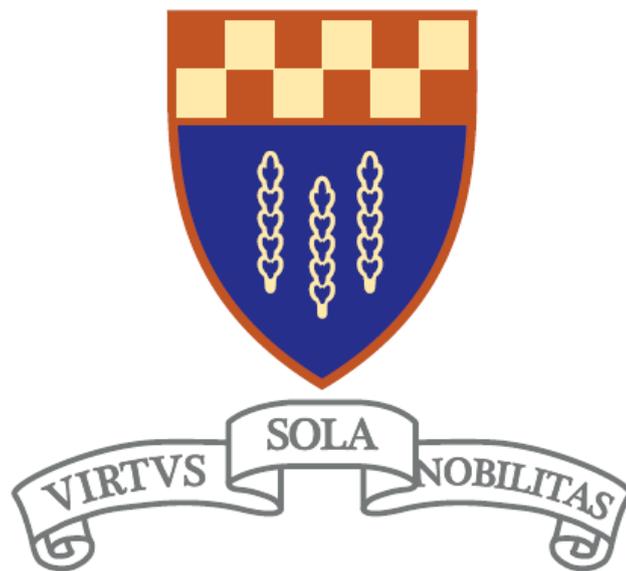


The Pavior



**The Occasional Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society**
(Founded 1989)

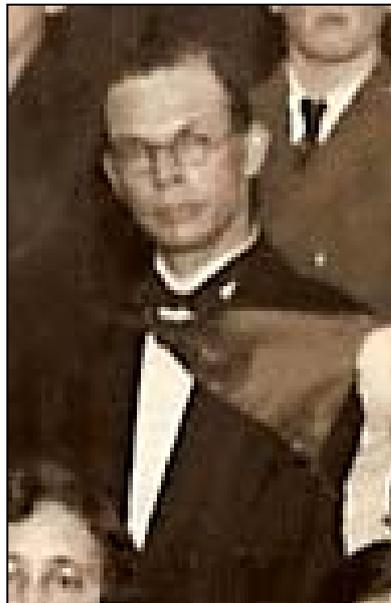
August 2011

Your Committee

The Committee Members listed below are always delighted to talk to you on any matter – particularly if you have a contribution to make to this publication!

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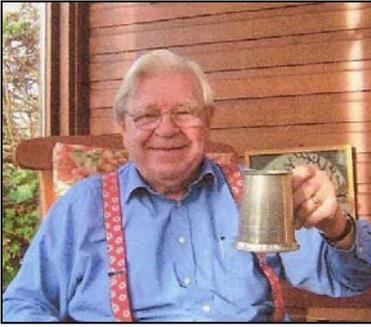


Faces to Remember
Mr Edmund Hugo Saayman
Physics master at High Pavement for 35 years
1926 – 1961

THE PAVIOR - MAY 2011

COMMENT

THE APPRENTICE



When I was offered the position of trainee ophthalmic optician in 1938 it was no surprise to find that this involved all the trappings of the traditional apprenticeship as it has operated for perhaps hundreds of years. On listing these attributes I was then, and still am, convinced that they are all for the final benefit of the trainee when, after several years he (or she) emerges as a fully qualified and experienced craftsman. The first obligation of the Master Craftsman was to look after and develop not only the craft skills of his charge, but also his/her welfare. This was for the period which was originally seven years (but now may be much shorter). The Master was recompensed for these services in two ways: he received an initial premium which established the good intent of the parent of the trainee, and went some way to deferring the total cost. Secondly the apprentice was paid only a token wage each week, which was intended as little more than spending money. In this way several years training costs were recovered by the Master Craftsman, who also acted as mentor and friend to his charge. In order to become fully qualified it was usually necessary to supplement the apprenticeship training with part time attendance at a local college, or even a correspondence course. This describes the situation when I left for the RAF in 1942.

I spent the rest of my life in baking, but was still involved with apprenticeship schemes. After the war years the baking trade was still heavily involved in its long established apprenticeship scheme, with many participants, because baker's shops were still run by a master baker, with his wife in the shop, and the apprentice. Nearly all firms in the trade produced the whole gamut of baked goods – bread in the morning, followed by morning goods, tea cakes, scones etc., and cakes later in the day. Every apprentice became fully conversant with most aspects of the trade. However, conditions changed dramatically. Small bakers began to disappear in favour of larger groups. Some diversified providing only lunch time snacks or celebration cakes. The opportunity to learn the whole trade became severely limited and the scheme declined until by 1980 or thereabouts there were only about 50 ordinary bakery apprentices registered in the whole of England. I proposed that the scheme be dropped and replaced by a more effective one with the opportunity to become qualified in limited sectors of the trade.

Today one of the simplest solutions proposed for youth unemployment has been the creation of '30,000 apprenticeships'. This is all very fine, but how do the so-called 'Modern Apprenticeships' compare with the traditions with which I was blessed in 1938? Is every modern trainee possessed of a loving parent, sufficiently involved to contribute £100 to the costs involved? Is every trainee prepared to receive a token wage in order to help pay his training costs? Will every trainee be blessed with a mentor to look after his interests during his years of development? We don't know. I believe 'trainee' might be a better word in the year 2011. The traditional apprentice has only a historical significance today.

Arnold

LETTERS FROM READERS FROM EDGAR JACKSON

[Edgar is a well-known attendee of Society functions and has contributed to the newsletter in the past. He reflects a little on his reading matter past and present, including this publication.]

Before the days of modern electronics, when the crystal set was king, I would read anything I could set my eyes on. This included newsprint, cut into convenient sized chunks, threaded with string and hung in the dunny. The chief drawback of this was the discovery that the conclusion of an interesting article was truncated in its prime. I learned my early French from the HP Sauce bottle, ‘cette sauce de haut qualité...’ We had *The People* and/or *The Sailor’s Bible* (so-called) on Sundays and *The Daily Herald*, delivered, you guessed it, daily. These were augmented by *John Bull* and *Illustrated* and, so eagerly awaited on Friday, my copy of *Hotspur* with school stories of Red Circle, Mr Smugg and the like. I’ve just checked some surviving 1947 copies—worra loader rubbish!

Not so, of course, *The Pavior* which rekindles those childhood anticipations. I almost salivate when I recognise the envelope and the only disappointment comes when I realise that I have read every last word. Stories of alumni’s school experiences, earlier or later than mine—no matter. Comparisons can be drawn and nostalgia re-awakened.

So I come to the last edition (*referring to that of Feb 2011-Ed*). I savoured Neville Wildgust’s submission of Harold Atkin’s letter and as a Labour party member hung my head in shame. But I also read that of David Bonsall, class fellow again, this time about his involuntary contribution to pugilistics. I remembered how we were made to sit and watch fellow schoolies knocking seven bells out of each other. I didn’t like it then and I don’t like it now. (I am still trying to trace my unsent letter in response an earlier epistle of his.)

Richard Maslen’s poem was brilliant! I understood every word of it. ‘Duddoos!’ I haven’t heard the word duddoos since the year dot, bless his little cotton frock. Recently I attended a do at our vllage church and, as I was leaving, met our old vicar. “Entyergorrawyer?” I asked. “Shisbeyintyer” he answered. No further conversation necessary: I’m a product of Byron Ward, he hies from Mucky Huckna’.

Christopher Gower says, “There can’t have been many Livery events in the past when three Old Paviors have been present together.” OK, but what about this float in the Lord Mayor’s Show then? And another OP (moi) taking the photo? Mind you his livery and mine have different connotations.

(And yes, Christopher, I would like to know how a cathedral musical director gets plastered.) Many thanks to all the contributors and the compiler and production team.



Yes folks, there really is a Paviors Livery Company but it is more associated with the actual **paving** industry than our kind of activity.

Edgar Jackson

FROM MICHAEL SIMPSON

Dear Colin,

At the risk of hogging the magazine's space, I can add a few details to the photograph of the school's leading boxers on p.13 of the May issue. Mr Dodd was educated, I believe, at St John's School, Leatherhead, and his father was, I think, a Methodist minister. Mr Dodd taught French and German. He was also in charge of one of the senior cricket teams. I was never a boxer, even a comic turn as so hilariously portrayed by Bob Cooper. The school was a notable performer in boxing in the 1950s and had national schools' champions. Pete Houghton (School House) was one and I think Waites was another. I believe Waites played the boy David in the play of the same name at Nottingham Playhouse. D. Williams was probably Dewi Tudno Williams, younger brother of a school captain, Wyn Tudno Williams. Wyn went to Trinity College, Cambridge but died of a tropical disease aged 36. Dewi read Classics at Oxford. The brothers were in Nottingham because their Welsh father was the local Min of Ag advisory officer. I recall all the others, though they were from at least three different years, entering in 1949-51.

Best wishes,

Michael Simpson

FROM HAROLD BLYTHE

Hello Colin, I read Julia Meadows' note in the latest Pavior and, although I was never taught by Eddie Saayman, I do have one memory of him which may be of interest to Julia. I was taking an exam on the Bestwood site when a severe earth tremor shook the building. The invigilator for the exam was EHS and, without raising his eyes from the papers in front of him, he simply said "Don't worry boys, it is only an earthquake". The effect of his calm appraisal of the event reassured us at the time, and has always stuck in my memory.

Best wishes,

Harold Blythe (1953 – 1960)

FROM JIM BEARDSLEY

[Jim sent these reminiscences in a telephone call to the editor. He remembers life at a harvest camp, leading to a remarkable incident later on in the school...]

We were at a harvest camp near the village of Timberland in Lincolnshire, where we were billeted in an old chapel lit by huge paraffin lamps. This inspired one lad to try drying dock leaves over a lamp to produce ersatz tobacco (a failure).

We were in the vicinity of several bomber airfields and discovered deep channels scored across a nearby field where a bomber had jettisoned high explosive bombs at a deliberately low altitude so they would hit the ground sideways and skid along without detonation until they came to rest, ready for removal by the RAF bomb disposal teams. Needless to say we kept well away from *that* location!

While working in the fields we witnessed the crash of a Hampden bomber, not far away from where we stood. Naturally all the boys ran to the scene and one, known to have a wild and adventurous spirit, picked up a revolver which had been thrown clear, to keep as a souvenir. Later he brought the gun to school and showed it to his classmates and tinkered with it, revealing that it contained live ammunition. He removed one of the

rounds and then, while in the school woodwork shop, placed it in the gas burner under the workshop's glue kettle. What some boy's will do out of bravado! There was a loud bang and the glue kettle was projected up to the ceiling before falling down again, leaving streams of glue dripping from the ceiling. Fortunately the bullet was projected upwards and no one was hurt. Needless to say the boy concerned was disciplined and, I believe later expelled.

Lastly, I have this memory of Eddie Saayman back in my early years at HP. A couple of lads were chattering in the lesson and EHS made them stand up and demanded their names. 'Large, sir.' said the first. 'And you?' asked EHS of the other miscreant. 'Small, sir' was the (truthful) reply. EHS was not amused. 'Take a hundred lines each! Insolent boys.'

Jim Beardsley

FROM PETE HAYES

[Pete Hayes is not (yet) a member of the Society but has sent this interesting account of his time at HP. We print it because, apart from its wealth of interesting memories, it deals with the time when the old grammar school era was drawing to its close.]

Dear Colin

As an ex-Pavior (69-73) I have been very absorbed in your High Pavement Grammar School website. The picture of the staff cricket team of 1970 shows some very familiar faces. I think all of them taught me at some time or other. One name is missing on the back row and I think this is Mr Monk who taught me Geography for one year only; Mr Bateman continued thereafter.

I was in Newstead House for the duration of my stay at HP and had the pleasure of being taught by Stanley (Middleton). His favourite phrase was 'stupid boy' and pre-dated Captain Mainwaring by a couple of years. I had other links with Stan as I went to school with his daughter and we remain good friends to date (she has just got married). I attended Stan's funeral and sat behind Mr Thompson (Thomo!) who was my History teacher.

Ray Caulton was my big favourite simply because, instead of teaching me Maths, he just told me about his exploits in the RAF and his involvement in the Berlin airlift—brilliant! He drove an old Volvo. Again he was suddenly taken from us while I was in the fourth form (I think). Sad day. I remember Charlie Mardling, who drove a Beetle and told me that you know when you've got the hang of French when you start dreaming in the language! Mr Blackburn drove an Austin Cambridge and built gliders for the D-day landings.

I now work for Nottingham Trent University telling kids in secondary school how important it is to try and get to University. High Pavement produced some wonderfully academic achievers many of whom waltzed into University but sadly I was not one of them. I often say that the worst thing I ever did was pass my 11 plus. Coming from a working class background with no brothers and sisters as role models, I was like a fish out of water. I left when I was 16, probably a failure in terms of HP statistics! However, in retrospect, I got there eventually so some of it must have rubbed off, and I do enjoy speaking *Latin* to people after all these years just to see their faces!!! It comes in handy when kids are doing projects on the Romans in schools.

I am secretly proud to have been part of HP life and followed on from my Uncle, George Mountain, who went there when it was on Stanley Rd before the war. He is still going strong at 83 so it must do us some good. I currently work at Forest Fields Primary School which faces HP's old Stanley Rd premises (which were closed this year). No doubt many more memories are at the back of the brain somewhere. It's difficult to believe it was all 40 years ago.

Kind Regards,

Pete Hayes

Mary Partington

Mary Partington, wife of our founder member Kendrick Partington, passed away on 22nd July. Her funeral was held at St Peter's Church on 4th August, when the Society was represented by Ken Kirk, Arnold and Barbara Brown and Edgar Jackson. We shall miss Mary's company at our annual events. The Society offers its condolences to Kendrick on his sad loss.

Steve Wright

Our long serving member Steve Wright (1965-71) died suddenly on May 6th. Again, the Society offers its condolences to his family on their sad loss.

THE WORK OF THE ARCHIVIST

Lance Wright has been busy of late in tracking down the details of various enquirers whose forebears were possibly educated at High Pavement. His searches have been highly successful and he makes use of a huge number of resources including the following:

1. Admission Registers 1 - 19 covering 1868 to 1948
(So far finished 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13 & 14)
2. School Magazines - Availability and a synopsis of each copy 1908 – 1991. These are searchable alphabetically (approx. 5000 names at present)
3. Archives located at High Pavement Sixth Form College (on-going)
4. Archives at Local Studies Central Library
5. Archives at University of Nottingham (Manuscripts Dept to be approached)
6. Archives at County Archives
7. Photographs at Nottingham Archives

Also the following sources:

HP Chapel list of persons in WW1
HP School Log Book 1892 – 1895, list of interesting topics
HP School Log Book 1899 – 1912, list of interesting topics
HP School Scrapbook 1947– 1952, with name index
HP School Staff List
HP School Staff involved in WW2

HP School Old Boys in the Forces 1939 - 45
HP School Old Boys mentioned in Despatches WW2
HP School Old Boys Decorations WW2
HP School Old Boys POW's in WW2
HP School Roll of Honour WW1 with added notes
HP School Roll of Honour WW2 with added notes

Lance does not charge a fee for his researches but asks people to consider making a donation to our very worthwhile Education Fund. Enquiries are always welcome.

NOSTALGIA CORNER

REMEMBERING THE ARMY CADET FORCE

At its most active in the 1940s, in the years during and after the Second World War, the school ACF gave many members of the school community a chance to prepare for their impending National Service. This life-changing experience was always painted in the darkest possible colours by Crock: ‘If you join the ACF it will prevent the first few months of your time in the Army from being a complete misery.’ Many of us who joined the RAF, not to mention the Royal Navy, wondered exactly what he meant. Captain Crossland was one of the first leaders of the group (company?), later to be followed by Capt. Watthey and others. Both these gentlemen had served in the army, Crock in the first war and Capt W in the second. Assistance was rendered by Lieuts. Morris, Wells, Benner and others. Capt Watthey’s circular letter to the parents of potential recruits had this intriguing tear-off reply slip:

*I am interested in the work done by the ACF and would like to attend
A normal evening parade
A special parade later in the evening*
Cross out whichever is applicable

Someone, anticipating anxious parents wrestling with this ambiguity, had thoughtfully inserted a hand-written ‘in’ before ‘applicable’.

All the officers were members of the school staff but the NCOs were from the ranks of the cadets themselves. The most senior of the NCOs was the CQMS (Company Quarter Master Sergeant)—a rank immediately below Sergeant Major—who was responsible for parade ground discipline. One remembers some notable holders of this rank including Kendrick Partington, John Emerson, John Dexter and Derrick Wilson. The school would watch in wonder as the squads performed precision drill in the hall and lower yard, just waiting for one cadet to turn the wrong way—but they never did! Once, an absent minded NCO called ‘Halt!’ when the front rank was within a foot of the school wall. That nobody flinched speaks volumes about the squad’s discipline.

The cadets earnestly practised their drill, plus weapon training and map reading and visited military units for special training courses. The company also took part in exercises such as the Initiative Test where pairs of cadets would race to reach a distant objective, hundreds of miles away, by any possible means, using their initiative to acquire suitable transport. In 1949 the winners were the then CQMS B G (Diz) Hazel and Cpl J Parnell who were first to reach the Dragon Barracks in Edinburgh at 8.45 am, having left Redhill, Nottingham at 4.00 pm. A report in the local newspaper said:

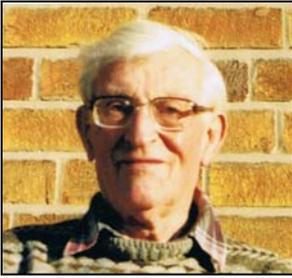
‘At one time they stopped at a Miners’ Welfare hostel outside Newcastle and could not understand a word of the local dialect’

A true test of initiative. They were a smart lot were the ACF lads!

CS

[Any fond memories from former cadets will be welcome for inclusion in the Pavior]

GEOFF OLDFIELD WRITES



This month our historian Geoff Oldfield MBE forsakes the world of annals and archives to indulge in a personal reminiscence about

An End of Term Concert

About the middle of the 1930s the pupils of High Pavement School, of whom I was one, were treated to an End of Term Concert. This took place in the multi-purpose hall, the windows of which faced (and still do) on to Stanley Road. The performers were comprised of some of the staff members together with some of the talented musicians among the pupils.

There were two items which I particularly enjoyed and which I can still remember with pleasure. It was the first time I ever heard the renowned Yorkshire ballad “*On Ilkla Moor B’ah! ‘at*” which of course needed a Yorkshire singer. Mr Howe, one of the two woodwork teachers, ably filled that role. I was particularly impressed by the way the various stages of the fate the headdress-less person would prove at the end that Yorkshire men were but one remove from cannibalism.

The other item, more suited to the linguistic needs of the pupils, was a duet by two of the classics masters. This was particularly so for the ‘swots’ (i.e. classics) but what the others understood I don’t know. A few years ago though, the late Stanley Middleton and I managed to give a rendition of it as follows:

**Amo, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
is her nominative case
And she's of the feminine
gender.**

*Chorus:
Rorum corum sunt divorum
harum scarum Divo!
Tag rag merry derry,
periwig and hatband
Hic hoc horum genetivo.*

Verse 2

**Can I decline a nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis;
Her oculus bright,
her manus white,
And soft when I tacto, her pulse is.
Rorum.**

Verse 3

**O how bella my puella,
I'll kiss secula seculorum;
If I've luck, sir,
she's my uxor!
O dies benedictorum!
Rorum**

One of the pupils who played the piano was James Loudon Merry who was in my class. He was unfortunately not very robust and could not take part in any sports or even PT. However, he became a talented orchestral pianist but his life came to an untimely end when he was in his forties.

I wonder, were these concerts a regular feature or did the 1939-45 war put a stop to them?

Geoff Oldfield

HIGH PAVEMENT SIXTH FORM COLLEGE AWARDS EVENING

The High Pavement Sixth Form College held its annual Awards Evening on Wednesday June 29th. By invitation of the Principal the Society was represented by the Chairman, Ken Kirk, and General Secretary, Noel Gubbins. The awards, which are made annually for endeavour by students at the college, included four donated by the High Pavement Society. (in the form of Book Tokens for £25). The recipients were:

Hannah Glew for A2 French, Hard Work, Commitment and Excellent Attendance

Konrad Onukfruk for Hard Work, Commitment and Excellent Attendance

(Unfortunately both the above were prevented from attending on the night.)

Thomas Dransfield for Hard Work & Triumph over Adversity (presented by Ken Kirk)

Anastasia Lubke for Exceptional Dedication to Excellence (presented by Noel Gubbins)



◀ **Thomas Dransfield** receives his HP Society Award from Ken Kirk.

Anastasia Lubke receives her HP Society Award from Noel Gubbins.



The occasion was attended by the prizewinners and many parents and friends.

HP SOCIETY SPECIAL AWARD TO CRAIG THOMSON



Craig Thomson of High Pavement Sixth Form College is to participate in this year's European Orienteering Championships and the Society has agreed to assist with his expenses in this challenging feat. We hope to receive an account of his experiences after the event.

◀ Robin Taylor, HP Society Treasurer, presents the HP Society's cheque for £100 to **Craig Thomson** of High Pavement Sixth Form College.

HUMOUR FROM PETER DAWSON

On one occasion George Bernard Shaw sent Winston Churchill two tickets for the first night of his new play in the West End. He also enclosed a note reading, "Please find two enclosed tickets—one for yourself and one for a friend, if you have one." Churchill returned the tickets to Shaw enclosing a note of his own, "I regret I will not be able to attend the first night of your new play. Perhaps I can have a couple of tickets for the second night, if you have one."

Best Wishes,

Peter Dawson.

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The Ferry Boat Inn, Stoke Bardolph Stoke Bardolph is a sleepy little village off the beaten track by the Trent and was once known for its aromatic breezes but it's now fresh and fragrant. The Ferry Boat Inn made a friendly meeting place for the High Pavement Country Lunch Club, selected by Arnold Brown on the recommendation of Jean Nutting (who was present).



Our party was the largest present in the commodious dining room and by far the most mature in years. Eating and drinking continued as we watched the boats passing on the Trent, though the service was a little tardy at times (a sign said 'Swift Speedy Service'!). However the prices were low. We finally dispersed, after a very pleasant session.

A group of thirty members, partners and friends met under its roof (which leaked a bit during a heavy shower). We were pleased to see Don Woodward and Stan Rhodes (from the 1940 intake) with their ladies. It was also good to welcome Vic Taylor (1928 vintage) back among us after his illness, accompanied by his son Roger.



The White Lion, Bramcote



accommodate up to 28 persons there was a little space left, possibly due to holiday commitments among the regulars.

The Pub Lunchers gathered in the wilds of Bramcote on 11th July to sample the food and drink at the White Lion. Twenty five or so members and partners enjoyed a good lunch and each other's company, as usual. Although the premises could

The Social chit-chat of Old Paviers and friends continues over the coffee cups at the White Lion (who's that hiding behind his coffee?). ▶



The next pub lunch will be during August at the Reindeer Inn in Hoveringham but a report will appear in the November issue *Pavior*.

MORE SPORTING PRINTS - OLD FRIENDS AS WE REMEMBER THEM

[Old photos of sports teams and other subjects are always welcome and a source of great interest. Prints can be copied and returned.]

THE 1950 RUGBY COLTS



Back row: Dent, Dawson, Denning, Smith, Beale, Beaumont, Wooton, Bird.

Front row: Douglas, Squires, Green, Knight, Gee, Lamb.

This excellent print was made available by our friend **Stan Smith**, editor of the *Basford Bystander* in whose pages it initially appeared (and later appeared in the *Nottingham Evening Post*). Stan remarks:

‘All the players in the picture were aged around thirteen. In those days the school was in Stanley Road and the school playing fields were at Bilborough (Strelley) where Bilborough College now stands. One outstanding memory for the team was when we played Henry Mellish (the Bulwell Grammar School) on their own ground. I don’t remember the result but the rugby tea definitely consisted of bread and dripping sandwiches’. Does anyone else remember those days?

[We appreciate that the same picture from another source was posted at an earlier date on the HPS website, with an accompanying note from Old Pavior Phillip Green.]

THE PREFECTS OF 1957

Richard (Dick) Beasley has sent several photos from his time at HP in the late 1950s and one of them is this shot of the school prefects in 1957. It was always a matter of pride at High Pavement that the operational control of activities outside the classroom was handled solely by the prefects. When not teaching, the staff would withdraw to their common rooms and the prefects would assume total control. From the appearance of this group this control would be absolute. What a determined-looking crew they are.

Dick has supplied some names; perhaps the others can identify themselves.



(L to R) Back Row: David Nathan, Colin Bacon, Bill McLean (I think), Bill Morley, (unknown), Higginbotham, David Pratt, (unknown), Graham Whatmore, (unknown), "Snowy" Thompson, Graham (surname?).

Middle Row: (unknown), Mick Stuchcliffe, Tony Neville, Mick Hurworth, Brian Silk, (unknown), John Worthy, Mike Simpson, John Stokes, Bill Gunn.

Front Row: Henry Charles, Myself, David Morris, (unknown), (unknown), David Morton, (unknown), (unknown).

DON'T FORGET!

AGM, Quiz Night and Social Evening 2011

This event will be held on **Friday September 30th** in the Welbeck Rooms, West Bridgford. Please make a note of the date. Also please tell any Old Pavors of your acquaintance who are not members that they will be welcome to attend (contact the secretary). We would like to see as many friends as possible attending and are sure you will enjoy the evening's entertainment.

The evening will begin as usual with the formal Annual General Meeting for Members while other guests can chat & renew acquaintances in the bar. The AGM should be brief affair (but you will be able to voice your opinions on how your society is run) and will be followed by a substantial buffet and our usual Quiz, arranged for all guests to participate.

Please make the effort to attend as we look forward to meeting you again.

Formal notice and invitations will be sent by post nearer the date.



**Will you be
Top Boy?**

A LITTLE PILGRIMAGE

During the month of June I was on a holiday visit to the Suffolk town of Southwold and while there recalled that Bill Benner, our fondly remembered art master of the 30s and 40s, was buried in nearby Blythburgh (as reported by our fellow member Richard Maslen, who also lived in the village until recently). I saw fit to visit Bill's grave and share a few thoughts with him for old times' sake. I read the name WILLIAM BENNER followed by *ARTIST* on the now mossy gravestone and remembered the old days. **Colin Salsbury**

HIGH PAVEMENT

How proud we were to sing '*CARMEN PAVIORUM*'
Which was the song known as High Pavement.
Not everyone in the school was a student of Latin
But the whole school knew what the words meant

The staff and the students were united in their quest
To ensure that the school was ranked among the best
And when they sang their song it was an inspiration,
Demonstrating their united dedication.

It made us proud to know that we were united
And could express our joy with a united voice
For the opening words: '*UNA VOCE*' was an indication
We believed we could not have made a better choice.

For it was a school with a proud reputation
Which everyone strove to ensure was maintained
Grammar schools have dwindled down the years
Yet many feel the system should have been retained

I am proud that I can claim to be an Old Pavior
My education has helped me in so many ways
I still remember my teachers with affection
And will do so for the rest of my days

Ron Martin (1941-47, Captain of Forest House)

ARNY'S BOOK

THE NORFOLK BROADS

During our tenure at Charlbury Road, first Paul, and then Chris, had become friendly with the Oswell children - Michael and Rosemary, who lived higher up the road. They were of similar age, and their Mum, Dorothy, attended the Manning School at the same time as Barbara. The families had much in common, became firm friends, and arrangements were made for the two families to take a holiday together on the Norfolk Broads.

Two nearly adjacent bungalows were booked for the school holiday week in June. Ours was shown in the brochure as situated on 'Wroxham Little Broad', while the Oswells' was nearby on the River Bure. We were unaware of the need to provide some form of transport

on the water, but we reserved lugsail dinghies, and presumed them to be basic sailing vessels. Paul, at twelve years old already showing signs of his inclination towards the water, was building a canvas canoe. This was of the PBK 22 type, a wooden model covered with canvas, and very much to the forefront of canoe design at the time. This was truly a major project for a twelve year old, but Paul worked persistently until finally the completed craft emerged from our garage ready for launching. Michael, the Oswells' son had made a similar model.

One fine and sunny Saturday morning cars were loaded with all the equipment we considered necessary for a holiday by the water, and we set course for our destination with no experience, and little idea of what to expect on arrival. We parked in the centre of Wroxham, which was one of the principal centres for the Broads, and where the needs of all were met by 'Roys of Wroxham', who catered for everything from groceries, beers, wines and spirits, to clothing, goods and equipment concerned with boats of all kinds. At that time Roy's, although considerable in size, was a family concern with old fashioned traditions of service, so we had placed our food order in advance, and were soon to find it, already delivered to our holiday home, to be paid for at any time during the following week.

The distance from Wroxham was little more than a mile, but seemed more like three, as we trundled along with our loaded cars, their canoes still safely but precariously riding on roof racks. We reached the end of our journey as a wooden building by the side of the water, was glimpsed through the trees. This was our bungalow—an unforgettable moment as we stepped into it full of intense curiosity and apprehension. The living room was large, furnished in the 1920s or earlier in a style which was clearly typical of Broads holiday homes at that time. All furnishings and decoration, constructed in wicker or wood, had the feel of thirty years of loving care, and were worn with years of use. It was an almost theatrical set from the turn of the century. Wide French Windows gave ample access onto a landing stage fronting on to 'Wroxham Little Broad' of the brochure. No more than one or two acres in area, it was accessed from the main Wroxham Broad by a narrow channel ten feet wide, sheltered by trees and their overhanging branches. We shared Wroxham Little Broad with one other, unoccupied, bungalow, but otherwise it was for our own use during our stay.

Moored in its centre was a boat. I then had little knowledge of boats – and even now have little more – but this boat was clearly in keeping with the era just described. A boat built purely for sailing, with beautiful lines, but gracefully ageing, it could well have been moored in its present position specifically to add atmosphere to the surrounding idyllic spot. We loved it. A little rowing boat came as part of the deal and was moored alongside the landing stage. Until the lugsail dinghy was collected from the boatyard it was the only form of water transport we had, other than the untried canoe still resting on the car. This situation was soon remedied as Paul, no doubt with help from his sister, manhandled the canoe from its rather undignified perch and promptly lowered it, with due ceremony, into the water. First contact with its natural element confirmed that Paul's prize possession did indeed float, appeared to be watertight and stable, and soon carried its proud owner, using his unique and consummate skill, around our private waters.

Our first river trip to Wroxham was made that same afternoon in order to collect our lugsail dinghies. The river, especially on a Saturday afternoon when craft were returning after a weeks hire, and handing over to the next lot of people, was scurrying with activity, hazardous for the novice rower, never mind the sailing experience on which we were about to venture. With some excitement, we located the yard and collected our tiny boats, which could safely be rowed home, and later the tiny sail hoisted to sample the effect of the wind! It soon became obvious that serious sailing was not practical in these primitive craft. Our early experience was solely of an experimental nature. The oars would be stowed away, then close examination of the sail would indicate what appeared to be the correct way in which it was to be hoisted. The sail was a drab, muddy brown in colour, quite small, supported by a cross-piece or spar, and hoisted to the top of the short mast. Two ropes were attached to the sail, and acted as controls. In the early stages it was quite impossible to detect any connection between the position of the sail and the direction of travel, if indeed travel of any sort was discernible. However, under all the conditions we experienced the little boat appeared to be incredibly safe, and with practice it was possible to make progress, within limits, in a given direction. Always with the proviso that, by some quirk of the wind speed and or direction, the craft would take on a life of its own, necessitating a quick rush of the crew to the oars. The total craft available to our party was impressive. Two basic rowing boats, two lugsail dinghies and two (home made but none the worse for that) canoes made six vessels in all. Quite sufficient to make slow but royal progress when visiting the adjoining Ranworth and Salhouse Broads along with the intervening river, all within easy reach of day excursions, with ample opportunity for all in our group of ten adults and children to partake of their favourite form of propulsion over the water.

At that time, though I think not since, Paul had a strong inclination for fishing, and spent much of his time on the jetty attached to our bungalow, wielding his rod and line. He sat patiently waiting for a bite, when, with a silence borne of impeccable good manners and breeding, the launch of the River Authority slid gently into our waters, and halted with military precision two or three yards in front of Paul and his rod. A matching martial voice boomed through a quite unnecessary amplification device - 'You are fishing out of season, boy', followed by a severe remonstrance, quite undeserved, with our unfortunate son who truly believed he was lawfully trying his luck with his rod and line. The face and figure behind the voice was stern and uncompromising, and despite Arny's hesitant protests would give no quarter to the twelve year old target of his censorious observations. Without a further word the boat turned, and disappeared to look for its next victim, as Paul, without turning a hair, cast his hook for a further shot at the fish!

It is difficult to appreciate the feeling of peace, the isolation, and identification with nature which is immediately apparent once the traffic noise is left behind and water and waterside life become the essential elements of our surroundings. No noise is heard but the sound of birdsong, and particularly the cooing of the pigeons. The joy of early rising - there are some compensations in being a baker - stealthily dressing, not to disturb later risers, and slipping into a canoe, quite capable of moving silently through the water. To commune with the life on the water; ducks, swans, and their chicks, and occasionally the stationary heron, patiently waiting for its prey. We returned to this haven several times. **Arnold**