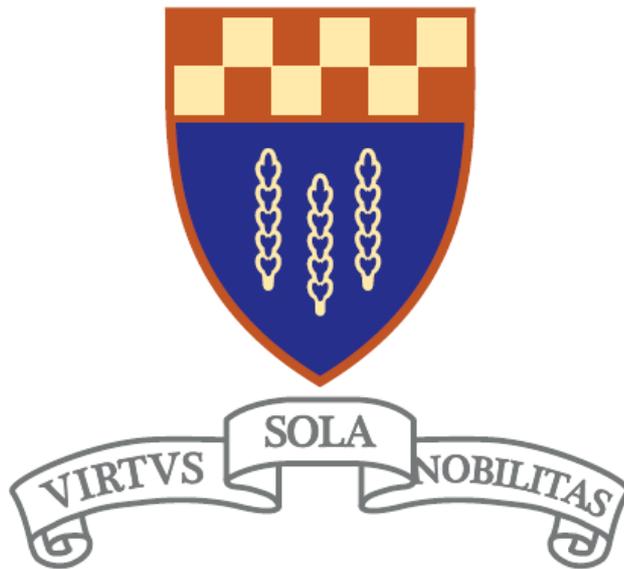


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(Founded 1989)

August 2012

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!

President:	Arnold Brown	0115 8770395
Committee Chair	Ken Kirk	0115 9568650
Secretary	Noel Gubbins	0115 9756998
Treasurer	Robin Taylor	0115 9609483
Registrar/editor	Colin Salisbury	01509 558764
Archivist	Lance Wright	01636 815675
Committee Members	Barry Davys	0115 9260092
	John Elliott	0115 9266475
	Marcus Pegg	0115 921 6548
	George Taylor	0115 9278474
	Joe Woodhouse	0115 9231470

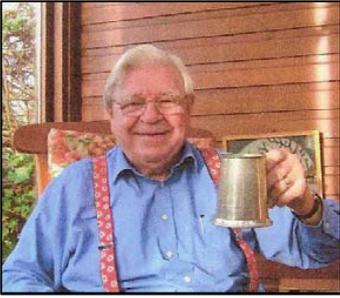
Copy for *The Pavior* may be sent to
Colin Salisbury colin.salsbury@ntlworld.com
116 Leicester Road, Loughborough, Leics. LE11 2AQ
or to Arnold Brown arnoldhbrown@ntlworld.com
22 Chalfont Drive, Aspley, Nottingham, NG8 3LT
Our website address: www.highpavementsociety.org.uk



Faces to Remember
Mr Arthur Alfred Miles Blackburn
Woodwork and Handicraft Master at High Pavement for 34 years
1937-71

THE PAVIOR - November 2011

COMMENT



Believe it or not, we are all suffering just now from Post-Olympic-Traumatic-Stress-Disorder. How many of us, in the pre-Olympic period, especially oldies such as me, claimed a state of complete boredom with the prospect? However, after the first glorious weekend we were all hooked. Not only the vast crowds in the Olympic Park and the other widespread venues, but also we poor mortals stranded, of necessity, in front of the telly. This euphoria has continued throughout the celebration, with a slight dip at the time when medals were more difficult to win.

Clearly we now have to face the real world of economic ruin, trouble in the Dave and his Deputy's government alliance, The EU – least said, cuts, cuts, cuts, global warming – again and again. Hence the Post-Olympic-Traumatic-Stress-Disorder from which we now suffer.

For the educationists one positive message emerges from the Games. Everyone loves competition, especially a winner, even better if it's GOLD... INCLUDING *our children*. They have always been competitive, and always will be. This message must now be rammed down the throats of every dogsbody who has during recent years promoted the prohibition of sporting competition in schools and colleges.

Let us all now hope that this one outcome will have the lasting effect of promoting competitive exercise and therefore the healthy future of our progeny **Arnold**

ooOoo

AGM ANNOUNCEMENT

Will all members please read the Announcement on the separate sheet enclosed with this newsletter concerning the forthcoming AGM and Quiz Night Social Evening.

ooOoo

John Watson

We regret to report that John Watson, Old Pavior (1956-63) and a loyal member of the Society, died in April this year. We send our sincere condolences to his widow.

FROM THE MEMBERSHIP

FROM EDGAR JACKSON

An appreciation of the funeral of Neville Wildgust at Lambley church

As we grow older the number of funerals we feel obligated to attend increases, our only consolation on losing yet another friend is that we are able to return home afterwards. Funerals vary, from the dire, through the conventional, to the inspirational. If there were such thing as a league table of funerals, then the one held in Lambley in May would be vying for the top spot.

The eleventh century church, packed with relatives, friends, neighbours and alumni; the rector, who didn't seek to be the centre of attention nor to devote too much time on un-listened-to prayers, two safe hymns, the standard bearer from the Royal British Legion, the uniformed trumpeter to sound the Last Post and Reveille and centre-stage the Union Flag draped coffin of the deceased. But then, the *pièce de resistance*, two eulogies: one by the son of the departed, probably the best I have heard, which overshadowed an equally moving encomium by Arnold and George, his friends for eighty-five years.

At the conclusion of the service the organ thundered out a totally appropriate voluntary and although I did not recognise it, it was full of praise, masterfully imperious. Neville Wildgust left the church and this world—as he had lived—with a bang, not a whisper!

Edgar

FROM RICHARD MASLEN

Dear Colin,

What lovely memories came flooding back when I opened the May Pavior and saw a photo of Eric Shepherd. He taught us Geography but much more importantly than that, he taught me and my friends to love high places.

We first went with him to the Longshaw Estate in the Derbyshire Peak, which was an awakening for me who had never been to any of England's higher areas. After that we went with him twice to the Lake District to climb about among the mountains. He engendered in me a love of such high places and the wilder outdoors that I later passed on to my children in Snowdonia and the Peaks.

One year we took with us two '*assistantes*', one French and one Swiss. The tall Swiss, I remember, kept his hands in his pockets as we climbed higher and higher, not with ropes but nevertheless quite strenuous, with a need for balance. Just his way of showing that these 'little humps' were a mere bagatelle compared to his Alps! Happy days!

Best wishes,

Richard Maslen Wollaton House 1946-51

FROM DAVID EASTWOOD

Rowing at High Pavement between 1959 and 1961

I attach a picture of the successful 'Maidens' crew from High Pavement in 1961. This was the first time ever that an HP crew had won a regatta. The school used the facilities of The Nottingham Boat Club and we trained on sports afternoon and evenings and weekends.

The regatta where we won our 'Maidens' honour was on the held on the River Soar near Loughborough. We got through to the final row-off fairly easily as I remember but the final was against Loughborough Colleges (even then a highly regarded physical education college). The final was declared a dead heat and so a re-row was required. After a short break to recuperate, the re-row took place and after a frantic start we managed to pull ahead and maintain that to the finish.



1961 'Maidens' Crew

The crew getting ready for an outing, with Trent Bridge in the background. The crew members as far as can be recalled were Coupe (bow), Branson(?) (3), Peter Taylor (2), Eastwood (stroke), Owen (cox).

The whole crew were extremely proud of our achievement, as was Mr J R Smith, the schoolmaster in charge of our training, who attended the regatta with us. So much so that on arrival back in 'Slab Square' Nottingham he took us into The Bell Inn and there we celebrated with pints of 'Worthington E', the then fashionable ale. For me two pints was one pint too many and I afterwards spent time recovering in a coffee bar in Trinity Square with the result that I missed the last bus and had to walk home to Bulwell.

The following Monday in assembly the crew were paraded in front of the whole school—a proud moment indeed! That success won us all our rowing colours, a pewter tankard from the regatta and a certain new status at school.

One other feature of rowing at school was participation in the Nottingham Union Boat Club's rowing event around Christmas time called the 'Yule 8's'. This was a race in eights rather than the fours we normally raced, the crew being picked out of a hat. The only certainty was that you rowed on your usual 'stroke' or 'bow' side. I managed to get my usual position as stroke in the boat which, I'm pleased to say, finally won. The 'pot' is still displayed proudly alongside a signed picture of the winning Coxless Fours crew in the 2004 Olympics (my heroes).

David Eastwood
High Pavior [sic] from 1954 to 1961

FROM JOHN BROUGHTON

In the last issue of The Pavior we included an appeal for help from Steve Leatherland of Ontario to help put his father in contact with an old school friend, John Broughton. We have now received this reply:

Hello Colin, This is just a short thank-you for printing the Request for Help in the May 2012 edition. Steve Leatherland was helping his dad John, former Pavior, to look for me (John Broughton). John Elliott (my brother-in-law) spotted the article and forwarded it to me. I have now been in touch with both Steve & John L and I'm pleased to say John and I hope to meet up towards the end of the year.

We were each other's Best Man back in the 60's but we'd lost touch over the years. Strangely enough, I knew where he was all the time, as I'd Googled him occasionally and he had never moved from his role as Professor at the University of Guelph, Ontario. But I'd moved around a bit and he'd obviously lost track of me and had been looking for me for some time.

Thanks again for including Steve's request in The Pavior.

Best regards, John B

ooOoo

CARRYING A TORCH FOR THE OLYMPICS

Marcus Pegg, a member of our committee, has recently been featured in the *Nottingham Evening Post* because of his service in carrying the Olympic Torch. No, not the one associated with the Olympic Games in London this year but the one used sixty four years earlier in 1948. Marcus was then studying to become an architect at the Nottingham School of Art and had recently completed his National Service in the Royal Navy. He tells us that in the services 'Never volunteer!' was a policy to be carefully pursued but when approached for duty of torch bearer he felt he could not refuse.

'I was ferried across the Trent in a boat with a crew belonging to one of the rowing clubs, possibly the Nottingham Boat Club, all the while carefully holding the torch with its precious flame. I disembarked on the Victoria Embankment and then ran along my stretch



of about half a mile or so before handing over the flame to the next man in the relay.'

◀ A youthful Marcus steps ashore, bearing the torch.
A recent picture of Marcus, holding one of this year's Olympic torches. ▶



HIGH PAVEMENT COLLEGE AWARDS EVENING

The High Pavement Sixth Form College held its annual Awards evening on June 27th 2012, when three members of our committee made presentations. These four awards, for various aspects of endeavour during the year's studies, were in the form of book tokens for £25 and donated by this Society. Additional awards were made from other sources and presented to the recipients by members of the college staff.



The following **High Pavement Society Awards** were presented (shown L to R):

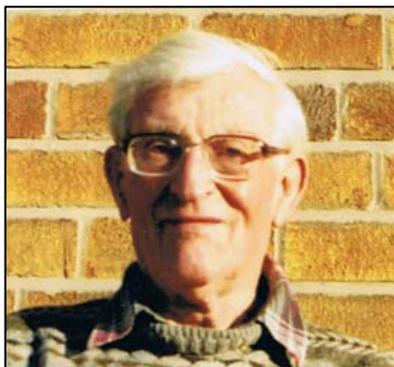
1. By Marcus Pegg to **Sixian Ling** for Learner Journey Hard Work & Determination to Progress.
2. By Noel Gubbins to **Charlotte Kemp** for Learner Journey, Triumph Over Adversity and Determination to Achieve.
3. Also by Noel Gubbins to **Nathan Page** for Learner Journey, Significant Commitment and Determination.

[The fourth award was to have been presented by John Elliot to **Kelly Varney-Gee** for Contribution to the Life of the College but she was unable to attend the Awards Evening.]



Martin Slattery (left), Director of the College thanked the Society for its contribution to the evening and for its support to the college in other fields.

Since the Awards Evening took place, following reorganisation of both the college and of **ncn** in general, we learn that Martin has now relinquished his post as Director and has returned to his home area of Suffolk. We wish him well in the future and thank him for his helpful co-operation with the Society at all times. We shall miss his friendly face on such occasions.



GEOFF OLDFIELD MBE our historian writes this month on:

HIGH PAVEMENT SCHOOL IN 1952

Looking at my List of Members of the High Pavement Society (dated July 2012) I see there are some 55 boys who were at the school in the year 1952 so it seems appropriate to give some idea of what school life was like at that time. Much can be gained from record documents held in the Nottinghamshire Archives and among these are a number of copies of *The Pavior*, the school magazine, though there is only one of these for the year 1952, the July issue.

Interesting features include the inside of the front cover which had probably been the same for earlier years. It was for the firm D and P School Outfitters and consisted principally of two drawings of High Pavement scholars in their school uniform, including blazers and ties. One boy is about fifteen and the other rather younger (possibly a first former?) and shown wearing short trousers. The older of the two is in long trousers. In my day one usually wore short trousers up to the age of about 14, when they were ‘breeched’¹. Was this still the pattern in 1952?

Page 1 contained an editorial (unsigned) expressing the writer’s pleasure at the increase in the number of items which had been received. He was rather critical of the quality of some of these, referring to those from the younger boys whose efforts ‘were inspired by conkers and catapults’, while those from the middle school were said to consist mainly of gibes against prefects.

Most of the remainder of the magazine was filled, as always, with house reports and sports summaries. E.g. Basford House: ‘First forms had done well in the year with L W Wright’s success in rugby and cricket and as the champion long-jumper.’ (I had been chatting with Lance Wright in the records office just before I read this!) Wollaton House had experienced an average year despite ‘...apathy on the part of middle school members’.

The school play had been of a rather different type than hitherto. The reviewer ‘M H’ described the production of ‘*R U R*’ by Karel Capek as ‘a satirical vision of a dehumanised past’. He said the only thing which could ‘...have roused me from a state of lethargy would have been if the curtain had been dropped and a pack of hungry lions released’. The production was notable in that the female parts were taken by girls from the Manning School. Another report mentioned that the Sixth Form Society operated jointly with the Manning School was celebrating its fifth year of flourishing growth. It now numbered 60 ‘boys’ from H P and 60 girls from the Manning School. Its activities had included dancing classes, square dancing for the more energetic and a musical appreciation group.

Among the usual reports of sporting groups, the one devoted to Rowing stated that Mr K S S Train had relinquished the responsibility for school rowing and paid tribute to his many years service. Reports of rugby and boxing were given, together with two sports which did not exist in my day—tennis and badminton.

¹ For the mystified, this is a term describing the tradition in earlier centuries when infant males graduated to masculine garb, after being dressed like little girls up to the age of 3 or 4 years - Ed.

Among (non-sporting) outdoor activities undertaken by some boys was the task of ‘beet singling’², organised by the local sugar beet factory for which they were paid the sum of 10 shillings³.

The Archives list a number of ‘scrapbooks’ which can be consulted and a bound book for 1952-3 had about 21 pages devoted to 1952. Much of these consisted of press

cuttings, often with photographs, particularly of sporting events. Also in the book are two high quality photographs, one of the school tennis team and the other a formal



General 5 with Eric Shepherd. It was dated Coronation Year, 1953
This copy was supplied by a reader but is probably the one referred to in this article.

picture of General 5 with their form master Eric Shepherd⁴.

The book also carried a copy of the prize-giving at the Albert Hall and a list of all who had successfully passed the Cambridge University School Certificate.

Geoffrey Oldfield

ooOoo

A HISTORICAL NOTE FROM SAX JARRIT

A correspondent, Sax Jarritt writes:-

My grandmother, **Marion Campbell Hargreaves** (1885 - 1940) was a history teacher at High Pavement School between 1909 and 1913. Her career notes include the following:

She received her education at Manchester High School for Girls and then at Owens College (Manchester University) from 1902 to 1905. She obtained an MA in History in 1907.

She was appointed as an Assistant teacher at Broomfield School, Manchester and then became history teacher at High Pavement from 1909 to 1913.

From 1914 to 1919 she was Head Teacher of the Wesleyan High School, Grahamstown, South Africa.

She married Dr G F Brockless, who was musical director at Central Hall, Westminster.

[A most interesting memento of a one-time member of the school staff, who pre-dates probably every member of the Society. Our thanks to Sax Jarrit for sending it to the Society -Ed]



² A particularly arduous and exacting task.

³ Maybe around £10 in today's values.

⁴ Quite why General 5 were singled out for inclusion in this way is not clear. Does anyone know the reason?

STANLEY ROAD FADES AWAY?



Our reporter recently paid a visit to his old stamping ground, the former High Pavement School premises on Stanley Road, Forest Fields but was somewhat dismayed by what he found. As we have reported in earlier issues, the buildings most recent users were New College Nottingham for various operations of their Berridge Centre. However, **ncn** have now moved out and we understand that the buildings have now been sold, although to whom and for what purpose is uncertain.



Top: The main building is almost hidden in this view up Stanley Road. The former south entrance with its flight of steps is approximately in the centre of the picture.

Below: Windows in the old lab block on Sturton Street are partially boarded against illicit entry.



▲ **Visitors keep out!** The Stanley Road railings are reinforced with padlocked barriers and other deterrents.

At present nothing much seems to be happening and one feels that the vegetation is taking over. It seems a sad end for a building with such an honourable history.... Or is it really the end of the road? What do you think?

ooOoo

A LOOK BACK—THE 1924/5 PRIZEGIVING

The year HP prize-giving in the year 1924 (November) and 1925 is described in some detail in the copy of *The Pavior* for that year which was formerly the property of Dora E Rollinson (about whom a note was given in the previous issue). It was while reading the list of awards that I noticed certain names had something familiar about them.

1924: J H Chesters who was reported as entering the University of Sheffield to study physics. He also won the Senior Boys' Prize and the Headmaster's Prize 'for conspicuous public service' (not specified) and the Intermediate Science Prize. He later became Dr J H Chesters, OBE, FEng, FRS, Chairman of the Watt Committee on Energy, consultants to the world on energy utilisation. (I once attended a public lecture given by Dr Chesters.)

Freda Jackson was awarded the Senior Girls' Prize (joint) and the Midsummer VB form prize and achieved Matriculation exemption in the 'General' School examination. Freda went on to be a well-known actress on the west end stage and also in films and tv.

Louis Essen won both the 1923 Christmas and Midsummer V A Form prizes and achieved matriculation exemption in the 'General' School Examination. He later became Dr Louis Essen DSc FRS and was famous as the inventor of the first atomic clock. He also wrote a critique of Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

Annie Tomlinson was awarded a Derby Road [sic] 'Senior' Exhibition of £10 per annum (possibly £200 at today's values). She was also awarded the Intermediate Science Prize. No further details are given of her progress but could she have been the colourful Annie Tomlinson who joined the HP staff during the war years, while many men were away on active service? Her basic maths teaching was outstanding, as I should know.

Harold Atkins was awarded the Midsummer Upper III A form prize. He became the successful journalist on the *Daily Telegraph* whose work has been referred to in these pages many times.

G H Carter was also awarded the Intermediate Science Prize. Again, one speculates that perhaps this was the George H Carter who joined the school staff in 1946 and taught maths and science and gained the sobriquet 'Killer' (for no very good reason).

1925: Scholarship awards were announced for **Louis Essen**, awarded an Education Committee Bursary for £25 plus fees; also a 'Derby Road' Senior Exhibition for £10 tenable at University College Nottingham

J H Chesters awarded Linley Scholarship for £80 (possibly £1600 at today's values) tenable at Sheffield University.

Other announcements made included: **Dora E Rollinson** award of School Certificate;

Louis Essen won VI Sc. Form prize for Midsummer 1925;

Stanley Nolan, an old boy of the school, gave an organ recital for the occasion.

It was reported that during the year a pupil, **A Marrow**, had given an talk to the Music Society on 'The History and Development of Church Music'.

I am sure many former pupils of my time remember Messrs S Nolan and A Marrow as members of staff who in their different ways contributed to the operation of the school in the 1940s.

Colin Salisbury

ooOoo

ANOTHER SLICE OF HUMOUR FROM PETER DAWSON

On an airfield during a training exercise, a Flight Lieutenant was driving back to base in a Land Rover and the road was very muddy. In truth, it was little more than a cart track. There he encountered another Land Rover which was well and truly bogged down and the very red faced Group Captain was at the wheel. 'Is your Land Rover stuck, sir?' asked the Flight Lieutenant as he pulled alongside. 'Nope', replied the Group Captain coming over and handing him the keys. 'Yours is!'

.....and yet another slice

A very gracious lady was mailing a bible to her brother in another part of the country. 'Is there anything breakable in here?' asked the postal clerk. 'Only the Ten Commandments!' answered the lady.

Peter

THE MYSTERY LAPEL BADGE



The badge shown was sent to Noel Gubbins by a collector, Mr Ted Wells of Shepton Mallet who had acquired it recently with some other collection memorabilia. He looked us up on the Internet and has now generously donated it to the Society.

The badge is enamelled on silver with a hallmark which dates it as being made in 1921. This explains the use of the old emblem based on the City of Nottingham's coat of arms before the new school arms were devised in 1933

At the moment we are at a loss to know for what the purpose the badge was used or to whom it might have been presented. One theory is that it was awarded for distinguished service to the school (e.g. the Head Boy and/or Senior Girl), another that it was awarded to pupils representing the school at sports. Another idea is that it might have been produced for Old Pavors to wear. Maybe someone out there knows the answer, if so would they please contact Noel Gubbins. It would be interesting to learn more about this relic of the school's past.

ooOoo

EDGAR JACKSON'S RANDOM THOUGHTS ON THE SCHOOL SONG

'My hen laid a haddock, my hand oiled a flea!' I am reliably informed that one could credibly sing these words in a rendition of the Welsh National Anthem (try it) and in the chorus: 'Dad, dad, why don't you oil Auntie Glad?' On the lantern screen, whenever a song or hymn is sung in Welsh there would appear to be no correlation between the aural and the visual.

So what does '*Carmen Paviorum*' mean? I was at HP when the school song was inaugurated and although we were taught to sing the words, I don't ever remember being told their meaning. A Latin dictionary informs me that *pavio* means 'I strike', so how about: 'That Player's angel I took out last night struck me as being a bit weird.'? As to the song itself, *uno voce* becomes 'una wokay!' Anyway, Voce to a rabid schoolboy cricket fan of the mid 1930s can have only one meaning: Bill Voce, hero (or villain) of the '33' Ashes series.

Now, when 'Polly'⁵ strikes the opening chords of *Carmen Paviorum* I leap to my feet with the best of 'em and join in fervently with the refrain. Well, perhaps 'leap' is a bit over-egged but nevertheless the enthusiasm is there. Stating what though?

My theme of HP was always summed up as '*From Puddle to Benner*⁶, the corridors of power, learning and laughter; a great foundation for life.' Not my words, these, but an

⁵ A reference to our distinguished musical colleague Kendrick Partington, ever associated with our Society's singing of the school song, who once in the 1930s notably performed in the role of 'Polly Hoppit', the young girl in the anglicised version of *Emil and the Detectives* by Erich Kästner. -Ed

oration, possibly by our former President, the late Ken Thompson, at the HP Bi-centenary which I had scribbled on an Order of Service sheet. Immortal words even so, which should be required learning for all Old Paviors. A necessary ritual should be a visit to Stanley Road to touch the mellowed brickwork and climb the un-numbered feetworn steps to Benner's eyrie.

Most of us are familiar with the virtuous words of the school song:

*'Let us join together, all Paviors, to sing the praises of school, nurturer of men.
Competing on the river, the football field, the track and in the ring...etc etc'*

But I can't accede to all that, my halo would slip and tighten round my throat, so I've written my own tongue-in-cheek version:

(Not) Carmen Paviorum

**1. William Voce and Harold Larwood,
Bodyline and Jardine.
Water bombs thrown over locked doors
Of school lavatories.**

**2. Remnants, PT, Page fanatic
Strelley mud or Forest.
Puddle, swimming and at Radford,
Trolleyb-u-s or Shanks's**

**3. School assembly, Goof on rostrum
Affects our singing loudly,
Ludicrous dollops of homework,
'D' tickets by the do-zen.**

**4. In the school room, on the hot pipes
Posteriors we warm 'em.
'Ray! Publicans and barmaids,
Super consola—t—o—rs!**

What's the penalty for sedition?

Go kindly,

Edgar

ooOoo

PUB LUNCH NEWS

The High Pavement Society celebrate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee

On Monday 28th May 2012 the Reindeer Inn at Hoveringham, a hostelry well known to us, was the venue for a rather special kind of pub lunch. At a previous gathering Arnold Brown had announced that he thought it would be a good idea to have a Special Jubilee Lunch with a rather more ambitious menu than normal (and a more ambitious price!). This produced a few grumbles and Arnold wondered if he would get enough support but once the details were circulated he was pleased to compile a list of 25 guests.

⁶ For those unfamiliar with Stanley Road 'The Puddle' was the old swimming bath in the basement and Mr Benner's 'Art Room' was at the very top of the school building; hence the entire premises.

This was booked as a private function and we had the pub to ourselves. Arnold had thoughtfully ordered a load of bunting, Union Flags, even paper hats, to give the room the correct festive air. The meal was a series of five courses instead of the usual two or three to which we were accustomed and the cost *included the wine* (which was served in generous amounts).

Two special guests, invited by Arnold, were Bert Mellor from the Wollaton Park Probus



Club and Bill Robbins, musical director of Nottinghamshire Masonic Club. Bill proposed the Loyal Toast for us and then led us in singing the National Anthem. Not content with that he also led us (with the aid of song sheets provided) in a rousing version of 'Land of Hope and Glory'. We had honoured the occasion in some style and felt sure the Queen would have been pleased.

The August pub lunch took place on August 20th and was one of the popular a boat trips on the River Trent aboard the *Nottingham Princess*, organised by Noel Gubbins. Such excursions are always popular with the pub lunch *cognoscenti* and 32 members, partners and friends gathered for the journey along the Trent and back again, meanwhile consuming an excellent roast beef lunch. The weather started a little on the moist side but mended its ways later to allow full enjoyment of the scene. We were pleased to see many regulars, among whom were Don Woodward and Stan Rhodes, Ken Cass, Ken Moulds, John Kirton (in spite of his recent injury), and Gay Willot.



The boat trips have now become an annual event and long may they continue.

NAT'S NATTER

My First Woodwork Lesson

This edition of The Pavior's 'Face to Remember' is Mr A A Blackburn and it reminds me of my very first woodwork lesson at High Pavement.

Mr. Blackburn explained to us how to prepare a piece of rough sawn 2' x 2' timber. He showed us how to plane one side of the timber and then to use this edge to scribe the opposite edge for planing and so on resulting in a smooth piece of timber ready for working with. He then told the class to go ahead and produce a piece of timber as described. Filled with confidence I clamped my piece of wood in the vice and attacked it with gusto producing a plethora of beautiful shavings. The way the blade cut into the timber producing wonderful curly shavings gave me a great feeling of power.

At this point I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up to see Mr Blackburn standing over me. 'Stop planing for a moment' he said and asked all the other class members to do likewise.

'What's your name boy?' asked Mr Blackburn, 'Gubbins sir!' I replied.

'Well Gubbins, will you show the class how you were planing your piece of wood?'

Filled with immense pride that I had been asked to show the class my planing prowess I again attacked the piece of wood with renewed vigour. After a few seconds Mr Blackburn put his hand on my shoulder again and told me to stop planing.

'And there' said Mr Blackburn 'we have a perfect example of brawn over brain.'

My piece of wood was now about 1inch thick and totally useless.

It was not long after that I dropped woodwork as one of my subjects. **Nat Gubbins**

ooOoo

ARNY'S BOOK

Arny's extract this time leaves behind his flying exploits and moves forward in time to his days when he ran a successful bakery.

The Foreign Body

In the 1970s new business at Browns, the Bakers, was also increasing the momentum of our growth. Every avenue was explored to produce the maximum number of loaves, rolls and cakes from our limited premises, and little attention was paid to matters of health and hygiene. The man we had traditionally known as the Sanitary Inspector had not paid us a call for some considerable time, and had never been unduly critical of the condition of our premises. This relaxed relationship was not to last, and the effect of the change gave Arny rather more than a passing headache.

One fine day, as we were peacefully pursuing our daily work, a message was received that there was a serious complaint about one of our products, and would the proprietor please attend to view the offending article at the offices of the Chief Environmental Health Officer. I was filled with an overwhelming feeling of fear and trepidation, and with minimum delay presented myself at the appropriate office, where my reception was icy in the extreme. There was an atmosphere of, 'Whatever you say may be taken down and used in evidence...' which I had never encountered before, and which did nothing to increase my confidence.

The 'offending article' was produced, wrapped in the statutory plastic bag, and turned out to be one of our beloved and supremely popular blackcurrant and apple pies

containing, allegedly, a large piece of finger-, or heaven forbid, *thumb*- nail. I believe one of the principal objects of the exercise on the part of the authorities was to ensure that the standard of cleanliness in our bakery was improved, and that prosecution for the foreign body in the tart was used as a threat in order to persuade us to toe the line in matters of hygiene.

We contested the finger/thumb nail claim, protesting that the true explanation was that the object was not of human origin, but a comparatively harmless piece of plastic. At the same time we responded to the subsequent visit to the bakery of one of their officers, with a cleaning campaign never matched before in its thorough-going intensity. Corners of the bakery were found to clean which had never been cleaned before, and on a subsequent visitation from a Mr Cook, who we now understood to be re-titled the Environmental Health Officer, the threat to prosecute both in the case of the blackcurrant tart, and the potential one of various offences in the bakery, was quietly dropped. From there on we established a rather peculiar love-hate relationship with Mr Cook and his department and avoided further clashes. Nevertheless this incident had a profound and lasting effect. The feeling that the surmounting of one problem was immediately followed by another of even greater proportions became paramount among my thought processes.

Another, quite unrelated, change with which I was grappling at the time was the change to decimal currency. This drastic change in the method of counting our money had the most serious ramifications, especially for small businesses whose proprietors were not particularly numerate. Advice was available in plenty, not only by means of government information provided by television, radio, and the daily press, but also delivered through the letter box.

I devised my own easy ways of handling the change with the same degree of enthusiasm I had used to cope with the maze of demands from the Training Board. At a late stage before the change I was asked to talk to a meeting of the Leicester Bakers Association, but I am quite unsure whether I left them enlightened or completely baffled.

The above and other matters, such as my dealings with the dictates of the Food, Drink and Tobacco Industry Training Board, were becoming increasingly burdensome, as were the managerial duties of what was now an extended bakery business, involving several retail shops and two bakery premises. I felt, rightly or wrongly, that I was carrying the weight of the world's cares on my shoulders; and this was borne, by my own choosing, quite alone in an office isolated from my colleagues and staff, where there was ample time to brood and magnify the difficulties, real or imaginary, facing our little empire.

By 1971 my sister Win had also joined me in the office-work. One morning early in January I had arrived, early as usual, but was quite unable to face the work, my mind full of gloomy thoughts, mainly of bankruptcy for the company, which appeared to me to be inevitable if we pursued our present course. Win arrived about nine o'clock as usual to find me in tears, uttering in a completely irrational way the most absolute drivel about the firm's prospects and, I believe though the memory is not clear, threatening suicide.

Win immediately arranged for me to have medical assistance and ultimately I was diagnosed as a sufferer from Manic Depression (*Bi-Polar Disorder* is the modern usage). This was successfully treated but it was some considerable time before I could return to work at the bakery.

Arnold