michael's my dream was to pursue a career in Nursing. My objective was to gain my qualifications to become a State Registered Staff Nurse as a Children's Nurse. I did achieve my qualifications and towards the end of my training I suddenly decided to get married. We were blessed with the birth of our first child, Benedict, and soon after Benedict was born I resumed my training towards achieving my main objective. I did finish my training and then our second child, Nikki arrived. That probably was not the brightest thing to do so soon after qualifying but that was that. At least I had the qualifications and experience to look after my two children and as soon as it was practical to do so, I returned to Nursing working part-time. Sadly, my marriage ended in divorce and soon afterwards I met David and we married in 1970 and had Josephine and Wil.

JW Your involvement in helping to run the Old Michaelian Association covers a number of years and everyone knows how committed to are to keeping the Association 'afloat' for as long as possible. Why is the OMA so important to you?

RG Because it gives me so much pleasure to have so many friends in life and most of those friendships were formed through St. Michael's School. I always wanted to keep in contact with as many of my friends as possible. I was always interested to know what my friends were doing in their lives, who was marrying who, how many children they had. But most of all, I wanted to maintain a strong friendship with Mr Pott and his family and all of the people who had made my life attending St. Michael's School. This was, without doubt, the happiest time of my life and our Association has enabled me to achieve all of this and much more. When I eventually met and married David I received so much support and understanding from Mr Pott who was so pleased that, at long last, I had decided to settle down and this in itself encouraged David and I to continually bring the whole family back to Norfolk as often as possible.

JW Was Mr Pott a Father figure?

RG Without a doubt. The children knew that Mr Pott was a very 'BIG' person in my life, as did David, and as such they all became very fond of him as well and looked forward to meeting with him whenever we visited Norfolk.

JW Lastly, what thoughts do you have about the future of the OMA?

RG Over the next 5 – 10 years OMA Membership will inevitably drop off a little bit. But let us always remember that each and every year a group of Old Michaelian's continue to be drawn back to Hunstanton every October. We all know each other extremely well and when we do meet we are able to resume our friendships with ease even though some months have lapsed since we last met. That is true friendship. I really do feel that I could turn to any Old Michaelian in the knowledge that if I needed help and support it would be offered without hesitation. That is what St. Michael's School gave to each and everyone of us.

RG My next real wish is that an enormous number of Old Michaelian's will make the effort to join us all in Hunstanton in October 2009 and help the Pott family, of which we are part of, celebrate the centenary of the birth of Roger Percival Pott. It is worth celebrating and we all know he would be so proud of us all.

JW Rachel, on behalf of all Old Michaelian's.....THANK YOU.

A Crash with "Mr Bachelors' Car!!"



I was riding my new Raleigh cycle to school one morning in the rain. Mr Batchelor was driving his daughter Anita to school as well. Unfortunately, I was not looking where I was going, took the corner too sharply and landed on the bonnet of Mr Batchelor's car.

Mr Batchelor was not angry with me in fact he was surprised that I had not hurt myself. Later, my Father said to me that I should not have been taking a blind corner like that. Barry Pettit also told me that it was a good job it was Mr Batchelor's car and not a Norfolk farmer's tractor because I would have received a much worse reception. (The last three words are my interpretation of what I think he meant but I get the drift).

Roger Pott very kindly let me take my damaged cycle back to Heacham on the double-decker bus and Rodney Crowfoot was acting Conductor on that day. I took the damaged cycle straight to 'Wallies' Cycle Shop in Heacham where they were able to straighten out the damaged frame (something that would never be done today because it would have been considered a write-off).

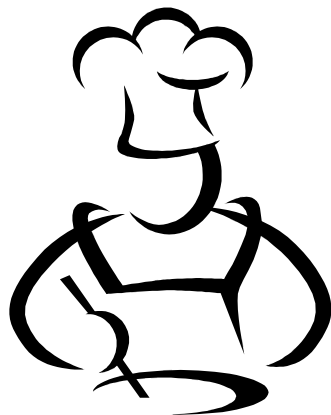
I must have collided with Mr Batchelor's car with some force because the car was stationary at the time. This all happened over 50 years ago and it is amazing to realise the changes that have taken place with the design of cycles, the design of cars and other road vehicles and the changes that have happened to general road design and lay-out.

Best Wishes

Robin Adams (1957 – 1960)

Down Memory Lane....a long lane!!!

When I started my research into the Wagg family last year, I had no idea what I had let myself in for in terms of collating and understanding the make-up of the man, Terence Wagg, his Bakery business and probably more importantly the family. From time to time my memory jolts me back in time, maybe because of an event, a one to one meeting with an old friend or maybe just one of those moments that most of us experience as we grow older.....just remembering.



Probably like you, I still remember huge chunks of my school life and the people who made my time spent at St. Michael's so special. Wagg the Baker was certainly one of those people even though throughout the six years I spent at school in Norfolk I never remember actually meeting the man. I do, however, remember the impact he, and his business, had on me. For example, during the winter months of 1957/58 NW Norfolk suffered an enormous snow fall and those of us who boarded at The Shooting Lodge found ourselves marooned and we were ordered by the Headmaster to "stay put". Terrific. No school! How disappointing was that? To our rescue came Terry Wagg hauling a huge supply of freshly baked hot bread up from his shop in Heacham to The Shooting Lodge. We ate like Lords that day and the taste, the smell and the sheer enjoyment has stayed with me ever since.

Before I go any further with this article, I would like to offer a huge word of 'THANKS' to **Frank Dixon and Robin Batchelor** who have helped me understand and appreciate what

Terence Wagg meant to the people of Norfolk and especially to the people of Docking. When I mentioned at the 2007 AGM that I was hoping to start some research into the Wagg family and the Wagg business I was immediately approached by **Frank Dixon** who offered to help in whichever way he could. I took up this offer from Frank and on a crisp sunny winter's morning earlier this year we met at Docking Church and spent the best part of the day researching Wagg the Bakery and this article is the result.

Terence Rowland Wagg, born in 1902 and died in 1973. In Docking Church there is a beautiful stained glass window installed in memory to Terry Wagg and when I was first shown this window I began to wonder about the status of this gentleman and what he meant to the villagers of Docking. Terry Wagg came from a long list of Master Bakers and I suppose it was inevitable that he would take up the reigns of the business started by his Grandfather Joseph Wagg back in 1883. Joseph's Great Grandson, Roger Wagg has since restored Great Bircham Tower Mill and his Grandson Stevie Chalmers now runs a thriving educational and tourist business at Great Bircham.

Down Memory Lane.....Continued

During my short stay in Docking with **Frank Dixon** I was given the opportunity to view the original Factory site in Docking where the Wagg Empire started to flourish. The building itself is now gone but in front of the site is Terry Wagg's original stone cottage where he lived with his family. The more I got to know this man the more I became to realise that here was a man who was not only a gentleman but also he had a head for business. In the village of Docking he built a purpose built Bakery installing some of the most modern machinery of the day. Not only that, but Terry employed a large chunk of Docking people to work at the Bakery and not only that but he also built and/or purchased property for his workers to live in and rented them as Tied Cottages. Now, I am not too sure whether this would have been before the idea of Tied Cottages became a fashionable idea but without a doubt it was a very innovative step and one that was, apparently, well accepted by his workforce.

The new Bakery was sited immediately behind the Wagg family home and only a stones throw from the original Bakery site. It provided ample room to expand the Bakery and provided modern methods for the delivery of grain and other essential materials as well as a well proven loading bay at the front of the Bakery. He expanded his business from Docking and opened shops in Heacham and Hunstanton where he recognised an opportunity to expand even further and provide refreshments for his customers in the shops.

Frank Dixon recalls that during the time he was attending the Marine College at South Shields he would be keen to find some sort of work during holiday times. He approached Terry Wagg for some work and was immediately offered work as a Van Delivery man. Frank explained that the vans were loaded up with bread products at the beginning of each day and his job was to travel to as many villages as possible, knocking on people's doors selling the fresh products straight from his basket. Other times Frank was asked by Terry Wagg to deliver a full van load of bread products directly to the Sculthorpe Air Base.

Robin Batchelor remembers the cheese rolls on a Saturday morning and the scrummy fresh doughnuts. (*shame on you, Robin. Ed*)

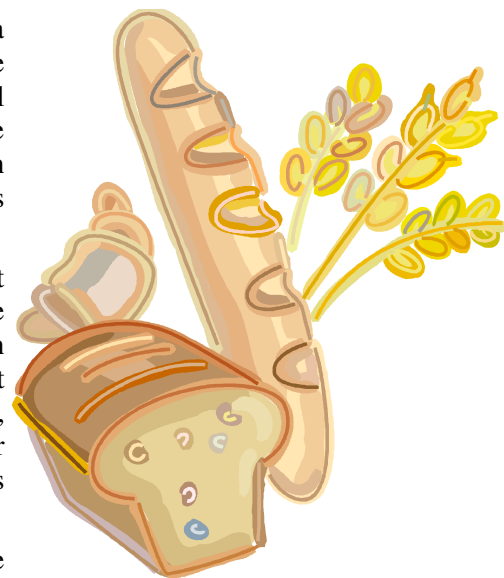
Modern aspects to the manufacture of bread products were introduced into the new Bakery and whereas much of the original bakery work was heavily demanding on a hands-on system, the new Bakery provided a much more modern approach and introduced huge, long ovens and a conveyor belt, an automatic bread slicer and an automatic bread wrapper. Having said all of that, there was still the need for specialised cake decorating and all of this work was undertaken by trained staff on site.

As far as I can establish, Terry Wagg had two sons and two daughters. There is a thought that both sons may have attended St. Michael's School although only Patrick Wagg is listed within the School Register to have attended as a Day Boy between 1946 – 1950. However, I am reliably informed that Roger Wagg did attend the school with his brother, although why Roger is not listed on the School Register I do not know. The elder daughter, Monica, moved to live in Canada where she became a Financial Advisor to the Canadian Government. There is also another fascinating link to St. Michael's in that both **Ian Batchelor, Barry (Charlie) Batchelor and Robin Batchelor** are cousins to the Wagg family. Related through marriage due to the fact that Ian, Barry and Robin's Mother was the sister of Terry's wife, Dorothy.

So, the links between Wagg the Bakery and St. Michael's School were very strong throughout the 1950's and the 1960's and we all enjoyed the various bread products that arrived on site. My recollections of the various sports events throughout the year lead me to believe that visiting teams were sometimes more attracted to visit Ingoldisthorpe and Heacham because of the magnificent bounty of 'goodies' that would be available after the match or at teatime during a Cricket Match. I also remember the Headmaster giving strict instructions to the Home Team to stand back and allow the Visitors first choice!!

During my short visit to Docking this year, Frank and I drove the short distance from the church to view the original site of the Wagg Bakery and, there set adjacent to the site, still stands the 'New' Bakery now converted into a Seed Production Factory. As Frank and I stood in the Car Park of the building while Frank explained to me the original lay-out of the building, we noticed that our presence was being keenly observed by people at the windows. Eventually we were approached by a lady who politely asked us our business and when we explained our interests we were invited into the building for a look around. The lady in question was Angela Hammond and it became clear as time went on that both Frank and Angela used to work together at the Wagg Bakery. We were given the complete tour and much of the original Bakery is still visible, although all of the equipment is now long gone.

I hope you have enjoyed this attempt to recall some of the memories of Wagg the Baker. There is obviously far more to this story and maybe some of you will have memories attached to Wagg's that you can share with us all. My sincere thanks to Frank and Robin for their time and help with this project and if you are able to and wish to know a little more about Great Bircham Towermill, have a look at the following Web Site, www.norfolk Mills.co.uk



'It is a pity that I do not have a photograph of Harold to accompany this splendid article. I made contact with Harold towards the end of last year and I am so pleased that he has reacted so positively and contributed to 'The Mitre' this year. "Welcome back, Harold" JW

My Recollections of St Michael's School—BY Harold East

I arrived in Canterbury at the age of 10 years having emigrated from Canada in 1957 with my family comprising of my parents, my brother and my sisters. I attended the Wincheap Primary School for two terms before gaining a place at the Canterbury Cathedral Choir School in the summer of 1958. Jonathan Russell, who was already a chorister at the Cathedral and lived quite close by, offered to lead me on our bikes to the Cathedral for my first choir practice. Jonathan was also destined to take me up to St. Michael's School a few years later.

I sang at the Cathedral for approximately three years and in my last term I led the Day Boy Choir. I had also started to play the organ under the guidance of Dr. Sidney Campbell. Academically, however, I had difficulty in adjusting to the English system and failed to achieve sufficient marks in the Common Entrance Examination to get into the King's School Canterbury. The Headmaster of the Choir School suggested to my parents, in early 1961, that they should consider sending me to St. Michael's School, that had been the choice of a number of previous choristers. I went up to Heacham to see the school and to meet the Rev. Roger Pott. He seemed very keen for me to come to Norfolk and stressed that St. Michael's School was an International School that would suit me, being Canadian, and that it was a musical school particularly in regard to church music and choirs. When I told him of my interest in conducting, he gave me to understand that there would soon be a school orchestra on which I would be able to hone my skills. Unfortunately, the school orchestra never did materialise but RPP did succeed in flattering my ego and acquiring a new Canterbury boy.



My first term at St. Michael's was interrupted by three events that meant I had to return to Canterbury – much to the annoyance of RPP. The first occasion was for the enthronement of the new Archbishop, Dr. Michael Ramsey, to which all old choristers were invited. If I remember correctly, those who travelled down together were Colin Ratcliff, Jonathan Russell, Robert Church and myself. It seemed a little strange being back in the Cathedral, not actually part of the choir, nor dressed in cassock and surplice. I do remember seeing Richard Dimbleby scurrying around trying to organise his television appearances. An old chorister told me quite recently that this was the first time that television had been used for such an occasion. I also had to return back home in my first term to attend the respective Weddings of my two elder sisters. This meant that I did not really feel like a full student of St. Michael's until the autumn term by which time Jonathan Russell had assumed the position of Head Boy.

Amongst the many memories it is inevitable that music should hold a special place. The singing in the choir led by RPP was something I will never forget. I refrain from calling it “directing the choir” since most of his raging interventions seemed to intimidate us rather than to inspire us. What was inspiring, however, was the piano and organ lessons given by Michael Illman. He had studied at the Royal College of Music and had been Assistant Organist at Hereford Cathedral. In Norfolk he was Organist to HM the Queen at Sandringham and also at the nearby Parish of West Newton where organ pupils from St. Michael's would venture for their lessons. A group of us would travel to West Newton by Minibus, driven by either Jonathan, Benedict or Robert Church and we would wait outside the church while each one of us had his lesson in turn. We would play the organ for morning assembly at St. Mary's Church, Heacham as well as other occasions during our time at the school. A fine way of escaping Games at Ingoldisthorpe was to claim that we needed a lot more practise for some future event at the church.

I have focussed on music for the obvious reason that music has been my love from an early age and has become my profession. However, other important aspects of our co-education at St. Michael's included the sense of friendship and the importance of internationalism. The fact that a number of families from around the World were able to remain together and to be educated together was of paramount importance. One of the first pupils I met was Ross Buckley, a fellow Canadian, and later my sister Susan joined me at St. Michael's, as was the case as the Cullins, the Suttons, the Perry's and the Nairns, to mention just a few.

After leaving St. Michael's I studied in London privately for a year gaining my ARCM diploma in organ performing and then I went to the Royal College of Music for four years. I studied the organ for a short period of time before concentrating solely on the piano and composition that I studied with Joself Horovitz. Since then I have taught at various Institutions including Colchester College of Arts and at the Royal College of Music Junior Department. Currently I teach piano at St. Paul's Girls School, the famous school in Hammersmith where Gustav Holst was Head of Music for 35 years. I have been an examiner for the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music for the past 20 years and this work takes me frequently to the Far East. My compositions include works for brass instruments, choirs, piano and organ, many of which are published by Ricordi & Company and performed Worldwide.

I live in London with my wife Anne.

Chairman 's Report

Norfolk has certainly been the place to be this May, I gather that it has not been so dry or pleasant elsewhere, but Norfolk has been glorious!

The weather wasn't quite so kind to us at last year's re-union as it had been in previous years; a coat was the order of the day to keep warm, but a heavy Mac. would have been over the top (as it often was). We had a very enjoyable couple of day of excellent company, and it was also wonderful to see a regrouping of the odd couple from years ago – Jonathan Russell and Benedict Gunner – celebrant and organist, both in fine form for the Sunday service. Can anyone else remember them in the early sixties at the end of term concert in Heacham village hall playing Jamaican Rumba as a duet, or of Jonathan playing us into prayers one morning at Heacham to a classical rendition of The Shadows "Wonderful Land"? One or two members of staff with quizzical looks on their faces!



I spent a few days at the end of April in the Pyrenees visiting what had been a very hale and hearty 84 year old that had been struck down with a stroke.

Suddenly he had become a poor old thing in a wheelchair, and it occurred to me to ask you the question – when did YOU last have an MOT, now we've all reached that age when we ought to be having one at least once a year? The last thing one wants is to be caught out at this time of life.

After visiting the surgery I now rattle every morning with the number of pills I take, so you will gather I found it a worthwhile visit! You have been warned.

I do hope as many of you as possible can make the weekend the clocks go back in October for this year's re-union, and I look forward with the rest of the committee to greeting you then.

Kindest regards to you all.

Ian Dupont

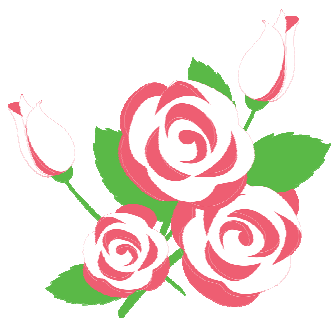
Remembering Thomas Orr

It was with much sadness that we were informed last year of the death of Thomas Orr

Thomas was born on the 17 April 1945 and he attended St. Michael's School as a Boarder between the years 1956 – 1958.

I am sure that all Old Michaelian's will join with me in offering our sincere sympathy to all family and friends of Thomas Orr.

Thank you.



*Here's a little ditty for
A sailor lost at sea,
An Irishman, most sorely missed
By friends and family.*

*He'd reached the prime of life when he
Encountered Davy Jones,
And now all that is left of him
Are tears and scattered bones.*

*He lives in those he left behind,
His loved ones and his mates,
And as they die, he'll die again,
Conjoined with many fates;*

*Until at last his being, with
A brief, unuttered sigh,
Will yield its presence peacefully,
And bid the world goodbye.*

One of the more satisfying aspect of being Editor of 'The Mitre' is when we hear from an Old Michaelian for the very first time who wishes to make a contribution to our Mag. This is case with Paul Norris who recounts a memorable first trip abroad with some of his chums. Thanks Paul, it is good to welcome you back to the Association. JW

Post School Adventure with Friends

As I remember, there was no such concept. For our generation it was School, further education and then the World of work. The vast majority did not even enjoy college life.

However, in the summer following our 'A' levels, five (soon to be Old Boys) determined to set ourselves a Summer Challenge. The likely 'crew' included **Peter Momber, Jack Owens, James Sinclair, Charles McMiram** and myself. The challenge was to travel from home, via Hollycoft Avenue, Hampstead, to the South of France clutching only a sleeping bag, rucksack and map. No support from family, no use of public transport once in France and no resorting to paid accommodation was to be allowed.

Jack Owens recently reminded me of our first night as we travelled from North Norfolk. It was spent sleeping in an abandoned car on our way south to a pre-arranged rendezvous.

We all met at the house of **Charles McMiram** and in the morning we split up and headed for Dover hitch-hiking or otherwise generally using our wits to get to Dover before the Ferry sailed. I remember rattling along the A2 on the back of an open truck.

By the time we all assembled at Dover, the Calais bound Ferry had sailed. We decided to press on regardless and we boarded the Zeebrugge Ferry instead. Our first night on foreign soil was spent among the sand dunes of Blankenburg. What a cold and miserable experience. Damp sand is rather uncomfortable. *'We must try to sleep under cover in future'* we decided.

The journey through a drab and still poor Northern France was quite a trial but we had memorable stays in Arras, Amiens and Doullens. We washed and shaved stripped to the waist at village pumps and attracted very little attention from the locals. We slept under the stars, in haystacks, farm buildings and on one occasion we wrapped ourselves in polythene sheets on a screed floor of a newly constructed house only to wake the following morning with no skin left on our elbows, hips and knees. It was, yet again, a salutary lesson for us all.

Each day we travelled we split into pairs or travelled singly. Our experience to date was that travelling in three's proved to be a nightmare attempting to persuade passing motorists to offer a lift. The arranged meeting place was always outside the main Church of the chosen town. So, the race was on!

I remember waiting outside the Church in Pont Audemer for 24 hours before our full complement was assembled. Our plans were foiled when the entire population of France appeared to be on holiday and every car we saw was crowded with happy smiling families heading south. It was unlikely that we would be able to reach Marseille within four weeks as planned so we decided to travel west to Brittany from where we could easily find a Ferry back to the UK when we were ready.

What memorable times we had. What characters we met along the way. Truck drivers who were keen to share breakfast in a roadside Cafe offering early morning beer. Or on one occasion a glass of very rough red wine at every stop on his route. I can clearly see those large green bottles with stars around the neck of the bottle and a little foil cap, like a milk bottle top, the contents of which were an early introduction to red wine for Norfolk boys who's only experience of alcohol was at Christmas with the family. We decided to stay for a while in Paramee, near to St Malo. Goodness knows why, I really cannot remember! We found some suitable farm buildings and settled in. Suddenly, a tramp appeared and seeing that his accommodation had been taken by St. Michael's School boys (*don't tell me you were still wearing your school caps, Paul, Ed*) he beat a hasty retreat. We later read that a felon had absconded from a nearby Prison. We slept less well after that experience.

The following day the Farmer stumbled upon us in his barn and **Peter Momber**, who spoke perfect French, communicated with the farmer. He obviously was well taken in by Peter's explanation and actually took us all in and told us we could stay as long as we wanted. Not only that, he also invited us to join with his family for an evening meal. Joy of joys, we gladly accepted. The farmer's wife was not only feeding her husband but also two rather lovely daughter's. However, to our joint disappointment, we were also joined by the farm workers as well. We enjoyed a wonderful Cassoulet and even more dubious red wine. It was a night to remember as we all sat around an enormous kitchen table sharing the farm supper.

Charles McMiram espied a guitar and began to serenade the girls, we sang, we laughed. The Farmer wept as he remembered, with emotion, the Occupation and the D-Day landings. He then persuaded us to try some of his home made alcohol poured from a tall murky bottle. Being Pott's boys we took it all in our stride. How could we refuse? Well, to this day, I can still remember the full and immediate impact this liquor had on me. What it was made from, I could not tell.

I do not remember exactly how long we stayed in France before deciding to telephone home to gather up our individual 'A' Level results. **James Sinclair** told his father we had been to Marseille. Dad was mighty impressed. **James** did not divulge the information that we had in fact only reached Marseille en Beauvais!! We all began our journey home with the knowledge we had the 'A' Level results we needed. My trip cost me all of £13.10 shillings and lasted four weeks. Gap year indeed!

Oh, by the way, quite soon **James, Peter, Jack** and myself are returning to France some 42 years later.....but this time in a little more comfort.

Paul Norris (1961–1966)



Top Left—James Sinclair
Top Right—Paul Norris
Bottom Left—Charles McMiram
Bottom Right—Jack Owens

Announcement

'The Mitre' is pleased to announce another extension to the existing Pott Dynasty.

*On the 7 March 2008, to Charlotte, daughter of Simon and Jenny Pott, and partner Nicholas a 8lb baby boy named **Wilf**.*

The Association wishes to express to Charlotte and Nicholas many congratulations and a Very Warm 'Welcome' to Wilf.

Similar congratulations are also offered to the proud grandparents Simon and Jenny.



Sincere Apologies

I would like to take you all back to 2006 and the OMA Diamond Jubilee Anniversary celebrations.

This time last year I wrote, enthusiastically, about the incredible Reunion Weekend many of us enjoyed in Hunstanton and the almost overwhelming attendance by many Old Michaelian's and their partners to the Reunion Dinner on the Saturday evening and it is this that I wish to refer.

In my haste in writing about a special presentation made to **Reggie Wood** and his wife **Pidge** by our President Simon Pott, recognising the enormous support they had made over the years to the Old Michaelian Association, I totally forgot to mention that this recognition was also made to **Robin James** and his wife **Jenny** and would wish to offer my sincere apologies to both couples for this error.

This recognition needs to be repeated again because, as Simon mentioned during his presentation, **Reggie and Pidge, Robin and Jenny** have been probably our most loyal and supportive people of the Old Michaelian Association over a number of years. In fact, I think I am right in saying that the only Reunion Weekend they were unable to attend was the Reunion we held in London one year back in the 70's.

We all look forward to welcoming them, and as many other Old Michaelian's, back to Hunstanton again for our annual Reunion Weekend over **25 & 26 October 2008**.

Best Wishes

John Wallington, Editor, 'The Mitre'



Medical Bulletin on Mike Smith

Those Old Michaelian's who keep up to date with the OMA Web Site activities will already be aware that our colleague Mike Smith recently underwent urgent heart surgery and I am sure that all of you will be interested to know about Mike's progress.

The information I am able to provide is that the Hospital procedure was a huge success and Mike was discharged within days of his operation. The last email I received from Mike was on the 20 June and he tells us that he has completed his first check-up with his Cardiologist and that all vital organs are working well and Mike is making good steady progress.

Mike and Shirley have asked me to pass on their sincere thanks to everyone within the Association for all of the support, thoughts and prayers during this difficult time. JW

Thank You

This is the third year running that the Old Michaelian Association offers an enormous amount of 'Thanks' to my daughter Vicky for all of her help and advice in preparing and publishing another bumper issue of 'The Mitre'.

I know that each and everyone of you will join with me in thanking Vicky for all of her time and support, and as Editor, it is my hope that she is still able to support the Old Michaelian Association in the future.

John Wallington
Editor
'The Mitre'

Your Welcome

Its my pleasure. Hope you all enjoy this years Mitre.

Vicky x

2007 OMA Reunion Weekend

I wrote a little about our Reunion Weekend last year in the OMA Newsletter in February and I promised you all then that I would take time out to elaborate a little more on what turned out to be another very successful weekend for everyone.

As I have said many time before, the Annual AGM on each Saturday afternoon is so important to the Association because it deals with the mechanics of making sure that your Association is run in a professional and smooth manner. It is a time for the Membership to voice opinions and make suggestions and, without a doubt, every opinion and every suggestion is carefully noted by the OMA Committee.

Such was the case at our Annual AGM last year held at the Le Strange Arms Hotel, Old Hunstanton and attended by a very good number of Members. **Simon Pott** addressed the AGM by congratulating all present on taking time out to support the OMA and attending the AGM. It was hoped that we may have attracted an existing Member to put their name forward to be considered for the post of OMA Chairperson but since no Member had voiced a desire to take responsibility for this post, it was tabled that the post should be offered to **Ian Dupont** for him to resume his duties as Chairman for a further twelve months. This proposal was put to a vote and agreed upon unanimously and, most importantly, Ian has also agreed with this proposal! It was with much regret that the AGM agreed to accept the resignation of **Martin Graville** as our Membership Secretary. As I mentioned in the Newsletter, Martin has continued to serve the interests of our Association for many years as Committee Member, Editor of 'The Mitre' and more recently as Membership Secretary and we all owe Martin a great deal 'Thanks' for his time and dedication. There is another person in the Graville household who equally has supported Martin and his work with the OMA over many years and who has contributed so much over the years to our Association, and that is Martin's wife **Barbara**.



The 2007 OMA Dinner was, once more very well supported by many Old Michaelian's and their partners and I know that our President, **Simon Pott**, Chairman **Ian Dupont** and all Committee Members would wish to join with me and say a huge 'THANKYOU' to everyone who attended. We were joined for the very first time by **Gordon Littlewood** and his lovely wife **Jenny** and I think I am right in saying that this may have been a 'first' for **Ian Pennington**. It was good to see you all and I sincerely hope we will see you back in Hunstanton again this coming October. Old Michaelian's who made a return to Hunstanton once more, and were warmly welcomed back, were **Jonathan Russell** and his lovely wife **Monica**, and **Benedict Gunner**.

Our Reunion Dinner was a slightly smaller affair compared to 2006 but, having said that, it was still full of atmosphere and friendliness, plenty of bullish banter and, most of all, tons and tons of memories and stories recalled.

It was a real pleasure to experience, once again, **Jonathan Russell**, leading our Eucharist at St. Michael's Church, Ingoldsthorpe on the Sunday morning and, not only that, but we also successfully persuaded **Benedict Gunner** to play the organ. A wonderful end to a very successful Reunion.

Good Progress for Jonathan

Those Members who have kept up to date with Guestbook entries in the OMA Web Site will already be aware that 2008 has been a worrying year for our dear friend **Jonathan Russell**, his wife **Monica** and their family. I spoke with Jonathan towards the end of June by telephone and I am pleased to report that Jonathan is in high spirits and sounding very optimistic about the future. Although he has not been able to carry out his normal Parish duties over recent months, Jonathan was able to confirm to me that quite recently he officiated at two consecutive Services in Elham on a Sunday during June.

Both Jonathan and Monica are looking forward to their retirement in September and I understand they will be moving to St. Margaret's Bay on the Kent coast. They have asked to be remembered to all of their many friends associated with the Old Michaelian Association and wish the Association well for the forthcoming OMA Reunion next October.

2008 Reunion Weekend

25 - 26 OCTOBER 2008

The format for this year will be very similar to last year, and the year before that. Those Members who do decide to start the Reunion Weekend on Friday 24 October will be able to find most OMA Committee Members at the Le Strange Arms Hotel and probably holding up the Bar! Please do not be shy but make yourself known to us. You will be made most welcome.

Saturday 25 October 2008

From 12 noon onwards Members will be able to view the magnificent Photographic Exhibition, managed by our own **John King**, in the Palace Suite of the Le Strange Arms Hotel. This Exhibition is extremely popular to all Old Michaelian's and, if you have not yet spent hours mulling over a large assortment of photographs dating back to soon after the School was started, I do highly recommend you arrange for a little bit of extra time. At lunchtime we will be all meeting in the downstairs section of the **Mariner's Bar** and not only will all Committee Members be wearing their name badges but we are arranging for certain signed tables to be reserved for Old Michaelian's. This is a very informal part of our Weekend and it gives all Old Michaelian's the opportunity to chat, reignite old friendships and relax over a pint or two.

The OMA Annual General Meeting will begin at 3:30pm in the Palace Suite. Could I please request that if any Member has a specific subject they wish to have debated, applicable to OMA matters, please contact our Association Secretary **John King** at least three weeks before the Reunion Weekend so that consideration can be given to including this subject into our Agenda. Also, if any OMA Members wishes to have their name put forward for consideration to join our very busy and active OMA Committee, please make certain you submit your name directly to **Ian Dupont** at least three weeks before the Reunion. Tea will be provided to all Members and Members partners after the AGM has finished and this will also give everyone a final opportunity to view the fabulous Photographic Exhibition.

Reunion Dinner

Everyone attending the OMA Reunion Dinner on Saturday evening will be asked to proceed through the ante-room of the Palace Suite so that badges may be allocated and you will be invited to sign the 'Visitors Book' by the Welcoming Committee. A Pre-dinner drink will be made available for all guests on arrival between 7pm - 7:45pm. A table plan will be available within the Palace Suite Bar. During the evening we can all look forward to a very high standard of service from the staff and Management of the Le Strange Arms Hotel serving a high quality three course dinner to all guests. We all look forward to all After Dinner Speeches headed, of course, by our President **Simon Pott** and our Chairman **Ian Dupont**. If any of our Members would wish to contribute to this part of the evening's entertainment, I would be obliged if you could make contact with Simon or any other Committee Member and we will do everything possible to find time for your contribution.

One last point, to encourage as many Members to make it to Norfolk again this year, especially our UK based Members, is you will recall similar to previous years, your Committee have approved a subsidy covering the cost of the Reunion Dinner for each guest. We recognise the cost of travelling to Hunstanton, finding suitable accommodation and funding the whole trip. So, once again we are subsidising the Reunion Dinner and asking each guest to pay just **£22 per head** covering the cost of the three course meal. This, I am sure, will be appreciated by you all, is a great deal for everyone.

At the back of 'The Mitre' you will find a Booking Form that will enable you to book and pay for your meal (s) in advance and give us some help with the table plans. Please do not hesitate in sending this Form to **Ruth Chilvers** because the earlier we know expected numbers, the easier it is to finalise all of the necessary arrangements.

During the evening you will all be encouraged to buy loads and loads of raffle tickets by the ladies of the Committee. Those of you who have experienced this **'hard sell method'** will wonder for months how it was you spent so much money on raffle tickets on the night!!

that in the OMA Newsletter this year I mentioned that, besides finding a number of new Old Michaelian's mainly as a direct result of our wonderful Web Site, we had also 'found' an Old Michaelian who, since she left St. Michael's School, had gone on to become a STAR in her own right of both the stage and large and small screen. She attended St. Michael's School we believe almost from the start when the school was first formed by Roger Pott but regrettably she only stayed as a Day Pupil for approximately one year. From the exchange of emails I have had with this lady she loved every minute of her time at St. Michael's and became extremely fond of the Headmaster and everything that the school stood for until she was whisked away by her family to live in Australia. Her sense of approval of the time spent at St. Michael's has been well documented in her book, *Adventures of a Jelly Baby*. Her name is:

Judy Cornwell

Judy is probably best known to us all here in the UK for playing the part of *Daisy* in 'Keeping up Appearances', probably one of the best example of high quality BBC comedy for many years. Judy is a professional actress who has been extremely successful and has carved out a high reputation on the stage and on screen portraying many different characters. The most recent sighting of Judy on our TV screens was when she played the part of 'Queenie Trott' in the long running TV soap *Eastenders*. In her email to me dated 17 March 2008 she says the following:

"Thank you for sending me the Newsletter. My husband and I are going to make sure we attend the October Reunion Weekend. At present I am in and out of Eastenders playing the horrible Mother, Queenie Trott which is great fun....."

I will ensure that a copy of Judy's book is available at the Reunion Dinner for raffle/auction and Judy has already agreed to personally sign the book during the evening of our Reunion Dinner.

Sunday 26 October 2008

Once again, your OMA Committee have successfully negotiated with the British Government and persuaded them to coincide the end of British Summer Time with the date of our annual OMA Reunion Weekend! In other words, no matter how you behaved or misbehaved during the previous evening, we can all look forward to an extra hour in bed on the Sunday morning.

The annual Old Michaelian Sunday Eucharist will once again take place at St. Michael's Church Ingoldisthorpe and our very special service will begin at **11am**. At the time of going to print, I am unable to confirm the name of the Celebrant and our Organist but I am assured that negotiations are currently in hand. Similar to last year, the ladies of our Committee will be serving light refreshments to everyone after the Eucharist at the rear of the Church. Although I was unfortunately unable to stay on last year, I am told that a number of Old Michaelian's drove the short distance from Ingoldisthorpe back to the Lavender Farm at Heacham for lunch and this is an option for as many OM's as possible again this year.

Looking forward to seeing as many of you as possible in Norfolk at the end of October.

Best Wishes

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Editorial

It is 15 May 2008 as I, once more, prepare another publication of 'The Mitre' for our Association Members. You may have noticed a Theme running through 'The Mitre' this year because I have been very aware of the geographically diverse nature of our current Membership. So, I have chosen THE WORLD as our theme for this year and attempted to include as many articles and input from as many Members who live many miles away. You will notice that we have been fortunate to attract the attention of Members from all over the World as well as some super articles from our Membership here in the UK. To all of you, I offer my sincere Thanks.

There seems to be so many desperate areas of concern around the World at the moment whether this is because of natural disasters taking place putting at risk many tens of thousands of lives, and areas of conflict causing pain and suffering to many displaced and desperate people. We have much to be grateful. Our Association continues to go from strength to strength and hardly a month goes by without yet another Old Michaelian happens upon our incredible Web Site professionally managed by our own Bill Cullin. Of course, our Membership numbers will inevitably begin to decline in time but, at the moment, there is not a scrap of evidence that this is beginning to happen yet.

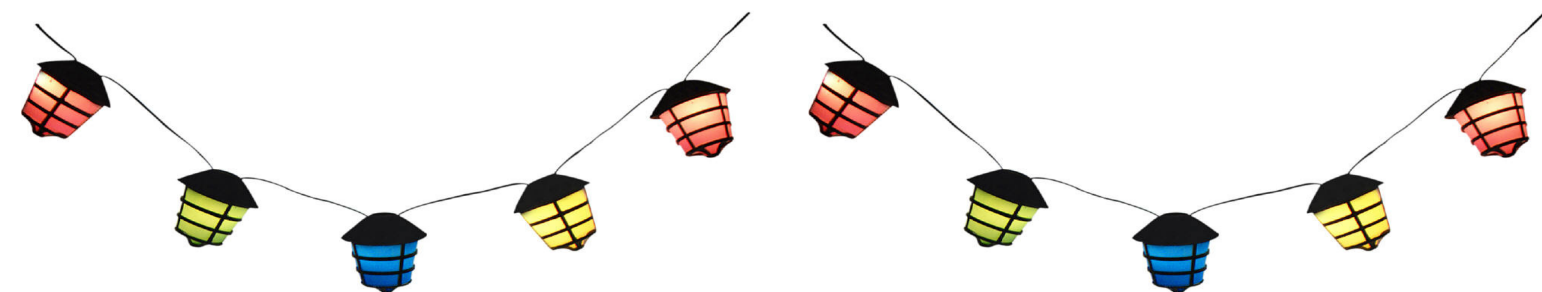
'The Mitre' is written each year for you, the Members, so that you are kept in contact no matter where you are located in the World. Our Mission Statement is: " *Communicating with Old Michaelians all over the World*". So far, your Association has done an extremely successful job in not only keeping the Association in good shape but also in continuing to attract many OM's to our annual Reunion Weekend each and every October in Hunstanton. If you are unable to make it to NW Norfolk this year, please try and make it for October 2009 when we will be celebrating the centenary of the birth of Roger Percival Pott. More information about this event will be forthcoming.

I hope that you are enjoying the contents of 'The Mitre' again this year. Remember, there is still plenty of room for even more articles from you, the Members.

Best Wishes to you all

John Wallington, Editor, Old Michaelian Association hinckleytowers@aol.com





OMA 2008 REUNION DINNER BOOKING FORM

Can you please reserve me..... number of tickets
for the 2008 reunion weekend

Name:.....

Partners Name:.....

Address:.....

.....

POST CODE:.....

Telephone Number:.....

Email Address:.....

I should like to sit with (if possible):.....

I enclose herewith a cheque to the value of £..... (please
Make cheques payable to "Old Michaelian Association" *Thank You.*



*Please detach this form and send to Ruth Chilvers 85 Elliott Road
March, Cambridgeshire, PE15 8BP*