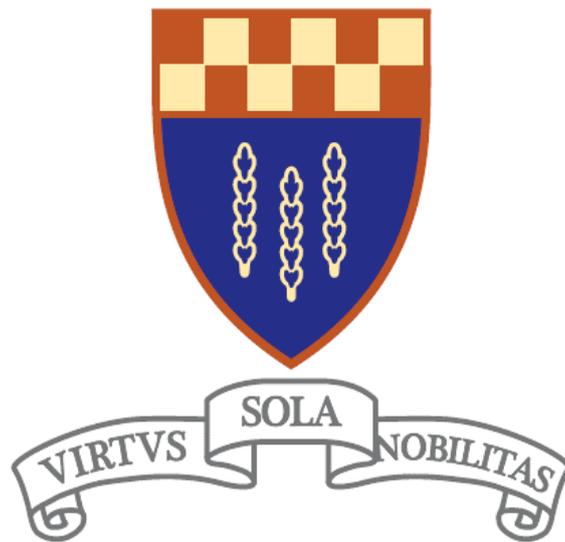


The Pavior



The Newsletter
of
The High Pavement Society
(founded 1989)

August 2020

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
Graham J Bacon
English Master at HP
1960-64**

Committee notices

A Message from the President, Ken Kirk We shall keep going, come what may!



The last few months have been very difficult for most of the population but especially for we more senior citizens. I trust that all members have been able to cope although we all know that it will take longer for us and the Society to get back to anything approaching normality. The committee wants to make it clear to all members that the Society is an ongoing organisation which currently is able to maintain its contact with all members via the pages of this newsletter, *The Pavior*. It would be quite unthinkable that an emergency, of the type we are having to endure, could crush the life out of the group, which is bonded by the memories of our school days.

Even so, it seems almost certain that the AGM will have to be postponed until such time as we are able to arrange a meeting with no restrictions on numbers but we have several months to do this and still remain within the rules governing a society like ours.

On a lighter note, it is our intention to look for a pub or restaurant prepared to host a Pub Lunch with limited numbers and proper safeguards. I hope that there will be enough members willing to support such an event details of which will be circulated as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, Keep Safe

Ken Kirk, President

Missing Members

Copies of *The Pavior* have been returned to the Society marked 'Not at this address' for the following members: **J.K. Hallam** (formerly at Loughborough Road, Wilford Hill).
A.R. Neill (formerly at Wensley Road, Woodthorpe).

It is possible that these members have moved to new addresses. If you have any knowledge of this, or any other information about them, please be good enough to inform the secretary.

Pub Lunch Organiser

The committee is anxious to appoint a new organiser for the Society's popular Pub Lunches, held about every six weeks in normal times. The requirements are:

1. A person with a degree of drive, energy and enthusiasm.
2. A strong interest in the range of possible venues (which can include all those we have enjoyed in the past) and ability to negotiate with pub managements.
3. Some spare time to investigate and check on possible venues (e.g. Are they big enough to cope with 30+ visitors?).
4. Possess own transport facilities (e.g. be a car driver).
5. Be reasonably competent in the use of a personal computer to prepare and circulate information and invitations. Most pub lunches are organise via email.

NB some functions that fall into the Luncheon category (Annual Reunion, Christmas gathering etc) require more elaborate organisation and the committee will undertake to carry out this work if necessary. John Mason, who previously held this post until his health prevented it, will be pleased to offer guidance and to supply the circulation list of email addresses which he has compiled. If you are interested please contact the secretary who will supply further details.

FROM OUR READERS
FROM TREVOR JONES

[Our member Trevor Jones (HP 1954-59) resides in Vinh Long, in the Mekong delta in Vietnam he is sending us a collection of articles of which this is the first.]

1. Where I live: Vinh Long , The Mekong delta

Living on an island in the jungle just outside Vinh Long (an urban area similar in size to Nottingham) was my idea of isolation at its best. When I first arrived here, there was just one very narrow bridge, (just wide enough for two motorbikes to pass) giving access, and the ‘roads’ around the island were 1½ metres (about 5 feet) wide at best but mainly pathways. But ‘progress’ arrives everywhere, and we're no different, so now we have a real road circling the island with two new road bridges connecting us to the real world, which means that cars can now be driven around the periphery. At present there are about 500 dwellings on the island, but more properties are being built and I can see a time in the not too distant future when most of the jungle will have been lost to development. Every time I take a trip round the island, there is land being cleared ready for building on.



The first photo is the front of the house I had built, the second is my ‘Triffid’, a plant that has to be trimmed back every other day (you can actually watch the thing grow) otherwise it takes over!

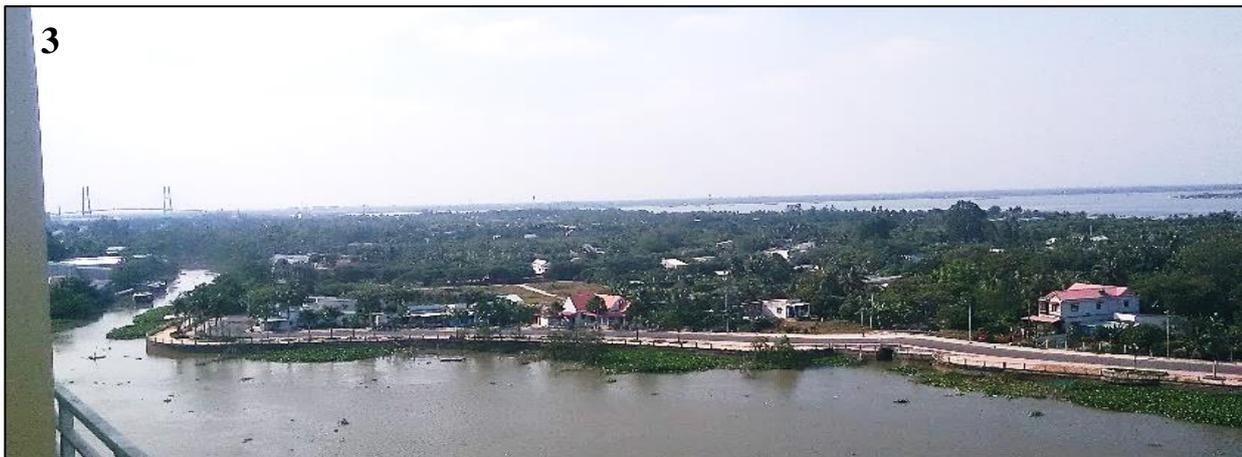


Photo No.3 shows the tributary bottom left which cuts our island off from the mainland and is where the first access bridge is. On the left hand side, in the distance, you can just make out the towers of the suspension bridge that takes the traffic out of Vinh Long and then heads north on a mainly dual carriageway road to Ho Chi Minh City¹.

¹ Once known as Saigon.



Photo No.4 shows the river that separates our island from what the locals call "The Big Island" which is in the background. My house is right in the middle of that lot!

Photo No.5 shows the south end of our island with one of the two new bridges in place and the tributary running into the river that separates us from the Big

Island and is wider than the Thames. The Mekong River is the other side of the Big Island and is seriously one big river. At that point the Mekong splits into *three* different rivers.

There's a hell of a lot of water down here and thousands of people get their living from work on the rivers.



Trevor Jones

ooOoo

FROM PAUL EVANS

Some time ago you published a letter of mine discussing the merits of various members of staff and I referred to Stanley Middleton and Graham Bacon taking a group of us on holiday

to Northern Ireland in 1963. Last year I met up with Bob Gell, another member of that group who was able to provide me with the enclosed photo. Bob was not a member of the HP Society, but we kept in touch due to our common interest in buses. There was an



active Omnibus Society when we were at school of which we were both members. Sadly, Bob

passed away a short while ago after a period of ill-health, so I will not now be able to show him this article. Bob was in School House.

Graham Bacon is back row left, with his wife in front of him. Then, between Stanley's wife and Stanley himself is myself, unmissable in school blazer and tie! I remember that the third one along from Stanley was Len Gill, then Bob Gell (wearing Glasses) and, at the very back, Pete Stretton. Pete was very much into sports and became School Captain in our final year.

The two small girls are Stanley's daughters, Penny and Sarah. I mentioned in my last letter that shortly after I was married we sold our first flat to Penny. On the front row left is the wife of Roger Pratt who was head of maths and whose face cannot be seen as he is looking down on the floor (at, I think, his binoculars). Between the two of them, face also obscured by his flat cap, is "Bert" Berryman (I think his name was Anthony). Others on the front include John Barlow, John Briley, Bill Shorthouse. Front row right is Mick Brammer. Bob remembers more names than me and says that others in there somewhere included Roger Batty, Simon House, Michael Oswell, Grenville Reid, Dave Allen, Wesley Carter, Dave Garland (who, emigrated to Australia), Colin Oswald, Gethin Evans, Mick Wood and Dennis Camps.

On that holiday we stayed at Corrymeela, just outside Ballycastle, which was a Holiday Fellowship place used frequently by groups such as ours. Last year my wife and I returned to Northern Ireland and revisited it. The buildings that we stayed in had been demolished later in the 1960s, and was rebuilt to house the first ever Community for Reconciliation during the troubles. This was begun by two ladies (one Protestant and one Roman Catholic) who were awarded the Nobel Peace prize. The work continues today and we were made very welcome, given coffee and shown around. I remembered the view from the Garden looking over the bay to Ballycastle a mile or so away. If you are ever in the area, Corrymeela is worth a visit.

Paul (Bus) Evans,

ooOoo

FROM KEITH FOTHERGILL

My love Affair with the Channel Islands

[Though not a member of the Society Keith Fothergill has been kept in touch by Alan Ripley who regularly passes his Pavior to him. Consequently Keith was moved to send us a piece.]

I started at High Pavement in 1948, along with near neighbours – Alan Ripley, Malcolm James, Robert Haywood and others. I was never academically inclined and started in Science 1B and finished in 1953 in Science 5B, having achieved an 'O' level in English Language (mainly thanks to Stanley Middleton!). My recollections of HP are playing rugby, rowing and joining the 121st Nottingham Scout Troop, led by 'Chick' Farr (Raven); Fred Tippett (Cormorant) and Ivan O'Dell (Merlin).

It was in 1953 that we visited the Channel Islands (Guernsey and Sark) places that instantly captivated me. I returned in 1954 with the Senior Scouts led by Don Varley. (See photo taken on La Coupée, the elevated causeway 250 ft above the beach below, connecting Sark with 'Little Sark').



Other trips and camps were organised from HP such as to Whitby (1950), Ballycastle (1952) and to other Scout camps: Walesby, France, Wales, Gilwell Park and, of course The Friary! But it was the Channel Islands that most impressed me. Alan Ripley and I returned to Sark a number of times after I left HP.

In 1959, whilst on holiday in Guernsey with my parents and girlfriend, Gillian Walton, (ex-Manning) we went to Sark on a day trip and whilst we were there I proposed to her (she said *Yes!*) That evening back in Guernsey we went to a hotel to a darts presentation evening with some friends. A photographer was there from the local *Guernsey Evening Press* who was introduced to us and much to our surprise the front page of the GEP the following day featured the two of us! We married in 1960 and, of course, we honeymooned on Sark.

During the next few years we holidayed in Guernsey quite a few times with our children and it was in 1969 that we decided that we would love to live there. Having seen a house advertised for sale, we mentioned it to some friends that evening and, as luck would have it, one of them offered to arrange for us to meet with his friend, the Manager of Williams, Deacons Bank! On the following day we did just that and he agreed to set things in motion with regard to a mortgage. We couldn't believe our luck, and that started things rolling!

On returning to our house in Toton we really had to get to work: Estate agent to sell our house, I myself having to give a month's notice to my employer (Nottingham City Fire Brigade, where I'd been since 1962), travel to be arranged for my wife and three children, etc. etc!

In June/July we moved to Guernsey and to our new property on which we bestowed the new name, Gilleith Guest House, in St. Peter Port, which already had guests, so my wife was busy straight away, I didn't join them until 31st July, having served my month's notice, but it happily coincided with my youngest sons first birthday!

On previous visits to Guernsey in the 60's, I always made a point of visiting the Guernsey Fire Service to enquire if there was any likelihood of transferring from Nottingham. The Chief Officer told me that if I lived in Guernsey I would be welcome to join them.

In August 1969, on my arrival in Guernsey, I contacted him and told him that I was now domiciled in Guernsey. I was very disappointed when he said that they did not have a vacancy, either at that time or in the near future. BUT.... he said that St John Ambulance (Transport) had been advertising for new staff. He phoned them and set up an interview for the following

day, which I duly attended and was offered a job there. I started work there on 24 August and have never regretted that decision!

By becoming a member of the professional ambulance service I was also committed to join the voluntary St John Ambulance in order to keep up to date with First Aid and duly joined the Guernsey Ambulance Division who met on a Friday evening and afterwards at the Grange Lodge Hotel for liquid refreshments!

I soon realised that this was more than an Ambulance Service as it also included:

1. A Dive, Search & Rescue Team (which I joined)
2. A Cliff Rescue Team (again, which I joined and eventually led)
3. Inshore Rescue Boats (of which I became a Cox)
4. A Recompression Chamber (of which I became an Operator and Attendant)
5. Last but not least, an Ambulance Launch (the *Flying Christine*) which not only served the seas around the Bailiwick but also the outlying Islands of Sark, Herm and Alderney, and any maritime incident.

I retired from the St John Ambulance and Rescue in 1998, holding the position of Deputy Chief Officer. On the voluntary side of St John Ambulance I ran an Ambulance Cadet Division for 11 years.

I shall always remain grateful to the 121st Scouts for introducing me to the joys of the Channel Islands, and in particular to these 25 square miles of rock, 200 miles from the mainland UK and 30 miles from France. If it hadn't been for the Scouts I would probably never even have heard of it!

Keith Fothergill

ooOoo

FROM DICK BEASLEY

Coping in Lockdown



[Dick Beasley, HP 1950-57 is one of the more artistic members of our Society and we have displayed his work before. He relates here how he and his wife extracted themselves from potential difficulties at the outbreak of lockdown, fortunately without serious trouble.]

When the seriousness of the coronavirus pandemic became evident in Europe we were at our second home in the Médoc in SW France. The French government imposed very stringent 'confinement' conditions and we had to make a choice between staying in France or returning to our home in Teddington. Preferring to be closer to family and also because we lacked a good internet link over there, we chose to drive back.

We were the last guests we staying at the hotel in the Loire valley, one we had used several times before, and, since they were closing, they gave us a large supply of fruit and vegetables which they would not be able to use - incredible kindness and they would not take the money we offered. We hope to stay there again.

We were each required to have with us an official permit for each of the two days we were travelling, but these were readily available. We were stopped twice on the way and asked for our *Attestation* (permits) but this was all very amicable and we even spent time chatting with one of the gendarmes who wanted to practice his English - we are both fluent in French.

On arrival home we chose to self-isolate as we had no idea whether we had been in contact with anyone who had the virus. We have remained in confinement ever since but have

no major problems. Our son and family live quite close by and have helped with any special requests, such as wood preserver for me to treat the shed. We were anyway well stocked with food and household items (being of the wartime generation) and have managed to have some supermarket deliveries since. No real hardship really but it shows how dependent we have become on the web for many things. Of course, we miss our usual activities and contact with family and friends but have found ways to deal with that.

My main activities in retirement have been drawing, painting and wood sculpting, and I have had plenty of opportunity to practice these during lockdown. I have been an active member of the Twickenham Art Circle for many years but my role as Social Secretary is somewhat redundant in the present circumstances. I have therefore elected to produce an ad hoc newsletter to keep members informed of artworks created by members, and this goes out every 2-3 weeks. It has been well received, and I too can now add 'Editor' to my list of accomplishments. For those who may be interested, some of my recent work can be seen in our website www.twickenhamartcircle.org.uk though this excludes my sculptures such as that of a Stoat (see picture).

I have also been a conservation volunteer for the Surrey Wildlife Trust (SWT) for nearly 20 years. Good practical work in the open air! A fortnightly 'Zoom' group has been set up to which a number of friends and colleagues contribute. The wood in which we work, at the SWT Education Centre, has recently allowed very limited



access, with correct distancing, for two members at a time to visit, particularly to carry out a weekly walk of about an hour, between April and October, counting numbers and species of butterflies. I coordinate this on behalf of Butterfly Conservation, of which I am also a member, and we have been allowed to re-commence this transect² work, to my great delight. We try to keep active with walking and cycling (me) and jogging (my wife) around local streets and this has enabled me to get to know more of the town than I might otherwise have done. I carry a small camera with me to record things for sketching. So, still sane, still safe and still active. It would be interesting to hear other members' stories of how they are coping.

Richard (aka Dick) Beasley

ooOoo

The 1965 School Play "The Applecart"

One of our members is interested in obtaining material relating to the School production of Bernard Shaw's satirical play *The Applecart* by the School Dramatic Society in 1965. If anyone from that era has a photograph or programme of the production, or any other relevant matter such as a personal reminiscence or press review, would they please get in touch with Graham Wybrow at g.wybrow@btinternet.com or the editor at colin.salsbury@outlook.com

News of Tony Beaumont

We have received news in other correspondence from our member Chris Beaumont that his brother Tony (Wollaton House 1948-53), though not a member, is in good health aged 83 and living in Windsor. Many of the 1948 entrants will remember him.

²The work involving gathering information about e.g. butterflies -Ed

HIGH PAVEMENT TROPHIES (4)

This series has attempted to describe in detail some of the more important Trophies in the High Pavement School collection. For convenience, trophies have been grouped by common theme. This article describes a few of the more interesting trophies that were not included in the previous groupings.

1919 Trophy (No Inscription)



This trophy is Sterling Silver with fixed wooden base, and was assayed in Birmingham in 1912. There is no Maker's Mark. This would appear to be the oldest trophy in our collection by 'date of first award' and the second or third oldest by date of assay. Height 18.5cms, Weight (incl Wood Base) 640 g. It was first awarded to Sherwood House for the season 1919-20. Can anyone remember what for? (If so, can they tell us where it was between 1922 and 1982—or were Sherwood House reluctant to return it?)

1919-20	Sherwood	1982	Trent	1986	Wollaton
1920-21	Basford	1983	Trent	1987	Woodthorpe
1921-22	Sherwood	1984	Newstead	1988	Woodthorpe
		1985	Trent		

1936+ Barclays Bank English Schools FA Under 19s Championship (Football)



Inscription:

**BARCLAYS BANK
English Schools'
Football Association
Under 19's
Championship Trophy**

This trophy is Sterling Silver and was assayed in Birmingham in 1936. As there are no other date inscriptions, the assay date is the only way of dating this trophy. The Trophy consists of a Solid Silver Cup with integral base and no lid. The Maker's Mark is particularly unclear but the maker is most likely to have been S Blanckensee & Son Ltd, Frederick Street & Great Hampton Street, Birmingham. Height (with handles) 35.5cms, Height (to rim) 32cms, Width (incl handles) 24cms, Width (rim) 12.5cms, Weight 840g.

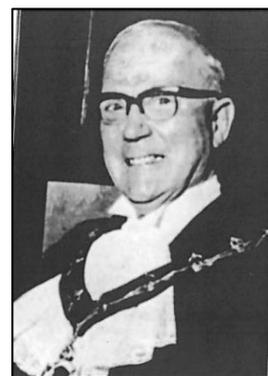
1969 L. WHITEHOUSE - The Sheriff's Cup



Inscription: HIGH PAVEMENT GRAMMAR SCHOOL THE SHERIFF'S CUP.

**Presented by a former pupil
ALDERMAN L. WHITEHOUSE,
Sheriff of Nottingham 1969-70.**

This trophy has no hallmark but would appear to be made of Electro-Plated Nickel Silver (EPNS) or something similar. It is interesting in that the Inscription provides clear evidence that at least one of our former pupils achieved the famous, and most historic office of 'Sheriff of Nottingham'.



Inscription provides clear evidence that at least one of our former pupils achieved the famous, and most historic office of 'Sheriff of Nottingham'.

(Photo by courtesy of Nottingham City Council Civic Office)

1976 Doug Slater Bowls Shield



**Inscription: The Doug Slater Bowls Trophy
Presented By Mrs Y Slater**

Doug Slater taught Biology at the School for some 28 years, from 1948-76. The names of winners are recorded on small separate shields around the edges of the Trophy. The names P. Welsby and D. Berry are those of staff members indicating that this was a Trophy for Staff-Only competition.

This trophy reminds us of a much loved and respected teacher, but also that the Staff of the school, with so many long serving members, together formed a tight-knit community (almost a family) which provided a solid foundation for the school and a degree of ‘social stability’ that some pupils may not

have experienced otherwise.

1976	C.Parker	1979	P.M.Welsby	1982	P.M.Welsby
1977	P.M.Welsby	1980	P.M.Welsby	1983	D.M.Berry
1978	R.Turner	1981	P Thorpe	1984	D.Bradshaw

1977 Drama Festival Shield



**Inscription: HIGH PAVEMENT COLLEGE
DRAMA FESTIVAL WINNER**

This is a Wooden Shield approximately 12 in high and 1 in thick. Winners are recorded on individual small shields around the edge of the Trophy with each shield recording the Name of the Winning House, the Production Title and the Year.

1977	Forest	‘The Importance of Being Earnest’
1978	Forest	‘Charlies Aunt’
1979	Forest	‘Alberts Bridge’
1980	Woodthorpe	‘The Room’
1981	Trent	‘The Blood Donor’
1982	Basford	‘Billy Liar’
1983	Newstead	‘Blithe Spirit’
1984	Wollaton	‘The Laundry Girls’
The following two later winners are not recorded by engraved shields but are recorded on a paper label on the back of the shield:		
1985	Forest	-
1986	Forest	-

Graham Wybrow

ooOoo

MARIAN BANNISTER 1879-1970

High Pavement's Own Florence Nightingale - The Career of a Remarkable Nurse



Mary Ann Winfield Bannister, second daughter of Samuel Winfield and Harriet Bannister, was born on 16th April 1879. Throughout her nursing career she was known as Marian and her birth year was given as 1880.

She was educated at High Pavement School. At the age of 21, she was managing a grocery shop on Colwick Street, Nottingham, one of several owned by her father.

The family had moved to a shop on Beeston High Road, the address (108/110) which Marian gave as her home throughout her nursing career. Marian's mother managed this shop but her father worked for Thomas Humber, designing bicycle wheels with ball bearings. He also became leader of Beeston Urban District Council

in 1908 and 1911.

Marian decided to follow a career in nursing, training at Sheffield Royal Hospital from 1907-1910 then nursed at The Lawns Lunatic Asylum, Lincoln, from February 1910 to March 1912. At the end of March, she took five months out to complete midwifery training in Hastings where she gained her Central Midwives' Board Certificate. Her next job was at The Cameron Hospital, West Hartlepool for a year until September 1913. From there she went to Hull Royal Infirmary, where she worked until December 1914.

Marian joined the Queen Alexander's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve and, equipped with a railway warrant and a cheque for £24. 15s, she journeyed to Boulogne en route to Number 5 General Hospital, Rouen. Her report described her as a good surgical nurse who did sister's duties for six months before being transferred. (As a sister, she would have earned between £50 and £65³ per annum plus accommodation and allowances.) She was also described as a particularly good administrator - perhaps because of having managed a grocery shop?

Marian's service record shows her working at five different casualty clearing stations, sometimes only for a few days. Number 10 General Hospital and 7, 11 and 41 Stationary Hospitals are also listed. Marian was mentioned in Sir John French's despatches in 1915 and she was awarded the Royal Red Cross second class (a new medal) in the 1917 New Year's Honours List and was invited to Buckingham Palace by telegram in March 1917 to receive her medal, also meeting Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House.

As Sister-in-Charge of 7 Casualty Clearing Station, Marian merited one of her five entries in Dame Maud McCarthy's War Diaries⁴: *'Went to 7 CCS - saw the OC and the Sister i/c, Miss Bannister, who has absolutely transformed the unit, making it seem more like a General Hospital. Everything is in perfect order, the floors polished, the annexes clean, the orderlies working hard...'*

Marian became Assistant Matron in 1917 at 41 Stationary Hospital and she was awarded the Royal Red Cross 1st class in the 1918 Honours List. She was made Acting Matron of Abancourt Stationary Hospital in February 1918.

³£6000-£7000 in today's money

⁴ Dame Maud McCarthy was the Army's Matron-in-Chief

That summer Marian had a few days' leave to nurse her mother, who died of pneumonia on 5th August but she was back on duty in France on 11th August 1918⁵.

After demobilisation, Marian arrived back in Folkestone on 29th November 1919, and was recommended to The Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square in what is now Soho. She was matron there until 1922.

From 1922 to 1932 Marian was Matron of Highbury Hospital, Birmingham, for the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers. State registration of nurses began in 1919 and Marian's name is on the first register. In 1925, she accompanied a trip to the *British Empire Exhibition* where the wounded were transported around the pavilions in special electric 'Railodok' cars. In 1927 she met the King on his guided tour of Highbury Hospital. (A short period of unemployment followed this, but since Marian had inherited £5000⁶ from her father's estate in 1931, she was not in financial difficulty.)

Her next job was Matron of the Nottinghamshire Convalescent Home, Seely House, (for men) at Seathorne, Skegness. A contingent from Highbury Hospital visited her at Seathorne. She became involved in the local community and opened the Christmas Fair at St Mary's, Winthorpe in 1936. The local newspaper report shows her sense of humour.

In 1938 Marian moved to be Matron of the Home and Colonial Nurses' Co-operative in Hanover Square, London. She was concerned whether this counted as suitable service to maintain her membership with the QAIMNS reserve, but it did and Marian was still there when World War 2 began. As a member of the reserve she was despatched to join Number 6 Casualty Clearing Station at Catterick on 15th September 1939.

The unit was deployed in northern France and returned to England on the hospital ship *Worthing* on the first day of the Dunkirk evacuation May 27th 1940. Marian recorded this dramatic time in her life in a report requested by the War Office and now in the National Archive.

By now Marian was 60 and had reached the age limit for the QAIMNS reserve. Since her nursing record had 1880 as her birth year, they did not terminate her service until the summer of 1940. Marian did not want to give up and, after communication with Dame Katherine Jones⁷, she was appointed Matron of Alton Emergency Hospital in Hampshire.

Marian remained on the State Register of Nurses until 1946. She died in The Hollies Nursing Home on Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, on 9th October 1970, aged 91.

(Abridged and edited from the article by Jill Oakland in the records of the Thoroton Society to whom we offer our thanks and due acknowledgements.)

Jill Oakland's recent book "Marian Bannister: Heroic Nurse on the Western Front and at Dunkirk" is available from the Waterstone's website at £6.00

New Members

We are pleased to welcome **Roy Johnson** (HP 1966-71) and **Raymond Wright** (HP 1959-64) as new members of the Society.

⁵ A timely reminder that Marian would have been actively nursing during the Spanish Flu pandemic of 1918.

⁶ This would be worth nearly £350 000 in 2020

⁷ The current Matron-in-Chief.

A BLAZE(R) OF GLORY—Mystery solved!

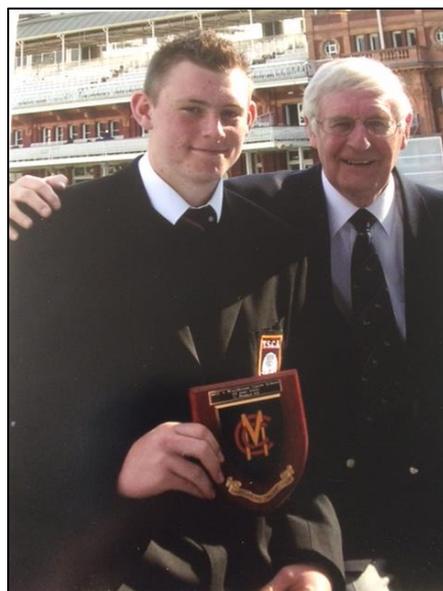
Graham Wybrow, who attended Barry Davys's funeral, raised the question in the May edition of The Pavior: 'Who was the gentleman in the striped green and red blazer and what institution did it represent?' It can now be revealed that the mystery gentleman was Barry's grandson, Gareth Phillips, and the institution is Woodhouse Grove School in Apperley Bridge, West Yorkshire.

Nottingham born Gareth moved to West Yorkshire when he was five, and soon took up a keen interest at school in most sports including, football, swimming, rugby union and cricket. He was school cricket captain at junior school and joined Yorkshire Schools Cricket club 1st team from the age 12, playing for them right up to being 19. Gareth regularly opened the batting for Yorkshire with Joe Root who is the current England cricket captain. He also attended trials for Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club on the Trent Bridge ground.

When Gareth was 14 he played in a school 1st team cricket match against the MCC and scored 101 runs which earned him a trip to Lords to be presented with a plaque. Barry also attended (see photo of them together ▶).

At the age 16 Gareth travelled with Yorkshire's Development Squad to Cape Town for 14 days to play cricket (Joe Root and Johnny Bairstow were among the squad). They were all a little overwhelmed to be invited by Geoffrey Boycott to his house in Paarl for a BBQ!

School Colours are awarded (usually only in the Sixth Form) for outstanding performance or commitment in sport or music or drama. The award of Full Colours entitles a pupil to wear a Colours blazer and tie.



◀ Gareth with his wife on the left and his sister, on the right, along with Barry's 3 great grandchildren. Note the Green and Red prominently displayed!

Barry used to love travelling to the cricket matches to watch Gareth play, and he also had a keen interest in his three grand

daughter's sporting achievements, always asking how well they had performed. In fact two of them helped bear him into church at the funeral. The bat with which Gareth scored his 101 runs against the MCC accompanied Barry on his final journey.

Louise and Gareth Phillips

[Eric Towle has passed this material to us, for which we are most grateful. He says that their original appeal for information mentioned last month was thought to refer to a more elderly gentleman and hence nobody connected the blazer with Gareth!]

ooOoo

JOHN BONSTALL

We been informed by Peter Bonsall, that his father, our member John Bonsall, died on May 26th at the age of 99 years, only 18 days short of his centenary.



DOUGLAS SLOPER

We have been informed by Helen Alcoe (HP College 1986-88) that her father, our member and once great Rugby player, Douglas Sloper, died on 27th December 2019, aged 93, following a short illness.

PETER DAWSON

We have been informed by Pauline Dawson that her husband, our former member Peter Dawson, died on July 6th at the age of 83. Peter was well remembered for his humorous contributions to this newsletter. He was cremated (wearing his HPS tie) on Monday July 27th at Mansfield Crematorium, when the Society was represented by our president Ken Kirk.

On the 20th August his ashes will be scattered from a Spitfire over RAF Biggin Hill.

The Society sends its sincere condolences to the families of all these former Paviers.

OUR END PIECE

Lessons from Life



[We stay with Neville Kay for yet more amusing and heart-warming tales of the medical scene, wondering, perhaps how much of his ability to steer round difficulties actually began at High Pavement!]

The Power of the Pen

As a surgeon I was enthralled and bewitched by the power of the knife. Not the thrust of an assassins' dagger or the crude sword cutting the Gordian Knot; more precisely, the surgical scalpel...which used skilfully could save lives, empower patients and alter lives for the better.

However, I first learnt the true power of the *pen* as a young Medical Officer in the Royal Air Force. Still smarting under my itchy serge National Service Flying Officer's uniform, still wet around the ears in life and medicine; not yet eighteen months out of medical school, I found myself posted, with many others, to Royal Air Force Hendon, then a transit camp.

Unbeknown to me, the Commanding Officer had experienced difficulties with a series of Medical Officers from the 'pool' (those passing through and awaiting posting) and longed for his own proper medical officer to resolve the many issues that inevitably cropped up in this mass movement of troops and families to distant parts. So after a few weeks I was invited to leave the pool and join the camp as a Station Medical Officer. The Commanding Officer pointed out that this would entitle me to an officer's quarter that just happened to be vacant and the movement of my wife and daughter and what few possessions I had would be brought from Sheffield to Hendon at Her Majesty's expense.

What forms had been filled by the CO to achieve this change in my status, and how much ink was spilt never entered my head. I was simply delighted with the thought of the family being reunited. Soon my wife and I, together with our daughter, were in a pleasant officer's quarters but the power of the pen, which after all had achieved this, was soon to reveal itself further.

The senior NCO, a Warrant Officer, who was in nominal charge of the Sick Quarters and all its equipment was now approaching the end of his career and was due for discharge so I, as the Officer in Charge, had to take over temporary control of his inventory. A day was spent checking out all the stores and equipment nominally under his care which included twelve beautiful polished brass fire extinguishers, dotted about the sick quarters in the regulation manner. Shortly after this he duly departed for Civvy Street.

A month or so later, my new Sergeant, recently promoted to take charge of the sick quarters, politely refused to take back from me the Sick Quarters Inventory, pointing out that twelve brass fire extinguishers were missing and suggesting that his predecessor had taken them with him as a leaving bonus, brass having considerable value as scrap. What to do?

In the bar and over lunch I discussed my dilemma with colleagues and ultimately ended up having a formal interview with the CO, confessing my difficulties. After a short but stern piece of advice on the necessity of keeping a watchful eye on Her Majesty's property I was directed to the Supplies Officer who in turn directed his corporal to take me to the scrap depository. There I selected twelve suitable bits of scrap. These were transported back to the sick quarters and suitably placed where the fire extinguishers should be. The following day, the supplies Flight Sergeant duly appeared, clip board in hand and wrote them off as being no longer fit for use. Shortly afterwards the Sick Quarters was kitted out with twelve new state-of-the-art fire extinguishers, alas no longer gleaming brass models, and honour was satisfied.

Thus it was I learnt that the pen, in the hands of a determined and authorised administrator could solve problems, no matter how convoluted, and restore peace of mind.

Many years later I found myself in the United States on a surgical exchange year, working in the Hand Surgical Unit of a large teaching hospital. There we dealt with all the hand and upper limb problems and particularly the 'Rheumatoid Hands'. Nowadays we don't see the ravaged and deformed hands caused by Rheumatoid Arthritis, the condition being suppressed by modern-day drugs, but in those days, much of our non-trauma work was the Rheumatoid Hand, necessitating many joint replacements—but these were expensive and, even today, there is no NHS in America.

I had been working there for a good six months so I was quite taken aback when, having explained to a lady that I could improve her hands with these joint replacements, she simply broke down and cried. She was utterly inconsolable, utterly alone. I was nonplussed. What could I have possibly said to cause such distress?

After a while and with the nurse's help she sobbed her story. She and her husband ran a small gas station and eatery high up in the mountains. It made a living but there was not enough to pay expensive medical insurance. Yet she could no longer manage the pumps or the kitchen with her arthritic hands and something *had* to be done. However, to fund the operation they would have to sell their gas station, lose their livelihood and end up homeless and jobless. Through her tears she explained she could see no way of squaring this circle.

I reached for the appropriate form, ticked the box that said '*hospital funded*', reassured my patient that all would be well and she needn't sell the gas station: her hands would be done. I hoped I'd be back in England if and when the hospital finance office ever checked the form!

Powerful though the sword and scalpel might be, in the great vista of life and events, the pen and the thoughts behind the ink are even more powerful. **Neville.**