

# The Mitre

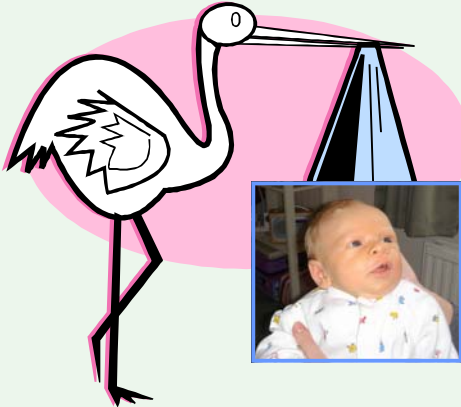
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## COMMUNICATING WITH OLD MICHAELIAN'S ALL OVER THE WORLD

### Pott Dynasty Rejuvenated



Henry and Amy Pott are delighted to announce the safe arrival of their son Rory Edward Pott on the 14th February 2006 in London. Rory weighed in at 6lbs 14oz and is the first Grandchild for Simon and Jenny Pott and, of course, the first Great Grandchild of the late Headmaster and Mrs Pott.

Quoting Simon word for word "*.....looking just like his Great Grandfather and Shouting in much the same way!*"

### Simon Pott—President, O.M.A.

What would the Headmaster have made of it all? Here we are nearly sixty years on from the time he decided he would go into education and that embryonic thought developed into **St. Michael's School** and all this means to so many people. Why did he do it? I really do not know but it clearly became the great part of his life's work and something of which he was justifiably proud. The school may have had its up's and down's but it has clearly provided and encouraged a whole range of opportunities for the pupils who attended and benefited from the school.

But, fancy this at the sixty year celebrations of the founding of the school. I am delighted with the numbers of people who have already indicated their intention to attend the Reunion Weekend in October. The planning is well advanced and some will be making huge journeys to be there. I hope that others will be encouraged to attend either for the whole weekend or for the Reunion Dinner or just to drop in for a short time and be part of the **Old Michaelian Family**.

Stories will be told, reminiscences exchanged, the extraordinary photographic exhibition examined once again and we should all be properly grateful to the Chairman and his Committee Members who put in so much time to organise this annual event.

Of course, it will be something special this year. I very much hope that some of the original pupils who helped make **St. Michael's School** into the school it became, will also be able to attend our big party in October. Nevertheless, I am extremely confident that we will see representatives present at our Reunion from, not only all corners of the World, but from every decade of the school's existence'.

We very much look forward to seeing you in Hunstanton at the end of October to celebrate this milestone for all **Old Michaelian's** - even for those of us who were not born in 1946!!

*Simon Pott*

*You will recall that a brief insight into the following article was published in the Newsletter last February and I promised that a fuller publication of this article would be available to the Members in 'The Mitre'. So, here we go. Everything you ever wanted to know about how the school was conceived and much more besides. JW*

## The Founding of St. Michael's School Ingoldisthorpe

The train from Liverpool Street ploughs slowly out of London towards Cambridge and beyond, across the flat expanse of fenland to Kings Lynn and the Wash, on past the royal waiting rooms of Wolferton, up the Norfolk coast to **Heacham**, a few miles from Hunstanton. Other passenger trains arrive at Kings Lynn station from other parts of the UK. The small town, or large village, of **Heacham** stands on the edge of some of the best agricultural land in the country, its rural life subsidised by the flourishing summer holiday trade and the proximity of the Sandringham Estate. **Heacham** is blessed with a fine old church which, over the centuries, was enriched by the Neville-Rolfe family who used to occupy Heacham Hall.

It is with the enterprise of its vicar that this article is written. The Reverend Roger P Pott is a man of many parts - Vicar of **Heacham**, Rector of **Ingoldisthorpe** and Headmaster of a school of 150 pupils. The school is located at **Ingoldisthorpe** in a vast Rectory which no incumbent of today could ever hope to maintain as a private house. The main body of the school pupils are boarders residing at **The Shooting Lodge, Heacham** but the school also accepts a small number of day pupils who travel independently from Kings Lynn and Hunstanton areas.



*The Rectory Ingoldisthorpe*

The nucleus of the staff, since the venture started, has been Mr Pott, his curate and such other members of the local clergy as have the qualifications and inclination to supplement their stipend with this work. To these have been added a couple of graduate schoolmasters and four women teachers, PNEU trained at Ambleside. The school has grown to its present size with classes varying from about 15 pupils for the under 11's to between 22-23 for the more senior pupils.

To start any new school these days is a formidable business. Before the doors were opened in **1946** several 'battles' were fought with the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Works. Private enterprise in education is always suspect - sometimes for good reason - but a few would be Headmasters can have had the favourable background experience which Mr Pott took with him to **Heacham**.

Early in the career of **Mr Roger R Pott** he began to combine full-time school mastering with full-time service in the ministry of the Church of England. In 1935 he was appointed Chaplain to the presiding Bishop in Japan. Among his tasks in Yokohama was the supervision of the English speaking church. This brought Mr Pott in contact with many different nationalities in that cosmopolitan city and in due course he found himself with the additional job as Headmaster of the International School. In this capacity he acquired unusual insight into the needs of children whose education had been complicated by language barriers, and by living abroad. A score of different nationalities were to be found in the school. Candidates were prepared for School Certificate examinations in nine languages. Mr Pott doubled these duties with those of an ordained minister of a missionary church. As will be shown later much of this experience proved invaluable in the very different circumstances in running a school in **North West Norfolk**.

After being demobilised from the Royal Navy, in which as Chaplain he survived shipwreck more than once, he was appointed vicar of **Heacham**. Mr Pott followed a long and admirable tradition among English country parsons by taking on the additional responsibility by offering coaching to local boys. His idea was to help those who were slow at learning or whose education had been interrupted by illness or some other cause. He started coaching six boys to begin with and to his amazement word quickly got around that he was taking in pupils for additional educational skills and he became inundated with requests from frenzied parents. He quickly recognised that there was a keen demand locally for a new school.

He adopted a principle that he retained throughout his working life. He did not think that his future lay in teaching subnormal nor maladjusted children. He knew very little about their problems and how he might help them. But what he did recognise was the fact that there was no system in place, anywhere in the country, to offer support and a real education to those children who had, for no fault of their own, slipped behind on the academic road to success. His contempt for the 11+ examination was unbounded. He did not think it was fair.

Since **1946** Mr Pott gave himself the opportunity to test, to his own satisfaction, the validity of the secondary selection tests. His 11+ rejects have included pupils who were plainly destined for University places. In some cases they were pupils who had been held back by illness or by frequent changes of school. Most of them followed a similar pattern of the typical late developer.

And so **St. Michael's School Ingoldisthorpe** was founded.



*The Archway, Heacham*

capital. Beyond that the school had to be entirely self-supporting. The Diocesan authorities approved the founding of **St. Michael's School** and approved the use of Ingoldisthorpe Rectory as its hub of learning.

Because the boys Boarding House at **Heacham** was approximately four miles away from the school at **Ingoldisthorpe**, Mr Pott decided to acquire several school vehicles to transport both pupils and staff and it was quite early on when a double-decker bus was acquired together with various other smaller vehicles. Pupils were encouraged by Mr Pott to learn how to drive as soon as they reached their 17th birthday. The objective of this was so that pupils would gain valuable experience in learning a skill and taking an examination. Visitors to the school were likely to receive a letter from Mr Pott confirming that, ".....a school prefect will meet you at the station with a car for transportation". This was part bravado and part wise improvisation.

As we all know, **St. Michael's School Ingoldisthorpe** was an unique experience for us all. For some it was a living nightmare but I think for most it was a disciplined and highly enjoyable way to learn well, play well and mature in a way that prepared us all for the big wide world we would all be exposed.

## In Memory of Mr. Patrick Sleight

*There is always more than just a tinge of genuine sadness when it becomes necessary for me to report to the Members a death amongst us. Whilst searching through the OMA Web Site Guestbook I came across an entry I had not seen before from a person I did not recognise. On further examination I discovered that the entry had been made by Mary Wilde, sister to the late **Patrick Sleight**. With Mary's full permission it gives me enormous pleasure to publish the following, written by Mary in memory of her brother **Patrick**:*

"Pat went to St Michael's School between 1961 and 1967 (I think). He always struggled at school because he was dyslexic and Lancashire Education Committee, who were very progressive for the time, acknowledged there was a problem and paid his fees so that he could attend St. Michael's School. The idea behind this was so that Pat could be taught in smaller classes.

From the stories he told me I think he was a character at school and used to bait the teachers rather than settle down and do any work - a typical response with his learning difficulties. He often talked about his time at St. Michael's School and he recalled many times the constant travelling between Hunstanton and Ingoldisthorpe on the school double decker bus, in fact he convinced the family that this was the same bus as used by Cliff Richard in the film 'Summer Holiday'. In my naivety I believed him!! Pat's great friend at school was **Louise Feldman** whose father ran a pub in Brancaster and I think it was called The White Horse. He spent many a happy weekend visiting Louis' home and in particular I remember him telling me of the day they were so busy bird watching they became cut off by the incoming tide and had to be rescued by a passing boat.

After leaving school Pat initially joined a training scheme to become a Hotel Manager, then he worked as an Assistant Manager for Tesco before trying a career as a Level Crossing Keeper and eventually became a Carer looking after mentally handicapped people. Unfortunately, he never reached his intellectual potential and only came into his own when he obtained a computer with a built-in spell check. Those of you who remember Pat might remember his appalling handwriting and his even worse spelling!

Pat lived with his partner Averill for over 25 years and they were married in a very emotional bedside ceremony on 18 September 2005, just four weeks before he died. He had been diagnosed with prostate cancer in October 2003 and passed away on 21 October 2005, two years to the day that he was given between 18 months and 24 months to live."



*Mary Wilde (nee Sleight)*

*How many of us travel to the OMA Reunion weekend each October and never take the opportunity to take a longer look at the county of Norfolk while we are there? Last year Chris and Jose Gibbs decided to take a little extra time out of their busy lives and take a ramble around some old haunts. Here is their account.....JW*

## .....and so to Norfolk—A Guided Tour.



This year we had decided that we would have three days in the area of Hunstanton, as there is always a rush to get up there and back, and there are so many places to visit. We left Margate on the Thursday morning and travelled towards Peterborough, a city which we had not visited for some time. The weather was almost like summer, and the Cathedral was a golden yellow bathed in the afternoon sun. Having taken in the imposing perpendicular style of the west front one expects, when entering, for there to be similar architecture inside. But no, you are suddenly, when passing through the 800 year old doors, faced with massive Norman pillars and arcades running the length of the building. With the exception of the central tower and its piers, this, like Durham, is a spectacular example of Norman architecture.

We spent a little time here wandering around, then found a tea shop and had a snack. Finding the Wisbech road, we headed east towards Lynn. More road-works. We avoided the Sutton Bridge route. This was a bottle-neck even back in the 60s. A huge roundabout just outside Lynn, and onto the A149 northwards. There wasn't so much traffic in our time and the Lynn by-pass was fairly new and you could whiz along it. I usually take the old road through Dersingham and all places north. Rounding the bend and entering Ingoldisthorpe you are faced with the old Post Office. It still sends a slight shiver down my spine, because in school days, you knew you had arrived, you were in Pott country!! We continued on to Old Hunstanton to the Caley Hall Hotel. We had stayed here before when the Le Strange Arms was full, and is within easy walking distance if you don't want to drive. We thought that we would try the Neptune for dinner. (On the road next to the CHH). Very nice, expensive, and very comfortable Lloyd Loom chairs. They also do B & B here.

The next day we decided to go to Sandringham House. It was another glorious summer day(!) After wandering through part of the grounds we went inside. You don't get to see too much of the inside, but what we did see was most interesting. The front room (television room), small dining room, the gun collection and large collections of photographs and other estate memorabilia. I particularly liked the museum with a large collection of royal cars right from the earliest days. Back outside again we further explored the grounds. I particularly wanted to see York Cottage, where I, and some others, had 'A' level music theory lessons with Mrs Bone. (Her husband was organist of Sandringham Church, and she (and Mary Bone) had a top floor flat there). However, it was closed off as it was private property, not accessible to the public, but we could see it through the trees and across the lake. By now the sun was getting low and cast a golden light over the trees, themselves changing colour. We sat in the "Queens Nest", a little summer house looking out over the lake built for Queen Alexandra by her estates manager. The view from here is spectacular.

Time to go back now, so we went via Heacham beach- north, past Fridham and Henry Taylor's house- which is still there-somewhere behind the trees! and watched many birds whirling around with a beautiful sunset as a backdrop. Returning past "Joppa's" haircut shop (AHHH!), the village hall, Canon Pott Close, The White Heather Café, something else now, and on the other side of the pub, Wadsworths. Ah, the "summer specials"! Up the road over where the level crossing was. I can just remember seeing a goods train here in 1964. Past the green with the entrance to the Shooting Lodge, the church on your right, oh the memories! and on to Hunstanton. This evening we had dinner at the Mariner's Inn which I'm sure many of you have been to.

We awoke to another promising fine day so decided to go to Titchwell nature reserve. We wandered slowly along the paths and around the twitchers. We enjoy watching birds as opposed to bird watching. We did see a number of birds including the Little Egret which isn't all that common. Continuing on to the beach we turned west and walked along often through stretches of washed-up razor shells piled up like shingle. By now the sun was beginning to be obscured by cloud, but it was still a pleasant walk-until we rounded the headland and found a dead dolphin. I remember coming to this area- I think it was Brancaster beach- one summer weekend while at school, with Paul Hayes. We found dozens of small-calibre shell cartridges and took some back to clean up. We also "found" a boat in one of the creeks and launched it, but it leaked so much that we had to row back quickly to the bank before it sank!

Driving further east along the coast we passed through Stiffkey and on to Cley. We stopped here and walked through the village taking a path past the windmill. We thought that this was open to the public, but it seems to have changed owners and is not open presently. At this point we started the return journey to Old Hunstanton. More birds visible on the marshes around Stiffkey. Arriving back at the hotel we had a cup of tea, a rest then got ready for the evening and walked along to the Le Strange Arms Hotel. Various familiar faces greeted us and we soon got chatting-helped by a drink! A pleasurable evening as you will know if you were there. If not, then see you next October for the big one. After saying "cheerio", we walked back along the road. At least it wasn't raining like the last time we stayed here.

The next morning we set off for Ingoldisthorpe. On the way I, as usual, pointed out the old school building, now returned to a learning centre. The area where the Iceni torcs were found. Where the bus had a puncture, where the track across the fields was that we occasionally took as a short-cut if we had to walk. (Back of Snettisham to Ingoldisthorpe hill). The site of the Manor Hotel etc. Then we arrived at Ingoldisthorpe church in the sunshine. We were a little early, so we sat on Miss Hayes-Williams's seat and contemplated for a while. Thanks Miss H-W and all the other staff for your input to my life.

After the service, efficiently run by the Wikeley family, we had refreshments at the back of the church. There I met Trevor Lincoln, a dayboy from my time, and his wife. We spent some time chatting to them and others at the church. So now begins the trek south to Margate. We were calling in to our daughters flat in Bishop's Stortford to assemble a bed and get an evening meal. Due to the lack of space and the fact that an old sofa had not been collected, assembling a double bed in a small flat needed a high level of logistical planning. We managed it though and her partner's parents duly arrived with some food and bubbly!

*All in all an enjoyable break, see you all in October.*

*Chris and José Gibbs.*

## Interview with Peter Yarker

*I am sitting in the beautiful home of Peter and Rosemary Yarker overlooking the tranquil Somerset countryside in the village of Norton St Philip to chat to Peter about his life in general for publication into 'The Mitre'*

*"First of all Peter, thank you very much for agreeing to this visit today. My first question to you is this.*

**Q—Why did your parents choose St. Michael's School for your education?"**

*A—'That is quite an easy question to answer. First of all I failed my 11+ examination and then I failed my Common Entrance examination which included Latin and to be totally honest with you I could not understand one single word of the Latin examination paper so there was no difficulty in having this paper marked because there was nothing on the answer paper! My parents were at a loss as to what to do with me. But my father had a friend from College days who was then Rector of Brancaster, his name was Rev. Robert Tomlinson. Yes, the very same who went on to become Rector of Wolverton and 'Tommy' recommended St. Michael's School to my father, a visit was arranged and the rest is history.'*

**Q—"What were your most favorite subjects at school?"**

*A—'Math's and Geography'*

**Q—"In that order?"**

*A—'Not necessarily. I loved Math's and thought I was quite good at it until I came to take my 'A' level math's paper when I realized I wasn't and I made a complete hash of the examination. Geography I enjoyed mainly because Peg, Miss Hayes-Williams I should say' was a terrific teacher.'*

**Q—"So, if I were to ask you to name your favorite teacher, would your answer come as any surprise to anyone?"**

*A—'No, not really. It was Peg. But not only that, she was also a very good friend'.*

**Q—"What are your most memorable moments about attending St. Michael's School?"**

*A—'I really don't know. I was thinking about this the other day and trying to anticipate the kind of questions you might ask me. It is a difficult question to answer'.*

**Q—"How did you react to being sent away to a Boarding School? Did you enjoy the different way of life or were you constantly nagging your parents to take you back home and into a normal day school?"**

*A—'No, no. I loved it and seemed to fall into the new procedures quite easily. It suited me down to the ground'.*

**Q—"So you must have started at St. Michael's School aged around 12 - 13 years old?"**

*A—'I was 13 years old'.*

**Q—"So, returning to my original question about memorable moments, would it be fair to assume that you regarded the whole time spent at St. Michael's School as being memorable?"**

*A—'Without a doubt, yes. I loved every moment of it, to the point that sometimes during school holidays I would return back to school early because I was so keen to be back at Heacham. Mind you, there were some aspects of the school that I did not take kindly. For instance, the harsh discipline and especially the punishments. But, I suppose like most of us I quickly knuckled down and got used to the routine and the rules'.*

**Q—"Was one of your memorable moments split between the pain or the expectation?"**

*A—'Without a doubt, the expectation!!'*

**Q—"How and where did you and Rosemary meet for the first time?"**

*A—'Rosemary lived quite close to us but also attended a boarding school, very similar to St. Michael's School, but in Kent. I had known Rosemary, from a distance, for a long time because her Mother ran the Guide Company that my sister attended. So, from time to time Rosemary's name would be mentioned at home. Then one day we were at a Harvest Supper and Rosemary was there and one thing led to another and the rest is history'.*

**Q—"How long have you and Rosemary been married?"**

*A—'We will be celebrating our Ruby (40<sup>th</sup>) Wedding Anniversary in 2007'.*

**Q—"When did your interest in the Hotel Industry start?"**

*A—'Well, certainly nothing could have been further from my mind when I left school. I really did not know what I wanted to do. My mother became quite agitated and busy on my behalf arranging meetings for me to attend with Bank Managers, Solicitors etc but none of these interested me whatsoever. It was one of my Aunts, who was a sly but engaging old lady who was Head of Chemistry at St Paul's Girls School, she had been spending a short break at a Trust House Hotel where they were hosting a Trust House Management Conference and she met the Personnel Director, explaining to him that she had a wayward nephew who had no idea what to do with his life and he in turn offered to see me to explain the wonderful world of Hotel Management. I did go along and this very wise man explained to me the possibilities of progress up the very steep ladder of success within Hotel Management and eventually suggested that he could offer me a trainee post but recommended instead that I train at a Hotel Management College. I thought this was a great idea and promptly applied for a place at the college'.*

**Q—"What were your expectations and ambitions at this time?"**

*A—'None whatsoever. I had no idea what I was letting myself in for, so therefore I had no ambitions. I had never stayed in a Hotel in my life and therefore had no idea what the Industry was all about'. —'Except that I wanted to run a really first class hotel.'*



Peter Yarker

Bob Balshaw

Continued from page 5.....

**Q—"What did you learn at this time?"**

A—"The most important for me was to accept responsibility; responsibility for my actions and responsibility for taking decisions. I quickly realised that I had the ability and self discipline to ensure that whatever I was engaged in doing, the job was done properly. As far as I was concerned the job had to be done perfectly and I suppose this is a direct result of our schooling and discipline at St. Michael's School. I am a firm believer that you should do your best at all times. More especially, if you are responsible for employing people, it is your responsibility to make sure that they are treated well and that they are provided with all of the necessary training and tools to enable them to do their job effectively. And if people are paying for your services, you should go out of your way to ensure you give them the very best service'.

**Q—"How did your ambitions change at this time?"**

A—"I knew that I wanted to progress my career into Hotel Management but I had no real ambitions to own and run my own Hotel. I was employed by two companies. The first was Myddleton Hotels where I ended up on the main Board; the second was the Ladbroke Group, where I managed the hotels in half the country. Both employers taught me much about the Industry

**Q—"Do you now feel that you achieved your ambitions?"**

A—"I suppose I must have done. I eventually added a few more noughts onto my Mortgage and bought my own Hotels, first in Bath then in Cheltenham. In Bath we completely redesigned the place. We changed the name and ran the Hotel successfully as a 4\* Hotel offering our cliental a high standard of service, comfortable surroundings and value for money spent. I subsequently sold the Hotel and the organisation that bought it from me immediately ripped the Hotel apart and completely redesigned the interior. And when it was finished I was invited to attend the official opening and the place was a picture and no money had been spared. I was asked by a colleague, 'Wouldn't you have liked to have carried out that style of work?' And I replied to him, 'Yes, of course I would, but I would not have been that stupid'. It was not long after all of this work was finished that the Hotel went into liquidation Q.E.D (as we used to have us put on our geometry formula)'.

**Q—"What are the things you feel most proud of within your private life?"**

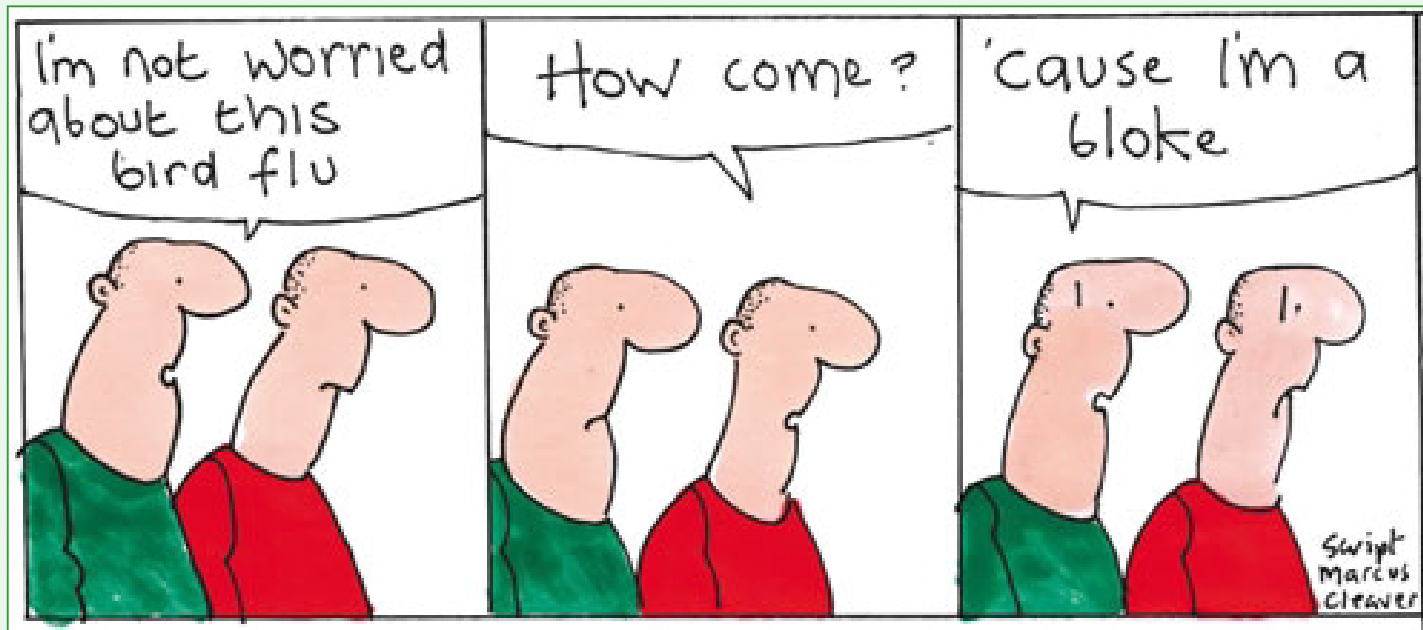
A—"I would not use the word proud, but most important without hesitation, I would have to say my family. I have a wonderful wife who has steadfastly supported me in everything I have done and I believe that I could never have achieved what I have without Rosemary at my elbow; and our three sons and our very first Granddaughter. All three sons are becoming highly successful in their chosen careers. Secondly but no less important, is my Faith and the part I now play within the church. '.

**Q—"You and Rosemary have supported the OMA for many years and hardly ever missed a Reunion weekend. Why?"**

A—" We have missed a few Reunions along the years but, you are right, not too many. The school meant a great deal to me and I never regretted a moment spent there. It equipped me to be the person I am . I was taught respect and discipline. Not only for my fellow human beings but also for everything around me. It taught me self-discipline. So, I have much to be grateful for to St. Michael's School and especially to Roger Pott. Even when I left St. Michael's I still wanted to retain that connection with the school and with Norfolk. I kept this link mainly through the OMA. People may not remember that I was once Editor of the OMA newsletter before it blossomed into 'The Mitre'. Rosemary and I made many friends in Norfolk and this was another reason why we continued to visit the county whenever possible. I still find it amazing that the Association continues to run so successfully and long may that continue'.

**Q—"You have already told me how important your religion is to you. How is this manifest in the work you have now become involved as a Lay Preacher?"**

A—"As a Reader, I am totally involved and I love every part of it. We have six churches in our Benefice that, geographically, are no more than four miles in any direction from Norton St. Philip (see [www.hardingtonvale.org.uk](http://www.hardingtonvale.org.uk)). I have become involved in virtually every aspect of running a Parish including assisting in the preparation and leading of church services, sermons and general church matters involving the church wardens and buildings'.



*My old dad always used to say to me, "Son, what goes around, comes around". Which has absolutely nothing to do with this next contribution from Robin Batchelor, but I thought I would share it with you anyway.....JW*

## 'ello 'ello 'ello

I have 'toyed' with this story for a long time! I am sure if you do not think it appropriate you will not put it to print.

*Tut, tut, Robin, we print anything and everything in 'The Mitre'*

Bearing in mind the fact that I have been retired from the Metropolitan Police Force for 17 years, the story I am about to relate must be 30 or more years old!

One sunny day, whilst I was patrolling a street in South-East London, I saw a boy in a familiar school uniform coming towards me with his Mum. I spoke to them and told them that I had attended the same school until 1956. Mum did look a little surprised I must say.

It was only some weeks or months later, while I was recalling the meeting between the boy and his Mum, I realised why his Mum's expression was one of surprise.

My Police Station had received a message from the Norfolk Constabulary asking for a home visit to ascertain the whereabouts of an absconder from St. Michael's School, Ingoldisthorpe. This type of message usually relates to an Approved School. Perhaps there is something about my childhood that I cannot remember!! The boy was discovered and returned on more than one occasion to the school. However, the story does not end there.....

Some years later, when the boy in question was probably in his late teens, I spent a week of night duty guarding a prisoner in a local Hospital who turned out to be that very same boy. He had been shot whilst breaking into a local shop by a not too friendly shopkeeper protecting his stock!

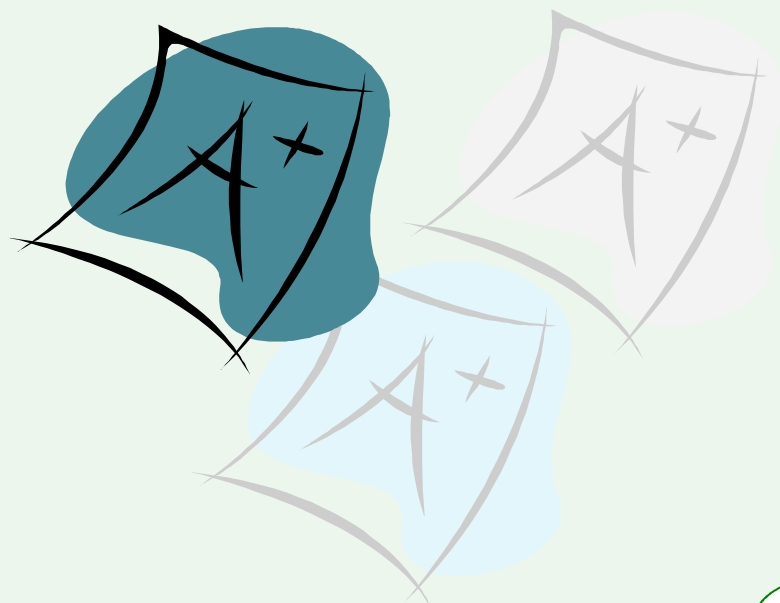
I always knew that the Church, the Police and crime had many connections with St. Michael's School. To the best of my recollections drugs had not been a problem, well, not during my time!!



## A Poem by Alan Digby

*Dated March 2006, let me introduce you all to the latest Old Michaelian who has successfully found the OMA Web Site and is now a fully paid up Member of our Association. Welcome to Alan Digby. I understand that Alan is hoping to join us all at the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations in October and, from the little I know, I am sure he must have a tale or three to tell. Anyway, here is Alan's short contribution to **The Mitre** which I hope you will enjoy.*

**He swung the cane so freely  
It hurt *him* more than us  
For talking after lights-out  
The punishment is a must  
No boy was ever beaten  
Or kept in on Saturday's  
For things that he had never done  
Or rules that he obeyed  
It was, or so we were told  
To make us better men  
Then to the world we'd represent  
GOOD OLD MICHAELIAN'S**



Alan J Digby

*Our next contributor to the 2006 'Mitre' is our dear friend Mike Smith. Mike was once a hard working and dedicated OMA Committee Member but we seemed to have lost contact with him over recent years. Well, he is back. Well not exactly back, but back in touch. I doubt there is much chance of persuading him away from the Florida sunshine, his pool and his golf for a chilly weekend in Hunstanton in late October! Anyway, we live and hope.....JW*

## The American Dream

'Okay, lets try and tell you what we have done since leaving London Road, Kettering. After searching the country from the Isle of Wight to Yorkshire and from the east coast to the west coast, we finally bought a run down Fish Shop in Fleetwood, and I mean run down. We spent nearly as much again doing it up as we did buying it. Then we had to get rid of the drunks and druggies that used it. We opened up in May 1998 and by the second week we thought we had made a big mistake but we had no choice but to continue as we had put all our money into the project. We hated every moment being there and we were working 12 hours each day, 7 days every week.

By October 1998 we had **won** the title of **Best Fish & Chip Shop in the North of England** and what better way to celebrate but to take ourselves off to Florida to **GET MARRIED!**

When we returned back to the UK from our American Honeymoon we had to go straight down to London for the National Finals where we achieved the acclaimed distinction of **second place** losing out to a shop in Scotland.

After this achievement in our business career our Fleetwood shop really went into overdrive and after two years we sold the business and kept the property earning us a good regular income.

Together my wife Shirley and I spent the best part of the following four months decorating and repairing our house in Hazel Road Kettering. While we were doing this we were also on the lookout for another run down Fish Shop but this time trying hard to avoid Seaside towns & Fishing Ports. Best laid plans and all of that because where do you think we finished up? In Lowestoft!!

We spent the following two years re-decorating and re-fitting the Fish Shop which became yet another period of Hell for Shirley and I until we finally sold the business but kept the property again. This was another huge step for us both in achieving our objective to eventually move and live in **Florida USA**.

By now we had completely 'burnt ourselves out' and all we could think about was the attractive Florida sun. So we moved back to our house in Hazel Road Kettering and for the following year we finished off the long overdue decorating. Disposable income was beginning to get a bit low and we needed to boost our finances. Then the old feelings started to return and it did not take long before we were once again searching the country for a suitable shop to buy. Eventually we found what we were looking for in Long Sutton.

*Made an offer—Offer accepted—Got gazumped—Business became available again—Made another offer—Did a great deal*

Word then spread locally about our intention to open up the shop as a High Class Fish & Chip Shop and with our past reputation and record, other businesses started to get a little nervous. It did not take very long at all before we were made an offer we could not refuse and we sold the Lease the very day we obtained it and walked away from the business with a very broad smiles on our faces.

### Florida here we come!

Sorting out the restrictions of entry to live in the States is a bit of a minefield and we were a little subdued when we found out that the maximum time we could spent in the States each year was just 6 months. Undeterred we searched for a business to buy and after several visits we eventually found a Company that manufactured and marketed **Window Blinds**. Not exactly the type of business that we had been used to but one that we considered we could work at and plough more of our energy into and before we knew it we were back to work looking after the interests of sales people, installers, manufacturers and a secretary.

Both Shirley and I are blissfully happy here in Florida having achieved our main objective. We are working hard, but not quite as hard as we did working in the UK. So, most of the time, so long as I am not too far away from the Store, we spend lazing by the pool or playing golf in the sunshine.

None of this could have been achieved without the help and total support of my wife Shirley. She has been with me 100% of the way. Although I never did achieve loads of academic qualifications during my time at St Michael's School, at least I am able to look back and be thankful for the fact that I was educated to a high standard learning the art of logic, common sense and the ability to create self confidence in myself and the objectives I set.

**Mike Smith**

*P.S.*

*My wife and I would like to extend a warm invitation to all OM's who live in the Florida area or who are visiting the Florida area to contact us. We would love to see any OM's but we would suggest you make contact with us first via our e-mail address: [grumpsusa@yahoo.com](mailto:grumpsusa@yahoo.com)*





*It is 1st March 2006 when I received this contribution from **Tom Townsend** all the way from sunny Australia. I could almost feel the Aussie sunshine and late summer heat transmit itself through the computer screen. Thanks Tom.  
Great to hear from you again. ....JW*

## School Memories by Tom Townsend

- ♣ On no account do you tap your feet if you are sitting on the top deck of the school bus above the drivers cab.
- ♣ Do not go outside wearing your indoor shoes
- ♣ The Film Projector always broke down every Saturday evening
- ♣ The School Choir sang at St. Margaret's Church Kings Lynn in front of the late Queen Mother
- ♣ A very bad snowstorm
- ♣ A drink called 'St. Michael's Special' sold at Wadworth's for 6p
- ♣ Spending time in a large tent of which two nights were spent in the pouring rain
- ♣ Making cannons out of curtain rail but I cannot remember where we got the explosive material
- ♣ Watching the girls play Netball
- ♣ No vests to be worn at night under pyjamas
- ♣ Pressing trousers under the mattress
- ♣ Easter church services that lasted three hours
- ♣ Gently sipping the communion wine from the chalice
- ♣ The hockey pitch on the other side of the road which was very hard on a frosty morning



*It sometimes takes the slightest little thing to set the mind off racing back into the past and before you know what has happened you are transported back 40 years and desperately trying to stitch the memory together. This must have been the case of **Robin Adams**. He needs help in remembering some vital details to this little story. Thanks **Robin**:.....JW*

## The School Play (Henry V)



There may have been other school plays at St. Michael's School but this is the only one I can remember.

I played the part of Salisbury while **Keith Coleman** played the part of Westmoreland. **Stan Davidson** (Head Boy) was Henry V but unfortunately I cannot remember who played Warwick but I think it may have been **Michael Kemsley**.

I do remember that **Jeremy Le Poer Power** played the part of Mountjoy and **Margaret Hawkins** played a part and helped with the costumes which the school hired.

Henry Taylor and my father, W T Adams and Miss Hayes-Williams were all involved in some way with the production which was staged in Heacham as part of a show in connection with the Royal British Legion Remembrance Day.

In class I read the part of Pistol. I think I made a better job of this than I did playing the part of Salisbury in the play. **John Annetts** took the role of a French Soldier and **Stephen Barker** as a boy. All of this was under the Direction of **Henry Taylor**.

It was necessary for me to refer to my Shakespeare books when it came to write this article. If anyone can add anymore to these memories, I would love to hear from you.



*Please be upstanding for the Chairman of the Old Michaelian Association.  
.....JW*

## Ian Dupont, Chairman—OMA

I've come to the conclusion: **it is not a good idea to sit and think about dates!**

The Diamond Jubilee of **St. Michael's School** makes me realise that it is 44 years since I left the hallowed walls. Fortunately, I think the school must have had some magic dust dropped on it at some stage because, although the body and mind inevitably don't feel quite so nimble (especially when I am trying to remember names) I don't feel the age I have regrettably reached. I find this an extraordinary phenomenon. For example, I listen to people chatting, reminiscing and moving about and I feel genuinely sorry for their increasing decrepitude, only to learn that they are some years younger than me!!

Now, I know this has nothing to do with what I am suppose to be writing but I do hope that you too have been lightly dusted recently and will join all us young ones on **28/29 October** in **Hunstanton** to enjoy the repartee of a past era.

It is some years since I drove across Germany on sparsely cared Autobahns for mile after interminable mile at very high speed and I am sure it is not the same now, certainly as far as the traffic levels are concerned.

However, I must commend a certain **John Wort**, who attended **St. Michael's School** after my time, for doing just that and joining us all for the 2005 **OMA Reunion**. (Although I hesitate to think what speeds he may have achieved along the way!).

So, for those of you who have considerably less mileage to navigate, I do hope that you will join us. (There, I have said it again, and I promised I would not nag).

Anyway, **Wally** is waiting to send '**The Mitre**' to press so I will close wishing you all health, wealth (uck!) and a lovely summer.

Best Wishes

**Ian Dupont  
Chairman**

*Over recent months I have received some wonderful anecdotes, jokes and other printable material from our very dear friend **Pat Frost** to which I send my hearty thanks and appreciation. So, should you come cross some of this material is this edition of '**The Mitre**' it is Pat's fault and certainly not mine!.....JW*

Q: How is dew formed

A: The sun shines down on the leaves and makes them perspire

Q: What is a fibula

A: A tiny lie

Q: What is the major disease associated with cigarettes

A: Premature death

**These are some juicy quotes from children's school tests:**

Q: How can you delay milk turning sour

A: Keep it in the cow

Q: What are steroids?

A: Things that stop the stair carpet from slipping about

Q: Name the four seasons

A: Salt, pepper, mustard & vinegar

*There has got to be hundreds of anecdotes, life changing stories, famous sayings, and the rest that we can all recall from time to time. David Jakobsson remembers three such stories involving the Headmaster and here they come now.....JW*

## Life with RPP

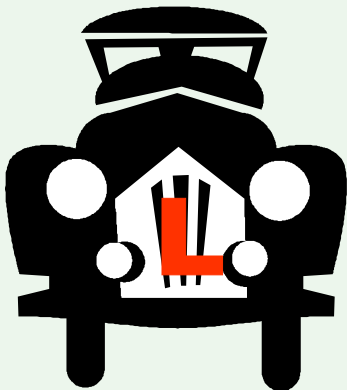
My first story involves me as a new learner driver. On the morning of my 17th birthday I had been told to drive the Headmaster from Heacham to Ingoldisthorpe for breakfast using the brand new Hillman Minx car. I had never driven on public roads before and hardly off them either. I remember laying in bed the night before, unable to sleep due probably to **FEAR** and miming the motions of clutch control and gear changing for hours on end until eventually, out of sheer exhaustion, I must have fallen to sleep.

The following morning, with the Headmaster at my side, I managed to negotiate the streets of Heacham without incident nor accident and joined the main road towards Snettisham.

"Get a move on, boy. What are you waiting for?" the Headmaster bellowed in my ear. But try as I would I could not coax the car above 40mph. "Stop! Get out. I had better drive otherwise we will not get to Ingoldisthorpe until lunchtime!" We exchanged places and as the Headmaster got into the drivers seat he bellowed at me again.....

"You've got the handbrake on, you \*\*\*\*!!". I think I am right in saying that the word he may have used was "Ass!"

He did allow me to continue the drive to Ingoldisthorpe which, as far as I can remember, went okay. I cannot remember who was sitting in the back of the car at the time but I do remember that from thereon I was nicknamed 'Handbrake' for a long time afterwards.



*How many times can we all remember trying to wriggle out of a sticky situation by trying to argue a point or three with the Headmaster. Well, David can.....and so can I.....JW*

### "Sir, I can explain"

When one was apprehended by RPP for an apparent irregularity or misdemeanour but one was able to offer a plausible explanation, you would often hear the impatient and no less furious retort, "**Well, that's the answer then!**"

*There is organisation and there is organisation and sometimes the best plans in the world go wrong. It only happened on rare occasions with RPP but when his plans did go wrong they were corkers. How about this memory.....JW*

On the return journey from our annual choir trip to London, the Headmaster wanted to treat us to a film and he stopped the double decker bus outside a cinema in Hendon. I don't know what film he thought we were going to see, but it certainly was not the one he intended. "**La Ronde!**" Strange isn't it how details like this stick in the mind because it must have made a great impression on me! The film has something to do with soldiers and prostitutes. I have since checked the Internet and discovered that the film was released in 1964 and therefore it must have been the 1964 choir trip that this happened. I cannot remember for certain what comments he made afterwards but I do remember the shocked expressions on peoples faces as they left the cinema to see RPP merging from the auditorium wearing his dog collar!

## Here's Food for Thought

### Bringing up children

- ♣ You spend the first two years of their lives teaching them to walk and talk. Then to spend the next sixteen years telling them to sit down and shut up!
- ♣ Grandchildren are God's reward for not killing your own children
- ♣ Mothers of teenagers now know why some animals eat their young
- ♣ Children seldom misquote you. In fact they usually repeat word for word what you should not have said
- ♣ The main purpose of holding children's parties is to remind yourself that there are children more awful than your own
- ♣ We childproof our homes, but they are still getting in



*We have found a 'new' Member. A big welcome to David Jakobsson who has responded sensibly to the offer of thousands of pounds in return for an article about his life since St. Michael's School. David's article has been split into two parts. The first part will concentrate on his early years after leaving St. Michael's and his first introduction and reflections of Germany after re-unification. JW*

## 'Go East, young Man!'

At rather short notice my parents decided that I should join the 6th form of a Grammar School in Essex, ostensibly to enhance my academic chances. These were probably the worst two years of my life; absolute misery after leaving St. Michael's School, but I did manage two 'A' levels (grades nothing to boast about though).

After just one year of Teacher Training at St. Mark & St. John's College, Chelsea, I aborted the course having decided that teaching was definitely not for me.

At this point I met Ingeborg (Inge) my future wife, who was spending some time in London. I followed her back to Germany and ended up spending a delightful two years in Freiburg-im-Breisgau where she was at University reading both English and French. I earned my keep working part-time in the University Library. I enjoyed my time there immensely, although I was doing little to further my long term future. I eventually returned to London to commence architectural studies at the Architectural Association, a long course which, thankfully, I completed successfully.

Inge and I were married in 1973 and our son Henry and daughter Hannah arrived in the ensuing years. Inge taught for many years at Haberdashers Ask's Hatcham School in SE London where we lived. I worked as a salaried architect in and around London until 1991. I was made an offer I could not refuse to join a architectural and engineering company in what had been East Germany one year before. Inge and the family loyally followed a little later, rather unsure about the soundness of my decision to '**GO EAST**'. Their scepticism grew by the day once they arrived. I remained stoically convinced that my decision to move to Germany was a sensible decision (.....well, I had to, didn't I?).

Some months before finally leaving for the eastern part of reunified Germany I first of all had to go to a place called Plauen in Saxony to visit the firm's Head Office for the first time. Then on to Weimar (Thuringia) where I would eventually work. It was necessary for me to spend some quality time making arrangements for me and my family to arrive and settle in Weimar. I was given one week to arrange a teaching post for Inge, find suitable schools for the children, sort out temporary accommodation, get my architectural qualifications recognised and if that was not enough, find a suitable plot of land to build the family house. Phew!

My experiences during that week were worthy of a Kafka scenario! The authorities I had to see were mainly housed in an ancient building with long corridors on several floors each lined on one side with chairs and all chairs occupied by patiently waiting citizens all facing a daunting row of identical doors. All the people were casually dressed. I was dressed in a business suit which made me feel a little conspicuous and out of place. "**Who is this alien in our midst?**" was written all over their faces.

My employers had organised accommodation for me. There was nothing available in the town but a room had been found for me in a Hotel up on a nearby hill. It turned out to be the old Officers Mess at the former concentration camp named Buchenwald! 'A rather sinister start to my Weimer experience' I thought. The week was successful and I was able to achieve everything including the purchase of a building plot.

The firm I joined was an organisation with approximately 150 employees which had been specialising in building industrial sheds in Russia and Siberia. The HQ was in Plauen and there was a branch office in Weimar. My life long friend, an engineer from Karlsruhe, had taken over the firm after reunification and saved the firm from certain closure. The plan was to restructure the firm as an architectural and engineering enterprise. He offered me Weimar and I found it necessary to spend some considerable time at the HQ in Plauen to acquaint myself with the firm, its procedures and its many problems.

I spent five unforgettable months in Plauen and the time I spent there was very grim in many ways. The old GDR regime was only a year ago. Work at the offices started each day 6:15am and the journey to work was dark and extremely cold. There were few street lamps and the trams were fitted with cold fluorescent lighting. It had a strange effect on my fellow travellers making them all look ghost-like. The towns buildings had not been regularly maintained and in many cases they still showed signs of war damage on their facades. Other buildings still retained the emergency repairs made some 50 years previously.

Having said all of this, and taking into account the strange and different ways I quickly had to become accustomed, I was well received by everyone and they all treated me very kindly, but then, after all, I was a close buddy of the Boss!

There was a widespread sense of inferiority in the presence of Westerners and many of my work colleagues failed to understand why I found it necessary to leave London to work in, what they considered to be, a damaged environment. Indeed, there were times when I asked myself a similar question and without a doubt my family questioned my sanity when they arrived in Germany to live.

I returned briefly to London to finalise the move and my new employers financed everything as far as the moving costs were concerned. While Inge, the children and I were waiting in the queue at Dover waiting to board the Cross Channel Ferry I happened to notice that the Pickfords Removal Truck was also waiting to board the very same Ferry and the thought briefly crossed my mind that if the Ferry capsized my entire family together with all of our worldly goods, including the family cat, would disappear at a stroke!

*Thanks David. This entire article has been prepared by David with much enthusiasm and there is much more to tell. With David's permission I have decided to publish the second part of David's article in the next issue of **The Mitre**' JW*

## Editorial

It is with a tad of nervousness that I put pen to paper, yet again, as **Editor** of '**The Mitre**'.

Before I go any further I wish to take this opportunity to express my hearty 'Thanks' to Martin Graville on behalf of all of you for his devoted hard work as **Editor** over the last seven years. How he maintained any sense of sanity for so long, only Martin can explain.

This is the third time that I have taken on the responsibility as **Editor** of '**The Mitre**' over a period of some 40 years and therefore I completely understand the task that is not only expected of me by all Members but also the responsibility that goes with the title of **Editor**.

By now you will have ploughed your way through several pages of script and I hope that the one fact that could not have escaped your notice is that the format and style of '**The Mitre**' has changed. If you were present at the 2005 AGM you will recall that, during my presentation, I suggested that this change was necessary to keep '**The Mitre**' up to date and crisp incorporating as many contributions from you, the Members, as possible. Of course, I am forever willing to listen to criticism and constructive ideas that hopefully will enhance '**The Mitre**' and keep it going as a communication tool for all **Old Michaelians** all over the World.

So, I make no apologies whatsoever in expressing my sincere **THANKS** to everyone who has contributed this time and I hope that the selected articles have brought a tear to the eye, a smile to the face and a touch of nostalgia. It is, of course, a hope of mine that Members will be encouraged and fortified with ideas and make immediate contact with me and contribute their own articles for future editions of '**The Mitre**'

I mentioned to you in the **OMA Newsletter** published last February that the Committee had decided to publish just one edition of '**The Mitre**' each year and that this decision would be constantly reviewed. Nothing much has changed to date but I do have to say that I am much encouraged by the response that I have received from **Old Michaelian's** when I have requested articles, interviews and other assorted relevant material. I will be enforcing the issue again at our April Committee Meeting for consideration to be given to reverting back to **TWO** publications each year but not if this will mean a decline in quality.

**Simon Pott** (or Granddad as he now prefers to be known) mentioned to you in his article how pleased we all are that, at the time of going to print, the numbers of **Old Michaelian's** and partners who have indicated their commitment to attend the **Diamond Jubilee Anniversary Reunion Weekend** are extremely encouraging and this indicates to us that 2006 will be an extremely successful year for the **Association**. If you have not made up your mind to join us in October please do not hesitate too long because we would all love to see you there. Make that commitment **NOW** and make contact with Ruth Chilvers to reserve your place at the Reunion Dinner. Ruth can be contacted in so many ways by telephone, e-mail, snail mail and also via the **OMA Web Site**. I am making sure that a Reservation Form is supplied to you with this copy of '**The Mitre**' and I hope you will all take advantage of the heavily discounted price for the **Reunion Dinner** offered at **£20 per person** on this very special occasion.

Lastly, I am already thinking about the next publication of '**The Mitre**' and there is every possibility that I may come knocking on your door for some sort of contribution. No, not money, but script, copy, articles, poems.....you know what I want!!

I hope you all have a great summer and we all look forward to one heck of a **Party** in Hunstanton at the end of October.

Best Wishes to you all

John Wallington

## Ode to Grandma

Written especially by Rory Edward Pott for his Loving Grandma

*The Computer swallowed Grandma*

*Yes, honestly, it's true*

*She pressed 'control' and 'enter'*

*And disappeared from view*

*It's devoured her completely*

*The thought just makes me squirm*

*Maybe she's caught a virus*



*Or been eaten by a worm*

*I've searched through the recycle bin*

*And files of every kind*

*I've even used the Internet*

*But nothing did I find*

*In desperation I asked Jeeves*



*The reply from him was negative*

*Not a thing was found 'online'*

*So, if inside your 'In Box'*

*My Grandma you should see*

*Please 'Scan', 'Copy', and 'Paste' her*

*In an e-mail back to me.*

## Accommodation in Hunstanton

Now that you have sent the Booking Form + cheque to **Ruth Chilvers** you must ensure that appropriate accommodation is organised as soon as possible.

Below are a few ideas together with contact details for you to consider:

**Le Strange Arms Hotel**  
**Golf Course Road**  
**Old Hunstanton**  
**Norfolk**  
**PE36 6JJ**  
**Tel: 01485 534411**  
**e-mail: [reception@lestrangearms.co.uk](mailto:reception@lestrangearms.co.uk)**  
**Ask for special OMA Rates**



**The Gables**  
**28 Austin Street**  
**Hunstanton**  
**Norfolk**  
**PE36 6AW**  
**Tel: 01485 532514**  
**e-mail: [bbatthegables@aol.com](mailto:bbatthegables@aol.com)**



**Sunningdale**  
**3-5 Avenue Road**  
**Hunstanton**  
**Norfolk**  
**PE36 5BW**  
**Tel: 01485 532562**



**Narara Guest House**  
**9 Lincoln Square**  
**Hunstanton**  
**Norfolk**  
**PE36 6DW**  
**Tel: 01485 534290**



**Peacock House**  
**Hunstanton**  
**Norfolk**  
**PE36 5BY**  
**Tel: 01485 534551**  
**e-mail: [peacockhouse@onetel.com](mailto:peacockhouse@onetel.com)**  
**e-mail: [reception@sunningdalehotel.com](mailto:reception@sunningdalehotel.com)**



## Diamond Jubilee OMA Reunion Weekend

As 'The Mitre' goes to press in readiness for distribution in late June '06, most of the preparation and organisation for this very special event in **October** has been finalised and all that we have to do is to confirm all of this detail to you, the Members.

### Friday 27 October 2006

Let us make a date to meet in the Bar of the **Le Strange Arms Hotel** during the evening before Dinner. Many of you have already made plans to make the Friday part of your annual pilgrimage back to **Hunstanton** and the whole of the **OMA Committee** will be in attendance to greet newcomers and welcome back old friends.

### Saturday 28 October 2006

By the time you have ploughed your way through to this part of 'The Mitre' you will have read with interest the article written by **Chris & Jose Gibbs** describing how they enjoyed renewing their fondness for Norfolk and revisiting many old haunts along the way. There is plenty to do and much to digest as we go seeking for confirmation of this or how this or that place may have changed. Arrangements have already been made that both **Heacham Church** and **Ingoldisthorpe Church** will be open on the Saturday morning between 10am - 12pm for those of you who may wish to pay a visit. There is so much to enjoy in **Hunstanton** and if we are as fortunate with the weather as we experienced last year then walks and even golf are a real possibility. A little less energetic exercise and you might be persuaded to have a go at the local **Pitch n Putt**.

At lunchtime all Members will be assembling in the **Mariners Bar** at the **Le Strange Arms Hotel** and we have again successfully negotiated with the Hotel Management that reserved tables will be made available to all Members towards the rear of the downstairs Bar where you will be made most welcome by members of the **OMA Committee** and where you will have the opportunity to relax and chat with old friends over a pint or three.

During Saturday morning **John King** will once again be supervising the setting up of the **OMA Photographic Exhibition**. For those of you who are making a first visit back for our **Reunion** we are sure you will appreciate the hard work that has been achieved in compiling this extremely interesting archive of photographs for us all to fully view. The **Photographic Exhibition** will be available for viewing late morning on Saturday and throughout the remainder of the day until after the AGM.

The **AGM** will take place in the Palace Suite of the Hotel commencing at **3:30pm** and we would request that as many Members attend as possible. It has been said many times before, but this is your opportunity to rant and rave or simply to congratulate the **OMA Committee and Officers** for a job well done. Also, it is important because a new Committee must be elected together with Officers within the Committee. So, we hope you will find the time to attend this annual event.

And so to the main event.....

The **OMA Reunion Dinner** is always a special event and enjoyed by both **Old Michaelian's** and **partners**.

We have always recognised the important role that partners play in our Association and we understand fully how strange and odd some of the stories and events that took place around Heacham, Ingoldisthorpe and Hunstanton many years ago may appear. The Association salutes all partners and families of **Old Michaelian's** all over the World.

Your **OMA Committee** have put in some incredible hard work to organise an extra special **OMA Reunion Dinner** to celebrate the **Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the Founding of St. Michael's School**.

The atmosphere during the evening will be electric and as we go to press we already know of **Old Michaelian's** who will be travelling great distances to join us. Plus, there will be **Old Michaelian's** who are making this their first return back to **Norfolk**. A really great evening has been organised and the whole evening will begin with complimentary pre-dinner drinks for all Members and partners together with a 'Welcoming Group' who will supervise the availability of individual name badges. A great menu has been organised together with a mouth watering raffle which you will not be able to resist wrestling wads of notes from that old wallet! And should you find a little difficulty in finding those wads of notes, our good ladies from the Committee will no doubt be able to assist you.

We have after Dinner Speakers to help you absorb the fine food and fine wine and of that was not enough.....

### **WE HAVE MUSIC AND DANCING UNTIL THE EARLY HOURS.**

By which time non of us will care about the fact that the clocks will be changing and that we will lose an hours sleep. Who cares.....

### **IT'S PARTY TIME!!**

### Sunday 29 October 2006

Oh boy! Is it Sunday already?

No matter how badly you mis-behaved at the **OMA Reunion Dinner**, somehow we have got to get you to church!

A full Eucharist, in celebration of **St. Michael's School**, will take place at 11am at Ingoldisthorpe Church and we would like to see a full church please of **Old Michaelian's**. Those of you who think you have a half decent singing voice are invited to attend the church from 10:15am onwards to participate in a short Choir Practise. Oh drat, even if you do not have a singing voice, come along anyway. The **Sunday Eucharist** will be officiated this year by our dear friend **David Ratcliff**. It is hoped that we can persuade another dear friend **Ben Gunner** to play the organ.

Refreshments will be available to all in the church after the Eucharist. After events at **Ingoldisthorpe Church** many of us will be making our way back a short distance to the **Norfolk Lavender Farm, Heacham** for a light lunch before we close yet another chapter within the **Old Michaelian Association** until the same time next year.

### **What do you have to do next?**

Fill out the enclosed Booking Form, fill out your cheque and get the two items mailed off to **Ruth Chilvers** as soon as possible. This will ensure that you will have a place at the **OMA Dinner**. For this special occasion the Committee have arranged for a special price of just **£20 per person**. Please do not hesitate. Please do not put it off until tomorrow.

**DO IT NOW!**

# OMA 2006

# Anniversary Dinner Booking Form

*Can you please reserve me .....number of tickets for the  
2006 Reunion Weekend.*

*Name:.....*

*Partners Name:.....*

*Address:.....*

.....

.....

*Post Code:.....*

*Telephone Number:.....*

*Email:.....*

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

*I enclose my cheque of £..... (please make cheques  
payable to Old Michaelian Association) Thank you*

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