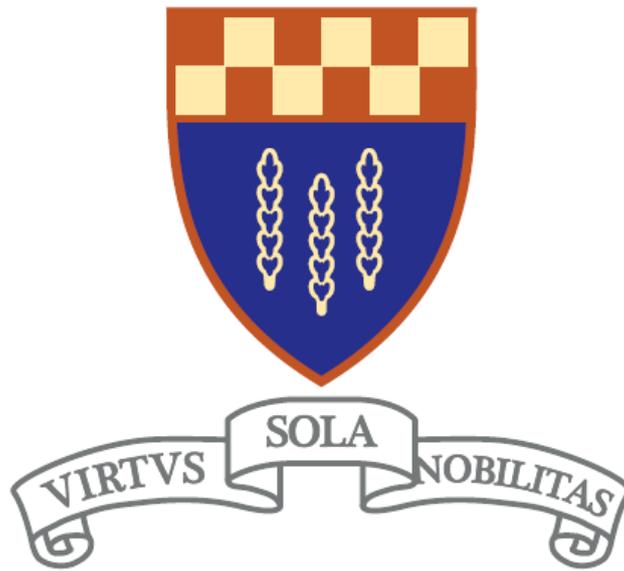


# The Pavior



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

**February 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**

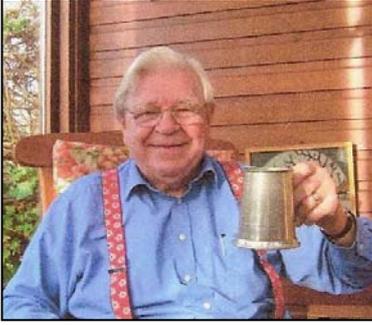
#### **Mr John Kerr Murray**

Geography Master at High Pavement School  
English, Geography, History and Economics

1941 - 62

## THE PAVIOR - FEBRUARY 2011

### **COMMENT**



In response to my request in the November issue of this newsletter for opinions about the desirability of Grammar Schools I have received the following reply:

Dear President,

I would agree with your remarks about selection being the necessary feature of secondary education in order to ensure that advanced work is pursued in the most efficient way and that means we would have to have institutions of

the type we knew as Grammar Schools like High Pavement. This would have the effect though of mopping up a large part of the educational budget in order to attract staff of adequate calibre to teach there. During our time a graduate of the appropriate quality would be quite happy to earn, say £500 p.a. as a Grammar School teacher. However, this figure would be perhaps £17000 by today's prices and staff of the required calibre could earn double or treble (or more?) elsewhere and would not be attracted to teaching in a Grammar School. Who knows, we may see the job becoming more attractive if the recession really bites but that's not really the point. However desirable it is, can we really afford selective education?  
**Colin Salsbury** (formerly a teacher in Further Education)

Many thanks to Colin for his response to my note but I am not without experience either. I can boast fourteen grand children and three great grand children. Two are now in their forties, having very successfully made their way in life without a formal university education, but the majority are struggling in the throes of our education system. They are not allowed to play on the streets as we were, but instead are involved in various extracurricular activities such as music lessons, tennis, swimming etc. etc., all of which leaves a minimum of time for the extensive homework with which they are lumbered. Why? Could it be because their blessed teachers are frightened to death of the school (class?) failing in the 'Sats' tests, and so making a poor showing in the so-called 'league tables'? As I understand it at the moment—and things do change—at the junior school the whole thing culminates in the 'Sats' at 11-plus. I have no idea what happens to the results of this test since it is the declared aim of the authorities that there should be no 'selection'. The only answer is 'to enable judgment of the standard of teaching in the school'.

Now let us move forward a year or two to the years we used to call the sixth form, and I believe still do; the years of preparation for what we used to call 'A' Levels (and before that the Higher School Certificate), now under another name. The word 'Baccalaureate' has now begun to appear in the newspapers, which I believe means something a bit better! This, I am sure we all agree, is a time of great struggle and strain for our kids because the aim now is University. There is a subtle and vital difference from that presently encountered at 11-plus—this time the battle is not as before *without* selection but instead with a system of selection in which every grade is taken into account. The pupil has to choose between a host of subject alternatives, too numerous to list here, but the decisions are many and difficult. This system now appears to be breaking down because too many top grades are being given and it is becoming impossible to differentiate in order to determine the best.

We now have two conflicting systems. At 11-plus no selection is allowed, all abilities mixed together although it must be clear that the gifted and less gifted children require very different approaches for their education. This is sometimes offset by 'streaming'. Three or four years later, as the prospect of University approaches, the scene changes completely.

The pressure is never off. Not only are there ‘A’ Levels, but there is another supplementary exam during the year before. All this is considered necessary to select the right entrants to university.

If logic supports the principle of selection at 16-plus, then how much more logical it must be to select at 11-plus, without the same tension. With selection at 11+ the whole basis of academic learning can be given to the receptive gifted, and the less academic can be adequately taught to their specific needs, possibly leading to vocational training. To cater for these different abilities we need the Grammar School system—whatever we may choose to call it.

‘Vocational’ often seems a dirty word when compared with university education. In fact industry and commerce desperately need people with vocational qualifications. **Arnold**

### **FROM NEVILLE WILDGUST**

*[Below are extracts from a letter, which was originally written to the editor of the Daily Telegraph, by the late Harold Atkins, a distinguished journalist on that newspaper, who died in 2002 aged 92. The letter appeared on 13 February 1985, when Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister. The sentiments are brought to mind by Arnold Brown’s remarks in his recent ‘Comment’ columns.]*

### **HOW A GREAT SCHOOL WAS DESTROYED**

I was surprised to read Councillor Janet Todd’s assertion that Mrs Thatcher had some achievement in preserving grammar schools while Minister of Education. She certainly didn’t preserve my own...

She ratified the ill-considered Labour scheme in Nottingham to destroy High Pavement School, a noted grammar school which if it had survived the destruction would soon have been 200 years old and which played an important role in Nottingham and the East Midlands. This school with its splendid university record, had produced from among its pupils Fellows of the Royal Society, professors and many other educationists, notable scientists of all grades, ecclesiastics, diplomats, lawyers, civil servants, authors, actors and musicians.

Consent to sweep it away ... was given by the Minister of Education despite widespread appeals and protests. This was Conservative implementation of the Labour government’s morbid attack on higher education.

I was once told by Sir Ernest Graham-Little, who gave the practical parliamentary approach to education his attention: ‘Always remember this and you can’t go far wrong: the Labour Party knows nothing about education and the Conservative Party cares nothing’...

For the sake of false ideas of equalitarianism and anti-elitism it [the Labour Party] destroyed innumerable chances over a broad segment of all ranks of the people to gain the best of higher education, with all its individual prospects and benefits. **A H Atkins**

# **Don't Forget!**

April 14<sup>th</sup> 2011

Please reserve this date in your diary

*This is the date of our major event of the year*

## **The High Pavement Society Annual Reunion Dinner**

*We hope you will be able to come, please make the effort.  
You will enjoy it.*

*Numbers were a little disappointing for the AGM and we really do need your support.*

*This year's event will be held once again at **The Welbeck Rooms** where you will be offered an excellent choice of menu and be entertained by the very accomplished after dinner speaker:*

**The Reverend Canon Alan Haydock**

***Keep a look out for your official invitation, giving full details of the event. It will be dropping through your letter box nearer to the date.***

*Your guests will also be very welcome, also any Old Paviers who are not members of the society.*

*We look forward to seeing you on the night when you will once again be able meet up with friends old and new to enjoy a social evening and reminisce about the good times we had at High Pavement School.*

**Please come. We need your support.**

*For further details please contact the secretary.*

**LETTERS FROM READERS**  
**FROM VIC TAYLOR**

Hi Arnold!

I was on that photo of the HP expedition to the Lake District in 1933, shown in the last issue of *The Pavior*. I was third from the left in the top row. Others on the photo were Peter Chawner (first on the left second row) and John Barker (later School Captain) third in second row, wearing glasses.

Some of us, led by Mr Shepherd, climbed Scafell Pike during the trip. The next year he took some of us to climb Snowdon, via the Cribgoch Ridge. In 1935 Mr Shepherd took us to the Isle of Arran where we climbed Goat Fell, at 2866ft the highest mountain on the island.

After John Barker rose to be School Captain he went on to Cambridge but on holiday in France, sad to say, he became ill and died while in Calais.

[My picture is also to be seen on page 10 of the November issue (on the River Trip pub lunch) this time in modern style. I am seated top right nearest camera, with white hair and OP tie.]  
**Vic Taylor.**

**FROM RAY BRYSON**  
**Sporting Reminiscences**

Dear Colin,

This photograph was taken around 1937/8 when I was a member of the HP 1<sup>st</sup> XI as a very junior pupil in the first form. Indeed, the front row had a reputation for being extremely good cricketers for their age.



**High Pavement First XI 1937/8**

On the Forest

**Back row:** Clarke; Wade; ? ;  
Arnot-Ashley (dec'd)

**Middle row:** Ray Caulton (dec'd); Peter Long;  
Geoff Garner; Greenwood

**Front row:** Ray Bryson; G Saville (dec'd);  
Roy Cartledge (dec'd)

Of those in the picture Ray Caulton returned later as a master at HP. I remember that Ray married Alice Gee who was previously the head girl at the Manning School. They were a very handsome couple and many of us were quite jealous for Alice was a 'stunner'!!

I believe Geoff Saville was killed in the last war. I knew Arnot-Ashley very well and he became a keen golfer. Geoff Garner was a fine cricketer and also an outstanding student, eventually going up to either Oxford or Cambridge. Roy Cartledge left HP in 1941 and

became a rep for Players, after which he opened a shop on Alfreton Road opposite the end of Gregory Boulevard.

I left HP in 1942 and Alan Millidge persuaded me to join Sherwood Institute CC (the Paviers did not operate in the war years). We eventually changed both ground and name to Woodthorpe CC, playing on the strip behind the Vale Hotel in Woodthorpe. I played for 40 years and after retiring from cricket joined Mapperley Golf Club for whom I still play in the competitions of the Senior Section at the age of 84. It would be interesting to learn about other members in the team photo—but it *was* a very long time ago!

**Ray Bryson**

*(Please contact Arnold or Colin. We both want to know!)*

### **FROM DAVID BONSALE**

Dear Robin,

I have many fond memories of my time at Stanley Road, unfortunately cut short by the outbreak of war in 1939. I enclose this little story of my first and only boxing bout.

#### **'Fighting Talk'**

Having nothing better to do, I wandered idly into the school hall where inter-house boxing was taking place. It was of little interest to me but I joined the ranks of spectators and happened to find myself standing next to F B Pinion, my housemaster (of School house). Sudden consternation: our competitor for the next bout had not turned up! Mr Pinion looked down at me. 'Bonsall,' he said, 'You'll have to step in!' 'But sir!' I said, 'I have never done any boxing at all.' 'Never mind,' he said, 'I'll hold your jacket!' My opponent, a sturdy fellow, was all toggled up in singlet, shorts and plimsolls; me, slighter, in heavy clod-hopping shoes, long trousers and tie flapping, stepped forward and raised my gloved fists in what I thought was the time-honoured pose.

I managed to get through the three rounds, decisively beaten to be sure but only slightly battered, and returned to Mr Pinion's side. He handed me my jacket and said in a kindly voice: 'Well done, boy, well done!'

**David Bonsall**

### **FROM DAVE COLLINS**

Dear Editor,

#### **Three Generations at High Pavement**

My family can claim to have sent three successive generations to High Pavement School. My grandfather Charles (Charlie) Hancock attended Stanley Road from 1899 to 1901; as did my mother, then Nellie Hancock, from 1928 to 1931 when she moved to the newly built Manning School when it opened in 1931 My father's sister Nancy Collins also attended HP 1929 to 1931 before moving to the Manning. I myself began at the Stanley Road premises in 1953 before moving to the Bestwood site in 1956 until 1958. I would be interested to know of any other Old Paviers who may have similar family connections with the old school.

**Dave Collins**

## FROM JAMES WAKELIN

Dear Arnold Brown, Colin Salisbury and All Members,

I attended High Pavement Grammar School in the years 1953 - 1961 and like most former pupils, I have the highest admiration for all that our school represented and the utmost respect for the teaching staff trying to make honourable citizens of classes full of vigorous schoolboys. I had two years at Stanley Road, in the huts opposite the main school, in the classroom of Messrs Page and Ormanroyd. Teaching staff were expected to come to teach us there and we made visits to the main school only once a day for the awe-inspiring Assembly, with gowns galore and complete silence. Taffy Davies read the morning news and Crock Crossland inspected the proceedings with his walking stick at the ready. Once a week we also had PT for a couple of hours in the assembly-hall, an interruption to my (exceedingly) more important studies, as was the Wednesday afternoon trip on the NCT bus to Strelley. Indeed that was more a sight-seeing trip than a sporting adventure for a boy of just twelve, ready for action.

I lived on Heathfield Road and was more than delighted when the school moved to Gainsford Crescent. This gave me a leisurely ten-minute walk to my work in the morning, no more buses to school. Was I academically gifted? No, but I was actually *interested* in schoolwork (with the exception of Science—apologies to Mr. Train) and from the third year I elected for Modern Languages: French with Fred Millidge and Spanish with Alf Smith. I should perhaps have taken German as it turned out. I went to Cambridge University, Fitzwilliam House, later to become the fully-bred Fitzwilliam College.

During my first summer-break, September 1962, as back-seat passenger I was extracted from a *perte totale* ('write off'—**Ed**) vehicle and revived at the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, my former capacities and more specifically my memory remained in the gutter at Redmile. Return to Fitzwilliam would be futile. My interest in European languages led to my visiting the EEC and meeting my wife, Michelina, to whom I got married in 1966. Since then I have been living in Belgium and can nowadays view linguistic controversies, ever-present in Flanders, more rationally than regionally.

From 1969 until my retirement I worked at a Dutch accountants' office which eventually became part of Pricewaterhouse Coopers in 2007, thanks primarily to my super-competent big boss. Learning the Flemish language was more difficult than I presumed, my respect does go to all language students these days, the computer has taken over and automatic translations are given with my Wikipedia research (unfortunately not at the Fred Millidge 3rd form level).

I have lost all contact with my former school friends, with one exception, Keith Hallam who was one year before me at HP and now lives at 364, Loughborough Road. I try to meet with him and his wife during my annual week in Nottingham and he gives me copies of *The Pavior*, which I read with great interest, even if most recollections are memories from much before my own happy days. For more complete pleasure, I regularly read *High Pavement Remembered 1788-1988* given to me by Jane Solloway (now Mrs Jane Parker, librarian at the Chaucer Street college—**Ed**) in 1989 and truly regret never having met 'Big Tin' or 'Little Tin', but then my attention would have been taken by HJS (Dr HJ Spenser). HP has

certainly had a sequence of superb headmasters, even before Taffy. Of course all girls had been banned by our days at the school and frequent trips to the Manning School were noticeably lacking in very much romantic success for gawky teenagers.

Deaths are always unwelcome. As a regular reader of the Britannica Yearbook, I saw an obituary of Stanley Middleton in the 2010 edition. Both then and now I respect him more than the majority of the other contemporary teachers, but regrettably he never taught my class. The entry was all about his literary prowess and made no mention of his important years at HP.

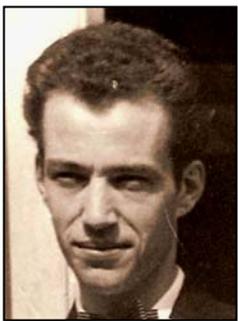
I remain truly thankful for your attempt to keep High Pavement alive in memory and hope that a worthy takeover bid will eventually be made for our former building, preferably educational, if only for the sake of Taffy (R.I.P.) and his sterling predecessors. They and their staffs all deserve it.

Yours sincerely

**James Wakelin** (1953-61)  
Sint-Goriksplein 3, 2650 Edegem, Belgium.

### **FROM RODNEY TEDDS**

Dear Editor,



My brother, Malv Tedds, passed on a copy of the February 2010 *Pavior* – mainly because of the contribution from Eric Beniston, who was a contemporary of mine and in Sherwood House. Whilst there is no way I would recognise Eric from his current photograph, I remember him well as a left-handed batsman and quite a competent wicket-keeper in inter-house cricket. The same edition of *The Pavior* carried a photograph of Stanley Thrasher – nicknamed *Sammy* I seem to recall. He was the teacher who taught me physics in the 5<sup>th</sup> Form making up for the previous 3 years of trying to understand the subject under other teachers. Mr Thrasher was known for his acerbic wit but certainly knew and taught his subject very well indeed. My School Certificate Credit in Physics was attributable to him! J G Bullock was a mathematics teacher of some note and set up the new library. He also coached life-saving after school hours. Mr Crossland – I thought his nick name was *Croc* and not *Doc* as Eric recalled (*it was!*—*Ed*) – was Deputy Head and ran the everyday life of the school, which is a common task for many Deputy Headmasters even today. He had a reputation for being of the old school and was much feared by some. Mr Wells was also a teacher of mathematics in the 6<sup>th</sup> Form and I remember him reeking of pipe tobacco. It is fascinating to think of what we remember about teachers. The school changed quite radically when Mr G J R Potter left his position as Headmaster in about 1946 to become the Secretary of the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations Board and Mr Harry Davies took over. He became more prominent in the day-to-day life of the school including the care of the students.

When I was in 5<sup>th</sup> year, a decision was made to change the entry age for School Certificate from 1<sup>st</sup> January to 1<sup>st</sup> September over a period of 3 years beginning on 1<sup>st</sup> December 1949 which meant that four of us with December birthdays opted to take the exam under the old rules in December 1948, staying on to get more subjects in July 1949. I continued into the 6<sup>th</sup> Form but lost interest and left in mid-year to take up a position with the National Coal Board.

Just at that time the Coal Survey laboratory staff lost their exemption from National Service and so, on 9<sup>th</sup> June 1953, I boarded a train at the Midland station to take me to RAF Padgate to start National Service – an interesting 2 years! I did 10 months training both as a recruit and then as an Air Wireless Fitter before being posted to 167 Squadron which was located at Benson south of Oxford. The station was the base for Queen's Flight, plus four other quite disparate units including one from the Navy! Whilst at RAF Benson, I managed to get a day off to go to Oxford Technical College to study for the Ordinary National Certificate, which I had been doing in 'civvy street' but I did not complete the course. I can, however, claim that I was educated at Oxford!

During my time in the RAF I decided that there was a little more to life than just daily living and I became a Christian, since which I have worked in the Church at various times as a layman and in Christian organisations.

On leaving the service, I returned to my old job but was restless so I took a job at Petfoods, Melton Mowbray in their development laboratory. The firm were excellent employers but it was a bit soul destroying putting all that effort into making dog and cat food. By then I had met my future wife, Pearl, and eventually decided to try teaching. I had some problems with formal qualifications for entry as I had never qualified for Matriculation (and still have not). Consequently I needed a reference from High Pavement despite having left 6 years earlier, and I recall Harry Davies asking me then why I had never stayed on to complete 6<sup>th</sup> Form and matriculate. In reality, I was returning to an ambition which I had at school, which was to be a teacher of Mathematics *and* a Football League referee. The latter was never achieved but I did reach the level of a linesman in the Central League. I stepped down from this later due to the demands of the family, who were the priority.

After my teacher training we moved back to Nottingham where I took up a position at Greenwood Secondary Bilateral School teaching music, science, maths and RE. The Headmaster was R W Skilbeck whose son was attending High Pavement at that time. Before the first Speech Night at Greenwood, he warned me that he did not want me to introduce the High Pavement tradition of rising and standing stock still before a song, causing a gasp from the audience. After 3 years there, I tried my hand at Primary School being appointed to Walter Halls Primary School. Following a very enjoyable year, I asked for a position closer to home, which was Stapleford at the time, and taught at the John Player Primary School for a term. The term at John Player nearly caused me to leave the profession but instead I obtained a promotional position at Somercotes Secondary Modern Boys' School, Derbyshire.

At this point, with 3 children, we were looking for something different for the future and saw an advertisement for teachers in Tasmania, Australia. Thus, after 2 years at Somercotes, we ended up leaving Southampton on 27 December 1964 in a blizzard and heading for Australia. We have lived in Australia ever since. Initially I had an appointment at a large boys' state school but at the end of the first year I obtained a position at The Friends' School, Hobart, which is operated by the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers). We stayed there for 21 years including 11 years in charge of the school's co-educational boarding house. I obtained a B.Ed. (needed for any further promotional opportunities) and held various senior management positions over the years. In 1987 I was appointed Principal of the Riverstone Christian Community School (later Coverdale Christian School) in New South Wales. This was a school just growing into a Secondary and it was a joy as well as a

challenge to be part of it. In August 1992, an appointment as Principal of the Calvin Christian School – a parent controlled school just south of Hobart - brought us back to Tasmania. In March 1997, I retired for a day and then took up a part-time position with the Association of Independent Schools of Tasmania and later in the year became full-time Executive Director. I retired again in December 2002. In June 2005 at the age of 70 years, I received a call from Coverdale Christian School, NSW to see if I could help them. This resulted in my return as Principal to a much larger school for 18 months. Finally, in December 2006, I retired again.

I believe that High Pavement had quite an influence on my life and for that I am grateful, although I remain convinced that the greatest influence on any child is the home. There is a saying in the profession that teachers teach as they were taught and I knew that there were influences of my teachers in the way I taught. Some times it was an influence that was a negative such as my history teacher who commenced with “Now boys....” and I was not the only one who fell asleep as he droned on. Another was the fact that if you do not have control of a class, then there is little hope of much learning happening – an influence from the S F Thrashers of my school days. There is much more one could write but space will not permit. Do drop me a line to if you are interested, my address is [rtedds@iprimus.com.au](mailto:rtedds@iprimus.com.au)  
**Rod Tedds (1945-1950)**

ooOoo

### A WELCOME TO MR MARTIN SLATTERY

On February 9<sup>th</sup> the new Director of High Pavement Sixth Form College, Martin Slattery, attended the meeting of the Society Committee (of which he is an ex-officio member).



Accompanied by his Deputy, Robin Kempster, Mr Slattery was welcomed by Arnold Brown, President of the Society, who chaired the meeting in the absence of Ken Kirk.

The committee in session.  
Martin Slattery is second from the right.

In reply, Mr Slattery thanked the Society for its support of the College’s work and discussed briefly certain projects for extending the help we could render. He stressed that he regarded the liaison between the two bodies as a valuable contribution to the achievements of the College.

Our visitors expressed interest in all the activities of the Society and remained at the meeting while the detailed committee work was completed.

## **OBITUARIES**

### **Geoff Nicholls**

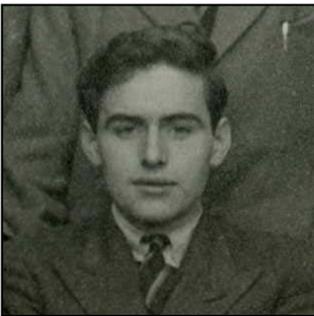


Geoff Nicholls was an Old Pavior and had briefly joined the High Pavement Society after hearing of the death of his old school friend Ron Roddick last year. As we reported in the last issue Geoff sadly died soon after this on 27<sup>th</sup> October at the age of 82 following a short illness. Geoff had enjoyed a most distinguished career in industry, beginning as a Rolls-Royce trainee and eventually joining the former Stanton Ironworks Company in 1955. He rose to a position of eminence in this once great firm and continued in its management after the de-nationalisation of the British iron and steel industry and the sale of what had now become Stanton and Staveley Ltd to the French firm of Saint-Gobain.

### **Bill Stansby**

Another loyal member, Bill Stansby, was one of the 'Stanley Road Starters' who moved to Gainsford Crescent before leaving school in 1956. He lived at Nuthall and died on Monday 22 November 2010. His funeral was held on the following Thursday, 25<sup>th</sup> November.

### **Barrie Cholerton**



Barrie Cholerton, former School Captain and House Captain of Newstead in the late 1940s died on November 29th after a battle with cancer. He had followed a teaching career including time at the Bilborough Grammar School and latterly at the City of Sheffield College of Education. At school he was an outstanding athlete, specialising in swimming and rowing and often represented the school in competitions. He was married to Jean for more than 50 years and leaves two children, Ann and Peter, and grandchildren.

### **Arthur Munks**



We have been informed that Arthur Munks, whom many will remember as a distinguished athlete and school captain in the 1940s, died in 2007 at the age of 78. He had followed a successful career as a medical practitioner in Bude, Cornwall.

*(Our information arrived following the appearance of Arthur's photograph on page 5 of the November Pavior.)*

### **A CORRECTION**

In the last issue of The Pavior we incorrectly identified Geoff Hutton, one of the great athletes of his time, as a member of the Woodthorpe House relay team. Our correspondent Dick Scorer points out that, like himself, Geoff was in *Newstead* House. Dick thinks the photo was possibly of the *school* relay team at an interschool competition. *[As a contemporary of both Geoff and Dick, and a fellow member of Newstead to boot, the editor should have known better. Sorry about that!]*

## PUB LUNCH NEWS A Return to 'The Lambley'



In November the High Pavement Country Luncheon Club renewed its acquaintance with *The Lambley* (in Lambley, where else?), and we were all pleased to welcome Keith Readyhoof who joined us in 2009. It was also good to see Carole Kirk among our

◀ Friends new and old at The Lambley included Carole and Ken Kirk, Keith Readyhoof and Marcus Pegg.

number after her recent illness. The food was most enjoyable, if a little more exotic than the usual pub fare. About 35 members and guests attended the event which was organised by Arnold Brown.

## The 2010 Christmas Lunch



▲ Dennis and Dorothy Whittaker chatting to Helen and John Elliott at the HPS Christmas Lunch (the ladies were both Old Girls of the Manning School).

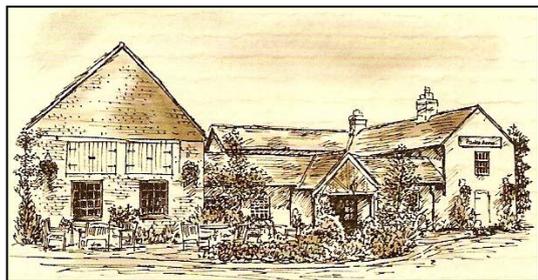
Some of the suitably hatted guests ▶

Once again the HPS gathered at the Swans Hotel on Ratcliffe Road to celebrate Christmas with the traditional lunch on Friday December 17th. Among the 51 members and guests were our friends from Canada, Dennis and Dorothy Whittaker on a flying visit. (They departed for Heathrow after lunch but the weather kept them



in England until the 28<sup>th</sup>!) Party hats were again in vogue and the usual toys and crackers made us all feel we were eleven years old once again. It was a most convivial gathering. Arnold Brown, President of the Society, wished all members a Merry Christmas and gave a vote of thanks to Noel Gubbins for organising the occasion so efficiently.

## The Packe Arms, Hoton near Loughborough



Arnold organised this, the first pub lunch of 2011 on Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> January at the Packe Arms, Hoton

where we have been twice previously. 27 members were present to enjoy each other's company, not to mention the food and drink, though service was tardy. Among those present we were pleased to welcome our member Pauline Inkley who is unable to attend these functions very often.

### PEOPLE

We are pleased to welcome **John Bonsall** as a new member of the Society.

**John Corfield** (1950-58) would like to contact his old friend David (Jake) Murray (son of a well-known father). David went on to study Physics at Keele University and subsequently worked at the National Physical Laboratory. Anyone who has information about David Murray may wish to contact John at [john@blackvanilla.org.uk](mailto:john@blackvanilla.org.uk) or alternatively contact the editor.

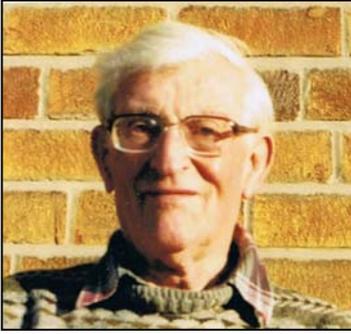
**Paul Handford**, now living in Ontario, Canada, who left HP in 1964 is seeking friends from those days and may be contacted via the editor.

**Dave Collins** would like to hear from anyone who knew him in Classical 5 in 1958. Contact Dave on [daveandtrishcollins@gmail.com](mailto:daveandtrishcollins@gmail.com) .

**Julia Meadows** is the granddaughter of **E H Saayman** whom many will remember as a physics teacher at High Pavement. She would like to receive any reminiscences or other material relating to EHS and can be contacted at: [julia\\_493@msn.com](mailto:julia_493@msn.com) or via the editor.

### MEMBERSHIP LIST

The List of Members is regularly updated and any member may receive a copy on request, by e-mail (preferred) or by post. Please contact the Registrar, address on P 2.



**This month Geoff Oldfield MBE our historian sends us extracts from an article in the newsletter of the Nottingham Civic Society of which he is a member. It relates to High Pavement and the Stanley Road premises.**

### **THE BERRIDGE CENTRE , STANLEY ROAD**

On Friday 2 July 2010 a farewell party was held for staff past and present at the Berridge Centre on Stanley Road, Forest Fields, an outpost of New College Nottingham. Earlier in the day the students attended their last classes in the building. The staff and students are relocating to a refurbished basement in Clarendon College on Mansfield Road and to other campuses of Clarendon College, New College Nottingham. Over the last 25 years the Berridge Centre has become well known and respected as an adult learning centre, specialising in providing courses in Basic Skills and English for Speakers of Other Languages, helping to improve language, literacy and numeracy for thousands of adult learners. If the name Berridge Centre does not register then its earlier lives should ring bells: High Pavement School 1895-1954, Forest Fields Grammar School 1955-1969, Claremont Bilateral School 1971-1983, **ncn** Berridge Centre 1985-2010. Less than a fortnight after that closing party an advertisement by Savills appeared in the Business section of the Nottingham Evening Post. Under the heading DEVELOPMENT came 'Former Educational Premises, Stanley Street, Nottingham'. This error 'Street' for 'Road' comes from a mistake made by English Heritage when listing the building Grade II. It was for sale by Informal Tender, closing on 6 August 2010. A rather small undistinguished aerial photograph of the site illustrated the advertisement....

A rather pungent observation about the appearance of the school comes from M I Thomas in his book of 1968: 'The Stanley Road building will never be preserved for its beauty once its usefulness is at an end...' [but] At the time of its opening the school was highly regarded. The local press noted 'it was splendidly situated' and 'a handsome addition to the buildings of the town'. Even a visiting government inspector chipped in with 'The school is architecturally beautiful'.

In 1931 the girls moved away to the new splendidly sited Manning School on Gregory Boulevard overlooking the Forest. Many years later, Claremont School, now a comprehensive and with dwindling numbers moved into 'The Manning' after leaving the Stanley Road building, and was renamed 'Forest Comprehensive'.

The Manning School has since been demolished and replaced with the modern Djanogly Academy lower school, whilst at the moment the future of the 'Former Educational Premises, Stanley Street' (Road) is uncertain, although its Grade II listed building status does give it limited protection. The buildings on Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood, in the middle of a large Corporation housing estate, into which High Pavement transferred in 1955, have now been demolished. In its later years it became a sixth form college. The sixth form college moved yet again, this time into modern buildings on Chaucer Street, now part of the city centre presence of New College Nottingham.

One of High Pavement's post-world war II headmasters<sup>1</sup> referred to his workplace (i.e.

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<sup>1</sup> H Davies on his first sight of the school. (reported in 'High Pavement Remembered').

Stanley Road) as ‘the spectacle of this hideous red brick building.’ It was ironic that such a short time elapsed between High Pavement Grammar School moving out to ‘better’, more appropriate premises at Bestwood and Forest Fields Grammar School being created and moving into the discarded buildings.

Finally, the Thomas quotation is posed as a question: ‘Is its usefulness at an end?’

**Ken Brand**

*Ken Brand adds that the buildings are to be used to provide space for the adjacent Forest Fields Primary School which is suffering from severe overcrowding. The purpose of the building will therefore still be educational, albeit of different character than hitherto. (Also reported in the Nottingham Evening Post in September last)*

## **FROM CHRISTOPHER GOWER**

### **Is this a first?**

I was delighted to read in the November Newsletter that Ken Olisa had been installed as Master of the Worshipful Company of Technologists. I didn't know Ken at school (he is many years younger than I am), but I was particularly interested in the article as I am a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Plaasterers. Each year



my Company invites Masters and Clerks from some of the other city livery companies to dinner in Plaasterers' Hall. This took place on 11th January and when I discovered that Ken was among the fifty or so Masters invited, I immediately made contact with him. My guest at the dinner was John Hayward (1952-59) and Ken agreed with me that three OP's at the same city livery dinner was worthy of a photograph. So here it is, with John on the left of the picture and Ken to the right. The Plaasterers' Company received its first royal charter in 1501 and The Information Technologists, practising a more recent skill than plastering, in 2010. There can't have been many livery events in the past when three Old Paviers have been present together. Towards the end of the dinner we shared the loving cup and repeated the Plaasterers' motto: ‘Let brotherly love continue’ - rather appropriate in the circumstances. Incidentally, thanks to the OP Newsletter, I resumed my friendship with John last year, after a gap of fifty years. We like to think we don't look very different from the picture of us taken in 1958, when I was the humble scorer for the cricket first XI and he was a gifted all-rounder.

As I have spent my professional career as a Director of Music in cathedrals you might wonder why I am a Plaasterer. That can wait for another Newsletter, if anyone happens to be interested.

**Christopher Gower (1950-58)**

## NOSTALGIA CORNER

*(From the pages of the 'The Pavior' in 1933)*

### **The School Badge.**

This term a new School Badge has been adopted and new colours worn. In both cases an effort has been made to associate them with the early history of the school.

It is well-known that this School was originally founded in connection with High Pavement Unitarian Chapel, in the year 1788, and that Thomas Wheatcroft was the first Headmaster.

The badge can be heraldically blazoned as follows:

**Azure, three wheatears or, a chief checky or and tenne.**

Those familiar with heraldry will have observed that tenne is really a much lighter colour, but the dark brown has been introduced as it was more serviceable.

The chief checky represents a 'high pavement', while the wheatears remind us of Thomas Wheatcroft. Brown was originally the School colour, and now brown and gold have been adopted. Blue has been added to make the colour scheme more harmonious and distinctive. The motto 'Virtus sola nobilitas' is added to the badge on the blazer, and was suggested some years ago.

*[For those baffled by the style of heraldic language (which carries minimal punctuation) 'or' means gold, 'azure' is of course blue and 'tenne' is brown; 'checky' is a chequer pattern and 'chief' indicates this is a strip across the top of the coat of arms.]*

**ooOoo**

*(...also from the 1933 Pavior)*

*Each issue contained several general notices under the heading*

### **Obiter Dicta**

*including:*

The weekly collections in aid of the Benevolent Fund have been very well supported. In nine collections the sum of £4 3s 0d has been contributed - (Basford, 5/7; Forest, 9/3; Newstead, 10/5; School House, 9/8; Sherwood, 13/8; Trent, 8/4; Wollaton, 7/1 ; Woodthorpe, 15/5; the Choir, 3/6). If the amounts reached by the leading Houses were attained and maintained by the other Houses, the Fund would be able to meet all demands upon it with ease.

*[Do you remember the Benevolent Fund, that provider of discreet help to families struggling with the cost of education? House Prefects would come round each week for contributions and gently relieve you of your pocket money. At one time there was some unevenness about the sums collected by each house, as this stern little note reveals.*

*The figures are given in 'old money' but any Pavior worth his salt ought to remember what a shilling would buy.]*



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY.**

A Notts woman who is believed to be the eldest in the county celebrated her 109th birthday yesterday. Dorothy Baldwin, a resident at Springfield Care Home in Bulwell, received her ninth letter from the Queen. Born in Carrington in 1902, Dorothy has always lived in the city. She attended High Pavement School before working for 38 years at Midland Bank in Alferton Road.

Yes, it is our Honorary Member who is also *our* oldest member. We send many happy returns to Dorothy from the High Pavement Society.

ooOoo

POEM

**Missing**

Where are the words of my childhood?  
What happened  
To the duddoos and the tuffees?  
Where are the words of the fields?  
What happened  
To the bobboes and the chukkyens?

Where are the words of the playground?  
What happened  
To them mesters we were frit on?

Where are the words of the city?  
What happened  
To ayupmiduck or serri?  
Where are the words of the rec?  
What happened  
To eziyedit and arygoindahn?

My art master, at the grammar school  
Collected vernacular patois,  
Wrote it on the back of the board.  
At home time he'd say,  
'Translate, please.'

There were the words of my childhood,  
Whole strings of words  
Run together,  
Unintelligible to him  
Cycling to school,  
Frowning.

Sletayit; ezzigorritwiyim?  
Ycarntoppnitsoyveddit;  
EyugorroatasIcnav?

His face a delight  
As all was made clear.  
I smile as I tend his grave  
Here in the village  
Where he retired.

And I think,  
Ee were not one of them mesters  
As we were frit on.

**Richard Maslen** 15th August 2005.

In memoriam  
**William Benner, Artist.**  
High Pavement Grammar School  
Nottingham.  
Blythburgh, Suffolk.

*[This poem by our member Richard Maslen was originally published on our website]*

## ARNY'S BOOK

### **Cranwell**

*[During his RAF service in the war years Army was hoping to be posted to the New World for aircrew training but early in 1943 a more mundane posting materialised.]*

My first port of call was not the continent of America, but Cranwell, no more than an hour's bus trip from home. The object of the exercise was to be trained as a Wireless Operator.

Cranwell was, and still is, I believe, a very large establishment incorporating the main officer training school of the Royal Air Force, together with two airfields and a very large number of hangars and buildings, a substantial part of which comprises brick-built barrack blocks of ancient design. Not ancient in the sense of being historical, but rather that they were built a very long time ago and resembled prison blocks rather than desirable sleeping quarters. The construction was of two storeys, and each floor comprised a toilet and ablution area at one end, coupled with a large dormitory in the style of a hospital ward of the traditional design, and containing about fifty beds of a solid type, twenty five along each side. This was to be the home of fifty wireless operators under training, for the thirteen weeks of the course. Although we were involved in intensive work during the working day, time was still allowed for 'B\*\*\*\*\* Bertie', the camp disciplinary Sergeant Major, to exercise his influence upon us in order to keep cleanliness up to the required standard by periodic intensive clean ups and inspections, with the usual threats of dire punishment and confinements to camp if the proper standard was not maintained. Mercifully the attentions of Bertie were more of a threat than a promise so much of the time we escaped notice.

Cranwell was a superb posting for me because on many weekends it was possible to obtain a forty eight hour pass or leave, usually from Friday night until Sunday night. A special bus service operated between the camp and Nottingham on Fridays and Saturdays, returning from the City at 9.30 pm Sunday evening, providing convenient transport, but apart from sampling home cooking and my own comfortable bed there was nothing special to pass the time at home. Albert was away, and my bosom pal Don had, by this time, joined the navy. As the war years progressed I developed a much greater interest in the family bakery, and much of my time at home may have been spent under the tutelage of Herbert Taylor the Baker.

The art of Wireless Operating depends greatly on knowledge of the Morse Code and the ability to transmit and receive messages therein encoded. Many hours were, therefore, passed in sending messages to ones fellow trainees in an endeavour to increase the speed of transmission, and a similar time in receiving and transcribing information received. This was the main activity, but a substantial part of the instruction was to learn the intricacies of the numerous and varied pieces of equipment used in wireless operating from an aircraft.

In the next bed to me slept a studious, slightly effeminate, man who stood slightly apart from the rest of us because he was of sober habit, did not smoke, and was, we gathered, a parson under training. He is remembered entirely because of my tendency to miss

breakfast, staying in bed until the last possible moment before the time for duty. This man, whose name I forget, without any request from me, arrived at my bedside each morning with a cup of tea - a considerable walk from the dining room. He would also place a cigarette between my lips and offer a match. There could surely have been no reason for this except a feeling of sheer humanity. A small thing, but an action I have never forgotten.

A limited amount of airborne wireless operating was undertaken at Cranwell, but the Anson aircraft used were a complete contrast to the open to all weather Tiger Moths of flying training, and provided a certain feeling of safety and comfort which, to a degree, eased my apprehension about the airborne hours which lay ahead.

To attain the desired speed of twenty words a minute sending and receiving Morse Code was the be all and end all of life on this vast station, but there were also guard duties which, in the freezing Winter conditions which were extant, were not pleasant. Will it ever be known whether this guarding operation was laid on purely for training purposes, or if, on the other hand, the authorities felt there was a real danger of attack? All the aircraft on the airfield were for training purposes and included Wellingtons which were dispersed at widely spaced points over the whole area. These we were designated to guard. A spell of duty was of two hours, and, to face the freezing and wintry weather we dressed in full kit including overcoats and balaclava helmets, gloves and all. In addition we carried a gun, that is to say, a rifle with fixed bayonet - but no ammunition. We had no instructions as to the action to be taken in the event of an intrusion by an unauthorized person or persons, but as shooting was not possible without bullets, the only alternative was clearly a bayonet attack. Not a pleasant prospect!

Two hours in the freezing blackness of the night is no joke, and, not surprisingly, was accompanied by a high degree of boredom, apart from a certain numbness of the limbs. At this point I decided to test the construction, reputedly of canvas, of the Wellington Bomber I was guarding—with the end of my bayonet. To my horror two or three inches of its point promptly disappeared into the aeroplane, at once demonstrating that my interpretation of the make up of its outer skin was correct. I sincerely hope no vital damage was inflicted by my rather clumsy and unscientific test, but an uncomfortable memory of that bitter night still lingers.

Thirteen weeks was quite long enough for us to learn all the intricacies of the operation of aircraft wireless, and without doubt we sampled more than enough of the questionable attractions of life at this large and impersonal Lincolnshire air force station.

**Arnold**

*[The editor recalls his own National Service days at the same Cranwell barracks some eight years later and sympathises with Army's experiences. By then the 'B\*\*\*\*\* Berties' had relinquished their 'Sergeant Major' title, which was obviously of army origin, and were now known as 'Warrant Officers'—but just as tiresome to the erks!]*